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THE TIMES.

SIR,—In the matter of your anticipations as to progress, permit me to observe that the French Canadian people have multiplied their numbers seventeen times in one hundred years from the conquest,—a rate to which there are few parallels. The natural result of this great and honorable increase has been a certain reduction of individual stature. Though we could hardly expect anything of this kind to be perpetuated, the people of the whole Dominion would be doing but poorly, with a great new country to fill up, if they only a little more than doubled their numbers in fifty years, by birth and immigration combined. The population of the United States rose from four to nearly forty millions within a century from the foundation of this new state,—say ten fold in a rough estimate. It is not to be supposed that we can calculate with accuracy all the contingencies of a distant future—but your estimate of a population of ten millions for the Dominion in fifty years from now must be a very safe one, especially when the speedy complete occupation of the available lands of our neighbours is taken into the account. If the race maintains and improves its standard of health, morals and vitality—our progress will probably depend, beyond the elements enumerated, more upon good organization and efficient means of travel with a continuance of internal and external peace, than upon other social and material considerations.

SIR,—Of course the *Saturday Review* might urge in reply to your critical remarks of last week—that if protection by import duties were granted to those classes of manufacture which could be equally well produced abroad and at home—there would still be no justification for imposing it upon such goods as could be produced more easily abroad. But there is a word to be said even on that point. We ought to take a little more trouble in our investigation of processes and means than the free traders, pure and simple, are generally willing to do; and then we might discover that what tends more than anything—granted a market—to weaken a manufacture and to make it difficult to produce cheaply is, first, want of capital and, second, want of skill, in those who undertake it. Relative density of population, climatic conditions and habitat of raw materials may be all elements conducing to success, but these are really less important, probably, than the two first named. The last of these elementary differences we find to have been so effectually overcome by British manufacturers, that cotton cloth instead of being the production of the Southern States has been a staple industry of England and Scotland. The physical and industrial conditions for manufacture in the case of cotton, in Britain, are found in a trained population—in perfection of machinery, and in scientific applications, as for one example, methods of regulating temperature and moisture—and it were to be desired, by the way, that those methods were always scientific enough to conduce to the preservation of the valuable lives of the workers. As to the important constituent of density of population, the free-traders' own rule of demand and supply should be found somewhat available. When workers are really wanted for any great enterprise, the manufacturers will by degrees bring them on to the ground, sometimes as many as they require at a single coup. But the capital needed is the attribute of a wealthy people, or of a country where moderate savings are so to say, universal—and the skill will only grow up by degrees. After all is said, social order and a moral and steady population, adding to these abundance of motive power, either in fuel or water or both—with accessibility of good supplies, are the conditions which it would be the hardest to improvise if they were absent, and we may certainly felicitate ourselves upon their presence in the Dominion—once establish the rule that when the will to do so is locally manifested, it is possible within pretty wide limits to manufacture what you require—elegant specialities being left out of the question—and it will be found that reciprocity

in markets, or protective legislation sufficient to compensate for the want of it,—will be the rule of success, after the new manufactures have obtained some headway. Until that time arrives, reciprocity cannot benefit them; for they are really in no condition to compete with others—at that early stage protection, pure and simple, will suit them best.

Ontario is to be congratulated on its School of Agriculture, or as it is now called, the "Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm." Here are the subjects embraced in its educational course:—

1. The theory and practice of agriculture.
2. The theory and practice of horticulture.
3. The theory and practice of arboriculture.
4. The elements of the various sciences, especially chemistry (theoretical and practical), applicable to agriculture and horticulture.
5. The technical English and mathematical branches requisite for an intelligent and successful performance of the business of agriculture and horticulture.
6. The anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ordinary farm animals; with the characteristics of the different varieties of each kind; with the management thereof in the breeding, raising, fattening, and marketing of each, and with a knowledge of the cheese and butter factory systems.
7. The principles of construction and skilful use of the different varieties of buildings, fences, drainage systems, and other permanent improvements, machinery, implements, tools, and appliances necessary in agricultural and horticultural pursuits.
8. And such other subjects as will promote a knowledge of the theory and practice of agriculture, horticulture, and arboriculture.

Education in these matters is to be theoretical and practical. The student will first learn what to do, and then do what he has learnt under critical eyes and guiding hands. Nothing could be better in a country like this. If parents would send their boys there as preliminary to life on a farm, it would be much better than sending them to those colleges where they learn just enough to unfit them for everything that is practical and bread-winning. All the professions are crowded, every branch of business is done to death—everything but farming. I would say to young Montreal and young Toronto, by all means go to College, but go to the "Ontario Agricultural College," and then—take a farm.

It is not often that Mr. Mackenzie makes himself ridiculous, but on Tuesday he succeeded in doing it thoroughly. There was much Opposition indignation over a pamphlet written by the Hon. Peter Mitchell some months ago. Mr. Mitchell had gone through the North-West with Mr. D. A. Smith, which in a free country like this he had a perfect right to do; he described the districts through which he passed in a series of letters to the *Montreal Herald*; they were well written letters, giving just the kind of information needed. The travellers passed over the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway, in which Mr. D. A. Smith has a large interest, and Mr. Mitchell, quite naturally, described what kind of country it passes through. Then the letters were published in pamphlet form with a very useful map showing the route to Manitoba. Why not? They were freely circulated—as they deserved to be—there were a few advertisements put in to make it pay. Why not? Even if they had happened to be Government advertisements? But, said the Opposition, there are advertisements for a foreign country in it—"fertile lands for sale in the Red River Valley," &c.—and it is a crime against Canada for Government to circulate such a pamphlet. As it turns out Government did nothing of the sort; did not pay for a pamphlet, and did not authorise an advertisement in it, and when the matter was brought up in the House with such a liberal fanfaronade, the Ministers had a little harmless fun at the expense of Mr. Mackenzie. For my own part, I think the Government might very well have circulated Mr. Mitchell's pamphlet,

and if they had put in an advertisement or two it would be easy to prove that public money has often been worse spent. Does Mr. Mackenzie imagine that the Canadian Government can keep the outside world from hearing of the United States?

Undoubtedly Government should do something to keep Canada together. As it now stands very many of the best of our young and enterprising men are crossing the lines every year to settle in the United States. One of our leading lawyers said to me a few days ago: "If I were thirty years of age, and had only ten dollars in my pocket, I would leave for the States." Nothing can build us up but a vigorous promotion of immigration. We ought in some way to get hold of the small farmers, of whom there are thousands in England, Ireland and Scotland who have money enough to start well upon here. But what is wanted is, first of all, reliable information conveyed by some responsible persons, and then, as I have often said, the farmer must know that he has a house to eat and sleep in when he comes here. England is cultivated like a garden—such a thing as clearing ground is scarcely known, and the idea of going out and living in a tent until a house can be built, and then clearing the land yard by yard is what Hodge cannot comprehend. Give Hodge a house, and a cow, and a pig, and a bit of cleared ground to begin with and he will come, and work hard, and grow corn and cattle, and buy tools and food, and so increase the manufacture and commerce of the country. Government, or private companies, will have to do something in this practical way if immigration is to be increased.

There is a change in the times, and for the better. Even the *Globe* confesses so much. It says: "In Canada we have abundant cause for thankfulness," and goes on to show that prosperity has surmounted every artificial barrier erected against it, and is overflowing us. But how can that be harmonized with the general run of *Globular* teachings? As I have understood them the country has been ruined by the National Policy—almost every industry has been crippled, and many of them have been closed altogether. The members of the Opposition in Parliament are doing their best to discourage Canadians and promote emigration to the United States. What reasonable being would care to come to Canada as painted by Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Richard Cartwright and the *Globe*? It must appear to any who in Great Britain have the misfortune to see the *Globe*, as if it is a country in which a man can die rapidly of starvation by the help of legislation. What is gained by all this? Certainly nothing for the followers of Mr. Brown. If it could be proved to-morrow that the N. P. is a failure and a mistake, there would be no demand for a change of Government, for Sir John would get credit for having made an effort to bring about a better state of things; and a man moving, if only to make experiments, is a goodlier sight in the eyes of the people than a dazed "fly on the wheel." We adopted the N. P., and then came better times, and in the ordinary mind the two things are and will remain connected, and Mr. Mackenzie and the *Globe* cannot argue nor abuse them into mutual hostility.

It is to be hoped that our representatives at Ottawa are not going to allow the clergy of the Dominion to decide the question as to whether the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill shall pass the House or not. Their connection with Leviticus must be very remote, if they have any at all. I am disposed to pay all possible respect to Moses and his legislation; but if we are to take all his laws and enactments, let us say so and do it, and drive the shadow on the dial back as far as we can; or if we are going to discriminate, let us do it reasonably. If we are to pick this one Jewish statute out for observance, we ought to do it because it answers some good purpose in our own times. I can see many reasons for allowing a man to marry his deceased wife's sister—if they both desire such a thing; but I can find no intelligent grounds in Biblical law or gospel for making it illegal. This is in no way a question for the clergy, and they ought not to be consulted about the matter.

Ah me, and alas! here is another ground for complaint against our mother-country and another reminder from over the waters that

we are a great way off and have no right to expect to reap further benefits from old English customs. It has been understood that the birth of triplets was worthy of royal recognition in the shape of five pounds sterling from the Queen to the fortunate mother of said three. With a full knowledge of this good custom, the wife of Joseph Spencer, of Burleigh, presented him with triplets, and with a heart three times full of gladness he wrote an application for the Queen's bounty. But, poor man, he got the following reply instead of a cheque:—

OTTAWA, March 16.

I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and its enclosure, applying on behalf of Mrs. Spencer for the Queen's bounty in consideration of her having given birth to triplets. In reply I am to inform you that a communication has been received at this Department from the proper authorities in England, to the effect that these cases occurring in the colonies do not come within the Queen's rule on the subject, which is to give a small donation to poor people of good character on occasions of triple births where the children survive, the money being given to assist the parents in providing food and clothing shortly after the birth of the children. It is added that the length of time which must elapse before a triple birth in the colonies can be reported to the proper quarter makes it next to impossible to admit the case as coming within the rule laid down, and that the money when given is by no means a reward, but simply as an act of charity.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

Edward J. Langevin,

Under Secretary of State.

Now, it is of course true that the "proper authorities in England" have decided not to encourage this sort of thing in the Colonies, and have instructed the Governor-General to put an end to this drain upon the royal exchequer, but Mrs. Spencer should have her five pounds none the less. Government could very well add this to its N. P. and give the money, as M. Langevin delicately puts it, "by no means as a reward, but simply as an act of charity."

The English Parliament is dissolved and the electoral campaign fever is at its highest. When the announcement was made that the Earl of Beaconsfield had at last made up his mind to go to the country with an appeal for judgment upon his policy and practice for the last six years, it appeared as if he had chosen the right time. The Liberals had been coquetting with the Irish Home Rulers, which gave the Conservatives a chance of lumping Home Rulers and Liberals together as Obstructionists. But the game was a poor one, and lasted only a few days. Whatever some members of the party, anxious to secure a seat in the House, and willing to pay any price in the way of promises, may do or say, the Liberal leaders are not likely to show any favour to Mr. Parnell and his political allies. So the prospects of Mr. Gladstone's followers are brightening every day. One of the best proofs we could have of that is the altered tone of the *Times*. It does not agree with the great William yet, but it pays him most marked and respectful attention, criticising mildly and condemning feebly. The *Daily Telegraph* may be expected to follow suit.

One source of weakness to the Liberal party is the want of a personal head. Lord Hartington is not capable of creating any enthusiasm about himself. When he was elected to fill the place Mr. Gladstone had vacated, it was rather on account of what he had not than for any positive qualities. Mr. Forster had made himself obnoxious to the Nonconformists, by supporting the twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act; Mr. Lowe was powerful, but personally unpopular; Mr. Bright was out of the question; Earl Granville was in the House of Lords, and Lord Hartington appeared the only man competent to hold the party together, because he had done nothing and said nothing to offend any section of it. And it must be confessed that he has succeeded fairly well in a most trying position. A stronger man would have rebelled against being merely the nominal head, and knowing that the old leader had only to utter the word and every Liberal would return to his allegiance; but Lord Hartington is not a strong man, hardly an ambitious man, and therefore has been well content with the honour of his position.

But it is evident that if the Liberals are going to carry on the electoral contest with any hope of winning they must have a powerful

personality at the head—a man capable of creating enthusiasm, a man to put in the balance against the Earl of Beaconsfield. Mere criticism served the purposes of Opposition very well, but it will not carry an election. The present Prime Minister is before the public as the embodiment, the life and soul of a policy, and the Liberals must have a great and enthusiastic leader or they will inevitably be sent back to carry on their work of criticism. That is to say, they must place Mr. Gladstone again at the head. They have no other alternative. The eyes of the people turn to Mr. Gladstone. Lord Hartington's manifesto is barely discussed, while Mr. Gladstone's speech fill every paper. Not around Lord Hartington, but around Mr. Gladstone, the popular enthusiasm gathers; and when it was reported a few days ago that the noble Lord would not be able, on account of ill-health, to conduct the present campaign personally, if there was any feeling of disappointment, it was not very marked.

Austria has declared for the Earl of Beaconsfield because Mr. Gladstone has declared against Austria. If I know anything of the temper of the English people, this will help the Earl not at all. It is a kind of suggestion which the British do not relish. And they know that Mr. Gladstone was correct when he said: "Austria has ever been the unflinching enemy of freedom in every country of Europe, and there is not a spot on the whole map where one could place his finger and say, 'There Austria did good.'" The court at Vienna is to-day more despotic than the court at St. Petersburg. Austria has never even made an honest effort towards liberal institutions and free government. No wonder that the Emperor disapproves of Gladstone's foreign policy, for the "spirited foreign policy" of the Earl has served the purposes of Austria most admirably.

These elections in Great Britain are of interest to us, because they must have some, perhaps great, effect upon the colonies—more especially upon Canada and Australia. If the Conservatives should be returned, it is not impossible—not even unlikely—that some step will be taken to consolidate the Empire. Not imperial federation—that can never happen; but the mother-country might very well take more active interest in the colonies. But if the Liberals should be returned, I for one should not be surprised at an official hint that as we have closed our markets to England, and denied her free-trade creed, we might as well begin to think of taking care of ourselves altogether. Mr. Bright would have ample opportunity for pouring out the vials of his wrath upon us, and there is scarcely a prominent man in the party who is known to care three straws for colonial connexions. Perhaps Sir Alexander Galt will be able to enlighten their darkness and stir up their affections on our behalf; but it will take a very clever man to prove to the British that the colonies are a source of strength or of wealth to them.

Mr. Theodore Martin has much honest and laborious work in writing the "Life of the Prince Consort" to order, and well deserves the K. C. B. lately conferred upon him.

Mr. Parnell is doomed to disappointment wherever he goes. With visions of magnificent triumphs he came to this continent, and the first few days brought to him sundry shocks which suggested the suspicion that the American people were not likely to fulfil his sanguine expectations. At last they spoke out and said: Money for the starving to buy food? Yes; but money for political agitation! No. Mr. Parnell fought against the depressing influences which American common sense was bringing to bear upon him, but it was weary work and required a good deal of strong speaking to keep his own and his followers' spirits up. And now another disappointment has happened to him; he has returned to his kith and kin and fellow-men, and they do not welcome him as their darling hero at all. Sensible men stand aloof from every demonstration got up to do him honour, and the agitator, when he sees of what clement his following is made up, he can hardly be proud of himself.

The Jesuits, driven out of France, have decided to take up quarters in Monaco and Jersey. A great many people hope they will like their new home and stay there.

THE BUDGET DEBATE.

The Budget speech of the Finance Minister was looked forward to with considerable interest, and not without a certain amount of anxiety; everybody felt that the country was committed to the change of policy inaugurated last year, and that probably not sufficient time had elapsed to give it a fair trial. Of course the opponents of the N. P. were prepared to demonstrate that it was an utter failure, and there were many even amongst its supporters who feared that the Minister might not be able to present a favourable exhibit of the year's finances. The statement, however, submitted by Sir Leonard Tilley will have a reassuring effect, as on the face of it, it is a better show than was generally anticipated.

Last year the estimated deficit was two millions dollars; the actual deficit would have been much more but for the fact that over a million and a quarter dollars of customs and excise duties belonging to 1879-'80 were collected in the year 1878-'79. The expenditure in the present year, including supplementary estimates, will amount nearly to \$25,000,000; the revenue will amount to \$24,450,000,—so that the deficit for the year will not largely exceed \$500,000.

It must be confessed that this is just one of the puzzles which "no fellow can understand," and the arithmetical problem savours somewhat of the old story of the man moving a dollar from his left-hand pocket to his right, and fancying himself so much the richer; nevertheless, Sir Leonard assures us that a more hopeful and trustful feeling prevails throughout the length and breadth of the land, and that he has confidence in the future of our finances.

The Finance Minister spoke cheerily of the return of prosperity, and went into a long array of facts and figures, with a view of proving that good times had again come, instancing particular interests which, as he alleged, were more prosperous; the importer, the farmer, and those engaged in the lumber trade were all contented and hopeful, but Sir Leonard's modesty induced him to admit that "he did not say it was all owing to the National Policy," adding that "he had no fears for the future of the country, its prosperity, he felt, was assured."

The speeches of Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr. Mackenzie were thoughtful and masterly reviews of the position from their own standpoint, dealing some very damaging blows to the statement of the Finance Minister; it is to be regretted that both gentlemen treat the subject in the spirit of *doctrinaires* and utterly ignore the course of events; they believe firmly in the justice and efficacy of their own free trade principles, and therefore, every one holding a different opinion must be wrong.

The task of replying to Sir Richard Cartwright was especially undertaken by Sir Charles Tupper, which was done in a speech of considerable length, and it must be said in common fairness, too much marred by a coarseness of vituperation and invective which would have been better omitted.

The "rank and file" who have taken part in the debate were all passably fair representatives of the "hum" and "boom" class of literature with which we have been tortured for many months past.

The debate was enlivened by a repetition of the "empty house" argument, this time in Hamilton, it would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to see the relevancy of this logic; the writer is old enough to remember that during a period of scarcity and want in England, the late Duke of Wellington said in the House of Lords that he did not believe in the alleged scarcity, for on his way down to the House he had counted *twenty-seven* turkeys hanging at his poulterer's, but then the good old man was in his dotage—oddly enough this is the *very number* of empty houses which the member for Montreal West counted in his peregrinations.

The supporters of the Government claimed everything, past, present and to come, as the result of the N. P.; sugar, cotton and other factories which have started into life, and a clock factory which is "just going to begin." Even the good harvest, which Sir Leonard had the good taste to admit as contributing towards our return of better fortunes, was claimed by the thick and thin men as a portion of the N. P.

The few changes proposed are chiefly matters of detail, and are intended to simplify the practical working of the tariff; they are framed rather with the view of removing difficulties, than in any change of policy.

The debate has dragged its slow length along, the whole affair presenting a foregone conclusion, and with the exception of the speeches of the four chiefs—Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mr. Mackenzie—the addresses have scarcely risen above mediocrity, but the even tenor of its way has been rippled by a few of our legislators (it would be rude to point) making themselves ridiculous.

Since the foregoing was written, a field-day has taken place, Mr. Thomas White and Mr. Charlton being the belligerents. As might have been expected, the hon. member for Cardwell delivered a trenchant oration satisfying himself, at least, that everything in connection with the National Policy was an immense success. Mr. Charlton on the other hand said, that the hon. member for Cardwell had not a reputation for making assertions that were in all cases reliable. The City of Montreal made itself heard too, in the person of Mr. Coursol, who addressed the House in French in favour of the N. P., and the end is not yet, the debate having been again adjourned by a Lower Province member.

DOES DENIS KEARNEY FOUND THE EMPIRE?

I would have to quote so freely from the following article that I prefer to reproduce it entire, and will further refer your readers to the articles on the Chinese question by Mr. Lucas, now appearing in the *Gazette*.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from San Francisco, communicates some facts—or what he alleges to be such—in relation to the Chinese, which are worth considering by those who honestly desire to reach an intelligent conclusion in respect to the controversy between Chinaman and Californian. One of the facts stated is that the Chinese at home are abandoning their old-fashioned junks, and indulging in the luxury, comfort and profit of foreign built steamships. They like these so well that they have concluded to build some for themselves, and have just completed two iron-clads, of five thousand tons each, at Shanghai. If the question of their right of residence in this country is settled authoritatively in their favour, they propose to put on a line of steamships between Shanghai and San Francisco. These facts, if accurately stated, bear somewhat heavily upon the widespread impression that the Chinese are wholly and irredeemably unprogressive. Another fact stated has an important bearing upon the proposition which is accepted as an axiom in California, that the Chinamen eat "next to nothing." While flour can be shipped from San Francisco and laid down in Hong Kong for \$5.10 a barrel, the same weight of rice costs in Hong Kong \$5.75, and when it reaches San Francisco the freight and charges have brought it up to six and one-fourth cents a pound. Yet the Chinamen live on the rice, which is by far the more expensive commodity of the two, and ship 300,000 barrels of flour annually in exchange for it.

Other interesting facts are that the exports of the Chinese in California, consisting of butter, bacon, cheese, lard, soap, starch, candles, tallow, whiskey and flour, amount to more than \$3,000,000 annually. Constituting a little less than one-twelfth of the population of San Francisco, they pay one-third of the duties collected at the Custom House. They import from \$10,000,000 to \$11,000,000 worth of silks, tea and spices annually. They pay \$1,000,000 a year for rents, and \$528,000 for water, gas and insurance.

In respect to the competition in labour, the information furnished by the *Evening Post's* correspondent is very valuable if accurate. Instead of performing domestic service more cheaply than other help the Chinaman actually commands a higher price, the figures being, for white help \$21, and for Chinamen \$22.50 per month. In the hotels there is no competition, and white waiters get from \$35 to \$40 per month, which is very far from starvation wages. On farm lands the Chinaman does cut under his white competitor, the latter receiving \$35 a month and found, while John works for \$30 and found. In Michigan even the latter figures would not be regarded as ruinously low.

It is not quite easy to understand, if these statements are true, and most of them are undisputed, why there should be such violent opposition on the part of intelligent people in California to the continuance of the Chinaman in his work. For it is a fact that there is such opposition on the part of the class named. The denunciation of the Chinaman is by no means confined to the Sand Lotterers and the Kearneys, as so many have hastily assumed. The contrary is very conclusively shown by the large vote which the new Constitution of the State received—a vote far too large to be attributed to the Kearneyites alone, or even to the Kearneyites and workmen combined. It is shown, moreover, by the tone of the leading newspapers and of the articles admitted into the new magazine—the *Californian*—which certainly does not represent, and cannot hope for patronage from, the unintelligent.

To a certain extent the opposition can be accounted for, possibly, by the feeling that the Chinaman does not intend to become a citizen, but contemplates the removal of what he accumulates, instead of permitting it to remain in California as a part of the wealth of the State. But even this explanation does not cover all the ground or quite account for the personal hostility to a foreigner, who, if unattractive, is singularly inoffensive. Perhaps some thoughtful philosophic Californian, who shares in the hostility will enlighten the country on the point. Until he does so, it is almost inevitable that the hostility shown the Chinese should be largely attributed to prejudice.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The hoodlum of California, British Columbia and Australia finds that the Chinaman distances him in a labour competition; not so much because he works for somewhat smaller wages, but because he is civil (though not servile), industrious, saving, sober and reliable—and he hates him accordingly. The intelligent employer of labour knows John's value as a workman, but declares that he is a danger to the moral and physical health of the community. That he is addicted to gambling and opium smoking is undeniable; but it is equally undeniable that no society composed entirely of males, as are the Chinese societies in the countries named, is so free from vice. It is an ugly question, but it has to be faced, and we may say at once that until we see the Chinaman with his wife and family there is no comparing his way of living with our standards.

To understand our almond-eyed friend properly we must look at him in the lands where he has a fair chance. I have seen him in Singapore, Malacca, Penang, Moulmein, Rangoon and Calcutta. In these places he inter-marries with the natives—Malays, Burmese and Hindostanis, and is in every respect a valuable citizen. In Singapore they are not only the favourite clerks in merchants' offices and banks, but are merchants and bankers; the Hon. Mr. Whampoa is a member of the Governor's Council. In Malacca and Penang there are liberal, educated and enlightened Chinese who will compare favourably with any European. I never met any one who knew them in these cities who did not like them and consider them infinitely superior to all other natives of the East.

Surely justice is not dead—and the nations who have forced their intercourse upon China at the point of the bayonet are not going to forbid the Chinaman the right to labour in their lands!

They have, however, a right to say—come as do other settlers with your wives and families and we will welcome you, but an invasion of males we will resist.

Thank Heaven, we, in the Dominion, have a clean record—as far as the African and the Indian are concerned—let us not blot our history with injustice to the Chinaman; they are bound to be a great power on this continent; let us secure their affection, by treating them as they are treated in our Eastern Colonies, and stamping out the British Columbia hoodlum's opposition to them.

There is ground to believe that the dispersion of the California Chinese by Kearney and the sand-lotterers will be one of the great events in American history.

They will spread from the mountains to the sea, be appreciated as they deserve and sought after. The news of their good treatment will be spread over the flowery land, and tens of thousands will be attracted by the glad tidings that all "Melican" men are not like Californians.

When the thousands multiply into millions, will a change in the system of government be needed? Can Asiatics ever be converted into Republicans? or Democrats?

Is this what the "thoughtful philosophic Californian" foresaw? and does Denis Kearney or Grant found the Empire?

BRAIN-POWER AND THE IRISH.

"F. H. T." at London, Ont., has an odd way of expressing his sympathy with Hibernian feeling. He tells us that in the paper on "Brain-power," "the one sentence in particular which very much amused" him contained "an insult to Irishmen." His theory in italics is decidedly fishy: there's "a power o' the Irish" element where fish is scarce, and the clever fellows from the Maritime Provinces are few. Whatever the favourite food in London the lesser may be, "fallacious nonsense" seems to be one of its products, and as there is no telling what evolution and diet may do for us, we may live to hear of poetical poetry. A couple of letters more would make "F. H. T." FIGHT. The "plucky little" Pungent hit "H. B. S." hard on the Brain-power. "H. B. S." did not intend to be sarcastic, but had in his head a sort of worn-out witticism about potatoes and potteen, which our Irish friends could well afford to let pass.

Their Island gave birth to the greatest apostle of temperance the world has ever produced. His teachings and preachings have left their mark. One effect may suffice—namely, the almost total disappearance of the Faction Fights which in his day were common in Ireland. Some people—the *Toronto Telegram* amongst others—are fond of saying that Irishmen are indolent and intemperate. From personal knowledge it can be averred that they are neither the one nor the other. Authorities not favourable to them speak of "the alacrity of their race." They drink no more than their neighbours, and opinion is strong that they drink less; in fact, Pat is not an habitu  of the "Public." Over a social glass he loves to meet his friends at fairs, markets, or such gatherings. Straight to his Celtic brain goes the whiskey, which, making him hilarious and noisy, proclaims his condition and furnishes "a case." Friend Bull when brimful of beer, and his brither frae "Scoatlan" when fou, have a way of making for home and saying "nothing to nobody," "nae boddy kens ae thing about it." 'Tis only fair, however, to say that as the sons of Erin in England and Scotland are many, they must do some of the drinking in these countries.

Some one signing the poetic, historic and aristocratic name Beauchamp has written a verse or verses eulogistic of Mr. Parnell. Mr. Weller thought "them 'ere poets" a poor lot, and it might be well if Mr. Beauchamp would leave off mooning for a season and try what a few months' study of grammar might do for him. Occasionally "he duns" may be said with emphasis, but never "He done." There is what is called the poetic licence, but it hardly takes in grammar. Talking of grammatical blunders, "H. B. S." got off some bad ones; but as the terrible "Niven" has sounded his note of warning, we are all very likely to get a share of the rod "in retentis."

Mr. O'Donohoe, Q.C., came here from Toronto to tell us about a St. Patrick's Society in Hamilton which a few days ago threw out the word "Protestant." Protestant is not a nice word for that kind of Society; it is slightly foreign, and in justice to the outraged feelings of a down-trodden people should be expunged from everything. Hamilton takes the lead, and wisdom may even be learnt from toadies. Could not the Rev. Mr. Carmichael give a lecture on Protestant Parnell (leaving out Protestant), or on Kearney the Catholic, or on some of "the powerful intellects"? Mr. O'Donohoe told us of "another thing which caused Ireland pain was the fact that a Jew reigned over England, who with folded arms watched Irish life being blighted," but Mr. O'Donohoe, Q.C., did not tell us that the "Jew" was one of the first who subscribed to the starving. We know the rule with a long robe is to do all you can to damage your opponent. The subscription was not much; it was this, it was that, and "how dare he assist us," but fair play on the platform, say I: "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Neither did the Queen's Counsel say whether Ireland was pained when Rothschild the Jew and his brethren sent a large sum to help its people in '46, when famine was sore in the land. The silk gown did not say anything about the meeting

of Jews, at which—if I do not greatly err—money was recently subscribed and sent to the suffering Irish. On such occasions our friends from Israel would be called “generous Jews,” it would probably be remembered that they had been “the chosen people of God,” and a number of nice little sayings would be said which are so conveniently and so frequently forgotten when a Jew folds his arms, &c. Speaking of Lord Beaconsfield as a Jew is discreditable either to Mr. O’Donohoe’s intelligence or to his veracity. The elder Disraeli was a Jew, but his son, the Prime Minister of England, is a Christian. When St. Patrick landed in Ireland Mr. O’Donohoe’s forefathers were pagans: their descendant need be none the less a Christian to-day. Why use the word Jew in an opprobrious sense? Are not Jews worthy citizens in our midst? Do they undertake long journies by land and by sea to disseminate treason as some do who call themselves Christians? I trow not. Home Rule and Land League as much as you like Mr. O’Donohoe, Q.C. But you come of a sensitive race and should respect the feelings of others. At the concert on the 17th, Mr. Dogherty, B.C.L., spoke with his usual good sense. His address on a former occasion was an honour to his cloth, and from its ability and sound common sense might well be a text book for his countrymen. Neither his political nor his religious creed may suit every one, but the man is to be admired for his honesty, his truth and his moderation. “God save Ireland” was appropriately sung by the boys. With equal appropriateness God save the Queen might also have been sung by the boys if not by the audience. It was left to the Pianist and a very pianissimo performance it was. Her Majesty however was not hissed! and there was not a word about Fontenoy.

It appears from the “plucky little” Pungent that the proprietor of its “esteemed contemporary,” the *Toronto Telegram*, holds high rank in the Never Surrenders. Really Mr. “Robertson” this is surprising intelligence. Home Rule for Ireland would probably shock the “Brother,” but as our “esteemed contemporary” advocates annexation or independence for Canada it is not to be supposed he can see anything wrong in dismembering the Empire on this side of the water. As both are bad, “Worshipful Sir and Brother,” please let us have a lecture on this loyalty of yours of which so much is heard,—it is not easy to comprehend it. *Saxon.*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PALAVER.

When Dickens wrote “Martin Chuzzlewit,” we may, perhaps, regard it as addressed to a singularly sedate and reserved community. We guffawed over the Water-toast Association as something so ludicrous it could not be English. We held our sides at the delicious descriptions of all the vaguely-titled gentlemen possessed by an insane and perpetual yearning to “speak a piece.” And thanks were rendered to Providence that we were not as other men—the more heartily that the other men in question were Americans. Doubtless we were quite sincere and reasonable in our merriment and self-congratulation, for we did not realize the visitation resting upon ourselves—the confusion of tongues. Now, however, if an American Dickens could arise and were to come among us, he might fully and fairly take vengeance for the grotesque Odyssey of young Martin Chuzzlewit. He would find material enough for twenty Water-toast Associations, and Hominy and Pograms innumerable.

There is an old story in existence of Queen Elizabeth returning to London after one of her royal “progresses,” and, on the Speaker of the House of Commons presenting himself, her Majesty enquired of him what had passed, when the first commoner, with all due humility, replied, “May it please your Majesty, six weeks have passed.” Now, similarly placed, might not Mr. Speaker Blanchet, at Ottawa, use the very same words. With our multi-headed Legislatures throughout the Dominion, we are kept continually exercised, but it is at Ottawa that the saturnalia of talkee-talkie breaks out, and the energies of man and the columns of our newspapers are given up to a solemn apotheosis of Palaver. There are but two words to describe the grand indulgence of this carnival of verbosity—it is talkee-talkie and palaver. Oratory there is very little or none. Exalted speculation is as sparse as common sense. The carnival is a voice, and beyond that nothing. Not always foolish, not at all times untruthful, but a thoroughly useless one. We get used to the irrepressible newspaper letter-writer who has an hotel bill to grumble about, or some kindred grievance, but this vain self-indulgence of babblers, who *must* talk, though they say nothing, overshadows everything. Annually this longing to wag our tongues comes upon us, though why this season should be selected is a problem at which it is only possible to guess. Cruel cynics may say that it is because nobody would listen at any other season, but to answer thus, the cynics must have been ignorant of the fact that the veritable apostle of Palaver considers the listener a very subsidiary thing to the talk.

At the present moment the apostles are enjoying an exceptionally brilliant parliament. In the French Assembly there have been some lively episodes, which, however, pass muster generally under the mild term of “interpellations.” In the Italian Chamber we have just read of a violent passage at arms amongst the foremost Deputies; whilst in Britain the floodgates of talk will be opened

through the general election, and the country from the Land’s End to John o’ Groat’s will be revelling in a fever of mutual admiration and indiscriminate fussiness. And be the speeches what they may, what is their fate? A condensed newspaper report is the only record of the vast majority of this waste of words and intellect and time that anyone not directly interested in the palaver is ever likely to rest upon. Add to this the ordinary number of association, congress and institute gatherings, dealing with themes which range from hydrophobia to Afghanistan, offering a very galaxy of talking parties, the like of which has never been known since the overthrow of the Tower of Babel at Hillah.

At Ottawa we are undergoing the usual talkativeness in much the usual manner; except at intervals when the discussion takes a serio-comic turn, as when a Bill is introduced by Mr. Blake for the “better prevention of crime in certain cases,” and the Minister of Justice expresses his general approval of its provisions, declaring, however, that he had not sufficiently considered the subject; or when—*proh pudor!*—M. P.’s descend to become common scolds. And so the stream flows on with the old tameness, and perhaps more than the inevitable amount of twaddle, to be followed in season by the promiscuous picnics, where the protracted discourses will go on in the mild and measured fashion that distinguishes such meetings.

How many of the puerile orations and rhetorical orgies of our political gymnasts are but very meagre sensations after all, and but attempts to prove that two and two make anything else than four. Nevertheless the Session will run on, the solemn performances must be held, and the “collective wisdom” will deliver itself of its multitudinous discourses.

Nor is our Parliament the only assemblage to dread. There is yet many a glorious gathering to come, many an opportunity for reading treatises that nobody would ever publish, and propounding questions that nobody is ever likely, and nobody is ever required, to answer. Pedantic peregrinations and excursions will yet be made; camp meetings and more obscure assemblies will receive parties of sages whose associated twaddle gives a fleeting and feeble fillip to the dull provincial circles that pet and patronize the yearly visitants. All over the country, the spirit of Palaver is rampant, and men and women are reading and will continue to read papers and take part in subsequent discussions which with dreary unanimity lead to nothing at all. Indeed, that they do lead to nothing is the chief ground on which a serious accusation may be based against the proceedings of those Apostles of Palaver. They are often foolish, often extravagant, sometimes pernicious in their influence and effects, but the talker *must* have his say. Shorter speeches, and *something to say*, might, perhaps, render the excessive talk indulged in worthy of attention and respect.

Our neighbours are even worse off than ourselves for long-winded orators; in a recent notice of the business in the Congress, a newspaper report said that so many hundred measures were pending, with the very significant comment, “Let them pend! it is the very best thing that can happen to them.” Our very word “parliament” seems suggestive of interminable talk, what a relief it would be to get back to the good old Saxon “Witanagemote” of our forefathers. *Quevedo Redivivus.*

LUTHER H. HOLTON—REFLECTIONS AND LESSONS.

A discourse delivered in Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, March 21st, 1880.

“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver or gold.—PROVERBS xxii., 1.

Those were the words that rose involuntarily to my lips on Wednesday afternoon as I sat in the Church when the funeral service was being performed over the dead body of Luther H. Holton. It was a strange scene, as all must have felt who were there; a common sorrow had created a common sympathy. It was a magnificent illustration of the strong working of that sacred power of our christianity which is felt in men’s hearts but is uttered in no creed. Unitarian ministers stood in the pulpit of an orthodox Presbyterian Church; a Congregational and a Presbyterian minister took part in the service. And there was no jar—no dissonance, caused by a clash of differing theological opinions; the poles were brought together, and love did the mighty thing—love shut in to memory—love bereft and bowed in a tender sorrow. And there we were, men and women of a great variety of creeds, and many of no creed at all; men of all possible and known shades of politics—the powerful and the obscure—the represented and the representative—political opponents and political friends; there we sat together, and no one seemed sensible of an incongruity. Incongruity there was none. Manhood, the better part of us, the tender, the true, the divine in us all, was asserting itself; that is what it was. The man’s own character—which we knew we were not going to bury—along with the awful suddenness with which death had come to him, lifted the sluice-gates of our pent up sympathies, and they flowed over all the dry, hot, unflowering fields of our nature. As I looked round upon the sea of up-turned faces—faces of strong men, many of whom had evidently fought long battles in the world, and lost much freshness, and gained much experience, I saw that upon all there was one look more or less plainly marked—bewilderment, asking why this

thing had happened. I verily believe that the majority of us went into the church having a vague, undefined feeling that something would be said there which would in some measure answer our question. But as the service went on and nothing was said to explain the puzzle—because nothing could be said—the tenderness gradually died out of men's eyes, and their faces settled back into hardness again; and they left the church feeling sure, in spite of what had been spoken, that death had stung a whole community to the quick, and the grave had gained another victory. Still, we lost none of our faith in the power of a good name. Great riches would not have brought such a people together. Some of our merely rich men, who dine themselves and wine themselves, and ask other fools to feed and drink along with them at times, and think—if such people ever think of such things—that thus they have discharged their obligations to society, when they die the funeral will only be attended by those bound by family relationship—and those who are bound by the decencies of custom, which say we must see an old acquaintance down to the door of life. Society will not mourn, because it had no love for the man who lived but for his own flesh; and when he is dead society will have lost nothing, for only he is taken—his money is left. "A good name is better than great riches, and loving favour than silver and gold."

Let me say that I do not intend to preach what is generally understood as a funeral sermon. I am not able to do that; and I do not believe in the utility of indiscriminating praise of either the living or the dead. Perfection is not to be found on this earth, search where you may. Nor do I purpose to give an analysis of the character and work of our departed friend, for I am just as incompetent to do that as I am to chronicle the particular events of his life. I want to speak of him in his capacity as a public man, and get from his life what lessons I can which may be helpful to those who hear what I say.

The words of Tennyson occur to me, and will apply to him—with due allowance, of course, for the exaggerations of poetic fancy:—

Dost thou look back on what hath been,
As some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merits known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whispers of the throne;

And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire;

Yet feels as in a pensive dream,
When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A sacred sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He played at councillors and kings
With one that was his earliest mate;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands—
"Does my old friend remember me?"

I should not call Mr. Holton a great man—as the world counts and measures greatness; he was not a brilliant genius, not a genius at all, perhaps; that is, he was not great as an orator, nor as a diplomat, nor as a natural leader of men—but then, a man must be always considered in relation to his time and circumstances. A great man is only possible under certain conditions, which call out a man's force to give it scope. Every genius we have known can be accounted for; he has been the product of his time; he has come forth in answer to a call; he was a response, and not a new creation. It was the condition of the Church, the protest which hosts of spirits had been making against darkness and bondage which made a Luther possible. Cromwell would have farmed in Huntingdon to the end of his days, probably, had Charles been a better and a wiser king. A man cannot create a set of circumstances to suit himself, and to afford himself opportunity for becoming conspicuous; he has to take things as they are and work upon them. England to-day is well adapted to the development of great orators, and great statesmen, and great scholars, and great scientists, but not great soldiers. Germany is well adapted to produce great soldiers, and great men of letters, but not men great as orators. When the civil war broke out in the United States there was a dearth of capable leaders and commanders—as the war went on what before had been possible in men became real and manifest. Not yet has America produced

any great statesmen; nor has it been possible, for American relations with the outside world have been comparatively easy of adjustment. There have been few important and delicate questions of international relations, of the balance of power, and of interference to stop a quarrel or beat down an over-ambitious king. By and by, perhaps, the occasion will arise, and then, doubtless, the men will be found. So, taking that statement as correct in the main, I do not see that Canada could produce a man great, as in the old world we measure greatness. There is no shame and no sin in that. A village that has no library, and no well educated teachers, could not produce a man of letters. Canada is small, as to population, and very scattered. Our soil is not yet rich enough to grow a genius; there is but little demand for brilliant oratory; for profound research in the world of sciences; for the genius as painter or poet. We are a people working hard to make a living, and a little more, if we can. We could not produce a great statesman; the scope is too limited; our relations, as a colony, are too confined; our governing power as a confederation of Provinces is too much broken up for that. Clever politicians we can make and do make, and it may very well be that if some of them had a wider field and greater opportunities they would take their place in the front rank of modern statesmen. A man here may, by industry and force of character, "break his birth's invidious bar, and grasp the skirts of happy chance, and breast the blows of circumstance, and grapple with his evil star, and make by force his merits known," but he cannot "clutch the golden keys, to mould a mighty state's decrees, and shape the whisper of the throne." He must stop far short of that, and look on at a good distance from "the centre of the world's desire." Shut in to ourselves, we cannot produce a great merchant, as they are produced in the old world and in the States; nor writers of books: nor orators; nor statesmen. As I have said, there is neither sin nor shame in that, and I do not make the remark in criticism, but only in explanation. Mr. Holton may have had the makings of a great statesman in him—I do not know; judging from what he did with the material at his command, I should say that in a larger sphere he would have been a bigger man. As it was, he was no ordinary man; to that all will give assent. He had ability; he was a very example of industry; he had some failings, of course—who has not?—but they would hardly have been seen had not his many virtues shone with such brightness as to reveal the weakness as well as the strength of the man.

Into the story of his early life I need not enter; there is nothing new or strange about it. He worked hard along the lines of a good policy, and that way—and by a friendly turn of fortune's wheel got to be comparatively rich. I want to speak rather of his public life. He turned to politics; he succeeded there; exercised a most manifest influence upon the party with which he was identified; won the confidence of many, and the respect of all; filled high and important offices in the Government; took place when he thought he might, and refrained from that when he thought he ought; and when he died the whole community moaned in pain, for the affliction, pierced to the heart. The remark I heard made more often than any other was—"he was an honest man." Undoubtedly he was. I have enquired—was ever a charge of corruption made against him? and the unvarying answer has been, no. That, in this Dominion, is a statement most honourable to the memory of the man—as honourable to him as it is condemnatory of the political system under which we live. I need not dwell upon the corruption which prevails in our political circles—the buying and selling—the struggles for place and money—you know it well enough. But perhaps you have not considered so well how hard it is for a man to avoid being drawn into the same practices. Can you keep your boots clean when you walk through muddy streets? Can you clean your own chimney and not get soot on your hands? It is possible, but it rarely occurs in actual experience. One circumstance was helpful to Mr. Holton, let me say in this matter of conducting an honest political life—it was the making of that money I spoke of just now. He could afford to be honest. He only entered upon political life when he was beyond the need for making money by it. A great help to a man in politics, I am sure. When men go into politics to earn their bread; when they give up altogether, or in part, a business or a practice to represent some constituency in Parliament, and they find that the excitement of the session has unfitted them for the dull and prosy work of the other nine months at home; and when the heart forsakes the work the work always fails the hand, and bread fails the mouth, and then, "committed to a political life," as they say—what wonder, seeing that humanity is what it is; that they think more of making money for themselves than of making and administering good laws for the people. A poor man in politics is in the way of tremendous temptations, especially here where the Government builds railroads and canals, and generally adopts the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils." It is natural that the first idea in a new country should be how to make money? We are not yet old enough, and rich enough, and settled enough to begin to think seriously of other substantial things. Perhaps it cannot be avoided, perhaps it is a necessary evil, but evil it is that men should turn to politics as a means of earning a livelihood. It imposes risks which only men of rare strength of will can afford to run, and politicians, as well as others have need to pray the prayer—"lead us not into temptation." Many young men enter upon public life with the very best and purest of intentions, but, caught by temptation soon—seeing, or thinking they

see, a chance to do well for themselves, get sucked down by the swirling maelstrom of political corruption.

He was an honest man they said—and I have shewn that he was wise enough not to place himself in the way of temptation by entering upon public life to make money in order to live. But his honesty was not simply a matter of expediency, or circumstance—it was a principle of life and conduct. Without that no other consideration is worth having. If a man is honest because he doesn't require to steal, it says but little for him. He may keep right with the law and public sentiment, but he will be always wrong with God, and the eternal law of right doing. Our friend had integrity as a guiding principle of life. He was no trickster—no posturer—no juggler—a man with a purpose to please and win merely—but a trustworthy man—a man whom the people knew, and in whose honesty of heart and mind they could put confidence. It was for that we admired him—for that we cherish his memory now. Aye, aye—we admired it—we cherish the memory of it now. Original sin has not deepened into total depravity, thank God. We can and do esteem good principles when we find them working in some part of life's world. We may applaud successful cunning now and then—we may worship at the shrine of unscrupulous power—we may let judgment go by default sometimes, and sometimes praise where we ought to condemn, but God has not given us over to a reprobate mind—Christ's teaching and life have impressed themselves upon us, and we can but admire and love that which is good in the world—we pay homage to honest principle and rejoice in its every manifestation. Would you young men, my brothers, secure the good will, the esteem of men—the confidence of men—the love of men? then let me say that you will most effectually do that by following truth along the lines of perfect rectitude. We are loyal to right as sentiment and conduct yet—we are working, scheming, caring, suffering, sinning—but we are sure that “an honest man is the noblest work of God”—and while we may cheer the clever trickster now and then, we reserve our loyal, tender, strong and constant love for the men who “trust in God and do the right.”

Mr. Holton was a party man. He was bound to his party, and felt it his duty to follow it at times, even against his own judgment, for the sake of expediency. Many a time I have discussed that matter with him in a friendly way; and holding that government by party is inevitable, he made no secret of his purpose to be true to the party he had joined. If party government is necessary here—which I for one am very much disposed to question—of course a politician must be prepared to give up a little of his own way, and do violence at times to his own judgment—for he can hardly expect to have matters always according to his mind. In things doubtful he should exercise a yielding charity, and accord whatever benefit there may be to those who form the majority. But, blind, unreasoning party allegiance, that will give itself over, body and soul to the party, will swear by the party, will live by the party, is a shameful thing, and a curse—a wild, passionate thing that steals and kills and destroys. We have too many of those devoted to that. Mr. Holton was not of them. He has told me that he was filled with the conviction that the men with whom he was politically allied had, in the main, the best principles and policies for the guidance and development of this country. So far so good. But this let me say—he was no bitter partizan. I have heard him speak of his opponents when there was no reason for reticence on his part—I have read his speeches in Parliament, and so far as I know and remember, they were entirely free from that vulgar, bitter, personal abuse so characteristic of many of our public men. They may imagine that they gain honour by it, but they gain only dishonour—they may fancy that they demolish an opponent, but they only exhibit the weakness of their own case—they assert, not courage, but their own contemptible littleness. Mr. Holton worked with his party, not as against the opposite party, but as he believed, for the country. He was desirous to see it prosper—he was magnanimous enough to sink his own individual pretensions in the common good, and refused office when he might have claimed it. And that in him we honour—the self abnegation—the self-control. The man had learnt to rule himself, and was “greater than he that taketh a city.” If you would be had in honour of men you must do that. We have no reverence to bestow on selfishness: men who live to themselves die to themselves, and the memory of them perisheth. The man who lives for others—who thinks and works for his country is the man around whose grave we gather weeping.

As I have said, Mr. Holton was not a genius—not exactly a man of brilliant parts; but he had what is more needed here, and more useful,—industry. He had an idea that government is a science which has to be studied—that the nature and bearing of statutes cannot be learnt by an occasional promenade in the Parliamentary library, and the wisest man is he who increases knowledge most. He made himself acquainted with the history of governments of every kind; he made a study of the working of those great measures in the old world which have effected great popular changes; he understood well the history of his own country, and the laws and usages of the Parliament in which he sat. A good example, let me say, and one well worth following. As a rule our politicians take no earnest, practical, and intelligent concern about their work, except to keep their seat and get a favour now and then; they do not make the condition of the people a study, and seek to

devise measures for the general good; they originate nothing; they can only adopt the popular cry of the hour, and accept policies which are forced upon them. If you will search into the history of government a little, you will find that few changes and reforms have their origin in strictly political circles. A cry is raised somewhere—it gains force and spreads—and when it has become sufficiently popular, one party or the other adopts it. It is inevitable perhaps in a country like this; where only a few can devote themselves wholly to the work of government; but I am sure that we might reasonably ask those who ask our votes to bring a little more industry and intelligent interest to bear upon public questions. Mr. Holton acquired knowledge which made him useful in the House; he was of value there—a balancing power, a trusted guide; a man whose opinion was worth having, because those who heard it knew it had been carefully formed—a man whose advice was valuable, because it was the outcome of reasoning, and not of reckless impulse. But you may well learn this lesson from the life I am speaking of; that ordinary abilities, well applied, may accomplish much. You see to what position he attained; what distinction he achieved; what honour and respect he commanded; and in great measure that was due to the fact that he *used* the powers he had—put his forces of mind into operation with the purpose of doing something, and he *did something*. Whether a genius is more of a blessing than a curse, I cannot tell. He makes so many changes—he unsettles so many who had been settled and well content—he criticises so ruthlessly, and demands so much that is new and strange, that on the whole the good of him may be fairly called in question. The man who accomplishes most for himself and for others—the kind of man we need most—is he who, possessed of ordinary, understandable abilities, will employ them in doing good and useful work for the community. If we would only believe that and act upon it what great results would follow! Men attempt nothing because they are not brilliant; they feel a contempt for the commonplace, and imagine—in political work, at any rate—that it is the function of the clever few to discharge the duties of the whole. But the true work of the world is done by the ordinary men and women of the day. Extraordinary genius flashes out now and then,—a meteor blazing against a black sky for a moment; but it is fitful and intermittent—it begins, but cannot finish a work—it initiates a monument but never remains to guide and complete it—while ordinary men plod on and on, year in and year out, building on broad foundations great institutions for the blessing of men. Why, the real work we have to do in ourselves—the work of building up our own manhood—of saving our own soul—is not accomplished by the fitful working of any extraordinary powers we may have. Power to speak with convincing eloquence is given to but a few; force of will that overpowers the will of others; profound ability to scheme and outwit; diplomacy; the poet's fancy—these are rare gifts—only a few can have one of them to exercise—and manhood is not made by them. The orator does not influence his own character by his powerful reasoning and appeals; the poet creates worlds of exceeding beauty about him and lives in them with joy, but he draws no nourishment from them for his life; the statesman, who is wise to make laws for the people, finds in them no power of self-government. The ordinary virtues—the things of mind and heart which all may have—these build the life up in strength and beauty. “Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away,”—but “charity never faileth.” Here are forces common to all, to rich and poor, high and low—faith, hope and love—and they abide and save the world. I am sure that we valued the man whose loss we are mourning because he honoured the ordinary and made it serve good purpose—because he exalted our common manhood—because he showed that a man can be ambitious, and yet master of himself—that in politics he can be a servant of duty—and that without making much loud religious profession, he can make religion a life. And that is the best kind of religion—that is the form of it we honour most, and upon that the great God speaks well done.

I should like to say something about the awful suddenness with which death came to our friend; but as I said at the beginning, I have no intention of delivering a funeral sermon; and if I had, lessons for life, the calling up of thoughts that stimulate to better and holier practice, and create a desire to serve God and men, are better than to give a paralyzing fear of death. Never mind the dying, it is *life* we have to do with. Have faith in God to do good works, and death will take care of itself. One lesson I draw from all I have said. It is a good thing—it is the best thing—for a man to have and cultivate a sense of duty, and then bend his powers to the doing of it. He may turn his back and slink meanly through his life, with craven branded on his brow—or he may face it manfully, giving open hearted welcome to a man's work and cares and sorrows—knowing that they bring with them in their train a man's consolations and joys. The man who has done that will find that the most costly services are the richest in blessing; the stern self denials and deeds of duty which have seared the very root of self in the soul, and racked him with a sharp agony, have become, when the agony was over, perennial fountains of consolation springing up into everlasting life. Which are your richest moments of thought? where are your living springs of hope and joy, to which you go when out of heart and weary, that the soul may get courage and more strength? There, and those which

you opened in some hour of solemn sadness, when you bound yourself to some duty—forged the link and welded it, and cooled and hardened it with the hot tears that smoked from your burning brain. Here is an example of the honour we pay to the servant of duty—you have seen how a good name may be won—how good work may be done—how the ordinary may be made sublime—how God is served by service done to men—you have seen how men value honest friendship—how religion made a life is blessed: pledge yourselves to duty—that is to God and to men—seek power from Heaven for your life on earth; and your life will be a sweet influence, and death when it comes will find you ready, and men will meet together to mourn, and say, a MAN is dead.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

EPICUREAN.

The Brazilians, on whose plantations grow some of the finest oranges in the world, make an art of eating that delicious fruit. To enjoy an orange thoroughly, you should eat it in Brazilian fashion: you slice a segment of the flower end deep enough to go completely through the skin; then replacing the segment, thrust a fork through it to the very centre of the orange, if the tines are long enough. Holding the fork in your left hand, peel the orange with a very sharp small table-knife, slicing all the skin off, the segment at the base of the fork being in this operation a shield to prevent any danger of cutting the left thumb. Now, with two cuts of the knife, dissect the pulp out of one of the pockets and convey it to the mouth. Follow this up, pocket by pocket, and the skins of the pocket remain on the fork, like the leaves of a book open until the covers touch.

SCIENTIFIC POLITICIANS.

Says *Nature*: Marat, the notorious leader of the first French Revolution, the same who met his death at the hands of Charlotte Corday, was the author of several important works on electricity. This fact, which is not generally known, was recently brought to notice by M. A. J. Frost, who is editing the catalogue of the Ronalds Library. Most of Marat's works were written between 1779 and 1785, and several of them were translated into German. Marat was not the only one of the prominent figures of the time who worked in physical science. Arago, though his fame does not rest upon his political achievements, once enacted a chief part in the crowning of the statue of Liberty. "Citizen" Charles was as famous among the revolutionists as for his scientific attainments. Robespierre wrote an article on the lightning conductor for the *Journal des Savants*; and last, but not least, Napoleon Bonaparte on many occasions dabbled in scientific lore, and was the liberal patron of men of science.

THE LOVE OF BEING HUMBUGGED.

Strange as it may appear, the fact cannot be questioned that the majority of people would rather be humbugged than not; and, even if they are aware that somebody purposes deluding them, they prefer not to know how it is done.

We had a striking example of this in our city last week. Two eminent wonder-workers were advertised to appear at the rival opera houses on Friday and Saturday evenings. Professor Herrmann, who stands perhaps first in his profession in America, engaged to perform apparent miracles before the eyes of his spectators, leaving them to guess at the agencies he employed. Professor Baldwin agreed to reproduce the most startling manifestations of the spiritual mediums by natural and simple means, and to explain every phenomenon so clearly that a ten-year-old child would understand it and be able to imitate it with due practice.

Each performer was a master of his art, but the one drew good houses while the other exhibited his stock in trade before a discouraging array of empty seats. If Professor Baldwin had come hither as a medium and not as an exposé of mediums, he would undoubtedly have proved a serious counter-attraction to the German wizard; as it was, he failed because of the modesty of his pretensions.

Some years ago there was circulated in the public thoroughfares of New York city a circular announcing that Signor Cantellabiglie would, on a certain day and at a certain hour, mount to the pinnacle of Trinity church spire, and fly down into Wall street without the aid of artificial wings. At the appointed time a throng of persons, including busy merchants, intelligent professional men, and chronic idlers, assembled in front of the church, almost blocking transit through Broadway. The crowd grew till the police were obliged to interfere and force a passage for vehicles and pedestrians. Then some one, with keener wit than his fellows, discovered that the adventurous Signor's name could be divided into syllables (Can-tell-a-big-lie), with the effect of throwing discredit on his promises; and the gaping assemblage, who had waited an hour or more to witness a feat which their common sense ought to have told them was impossible, dispersed amid mingled laughter and imprecations.

The moral of this incident is obvious. The multitude clamour for something which the universal laws of nature stamp as outside the pale of reason, and, though frequently disappointed, are not cured of their craving. Anybody

who has the assurance to ascribe follies to supernatural causes, or who professes to give away ten dollars in return for one, or even who declares his intention to deceive without letting outsiders into the secret of his methods, is sure of a hearing in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.—*Syracuse Herald*.

PROPAGANDISM.

We suppose it must be regarded as a sign of national vitality that Englishmen are so desperately devoted to making converts, but nevertheless it is not one of the most comfortable spirits to cultivate. Other people, both in ancient and modern times, have had amongst them great sages, prophets, and reformers, whom they looked upon as specially "sent from God," and who were full of a burning zeal to instil into their fellow-countrymen the political, moral, or religious principles in which they themselves believed. But surrounding these apostles, there were the vast masses of mankind who were content to take the world as it was, and to keep their peculiar views to themselves or to the cliques of illuminati who thought with them. Probably they were selfish philosophers at best, and probably philosophy is in itself selfish. In England, however, every earnest person is a missionary, and there is not a craze, or crotchet, or fad which does not enlist in its service thousands of earnest persons. The difficulty is to find a subject of private belief, which is not transformed into a public "cause," and promoted by public meetings, public advocates, public organisations, and public subscriptions. It would seem that none of us can develop a thing in his own mind without running up and down the land, cackling like a hen which has laid an egg, and expecting everybody else to cackle with him. One unfortunate gentleman is convinced that the surface of the earth is flat, although science and experience prove the contrary. He goes mad on the idea, publishes his discovery, bets large sums in support of its truth, loses his money of course, and tries to vindicate his opinion in a court of law: We remember an exceedingly decent and clever acquaintance of ours whom we always held to be a typical character. He adopted the harmless and gentle creed of the vegetarians, and it was really astonishing how he taught his cook to concoct marvellously savoury dishes without using animal flesh. We liked the enthusiast while rather pitying him, and were perfectly willing that he should adhere to his Brahminical doctrines as long as he chose. But our tolerance did not satisfy him, and he pestered us with arguments until we were half-inclined to simulate conversion to escape proselytising importunity. When we had last met him he had got over his vegetarianism and ate roast beef like any other Briton, but he had become a preacher of a new Gospel: He was dead against salt-poisoning, and would eloquently declaim on the evils inflicted upon society by "the vile mineral." "Salt," urged we, according to the Bible, "is good." "Yes," answered he, his fine eyes gleaming over our head at something a couple of miles away. "Yes, good for what? that is the question. Good for nothing except pickling dead bodies, an antiseptic property which, though in an inferior degree, it shares with arsenic. No! Do you imagine that God would have turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt if He had not intended to render her a standing monument of the fatal curse upon salt?" It was no good attempting to stop him, on he went, like American orguineitè music, by the yard, and we were obliged for our own peace to steer clear of him thenceforward. Yet did he differ greatly from the Anti-Contagious-Diseases agitators, or the Permissive-Billites, or the hundred-and-one spouting and spitting champions of latter-day evangels? You do not, for a moment, fancy that all the lodges and bands of this or that kind who, for instance, crowd the Temperance Hall and pass heroic resolutions to put down some "crying sin," are pure and genuine reformers? Bah! Pooh! Nonsense! They are simply a set of human beings who have grown partially cracked upon one point, which they cannot get out of their brains any more than Mr. Dick could get the head of Charles I. out of his, and which they insist upon cramming into the craniums of all their neighbours. Oh, if they would only enjoy their pet vagaries in quiet and let us alone, we would never trouble to write or say another hard word of them as long as we live!—*Derby Evening Gazette*.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—Just a year ago to-day we had an anniversary, and now we are going to have another on the same day.

FROM time to time we find eccentric epitaphs, which go the round of the newspapers, and turn out after all to be old acquaintances; this, however, has we think the charm of novelty:—

Shed not the tear for Simon Ruggle,
For life to him was a constant struggle;
He preferred the tomb and death's dark gate
To managing mortgaged real estate.

Apropos of Ballot-papers in the hands of the unlearned, the following reaches us with reference to the recent election in Southwark:—

"On the morning of the Southwark election, an Irishman called on a licensed victualler not far from St. George's Church to ask him how he should vote. 'Get your number on the register and vote for Clarke,' said the latter. 'Divil a bit will I! I hate him,' said the Hibernian. 'Then put a cross against his name,' said the artful Boniface. 'Be the powers of St. Patrick, that's jist what I'll do—I'll crass him;' and so Mr. Clarke secured his vote."

EASTER.

Once more thou comest, O delicious Spring!
 And as thy light and gentle foot-steps heard
 Among earth's glories, desolate and dead,
 Breathest revival over everything.
 Thy genial spirit is abroad to bring
 The cold and faded into life and bloom;
 Emblem of that which shall unlock the tomb,
 And take away the fell destroyer's sting.
 Therefore thou hast the warmer welcoming;
 For Nature speaks not of herself alone,
 But in her resurrection tells our own,
 As from its grave comes forth the buried grain,
 So man's frail body, in corruption sown,
 In incorruption shall be raised again.

William Crosswell.

RELIGION.

"What is religion? Speak the truth in love,
 Reject no good; mend, if thou canst, thy lot.
 Doubting, enquire,—nor dictate till you prove.
 Enjoy thine own—exceed not, trespass not.
 Pity the scornors of earth's meanest thing.
 If wronged, forgive—that hate may lose his sting.
 Think, speak, work, get; bestow, or wisely keep.
 So live, that thou may'st smile and no one weep.
 Be blessed—like birds that sing because they love.
 And bless—like rivers singing to the sun,
 Giving and taking blessings, as they run;
 Or soft voiced showers, that cool the answering grove
 When cloudy wings are seen in heaven displayed,
 And blessings brighten o'er the freshened sod,
 Till earth is like the countenance of God.
 This is Religion! saith the Bard of Trade.

Ebenezer Elliott.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
 Whether witty or grave or gay,
 Condense as much as ever you can,
 And say in the readiest way;
 And whether you write on rural affairs
 Or particular things in town,
 Just a word of friendly advice—
 Boil your MS. down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
 When a couple of lines would do,
 Your butter is spread so much, you see,
 That the bread shows plainly through.
 So when you have a story to tell,
 And would like a little renown,
 To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
 Boil your MS. down.

New York World.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cleanliness is said to be next to Godliness, and certainly it holds the first and most important place in our domestic economy. It may be thought that there is no necessity for discussing this subject with the better classes; their houses are models of neatness and good order. Spring and fall cleanings, weekly sweepings and scrubbing, and daily dusting and tidying leave little to be wished for. But how about the air which we breathe in some of these clean, tidy households? Is it too pure and fresh, or do we meet with the mingled aromas from the many varied and delicious dinners and dishes which have been served up during the past winter months? And when we are invited to an afternoon kettle-drum, or an evening reception; what then? Why how exquisite the china! how dainty the dishes! how fair and spotless the table napery! how bright and sparkling the crystal and silver-ware! Is anybody ever offered a dirty cup, or a glass that has been used before? What a question! How absurd! But what sort of air does our fair hostess force down our unwilling throats? If we are offered a dirty cup or glass we might refuse it, or set it quietly aside; but not so the air which we breathe—so long as we remain that must be inhaled. We know that we are taking in the mingled breaths of all those in the room—we may feel assured that carbonic-acid is more plentiful than pleasant, but what can we do? Nothing; we may not

like to breathe that dirty air that is being thrown off from the people's lungs, but so long as we remain we must bear it. One day last week we were tempted to enter St. James Street Church just to see how the revival was getting on, or rather to see how people 'get on' at a revival. The church was well filled, but we found seats and for some time we did not notice that the air was oppressive; but presently the sick, dizzy feeling,—which always warns us of the presence of carbonic-acid gas,—began to steal over us. We were interested in the service and would willingly have remained, but some not very clean looking men entered and took places just behind us and not very far from the great, hot stoves; and soon the unmistakable smell of old perspiration became unbearable; tales of little boys who were converted, at four years and under, were pleasant to our ears, but the smell of unwashed humanity was too much for our noses; and we merely waited to hear the end of a thrilling tale of a worm which an Indian had placed inside a circle of fire. The worm finding it impossible to get out had just coiled itself up in the centre to die, and knowing that "Lo" is not noted for his tenderness of heart, we did not like to trust the poor worm to his tender mercies; so we remained until the gentleman with graceful gestures depicted the manner in which the Indian rescued the roasting worm, lifting it from within the burning ring with his bare fingers in a way that made us shudder. Then we remembered having heard the story before, but so long ago that we had quite forgotten the denouement. Having heard it we hurried from the church, feeling almost overpowered by the close heated atmosphere. As we drove home a lady remarked, "I wonder how many of those children will dig up worms next summer and put them inside a burning ring just to see how they will act?" We asked why she supposed they would be likely to do so; and she replied: "We had that story told in our Sunday School some years ago, and hearing a very noisy demonstration in the back garden next day, I looked out to see what the children were up to. Seeing them standing in a circle from which smoke and flame was ascending I became alarmed and ran out. The children were too much occupied to notice my approach and looking over their shoulders I found that they had made a ring of chips and twigs, just as they had heard it described, and inside this burning ring they had placed two good sized worms, which they were watching gleefully. The poor worms were almost roasted, but when I expostulated with the children on their cruelty they assured me that they had intended to remove them whenever they curled up in the centre; just as the Indian had done. The poor worms did not seem at all inclined to take their fates so philosophically, and, I fear, they would not have escaped alive had I not come to the rescue. It is rather a dangerous game, too, for one of my little girls had her skirts catch fire and the consequences might have been more serious had the children been alone."

We must acknowledge that the cremation of worms does not properly belong to the domestic department, but lest any of our juvenile converts should indulge in the experiment of the pious Indian, it may be just as well that their parents should be warned. Our readers must remember that we have no desire to throw cold water upon the revival meetings or anything connected with them except the fires which may be kindled round the worms next summer. But pure air is the first consideration in domestic economy, since we might live for two or three days without either water or food, but we could not live as many minutes without air. Most people nowadays know, but few seem to remember, that the breath which comes out of our mouths is a deadly poison—carbonic-acid gas—and if we allow ourselves to be wedged in among hundreds of others in over-heated and ill-ventilated buildings we must expect not only to breathe over again our own breath, but also a mixture of that which is being exhaled by all the other lungs, sound or otherwise, in our vicinity. And it is not only the breath which tends to pollute the air of crowded places,—unfortunately there are other exhalations or emanations—those from the skin—which are, if possible, more disgusting to think of receiving into our mouths and noses and lungs. Even in assemblages of the better classes we are sometimes notified through our noses that proper attention to personal purification of bodies and clothing is not always given; what then must we expect in crowded assemblies of all classes. Whatever we may expect if our olfactory senses are in good condition we shall certainly soon become aware of the proximity of the great unwashed. In this cold climate where the houses of the lower classes are crowded and comfortless, where fuel is expensive and even water, alas! often scarce, we can hardly expect the poorer people to indulge in many or extensive ablutions. Indeed we cannot help thinking that if some of the money expended on churches and revivals were given towards the maintenance of public baths for the poor, it would perhaps be as well pleasing in the sight of heaven. Godliness may rank before cleanliness, but without cleanliness we fear there can be little Godliness. A pure soul must dwell in a pure body. We may pride ourselves on the perfect sanitary arrangements of our own homes, we may care for our little ones tenderly and guard them carefully; but let us not forget that every unwashed half-starved child in the city is a source of danger to our own dear ones.

HAPPINESS is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

WHAT IS RELIGION?

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—I was pleased to see "Laicus" quoting a text before he came to the end of his sincerely transcendental discourse. Readers who live without God in the world a narrow or thoughtless mental life do not often quarrel with Platonic aspirations, while there are texts of Scripture that frequently offend them deeply. Will "Laicus" kindly say what he thinks of the following also: The words of our Lord, emphasised with the preface "Verily, verily, I say unto thee," when He says to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." And the words of faithful Paul when he writes to the Ephesians—the same truth being reiterated to several churches with slight alterations of form—"By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

When we avow an interest in such texts as these, the world—comprising that life and those principles which Christ says he is not of—commonly begins the preparation of its weapons of slander and lies; but whosoever has been the subject of a change of heart, as some like to express it, or the recipient of grace, as others say (and we may here, if we choose, compare the views of Hammond and Baldwin, both holding the essential principle of divine interposition), has rejoiced in hope from the time that he found and applied in his own case this vital and eternal truth in its essential apprehension and meaning.

Yours truly, Critic.

A WORD ABOUT SERMONS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—With your permission I desire to say a word about some modern sermons; at times they are theological opiates—sometimes religious discourses, attended by many who do not attend to them, and when published, purchased by many who do not read them. It is in vain to expect much eloquence or originality in these productions; first, because most clergymen have a horror of novelty, lest it should be deemed unorthodox; and, secondly, because they want all motive for the bold and full development of their talents. To rise above the regular routine of the pulpit will neither improve their present position nor add to their chances of future preferment; for the ruling church powers, jealous of all enthusiasts, and still more so of original thinkers, had much rather promote a weak, respectable man, who will submit to be led, than a strong-minded zealous divine who might aspire to lead—and, perhaps, to innovate!

"How comes it," demanded a clergyman of Garrick—"that I, in expounding divine doctrines, produce so little effect upon my congregation, while you can so easily arouse the passions of your auditors by the representation of fiction?" The answer was short and pithy,—"Because I recite falsehoods as if they were true, while you deliver truths as if they were false."

A word or two about congregations may be in place; they may be regarded as public assemblages in a spiritual theatre, where all the performers are professors, but where very few of the professors are performers.

"Taking them one with another, said Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation to be most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances—for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts." This fortunate flock might be matched with the crew of the frigate, whose commander told a friend that he had just left them the happiest set of fellows in the world. Knowing the captain's extreme severity, his friend expressed some surprise at this statement, and demanded an explanation. "Why," said the disciplinarian, "I have just had nineteen of the rascals flogged, and they are happy that it is over, while all the rest are happy they have escaped."

May not some modern instances be found of these wise old saws.
A Layman.

ISSUE OF BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your correspondent "Critic" shares a common misapprehension with regard to the powers of the Bank of England to issue notes for circulation. The Bank of England is authorized by its charter to issue to the extent of the Government securities it may carry. It is only the notes issued beyond this limit that require to be covered pound for pound in gold.

Your obedient servant, A. B. C.

We have received a letter signed "Jessie Feeble," containing some stringent censures on one of our contemporaries. If we published it, should we not be subjecting the SPECTATOR to the very same censure?—[ED. SPECTATOR.]

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.	Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight		Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Week	\$	\$	\$	\$	\$		\$	\$
Mar. 20	52,507	148,750	201,257	152,554	48,703	...	12 w'ks	207,991	...
Great Western.....	" 12	31,416	60,318	91,734	85,358	6,376	10 "	63,677	...
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 8	6,173	14,019	20,192	15,958	4,234	9 "	15,268	...
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 6	1,580	1,994	3,574	2,854	720	9 "	5,821	...
Midland.....	" 7	1,766	2,511	4,277	3,169	1,108	9 "	5,513	...
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 13	1,395	1,363	2,758	3,078	...	314 fm Jan. 1	1,993	...
Whitby, Pt Perry & L.	" 13	593	1,238	1,831	1,331	470	"	3,815	...
Canada Central.....	" 14	2,190	2,883	5,073	4,560	513	10 w'ks	6,218	...
Toronto Grey & Bruce	" 14	2,427	3,442	5,869	5,625	174	"	9,151	...
Q. M. O. & West. D.	" 8	3,895	3,704	7,599	6,501	1,098	9 "	5,852	...
" " East. D.	" 7	3,173	4,218	7,391
Intercolonial.....	Month Feb.	9,000	23,559	32,559	19,535	13,024	Month	2 m'nths	46,071

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$52,993, aggregate increase \$257,591 for 12 weeks.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 March 24, 1880.	Price per \$100 March 24, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$4,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$138 1/2	\$136	10	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,999,000	100,000	75	55	6	8
Molson's.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,905	78	75	6	7 1/2
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	124 1/2	113	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	68 1/2	31 1/2	5 1/2	8
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,511,040	475,000	94	79	6	6 1/2
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	100	98	7	7
Quebec.....	100	2,800,000	2,500,000	425,000	6	6
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	118	102 1/2	8	6 1/2
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	93	103	7	7 1/2
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	40	39	4 1/2	11 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	93	74 1/2	5	5 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	120 1/2	109	10	8 1/2

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

*THE FARMERS' DELIVERIES of home-grown Grain in the 150 towns in England and Wales for the week ended February 28th, 1880, and for the corresponding weeks of the previous nine years and the weekly average prices:—

	WHEAT.		BARLEY.		OATS.	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1880.....	31,031	43s od	33,665	35s 2d	4,312	22s 3d
1879.....	45,575	38s od	35,594	33s 10d	5,196	19s 7d
1878.....	42,327	50s 10d	40,811	43s 6d	8,159	23s 10d
1877.....	46,268	50s 11d	41,052	40s od	6,882	26s 3d
1876.....	38,921	43s od	39,558	32s 7d	3,351	25s 4d
1875.....	53,167	41s 1d	33,311	42s od	4,877	29s 8d
1874.....	40,681	61s 6d	43,035	48s 5d	3,795	28s 11d
1873.....	49,338	56s 2d	40,825	40s 5d	6,800	22s 8d
1872.....	57,644	55s 10d	47,422	37s 10d	7,644	23s 6d
1871.....	70,000	53s 2d	44,594	35s 5d	7,024	24s 7d
Average 10 years.....	47,504	49s 4d	39,936	38s 11d	5,804	24s 8d

And the deliveries from—

	Wheat, qrs.	Barley, qrs.	Oats, qrs.
September 1, 1879, to February 28, 1880.....	815,925	1,328,730	109,997
September 1, 1878, to February 28, 1879.....	1,438,656	1,420,516	102,927
Decrease in 150 towns.....	622,731	91,786	*7,070
Decrease in the Kingdom.....	2,490,924	367,144	*28,280

*Increase.

*Summary of exports for week ending March 13th, 1880:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York*.....	39,465	693,900	377,422	3,389	37,121	20,130
Boston.....	17,706	17,582	210,462
Portland†.....	3,300	10,800	5,600	8,400
Montreal.....
Philadelphia.....	6,275	34,000	474,973
Baltimore.....	17,020	221,211	816,845	1,550
Total per week.....	83,766	977,493	1,873,712	10,539	37,121	28,539
Corresponding week of '79.....	100,377	1,470,930	1,677,945	5,449	10,735	30,510

*72,395 bushels Barley. †10,000 bushels Barley.

*The receipts of Live Stock at New York for the last four weeks have been as follows:—

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
March 15.....	13,829	227	1,341	29,237	32,057
March 8.....	10,965	265	1,000	25,366	32,465
March 1.....	9,564	158	822	22,302	29,522
February 23.....	9,592	166	770	22,636	25,626
Total 4 weeks.....	43,950	816	3,932	99,541	119,679
Corresponding 4 weeks 1879.....	32,664	367	3,069	81,129	123,695
Corresponding week 1879.....	4,672	90	1,222	18,847	29,879
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,933	142	2,998	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	9,127	72	952	21,132	26,046

WE have received a copy of "The Financial Register," a manual showing the statistics of all our Banks and other public corporations, compiled from the annual published statements and records for the last seven years, by Messrs. Oswald Brothers of this city. A more useful guide could not be; and as a specimen of neatness and care in the printing, from the office of Mr. J. Theo. Robinson, it is exceptionally fine.

*From New York Produce Exchange.

Musical.

MONTREAL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The concert given by this Society, on Wednesday evening, the 17th inst., was hardly up to the usual standard. The committee have received such scant support from the public that they could not afford to engage expensive professional talent, and so were obliged to fall back on some of our local vocalists, who, whatever their pretensions may be in drawing-room selections, were altogether unequal to the interpretation of the great work attempted on this occasion. This in itself was sufficient to detract from the general effect, without the occasional shortcomings which are noticeable even at the best concerts. The orchestra was small, but much too loud for the choir, which, though apparently numbering sixty or seventy voices sounded thin and weak, and was at times completely drowned by the accompaniment.

The programme was well selected and arranged, and comprised the following pieces:—

- Coronation Anthem..... *Handel.*
- Capriccio in B minor..... *Mendelssohn.*
- 115th Psalm..... *Mendelssohn.*
- Overture—Der Freyschütz..... *Weber.*
- Song—"The Beggar Maiden"..... *Barnby.*
- Reverie..... *Vieuxtemps.*
- Choral Fantasia..... *Beethoven.*

The Coronation Anthem would have gone well enough but for the spluttering of the cornets (there were no trumpets) in the semiquaver accompaniment; the choir sang evenly, and vocalized the runs comparatively smoothly. The choruses in the Psalm were not so well sung; the basses were at sea several times, and, but for the support of the orchestra would have lost their places entirely. The sopranos were good, and sang steadily throughout the entire evening, but the altos and tenors were weak and unsteady.

The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Thrower, Mrs. Cooke, and Mr. Geddes. None of these has a voice at all adequate to the performance of the music, and as for Mr. Geddes' attempt at "The Lord shall increase you," it was certainly the poorest performance we have yet heard at the Philharmonic. This gentleman's voice consists almost entirely of what Professor Ellis would call "flatus," and when he got below the middle notes not a sound could we hear! Instead of singing the passages smoothly, as marked by the composer, Mr. Geddes sang *detaché* throughout, the first phrase being sung thus: "The Law—haw, haw, haw, hawd shall," &c. The orchestra accompanied this piece very well, the bassoon being in good hands, but it was like "Hamlet" with the hero left out. In the second part of the concert Mrs. Thrower sang a little better than in the first, but the song did not seem to suit her voice; she was *encored*, however, and in response sang "Pretty Polly Oliver" very sweetly. It seemed to be pitched a good deal lower than the other song, and this was probably the reason of its success. Mrs. Thrower should elect to be either Soprano or Contralto; very few singers have been successful as both.

The instrumental portion of the programme was immeasurably superior to the vocal. Mr. Barnes played the capriccio in B minor by Mendelssohn in a masterly manner, and the orchestra (conducted temporarily by Mr. William Couture) accompanied him remarkably well. Mr. Deseve played a violin solo by Vieuxtemps exquisitely, being accompanied on the piano by Mr. Barnes, and was *encored*. The Freyschutz Overture was fairly played, if we except the horn parts, which were execrable. The Choral Fantasia was, on the whole, well rendered. Miss Abbott's playing sounded weak after the masterly performance of Mr. Barnes, but she played the lighter portions rather prettily. The orchestral part was well played, the wind parts being above the average, and the choral portion was well done after the voices got into swing. There was a hesitancy about starting, and the tenors began a full quarter-tone flat, but after the first *forte* the orchestra pulled the voices through in splendid style, and sent the audience home with the tuneful *motif* ringing in their ears.

Why will Mr. Barnes insist that nothing has ever been performed in Montreal before? A short time since he would have us believe that the "Messiah" was never before performed in Canada, and now we are told that the 115th Psalm, the Mendelssohn Capriccio, and the Freyschutz Overture have never before been done here. It is hardly a year since Mendelssohn's Psalm was performed by the choir of St. Andrew's Church, and an explanatory lecture delivered by the Rev. Gavin Lang; the Mendelssohn Capriccio has been repeatedly played in that same hall by Mr. Lavallee and others, and the Freyschutz Overture was an old song here twenty years ago. We are quite satisfied to hear these pieces again and again, but to advertise them as novelties is rather amusing.

It is a pity that the Philharmonic should not keep up to the old standard, and engage such singers as Mrs. Osgoode, Miss Kellogg, Messrs. Winch, Whitney and Toedt. Let us hope that sufficient will be guaranteed before the final concert to enable the committee to give a concert in the Rink similar to that which closed the season last year, and to present a complete work with first-class artists as soloists.

Remenyi, the great Hungarian violinist, one of the three announced as "the greatest living violinist," is performing with great success in the West, and is to be here about the middle of April, Messrs. De Zouche & Co. having engaged him for two concerts in Nordheimers' Hall. He travels with a small but accomplished concert party, and from reports all along the route, public opinion appears to concede the claim on his behalf, as being fully warranted. We are curious to hear this rival of Wilhelmj.

Au Redacteur Musicale du CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

MONSIEUR,—Vous plaisait-il de porter à la connaissance de vos nombreux lecteurs, que La Société des Symphonistes de Montreal, n'est pas tel que l'insinue votre chroniqueur musical, dans le dernier numero de votre journal, composée de Canadiens Français seulement et exclusivement.

Quiconque, quelque soit son origine et sa nationalité, a droit d'être admis membre actif de cette Société, pourvu qu'il soit artiste musicien ou amateur possédant la capacité voulue et une conduite morale irréprochable.

La reflexion de votre chroniqueur est blessante et injuste d'autant plus que lors de notre début à l'Université McGill plusieurs des membres de notre Société n'appartenaient pas à l'élément Français. Si cet élément dans le Société domine, ce n'est assurément pas le fait d'une combinaison. Tous les artistes, musiciens et amateurs ont été et sont invités à se joindre à nous; mais tout n'ont pas répondre à notre invitation. Nous accuser d'exclusivisme est injuste et malveillant.

Nous attendons de votre part, comme acte de justice que vous réparerez le prejudice qui nous a été causé par le reflexion injuste de votre chroniqueur.

Le but que notre Société cherche, c'est de doter Montreal d'un orchestre complet, sous un directeur habile, qui nous fasse entendre et connaitre les chef d'oeuvre de composition musicale, que nous n'avons jusqu'à présent eu le bonheur d'écouter n'ayant pas les elements nécessaires pour former cet orchestre. A vous de nous encourager et de nous aider, au lieu de ralentir notre zèle.

J'ai l'honneur d'être votre tres obeissant serviteur,

Chs. Alb. Vilbon,
Secrétaire de la Société des S. de M.

Montreal, 15 Mars, 1880.

Chess.

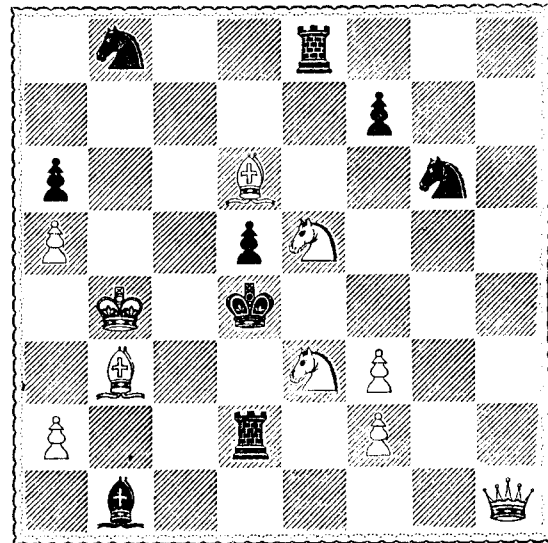
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, March 27th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LXIV.

Lowenthal Problem Tourney No. 2. Motto: "Wintonians."
From *Chess Players' Chronicle*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LXI. By Mr. D. Klark. Q to Kt 6.

Correct solution received from C.W.P., Toronto, "Very neat, and free from duals"; J.W.S., Montreal, "Of medium merit, embodying a familiar idea"; PAX.

GAME NO. LX.

An interesting *partie* between Sheriff Spens and Mr. G. B. Fraser, played in Edinburgh in the recent match between the East and West of Scotland. From *Glasgow Herald*.

GRECO COUNTER GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Spens.	Mr. Fraser.	8 Q to R 6	R takes P (ch)	16 B to K R 6 (ch)	K to Kt 3 (e)
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	9 Q to K sq	Kt to K Kt 5	17 Q to B 5	R to K 4 (disch)
2 Kt to K B 3	P to K B 4	10 Q to R 5 (ch)	K takes Kt	18 K to Q B sq	K takes B
3 Kt takes P (a)	Kt to Q B 3	11 Q takes P (ch)	K to B 2	19 P to Q Kt 3	P to Q 5
4 Q to K R 5 (ch)	P to K Kt 3	12 P to Q 3 (e)	P to Q 4	20 Q to Q R 3	Q to K Kt 4 (ch)
5 Kt takes Kt P	Kt to K B 3	13 Q to K B 3	Kt takes B P ch		And White resigns.
6 Q to R 4	R to K Kt sq	14 Q takes Kt	B to Kt 5 (ch)		
7 Kt takes B	R to K Kt 5	15 B to K 2 (d)	R takes B		

NOTES by Mr. D. Y. Mills.—(a) B to Q B 4, as was given in the German Handbook, is a simple and effective continuation.
(b) Kt takes Kt is here the correct move.
(c) P to Q Kt 3, though not satisfactory, would have given White more resource.
(d) If K to Q 2, Black wins in four moves, unless the White Queen is sacrificed for nothing.
(e) If K takes B, White draws by Q to B 4 (ch), followed by Q to B 7 (ch) if K defend B.
(f) Because if K to Kt 2 the Q is immediately lost, and if Kt interpose Q R to Q square would be equally disastrous.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

EAST AND WEST SCOTLAND MATCH.—A highly interesting match between the chess players of East and West Scotland took place recently at the Balmoral Hotel in Edinburgh. No fewer than fifty-four players engaged in the contest. This match was first played in 1871, and was renewed in 1872, since which time it has been held every four years. Several clubs in the East of Scotland took part, but Glasgow alone furnished all the players from the West. In every contest the East have proved themselves the stronger. We give above one of the games between Sheriff Spens of Glasgow and Mr. G. B. Fraser of Dundee. Such spirit offers a superb example for emulation, not only in Canada but in many other countries.

ROSENTHAL-ZUKERTORT MATCH.—Mr. Rosenthal, finding it rather difficult to bring about a match with Mr. Zukertort by indirect means, at last sent him a direct challenge containing only three conditions, namely: 1. To play three times a week; 2. Thirty moves in two hours; 3. Not to play during the hot season. Mr. Zukertort has replied accepting the challenge on the following terms: 1. To play three games a week—no game to be adjourned, but to be played out in the course of the same day; 2. The first thirty moves in two hours, every fifteen moves afterwards in one hour; 3. The stakes to be at least £100 a side, and the victor to be he who first scores seven games; 4. The match to be played at the St. George's Chess Club, London; 5. The right of publishing the games in France to be exclusively Mr. Rosenthal's, in England Mr. Zukertort's. He proposes to begin the match in April.—*Chess Monthly*.

THE CHESS MONTHLY for March is of equal excellence with its predecessors. Endings from Actual Play are continued, but are entirely chosen from a recent publication by A. C. Vasquez of Mexico, who has published a collection of his Games. The work is reviewed in another portion of the magazine. The "Analysis of From's Gambit" and Horwitz's "End Games" are continued.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Club will be held in the Club Room, Mansfield Street, on Saturday evening next at 8 o'clock. A large attendance is anticipated, as several matters of importance will be discussed. Gentlemen wishing to become members may forward their names to the Chess Editor of the SPECTATOR, or to Mr. Henderson, the Secretary, 174 St. Hypolite Street.

ITEMS.—Mrs. Gilbert has won her fourth game with Mr. Gossip in the International Correspondence Tourney.—A game of chess by telephone was recently played between the Chichester Club and the chess players of Brighton, a distance of about twenty miles. Would it be believed that Brighton, with its Pavilion, Mephisto and excellent chess column, conducted by Mr. W. T. Pierce, has no chess club? However, Hartford, Conn., was in the same position till very lately; but a club has now been started, with Mrs. Gilbert as Second Vice-President and Mrs. Banks as Corresponding Secretary.—A game between Mr. Lowenthal and a lady is now going the rounds of the chess columns. To our belief it first appeared in a series of articles on Chess published by Mr. Lowenthal in the *Daily Telegraph* in 1866-7. It was published as Game No. 2 in the chess column of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR of Dec. 28th, 1878.—Toronto sends a team to Hamilton on Good Friday to play a friendly contest over the board.—A movement seems about to be made for a meeting of the Ontario Chess Association at an early date.—In the Congress Problem Tourney 48 valid sets have been entered. Two of them have the same motto, *Per aspera ad astra*. By-the-bye, what ridiculous and inappropriate mottoes some composers adopt! In the *Glasgow Herald* Tourney one motto is "Kaffozleum." Can anything be more silly or vulgar?



Quebec Government Railways.

IRON SUPERSTRUCTURE FOR CHAUDIERE BRIDGE.

TENDERS WANTED.

TENDERS, addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works of the Province of Quebec, at Quebec, and endorsed, "Tender for Superstructure of Chaudiere Bridge," will be received at the Department of Public Works up to Noon of

THURSDAY, 1st April next,

for the construction, delivery and erection of the Iron Superstructure required for the Chaudiere Bridge, which is to consist of 10 Spans, each 150 feet in length, one Span of 135 feet, one of 160 feet, and one of 225 feet

Specifications and all other information may be obtained upon application to Mr. P. A. PETERSON, Chief Engineer, 16 St. James street, Montreal.

No tender will be received unless made upon the printed form attached to the Specification, nor unless accompanied with a certified cheque for One Thousand Dollars, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rate and on the terms stated in his tender. Cheques will be remitted to those whose tender shall not be accepted; and for the full execution of the contract satisfactory security will be required to an amount of Four Thousand Dollars.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **E. MOREAU,** Secretary.

Quebec, 12th February, 1880.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES, FISHERIES BRANCH, Ottawa, 31st Dec., 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to FIRST APRIL next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:—

- River Kegashka (North Shore).
- Watsheeshoo do
- Washeecootai do
- Bomaine do
- Musquarro do
- Pashasheebow do
- Corneille do
- Agwanus do
- Magpie do
- Trout do
- St. Marguerite do
- Pentecost do
- Mistassini do
- Becscie do
- Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chateaux).
- Nouvelle do
- Escumenac do
- Malbaie (near Perce).
- Magdalen (South Shore).
- Montlouis do
- Tobique (New Brunswick).
- Nashwaak do
- Jacquet do
- Charlo do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island).
- Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated: payable in advance. Leases to run for from one to five years. Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.

By Order, **W. F. WHITCHER,** Commissioner of Fisheries

NOTMAN & SANDHAM, PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN, 17 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX, ALSO AT BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

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

ELOCUTION. MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street. Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Private Lessons if preferred. Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz:—

- 20 Locomotive Engines,
- 16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
- 20 Second-class Cars, do
- 3 Express and Baggage Cars,
- 3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
- 240 Box Freight Cars,
- 100 Flat Cars,
- 2 Wing Ploughs,
- 2 Snow Ploughs,
- 2 Flangers,
- 40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, February 7th, 1880.



PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

PRIVATE BILLS.

Parties intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the Quebec Official Gazette), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object) in the Quebec Official Gazette, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper, published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notices, to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the Official Gazette, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the first two weeks of the Session.

L. DELORME, Clerk Legislative Assembly. Quebec, 16th February, 1880.



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until Noon on MONDAY, the 29th of March next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary in Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 11th Feb., 1880.

The reception of the above Tenders is postponed until Noon, on FRIDAY, 9th April next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.

DEPT. RAILWAYS AND CANALS, OTTAWA, 22nd March, 1880.

THE **STANDARD** LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.)

HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Total Risks, over	\$90,000,000
Invested Funds, over	26,000,000
Annual Income, over	3,750,000
Claims Paid in Canada, over	1,200,000
Investments in Canada, over	900,000

This well-known Company having **REDUCED THEIR RATES**

for Life Assurance in the Dominion, which has been accomplished by the investment of a portion of their funds at the higher rates of interest to be obtained here than in Britain, beg to direct the attention of the public to the fact that these rates now compare favourably with those charged by other First-class Companies.

Prospectuses with full information may be obtained at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the Company's Agencies.

W. M. RAMSAY, Manager, Canada.

THE **ROYAL CANADIAN** INSURANCE CO., 160 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

This Company having closed its Fire Agencies in the United States, will now give special attention to Canadian business, which will continue to be taken on the most favourable terms.

JAMES DAVISON, Manager.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. NOTICE.

Summer 1880, Suburban Trains.

The Local Trains between Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, and Ste. Annes and Vaudeuil, will run the same as last year, commencing about the 1st MAY.

LACHINE BRANCH.

The Morning and Evening Trains will run as at present, and additional Trains will be put on to accommodate families desirous of taking up their residence at Lachine, full particulars of which will be announced in due time.

JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID.

(REGISTERED.)

An elegant preparation for the hair. Just the thing for people who take daily baths. Keeps the head free from Dandruff; promotes the growth of Hair; does not alter its natural colour. For daily use in the family.

Sole Manufacturer:

HENRY R. GRAY, CHEMIST, 144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN ST., MONTREAL.

(Established 1859.) **25c. per Bottle.**

George Brush,

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

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.

BOSTON FLORAL MART.

New designs in FLORAL, STRAW, WILLOW and WIRE BASKETS, suitable for presents.

BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS, SMILAX and LYCOPODIUM WREATHS and DESIGNS made to order.

GEO. MOORE, 1369 ST. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL.

ALL SHOULD READ THE **CANADIAN SPECTATOR**

A HIGH-CLASS LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE REV. ALFRED J. BRAY.

NON-PARTISAN—NON-SECTARIAN, DISCUSSING THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY WITH AN UNBIASSED AND UNPREJUDICED JUDGMENT.

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162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

The CANADIAN SPECTATOR has lived through two years of hard and difficult times, and ventures now to appeal to its many friends for a renewal of the expression of their confidence. When the journal was started it was said on all hands that an independent paper could not live in Canada; and when it was seen that the SPECTATOR intended to give the public articles fair as to politics and first-class as to literary merit, the sapient shook their heads and said: "The thing cannot last: there is no market for such wares." But the supply has created the demand, and now the SPECTATOR has a recognised place and power in the Dominion. The topics of the day have been discussed with frankness and fearlessness; those who have an opinion and are able to express it have had a hearing, and no phase of religious or political faith has been denied freedom of speech in its columns.

Additional departments have been opened from those first contemplated; e.g., the Trade and Finance article, which is conducted in an able and trustworthy manner, so that commercial men may confidently rely upon the figures they find under that heading.

Then there is space devoted to a review and criticism of what is done in the musical world generally; the editor of which understands his work thoroughly and is left free from all limitations and restrictions imposed by managerial considerations of job printing or advertising.

Last of all comes the Chess, the conduct of which is most clever, say the chess players; in fact those chess players are so delighted with what they find in the Chess Column of the SPECTATOR that they have sent a numerous signed requisition that the chess editor be allowed two columns per week instead of one.

The SPECTATOR has now passed into the hands of a Joint Stock Company, Limited, with a largely increased capital, so that friends need entertain no fear, and enemies may put away all hope, that it will come to an abrupt and speedy termination. Already it is demonstrated that an independent and high-class literary paper can live in Canada, and now it is intended that demonstration shall be given to the effect that said paper can command prosperity. No effort will be spared to make the journal better and more useful than it has ever yet been. Reviews will be thorough and searching; criticism will be fair and candid; researches after right and truth will be conducted fearlessly, and every endeavour will be made to put down cant and foul hypocrisy, and to promote the cause of morality and religion among men.