

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 38.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor.

SUNDAY, 21ST SEPTEMBER.

Subject for Evening Discourse:

CHRIST'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS THE MORALISTS AND IMMORALISTS OF HIS DAY.

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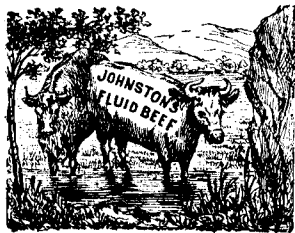
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Number of Purchasers served during week ending September 13th, 1879.....	4,504
Same week last year.....	4,445
Increase.....	59

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This New Drap Figure a soie C is also very fashionable for Trimming.

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This new Brocatelle B. is also very fashionable for Trimming.

New Diamantine a soie for Costumes, in all the newest shades, to be sold at 60c per yd.

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Please see our windows.

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S. Carsley's Rubber Circulars are the cheapest ever sold in the Dominion, quality considered. Remember our prices are from \$3.50.

S. Carsley's for all kinds of Ladies' Cloth Circulars and Ulsters, in all the newest styles and newest materials, at prices to suit all.

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Two cases of Paisley Shawls to be sold at half price.

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393, 395, 397 and 399 NOTRE DAME ST

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 38.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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"IRISH ROWS."	CHESS.
INTERLOPERS.	MUSICAL.
	3c. 5c. 5c.

THE TIMES.

LETELLIER AS A MARTYR.

IT is not easy to determine from reports whether the Letellier "demonstration" at Montreal on Friday last was a success or a failure. On the whole, it appears to have been somewhere between the two extremes; the torchlight procession was a fizzle; there was a big crowd in and around the residence of the Hon. Mr. Huntington, and the speeches made were remarkable for nothing so much as their mediocrity. That the hosts, gathered from all ends but the West-end, were enthusiastic, there can be no doubt, as all who were there had come to shout upon every possible pretext; and that they were, are, and will, be stout defenders of our glorious Constitution need not be called in question. The right of Mr. Huntington to impose his crowds upon his neighbours; to deny residents in the same street their natural rights of coming and going; to have bands beating the tom-toms of their party's conceit, may well form a subject for serious enquiry, however. M. Letellier's admirers came from the Eastern suburbs of the city, and from the adjacent municipalities, and as it is hardly likely that Mr. Huntington's neighbours are more amiable than the ordinary run of respectable people, or that they were all in sympathy with the "demonstration," it would have been at least more considerate if the promoters of the meeting had gathered their friends together in one of the business squares of the city.

But it is time to take strong objection to the much-talked of idea that M. Letellier is a hero and a martyr. That was the key-note of all the speaking on Friday last—just as it has been the key-note of most of the Liberal speaking since the now famous act by which a Ministry, having a majority in the Assembly, was dismissed. M. Letellier has been trumpeted as the "saviour of the people of the Province of Quebec"; as "the hero" of the day, and, since his dismissal from office, as the "martyr" who nobly sacrificed himself to the cause of political purity. Such rushing from pillar to post, from extreme to extreme; such extravagance in the use of language, and such efforts to make heroes out of ordinary stuff may very well serve the purposes of political partisans, but they are, and must be, very demoralizing to the general community. We ought to cultivate a habit of sober judgment, so that we may know the real value of men's actions, and how to appraise their motives. It is a disgrace to belittle men; it is a disgrace to flatter men, and as a matter of wrong-doing the latter is greater than the former, inasmuch as it works greater harm to all parties concerned.

The statement has never, I believe, been seriously disputed, that the dismissal of the DeBoucherville Ministry was, in all its main features, a party move. If the Hon. George Brown was not the leader in the movement, it can only be said that the Hon. Editor of the *Globe* has borne the charge with more than his usual grace and patience. It may be that conscious innocence has filled him with a spirit of meek endurance; it may be that he deemed men's speech about him as worthy of only silent scorn, but it is more likely that he was the head for which

M. Letellier lost his own. That the dismissal of the corrupt DeBoucherville Government was for the good of the Province, and in the interests of the cause of purity, I have no manner of doubt; for it substituted men of principle for a mere railway ring; it put men into office who had at least a strong desire to do what is right for the people. But that was an incidental good. The *coup* told on the side of the electors; unquestionably M. Letellier cared for the interests of the electors enough to hope and believe that it would do so; but, first and foremost, he thought and acted for the Dominion Liberal party.

To talk of M. Letellier as having done this at any and all risks to himself is absurd. At the time he could hardly have considered the possibility of his removal from office—he had not the most distant vision of that decapitation he has since suffered. He was assured of the countenance and support of his party at Ottawa—that party was in power, and was confident that the coming elections would result in its return to office, if with a diminished, still with a good working majority. Where was M. Letellier's heroism then? Where was the self-sacrifice? He believed that even a change of Government could effect no change in his official position, and a change of Government appeared a very remote contingency. Sir John A. Macdonald moved a vote of censure in the House of Commons, and got voted down, not to say snubbed. M. Joly was sustained when he appealed to the electors of the Province, and it seemed as if the movement had succeeded admirably and ended all right for the party and the Province. It was only after the general election, when the stiff-necked Free-traders had been swept away by the N. P. deluge, and M. Mousseau and other irreconcilable Frenchmen were hounding Sir John to death that the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec began to fear the political guillotine. But then he could do nothing but sit still and wait the development of the plot. His hope was first in Sir John, then in the Governor-General, and then in the Privy Council; then again in the Governor-General, and then—he lost his head.

So that there is not the slightest foundation in fact for calling M. Letellier a martyr. A man is only a martyr when he has pursued a course which he deemed to be right, all the time clearly foreseeing the possibility of having to pay a painful penalty, and not being prompted by self-interest. But M. Letellier did not foresee the consequences—could not have foreseen them, in fact—and he worked for his party, that is to say, he worked from interested motives. If M. Letellier has lost his health in his great anxiety about the matter, as his friends so loudly proclaim, it only gives one more proof of how little he is capable of playing the part of even a political martyr. He should be quite satisfied with losing his place for the gratification of having put good and true men into office. This endeavour to make political capital out of ill health is anything but true courage. Why should a man suffer himself to be harassed, almost to death, by the chance of losing office? Party devotion is a poor thing, but it ought to rise superior to that. M. Letellier complained that while M. Joly shouldered the responsibility for the dismissal of the DeBoucherville Government, he, M. Letellier, had been compelled to suffer. That may be heroic—it may be the rôle of a martyr, but if so times and ideas have changed, and we shall have to begin a new calendar of a new kind of brave martyrs.

AFFAIRS AT QUEBEC.

After all, the fifteen unenlightened Councillors at Quebec appear to be accomplishing something. The Ministerial majority is made up of so many raw recruits, and men looking out for the main chance, and men afraid of the risk and expense of another appeal to the electors, that it got demoralized by the ridiculous, but determined

attitude of the Council. M. Joly acted as if sure of his men—and probably he was in his own unsuspecting mind; but subsequent events have proved that he had no substantial grounds for his confidence. The Hon. M. Chauveau, seeing the chance of a better and more permanent position, nobly sacrificed himself to the best interests of the Province by resigning his place in the Cabinet. The Hon. Mr. Ross, actuated by the same, or kindred motives, has also resigned, and now it looks as if M. Joly's position will soon be rendered untenable. The sooner an appeal is made to the people the better, and M. Joly should now go to the Lieut.-Governor and demand a dissolution of Parliament for that purpose. We want practical speech with those fifteen Councillors.

RUMOUR has it that if M. Joly were to request a dissolution it would be refused; that M. Chapleau or Dr. Ross will be sent for to form a new Ministry; that if the re-election of Ministers appear doubtful, the House will be adjourned, thus giving the new Government some eight months of grace, during which period much patronage would be judiciously dispensed, and the minds of many electors changed. But Dr. Robitaille's history, and the strictly fair and honourable course he is now pursuing, forbid the supposition that he would lend himself to any such disgraceful party tactics.

MOST observant men believe that neither party can carry on the Quebec Government. The Assembly is so equally divided that only an accident can bring about a change sufficient to allow one party to work well in spite of the others—and political accidents rarely produce permanent results in the preponderance of power. So that just so soon as the fifteen Councillors are brought to the mind of the people M. Joly should set about finding a place for some of the good men of the *Bleu* party. A really good and strong Government might then be found—one that would command the respect of the people; and M. Joly would be able to cut himself adrift from some very undesirable drags.

A FABLE.

ONCE upon a time three men entered into partnership to carry on an extensive business for creating public wants and letting contracts by wholesale. The work of the firm was divided thus: The business man, who should tell the people what they needed, let out contracts, decide how much should come back to the firm by way of commission, and transact all business in general. The second was to cultivate the clubs, and such popular resorts as street corners; his talents were to be allowed to run in the way of cigars, and dry sherry, and rings for pushing relatives: by common consent he was to know nothing of the business, but had to initial all contracts and cheques, just to show that he was a member of the firm. The third was a sleeping partner: his function was to dress well, dine the best class of customers, drive the firm-carriage, look after the interests of his friends in a sublime sort of way, read the circular sent out in the early part of the year, and sign the report at the close of it. For a time all went well, the firm doing much business, and each member behaving well unto himself and to a large circle of prospering friends. But it came to pass that the club-and-dry-sherry member of the firm took to finding fault with the member who did the work, because his (the club member's) friends were being neglected when contracts were given out; he remonstrated, and used hard words in an indiscriminating and promiscuous manner. But the business member of the firm held stoutly to it that his friends and relations did the work cheaper, and therefore it was to the interest of the firm that they should have the contracts. But the club member would not be persuaded, and being a partner he could not be ignored. So one day when business was good, and a lot of money had been allowed to accumulate in the safe for the purpose of paying the friends of the business member, and the office clerks, and sundry old servants who had used up their one talent and become "dead beat" in working for themselves—the irate club member of the firm seized a favourable opportunity, locked the safe, put the key in his pocket, and vaulting on to a high stool that stood by a desk, and pointing solemnly to the closed safe, said to the astonished business member of that firm: "Sir, how do you propose to put an end to that 'dead-lock'?" Whereupon that business member of the firm, stretching his weary limbs on a bench, and saying "This way," composed himself to rest; and the

sleeping partner, taking up a commanding position on the top of that closed safe, sang softly to himself:—

Othello once found his vocation gone,
For he had no friends to lean upon:
Letellier lost his official head,
For his friends got a stroke which laid them dead;
But my usefulness is increasing fast—
My friends will be happy when this quarrel is past.

Moral the first: Never form a partnership with unreasonable men unless the law is on your side.

Moral the second: Fools can break a sound Constitution by racing it against a hill.

Moral the third: Never secure your Cabinet by a Nut-lock; for, unless the combination is in Safe hands, it will become a "dead-lock."

ENGLAND'S TROUBLES.

Poor and dear Old England seems to have troubles increasing on her hands every day. A little while ago we were cheered with the news that she had achieved "peace with honour," and although some of us felt that the "honour" was of a questionable kind, we had great hopes about the "peace" part of the programme. But not much quiet has fallen to her lot since then. Greece was unsatisfied with her frontier line, and is unsatisfied still; the Khedive of Egypt complicated matters between England and France; Cetewayo failed to see the philosophy of British annexation theories, as propounded by Sir Bartle Frere and applied to himself and his subject Zulus—brought his warriors out to defend his ideas and their homes—outnumbered the British army and outgeneralled Lord Chelmsford for many months, and although beaten at last is, by all accounts, not yet made harmless. And now, just as we had begun to hope and believe that freedom from foreign complications would enable British statesmen to turn their attention in an earnest, practical manner to home matters, the horrible tragedy in Afghanistan bursts upon us, opening up again, as it inevitably will, the whole question of England's relations to Russia in Central Asia.

NO sooner was the fearful mishap to Cavagnari and his body guard heard of than the English people, with their usual impetuosity, shouted for revenge. But it is a little humiliating, not to say disturbing, to find that before any punishment can be meted out to the fierce Afghans, England is notified that she "must have an understanding with Russia in regard to the measure of the satisfaction to be taken." That is to say, Russia intends to regulate the wrath of England, so that the Afghans must learn to regard Russia in the light of a protector, and England in the light of an oppressor. And England must submit to this dictation or fight Russia in alliance with Afghanistan. This would be a serious business. Russia has an enormous army, and would be fighting on a friendly soil, and the Afghans are no mean power. It is evident now that but for the assent of Russia, England would not have made such short and easy work of the Afghans. The pledge given to Russia, that Afghanistan once taken, the troops should be withdrawn from the territory, leaving only an Ambassador at Cabul with a small body guard, gave the English Ministers a temporary show of success, but now that the game is up, it will recoil upon them with crushing force. The compact served their turn for an hour, but now that it is at an end, a new one has to be made, or the quarrel fought out in hot blood. That there will be a fresh understanding is, of course, probable, but that it will put an end to the conservative Government is almost certain. I am disposed to agree with a writer in an American paper, who says:—"When England fully understands that the famous scientific frontier, of which she has heard so much, and which was to guarantee her against Russia in Asia, was obtained by a war, made under Russian sufferance, permission and patronage, as we may say, and that this war was waged and closed in conditions imposed by Russia, she will, perhaps, cease to regard the Earl of Beaconsfield as a politician who leads all Europe by the nose."

THE "POST" AND THE SARDINIAN.

According to a report in the *Montreal Post*, the Allan S.S. "Sardinian" had a very narrow escape a few days ago. Here is the thrilling way in which it is told:—

"THE SARDINIAN ALMOST ASHORE.—The dense fog which prevailed along the Canadian coast last Thursday, and to which the wreck of the S.S. Quebec is attributable, came near causing the loss of one of the noblest vessels which

enter this port. If the impending catastrophe had not happily been discovered in time to avert the dreadful effects, a sad loss of life would have ensued. At the time specified the Allan steamship Sardinian was forcing her way through the Straits of Belle Isle at full speed, notwithstanding the fact that the mist was so intense that it was impossible to see outside a radius of ten feet. A strict watch was maintained to avert the liability of accidents by collision, &c. Suddenly a seaman in the fore-top paralyzed those within hearing with the cry 'breakers dead ahead, close under our bow.' With lightning celerity the engines were reversed, and when the enormous headway was checked, anchor was cast to await the lifting of the fog, which obscured their path. When the mist was dispelled, it was seen that the vessel had had a narrow escape from running ashore, for directly in advance, within a stone's throw, the rocky Nova Scotian shore appeared in all its forbidding grandeur. The vessel's course was then altered, and the balance of the trip was accomplished in safety."

That is the *Post's* report, and here are the facts as supplied to me by the Captain. The "Sardinian" did not enter the Straits of Belle Isle until the fog lifted. Instead of going through the fog at "full speed" she went "dead slow," and men were kept taking soundings all the time. "A strict watch was maintained," but there was no "seaman in the foretop." If there had been, how could he have seen the "breakers dead ahead, close under our bow," when "it was impossible to see outside a radius of ten feet," and he would be eighty feet behind the forward outlook? That seaman who was not in the foretop must be a remarkable being, for he beat the impossible by more than a hundred yards. The anchor was not cast, and the ship never sighted the shores of Nova Scotia. The simple prose of this thrilling romance being that the "Sardinian" was steamed through the fog at "dead slow," the Captain knew he was near the Straits and lay-to for ten hours; the fog lifted, and the Straits were seen just two miles ahead.

HARD WORK.

English papers report that the Princess Louise will return to England next spring, but the Marquis of Lorne will not accompany her. They say that the Marquis likes his post here very much, but finds the work far harder than he had anticipated. One would like to know what the Marquis anticipated, and what he now calls work. A good many speeches had to be written and read at first, and a report had to be sent to England of the change in our fiscal policy, but after that the work could hardly have been heavy—except that there may be other kinds of diplomatic labour not known to outsiders. It will be a pity, however, if we compel the Marquis to overtax his energies in our service, and the Prime Minister would do well to exercise some little care of our Governor-General.

REPORTING.

Let me commend the principles and practices of Mr. Forbes, the brilliant war correspondent of the English press, to the reporters and correspondents of our Canadian dailies. Writing in answer to Lord Chelmsford's petulant remarks about the inconvenience and worry he had experienced on account of the hostile criticisms of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Forbes said:—

"I have been a war correspondent for ten years, and I have never known a colleague permit party feelings and political bias to influence his judgment concerning matters purely military."

Again he says:—

"I try in vain to imagine a war correspondent submitting to such a bondage of degradation as the acceptance of instructions, or even of hints, to colour his writing and warp his judgment to a political pattern. Speaking for myself, I say with all solemnity, that rather than endure even the shadow of such degradation, I would shake the dust of such polluted journalism off my feet, and be content, if needful, as in the old days, to bump the saddle of a private dragoon."

That is the only manly and honourable stand a newspaper reporter or correspondent can take. His duty is to give a faithful account of what he may hear or see. But how far that is acted upon in Canada a glance at any two opposing papers will show. Reporters often lampoon speakers instead of reporting their speeches; they judge or misjudge, just as it may suit the party to which the paper belongs, and a sense of personal dignity seems to have been put outside the calling. It often happens that gentlemen transfer their services from one paper to another, and bespatter public men, of whom, and for whom they had only words of fulsome flattery a week or two before. It is a pity that the gentlemen of the press have so little *esprit de corps*. A union for the protection of honest reporting would effect some good, I think.

Here is a good story from *Truth*:—

"All the Jesuit papers in France are bristling just now with wonderful telegraphic accounts from Lourdes, relating miracles after miracles, apparently due to the admirable virtue of the holy waters in the grotto. Cripples have been seen walking, invalids casting off their crutches, blind men reading the *Figaro*. The following miracle, however, which took place on the road to the shrine, has not received from the same papers the attention to which it was entitled. A paralytic in an easy chair had been placed in the pilgrim train. At one of the railway stations there was a change of carriages, and it happened that the easy chair, with the paralytic in it, had just been put down on the line, when a train running from the opposite direction was suddenly seen bearing right down upon it. There was a general stampede, and a cry of terror; everybody thought the paralytic must be killed; when, to the intense astonishment of all witnesses, he was seen to rise from his arm-chair and walk off briskly, just in time to escape the train. The mere thought of the holy waters seems to have been sufficient to cure this pilgrim."

THE FRENCH AND CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.

The Editor of *La Minerve* takes grave, but courteous exception to my statement last week that the French do not understand Constitutional Government, on account of which Constitutional Government is impossible in the Province of Quebec. I need not say that when I credited the French people with "every sense under heaven but common sense," that I meant just what we often say of our most brilliant geniuses. In common with most of my countrymen, I have profound admiration for the French talent, which breaks out and works in so many admirable ways. But I must still maintain that in the general run of Frenchmen there is such a mingling of the poetic and the logical that they have not even a conception of the hard, practical, common sense we English possess and use in our administrative affairs.

La Minerve kindly states to its constituency that M. Bray has only lately arrived in the country which accounts for the fact that he is not "*au courant de notre histoire*." The first part is true. I have only been here three years. *Peccavi*. My sin is growing less every day, however. But the second part is hardly correct, since I have taken much pains to acquaint myself with the history of this Dominion; and, although I do not pretend to be so well versed in it as the Editor of *La Minerve* must be, I yet claim to speak not altogether as a fool.

However, I am content to go back once more to my historical studies, under the competent leadership of my newly found mentor. "M. Bray ignore-t'il la cause de troubles de 1837-38?" No, I do not, nor do I ignore the fact that after the conquest of this country the French-Canadians claimed responsible government. But by "*le gouvernement responsable*" they seemed to mean that they were to remain a French nationality, preserving all their old customs, habitant ignorance, forms of Ecclesiastical life, and methods of civil government. It was precisely that which led to the "troubles of 1837-38." That chapter of Lower Canadian history, in which Papineau figured so conspicuously, cannot well be cited in proof that the French were in love with the British Constitutional form of government. They wanted "responsible government," but that is a phrase which may be made to include a good deal. Anything that is not an actual despotism, and is in any sense elective, or under the control of the popular will, might be called a responsible government. It is quite true that the French claimed responsible government; that is to say, Government by a Parliamentary majority, for it suited them well. There was no occasion for what I called "give and take,"—which by the way is hardly expressed by the *Minerve's* translation, "*un système de compensation*,"—for every fresh opportunity served the cause of "take." It is true, as the *Minerve* states, that Sir H. Lafontaine at one time resigned his portfolio because Lord Metcalfe put forward some unwarrantable claims, but that does not prove anything particular, except that Sir H. Lafontaine had a very strict and proper regard for his own and his people's rights. And I never charged our French fellow-countrymen with losing sight of those rights, any more than I would charge an Englishman with the same crime. The whole trouble was that they understood responsible government too well, and Constitutional Government not at all.

Not at all—that is, until it was forced upon them by the British inhabitants acting in conjunction with the Home Government. And if the editor of *La Minerve* will refresh his memory by a glance at the history of this Province, say from 1830 to 1837, he will find ample proof of my statement that Constitutional Government—the system of give and take—was not understood by the French. They used the English Constitution to defend themselves from being subject to an Anglicising process; they took the new tools, but did the old work with

them. I am told in *La Minerve* that every page of their history has a record of compromise—even of concession. That may be, and yet leave my statement unrefuted. Cases are cited, such as when the majority, "pour vivre en paix et en bonne intelligence," gave the minority the control of public education, and the privilege of changing the boundary lines of a dozen counties, and two seats in the Cabinet of Quebec, &c.; but that only proves that they are not at all indisposed to have regard to the rights of a minority, and that they are logical, and that they are generous. I do not see any proof of the possession of that sense I called "common" in the fact that concessions have been made. That they should be made was inevitable; first, from the humanitarian nature of the French themselves,—and second, from the habit the British have always had of taking a few things they think they have a right to. I did not say that the majority in this Province have never made compromises and concessions; I simply said and do maintain, and call the French use of the British Constitution as my proof, that the system of give and take in matters of government is not understandable by the general French mind. MM. Joly, Langelier, Letellier, Chapleau and others may be taken as illustrations of the whole case. What is happening now has happened before and will happen again, unless some radical change shall be brought about.

To my mind that radical change must be in the direction of Legislative Union. I can but admire and respect the French-Canadian's love for France and all that is French, and I hope I shall not be deemed as deserving anything but kindly judgment from the French when I say that, as an Englishman, I can but regard it as a pity and a blunder that a French-Canadian nationality should be so carefully preserved here. The Anglo-Saxon has taken possession of this continent; his language, his customs, his forms of government must ultimately prevail here; and if this is to become a nation there must be a fusion of the population into one compact whole. Instead of fostering what is merely sectional as French, English, Scotch and Irish, we should strive to form what is Canadian. The interests of all the people are identical. In order to promote those interests there must be a union of the whole. Legislative Union is what we want, and must have, to bring that about.

EDITOR.

IRELAND.

It is nearly 40 years since Lord John Russell, on resigning office, warned Sir Robert Peel, the incoming minister, that the chief difficulty of the new government would be Ireland; verily, history does reproduce itself, for notwithstanding all the efforts at a more just legislation, the Irish are still "to the fore" with their grievances, and still, like *Oliver Twist*, "asking for more."

The disease appears to be chronic, and a very mild form of it has appeared at the annual meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, just concluded at Belfast, at which meeting we are told some very large questions were considered—the Suez Canal; light-houses in Turkey; the depreciation of silver; the bankruptcy laws; free trade and reciprocity—and all were fully talked out during a session of three days in the commercial capital of the country. In the course of the sitting the injury sustained by commerce and agriculture in these countries, because there is no responsible Minister of the Government charged with looking after these important interests, was dwelt upon, and it was resolved to urge upon Her Majesty's Government the necessity of appointing a Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. This is a pretty extensive programme, but harmless enough on the face of it, nevertheless it appears that the Home Rulers are throwing up their hats over two "pronouncements" emanating from this meeting of merchants. All private-bill legislation is conducted in London at enormous expense. If a little town in Ireland, or any other part of the Kingdom, desires to get a supply of water for domestic purposes, an inquiry is had into the proposed scheme before a select Parliamentary Committee, and if the committee approves of it, a bill for the purpose is sent before Parliament for confirmation. The Associated Chambers of Commerce have resolved that these inquiries should be conducted in the districts in which the questions arise, and where the facts are generally known and where evidence is easily and cheaply obtained. This declaration was originated by delegates from England, and adopted unanimously by the meeting, and the Home Rulers are jubilant over it as an important concession in favour of their principle.

There was also a declaration in the Home Rule direction as regards Ireland specially. All proceedings in bankruptcy matters in Ireland are now conducted at Dublin. Belfast, Cork, Limerick and other large towns are agitating for the establishment of local courts of bankruptcy, so that they may be able to do their own business in this line cheaply at home, instead of, as now, being com-

pelled to go up to Dublin at great expense. The Associated Chambers of Commerce have unanimously declared that this system of home rule should be given to Irish towns.

Still another trouble arises out of Irish butter, about which "we are growing very much in earnest," with a view, if possible, of retrieving its damaged reputation. A deputation of three gentlemen has left Dublin, commissioned by the Royal Agricultural Society, to travel through Germany, Norway and Sweden and to enquire into and report upon the manufacture of butter in those countries.

These subjects, with emigration, obstruction, and Mr. Parnell thrown in to boot, furnish a wide field for discussion; but a new crusade against landlordism assumes a far more serious aspect, and it seems that evidences of a defiant temper among the farming classes are encountered in every direction, and the old trouble of absentee landlordism is regarded as the great grievance. The land system in Ireland is an anomaly; the English is founded on freedom of contract. The demands for its reform are really cries for further liberty; but in Ireland it is an arrangement under which a tenant first hires a farm and then claims its ownership.

We have the old painful story now again, in Mayo; the old rents are insisted on, notices to quit have been threatened, and bailiffs can scarcely be found to run the risk of serving them; in many cases the tenants defiantly answer that they will not be evicted, but will hold their farms by force. The Government is not ignorant of the agitated state of the public mind, and are taking extraordinary measures of precaution. Soldiers and police are constantly being moved about, as a warning to the people that the Government is prepared to adopt vigorous measures of repression. The province of Connaught especially is said to be in a very excited state, and a "genuine reign of terror has been established." Public meetings have been held at Castlebar and elsewhere, at which violent speeches have been delivered, and the entire movement reminds us of times which we hoped had passed away for ever.

The stormy petrel of Irish contemporary politics (Mr. Parnell) has given in his adherence to the movement, and the power of the obstructionist minority in the House of Commons is likely to be increased, and the scenes of last session are likely to be repeated next session, only that Mr. Parnell will have a larger following from fear, if not from love.

The fact is that the recent policy of England towards Ireland has been produced by a cause which has hardly ever before had appreciable effect in national affairs. The modern Irish policy of English statesmen has sprung from simple repentance for supposed past wrong. But why this marvellous intensity of repentance which leads the English of our day to grant everything which the supposed victim of cold "atrocities" chooses to consider good for himself? What earthly ground can there be for granting to Irishmen more than equality with Englishmen? While English public men are ever relieving their conscience by perpetual concessions, Irishmen are repeating the demand for fairness and redress of a wholly different character, and a knot of Irish M.P.'s put a stop to all legislation, and make free and ancient institutions the derision of the world.

They claim the rights of a "nationality." The word is peculiar, and nobody can be very sure what it means. What sort of a nation might it not be which places the confiscation of ownership in land at the head of the reforms to which its legislation would be directed, and of which the undeveloped statesmanship is represented by Mr. Parnell? The truth is, there is but one safe prediction of a quasi-independent Ireland,—that it would be eager to do mischief to England and its Empire, and that its favourite political leaders would be men who promised to injure England at the most critical moment.

THE SCOTTISH STUDENT ON "ARGUS."

In the last number of the *CANADIAN SPECTATOR* that has come to hand I find that your correspondent "Argus" severely criticises the view of Mr. Blake on Free Trade. It may well be that Mr. Blake may have conclusively answered the objection of "Argus" before this is received by you, or, on the other hand, "Argus" may have laid down the foundation of Protection broad, large and stable. Yet, in virtue it may be of my very insular stupidity, I fancy I may be able perhaps to suggest difficulties to accepting "Argus's" position, which will enable that gentleman to make his explanation yet clearer—to break his information into crumbs yet smaller so as to suit the swallowing power of such a very small titmouse as you present correspondent, who is but a "Scottish Student."

"Argus" asserts that Free Trade means the hindering and defeating of ordinary economic laws. He instances a case where an American manufacturer is attempting to drive a Canadian manufacturer out of the market by underselling him—nay, going to such an extent as to sell the goods in Canada at the half of what would be a remunerative rate in the United States. To my untutored gaze the whole thing seems a very ordinary case of business competition. That they are living under different *governments* does not seem to put the affair at all into another category from that in which it would have been had the competitors been simply under different *hats*.

Competition is no unheard-of enormity, nor are efforts of one trader to under-sell his neighbours unheard of in Montreal, if what my friends have told me is true. Would "Argus" be prepared to urge on Mr. Blake, or on the Legislature generally, the necessity of stopping the practice of under-selling by taxing every trader who attempted it? The only persons who have in the past been guilty of suggesting any such interference with the freedom of the trader are the demagogues who manage trades unions. It may be, however, that "Argus" will support this view, and even show its justice; but if so, let him by all means do so clearly. If I understand the transaction aright, the American manufacturer is meantime bent on giving the Canadian consumer goods worth \$5 at \$2.50, which seems to me to be equivalent to presenting the Canadian consumer with \$2.50—viz., the difference between the price he demands and the one that would be fairly remunerative to him. The Canadian consumer then has (or would have were it not for the Tariff) two dollars and a half more in his pocket when he purchases from the American than he would have had he purchased from the Canadian. To my unpractical mind it would seem the interest of the Canadian consumer to encourage this benevolence of the American as long as possible. To be sure the American expects that when he has driven his Canadian competitor out of the field, he will raise his prices to such a figure as will *recoup* him for all his loss with interest. It seems then a case when goods are for the present low, but are certain to rise indefinitely in a very short while. Most traders in these circumstances increase their stocks as largely as their capital will admit. If the Canadian consumers were doing this they would render it impossible for the enterprising Yankee to reap any advantage from the defeat of his Canadian competitors. Of course the existence of the Tariff hinders this so far, from the increase of price that the impost necessitates. In my ignorance I might be inclined to regard the questions of Tariff as one where the interests of the consumer and of the manufacturer are opposed, and as the consumers are incomparably more numerous than are *any given class* of manufacturers, to imagine that the interest of the majority must prevail and the Tariff be abolished. The Tariff prevents the Canadian consumer getting the full advantage of the low price at which the American is selling, and prevents him checkmating beforehand the American's attempt to raise the prices when he shall have driven the Canadian from the market.

But need the Canadians be driven from the market? I shall tell you a story of what I understand happened in Montreal some fifty years ago. There was then an old merchant, whom we shall call "Smith," who had won a position for himself in the soft goods trade. A young firm, whom we shall name "Brown, Jones and Robinson," determined to drive Smith from the market by underselling him. One class of goods which every small trader was obliged to have, they sold at a loss, sold it in fact cheaper than it could be produced in Manchester. It was close upon the fall (there were no railways then) so the freezing of the River St. Lawrence meant the end of all importation. Old Mr. Smith did not, as was anticipated, lower his prices below those of "Brown, Jones and Robinson." No; he employed his less known assistant to buy in the stock the young firm had of this indispensable, till they were sold out. They could not renew their stock, and had that winter to do a quiet trade. Could not some such tactics as the above be used against the American? But here again the tariff of Canada and the United States hinders. Were it not for this the Canadian manufacturer might quietly buy up all the goods the American sends over the border, and (as the American maintains his old price at home) by re-exporting them into America, undersell the American in his own market. I do not see that the only alternatives are protection or Customs' union (*Zollverein*) with the United States. Absolute Free Trade might be declared.

Again it may be my natural obtuseness or defective education, but I feel I must agree with Mr. Blake and hold that the labourer in Canada has as much a right to be protected against the importation of competitors as the manufacturer. It is certain that when labourers are many in proportion to the work to be done wages are low, and everything that tends to increase the number of labourers tends to lower wages; therefore the Canadian labourer has as much right to be protected against competition with immigrant labourers, as Canadian manufacturers have to be protected against American competition. He thinks he answers this by saying that some years ago there was a remarkable difference between the remuneration of labour in Devonshire and Lancashire. Originally that was caused by difficulty of travelling. The difference has been perpetuated, perhaps, to some extent by ignorance, but at present the difference of the remuneration of the Devonshire agricultural labourer and that of the same class of labourers in the north of England is almost *nil*, when the cost of travelling between south and north is taken into account, not to speak of difference of rents and perquisites in the two places.

"Argus" begins next to prophesy that Protection will prevail universally, but stops and promises another article, which will in all likelihood have been published ere this reaches Montreal. Universal Protection—that must mean the absolute cessation of all commerce on the one hand, and on the other the growing of sugar canes in Manitoba and of cocoa-nut palms in Lower Canada. If "Argus" can prove that these are among the things that are coming on the earth, it will amaze your correspondent.

Stirling, Scotland.

J. E. H. T.

THE "SPOILT CHILD" AS A WIFE.

The ex-wife of the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall came of an excellent family, was the only child of a distinguished physician, and was represented in the evidence at the divorce suit as having been from early childhood "a spoilt child." A few years since another divorce suit made a far greater sensation in England, for the parties moved in the innermost circle of the plutocracy, and the lady was what ex-wife Hall happily is not, the mother of children. The Hon. Mrs. Gurney, wife of one of the wealthiest bankers in London, was depicted at her trial as a "spoilt child," and her maiden and matronly misconduct fully verified the description. She had many advantageous offers of marriage. One of them came from an excellent clergyman, the Hon. and Rev. J. F. Pelham, now Bishop of Norwich. The "spoilt child," writing to a female confidante about the proposal made to her by this respected gentleman, remarked, "Just as if I would marry a thing like that." An officer in the army next presented himself, a humble suppliant at the "spoilt child's" feet, but though in the abstract she might say, "*Ah, que j'aime le militaire,*" the warrior's sword clanged through her ancestral hall on the thigh of a rejected suitor. An amiable and generous banker was more successful, and became the father of her children, some four or five in number. But there is satiety even in wealth and the salons of fashion. The Hon. Mrs. Gurney was, like Mrs. Newman Hall, of a "horsey" turn of mind. She found, like Mrs. Newman Hall, her affinity in an uncouth stable boy, redolent of the sweet perfumes of the stable. "Physical affection" is the admirable physiological term applied to this divine afflatus by the counsel in the Hall case; it seems to feed and grow on the aromatic whiffs of the livery stable. After much long-suffering and forgiveness, Mrs. Gurney obtained a divorce, and her children have lived on to blush at their mother's name.

The "spoilt child" has abundant opportunities for inflicting upon the husband—however strong, noble and manly, as Newman Hall is—the meanest and most irritating of petty tortures. She can fly into a rage about nothing, and raise a domestic tempest so resonant that the policeman shall pause thereat upon his beat, and knocking at the door, ask what the disturbance is about. When her husband is writing for the press, or for the pulpit, Madame Virago, *née* Mademoiselle "Spoilt Child," can upset the inkstand, read or sing aloud in mockery, tell him she hates religion, destroy his manuscript, and then tell him she is going to the livery stables to meet her dear and sympathizing friend, the hostler, who, she insists, shall be forthwith invited to become a daily visitor at the house.

There is an Episcopal minister in England who, like Dr. Hall, has obtained his divorce. He also blighted his life through marrying a "spoilt child." In fighting about the children she delights to abuse the judges, and one of them good naturedly told her the other day, "I don't mind how you abuse me when the Court is over, but you must kindly wait until then, for your language to me here renders you liable to punishment."

A well known Latin hexameter verse tells us:—

"Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo;"

"The drop of water hollows the stone, not by force, but by constantly falling." As another proverb puts it, "The last straw breaks the camel's back." A few years since a horrible tragedy resulted from the same sort of incessant aggression and annoyance on the part of a wife, which must have made Newman Hall's life a weariness to him, and which has compelled him, in his sixty-fourth year, to seek finally the intervention of the law. In this case also the parties concerned were a clergyman and his wife, and the poor murdered woman was a "spoilt child." The Rev. John Selby Watson, Head Master of Stockwell Grammar School, London, was a fine classical scholar, and had translated Xenophon, Thucydides and other authors for Bohn, the well-known publisher. His unhappy wife could never let him rest. She persecuted him with her mocking tongue and frivolous behaviour, with her unrelenting ill-humour and homely contradiction and perversity, until one evening, sitting over his Greek texts in his library, she goaded him beyond control, and with one blow, as he swore solemnly, he killed her. Horror-stricken at what he had done, he hid the body in a closet, where it was discovered by the servant. His death sentence was commuted to transportation for life.

No word of justification can be said for him; yet so much as this may be said with truth, that the man who marries a "spoilt child" sows for himself a harvest of misery and regret, of suffering and humiliation, for which divorce may be a medicine, but death is the only cure.

Caustic.

FLIRTATION.

Dear reader, please be confidential about it and let us go back together to those palmy days when we *did* enjoy a flirtation. We don't now, of course; for some of us are married men, do not own ourselves, in fact possess nothing except the right to possess our souls in patience. Others of us have got so old, so gloomy, so altogether bacheloric, that opportunities for flirtation are not so frequently vouchsafed us as—well, as we could wish. Yet there *was* a time

a time when every pulse of hope beat high within us as we robed ourselves with exquisite care to attend each little party, ball or fête. We positively thrilled at thought of the possibility for conquest which lay in the yet undiscovered future. We entered the room. Dimmed but slightly by the solitaire eye-glass neither convex nor concave but possessing only the plain transparent qualities of common window glass, our eye roamed with delight over the gentle faces and sylph-like forms that met our *pane*fully earnest glances. We singled out our prey. Then began the glorious excitement of the chase; shy glances more shyly responded to, till we became gradually elevated in our own estimation by the certainty that we actually *were* noticed. Then followed a series of exciting manœuvres for an introduction without looking *too* particular. Oh! how we mildly hated that "beast of a fellow" who *would* dance with her. She was evidently disgusted with him. What an ass he was not to see that she was only doing the polite to him? Why does he stick to her so?

At length we are introduced. We are happy. The serious business of flirtation is fairly under weigh. The battery of sighs, glances, chaff, weak wit and giggle is in full blast; and if we suffer, at least the enemy suffers with us. We keep it up all evening. We monopolise her. We are devoted to each other. Each is sure an impression has been made. And next morning, head-achy, weary and sad, *he* says, "Well, she was a nice little thing, but I ain't to be caught so easily"; while she confides to her hair-brush, cosmetics and cheval mirror that "that conceited ass, she is sure, fancies he has made an impression, and oh! wasn't it fun to see him *look* so devoted?"

And so each is happy. Each is joyous with the after-taste of flirtation. For self-conceit is gratified—that forbidden fruit of the Garden of Eden which is pleasant to all the intellectual senses and a thing to be desired to make one wise to take care of self by hurting and fooling others has been freely partaken of. Appetite returns. Constant novelty is craved. New sham conquests are achieved. Love-shams become an art; love itself, no longer a reality, turns wholly into self-love disguised in ostensible love of another. That is flirtation; and Canada is not free from it. Oh! Canadian youths and maidens, it may be a delicious pastime, but it always hurts somebody—if not the other one, then yourself. For to be and act a sham in any relation of life is neither manly, womanly, nor God-like.

There is an even more melancholy aspect of this flirting tendency. It is apt not to confine itself to the converse of the sexes. It both springs from and enters into hollowness and deceptiveness which are seen in all departments of work in the world. Men who flirt to gratify self-love carry that desire of personal approbation, success, fame, wealth or the appearance of it into other things till it destroys all reality of character. The world then, in truth, becomes merely "a stage, and all the men and women players." Even if the part be *well* acted, it is only acting after all. Is it always to be thus? Is flirtation to last from seventeen to seventy? Are we to *look* smart, clever and in earnest and not *be* it? Are we to adopt chique (some spell it cheek) as our hope of success in the professions—the appearance and not the reality of earnest study and solid ability? Are we to flirt continually in politics, seeming to woo each new craze that arises in the popular mind, as though we loved *it* devotedly when we are only loving ourselves? Are we to woo "N. P.'s" when we know full well it is only self with us, and self with the people, and a feeble flirtation at best? Are we to flirt with truth, even in the pulpit, wooing her with high sounding phrases of popular doctrine set in gentle terms which mean nothing but smoothness, pleasure, soothing, to the vanity of the people?

Here in this our Dominion amid the *crème de la crème* of its society, as well as on its lower levels, any youth who does not flirt, is at once set down either as an utter greenhorn or as "engaged." Any man who does not flirt at his trade or profession, but seeking one sole purpose, one true love of his heart for useful work, turns not to the right nor to the left, is esteemed as lacking in "smartness," devoid of business ability and "tact."

Is there anything so dreadful in this condemnation, either from the one sex or the other, that a man, worthy of the name, need fear to face it? Can he not say "forgive them for they know not what they do," and work on unmoved. May he not be really engaged so in love with an ideal that he cannot flirt, but can only quote Tennyson,

"Whenever she comes, she will find me ready,
To do her homage, my queen, my queen."

Full of an ideal of work to do, of a use to perform in life, he knows he *shall* love her who shall be queen of that work to him. He can do the work whether aided or hindered in wedded life or alone. This love may enter into life, and be known there in usefulness. If he love goodness, it will compel him to follow truth and not shams. He need not flirt with the world, the flesh; and an individual whom politeness forbids me to name.

Be real, be pure, be true to your own nature. You cannot then be false to any man, or selfish towards any woman. But you shall be decidedly eccentric. Alas! that it should be so. It must; till men have given up flirtation, and are seeking to *be*—not *seem* to be—men.

Benedict.

This is all nonsense. He never had a chance to flirt with anybody till I took pity on him. As for his flirtations with business, politics and literature, I've often suspected something of the kind. Just let me catch him at it. That's all.

Beatrice.

DINING.

How few are there who understand the art of dining and dinner-giving? It seems that a certain stereotyped mode of serving courses is followed; flowers are arranged in the same manner, wines are arbitrarily appointed for each *plat*, and coffee ends the panorama of fleeting dishes. Why is it that a host can not make his dinner peculiarly his own and marked with an originality and difference in details from that of his neighbour? As dinners are now given, if one is partaken of, a perfect knowledge of the rest is acquired. It may be said that it is not a difficult matter to find fault with this monotonous form of dining, but how is it to be changed? The question is pertinent and requires consideration. Let us therefore notice in the first place, the custom of placing cards with the names inscribed thereon, beside the plates of the guests. This originated with the Venetian Ambassador at Paris at the end of the reign of Louis XVI., and the first literary account of it is to be found in the "Almanach des Gourmands" for 1805. The description of the cards is as follows:—"The name of each guest written on a card, decorated with a pretty vignette, was laid upon his plate, and thus determined the order of the seats at table." Now, what advance has been made with regard to these cards? None, whatever, as we have to except the cards of silver, (at the dinners of those of Bonanza fame,) on account of the vulgarity and needless expense. There are many ways of having these cards arranged, such as varying their shape, colour, etc., which people of taste might easily do, instead of having the usual tract form with the name outside and the menu within. Let us next take into consideration the flowers; these are usually made up into bouquets, a large one in the centre, others at the corners of the table, and smilax perhaps, pendant from each light forming graceful curves; all people appreciate flowers, and they are in themselves so beautiful that a very inartistic arrangement of them is necessary to spoil their effect; but why should they be placed in the same position on the table by every one? Why not in some cases arrange them in small bouquets, one for each guest? and in some cases place them in low dishes around the table, leaving the centre of the table unobstructed by a vase of flowers two feet in height? Nothing should be placed on the table that is more than eighteen inches high. The wines should of course be of good quality, and although it is usual to serve a different wine to each course, the fewer taken the better. It is a matter of impossibility to appreciate the delicate Rhine wines and others when other wine is taken. More attention should be paid to the temperature of the wine than is usually done; delicate wines should be cool, but not iced. With regard to the dishes, the fault may be said to be that of having too many; it is much better to have fewer and to see that great care is taken with them. There are very few private houses in which a dinner of ten courses can be properly cooked and served; it does not matter how well trained and competent the cook may be, it is impossible unless there is a large corps of capable assistants. With regard to the host, it has been asserted that to be a good one must come to a man by nature; whether this be true or not, every host should in all things act for the pleasure of his guests, and should exercise tact enough not to place a poet by the side of a Quaker, an actor by the side of a Methodist, and so on. In these days when the *diner à la Russe* is the mode of dining usually followed, there is no excuse for a host who allows conversation to flag—without, however, monopolizing it; and if he has attended properly to his duties his guests will say with Lucullus, "We have dined." *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

Marih.

"IRISH ROWS."

Under the above familiar and appropriate heading a writer in the *Daily Star* favours the public with a brief sketch of Mr. Parnell in connection with Home Rule. Dissatisfaction is at the same time expressed with the undue publicity said to be given to the frequent disturbance of peace in the Emerald Isle, and the rapidity with which occurrences of a similar character are forgotten on this side of the sea. The antecedents of Mr. Parnell and his progenitors are sufficiently reputable, and the mantle of that ancestor who was amongst the most strenuous opponents of the Union seems to have fitly descended upon the member for Meath. If, however, there is any significance in the fact that a Peerage was refused by a Parnell, it should not be forgotten that a Peerage was accepted by another Parnell.

It appears needless to discuss whether the leading Home Ruler is all his friends and admirers say he is; but, as some of his proceedings strongly resemble those imputed to persons of evil design, it is not unnatural to suppose he may be something his friends and admirers say he is not.

When people whose habit it is to judge men by their language or actions come to hear that with the deliberation of a temperament said to be cool, Mr. Parnell publicly counselled a large and excited assembly of patriots to violate their lawful obligations, and that the patriots screamed their approval in shouts indicative of determination to murder, the assurance that their adviser is "anything but a demagogue" must be expected to lose some of its force and be taken *cum grano salis*.

That without loss of temper Mr. Parnell accomplishes the congenial task

to which he has set himself of making the House angry and obstructing its business is perhaps a redeeming feature ; but it is to be regretted that he does not with equal industry endeavour to impart some of his reputed self-control to his countrymen, whom it might teach to meet occasionally without "a slight disturbance." As a student of history might find himself puzzled to say when it was that Erin did not burn with "great principles" of some kind, or without principles of any kind, to say when it was that her sons were not goaded to anger by themselves or by somebody else, and when their proneness wherever they are, playfully and after their fashion, to develop exuberant and national spirit is remembered, the world should be forgiven for not resolutely shutting its eyes and its ears.

The wrongs of Erin, imaginary or otherwise, are many ; but if her children cannot so much as "struggle for freedom," armed with pike-headed staves ; if they cannot attack platforms when "much fighting" ensues ; if they cannot threaten to "shoot landlords and agents" or hiss at the Queen ; if these things cannot be done without placarding the world all over, it is time to enquire when Irishmen may be expected to have "their rights."

Saxon.

INTERLOPERS.

He that would preach upon interloping might do worse than take for his text the old saying that two are company and three are none ; yet it is as possible for twenty people as for two to have their sociability disturbed by one unwelcome intruder, while there are occasions on which a single person may regard the man who comes between himself and his solitude as an interloper. To know when we are and when we are not wanted is more valuable than the knowledge of the most occult science, and to make a proper use of one's presence and absence is to fulfil nine-tenths of the social law. Of the two offences injudicious absence is usually considered more venial than unwelcome presence ; and, if a murderer is the greatest moral criminal, an interloper is the greatest social offender. But there are voluntary and involuntary interlopers, and manslaughter and murder are scarcely more widely separated than the various forms of intrusion. It often happens that people, though conscious of having committed an unintentional intrusion, have not the tact to withdraw themselves ; they feel the difficulties of graceful retirement, and do not know how to cover their retreat. But whatever excuses may be made for interlopers, no class of offenders are more difficult to pardon.

People commit this crime or indiscretion from various causes. Curiosity impels many to wedge themselves into places where they are not wanted ; conceit is the origin of intrusion in others, and a feverish sociability makes it quite a disease with some people. Stupidity, officiousness, and many other faults or deficiencies, might be enumerated as conducive to interloping, but it may be more interesting to notice some of its effects than to dwell on its causes. A very unfortunate, but very common, effect of interloping is to separate friends. There are jealous busybodies who seem to take a pleasure in breaking attachments, although they themselves may derive no profit from such a proceeding. Interlopers who make it their business thus to be both obtrusive and destructive would, one would imagine, be universally unpopular ; but what are sometimes termed "particular friends" are so odious to a world which makes universal humbug its religion, and hollow politeness its morality, that the person who will act as an interloper between true friends is looked upon as an extremely useful member of society. In our present condition of "culture" and refinement, sincerity is considered an effete vulgarity which should be stamped out at any hazard ; therefore interlopers who will unscrupulously thrust themselves between real friends are regarded as social crusaders. There are, however, less malicious but more familiar forms of interloping which are extremely disagreeable. For instance, when we are telling our best story to an admiring audience, and we have just reached the most thrilling part of the narrative, it is annoying to have one's facts questioned by an uninvited critic. It may be easy to refute his objections ; but the thread of the story is broken, our burst of eloquence has been checked, and we have lost the confidence of our listeners. Little less disagreeable is the interloper who says he has heard the story before. We wish he would have held his tongue. He is welcome to his knowledge, but he might have kept it to himself. Equally offensive is the person who intrudes when we and some other learned people are discussing an important question. We and our opponents are, we fondly imagine, fencing together with consummate skill ; and the clumsy fellow who joins in the fray uninvited spoils very pretty fighting. As hosts, too many of us have had cause to feel ill disposed toward interlopers. We had perhaps persuaded a couple of bishops or a pair of distinguished infidels to dine with us. We had also invited some respectable listeners, and everything had been arranged with tact and skill. The champagne had gone twice round, and the two great men had entered into an interesting conversation upon the reform of Convocation or the atheism of the middle ages, when a guest, who had not so much as written an article for the *Nineteenth Century*, joined in the conversation, with the assurance of a man of the most unimpeachable heterodoxy. He had a stronger voice than either of the bishops, and all their remarks reminded him

of this or led him to suggest that ; he believed even less than the infidels and more than the divines, and whenever the savants took a mouthful of food or a taste of champagne he seized the opportunity to thrust in his "I think so and so," or, "Don't you see the difficulty?" The host, the celebrities, and the swells were quite helpless in his hands ; and the fact of his having completely spoiled the evening seemed to afford him infinite gratification. For the next week he would detail his conversation with the bishops or the professors, recounting what they had said to him and what he had said to them. Lions have a habit of shutting up on very slight provocation ; and the interloper who has wrought the mischief generally mistakes the silence for appreciation of his own eloquence. A character in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels is made to say that his mission in life is to be a listener ; and hosts have sometimes reason to wish that certain of their guests felt a similar vocation.—*Saturday Review*.

CLEVER WIVES.

Are the estimable people who are disturbing all our preconceived notions of the fitness of things, and insisting on educating our feminine belongings to the same pitch as their brothers, conferring any real benefit upon society ? They begin with the incontrovertible assertion that all women cannot marry, and deduce thence the necessity of educating them to the extent of being able to earn their daily bread as 'certificated' instructors of youth. There might be some reason in this if it could be ascertained beforehand which members of a family were predestined to matrimony and which to single blessedness ; for however contrary it may be to magniloquent and high-sounding theories, the fact remains that this 'thorough' education is by no means conducive to the unalloyed happiness of the married state. The man who, when he rounds a period with a classical quotation, or lays down the law on some disputed point of science, can bear to be corrected or differed from by his wife, must be possessed of a more than usually angelic temper. And yet it is hardly to be expected that a woman, who, though she has passed the highest examinations, nay, even perhaps taken 'honours,' must still have the feelings and the instincts of her sex, will for ever sit tamely by, hiding her light under a bushel, and not showing that she 'knows she is right.'

Even before the education craze assumed its present alarming proportions, before women had even dreamt of University education, a clever wife was but a very doubtful element of happiness to a man's home. In the first place, the cases of true mating being sadly few and far between, he very rarely appreciates her, still more rarely does she conceive that he does so, and she is apt to assume the *role of femme incomprise* on small provocation. Both may be really clever, but they see things too frequently in absolutely different lights, and each has too good an opinion of his or her individual intellect to be willing to yield ; so that if they are wise enough to love peace rather than strife, one topic after another becomes insensibly tabooed. A man likes his dictum on all subjects to be received with implicit faith and avowed admiration by his womankind, but this to the clever wife is naturally impossible ; she sees quite plainly the weak points of his arguments, and cannot always refrain from pointing them out. At the same time, being still a woman, though a clever one, she does not at all like to have her occasional defects in logical reasoning pointed out to her, more especially, it must be confessed, as her triumphant lord can seldom refrain from saying, 'just like a woman,' the which observation is, for some inscrutable reason, the one in the world the most exasperating to the whole female sex.

Cleverness is by no means invariably connected with tact ; indeed, very often the latter, the most precious of all the possessions of social or domestic life, is omitted from the composition of the possessor of the former. This want of tact is a terrible loss to the clever wife ; she fails to see how her husband chafes under the airs of superiority which, if she is clever and he his not, she is too often apt to assume. She does not perceive how galling it must be to him to find the conversation taken out of his hands by his wife, or reflect that, though she undoubtedly understands the subject infinitely better, and expresses herself much more fluently, it might be more amusing to him to go on expounding his own views than to listen to hers, however brilliantly phrased. Or even if she refrain from interrupting him, she can hardly help pointing out to him afterwards that he made a blunder here, misstated a fact there, or argued the whole case contrary to common sense, as she understands it. It is not unnatural that a man should prefer a woman, no matter how frivolous, who will believe in him, look impressed when he talks impressively without understanding a syllable that he says, and, above all things, never prove him in the wrong before others.

But, on the other hand, the clever wife of a husband who is not has her trials likewise, and the greater her tact and her dislike to showing that she sees his blunders, the more acutely she feels them. Feminine sensibilities are exceedingly keen and quick ; and the clever wife detects false reasoning or weak arguments where others, who, not being so interested, are listening less attentively, hear no palpable fault. She notes the variations of some few words in the telling of a story or the reciting of an anecdote, and knows instinctively the false impression that is being given, and the garbled statement that will go forth to the world on his authority. If she has the blessed sixth sense, she

tries not to listen, talks to her neighbour, and endeavours, at any rate, to appear unconscious; if she has it not, she either sets him right, or else keeps up a running commentary of correction on his observations to those around her. But if she is sensitive, the greatest torture that can be devised for her is to hear her husband speak in public. It is not given to all men to have the power of oratory bestowed by Providence on the 'Rupert of Debate,' on Mr. Bright, or on some few other noteworthy exceptions; and nothing short of this could satisfy the anxiety of the clever wife that the man she loves should distinguish himself. A pause for a word, so short as to be imperceptible to others, is an age to her; she forgets that few indeed are the speeches the wording of which is not improved upon when reported, and shudders at the repetition of a word, or at the occasional haziness of a nominative. It is difficult for her sometimes to believe that the applause is not ironical; still more difficult not to answer discouragingly if her husband ask her afterwards how it went off. How infinitely happier is the little butterfly at her side, whose husband speaks next, breaks down, forgets his subject, makes altogether the most ignominious failure, but who is yet satisfied, delighted, and thinks dearest Augustus 'so clever to speak so well!' The clever wife feels that such a fiasco would simply have annihilated her, and is divided between contempt for her neighbour's ignorance and envy of her serenity. And very certainly the butterfly is a far more congenial critic to her husband than is the clever wife to hers. He may affect to laugh at her praises and to call her 'little flatterer'; he can hardly help being perfectly aware that her opinion on the subject is not worth having; still, the incense is very sweet, and infinitely preferable to the moderate approbation tempered by criticism accorded to her husband by a clever woman.

There is one topic on which the advocates for the higher education of women enlarge greatly, and on which their utterances are most plausible until subjected to the crucial test of experience—namely, that what a man craves for in a wife is an intellectual companion, a duplicate in thought and in education of himself. Of course there may be instances of such; but, as a rule, a man prefers to exercise his intellect abroad, and to have his amusements and his relaxation at home. This cannot be the case if his wife is to be his intellectual double; when he wishes to be lulled to his after-dinner nap by the singing of a simple ballad or the strains of a dreamy German waltz, she will want to discuss a review, the feminine constitution not lending itself so easily to post-prandial slumber as does the masculine, and will be somewhat disgusted at his apathy on the subject. We are by no means to be understood as advocating that women should be uneducated; far indeed, from it: their better education, the giving them some interest and occupation other than dress, society, and flirtation, would be the best corrective for the lamentable fastness and—must it be written?—coarseness of the tone of the day; but there is no necessity that the education should be absolutely identical with that of men. Rather the wise part would be to educate women as the complement rather than the duplicate of men. The average young man of the day, for example, is deplorably ignorant of the standard literature, not only of every other country, but even of his own; it is a point in which woman's education might well be trained to supplement his supposed classical and mathematical attainments. Let a woman receive the same education as a man, and it is tolerably certain that, though seldom attaining the point which he with moderate application can easily reach, she will believe herself to be a prodigy of erudition, and give herself airs accordingly. Of course in the lapse of time circumstances may so have changed that similar teaching may be suitable to both sexes; but at the present time it is tolerably clear to an impartial observer that the happiest households are not those which are presided over by clever wives.—*London World.*

"THE SPIRIT OF LIFE."

A LAYMAN'S VIEW OF IT.

[We insert the following without, however, holding the *Spectator* responsible for the sentiments expressed.—ED.]

Those who look beneath the mere surface of social changes to study the causative mental processes which precede these, cannot fail to observe how very largely during the last fifty years, religion, or the love of doing right by serving one's fellows, has entered into every department of life. The work of the world seems animated with a new spirit. Men take more satisfaction, more joy, and more of what is called "pardonable pride" in their labour and its results than in the reward which follows it. Science is more in search of practical discoveries than ever before—less aggressive towards fame and applause. True art has always been loyal to truth and beauty. Now *all* art is criticised crucially by these tests. Oratory in the pulpit, at the bar, on the platform or in the Legislative Assembly has almost ceased to dazzle. It is replaced by something better, by the thrilling earnestness, zeal and honesty inherent in the man who having something to say, says it. Exceptions only prove the rule, for the "homage which vice pays to virtue" compels the simulation of quiet intensity of earnestness. Politics are less and less discussed or valued as regards *men* and more and more as regards the usefulness of *measures*. Trade and manufactures, agriculture, &c., are becoming gradually less a means of obtaining

wealth or position, and are regarded rather as a field of usefulness in which the man of skill and daring can find full play for his powers. It is in the exercise of these he finds pleasure; and success or failure are measured by him more as a test of the reality of his powers and the usefulness of his work, than as a personal matter of loss and gain.

Such assertions may seem at first glance a little daring, at least as regards the mercantile world; for what of all the colossal fortunes and huge monopolies which exist, and have grown up indeed, within this age? That is indisputable. Yet this is also true that these are all the result of one man power for work, or capacity for management, and are as often used in the manner indicated as for more purely personal and selfish purposes. Nay, more than that, so irresistible is the utilitarian tendency of this age, that not one of these can long exist unless, even if it be for selfish ends, it serves the universal hunger for usefulness.

And money has ceased to be a *thing*, and become only the symbol of a substance. It is impossible to possess it long, except by giving it out again. It must be used to further the work of the world, or let out to others who will so use it, or it soon ceases to be. Money has become only *labour, ability, character* in compact, portable, calculable shape.

The Press, of course, has always been immaculate, and is so still. Those tiny excrescences of vituperative personal attacks observed in party organs merely serve to make a sufficiently dark background of shadow in the picture, for no newspaper can long exist in these days, unless it has a distinct form of usefulness to humanity, as well as to a party, and contains both news and information of a practical kind. These personal attacks (to change the figure) are only ebullitions of the boiling passion within those who turn the handle of the "organ." These find vent at the mouth of the crater in words, which few read, and fewer still find really injurious.

No one of these assertions is less applicable to our Dominion than to the rest of the world. At no time in our history has there been so much thought among our people—so much study of great problems that make for usefulness. We are learning by our errors, and gathering inspiration from success.

If, then, these things be so, it is not unreasonable to conclude there must be some cause at work to produce the change; and there is. It is religion; it is the dawning light of a new church. The sceptical reader, and the rigidly orthodox, need not be affrighted. It is not a new *sect*, but a new *church*; and that means universal light to all the human race, according to the state or condition in which each is—light accommodated to the faculties within, which are open to its reception. Hence it is not—it cannot be—confined to one class, sect, or section in any nation, or in any community of nations.

It is true that there is a *sect* which calls itself *the New Church*, and is better known as the "Swedenborgian" or "New Jerusalem" Church; but it is only a sect—a body of men who try to raise themselves to eminence by conserving and re-interpreting from their own self-hood the grand thoughts of their founder. *All* sects have so treated their originators, who are generally too noble, too lofty in their aims for any body of smaller men fully to understand or express. Who can deny that Luther was a grander man than are Lutherans collectively? Calvin a man of greater rigidity and fixity of purpose than Calvinists, who only wear the outward vesture, or semblance, of which Calvin was the very embodiment? And if one may, without irreverence, view our Lord God himself from the merely human side of His divine humanity, from whom all Christian sects claim their origin, may we not well ask, Is there any one of them which rises to anything like the full exhibit of a perfect copy of *that* life? Yet this is the standard set up before us: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect"—in your degree as He is in His—and each successive church is but a step upward and onward towards that goal. For a church is not a narrow thing. A church on earth is but an opening up of a path to the state called Heaven, and is always universal to all the race of men wherever any in any land are longing for truth to enable them to live in goodness of any kind, worldly, sensual and practical; to mitigate the miseries of physical condition; or, spiritual and mental, to pacify and comfort the minds and intellectual passions of men. The dawning of a new church is always seen in Progress, in Science and Art first, because through these only can purer, truer doctrine be made known. The useful, practical application of Science and Art to the reality of physical conditions paves the way for the new truth of doctrine, which is the inner cause of these outward effects, though otherwise unseen and unknown. It must demonstrate to men, in things material, the possibilities of new truth before it can gain universal access. This is what has been going on these last fifty years. It would be quite hackneyed and commonplace to rehearse a list of the inventions which have during this generation changed the whole face of Nature and the aspect of human affairs; but now that these have prepared the way, like a John the Baptist, teaching practical repentance and physical purification by the baptism of sanitary laws, the causes of these laws are capable of being understood. The New Church has really already forced its way into the world, not as a sect, but as a life, "for all religion has relation to life, and the life of religion is to do good," by usefulness, on every plane of man's being. So it comes about that there are strange changes in *all* sects as regards interpretation of the Divine Word. Hence it comes that the logic of facts in physical and mental science is creating

Herbert Spencers, Dean Stanleys, Canon Farrars, Robertson Smiths, and David Macraes, as well as no feeble imitations of them in this our land, where thought is still more free, and practical effects are, because of that freedom, sooner and more directly traced to causes. Such men do not act consciously in collusion. Each is conscious of originality and an earnest struggle to reach just and true, because loving and honest, conclusions. Each and all are New Church men, though Swedenborg is a name of reproach to them, and neither read nor thought of. They are learning to adapt their faculties to the reception of new light from whatever source by the study of the phenomena around them,—the mental processes of the human mind and heart, the expression of the Divine in the works of Creation, and that still greater work, the Bible. For *all* that is true, and *all* that is good, does “come down from the Father of Lights”—the Infinite Source of Wisdom—whether natural, spiritual or celestial. There is scarcely a single occupant of our pulpits in this age who is a sincere and honest student of the Divine Word who does not, on many points, teach New Church doctrine, and finds it acceptable to his congregation, because they, too, are receiving from every-day experience lessons on usefulness as the great aim of life, and are therefore, by the providence of God, more or less prepared for its reception.

As a *sect* the New Church is not a success; for a new church, if it be really such, cannot be narrowed into any sect, even if large and influential. New truth can only live in usefulness, and must find its way into every form of work in the world, or—perish. Therefore our Lord God himself, in His divine humanity, finished the work and lived the life of God in the very ultimates of Creation, in human physical form, that at no point man could thereafter be inaccessible to the heavenly influences of love and wisdom, which *are* God. The *death* has served its purpose, and the *life* remains to be accepted by us and *lived*. He who is the resurrection and the life can yet raise men from the death of self-hood or selfishness to the life of usefulness in service towards others. *He* is doing so now by devious paths, by unexpected methods. This is the New Church which is coming into the world by the influx of divine life. This is something too grand, too real, too divine to be limited to any sect. *All* sects feel the influence and are waking to new life. Whether this be due in any measure to the writings of Swedenborg let those who have read them answer. Valuable they are, but only as a key which unlocks the inner meaning of Divine Word, reconciling the apparent contradictions of the literal sense, which has been hitherto wisely permitted to cloud the divine light concealed within. Be this as it may, and each may judge for himself, the glorious fact remains that new life from above, new light from the Sun of Righteousness *is* abroad in the world, and men *are* learning slowly but surely how to use it for good and not for evil, for the freedom and advancement of the race and not for selfish gain.

The Divine Word, because it is infinite wisdom, cannot be at variance with natural truth as revealed in the works of creation; and men take the right path to test this when they try to work out the truth they do know into material usefulness, sure that there they have a safe guide and a sure means of proof. And so, and not otherwise, they join the New Church by whatever sect distinction they may still choose to designate themselves; for over the entrance to the Lord's New Church is inscribed in flaming characters of glowing divine love the heavenly utterance, “He that doeth *My* will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.” Begin to live that life, and so learn truth.

Eusebius.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

The Exhibition of the Horticultural Society (Province of Quebec) was, in many respects, superior to that of last year. The plants, however, were not so numerous, although showing improved skill in cultivation in many instances, and taste in the manner they were exhibited. The 20 greenhouse plants from Duff Bros., were highly creditable to that firm, as were the wreaths, bouquets, &c. The fruit, vegetable and cut flower departments were unquestionably the finest part of the show. The table design in fruit and flowers exhibited by Mr. Geo. Moore, of the Boston Floral Mart, was a thing of beauty, as far as *true* artistic arrangement, but for some inexplicable reason, it was only awarded a second prize. The same *peculiarity* of judgment was also observable in other instances. The collection of Lycopodiums should have held just reverse places of honour, and the same may be said of cut Asters. The judges, perhaps, had too much to do, or too little time to do it in. What do the directors mean by *Bulbous* Begonias? We have heard of Tuberose rooted ones, but *bulbous* we do not remember to have seen, neither had the judges apparently, for they got them pretty badly mixed.

Mr. W. B. Davidson's vegetables were as usual a success; the Cauliflower was the finest and best seen for years, if ever—certainly *hardly ever*. Mr. Cook's Fig Tree and Ferns were well grown specimens, and Messrs. Mackay's and Stephens' plants showed that their gardeners were proficient in their business. Mr. Campbell's bouquets and wreaths were composed of fine flowers, chiefly imported, and did that gentleman credit in every respect.

These are a few of the leading features of the show, but to describe the whole would occupy too much valuable space.

The prize package man was not very successful; for his sake we are sorry, but for the good of the cause of horticulture—glad. How the directors allow such an innovation on good taste and the refinement that a flower show is supposed to foster, for the few paltry dollars the poor fellow pays for the privilege, we are at a loss to understand.

A QUESTION.

Ay, we live on, good friend, from day to day,
But do we grow in wisdom as we live?
Do we take all this bounteous earth can give,
And store the treasures in our mind away?
Or do we, as the thriftless prodigal,
Let the ripe fruitage to the earth down fall,
And poor in heart and soul grow old and grey?
Ah! 'tis a solemn thought to think that life,
By the wise will of an omniscient Heaven,
For ends far other than a May-day show,
To these strange units me and thee is given;
That 'tis a battlefield of fiercest strife
And strenuous labour, with stern teachings rife,
To fit us for the land to which we go.

David Holt.

BEAUTY IN ALL SEASONS.

Each season hath its charms; this visible earth,
This favoured home of ours, is ever fair,
And beauteous, whatsoever garb it wear;
Whether the tender Spring, with a new birth
Of genial warmth, fulfil the soften'd air;
Or Summer call the flowers' perfections forth,
And rain into the depths of the old woods
Her gorgeous sunshine, or with thick-set leaves
Make closer coverts of these solitudes;
Or buxom Autumn, with her rich brown sheaves
And mellow fruitage, strew the happy lands;
Or hoary Winter, from his wrinkled hands
Shake down the snow, and send the wind that grieves
In a strange language no man understands.

—*Ibid.*

THINGS IN GENERAL.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

The phrase “commercial purity” is employed, apparently to express the amount of sophistication that may be used without alarming the purchaser and depreciating the goods. Some time ago the dealers in oleaginous seeds successfully resisted an attempt to purify the trade, and in the struggle insisted on the necessity of their customers being satisfied with packages of seeds commercially pure, although the millers complained bitterly of deficient production, and the farmers that their cattle were being poisoned by the noxious seeds found in the residue, or oil cake. Commercial purity is therefore a different thing from purity, as commercial morality differs from ordinary morality. The defence of the adulterators of textile fabrics is, that the articles would be unsaleable but for the thickening with starch and clay. As with all kinds of immorality, his sin ultimately finds the sinner out, and the Eastern populations, which formerly were almost exclusively supplied from Manchester, now refuse to take English cottons at *any* price. American manufacturers and traders—although not more scrupulous than our own, if anything less so—in order to gain prestige for their calicoes are baiting with the genuine article, and by that means driving out their English rivals. That the Americans are practising commercial and not genuine morality in this instance is manifest from the extent to which adulteration is carried on in the United States in almost every article of consumption. Patents have been taken out for such operations as moulding chicory into the form of coffee beans, and clay is similarly moulded to counterfeit the same article. Pickles are almost invariably coloured with copper, and the vinegar itself is adulterated with sulphuric acid and corrosive sublimate. American mustard is brightened up with chromate of lead, cayenne pepper is made more saleable by a judicious admixture with red lead, and white stone is extensively ground up to imitate soda, sugar, and flour. A good deal of the increase of this particular kind of fraud is owing to, or rather rendered possible by, the advance of chemical science, an extracting of evil from good which verifies the Duke of Wellington's dictum that knowledge without religion, and the morality of which it is the sanction, can only tend to make clever devils. The “butter of commerce” is probably as wholesome as the produce of the dairy, but the worst aspect of the modern

practice of adulteration lies in the dangerous nature of the adulterants employed. From time to time we have put our readers on their guard as to these, and we here add a few novelties. A German mechanical draughtsman died recently and a *post-mortem* examination showed that he had been poisoned by arsenic. His colour-box was tested, and nearly the whole of the colours were found arseniferous. The deceased had been in the habit, when drawing, of placing the pencil, filled with colour, in his mouth, for the purpose of pointing it. Arsenic is also used to put a gloss on paper collars, and several cases of local skin disease have been recently traced to their use. Wine has been of late frequently coloured by fuchsine, a virulent poison. Lead has recently been employed, for the sake of cheapness, in tinning the cases of preserved food. This is exceptionally dangerous in preparations of milk or fruits, and serious, sometimes fatal, illness has been the result of its use in such cases. In a recent work one of the naturalists of the *Challenger* gives an amusing instance of human or commercial nature in the unsophisticated savage. Ships take "trade gear," e.g., soft iron hatchets and such worthless things, to barter with savages. The Admiralty Islanders soon learned the trick, and manufactured "trade gear" on their side also—sham hatchets and models of canoes, to be used solely for exchange with the *Challenger* party.—*Iron.*

SIR GILBERT SCOTT states that he was once consulted about an insecure tower of a church, and found it very dangerous. "At a dinner to which I was invited on this occasion, an obtuse old cleric wisely remarked, 'What a mercy it was that the tower did not fall during the Bishop's visitation!' 'Not at all,' replied a witty barrister—'not at all! I'd match Sam to dodge a falling church with any man.'" Probably this tale never reached the ears of Samuel, Lord Bishop of Winchester.

MR. GLADSTONE at the annual show of the Hawarden Horticultural Society England, told his audience that he had been reading an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* which "gave an account of a gentleman named Pill, on the Hudson River, in North America, who had got an apple garden of two hundred acres all full of apple trees, and not only so, but these apple trees, which were yielding now almost boundless quantities of apples to be imported into this country, were all direct descendants of trees which were exported to America from England—the grand-children and great-grandchildren, if they so chose to call them of their own trees."

MR. PECKSNIFF, who apparently edits the *Kentucky Live Stock Record*, says:—"If the damage be as great as here indicated, the demand of England for wheat, oats, and barley, will reach an enormous amount. Two hundred and fifty million dollars at least, probably much more, will be required to make good the deficiency. In our great gain we should be devoutly thankful to a good Providence that we can and shall feed its people in distant lands where blight has fallen and misery would exist but for a beneficent America." That idea of "beneficent America" helping out Providence to "feed its people" is a modest one, and worthy of the man who can be "devoutly thankful" for the "two hundred and fifty million dollars" England is to pay for her deficiencies!

MOTHS IN LONDON.—Entomologists tell us there are many species of moths in the country round about London, which owing to the want of good air, will never come near to the City itself. Still, I have heard of curious exceptions to prove this rule. As far into London as the south end of Maida-vale, as far as Highbury, and as far as the Kentish Town-road, the regular rural moths will sometimes come. The reason is the curious attraction which light has for the insects. If they spy a lamp-post they will instantly fly to the light; then perhaps they are attracted by the light of another lamp-post, and fly to that; so travelling that way they will fly into the suburbs. This sounds rather like a whale, but as I myself have watched a moth pass three lamp-posts in this fashion I do not altogether scout the idea of the moths paying visits to town at night time. However, where are they in the morning? That seems to me to be the puzzle.—"Tatler."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CHARLES LEVER IN CANADA.

The lovers of Charles Lever's writings have doubtless experienced a shock of disappointment at the bald and disjointed biography lately issued from the pen of W. J. Fitzpatrick, "LL.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of History; J.P., &c., &c." With a subject replete with biographical interest, and a history full of variety and adventure, "The Life of Charles Lever," in Mr. Fitzpatrick's hands, has dwindled down into a series of trivial anecdotes carelessly strung together and feebly told. The genial characteristics of the great novelist, his bright humour and *bonhomie*, are lost in a maze of insignificant traits and stories that are too dull and pointless to bear repetition. Better that the author of "Charles O'Malley," "Tony Butler" and "Sir Brooke Fosbrooke" should have been known by his writings alone, than have suffered at the hands of such an historian.

It is, however, with reference to Lever's Canadian experiences that I write. He is said to have visited Canada in 1829, as the medical officer of an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. He is stated to have "spent the summer of 1829 in Canada and the States; visited some of the Indian settlements and Lake Erie, and went as far as *Inscarara*." Where that may be we are not told, and a search through gazetteers and maps of the period has failed to enlighten us. He is stated to have passed "from civilised districts to the prairie—with the determination to seek the experiences of *forest life* with an Indian tribe." Forest life on the prairie! He there got so thoroughly in accord with the red man's habits and manner of life that "the Indian Sachem formally admitted him into tribal privileges and initiated him into

membership." Growing tired of his savage companions, and being told that an attempt to escape would cost his life, he finally absconds with an Indian called "Tahata" or "the Post," and arrives at Quebec in December, attired in "moccasins and head feathers"! There he sees "men slipping along in rackets" (snow shoes?), and "women wrapped in furs sitting snugly in chairs, pushed along the ice some ten or twelve miles an hour." To illustrate the combination of vulgar egotism with impertinent curiosity which marked the emigrant population of Canada, we are told a story about a person Lever is supposed to have met in travelling from "Utica to the Springs" (Saratoga?). From such barbarous surroundings, "Lever flung himself into the ranks of the less repulsive red man."

It will be remembered that in 1829 the population of Lower Canada was about three quarters of a million, and of Upper Canada a quarter of a million; that the St. Lawrence, Rideau, and Welland canals were building or built, and steamboats plying upon all the lakes. Where then did Lever obtain his experience of savage life? We are told by his historian that in "Roland Cashel" he details his history when a prisoner with the *Comanches*, a savage American tribe! *Comanches in Canada!* Surely the Professor of History in the Royal Hibernian Academy should study the geography and history of Canada.

Considerations of time and plan lead me to think Lever's experience of savage life in Canada apocryphal. Certainly the adventures detailed in "Con Cregan"—with which his historian credits him—could never have happened to him. Moreover, he is stated to have been in Germany during the same year as that allotted for his Canadian experiences. No doubt Lever crossed the Atlantic and spent a short time in Canada and the States, but about the Indian adventures—*Credat* Indians.—*Canadian Monthly.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

"CHRISTIAN HERALDRY."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—No doubt most of your readers are aware of the existence of a paper called *The Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times*. A copy was sent me lately. Its perusal inspires me with doubt as to whether it has any right to the title "*Christian Herald*," but convinces me it is a "sign of the times" that such a production can be so called. Permit me to treat your readers to some extracts. This, for instance:

"And now, what have I to say to some of you that live in black sin, and yet excuse yourselves on account of the recorded falls of God's people? Sirs, know this! Inasmuch as you do this, you wrest the Scriptures to your own destruction. If one man has taken poison, and there has been a physician by his side so skilful that he has saved his life by a heavenly antidote, is that any reason why thou, who hast no physician and no antidote, should yet think that the poison will not kill thee? Why, man, the sin that does not damn a Christian, because Christ washes him in His blood, will damn you. The sentence is, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved,' said the apostle, be his sins never so many; 'but he that believeth not shall be damned,' be his sins never so few."

Surely this is salvation by faith alone, with a vengeance. St. Paul would need to be imagined partially inebriated before he could add the words supplied. It is not needful to imply the same condition in the preacher quoted. For it was St. Paul—and *not* this preacher—who could rise to the height of that sublime truth: "Faith without works is dead."

Then one would naturally suppose that a "*Christian Herald*" would occupy its pages chiefly with those sacred truths of life which our Lord lived on earth—with His two commandments, love to God and love to the neighbour, and the working out of these practically into the lives of men in all their relations to each other; but *this* copy of the *Christian Herald* is illustrated with portraits of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, his wife, and daughter; glows with anecdote of that celebrated gentleman his father, his former wife and present one, and his various interesting relatives, broadening out almost into pen-and-ink sketches of his "sisters, his cousins, and his aunts." It also contains a sermon of his about the Ark, which he likens to our Lord, chiefly because of the merely *personal* safety secured by both, and rejoices—positively rejoices—that the world was, and is finally in the other life shut out of the one as it was out of the other.

Nor does the sermon end here, in its effects at least. An appendix to it is made to serve as a graphic mixture of piety and advertisement thus:

"The prayers of the readers of this Journal are requested for the blessing of God upon its Editors and those whose sermons, articles or labours for Christ are printed in it, and for its weekly circulation of more than 150,000 copies to be blessed by the Holy Spirit to the conversion of many sinners and the quickening of God's people. Dr. Talmage especially requests prayer every Sunday morning on behalf of his labours."

Then here is a specimen of Scripture exegesis:

"We do not positively say that Prince Jerome will prove to be the Beast of the Revelation whose number is 666, but we will take leave, despite the ridicule it may provoke, to point out how, in several particulars, he would remarkably answer to the predicted character of that great enemy of God and man. In the first place, the Antichrist—whom almost all commentators identify with the "little horn" of Daniel—is described as "a vile person" (Dan. xi. 21); that is, one who is the object of contempt, a man of the people; in other words, a democrat. And this, as we have seen, is precisely what Prince Jerome Bonaparte may be said to be. Again, the 'little horn' is to 'come in peaceably, and obtain the kingdom by flatteries . . . working deceitfully.' By protesting, shall we say, that he is the friend of the Republic and the enemy of the priests, while all the time he is watching his opportunity to overthrow the former and make the latter his tools?"

I ask, in all sincerity, is this Christianity, and is it worthy of a *Christian Herald* to publish it? If so, then it is to be feared or hoped that many of us will revolt utterly and claim in preference the name of

"Heathen."

Toronto, 15th September, 1879.

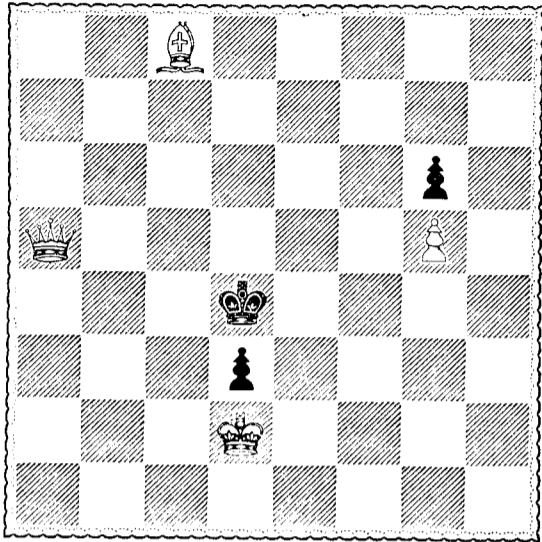
Chess.

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

Montreal, Sept. 20th, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXXIX.

By Rev. A. Cyril Pearson, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXXVI.—Initial move, K to B 5.
Correct solution received from G.P.B., M.J.M., C.A.B.

GAME NO. XXXV.

MR. SHAW'S CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.
KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	20 P to K R 4	P to Q Kt 4	41 K to K 2	K to B 4
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	21 P to K R 5	Q to K sq	42 K to B 3	K to Kt 5
3 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	22 Q R to Q sq	Q to Q 2	43 K to K 2	R to R sq
4 P to Q 3	K Kt to K 2	23 K to R 2	R to Q sq (d)	44 P to Q 4	K to B 5
5 Q Kt to B 3	P to Q 3 (a)	24 R to B 2	K to R sq	45 P to Q 5	R to R 5
6 Kt to K Kt 5	P to Q 4	25 Q to B sq	P to Q B 5	46 R to Q R sq	K to Kt 5
7 Kt takes Q P	Kt takes Kt	26 K R to Q 2	P to B 6	47 R to K 2	R to R sq
8 B takes Kt	Q to B 3	27 R to B 2	P to Q R 4	48 K to Q 3	R to K Kt sq
9 Btks Kt (ch) (b)	Q takes B	28 R to B 3	P to Q Kt 5	49 R to R sq	P to K Kt 3
10 Castles	P to K R 3	29 R to Q R sq	P to Q R 5	50 R to Q Kt sq (ch)	K to R 5
11 Kt to K B 3	B to K Kt 5	30 O to Q Kt sq	R to R sq	51 K takes P	P to R 7
12 P to K R 3	B takes Kt	31 P to R 3	R P takes P	52 R to Q R sq	K to R 6
13 Q takes B	Castles (K R)	32 Q takes P	Q to R 5	53 K to B 4	P takes P
14 Q to K 2	Q R to Q sq	33 Q takes Q	R takes Q	54 P takes P	R to Kt 6
15 B to K 3 (c)	B takes B	34 K R to B sq	R takes R P (e)	55 P to Q 6	R takes P
16 P takes B	Q to K Kt 3	35 R takes R	P takes R	56 K to Q 5	K to Kt 7
17 R to B 5	P to K B 3	36 R to Q R sq	K to R 3	57 R takes P (ch)	K takes R
18 Q R to K B sq	R to Q 3	37 R to R 2	K to Kt sq	58 P to Q 7	R to K 7
19 P to Q Kt 3	P to Q B 4	38 P to Kt 4	K to B 2	59 P to B 4	R to Q 7 (ch)
		39 K to Kt 3	K to K 3	60 K to K 6	P to B 4 (f)
		40 K to B 3	K to Q 3		Drawn by mutual consent.

Notes.—(By Mr. Narraway)—(a) This move necessitates the sacrifice of Q P, and was not well considered.
(b) By this line of play White loses his advantage, as his forces remaining are all cooped-up.
(c) The opened file will not compensate for the doubled pawn.
(d) From this point White has a remarkably confined position.
(e) The regaining of this pawn has cost Black some trouble.
(f) This move is what Black had kept as his last resource in case White escaped all the traps laid for him, and ensures a draw.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—In response to a call made upon the chess players of Montreal to assist in the re-organization of the Chess Club, we are happy to announce that a large and influential meeting was held on Saturday the 13th inst., at 8 p.m., at the room of the Club in the Gymnasium building, Mansfield Street. Among those assembled we had the satisfaction of seeing many of the older members—patriarchs we may call them—who founded the Club nearly thirty years ago, and now came forward at its present crisis to lend a helping hand in placing the Club once more on a sure foundation. Mr. Workman complied with a request to take the chair, and after some discussion the meeting proceeded to the election of officers. The ballot was brought into requisition, with the following result: President—Dr. H. A. Howe; Vice-Presidents—Mr. Thos. Workman and Prof. W. H. Hicks; Secretary—Mr. John Henderson; Council—Messrs. John Barry, H. von Bokum and J. G. Ascher. The Secretary and Council were requested to draft a constitution and by-laws, to be submitted for approval on the second Saturday in October. Before the meeting closed, an important measure was discussed, affecting the welfare of the Club, to which we shall refer in a future column. The election of the new Board gave entire satisfaction, the name of the Secretary, in especial, when announced by the scrutineers, being received with hearty approval. We recognise in Mr. Henderson a gentleman of zeal and ability, who, we feel sure, will spare no exertion to do his share in placing the Club in a state of thorough efficiency.

"'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wish'd."—Hamlet.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting will be held at Ottawa on Tuesday next, the 23rd inst., as announced in this column some weeks ago. The Tourney will commence on the evening of the same day, and continue till the 3rd of October. Want of space will permit us to make only a brief reference to the rules and regulations adopted by the managing committee for the governance of the Tourney, which we think will be found amply sufficient to meet all the requirements of play. One clause provides for the absolute termination of the Tourney within ten days from its commencement, so that intending players will have no reason to fear that the contest will be protracted into the following year, as was unfortunately the case at the meeting in Montreal in 1878. Some important questions will be brought forward at the ensuing meeting, among which we may mention the now famous "Move" dispute, and the subject of re-modelling the constitution of the C. C. A., it being generally considered that the method of electing the annual office-bearers and the regulations for playing games by telegraph, require a change. We trust there will be a good attendance of players from the various chess clubs of the Dominion.

THE POTTER-MASON MATCH.—In our column of the 30th ult. we stated that this match would be decided by the winning of five games by either player. We find we were in error—seven games being required to be scored before the victory can be claimed. Our original source of information was the *Huddersfield College Magazine*, a periodical usually remarkably correct, not only in its news-givings, but also in every other department of its well conducted pages. The latest advices from London announce Mason as leading with a score of 6½

games—Potter being one behind. Twenty games in all have been played, of which no less than 11 were drawn (counting one-half to each after the first 8). Mason requires now only to draw one game in order to win. This is one of the most stubbornly contested matches on record.

THE BARNES-DELMAR MATCH.—The result of the first week's play is the scoring of one game by each contestant. Mr. Barnes had the attack in the first game—a Queen's Gambit—in which he defeated his antagonist. In the second game Mr. Delmar adopted the Richardson attack in the Evans', bringing his opponent "into camp" after a hard struggle. The *Charleston News* describes Delmar as the "plucky and brilliant metropolitan amateur," and Barnes as the "erudite analyst," and goes on to say: "The contest will be productive of some piquant specimens of *belles parties*. It reminds us of the celebrated combat between Cochrane and Popert—wonderful native talent pitted against profound theoretical knowledge."

Musical.

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

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

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT.

The third of the series of orchestral performances under the direction of Dr. Maclagan was given in the Mechanics' Hall on Monday evening. This concert was eagerly looked forward to by many, as it was announced that Haydn's grand symphony in C would be given in its entirety for the first time in Montreal. Many amateurs deprecated the venture as likely to end in failure, but we are glad to be able to record the complete success of the undertaking; indeed we note with satisfaction the improvement which is visible at each succeeding concert, and hope that now the orchestra is fairly established it will not be suffered to die of neglect. The orchestra was very well balanced and played with few exceptions in perfect tune; we thought there was hardly sufficient attention given to the *baton* of the conductor, but, till the members become thoroughly familiar with the music, we must not be hypercritical. The Bassoons and Horns came in with fine effect in the symphony, the latter being in wonderfully good time; the flutes were apparently at sea once or twice, but it is possible that the copy may have been indistinct, as the books used were rather antiquated in appearance, and in the other pieces the flutes were exquisitely played. The "Wedding March" was played with a firmness worthy of a veteran organization, and sounded quite effective.

Vocal solos were given at intervals by Miss Lizzie Scott and Mr. W. Denyer, both of whom acquitted themselves remarkably well and received *encores*. Mr. Lavigne also contributed a cornet solo, thoroughly demonstrating the excellence of the mechanism of M. Courtois' cornets.

From a special notice on the programmes we learn that Dr. Maclagan is about to give a series of concerts of a superior order, in the hope of making the orchestra a permanency. Three concerts will be given, and subscribers of \$5.00 will receive two tickets for each performance. It is intended to engage vocalists of repute for each concert and to make the performances first class in every particular. We understand that negotiations are pending with Mrs. Osgood, Miss Gertrude Franklin, Mrs. Weston and other celebrated *prime donne*, and that at the first concert Mendelssohn's Violin concert will be performed by one of our local violinists, with full orchestral accompaniment. We hope to see the list of subscribers filled in time for the present season.

SOME time ago the *Witness* asked "Why can't Montreal keep her musicians?" The following from its own columns will perhaps explain:—

MILITARY NOTES.—The Montreal Field Battery intend giving a grand concert some time next month, and the Staff Sergeants of the Royals are making arrangements for a concert on the 1st October.

Military "notes" seem likely to supersede rifle shooting and bayonet exercise; it is possible they might be advantageous as a *dernier resort*, and prove mightier than either pen or sword. *Quien Sabe?*

MUSIC IN PROTESTANT CHURCHES.

The Romish Church, as far as the performance of great musical works for orchestra and highly trained soloists is concerned, has, until the severe decisions of the late Pope and Cardinal Manning, possessed undoubted advantages over Protestant places of worship—that is, of course, allowing that musical services of more extended scope than the usual psalm and hymn singing are admissible and desirable. By many persons the admissibility and desirability would be unquestioned: to others, the mere idea would be distasteful. A celebrated preacher of former days said it was "a pity that the devil should have all the best tunes"; and accordingly he enriched the repertory of his sect with a number of melodies till then only known outside the services of religion. Similarly, it does seem worthy of regret that so many glorious works of musical art should remain practically almost sealed books to our ordinary congregations, the members of which may not be musical students or amateurs of sufficient enthusiasm to number these works among their possessions. Archdeacon Dunbar, with an acute feeling of the loss to religious worship in the non-performance and ignorance of great sacred works of this description, and with a high appreciation of the intrinsic beauty and grandeur of these legacies and manifestations of genius, has during the past Autumn and Winter caused a succession of oratorios, cantatas, anthems, and analogous works to be given with orchestral accompaniments, and by highly trained voices, in his Church of St. Andrew's, Tavistock Place. That these performances have aroused great attention and interest has been evident from the crowded congregations which have met together on these occasions, numbers of persons being obliged at times to go away for want of room. Among works given have been Handel's "Messiah," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," Purcell's "Te Deum," and the celebrated prayer from "Moses in Egypt." The director of the music is Mr. John Stedman. Time alone can show if the introduction of orchestral music is likely to become usual with, and acceptable to, Protestant English congregations. Whatever feeling and opinion may be on this point, it is scarcely open to question that there is a want in this respect in the limited opportunities afforded by our usual services, while treasures of musical art exist which are almost buried from popular knowledge and enjoyment. Whether Archdeacon Dunbar has found a way to bridge over this discrepancy, remains to be seen. He has at least tried to do so, and therefore deserves the thanks of musicians and the music-loving. One great drawback to the practicability of such performances must of course be the great outlay they necessarily entail. —*Æsthetic Review.*

PIANOS.

JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this office and at the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 29th August, 1879.



Department of Militia and Defence.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE above Department invites tenders for the purchase of a quantity of arms not now required for the service of the Department. Tenders to be received until Noon on the 6th day of OCTOBER, 1879.

- Quantities and descriptions as follows, viz. :—
- 2,983 Peabody Rifles.
 - 226 Starr Carbines.
 - 176 Colt's Revolver Pistols.
 - 34 Allan's Pistols.
 - 76 Artillery Carbines, O.P.
 - 219 Cavalry do do.
 - 107 Spencer do.
 - 5 do Muskets.
 - 1,840 Long Enfield Rifles, M.L.
 - 187 Short do do do.

Any information required in regard to the above can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

THOS. WILY, Lt.-Col.,
Director of Stores, &c.
Ottawa, September 1st, 1879.

NOTMAN & SANDHAM,
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BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX,
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Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
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(Opposite Dupre Lane)
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Department of Militia and Defence.

GREAT COATS.

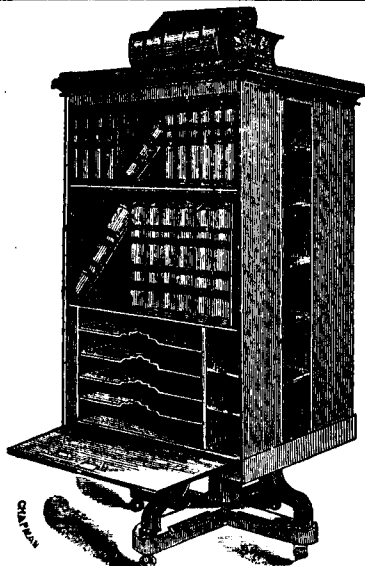
TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED BY THE above Department until Noon on the 6th day of OCTOBER, 1879, for the manufacture in Canada and delivery into the Stores at Ottawa, of 5,000 GREY GREAT COATS, according to sealed pattern, which may be seen on application to the Director of Stores.

One-third of the Coats will be required on the 1st FEBRUARY, one-third on the 1st MARCH, and one-third on the 1st APRIL, 1880.

Tenders are to be addressed to the Adjutant-General, marked on the upper left hand corner, "Tender for Great Coats."

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

W. POWELL, Colonel,
Adjutant-General of Militia.
Ottawa, September 1st, 1879.



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- Hook Eyelets.
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NOW ANNOUNCES

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

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- White X. Envelopes at.....1.25 per M.
- White XX. Envelopes at.....1.50 per M.
- White XXX. Envelopes at.....2.00 per M.
- White Superfine Envelopes at.....2.25 per M.
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Prussian	3000	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. H. Wylie.
Manitoban	3150	Capt. McDougall.
Canadian	2800	Capt. Neil McLean.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Waldensian	2600	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Legallais.
Lucerne	2800	Capt. Kerr.
Acadian	1500	Capt. Cabel.
Newfoundland	1350	Capt. Mylins.

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Peruvian	Saturday, Aug. 23
Polynesian	Saturday, Aug. 30
Sarmatian	Saturday, Sept. 6
Circassian	Saturday, Sept. 13
Sardinian	Saturday, Sept. 20
Moravian	Saturday, Sept. 27

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

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Canadian	Aug. 15
Corinthian	Aug. 22
Manitoban	Aug. 29
Lucerne	Sept. 12
Waldensian	Sept. 19
Phoenician	Sept. 26

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

Caspian	Aug. 19
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Nova Scotian	Sept. 16

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Cabin.....\$20.00
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Berths not secured until paid for.

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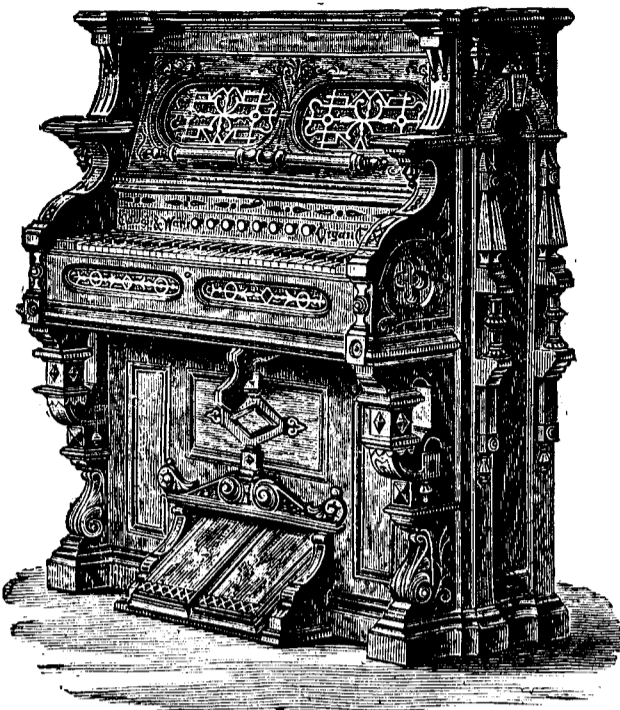
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Thos. Ferguson	-----	289 St. Constant street.
James Rowan	-----	152 St. Urban street.
Wm. Bishop	-----	697 1/2 St. Catherine street.
Thos. Kinsella	-----	144 Ottawa street
C. Maisonneuve	-----	588 St. Dominique street.

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POST-OFFICE TIME TABLE.

MONTREAL, Sept. 10th, 1879.

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

*Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.
+ Do. Do. 8.15 p.m.

The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

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

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WOOD ENGRAVER,
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Near Craig street.
Having dispensed with all assistance, I beg to intimate that I will now devote my entire attention to the artistic production of the better class of work.
Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

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Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal.
Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.

Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.
Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1310.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

EASTERN DIVISION.

CHANGE OF TIME.

Commencing THURSDAY, Sept. 18th, Trains will be run on this Division, as follows:

	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Lv Montreal	12.20 p.m.	4.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Lv Three Rivers	3.35 p.m.	7.40 p.m.	4.45 a.m.
Ar Grande Piles	8.45 a.m.
Ar Quebec	6.00 p.m.	10.20 p.m.	9.00 a.m.

RETURNING.

	EXPRESS.	MAIL.	ACCOM.
Lv Quebec	11.00 a.m.	3.40 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Lv Grande Piles	1.30 p.m.
Lv Three Rivers	1.25 p.m.	6.25 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Ar Montreal	4.10 p.m.	9.35 p.m.	9.50 a.m.

Tri-weekly Express stops only at Terrebonne, L'Epiphanie, Lanoraie, Berthier, River du Loup, Three Rivers, Batiscau, Ste. Anne, Lachevrotiere, Pont Rouge.

Trains leave Mile End 10 minutes later.

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

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

September 16th, 1879.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

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

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

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

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. Arrive at Aylmer at 10.10 p.m.

Express Trains from Aylmer at 8.00 a.m. Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m. Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

Train for St. Jerome at 5.30 p.m. Train from St. Jerome at 7.00 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.
STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,
Ticket Agents.

Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.
C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent,
Western Division.

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



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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

SPECIAL

SATURDAY EXCURSION.

On and after SATURDAY, May 31st, Return Tickets will be sold to all Stations at one Single Fare, First and Second-class, good to go by any Regular Train on Saturday, and return Monday following.

On and after SATURDAY, June 7th, Return Tickets will also be sold to Caledonia Springs at \$2 75, First-class, good to return until Tuesday following.

A SPECIAL TRAIN, with First-class Car attached, will leave Calumet every MONDAY MORNING at 4.45 a.m., arriving at Hochelaga at 8.45 a.m., in time for business.

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent.

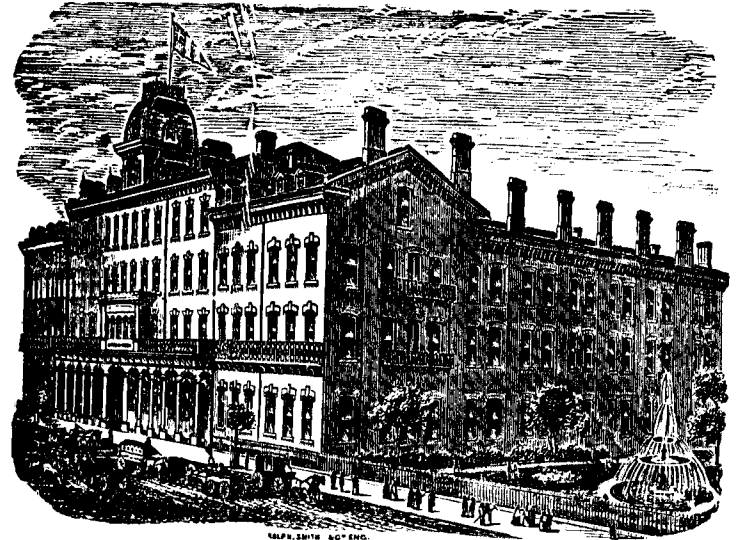


THE WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests; with spacious parlours and promenades. Its location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountain.

Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.
Rates - - - \$2.50 per day, and upwards.

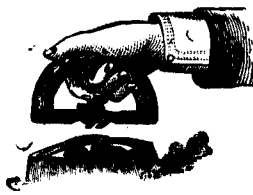
JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.



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Shortest Route via Central Vermont R. R. Line.

Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 4 p.m. for New York and Boston

Two Express Trains daily, equipped with Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake Sleeping Cars are attached to Night Trains between Montreal and Boston and Springfield, and New York via Troy; and Parlour Cars to Day Express between Montreal and Boston.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

7.15 a.m., Day Express, for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg, also for New York via Springfield or Troy.

For Waterloo, 4 p.m.

4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, arrive New York 7.15 a.m. next morning.

4 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and New York via Springfield.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., via Fitchburg at 8.00 a.m., Troy at 7.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.40 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5.35 p.m. via Lowell, and 6 p.m. via Fitchburg, and New York at 3 p.m. via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 4.00 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central Vermont Railroad Office, 136 St. James Street.

Boston Office, 322 Washington Street.

G. W. BENTLEY, Gen'l Manager. J. W. HOBART, General Supt.

S. W. CUMMINGS, General Passenger Agent.

St. Albans, Vt., June 2, 1879.



Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's RAILROADS

TO

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

Trains leave Montreal:

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

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

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

Information given and Tickets sold at all Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and at the Company's Office,

143 St. James Street, Montreal.

JOSEPH ANGELL, CHAS. C. MCFALL,

General Passenger Agent, Albany, N Y. Agent, Montreal.

MONEY MAKING WAYS OF WALL ST. A Manual for Investors.

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Ottawa River Nav. COMPANY.



MAIL STEAMERS BETWEEN

MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

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

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

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

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

EXCURSION TICKETS for the CELEBRATED CALEDONIA SPRINGS, at Reduced Rates.

Tickets at Principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE:

13 Bonaventure Street.

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

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.



THE STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY

BETWEEN

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

Run regularly as under:

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

Steamers from Montreal to Hamilton,

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

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

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

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

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

Steamer TERREBONNE leaves daily (Sundays excepted) for Boucherville, Varennes and Bout de l'Isle at FOUR p.m.

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

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

General Offices—228 St. Paul Street.

Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

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Grain Bags, Tarpaulins and Tents for Sale or Hire at Lowest Rates.

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13 COMMON STREET,

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