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## THE TIMES.

The new telephone management in Montreal is hardly giving satisfaction. Of course, the amalgamation of the Bell and the Edison gave the subscribers a larger connection, but any advantage derived from that is more than balanced by the increase of work on the wires. The telephone is a splendid institution, and a great convenience, in matters of business, when it can be got for use at almost any minute. People having the instrument in their houses or offices naturally learn to trust upon it for the conveyance of their messages—but when they have to ring and wait, and ring and wait, and perhaps after much ringing and much waiting cannot get it at all, the thing becomes a positive waste of time and temper. The new company will have to give their subscribers a much better service if they intend to increase, or even to maintain, the present popularity of the instrument.

If common and very current reports are true the Montreal hotels have not done credit to themselves during the exhibition time. The Windsor especially has come in for a good share of anathema, and Americans have gone away declaring their complete dissatisfaction with the *cuisine* and service there. It follows as a matter of course that when hotels are overcrowded, visitors cannot reasonably expect to have such good and prompt fare as in ordinary times, and a large percentage of grumblers must always be expected. But this time the percentage is larger than usual, and they are more than ordinarily certain of having good grounds for complaint. It is a pity that it should be so, for we want to make our beautiful city attractive to travellers, and the exhibition week offered a splendid opportunity for advertising the best we can do by way of accommodation.

The St. Lawrence Hall, however, should be named as an honourable exception. The praises of its management were loud and frequent. If I were to repeat all the good things I heard of the proprietor from some of the visitors to the hotel, a few of my readers at least would begin to imagine that writing, news, and advertisements are being mixed up in the SPECTATOR just as they are in the dailies of Montreal and Toronto. So I forbear.

One of the attractions at the exhibition was the occasional "going up aloft" of Mr. Grimley in a balloon, accompanied by a newspaper reporter. A crowd gathered to see the start, and greater crowds watched it loafing about over the city, and one evening when there was a remote chance of its falling into the St. Lawrence the excitement was intense. But one may well ask: what is the practical good of this ballooning to anybody but Mr. Grimley and the reporter? There is no new discovery made, or even attempted, as to the uses and control of gas, or the altitude at which men can live—or anything else. All that is known about it now was known ten years ago, and the thing has ceased to be of any interest. That it continues to attract and excite is only one more proof that the people are always attracted by anything which has a spice of danger in it. A performance upon a high trapeze always draws a crowd, but in that case there is more to be said for the popularity of it than for the balloon, for the trapeze performer keeps up the excitement by the quickness and skill

of motion, but it is very dull indeed watching Mr. Grimley sitting in his car, running not nearly so much chance of accidents as he would travelling by a fast train or an Irish jaunting car.

Mr. Peter Redpath, by his magnificent gift of money for the building of a Museum in connection with the McGill University, deserves the warm thanks not only of the people of Montreal, but of all Canada. It is the best benefaction he could have bestowed upon the public—for it will do something—much toward helping on the education of the Dominion. One of the best aspects about it is this: it is proof that there is a power of consolidation at work among us. The feeling in a mere colony is generally that people sojourn in it for awhile just to make money, and return to spend it and old age in the Mother country. That feeling is sure to engender selfishness, hardness and dissatisfaction. What we want to cultivate is a sense of permanence and homeness. When persons take up their abode in a place with the intention of abiding in it, they try to adapt themselves to existing manners and institutions and think how the condition of things can be shaped, so as to make it a good and profitable land for their children.

Nothing so helps to secure that feeling as the establishment of good educational institutions. It is easy to see what McGill College is doing for Montreal. It is at the head of our general educational movement, and gives a real energy to all the teaching power of the Province. Its Principal is a man of such varied learning, such industry and active force of character, such indomitable perseverance in working for the University that—although his theology is of the antique dogmatic, and his reading of prophecy, always strange and sometimes humorous, we have a right to be proud of him. In such men as Prof. Murray who is a profound scholar and a master in the science of Mental and Moral Philosophy; and Prof. Cornish—who by nature and by education is peculiarly fitted to teach the classics of an ancient and dead language; and Prof. Moyse—who is passionately fond of and well able to teach the use and value of the English language and Literature—and Prof. Bovey a real and enthusiastic believer in Applied Science—and others equally suited to their duty, the Principal has fellow helpers whose work must make the institution of growing importance to the country.

Can a man better, and more durably enshrine his name so that it shall be held in glad and long remembrance than by such a use of his money as Mr. Redpath has just made? If Mr. McGill had spent his money as some of our wealthy men are spending their money now, or had hoarded it as some others are hoarding it, who would care to know his name to-day? As it is, the memory of him is great; he is an active power in the world; he projected his life into future generations; he set great forces in motion which are acting for good on every succeeding generation; "being dead he yet speaketh." Mr. Peter Redpath is following in the same line, and making for himself a name worth having and leaving behind.

It is said that the editor of *Le Courier de Montreal* has entered an action for \$1,000 damages against the editor of *Le Nouveau Monde* because the latter charged the former with opposing the culture of the English language among French Canadians. I hope Mr. Duvernay will persist in his action, and that Mr. Houde will stoutly defend—for it will be refreshing and amusing to hear two prominent French gentlemen contending for their individual belief in the usefulness of the English language for French Canadians.

Montreal has been visited within the last few days by Mr. R. G. Underdown and Mr. Edward Ross, the former General Manager, and

the latter Secretary, of the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, whose head quarters are at Manchester, England. It has been a very agreeable reunion to many of the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway who left the M. S. and L. Co. to join the Grand Trunk service.

With sad heart, and heavy reluctant pen, I have to notice the mournful death of Mr. Frederick Lucy-Barnes, Musician. A man of genius, one of those interpreters of the beautiful, that heaven now and again sends to the earth. The cold clay is all that now remains of him; the eager spirit has fled; the restless eye is now calm; the skilful hand is cold. Few of those who knew him as he moved among us, will recall without grief the familiar form and features. There was a wild restlessness, an eagerness, an energy about him that marked him as no common man. His swift speech and movements, his quick and nervous manner of action seemed strange to the casual observer, but were to those who knew him well, wonderfully physiognomic. In music—divinest of arts—did his spirit find its highest delight. When at his bidding the tumultuous organ threw around him its vast clouds of sound, fierce yet melodious, he seemed to grow forgetful of the world, as also did those who listened, and the troubled spirit grew calm. But now alas! the silence of the grave must gather to itself the genius which we might perhaps have cherished better, and for whose untimely end many mourn.

SIR,—Please direct the attention of your correspondent "Queen City" to a matter which seems to have escaped his notice regarding art education. We seem desirous of beginning at the top of the ladder instead of commencing at the bottom. It is well to encourage fine art—it reflects honour upon the nation that possesses it—and we wish it all the success it deserves; but we must not forget that this is a new country, and not a very rich one, and that our first consideration should be directed to the advancement of our manufactures by the unity of beauty with utility. This can only be accomplished by directing the public mind and educating the young in the elements of design as applied to the manufactures of the country. It is not wise to expend the public money upon any system of education without seeing that a just equivalent of good is returned. Here in the Province of Quebec \$10,000 are granted annually for the conducting of art schools, &c., in Montreal, Quebec, and the smaller towns. And there comes a time when we have a great Provincial Exhibition, where we expect to see results from the expenditure of so much money, but find none. Was it not possible to have made a good show at the Exhibition? If but to convince the people that the money was being wisely expended, and also to show our manufacturers a source whence they could obtain good designs for their wares, and by this means increase their market value. Eight or ten years' establishment, and the annual expenditure of this money, should show good results. There is surely something wanting in the system?

I am told that a deputation from our Board of Arts and Manufactures visited the Art Schools of Boston awhile ago for the purpose of examining their system of working, and if thought needful, of introducing it into our schools. It is to be presumed that the deputation returned to their homes again, and in the possession of some new ideas upon the subject, but—can any one give us any sort of information as to the result of the journey and the arduous labours of that deputation.

It is a noticeable fact in connection with the traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway that the earnings from passengers for the last week are the largest for any week since the line has been in existence, and the largest portion of the increase, I am informed, is for passengers to Montreal.

Canadian refreshment room keepers will probably change their style of service some day, and when they do it must be in the direction of improvement. Worse they simply cannot be—I refer especially to those at our railway stations. Thus it goes: We are told that at the next stop time will be allowed for refreshments. Great news! We wash and brush up, and make rash promises to our sinking stomachs. The train comes to a standstill just when we have begun to imagine that the driver has over-run his mark; there is a rush and scramble for the much-needed feast. Twenty minutes allowed, we are told—no hurry. But we *do* hurry all the same. Each seizes the first chair handy, even willing to suffer a temporary separation from his travelling companions in order not to waste one of the precious twenty minutes. The long table is filled—the cross table is filled, and then

there is a pause. A stranger might fancy that the gentleman who "runs" the wooden structure would not allow the *table d'hote* to proceed until grace had been said in quiet proper fashion. But no such thing happens.

The pause is soon broken by the visibly affected sitters at the long and the cross tables. Then the Biddy's emerge from a mysterious region, the entrance to which is hidden by a screen. A fine array of waiters, three in number—or say four—with a small boy added by way of promoting the cause. "What will you have?" say all simultaneously; and those addressed put on a look of puzzled delight. The question suggests such a lot of things. Visions of pet dishes crowd upon the man—beautiful visions of meals most delightful. "What will you have?" Great question; complimentary; pleasing also. "A wing and a bit of the breast." "Thank you, I prefer the brown meat." "Yes, a little of the undercut, if you please, and some gravy from the dish." "Will you give me a little of that lobster salad, please waiter?" But back from dreamland it must be, for the twenty minutes won't wait for foolish people who dream when they should be eating.

"What will you *have*?" "What have you got, Maria?" "Steaks and potatoes." "Nothing else?" "Chops." "Bring me a chop, please." "They ain't cooked, they're cooking. Steaks is nice." "Give me a steak, then." Biddy passes to the next. "What will *you* have?" as if he had no right in the world to be there at that table. He has heard the conversation with No. 1—and mildly says, "steak." To No. 3: "*what* will you have?" and he also begs for the pleasure of feasting on a steak. Biddy removes herself with a rush, and returns with the same rush. There they are—the steaks. A man hungry and weary with a long journey by rail should be content, and thankful even, when he can have a steak fresh from the grid, and good prospect of potatoes. The gleaming fork—no, not "gleaming;" it wouldn't do that if put within three inches of an electric light—it is not of the things that shine: it *descends* at any rate, and progs the surface of the steak. It is dragged along to the plate. The twisted fork gets hold of it in earnest—the twisted knife is pressed hard and violently sawed across it—a bit of a ragged end is secured at last for the purpose of closer testing—and the poor man wonders what they have brought to him. It looks a little unlike leather, and cuts unlike the flesh of any animal supposed to be useful for food. One thing is certain—no ordinary mortal could eat it with safety to himself.

"Try a chop then"—she says in answer to his assurance that he would only lose time in attempting the steak. He tries the chop. Outside burnt black—in the middle cold and raw. Growling and complaining on every side—people angry—waiters angrier—engine bell ringing—"all aboard"—a general rush for the train, and the only satisfied person in the crowd gone back to the cars, or those remaining to act the farce over again, is that man who owns the establishment—for he went to each one who made the abortive effort to get a meal, and said "pay for your dinner, please."

There is promise of a change, however, in this matter of getting a meal when travelling. The Grand Trunk has a refreshment car attached to each train to Toronto and Chicago, and they say the food is very good, and served in a very good manner. This is a decided advance, and a merciful thing, for it relieves us of the noisy attentions of the three waiters, and the small boy above mentioned. There is such a car attached also to excursion trains to and from Toronto. A good and convenient thing for excursionists, and I am glad to hear that the authorities have been careful that it shall not degenerate into a drinking saloon, for liquor can only be served at meals.

If the question of safety afloat had been as thoroughly studied as it will yet have to be, and had not met with such scandalous obstructions from a wealthy interest, we should now be having many fewer of those disgraceful steamship losses on that ocean highway over which Britain has presided. Mr. Plimsoll's good beginning requires to be followed up especially by ordinances for the construction, maintenance and constant inspection of water-tight bulkheads in iron and steel vessels.

It seems to me, and many more, that all the fuss and fury of the *Globe* and its satellites over the Pacific Railway Syndicate are quite unnecessary and very foolish. The first grievance appears to arise from the fact that the whole bargain with the Syndicate to build the Pacific Railway is not made known in detail, and the second that Sir John A. Macdonald has not succeeded in making so good a bargain as he had hoped to make. As to the first cause of complaint: It would doubtless be a good thing for the newspapers if they could have the chance of discussing the scheme before Parliament meets; they could analyse, and build up syllogisms about it—"therefore" always telling conclusively against their opponents, but they would only succeed in taking the matter out of the sphere of business to which it properly belongs, and discussing it as a political and party question. More than that, the scheme could hardly be given in its entirety, even if the agreement between the Government and the Syndicate is complete—for we can hardly expect that the Premier would do more, at the most, than inspire a newspaper article. If he intends to call Parliament together, and make his statement there, it is absurd to imagine that he ought to make his statement to the country through the press first.

As to the second cause of complaint: If Sir John has partly failed; if he could not carry out his scheme to the full on behalf of Canada, is he to be credited with a crime? If he has done his best, we ought to be satisfied. The building of the complete line was decided upon by Parliament after a long debate—the Lake Superior and British Columbia sections included; and Sir John could do no other than bargain with the Syndicate for the whole line. Of course better terms could have been made if the company were only asked to build the road so as to open up the North-west; but the company have to build through unpaying as well as paying parts of the country, and in view of the tremendous risk they have to run it can hardly be a matter of surprise if they have exacted terms which appear to bear hard upon the country.

The following remarks by Mr. Labouchere convey, I believe, the ideas of a great majority of the British people on the question of limiting or abolishing the House of Lords:—

"Notwithstanding the reckless folly of the House of Lords in throwing out bills passed by the House of Commons, and in emasculating others, it was not likely that at the close of a session the latter House would take into serious consideration a proposal to deal in a drastic fashion with the former. The question, however, will have to be seriously discussed, for if our mode of making new laws be defective, injury must accrue to all legislative action.

"Assuming that two separate Chambers are desirable, it surely cannot be contended that the Upper House in its present form is the ideal of perfection. The Conservatives have a permanent majority in it, and this renders all independence of judgment impossible. So long as a Conservative Government is in power, the influence of the Upper House is not an antagonistic one, but when the Liberals are in power, every Government Bill has to be prepared, not as framers would wish, but in such a way as is likely to satisfy the Upper House, or, in other words, the Conservative party. This is transparently an absurd position, and the only reason why we have not up to now apprehended its absurdity is that we are accustomed to it. But reverse the position, and suppose that there is an Upper House composed of Democratic shoemakers, would a Conservative Government consent to submit all its measures to the revision of such an assembly?

"The two practical objections, therefore, to the House of Lords are, 1, that its members are taken exclusively from one class; 2, that the majority of this class belongs to one party.

"The question whether one or two Houses be desirable is a large one. The plea for the double Chamber is that it is almost universally adopted; but against this it may be urged that either one Chamber invariably swamps the other, or that the dualism is productive of disputes. On the whole, the balance of argument is in favour of one Chamber.

"But are we likely to effect so radical a change in the Constitution as is involved in the substitution of one Chamber for two? Being a Radical myself, I perhaps am prejudiced. I think, however, that we are, because at present, although the Cabinet is probably the most Radical one that ever was called into existence, the House of Commons is more Radical than the Cabinet, and the country is more Radical than the House of Commons."

The battle of the parties in the United States is becoming interesting. It seemed at first as if it must be a one-sided affair, the

Republicans having it all their own way. But General Hancock has been steadily growing in favour, and the as yet undecided election in Maine is enough to cause the Republicans grave apprehension. To the main portion of the American people, however, the coming Presidential election must be a matter of small interest. Probably not half the voters could give a definition of the differences between the Republicans and the Democrats. The *New York Herald* can find only this: The Republicans are for a protective tariff, the Democrats for a "tariff for revenue only." The Republicans favour large internal improvements, the Democrats would draw the public strings closer, and refuse subsidies and grants. The Republicans are likely to deal liberally with the national banks, the Democrats would probably seek to narrow their powers. The Democrats would undoubtedly take care that the new judges should be strict constitutionalists of the Constitution, the Republicans would on their part be careful to select judges inclined to construe the Constitution liberally and in the direction of centralization of greater powers in the federal government." When nothing more definite as a dividing line than this can be found, and no greater issue can be raised as an election cry, it must be a question of parties rather than principles.

At last some of the American papers are entering protests against the constant and always contemptible cry of "fraud" on the part of every class of disappointed people. The general American mind seems to have the idea that falsehood is at the basis of everything. Let a boat-race come off, and whoever wins we are sure to hear that the race was sold. Let it be a walking-match, and it is certain to be asserted that somebody was paid not to do his best. It is the same in politics. Mr. Hayes is holding an office procured for him by fraud. In the recent Maine election it seemed at first as if the Democrats had carried the majority, when the Republicans—believing it far more likely that Democrats could be guilty of fraud than that Maine electors could in large numbers change their mind and party, began to shout "bribery." On further returns being made it began to appear that the first conclusion was premature, and perhaps altogether wrong; so the Democrats at once took up the cry of "fraud." This is not only pitiable, but simply ruinous to all society. Honest men take honesty in others for granted, and do not bring charges of crime until there is some ground for them; but rogues judge other men by themselves. Unless an effort is made to effect a change for the better in this respect, it is certain that the time is at hand when men who respect their own character will have nothing to do with politics.

Another turn of the political wheel in France and still Gambetta prospers. He works and waits with marvellous skill and patience. When the country, weary and wasted with war, wanted peace Gambetta announced himself as the champion of the sheathed-sword and industry. He was an unlooked for, particular genius. Gradually he began to overmaster the popular mind. MacMahon was called to place, but Gambetta took the real power. MacMahon was compelled to resign and the prudent Grevy was installed in the President's office—Gambetta biding his time. But it is quite evident to an uninterested onlooker that he has all along been actuated by one dominant idea—revenge of the disaster and losses and shame France was compelled to suffer by the Franco-German war. He helped the country to get rich in order to create a great army—he has been careful to cultivate the friendship of European nations and to get the mastery of public opinion in France. When M. De Freycinct made it evident that in his mind peace was to be the end of peace, and counselled moderation in dealing with the Church, he found that he was out of harmony with the real master of the Cabinet, and resigned accordingly. By putting the premiership into the weak hands of M. Jules Ferry Gambetta has assured himself once more of his own position. They can sympathise with each other in recalling the days when the one went over Europe tearfully begging for help to save La Belle France, and the other made great, but ineffectual attempts to get France to save herself; and it is quite conceivable that both are in accord in the desire to wipe out the disgrace and save the losses. As against that it can only be hoped that the French will meantime learn to love peace and prosperity too well to put the latter in risk by throwing away the former.

EDITOR.

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The N. P. appears to work well in Toronto, and yet perhaps there never was a time when so many houses were to let as there are now. Skilled mechanics of any occupation can find good work; and yet there is excessive building in the shape of tenement houses going on. The inference to be drawn is this, that there is a vast over-production, if I may be allowed the expression, of worthless untenable houses. The city is becoming stocked with trashy unsaleable houses. I say unsaleable, and they are unsaleable to any but the most innocent of purchasers, and yet, strange as it may appear, these innocent purchasers continue to buy these, what I have called, unsaleable houses. If these houses are unsaleable to any but greenhorns, and greenhorns continue to purchase, then the greenhorns are deceived, wilfully deceived into buying what appears to them excellent houses, but which, in reality, are all but actually unsafe. When there can be so much deception in the way of lath and plaster to cover defects in timber and brick-work, rotten joists, insufficient frost-proof foundations and bad mortar, surely a heavy penalty should be inflicted upon the extortioner who contemptibly glosses over these faults, making them appear to the unsuspecting sound and good. I do not allude to houses veneered with brick, for a purchaser indeed would be short-sighted who did not ascertain the thickness of his walls, but I allude to the fraudulent economy of the speculator who builds his fifty or one hundred houses with a foundation but eighteen inches under ground, when he knows that the frost is going to sink nearly two feet below that and undermine the houses. I allude to the base deception of the house-builder, when he builds his foundation underground of soft bricks and above ground to the underside of the plinth course of Kingston stone, so that purchasers are led to believe their houses are substantial, when in reality they are the reverse. I allude to the meanness of the man who causes the mortar of his houses to be made with as little lime as possible, so that the houses after they are sold will hardly hold together, the sand of the mortar having no stability, washing away with every rain that pours. I allude to the man who builds his Mansard roofs with too slight timbers, so that the occupants when the storm blows heavily, tremble in their beds. I allude to the man who glazes his large window sashes with German sheet glass, when he knows very well that the first strong puff of wind will blow the windows out. I say there should be some law to protect the unsuspecting purchaser from such frauds, or at least there should be a heavy penalty inflicted on the unconscionable speculator who thus wilfully defrauds. House after house of the above sort has been sold in this city with various startling results, at one time the whole of the front windows were blown in, at another time a window frame, architrave and sashes fell in with a crash with but the slightest provocation. The number of houses frost-cracked and otherwise is enough to build a Yankee settlement large enough and of a description in which Mark Tapley could enjoy himself for life.

Mr. Ussher may deny as he pleases and say what he likes in defence of himself; but I quote public opinion when I say that the ridiculous part of the mission which Mr. Ussher was about to undertake, viz: the proposed attempt to create secession from the R. E. Church of Toronto in his favour, and in that the Reformed Church of England is about on a par with the proposed consecration of that divine to the Episcopate. Does Mr. Ussher deny his intentions of causing secession in the Church? then, so far, as I am able to gather, not being a Reformed Episcopalian, what did he mean when a twelve-month ago he induced the so-called Bishops of the Reformed Church of England to lecture in Toronto in Albert Hall without the advice or approval of the resident R. E. pastor? If Mr. Ussher was not wise in his own conceit he would have understood then the impossibility of causing a split in a church where already, after a turbulent time, the members were being cemented together with the pastor in one great bond of unity. If Mr. Ussher is seeking his own aggrandisement let him become the Bishop of his own church and that little place in New Dublin, and for the sake of Christian decency, cease to wish to persecute a pastor and people who have been heroically striving to raise themselves out of difficulties brought on in a great measure by his unkind desertion. As the defender of the reputation of Bishop

Gregg, for which position he is naturally eminently qualified, he could not do a better thing than rescind his notification to his vestry on the 7th September, and permit Bishop Toke to proceed with the consecration of the Bishop of Saint Bartholomew's Church. So far as Mr. Ussher is concerned it is devoutly to be hoped that he will not again so far forget himself and his Christian dignity, either to bring a Bishop here to lecture to less than a hundred hearers (the result of Mr. Ussher's canvassing the R. E. parish) or propose to come himself to create disunion in a struggling church.

The Odd Fellows' procession, reception and concert were a grand success. The Most Worthy Grand Sir John B. Harman of San Francisco is a thoroughly courteous gentleman and an able rhetorician. Toronto has been honoured by a visit of the Sovereign Grand Lodge and she feels the honour. Forty eight bands were in the procession and everybody says the whole affair was very grand, and I suppose it was, as everybody looked particularly warm and uncomfortable in their funeral clothes. There can be no doubt about it the procession was the grandest that has ever been in Toronto, of course excepting always Barnum's, and it is but right the Odd Fellows should know it. This is the verdict of "public opinion" and "public opinion" is generally an excellent judge, but as a private individual I must confess I saw nothing particularly worshipful in it, beyond the specious advantage of a gaping crowd. I am sorry I am not with the majority, but I cannot help it.

The Exhibition is over; the halls are empty. Even the ancient log-cabin erected by the York Pioneers last year is deserted. Looking at the whole thing from a careful standpoint, now that the hurry and worry are past, one cannot help but being possessed with the idea that these exhibitions help better than any treaty can, to bind nations together in a closer bond of union. Our neighbours go home with kindly feelings towards their Canadian brethren, cemented closer to Canadian interests; and by Canadian interest trying to outstrip American prudence, a noble spirit of emulation is aroused that is bound at last to tell for the good of this mighty northern half of the Western world.

I should like very much to know what horse racing and bicycling racing and such like foreign sports have to do with the legitimate business of an Industrial Exhibition. Of course all these things add considerably to the attractions of the Exhibitions, but they certainly have nothing to do with the Exhibition proper.

The *Bystander* says that "Bennet went into the dock with the rope round his neck." The daily journals ought to take the hint in their reports of crime, and refrain from making undue allusions to the character of supposed criminals. Because Annie Broxuph was found drowned last Saturday week, and suspicion falls upon the husband, it is no reason why pains should be taken to show his disagreeable disposition and hasty temper. Charity should do so much for a suspected criminal as to at least let him have an unprejudiced jury.

The question is being pertinently asked—Who is responsible for all the impertinent posters we see around town with the inquiry, "Where are you going to, my brother?" or "Are you prepared for heaven?" or "Prepare for death!" or some such offensive sentence. These bills are posted on the lamp-posts, telegraph poles, sidewalks, curb-stones, the sills of windows of public houses, steps of churches, and are thrust into your hands on the street, and so you step into church—are slyly tucked into your pocket or under your arm—and are posted on the wharves and sides of ships, and actually on the cemetery fences. Who is responsible for it? I am told it is the work of the Y. M. C. A. If so, I think the young men of that excellent institution had better look into it. As the Odd Fellows' procession was in progress last Friday an enthusiast shouted out "Where are you all going to? to Heaven or Hell?" A bystander angrily told the evangelist to "Keep quiet! there's a time and place for everything." *Queen City.*



TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

PROTECTION IN ENGLAND.

With reference to the report of the British House of Commons in favour of a protective duty for the purpose of neutralizing the French bounty on sugars exported from that country, the *Witness* says [the italics are ours]:—

“Mr. Gladstone, if we mistake not, expressed himself some years ago in favour of a countervailing duty, and probably this has encouraged the sugar manufacturers to bring the matter before the Liberal Parliament. The Committee of the House who have been considering the matter have reported in favour of the countervailing or protective duties. The question, of course, takes the form there of *whether a honest, independent industry shall be allowed to be killed by unfair competition*—that is, by rival industries paid to do so by the French Government. *It certainly seems unjust that the English manufacturer should have to suffer*, but the English people have always held that the welfare of the majority must be the highest and first consideration. And certainly the majority of the people of Great Britain are interested in having cheap sugar, and if the French people are willing to pay a part of the price of every pound of sugar they use in order to furnish it to them, why should they be prevented from doing so? The English people will be very unselfish indeed if they say that they will not have cheap French sugar because it has been cheapened by an artificial means which tells against English refiners.”

But that is only the unpatriotic heresy of the old Free Trade party. The welfare—as representing the just treatment—of the individual producer or artisan is the welfare also of the majority, on the broad and rational and Christian view; and that, even though the consumer's mouth be not quite so effectually or so constantly sweetened. And, reasoning thus, a social and human standard in our politics in Canada, if generally adopted, will do much to assimilate the present divergencies of parties. How many poor people have perished in the British Islands of *laissez-faire* and undue competition in production! If you choose to estimate the interests of the producer as *nil*, and confine your thought to those of the consumer, you have a simple philosophy for your guidance, but it is an inhuman and destructive one, and its evil qualities are magnified indefinitely by the fact that, amid all the suffering, the bad system will shoulder them and prevent their being brought home individually to any citizen or subject.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

In a period of substantial prosperity confidence is strengthened in commercial circles and credit is easily obtained. It is supposed that all who are in a legitimate business pursuit are realising a fair degree of profits, and will promptly meet their obligations. This reasoning is but natural, as to observing men there seems no good reason why failures should occur. In times of panic and financial distress, when losses are heavy and embarrassment great, a fair reason is given for insolvencies and assignments, and it is not accounted a strange occurrence if the best of firms ask for temporary assistance. This view, however, changes to one of wonder and anxious inquiry when, in the midst of a prosperous season like the present, three important business failures are announced—two of them in this city and one in Buffalo. It is evident, from the assignments made of the three firms above alluded to, that all business establishments are not making money. For it is not to be supposed, if these houses were doing a fair trade, they would suspend. They announce that depreciated values of stocks in store have led to their troubles. In a word, they overtraded during excitement of last year; when prices were advancing they bought heavily, and when a decline follows they are unable to meet their liabilities. The decline has been in operation for some time; it is only recently, however, they discovered their weak condition. Meanwhile they bought and sold, contracted new obligations, and to all outward appearance were entitled to liberal credit. How far they were justified in increasing their liabilities only a thorough examination can determine.

It is a duty the firms owe, not only to themselves but to their creditors, that a full and explicit statement of their affairs should be exhibited. This course will receive honourable treatment and wise action on the part of creditors. No other procedure will or should. In the midst of an active and prosperous business revival mercantile houses are not expected to get in trouble, and for this reason credits are not so closely scrutinized as in times of depression and inactivity. Failures, therefore, at such periods provoke discussion and comment, and creditors feel resolute in demanding a true statement of affairs. This is their just due; and in every instance should be insisted upon. The present temper of the commercial public is not to show much mercy to delinquent firms unless a clean bill of health is furnished.

BRITISH AGRICULTURAL RETURNS.

The table of agricultural returns now made up for Great Britain is not very encouraging. Statisticians, however, are making a vain attempt to revive the spirits of the English farmer. A report has been made to the Royal Agricultural Commission by Mr. Robert Pell, member of Parliament, and Mr. Clare S. Read, on the prospects and condition of American farming. The report is coloured as much as possible in favour of English interests, in the hope, no doubt, it will stimulate increased energies. The chief objects of the report are cattle raising and grain growing. As it regards cattle, importations

of stock cattle are recommended from this country. English graziers, it is stated, can fatten them on their own pastures and prepare the beef profitably for market. This, perhaps, might do, were it not a fact that cattle can be fattened in this country and sent abroad cheaper than they can be raised in England. In regard to wheat growing, the report contains serious errors. The most glaring is that of putting the average yield of American wheat at from 12 to 13 bushels per acre. This is by far too low an estimate, as from carefully compiled tables the average yield in the great grain-growing region of the North-west is over 20 bushels to the acre. The English average is about 29 bushels. To get this yield the land is heavily manured at considerable expense, while the Western farmer uses no manure. Another hopeful feature of the report is that the soil is wearing out in the American grain belt, and the time will come when the immense yields now produced will fail. That time will come, perhaps, but it is at least two centuries off, as there are easily 250,000,000 acres of wheat land in the United States. If English farmers can extract any comfort from this idea, they are of course welcome to it.

From the table of agricultural returns of Great Britain, made up to June 4th of each year, and printed, we gather the following returns: It appears that in 1878 the number of acres under wheat was 3,218,417, in 1880 it is 2,909,148, a decrease of 96 per cent., while it is 7 per cent. greater than in 1879. The acreage devoted to barley in 1878 was 2,469,652, this year 2,467,831, a decrease of 1 per cent., while the decrease from 1879 is 75 per cent. The land under oats amounts to 2,796,905; in 1878 it was 2,698,907, an increase of 3.6 per cent., while the increase of 1879 is 5.3 per cent. Hops show a decrease of 7 per cent. from 1878, and of 1.4 per cent. from 1879. The increase in cattle since 1878 has been only 3 per cent; since 1879, 1 per cent. The decrease of sheep and lambs since 1878 is 6.3 per cent.; since 1879, 5.5 per cent. The decrease in the number of pigs since 1878 is 19.4 per cent.; since 1879, 4.3 per cent. This table shows the loss in the production of wheat is nearly one-tenth; other grain crops are without change. In live stock a constant decrease is observed. The prospect is not encouraging, and the report on American farming in this connection will not give a rose-coloured view as intended, to the outlook.—*U. S. Economist.*

Nor is the productiveness of the soil for grain-growing purposes the sole attraction to the settler in this part of the Dominion. Its resources are numerous and varied, and only require developing to become most profitable. Altogether the prospects for a settler in the North-Western provinces of Canada are of the best, and should prove a great inducement to those who have resolved to make a home elsewhere than in the land of their fathers and to carve out fresh fortunes in pastures new.—*Colonies and India.*

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Sept. 25, 1880.	Price per \$100 Sept. 25, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$153 3/4	\$128	4	5.22
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	86	56	3	6.98
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	98	65	3	6.12
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	134	110	3 1/2	5.22
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	88	57 1/2	2 1/2	5.68
Merchants	100	5,798,207	5,518,933	475,000	105 1/2	77	3	5.88
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	106	96	3 1/2	6.00
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	128	111	4	6.25
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128	111	3	6.25
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	..	..	..	..
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	132 1/2	91	4	6.03
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,505,000	1,505,000	60,000	60 1/2	36 1/2	..	..
City Passenger Railway	50	..	..	163,000	118	..	15	4.24
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	147 1/2	118 1/2	5	6.77

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk	Week Sept. 18	\$ 96,830	\$ 135,056	\$ 231,886	\$ 197,244	\$ 34,642	..	12 w'ks	\$ 510,328	..	
Great Western	" 10	44,790	60,662	105,452	91,390	14,062	..	11 "	194,803	..	
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 8	8,996	19,060	28,056	25,593	2,463	..	10 "	52,719	..	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 14	1,888	2,805	4,693	4,246	447	..	11 "	2,089	..	
Midland	" 14	2,554	6,753	9,307	6,955	2,352	..	11 "	20,944	..	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 14	1,942	1,356	3,298	2,713	585	..	1m Jan. 1	4,623	..	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 14	928	1,092	2,020	1,404	616	..	"	12,682	..	
Canada Central	" 7	4,091	5,895	9,986	9,149	2,837	..	10 w'ks	23,642	..	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 4	2,130	2,956	5,086	5,873	..	787	10 "	867	..	
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 8	10,865	6,543	17,408	6,310	11,098	..	9 "	85,280	..	
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	..	1 m'th	38,441	..	

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for twelve weeks is \$538,528.  
†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

## EXHIBITION NOTES.

During the week the city has been filled to overflowing with visitors to our Dominion Exhibition, the number arriving this week, and especially on Tuesday, being much greater than during the previous week. The attractions have been great, notably the torpedo explosion, which many went to see and failed to see, as the explosion occurred so quickly. The fireworks have been very excellent, the colours being of the most beautiful and intense hues. Music has been heard every where, and the city has been gay with flags. It has been a carnival for all, and doubtless has been of material benefit to the city. There has been no trouble, we are happy to say, all the visitors as well as citizens have been well behaved, and very little, if any, excess was to be seen. Tuesday was the gala day of the week at the Exhibition grounds, being the day of formal opening by His Excellency: this was done in the presence of over forty thousand spectators, the large grounds being almost covered with people. The opening, instead of being a formal one, appeared to be rather informal on account of the immense concourse of people crowding the buildings, so that it was with great difficulty the buildings could be opened at all by His Excellency.

The usual address of welcome had been read to Lord Lorne, to which a very sensible reply was made by him both in French and in English. One or two points in the reply are worthy of notice. Speaking in reference to phosphates, he said that "they had attracted the attention of the Agricultural Chambers of Europe, and that fresh combinations would ensure a large supply from the valley of the Ottawa." Also, in reference to Exhibitions, the point was well taken, that "the question was not whether such an Exhibition would pay its expenses, but rather whether such an Exhibition would spread useful knowledge over wider districts which require it." His Excellency visited the buildings, and was much pleased with the exhibit.

In noticing the articles it is almost impossible to select any for especial notice, as there were so many of great merit. We may mention that the New York Piano Company, with their usual enterprise and forethought, succeeded in pleasing many visitors with the selections played upon their admirable instruments. There were many other exhibits of great merit, the carriages of Messrs. Lariviere being exceptionally fine, also the exhibit of Wm. Clendinning in ironware, stoves, &c., being a very useful one,—and the exhibition of Canadian woollens was an excellent one. Whether the enhanced beauty and quality of the goods is due to a protective tariff we know not, but that the goods are superior we are sure. We have not space for any detailed report of the exhibits, but that the Exhibition has been a very great success cannot be doubted. The cattle, implements and grains shown were of a very high order of merit, the show of cattle being far ahead of any show we have yet held in Montreal.

The Poultry and Pet-dog show has been held in Great St. James Street and though unequal in many respects to former shows, it is very interesting and has attracted a great many visitors. There is no question but what the most careful pains have been taken by the different committees to provide amusements for all, and to them and the councils of agriculture of arts and of manufacturers the thanks of the public are due and are freely accorded, also on the part of the volunteers, thanks are due to the Corporation for the Cup presented for competition. This is one of the most chaste and exquisite cups ever made in Montreal, fully equal to many we saw at the Centennial. This was made by Mr. Harper of Montreal and reflects great credit upon him.

We have heard many remarks made comparing the Exhibition held here with that of Toronto; some saying the Montreal one was much better than the one held in Toronto. Be this as it may, our ambition should be to make ours as good as possible, and if Toronto should be able to give a better one, which we very much doubt, then we should increase our efforts. The cattle exhibit here could not be excelled anywhere, and the grounds are unequalled.

## IRELAND.

In the September number of the *Nineteenth Century* will be found an article on Ireland by James Anthony Froude. As is to be expected it is extremely well written and lucid in the highest degree. The thoughts emanating from his pen are always suggestive, and exact from the reader close attention. In this article Mr. Froude gives a concise and clear *resumé* of Ireland's history since Henry the Second, seven hundred years ago, attached Ireland to the English crown—since which "English administrations have pretended to govern there; and as a result we saw in the last winter the miserable Irish people sending their emissaries, hat in hand, round the globe to beg for sixpences for God's sake to keep them from starving. The Irish soil, if it were decently cultivated, would feed twice the population which now occupies it; but in every garden there grow a hundred weeds for one potato." If, in order to remedy this state of affairs, the landlord "ejects an inefficient tenant" and replaces him by a competent one, the latter is driven out by "gangs of blackened ruffians," or else the landlord himself is shot. The constituents are told to pay no rent, and yet to hold fast to their farms; and the English Government devised the remedy, that since the people would not obey the law, the law should be altered to please them, and that no rents should be

paid for two years. These are rather bold statements of Mr. Froude, but seem to go bluntly to the root of the question. Further, it appears that Government officials have been murdered with impunity, and of this we are told that "men, otherwise well disposed, will not risk their lives to assist authorities which allow their own officials to be thus murdered."

Such in effect has been the history of Ireland, and "there appears to be some ingrained capacity in the English nature either to assimilate the Irish race or to control them; and however politically undesirable it might be to us to set Ireland free, it is doubtful whether we have a right to sacrifice thus ruinously the moral and material welfare of a whole people to our own convenience *when we are unable to discharge the elementary duties of protecting life and property.* We may make the best resolutions; so our fathers made resolutions, but they availed nothing, and ours will avail nothing. *We have failed—failed ignominiously, and had as any government would be which Ireland could establish for herself, it could hardly be worse than the impotent mockery with which the English connection has provided it.*" The italics are ours, and whatever may be thought of the correctness of these statements, no one will deny that Mr. Froude has courage to thus boldly state opinions which, we presume, are repugnant to the great body of Englishmen. The statements, if true, are very humiliating, and well substantiated as they are by further statements in the article, need very strong proofs to confute them.

The statement is often made that the Irish are combative and unfit for freedom and Mr. Froude, it appears to me, shows rather conclusively that it is the English who have rendered them unfit. The Irish in ancient days were no worse than other nations and became Christians before the Saxons and "Irish missionaries carried the gospel into Scotland and Germany;" they were possessed of for those days, advanced literature and had schools of learning which attracted students from all parts of Europe. "The Danish invasions destroyed all this . . . the element of better things was still in the people and under wise treatment might have blossomed elsewhere. Under the spell of English cultivation it has borne thistles instead of figs, and for grapes, wild grapes. The history of political blunders is not an edifying study." It is true that the history of political blunders is not an edifying study if by "edifying," we are to understand "gratifying," but if we are to understand "instructive," this statement of Mr. Froude is hardly correct, as it is most certainly true that the history of political blunders is very necessary and very instructive. To account for this sameness of result as regards dissatisfaction in Ireland is one of the most difficult problems in political history as England has tried many systems in Ireland and all with the same result. "We (England) have been tyrannical and indulgent, have been Popish and have been Protestant—have colonised Ireland with our own people, taking the land from the Celtic tribes and giving it to strangers and again we have repented and made what we considered reparation. We have repeated these processes time after time and all that we have effected has been to alienate our own colonists without recovering the confidence of the Irish." All this has been without effect and why? Let Mr. Froude answer. "*We have never given Ireland a firm just and consistent administration.*"

The government of India, in comparison with that of Ireland, is manifestly in favour of that of India, and there is no reason why this should have been the case. In Irish government the principle would seem to have been to transfer and implant in Ireland English laws and institutions without considering sufficiently whether they were adapted to the Irish, and without considering the advisability of granting a freedom that would be the freedom desired by the Irish—namely, "freedom from the English connection." As this seems to have been what was desired, all efforts at reparation have been fruitless, and we consequently read of nothing but disaffection and revolt. Passing by the administration of Irish affairs during the time of the Tudors, Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, &c. (of which Mr. Froude gives us very interesting notes), we come to our own times, and note the remarks upon the Land Bill of 1870. Of this Mr. Froude says: "In itself the act was a just one; but, like so many other Irish reforms, it was introduced with language which gave it a double meaning. Mr. Gladstone's bold admission that his Irish policy was due to Fenianism, turned a measure right in itself into so much fuel for disaffection; it encouraged hopes which can never be gratified, save with the final release of Ireland from the English connection. . . . One by one we have thrust our political inventions upon her, and called it governing. We are now giving her our latest discovery, that there ought to be no such thing as governing; that the power of man over man is to be abolished; that every one must look out for his own interest, with a fair stage and no favour" [referring to Mr. Forster's Compensation Bill].

Taken altogether, this article is a remarkable one, and no doubt will provoke severe criticism. The outlook for Ireland is not a cheerful one, and what improvement in its condition can be effected and how is hard to discover. To the Conservative party it is absurd to look for the unravelment of the question, and the primary object to be effected by the Liberal party is to put down outrages, or "there is nothing to be looked for but the continuance of the chronic misery which the fatal contiguity of the two islands has created, from the hour of Henry the Second's conquest."

## CERAMICS.

## PART II.

Many look upon the collection of old china in the light of an "absurd hobby," and wonder why "people can lumber up their houses with it." Do these people ever reflect that they may have some hobby just as absurd? (if such things can be called absurdities.) To the love for old china, and the desire to collect it, we owe the preservation of much that is valuable. How many Galleries of Art, full of choice paintings—and Museums, rich in the possession of rare antiquities—do we owe to the taste of those who have spent years of their life in collecting them? Perhaps with not the least intention of forming a large collection; but the interest and pleasure in the pursuit of the object has awakened a desire to add from time to time, till the collection, small at first, has gradually grown and assumed large proportions—often too large for the collector's convenience, and too valuable to scatter. Hence their frequent gift to the people.

We owe many a debt of gratitude to those who in the past have had a taste (call it a hobby if you will) for the sciences and arts, rare old books and prints, coins and even old china. Hobbies have their use, and if not carried to excess they afford many a pleasant hour to the man of business. Few men have the ability to throw off the cares and anxieties which may have pressed heavily upon them during the day; but let a love for any of the above take possession of them, their interest at once becomes aroused, and the cares and troubles of business are more easily laid aside. It is hard to resist the influence of materialism or to withstand its deadening influence, and it is imperative for our well-being that we sometimes indulge in what the Germans appropriately call the "play impulse." May not many find that "play impulse" in the pursuit of some one of those harmless hobbies? and even if—

"China's the passion of his soul  
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,  
Can kindle wishes in his breast,  
Inflame with joy, or break his rest."

The beautiful forms to be found in ceramics almost class it among the fine arts, for in none of the industrial arts can there be found one which partakes so much of the inventional forms, so largely derived from nature—without, however, being inclined to admit the theory which some writers are fond of asserting, that to pottery and the forms connected with it architecture owes much of its beauty. It is true the beauty embodied in the graceful proportions of each is derived from the great teacher—Nature; and when emanating from such a source, and governed by the same laws as those we call utility, proportion, symmetry, and ornamentation, there is certainly a strong analogy between their forms; but when we consider the imitative and inventive faculties of man, and that to all the great book of Nature is ever open with its endless variety of forms, and every one suggestive of some use, are we not nearer the truth when we say that both architecture and pottery are independent of each other? Although their forms in many respects may be analogous, and governed by the same laws, yet they differ in their modes of application, and both are dependent upon nature for the beauty they possess.

The law of utility must ever command our first attention, not merely in ceramics, but in all the industrial arts. That capacity to perform the ends and purposes for which all things are created is a fundamental law of nature governing matter, and this law we must accept in our own works, if their application is use. It is true that the fine arts may be said to be exempt from the primeval curse, for in their highest acceptation they have none of the deadening influence of sense about them; they minister to the spiritual portion of our nature,—their office is our pleasure, instruction and improvement. But the industrial arts being more closely allied to our material wants must become subservient to the law of utility; and adaptability is strongly exemplified when we look at the difference between an Egyptian and a Grecian water vase. Each form is adapted to a particular use; the one for drawing water from the river Nile; the other to stand while being filled from the running streamlet as it descends the mountain side. Proportion is more or less governed by utility; the form chosen should be the one best adapted to the use the article is intended, for size and convenience must be taken into consideration, so that all the parts will bear a proper relation to each other. Symmetry is also regulated by utility, and forms an important element in design; for graceful and pleasing combinations of lines add materially to the use and beauty of manufactured articles. They perform their work more effectually if in good symmetrical proportions than if they are clumsily constructed. Ornament and colour are accessories, but are none the less essential, provided they are judiciously applied; for they add to the beauty, and take nothing from the utility of the wares, but increase their commercial value.

The forms used in the construction of the potter's wares consist of the cylinder, the conoid, the clavoid, which are termed primary forms, and are simply straight lines. The generic forms are the square and sphere. The mixed forms consist of the spheroid, ovoid, ogovoid, or what are termed curved lines. When two forms are mixed, as the straight and curved lines, we have the compound, as seen in the Canopian and Phocian forms; and it only

requires the use of the cylinder, which, when drawn and divided into three equal parts, we find, if we take the upper division and substitute what is called the corolla, being simply curved lines bending outwards, we produce one of the simplest and at the same time most beautiful forms to be found in ceramics, for it partakes largely of the beauty to be found in many of our field flowers. Its very simplicity adds to its charm. Next to the chemist in importance in a pottery stands the modeller; he it is who imparts the proper proportion to the wares, but to the first belongs the duty of testing the materials, such as the clays, glazes and colours employed in the art, and he is ever on the look out, calling in the aid of his scientific knowledge to discover, if possible, new glazes, or in short, anything that will contribute to the increased value of the wares, or lessen the cost of production. Much of the beauty and durability of the goods consists in the smoothness and clearness of the glaze and its freedom from any tendency to what is technically called "crazing" those innumerable small cracks which often appear in the common grade of pottery when subjected for a short time to use. This is rarely found in the finer kinds, because of the care exercised in the selection of good materials and proper skill used in their production. An important element in a well conducted pottery is the strict adherence observed in the division of labour, and so stringent are the laws in some potteries that a fine is imposed upon the workmen entering any department except the one with which they are immediately connected. This is to prevent confusion, the spreading of secrets, and to facilitate the work of the establishment. Much rivalry exists among the different manufactories of pottery at the present day in their endeavours to command the market, and the increased demand for works of a high class of late years has given an impetus to the trade, and when the productions of the English manufacturers are brought in juxtaposition with the far-famed wares of the potteries of Europe they suffer nothing, but in many instances gain by the comparison.

J. W. Gray.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE HERRING.

Although in fishermen's parlance a local fish, the herring, unfortunately, does not always keep to its recognised localities. It will suddenly disappear from places long frequented by it, and as unaccountably reappear after the lapse of years. A good instance of its uncertain habit in this respect was recently recorded by the British Consul at Gothenburg, who stated in a report to the Foreign Office, that the herring shoals which had suddenly disappeared from that neighborhood in 1809, taking with them a flourishing industry, had reappeared at Christmas, 1877, "when whales were seen following the shoals of herring to the coast." The Swedish fishermen, according to Bertram, attributed the disappearance of the herring to the frequent firing of the British ships at the time in the neighbourhood of Gothenburg. That much more peaceful sounds might suffice to scare away the shoals would seem to have been the belief of the fishermen of St. Monance, who used, it is said, to take down the church bell during the fishing season. Fishes are certainly not devoid of hearing power, and from recent investigations made by the Meteorological Society of Scotland, thunderstorms, whether from their accompanying noise or their electrical discharges does not appear, would seem to have a scaring effect on the herring, for, although a good "take" may be expected on the day when such a storm prevails along our east coast, few or none need be looked for on the following day, unless on the confines of a deep part of the sea, to which the frightened fish would appear to be retreating. While thus, at times, disappearing suddenly from particular localities, in other cases they take leave more gradually; thus they do not enter the firths on the east coast of Scotland in such numbers as formerly, and this is notably the case with the Firth of Forth, where the summer fishing is now entirely abandoned. At Wick, also, herring have of late years been caught in much smaller numbers than formerly, while on the Aberdeen and Forfar coasts, and especially at Fraserburgh, the "take" has been enormously increased. The decrease in such cases has been attributed by some to overfishing. This, however, was not the opinion of the Commissioners who lately took evidence on this and other questions connected with the herring fishery, and who stated in their report that "nothing that man has yet done, and nothing that man is likely to do, has diminished, or is likely to diminish, the general supply of herring in the sea."

The number of herring taken by our fishermen is trifling compared with the multitudes which fall a prey to whales and seals, to the cod, the ling, and the dog-fish, and to gulls, solan geese, and other sea birds. The annual "take" of herring on the Scottish coast, is about a million barrels, or about eight hundred million herrings. The Commissioners already referred to, however, compute that the solan goose alone devours three hundred millions of herrings more than the total number taken by the Scottish fishermen; while, calculating from the number of cod, ling, and hake taken annually in Scottish waters, they estimate that those three fishes alone consume among them no fewer than twenty-nine billions of herrings—that, in short, man does not destroy one herring for fifty devoured by animals. The presence of large shoals of herrings is, during summer, frequently indicated to the fishermen by the appearance of considerable numbers of sea birds accompanying and preying upon the fish,



and sometimes, although more rarely, of whales and porpoises. Hugh Miller tells of Cromarty Bay being on one occasion literally covered with herrings and birds, while no fewer than seven whales, apparently of large size, were seen within the short space of half a mile. The late Mr. Mitchell, in his excellent work on the "Herring," states, on the authority of two intelligent and trustworthy fishermen of Newhaven, that "the herrings take considerable flights out of the sea," and he suggests that in the cases noticed by those fishermen the herrings were probably being pursued by the fiercest of their foes—the dog-fish.

The herring, as might be supposed from its number, is very prolific, the roe of a single female containing nearly 40,000 eggs. To deposit these it seeks the shallow water of our coasts, and there the eggs attach themselves to whatever object they may chance to light upon. These are said to get hatched in two or three weeks after deposition, after which the young fish—known during juvenility as "whitebait"—grows rapidly, attaining according to Mayer, a length of two-thirds of an inch during the first month, and measuring nearly three inches long by the end of the fifth. The importance of the herring harvest is seen in the fact that, exclusive of the enormous quantity of these fish consumed in this country, the value of the herrings annually exported is about one million sterling. The Meteorological Society of Scotland, recognising its importance, have for several years past been endeavouring to procure such information as might enable them to ascertain what connection may exist between the condition of the atmosphere and the water, and the appearance of fish on the coast. So far as these investigations have gone, they seem to show that a high temperature in the water, is unfavourable for the fishery, and that the fishing is most successful along those parts of the coast in which the water is coolest. As the result of such inquiries, it is not impossible, says an American writer, "that before long the herring fishery may be regulated by the thermometer, and that the net will be shot, not at random, as heretofore, but with an almost certainty of finding fish." In a season like the present the fishermen needs not the aid of the meteorologist in order to fill his boat with herrings; but such seasons are the exception, and a year hence it may take both the art of the one and the science of the other to find them.—*Scotsman*.

#### LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

A large number of letters have recently appeared in different papers, giving accounts of accidents that have occurred to ladies when riding, asking for advice to prevent a recurrence of such unfortunate mishaps, or giving advice on the subject. It is sad to hear of these accidents; but considering the publicity given to everything these days, one may rather wonder not that the number of accidents is so large, but that more do not occur. At the same time there is no reason why, with the exercise of more judgment and the taking of proper precautions, they should not be greatly diminished.

There is no doubt that the teaching of young girls to ride is conducted in the most haphazard manner, with results that are really conducive to accident. The edict goes forth that our daughters are to receive equestrian instruction, and forthwith a commencement is made; the donning of the habit is irrespective of natural qualification. In commencing to learn any other accomplishment it is asked whether the pupil has any aptitude for acquiring it—in music, any ear; in singing, any voice; but in riding all such considerations are totally ignored. Yet in this matter aptitude is of more vital interest almost than in any other. If a girl fails in her playing or singing, she simply breaks down, and there is an end of it; but in riding the failure has perhaps a fatal termination to the pupil. Horse, saddle, and habit are provided, but nerve, or rather the want of it, is ignored, with the result that, in many instances, at the first appearance of danger, all presence of mind is lost, and a fatal accident befalls one who should never have been allowed to be placed on the back of a horse or with reins in hand. It may safely be conceded that at least one half of the accidents to ladies occur in consequence of cowardice, nervousness, or whatever it may be called, which simply amounts to a want of nerve to act with determination at the sudden appearance of an unlooked-for danger. A scream, and the reins are gone; the horse catches the contagion of fear; and a fatal casualty, which might have been averted by one atom of confidence on the part of the victim, is the consequence.

How often in the West-end of London, or at one of our fashionable watering-places, is the man who can ride shocked at the sight of a bevy of young girls being taught to ride—save the mark!—by a riding-master so called, who is in ignorance of the simple rudiments of his profession; who knows not how to hold his reins, or of what length his stirrup-leathers should be, but who appears to consider the whole art of equitation to consist in sitting upon a saddle, and always using the curb-rein, whilst the father, who hires his services, is perhaps looking on with admiration at the performance of his child! In reality the young lady is acquiring all the faults of a man who should be pilloried for presuming to cross a saddle, with perhaps another or two on her own account; laying the foundation in the future of the horrors of which we have recently been reading—a girl hung up by habit or stirrups at the heels of a kicking horse.

If a girl be possessed of good nerve, teach her to ride by all means—not otherwise, as it is flying in the face of Providence; but do not allow her for a moment to imagine that in the curb-bit, the pommels, and the stirrup there is safety. First let her learn to sit square upon the saddle, and to ride with a light hand upon the rein—the lighter her hand the less her horse will pull, and *vice versa* (at using force against force she has no chance); and let one of her first lessons be to ride without a stirrup, so that at any time she may be independent of it, and never so ride upon it that her foot, driven home, cannot be extricated in a moment. The safety-stirrups are perhaps well in their way, though there is good reason to distrust them. The rivet or cloth with which they are usually lined causes the inner stirrup to become so small, that in a moment the foot is tightly jammed, and if anything be amiss with the safety-arrangements, woe betide the rider! It must be recollected, too, that a trifling want of care causes most of these things to work badly. A little rust or collection of dust, and the stirrup becomes a trap; and both dust and rust are often there. A good sized ordinary stirrup is the best thing for a girl to ride with—not big enough, under any circumstances, to slip over the foot. The habit should be of sufficient length only to cover the foot; and the *équestrienne* should be able to ride with one pommel and a crutch, without following the lead of her predecessors, and using a dangerous number of pommels. Then we might look for a woman in a fall escaping all danger.

The above are only a few rudimentary points of education that are often neglected. Without a full knowledge of them no woman can be fairly at home when on horseback; and simple means though they be, their adoption would tend greatly to reduce the number of accidents to ladies when riding. Girls ought also to be taught to ride in turn upon each side of the horse. Thus there will be obviated in the case of the young a tendency to grow awry, which has been the cause of many a figure being partially spoilt.—*World*.

#### THE TWO.

As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's *love of dress* is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress. Here a man and his wife are projecting a journey. The man is equipped in an hour, and his attention is free for the higher considerations of the occasion, but the woman must have a week for her preparations, and starts off fagged out with shopping, and dressmaking, and packing. Go to Wilhelm's concert. The gentlemen performers are not distinguished at all by their dress, unless it is by its simplicity. Wilhelm's black coat is buttoned across his breast up to his collar, and his wristbands are quite inconspicuous. But the lady singer comes in dragging a peacock's tail unspread, and tattooed from head to foot with colours and frills and embroidery. What is a wedding to a woman? It is a bride's satins and laces and jewels. The sentiment of the circumstances is all smothered in dress. She can neither feel solemn nor gay—she is a spectacle of clothes. You bring me Scripture for her relief: "Can a maid forget her ornament, or a bride her attire?" I don't say she can any more than a leopard can change his spots; I only say it is something which stamps her inferiority.

If you quote revelation, I will quote nature. According to nature man should be appareled in brighter colours and with more fanciful decoration than woman, and should think more of his appearance. See the peacock and gobbler and rooster, and the male birds generally. The lion cultivates a flowing mane, but the lioness wears her hair as meek as a Methodist. The human female seems to have lost her natural prestige, and is fain to make herself attractive in meretricious ways.

Imagine a man compressing his ribs with stays, or trammeling his legs with skirts; let alone swathing them after the mummy fashion of to-day.

Imagine him spending an hour every morning in fixing his hair for a day-long torment. He *will* have his dress subservient to health and comfort and freedom of breath and motion. You say he is in bondage to the changes of fashion as much as the women are. But he contrives to keep these conditions intact. His new styles are not allowed to intrench on his comfort and health and the higher interests of life. If he changes the cut of his hair, he still keeps the sweetness and unconsciousness of short locks; he does not let them grow inconveniently long, or canker his head with a frowsy chignon. If he changes the fashion of his coat, it is almost unnoticeable, and you may be sure it is at no sacrifice of ease. His pantaloons may be cut a little more bagging or a little more statuesque, but never with trails or any impediment to his natural gait. His hat is always the same serviceable sun-shade, and his cap the same protection from the weather, no matter what the details of style.

Well, you say that the women dress to please the men, and if women are foolish men make them so. My answer to that is, that men are as fond of pleasing women as women are of pleasing men, and more so; but they have wit enough to accomplish their object without the monstrous sacrifices women make. Whether any amount of education and opportunity will give women this wit, or diminish the advantage man has gained, remains to be seen.—*Socialist*.

## NEW READINGS OF OLD PARABLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ANDERSON, M.A.

## THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

This "kingdom of heaven," which is here "likened unto a marriage feast," what is it? the after-life, or this life? Most assuredly and most evidently not the after-life, but the kingdom of righteousness in this life. There is nothing more remarkable than the way in which the religious world delights to put God and heaven as far off as possible; and this, in spite of the words of Christ, which say, "the kingdom of God is *within* you."

The loving father, being a loving father, does not keep back his good things from his children as long as possible, but he hastens to give and to give yet more abundantly. What is there of heaven which is not now within the reach of every one of us, if we will but put forth the hand and grasp it? In heaven we look to see God; do we not see him here? In heaven we hope to be near God; but, now, he is very nigh unto every one of us; "in him we live and move and have our being;" "God dwelleth in us;" he cannot be much nearer than that. In heaven we seek the rest, joy, and spiritual strength which come of God; but do we not seek and find all here? Is it not just because of this foretaste, that we have the desire, the hope of its fruition? Every single act of virtue brings heaven all about us; and yet men say, heaven is put off to the other world. So, of old, the disciples said, "Show us the father and it sufficeth us;" but Jesus answered, I am in the father, and ye in me, and I in you."

But if heaven is here, hell is here too. We want no flames coming out of the earth to convince us of that. Sin, the devil, and hell are too often both seen and felt and kept company with, to leave any doubt about the fact, in respect of this life. As to the after-life, we have no wish to raise the veil, or to dogmatise about a future, with those who would seem to be sceptics even as to the present.

To continue our story. The king who "made a marriage for his son, sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the wedding, and they would not come. Again he sent forth other servants," with a yet more urgent entreaty; "but they made light of it and went their ways."

So it was with the religious world then, and so it is now. The bidden will not come; they make light of it and go their ways. That is to say, they stand by their ritualisms, their shibboleths, their theologies, and will not go one step further. Pushing and shoving at the door in a very ill-bred manner, swearing at one another with, of course, the most pious oaths, they neither enter in themselves to the marriage feast of righteousness, nor suffer those that would to enter in.

So it is with the religious world. And, as to others, they go "one to his farm and another to his merchandise." The bodily and material interests absorb the mental and spiritual. Men cannot *make haste* at two things at once. If they make haste to get rich at their bankers, they have no time to make haste to get rich in the gains of righteousness. Unhappily not only England but the whole "*civilized*" world is, as yet, little better than a Nation of Shopkeepers.

"And the remnant took his servants and entreated them spitefully and slew them."

The teacher here is the prophet of his own future—a shameful death on the cross—and of the future of all his followers. Still, men show spite by the old cry, *Beelzebub!* against our preachers of righteousness—our men of science, political economists, sanatory and educational reformers; against all who think for themselves as free men and not slaves. Still, men slay, and with that most cruel of weapons, the tongue.

"But when the king heard thereof he was wroth, and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city."

Now, who is meant by this king? Plainly God. Then God is wroth and revengeful. And yet he is a loving father. How do we explain this? Very readily. The mind of man cannot reach God, but only reach after him; seek if haply it may find him. But no man by searching can find out God. The thoughts of men and the words of men are far too feeble to reach the Eternal. Hence men speak—when they speak their best—but blunderingly. They say, God is wroth, God repents, God loves, hates, is capable of changing his purposes if we only do penance enough and cry loud and often enough. In fact, they say God is a *person*; and by this word, person, they connote a *human person*; for we know not neither can we conceive any other.

But after all, there is a great truth wrapped up here. For those who violate the law of righteousness suffer, as those who violate the law of gravity suffer—only they suffer more. Those who come into collision with the spiritual world get a blow, like those who come into collision with the material world—only a sharper blow. And just as the child, through its ignorance of the material world, in striking its head against a table, cries out, "naughty table," seeing in it a *person*, so the spiritually unenlightened, when they sin against purity, truth, justice, exclaim, God is a God of wrath—revengeful, cruel. And, again, as the law of gravity on the whole works well, although multitudes suffer from its violation, so the law of righteousness on the whole works well. To say this, is, indeed, after all, no more than to say that life is the outcome of this twofold law, and that life *is—i.e.* exists.

As a last reflection on this head. Science—that is *knowledge*—strips off from matter, layer after layer, its materialistic envelopes; and in like manner, it strips off from spirit, bit by bit its anthropomorphic encumbrances. Each thus becomes laid bare. And both are found in the end to be, what? Neither "matter" nor "spirit," so-called, but the Eternal One—creator, sustainer, *alpha, omega*.

"Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they which were bidden were not worthy. Go ye therefore into the highways, and as many as ye shall find bid to the marriage. So those servants went out into the highways and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good, and the wedding was furnished with guests."

Both *bad* and good are gathered into the kingdom of heaven. So says Jesus; as against the pharisees, pietists, bigots, spiritually selfish, of his own day and of all days.

The story of this marriage feast ends tragically enough. One guest is discovered by the king "not having on a wedding garment"—not clothed in righteousness. For him there is the inevitable fate: bondage—"bound hand and foot;" exclusion—"take him away;" darkness—"outer darkness;" sorrow—"weeping and gnashing of teeth."

And all this is acting itself out now, to-day, everywhere around us. Are we so blind that we cannot see? are we so deaf that we cannot hear? do we not indeed feel that it is so?—The life of righteousness, joyous as a marriage feast; the life of unrighteousness, a hell's curse.

## A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

(Concluded.)

When Lord Somerset realized what had been going on in their little circle, he saw that in his blind infatuation he had been unmindful of what might have befallen the friend of his life, and stood convicted of his disloyalty towards him. Not to himself had he put the question what was to result from the course he was pursuing. Basking like a very moth, he heeded not the morrow, the present was all he grasped. Now his sin stood before him, with a shuddering horror of the heart's deceitfulness. What a baptism of repentance he went through that night, but having let the enemy in as a flood, he was not going to lose his victim without another struggle for possession.

"Why, Fitzroy, how pale you are," exclaimed Brandon who was standing in the hall drawing on his gloves. "What is the matter? Are you going to take a turn at sickness?"

"I hope not, but my head is not very easy," he answered, the crimson suffusing his cheek and brow as Violet came down the stairs ready dressed to drive to the station. At the sight of her all his painful humiliation came back upon him, as with an inward groan he wondered how he could have been so mad.

"Get your hat and come with us," said Brandon, "the air will do your head good. I was just wishing you were about, for company back with Violet."

"If Violet will for once excuse—"

"All nonsense," interrupted Brandon, "I know what you are going to say. But you shall go; it will do you good, you won't get a chance for another refusal. Next time I drop in, it will be to bring Aunt Barbara and take my wife back."

So it came to pass Lord Somerset had to find, however he might struggle and resolve that his lesson would not be perfect until he had learnt to fly from himself wholly, and depend entirely on the never-failing strength for victory.

"Do not keep the horses standing, Fitzroy," said Brandon "the train will be up in a few minutes, and Violet grumbled at leaving the boy, so I know she wants me off, to get back."

"Mistaken again," she laughed, "and I am going to see your back before I turn mine."

"Not this time. Say good bye, for I see one of our bank directors and want to ask him a question. Take care of her, Fitzroy," and with a twirl of his hat for a last salute he disappeared.

If we could foresee events, how differently we should act. Brandon never would have hurried off his wife, had he known the peril that act placed her in.

"Fitzroy," said Violet in a troubled voice after reading sometime in a silence very unusual, "what is grieving you? It makes my heart ache to see such pain in your face, are—"

"Steady, there!" cried Lord Somerset to the coachman. "Parsons keep a tight hold on them."

Just as Violet got so far in her inquiry, the horses made a sudden plunge, as the sound of train was heard coming,—as it drew nearer with its snorting engine and whirled past with its crashing din, with one bound they tore along as if in a mad race to overtake it. Losing all control of herself, Violet grasped at the low door to meet almost certain death by the jump she meditated. It took but a moment for Fitzroy to drag her back, clasping her with a determined hold, he said quietly but firmly "Sit still, Violet, press your feet tightly against the opposite seat. Parsons, turn the horses if possible from the turn-pike road."

"Can't be done, my lord" cried the man making ineffectual efforts to restrain the frightened animals.

The victory over self the night before gave place to the tempter; all was forgotten in that brief moment as Violet lay in his arms with her white face buried against his breast. With a passionate "Mine at last" he bent his face on hers.

"My lord, the gate is open."

Like a thunder-clap of destruction those words smote on the ears of the now humbled conscience-stricken man. He looked with a heart-breaking sorrow into the piteous eyes bent on his. "My poor little laddie!" came from her trembling lips, for Violet understood only too well what the gate being open meant; beyond it all the road was open from pipes being laid, and she knew what was before them. It was not the sense of danger that wrung such a groan from his master, that made even the man turn from his own peril to gaze

with fright at the stern set face looking so awful in its rigidity. It was the sense of his weakness that wrung the groan and sent up the voiceless cry,—“Blot out my sin; remember it not against me.” The tempter’s power was gone, and Brandon’s wife lay on a brother’s breast.

All down that long, long hill the horses sped, seeming to gather strength instead of spending it. “Fools!” ejaculated the coachman as some hay-makers rushed to the hedge, and with loud cries flourished their forks in wild confusion. But their folly caused the men, buried out of sight as to what was coming on them, to leap as one man from their trench. The horses gained the gate as it swung to with a loud crash.

“To think not one of us is hurt,” cried the bewildered coachman, staring about in amazement. “Only my hat gone. My Lord, it’s a miracle.”

“Ought I to show my penitence is real by confessing to Brandon and Noel my sin?” was a question that long troubled the peace of Lord Somerset. But Noel’s answer when putting the requirements of confession generally before him, that if a man had not injured another, whatever the sin was, it was between himself and Maker alone, to keep the secret and repentance in his own breast. So none ever guessed how nearly shipwrecked the young Lord had been. His thankfulness knew no bounds when he saw his madness had not been understood by Violet; the terror of their situation was not a time to open her eyes to anything beyond it, and he, with the knowledge of the heart’s deceitfulness, was stronger himself—more helpful all through his life to others.

Scarcely had the one year of the two allotted to Noel for his absence gone by when the once secure house of Brandon Bros. began to show signs it was not invincible. With no one to curb his natural bent for speculation, Brandon had by little and little been drawing nearer the vortex. He had overstepped the rules and customs of so many years standing, and, once infringed, it was easy to kick them aside altogether. Unfortunately for himself as well as others, his daring ventures realized more than he expected, and full of elate pride he thought how he would show his way right and astonish Noel on his return with the wonders of his brilliant achievements; but when at the very pinnacle of success, the tide began to turn, losses followed more quickly than success had done, and whispers floated around that Brandon Bros. was shaky. Ruin was so dangerously near that without a successful venture it must come. With the despairing throw of the gambler with his last chance to retrieve, he risked all—and lost.

Never did man suffer as Brandon Travis suffered when the dread consequences of his insane folly were no longer to be evaded. The ruin to himself he could at least have faced, but to have dragged Noel down with him drove him to the utmost depths of despair. See them again he would not; reason tottered on her throne; the heavens had no little rift to let in a ray of comfort. He had steeled himself into the belief that the thoughtful reasoning he had brought to bear upon the principles of truth was a proof of a higher mental superiority than those who were content to *accept and believe* possessed. With his own hand he had closed the door against One who proved to Noel “a very present help in trouble.” Noel had implicitly obeyed the rules the doctors laid down; his wife and children demanded this at his hands, and business was not to be thought of until the symptoms causing so many anxious fears had entirely disappeared. It rested with himself whether he regained or lost his life. With no care about the business, feeling it was as sure in the keeping of Brandon as himself, never giving a thought to the old speculative tendency which seemed to have died out altogether, he gave himself up to the task of recruiting his failing energy. The first months brought sportive letters from Brandon full of all sorts of absurdities and oddities of what they were doing, and how the old ship was floating; and when Noel in the same strain told him either to be sober and give right information or none at all, he received a laughably pompous production that not until Noel saw in the flesh for himself what was going on would he write another letter on business, unless anything turned up requiring his or Uncle Ralph’s judgment. All this was written in the first flush of success, and when beset on every side, Hope whispered all might come right without alarming them. It was well for the hereafter of Brandon the trusted manager of the firm had summoned up courage to telegraph Noel to return. By some mysterious instinct, as Noel read the despatch from Mr. Claxton, he felt sure what it betokened. Handing it to his wife, he said “Beatrice, we are ruined.”

“My dear Noel,” she exclaimed, “why jump to such a hasty conclusion? ‘Come at once’ surely may mean something imperative without disaster.”

“It may, but I have no hope.”

“If your fears should prove true, how good God has been to us, Noel dear, in giving you the exchange of health, though you lose wealth.”

“And a dear comforting wife also—yes, I shall think of His mercies as I go along, and it will brace me up to bear the losses.”

It was when dark thoughts were shaping themselves into darker acts, that Noel stood like a spectre before Brandon Travis.

“Brandon, nothing can alter the past. I know all; you and I must manfully face the future.”

“Noel, Noel, curse me, but do not look like that—I can bear all your reproaches, but not your forbearance.”

Noel Brandon in being a Christian had not parted with his feelings as a man, and it took the twenty-four hours travelling to be able to see in Brandon the instrument “permitted” to try what manner of soldier he was when called into the battle-field. As soon as he could look through the cloud and hear with the ear of faith. “What thou knowest not now thou shalt hereafter” he was no longer at the mercy of the tempter whispering his torturing doubts, but with a firmer hold on the hand ever stretched out to those who cry for help. Noel could face his difficulties and not flinch at the consequences.

It took all the accumulated labour of so many years to allow Noel Brandon to walk through his native streets an honest though poor man, but a glad thankfulness filled his heart that no man could point at him and say “pay what thou owest.” When a man has once tasted the sweetness of the true riches, he counts not his possessions or life dear in comparison—nothing can rob him of that peace. The world cannot give, cannot take away, secure in this what matters it if the toil of life has to be a little harder, the comforts less plentiful.

Violet rose up strong to think and act, for Brandon was utterly pros-

trated beneath the blow. It was due to Miss Barbara’s plain dealing it did not overwhelm him.

“Brandon, what should you say of the man, who when his house had been burnt to the ground, sat among the ruins and refused any consolation, excepting what he got from contemplating where it had once stood. Should you not say he was more fit for being a candidate as an inmate of a lunatic asylum?”

“I suppose he would be as well off in one place as the other,” he answered listlessly.

“Well, then, do you want us to get out a certificate to place you in one?” was the unexpected rejoinder.

“I see what you mean, but, Aunt Barbara, it is easy for you to blame; you do not know what it is for a man to have climbed to the top of the ladder, and at one stroke to fall to the bottom, and then have to begin again with the prospect of not getting up many steps of it; and mine is a doubly hard case to have pulled another down with myself.”

“Now, Brandon,” said Noel, with a cheerful heartiness, “if you like to lament over your own fall, you need not do it over mine. Beatrice keeps my eyes very fixedly upon so many blessings we still have that she will not give me a chance to look on what is lost. I might have kept the wealth and lost my health. I would very much sooner part with the former than the latter, if I had had to choose, and so long as my wife and children and all our dear ones are round me, I am more than content.”

“That is what I keep trying to make Brandon see, but he will not,” said Violet, with a quivering lip. “There never was a trouble yet but a mercy was linked with it, if we would not persist in dwelling on all the dark side.”

“I am going to be plain with you, Brandon,” and Miss Barbara fired off another broadside which startled them all, and roused at last the recipient into waking up to action. “No one doubts your regret for what never can be recalled; it would prove it conclusively if you acted less selfishly.”

“Oh, Aunt Barbara,” cried Beatrice and Violet simultaneously, and the tears stood in the eyes of both, while Miss Fitzroy and Noel looked equally surprised.

Mr. Ralph Brandon, who had long retired from the firm, was sparing in his words on the subject, beyond informing each. He ought not to have trusted so implicitly, but he kept his heart-burnings to himself. Had it happened before he had been made free as to temporal binding, it would have been “woe betide” Brandon Travis, had he spoken his thoughts it would have been to say “Don’t spare the lash.”

“You need not ‘O Aunt Barbara’ me,” she went on, “I am only stating a fact. Brandon is selfish in airing his remorse, and the sooner he makes a skeleton of it and hides it from general view the better for the comfort of everyone in his vicinity.”

“Would you feel less, Aunt Barbara, if you had wrought such ruin?” he asked passionately.

“If I were you, Brandon, I would start afresh and show if I had been conquered once I was not beaten, but would have another try for victory.”

“Aunt Barbara,” he exclaimed with a new determination “I will.”

“Brandon, you may win, if this time you build on the rock; you see what building on the sand comes to.”

“Aunt Mary, what am I to believe?” he asked desparingly. “Look at Noel, he has walked so uprightly that again and again I have wondered at his firmness, and yet he has not escaped, though he had built on the rock.”

“You have yet to learn to distinguish between *discipline* and *punishment*, my dear boy,” said Miss Fitzroy with such a sweet pathos in her tone. “To Noel it has come as a calamity in which he had no part in causing. Had it come through want of ordinary caution, through carelessness in any form or from want of a strict integrity in his business dealings, he could not call it this—it would be the inevitable result of his own doings. Having striven, as you say, to do the right, he accepts the trial as part of his discipline needed to show his trust in a higher wisdom than his own, so instead of being crushed beneath it, he looks up with renewed strength and love, having a treasure there he knows can never grow less. Now, Brandon dear, you have tested what security you had in yours, and brought your own punishment. I would not mislead you, and say had your trust been the same as that of Noel, this would never have happened, for most assuredly it would. A Christian man is not spared the effects of folly and the misuse of business tactics any more than one of the world, and equally sure it is there comes no lasting satisfaction, no real security to any, unless the blessing of the Lord rests upon their endeavours.”

“And now I have a pleasing duty to perform after that unpleasant one” began Miss Barbara. “As Violet said ‘there never was a trouble yet but had a mercy linked with it,’ so now I am to give this bit of parchment into your hands as a gift from Fitzroy to you and Brandon, with his love.”

Violet looked wonderingly at the paper, and a painful crimson glow spread over her face as she exclaimed “We would not rob him by taking such a gift.”

“Indeed, no,” chimed in Brandon, who leaning over his wife’s shoulder saw Hazlewood had been purchased and handed back to them as owners. “Through my folly it went and I must suffer the penalty. Aunt Barbara, thank Fitzroy for his noble generosity, but give him back this deed.”

“Would you wish me to do such a thing, knowing his sensitive nature?” she asked.

“Take it, child,” said her uncle, “he bought it from me, I was not going to let Brandon off from any of his penances over his folly, but should have let him suffer a bit in having to give up all the comforts of Hazlewood. I knew it would be no trouble to you to rough it for a time” he said tenderly patting her cheek, “and when he had learned his lesson, should have brought you back, but Fitzroy pleaded so to do this himself and to do it at once, I was compelled to yield, though against my judgment.”

Brandon rushed from the room; he felt he did not deserve the kindness all showed to him, and for the first time came a sincere desire to be one with them; but it took years of discipline to bring the joy, and root out all the seeds of doubt he had so persistently sown, and with all the love of her heart going out to him, Violet realised her union lacked the completeness marriage alone has when *two walk together agreed*.



**Musical.**

It is with feelings of hope that we resume our pen, and, turning our back upon the past, look at the bright and promising future which is before us in Montreal. Almost everything has an improved look, even since last year. The Queen's Hall is almost completed, and will shortly be opened to the public; the handsome rooms of the New York Piano Co., on St. James street, are now open for business, and are a credit to the company, and to the city, while where one or two music-sellers sufficed for the wants of the city so lately as five years ago, now we have half-a-dozen large emporiums, not to speak of the many minor establishments.

We have probably a greater number of efficient organists than ever before, while teachers of the piano, singing, violin, &c., are not only numerous, but many of them are thoroughly competent, and all look forward to a busy, and in every sense profitable, season. The Philharmonic will soon commence operations, under the direction of Mr. W. Couture (Mr. Barnes having resigned), and the Mendelssohn Choir will, as usual, delight the lovers of choral music, under the guidance of Mr. Joseph Gould. The Amateur Operatic Society, nothing daunted by past failures, is shortly to present Balfe's *Siege of Rochelle*, Mr. Hecker, the popular conductor, having worked all summer with unflagging zeal; and last, though not least, our church choirs give promise of a higher standard of efficiency than ever before. We look forward with hope, therefore, to the coming season, and trust we shall not be disappointed.

It is our painful duty to record the untimely death of Mr. F. E. Lucy-Barnes, formerly organist of the Cathedral in this city. At the time of writing the circumstances attending his sudden death have not been clearly ascertained, a coroner's jury having just been summoned. Mr. Lucy-Barnes, during his brief residence in Montreal, did much to advance music amongst us, and his loss will be severely felt, not only by his immediate circle of friends, but by the community at large. By the force of sheer ability, he had worked his way to the front rank of his profession, and was just entering on a course of promise. We sympathise deeply with Mrs. Lucy-Barnes.

**EXHIBITION NOTES.**

So far as music and musical instruments are concerned, our exhibition has proved a gigantic farce. The New York Piano Co. are quite elated over the success of the Weber piano, but their success reminds us of the boy who was one day head of his class, the other boy being absent. Now why Messrs. Dezouche & Co., Nordheimer & Co., and others neglected to send in exhibits remains to be explained, but it seems to us strange that neither a Steinway, Chickering, or Decker piano was to be found in the building. Again, all who *did* exhibit seem to have got prizes! Herz Heintzman, Hazelton, Kranch and Bach, Thomas, Schwab—and other pianos; Dominion, Bell, Karn, Alexandre and other reed organs all got prizes or diplomas, and to cap the whole Mr. Muth of this city got first prize for his square pianos, the celebrated New York Weber coming in second! If this decision be correct, and we have in Montreal a man who can turn out a piano superior to the best manufactured in New York, let his light not be hidden under a bushel, but let Mr. Wm. Muth's name be written in golden letters and exposed for public admiration. A grand contest disclosed to us the fact that we had in Montreal a band superior to any in the Dominion; if our Exhibition do nothing else it has brought to our notice the possession in our midst of a piano factory superior to any in the world! Messrs. Boosey and Co. got first prize for band instruments (on the school-boy's principle) and a stall without a red ticket or a diploma would be hard to find.

It would be manifestly unjust to omit mentioning the names of the gentlemen to whose superior judgment and discernment we owe the discovery of the world's greatest piano-maker. They are—J. B. Labelle, Alfred Deseve, N. Levasseur, D. C. McGregor, and S. Sheldon Stephens.

**MONSTER CONCERT AT THE RINK.**

A grand concert in connection with the exhibition was given in the Rink on Tuesday evening, by Mr. Dezouche and the Duke of Edinburgh lodge of Oddfellows. Why the Oddfellows should have taken on themselves to go into the music trade we do not know, except that being Oddfellows they are privileged to do all manner of strange things, and so thought it a becoming thing to go into partnership with Mr. Dezouche.

Musically speaking the concert was a success, but (as usual in Montreal) the receipts were considerably less than the disbursements, and, but for the subsidy of the Citizens Committee the affair would have entailed a serious loss on the impresarii.

The concert opened with Verdi's "Nebuchadnezzar" Overture, played admirably by the City Band, after which Signor Tagliapetra sang "Les Rameaux" by Faure and was encored. This gentleman also sang "Alla Stella Confidante," by Robandi, with great feeling, being accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Leblanc. After the first song came a violin solo by Mr. F. Jehin-Prume, "Fantasie sur Faust," which, though in itself mere "twaddle" was played so well as to elicit a hearty encore, Mr. Prume bowing his acknowledgements. In the second part of the programme this favourite violinist gave us a composition of his own, entitled "Airs Anglais," but he apparently finds little melody in English airs, and so was obliged to introduce "John Anderson, my jo" in order to make a respectable Fantasie.

The *prima donna* was Miss Gertrude Franklin, of Boston, who has greatly improved since her last visit to this city. Her voice has increased in *timbre*, and her vocalization, always good, is now as nearly perfect as can reasonably be expected. She sang in the first part the ever popular *Rode's air*, and received a well merited *encore*, singing in response "Won't you tell me why, Robin?" In the second part she sang the celebrated waltz by Venzano "Ah che assorta (which the particular oddfellow who made out the programme ascribed to Arditi) in brilliant style, her runs being remarkably clear, though taken at a great speed. We trust we may have the privilege of hearing Miss Franklin again shortly in a proper Music Hall, when her artistic vocalization would shew to greater advantage.

In addition to the pieces mentioned, solos were given on the piano and cornet by Messrs. Fraser and Lavigne respectively and a piccolo solo, with hand accompaniment, was well played by Signor Maddalem. Mr. E. A. Hilton was the accompanist, and performed his thankless task very creditably; the piano (a Decker Grand) was of unusual excellence, in fact the concert, so far as the arrangements were concerned was a complete success, and reflected great credit on all engaged in it.

**Chess.**

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

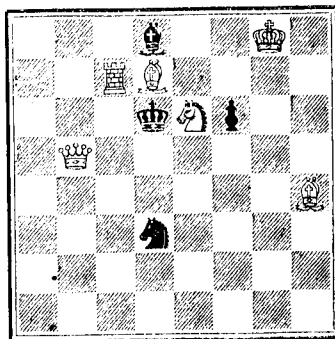
Montreal, September 25th, 1880.

**CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.**

"SET NO. 17. MOTTO: "Thrift, Thrift, Horatio."

PROBLEM No. CX.

BLACK.

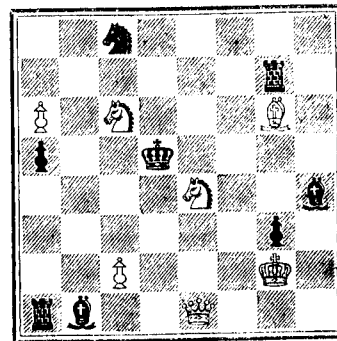


WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CXI.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 14.—MOTTO: "Insuperabilis."

PROBLEM No. 103.—Kt to Q B 2.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S. "An immediate clue is afforded by Black's threatened check by discovery." Pax.

PROBLEM No. 104.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 B to Q Kt 5	K to Q 2	2 Kt to Kt 7	Anything	3 P queens, mate
	K to B 2	2 Kt to Kt 5 (ch)	K to K sq	3 B takes B, mate
	B takes B	2 R to B 8 (ch)	K to B 2	3 Kt to Kt 5, mate
	B to Q ♯	2 R to B 8 (ch)	K to B 2	3 Kt to Kt 5, mate

Correct solution received from:—C.P., Napanee; Pax.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 105. By Mrs. Sophie Schett, Austria.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 Kt to K 2	B to B 5	2 Q to Q 6	Anything	3 Q mates
	K to Kt 5	2 K to Kt 6	Anything	3 Q mates
	Anything else	2 Q to Q B 3 (ch)	K moves	3 Kt mates

Correct solution received from:—Pax.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

PAX.—We are glad to see you in the field again. Your absence does not seem to have impaired your mental vision.

**CHESS INTELLIGENCE.**

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—The two problems which appear at the head of this column form the last set in this our first tourney. Without anticipating the judge's decision, we may safely say that, while a few problems were unsound, the majority possess considerable merit, and a few are really fine compositions. We hope to be able to publish the judge's award in an early issue.—[CH. ED. *pro tem.*]

THE HUDDERSFIELD COLLEGE MAGAZINE.—Nearly all our exchanges notice with words of regret the last number of this excellent magazine, while they look forward with pleasure to the new one which is to take its place. One editor suggests that the title of the latter should include, or convey, some reminiscence of the former; but we do not think that any epitaph is needed to keep alive the memory of a magazine which had become so widely known and so highly appreciated. Still the idea will doubtless touch a responsive chord in many hearts, and we would suggest the title of "The Huddersfield Chess Magazine." The familiar initials, "H. C. M.," would then remain to remind us of the late magazine, while they briefly indicate the title of its successor.

The "H. C. M." had so many admirers in Canada that we are sure the following kind notices of its last number will be read with pleasure:—

The *Chess Players' Chronicle* says:—"The *Huddersfield College Magazine* closed its long and prosperous career of eight years' duration with the August and September double number. It is not our intention to expatiate on its past merits, or to express any regret at its cessation, for its Chess Department which, under the able guidance of Mr. Watkinson, has gradually expanded year by year, will now be set free from its connection with a provincial title, as well as from all other shackles which confined it, and will re-appear in January next in the form of a new magazine entirely devoted to chess. In this undertaking Mr. Watkinson announces that he will have the co-operation of Messrs. Andrews, Wayte and Ranken, and we hear that Mr. G. B. Fraser will also join, the former managing the problem department, and the others having the special superintendence of the games, to which naturally, a proper amount of space will henceforth be allotted, Mr. Watkinson keeping the literary portion chiefly in his own hands. We need hardly say that we think such an alliance gives every prospect of excellence, as well as permanence; yet, of course, the new venture, like all others, will have to be judged, not by promises, but by results."

The *Brighton Herald* says:—"The *Huddersfield College Magazine* worthily concludes its career this month as a college magazine. Henceforth it will be known only as a chess periodical, and will be started next January. Mr. J. Watkinson, who has conducted so successfully the Chess Department of the magazine, will continue to be chief editor, and he will be supported by the Rev. C. E. Ranken, Professor Wayte and Mr. H. J. C. Andrews. The name of the new periodical is not yet decided upon, but we rather hope that it will convey some reminiscence of its origin, for it will be chiefly upon the affectionate regard and esteem which all chess lovers have felt towards the Editor of the *Huddersfield Magazine* and their appreciation of his efforts that the new venture will rely for success. With such names as Andrews, Ranken, Watkinson and Wayte as co-workers, all well-known, experienced, and thoroughly able men, English chess will feel an impetus akin to a new birth, and the new venture will, we doubt not, establish itself as the leading organ of the chess world."



## THINGS IN GENERAL.

## PRINCESS STEPHANIE'S BRIDAL VEIL.

The Belgian capital has just produced a truly Royal veil, yet more precious than anything that has of late years been made with bobbin, pin, and pillow; and this exquisite work, the cost of which has exceeded 25,000*fr.*, or £1,000 sterling, is a bridal present from the city of Brussels to the Princess Stephanie. For some days it has been publicly exhibited at the Hotel de Ville, that noblest of Netherland Gothic buildings; and the association will suggest a bond of art that holds together in a common sentiment the most solidly enduring and the most delicately fragile work of human skill and patience. This superb veil, which has employed 125 workwomen for three months, measures about 3½ yards in length, by rather more than 3 yards in width. In the middle are the arms of Austria and Hungary, flanked on the right and left by the arms of the city of Brussels. The border contains the arms of the nine provinces of Belgium, those of Austria, and those also of the Belgian kingdom, connected together by a wreath of flowers; a narrower border runs all round; and the intervening spaces are filled with flowers and plants.—*Drafer.*

## REFORM OF THE LAND LAWS.

There is nothing about the Land Laws of this country that gives any incentive or encouragement to thrift—yea, the reverse—for the obtaining possession of land is woven about with so many obstacles and difficulties that it becomes well-nigh impossible for any but the privileged classes to obtain it. Well might Mr. Cobden say that the land system divorces the people from the soil. Let us take a few figures illustrative to the point. One-fourth of Scotland has five owners. One duke owns 96,300 acres of land in Derbyshire, besides other vast estates in other parts of England and Ireland. Another, possessing estates in various parts of the kingdom, has 40,000 acres in Sussex, and 300,000 in Scotland. The high road does not divide the estates of another duke for twenty-three miles; whilst we have a marquis who is said to be able to ride 100 miles in a straight line upon his own land. One hundred and fifty persons own half England, seventy-five own half Scotland, thirty-five own half Ireland, and the entire lands of the United Kingdom are owned by less than 600,000 persons. The time has surely come when the people of England must free the land from the bonds that now bind and fetter it. We are at the same time of opinion, that the reform of the Land Laws must follow the reform of equalising the county and borough franchise. We must undoubtedly, have a large extension of the franchise before we can possibly expect a thorough reform of the Land Laws. Until our agricultural labourers are put in possession of a vote, the land question must not be forced, except for the purpose of educating the masses of the people in the details of the present iniquitous laws, and of arousing their sympathies on behalf of a free and untrammelled land system. We cannot doubt as to what their decision will be, and we look to the people to demand a thorough reform and abolition of the present evils; the results of which are not confined to the few, but which affect, more or less, every inhabitant of the United Kingdom.—*Liberal World.*

## AN UNLUCKY JULIET.

The juvenile leading lady, a good actress and very pretty woman by the way, and a young mother, was cast to play Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*. Her baby had been placed in her dressing-room for security, and to be near the mother. But just before the balcony scene the young tyrant became unruly and impossible to control. What was to be done? A mother's tact hit upon the true soothing syrup. She nestled the infant to her breast, and from that moment the young villain became silent as a mouse. Being called, she hastily mounted the rostrum that supported the supposed balcony, throwing a lace scarf over her shoulders, which concealed the little suckling; and, leaning over the balcony, with the other arm pensively placed upon her cheek, she looked the picture of innocence and beauty. The scene opened and went glowingly. But, alas! Juliet has to appear and disappear three times; and in her effort to do so gracefully, and yet conceal the child, she stumbled against the iron brace that held up the frail structure. Down fell the balcony; and, lo! the love-lorn maiden was discovered with a baby at her breast—seated on a tub, that served for a stool, and at her foot accidentally placed there by the thirsty carpenter, was a quart pot. The said carpenter was discovered on all-fours steadying with his back the rickety structure above. Shrieks of laughter from all parts of the house greeted the *tableau*, and of the play no more was heard that night.—*From "Random Recollections of an old Actor," by Fred. Belton. (Tinsley Brothers).*

**EXTRAORDINARY LENGTH OF HAIR.**—In one of his recent lectures, Dr. Erasmus Wilson exhibited the photograph of a woman thirty-eight years old and 5 feet 6 inches high, whose tresses, when she stood erect, enveloped her entire form in a golden veil, and trailed several inches on the ground. The longest fibres measured 6 feet 3½ inches. Thirty inches is the mean length for females, and 3 feet is considered a very remarkable length. This instance is exceeded, however, by two American women—one whose hair measures 7 feet 6 inches, and another, the wife of a druggist in Philadelphia, whose luxuriant *chevelure* is almost as long, and so thick that when seated upon a chair she can completely cover herself with it.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

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## THREE PER CENT.

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

On and after the 1st day of October next,

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

By order of the Bank.

F. WOLFERSTAN THOMAS,  
General Manager.

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

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