

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 34.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

**ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.**  
**REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor.**  
 SUNDAY, 24th AUGUST.  
 Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

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 Music Teacher . . . . . Miss M. L. RICE  
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 Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Drawing and Singing, in class, per term, each . . . . . 3.00  
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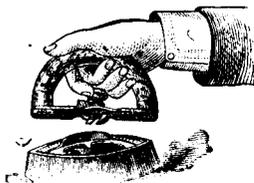
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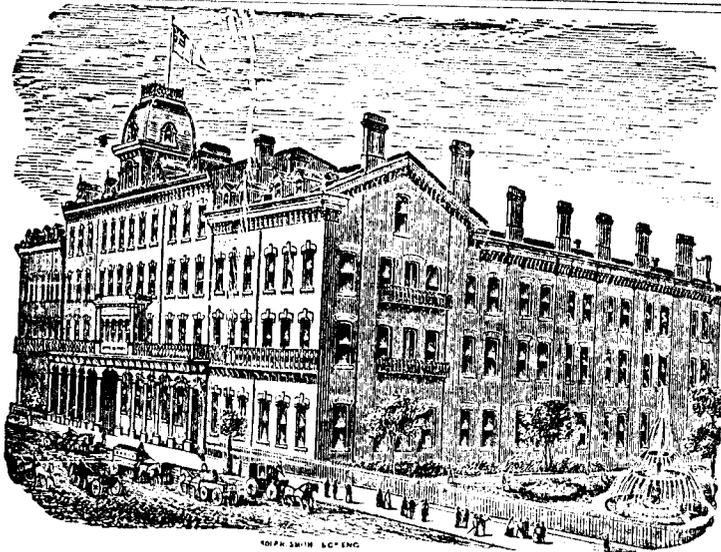


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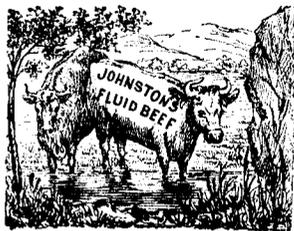
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EXCELLING ALL OTHERS IN LOWER SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND GREATER PURITY.

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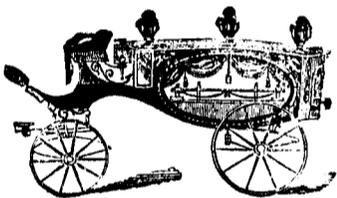
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CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

**MERCANTILE AGENCIES**

Almost without a single exception, all the firms that have lately failed, and by which the Consolidated and other banks have lost so much money, have been incorrectly rated by mercantile agencies from \$10,000 to \$300,000 capital, with good credit. And all the largest and most disgraceful failures have been by men who fee the agencies. I believe that it is safe to state that more than three-quarters of the men who subscribe to mercantile agencies are hopelessly insolvent, and were it not for their false ratings would fail within the next thirty days. It can be shown that nearly all the wholesale dry goods firms, who have failed, have not been solvent for years, but have been kept afloat and supplied with money from the banks just because they were falsely rated by these smart American agency men. The large firm that has failed in Hamilton is rated as being able to pay all liabilities, and have \$300,000 capital. This is the regular game of the agencies at all times; bank managers and directors know all about it. I question whether any man in Canada except a servant of the agencies would, in face of the late disgraceful false rating, say one word in favour of this system. I am sending a list of the latest ratings of Dun, Wiman & Co.'s to the Editor of the Witness, which must, I think, convince him of the rottenness of the system. This misreporting agency business is to be a case of no surrender. It may cost money, and take years of persistent effort, but if health is spared, out of this Dominion it must go. Good, sound, fair-dealing business men don't want to be bothered with such stuff, and business schemers we don't want.

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GO TO S. CARSLEY'S.

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Good Loom Table Linens, 28c per yard.  
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Splendid Damask Table Linens, Coloured Borders,  
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Bleached Table Damasks 52c and 55c per yard.  
Fine Bleached Table Damasks, 65c per yard.  
Extra quality Bleached Table Damasks, 85c per yd.

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Useful Dinner Napkins, 65c per dozen.  
Good All-Linen Dinner Napkins, 90c per dozen.  
Fine All-Linen Table Napkins, \$1.25 and \$1.45 per dozen.  
Extra quality pure Linen Table Napkins, \$1.68, \$1.90, and \$2.10 per dozen.

**CARSLEY'S LINEN TOWELS.**

Good, useful All-Linen Towels, 7c each.  
Large All-Linen Huckaback Towels, 11c each.  
Very heavy Huckaback Towels, 15c each.  
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Splendid Loom Damask Towels, 19c each.  
Extra quality Half-Bleached Towels, 25c each.

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Grey Cotton Sheetings, 21c per yard.  
Heavy Fort Garry Sheetings, 25c per yard.  
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Good, useful Bleached Sheetings, 23c per yard.  
Heavy Bleached Sheetings, 25c per yard.  
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# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 34.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

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## CONTENTS:

TAKING HOLIDAY.	PODSNAPPING.
BUSINESS NEWS.	THE DANGES OF APOSTACY, a Sermon
MR. BLAKE ON PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.	by the Rev. A. J. Bray.
CANADA'S REPENTANCE.	THINGS IN GENERAL.
SENSATIONS OF THE SEASON.	POETRY.
"ON THE MAKE."	CORRESPONDENCE.
MARRIAGE.	MUSICAL.
	CHESS.

## TAKING HOLIDAY.

I am an enthusiastic believer in hard work, and never cease to give thanks for the blessed curse of labour. The thistle and the sedge grow wild, but things worth the having must be cultivated. The grand struggle of a life is first against indolence, and then against avarice. The faculties of the mind are developed by exercise, just as the limbs of the body. We have discovered that fact—or the fact has discovered us—and the civilized world is a world of industrious workers. The danger is that we shall do too much and get to the end of our energies too soon.

Men cannot go on and on, year in and year out, like mills grinding corn. The tension must be taken off now and then, or the chains will snap. One good feature of the age is our mode of holiday making. We work harder while we are about it than our fathers and mothers did, but we rest better and more thoroughly than they ever knew how. We have developed a taste for country quiet, where weary brains can rest unpained for a time by the jar and jangle of city life; we have our sea-side resorts, where we can watch the waves, or bathe in them, and indulge in every kind of mood for which the mind has capacity—and where anxious mothers can take their daughters, sure and certain that they will be able to watch them through the intricacies of a mild flirtation which they may hope will end in something that is really a gain, but is technically and facetiously called a loss—and where, once more, young city swells can expose their most bewitching manners to the balmy influences of the sea breezes and the before-mentioned daughters' eyes, and make manifest to partners and onlookers the elegant education their toes and heels have received.

Yes, fashionable watering places are a clear gain to our common humanity—counting those who spend their money and those who make it there—and Old Orchard Beach is a fashionable watering place, and so a clear gain to sundry tourists and hotel-keepers. The place is wonderfully adapted to the purpose for which it is used; in fact it could hardly be utilized in any other way. It is a *Beach*, and but little else. The mutual relations of land and water have been undergoing a process of change for ages back, it appears, and the result is a magnificent stretch of brown sand, where those aweary of city life and trouble do for a brief period forget all about depreciated stocks, broken banks, and family matters in general.

Let me tell you a little in detail how we live and move and breathe, and what we look upon, at Orchard Beach, in the State of Maine; where Neal Dow resides, and liquor selling is prohibited—only, *entre nous*, Neal Dow is not a custom's officer, nor does he "run" a hotel, nor does he inspect every barber's back premises, nor does he make it impossible for Portland to turn more drunk men on the streets every day than Montreal.

The sea is first, of course; that brings us here, and keeps us here, and but for the sea we should have gone somewhere else. But for the fact that the poetic mood is eminently unsuited to my general constitution, and in some degree dangerous to that same, I would make an effort to describe the fringe of ocean we are permitted to look upon, telling how the crested waves rush and roar, and indulge in "unmeasurable laughter," &c., but I am recruiting my energies, and can only say that the sea here behaves itself just as it does in many other places, and those who wish to know more, I must refer to Byron, and Kirke White, and others who have written in poetic form what the wild waves are always saying.

To turn from the sea to the bathers therein is a natural and easy transition. Everybody bathes—the "fish, flesh, fowl and good red herring" of society together. The costumes are, on the whole, about as ugly as costumes can be, and in diabolical opposition to all grace of figure. It is a marvellous thing that in this age of invention no one has discovered how to make a bathing suit in which mortals may regard themselves with something like complacency; but the benefactor has yet to appear. The ordinary suit of the masculine

gender is not exactly a washed coal sack, though it very much resembles that, nor is it exactly a coloured pair of stockings with the feet cut off; but it is an unhappy combination of those things, with some other evil devices thrown in.

Now, bathing is a science; it doesn't come to us naturally, like the measles, or the dream of love in a cottage; it has to be learned in order to be practised with grace and real enjoyment. Swimming is very easy to those who can do it—so is floating, and so is diving; but it looks hard to the uninitiated. There are many different styles affected by bathers, all of them excellent in their way. Some take it with a rush, a plunge, a swim; some walk in step by step and slowly, as if making an effort to send all the blood up to the head; some stride in until up to the ankles in water, and then turn a mute, blue face to heaven as if appealing for a hot iron or two just to warm it up, and when the sentence, "It is cold to-day," has broken bit by bit through their chattering teeth one is tempted to feel that after all, when the sea was made, there should have been some consideration for men and women who are doomed to live in hot-houses in winter and to drink iced water in summer. A very popular method of bathing may be described as *bobbing*—the act being accompanied by an incipient scream, with an occasional gurgle thrown in; the gurgle is not really intended as a part of the chant, but is purely accidental, and arises from the fact that when a head goes under water and the mouth of that head is wide open, some portion of the water will enter the mouth—hence the gurgle. Ladies are said to gurgle oftener than men; but that may be only a malicious libel.

Of hotel life here and elsewhere—of how some behave, and others misbehave—how we dress and make merry—I will speak some other time; for there is nothing of the sort at Orchard Beach which is peculiar to the place. But there is an institution here concerning which I have long desired to have some personal knowledge,—I mean a *Camp Meeting*. It is a part of the programme for general enjoyment, like the bathing in the morning and the dancing at night. A little way back of the Old Orchard House is a grove, and in the grove is the Camping ground. The faithful come in crowds; they put up tents, and go through a regular course of meetings. The place for general assembly is a natural amphitheatre, with seating accommodation for perhaps four thousand people. The audience is composed for the most part of typical Yankees,—tall, lank and leathern-jawed, but severely devout. Each one has a Bible, and refers to it whenever a passage is quoted by the preacher,—whether to impress it more deeply on the memory, or to see that the quotation was correctly given, I cannot tell; but the Bible is frequently referred to, and sometimes notes or marks are made in the margin. That the people are in earnest there can be no doubt; they come here in search of religious sensations; they catch at every strong expression of the preacher, and rejoice equally at the thought of mercy and judgment.

The preaching is peculiar, but not nearly so grotesque as I had expected. The preachers are grave and earnest men, having a considerable acquaintance with the letter of the Bible. But the pomposity of the men is revolting. They settle all the doctrinal difficulties, over which thinking men have fought for ages, out of hand; they pound the hardest Unitarianism into jelly by a few trenchant sentences, or a joke, or a story of some dumfounded champion of that form of belief; they treat Scripture scenes and character with the most condescending familiarity. I heard a "Dr." preach on the resurrection of Lazarus. He opened by making the modest request that the ministers present would take notes of his discourse and reproduce it to their several congregations. Then he told us all about the Bethany family, their position in society, and their probable income. When the brother was dead, and the sisters heard that Jesus was coming, Martha said "Guess we'd better go and meet him, Mary," but "Mary jest sot there in the house; she worn't agoing to do a thing," &c. At another time the "Dr." discoursed on "The difficulty of going to hell." I am bound to say that the announcement of the theme was well received by the audience, even some of the visitors from the hotels looking for a little while as if they too might dare to hope; but I imagine that they got small comfort from what they heard. The obstacles in the way to hell were "good sermons," at which a few groaned, a few tittered, and the rest remained ominously silent; next, "Christian friends," further described by the preacher as "picket guards" thrown out to prevent people from going to hell; and, lastly, "the judgments of God." This afforded a fine opportunity for the Dr. to tell what he knew and imagined. He told us that often "the Lord puts a barricade of coffins" in a man's way to perdition. And then came story after

story anent the subject. One was to the effect that God wanted the heart of a certain man who had a wife and four beautiful children; but the man said *no*—then death took his wife, and God said "Now, will you give me your heart?" But the man marched over the coffin of his wife and said *no*. Then three children were taken one after the other, "but the man said *no* every time," and only capitulated just in time to save the last. And so the horrors were piled up in most horrible fashion. But judging from what I could see and hear, the effect produced by it all was of a questionable kind. I am not prepared to pronounce any very definite opinion as to the value of Camp meetings, but up to this point I have no impression in their favour. Still they are a part of the place here, as I said; they help to vary and interest our holiday life, which is—like this article—a compound of gayety and gravity, all working no harm, and some of it good perhaps.

THE EDITOR.

### "BUSINESS NEWS."

News-hunger is quite a natural appetite. It is another form of the love of knowledge. In either form it requires judicious curbing and training; and this can be effected by simply swallowing news and imbibing knowledge, only to the extent to which it can be made personally useful to others.

Canadian journalism has not as yet subjected itself to this careful training. It constantly spreads news which can be of no earthly use to any one, except to gratify a childish curiosity, or an impertinent desire to know more of its neighbours and their affairs than it has any legitimate business with. Thus those who are not personally involved in the events recorded find it in their power to do much harm by careless remarks and smart comments or conjectures, which grow, as they roll along, into a solid mass, and are accepted by the public as *fact*—not *fiction*.

This is specially the case with regard to newspaper records of failures and suspensions. Our newspapers give details of the amount of liabilities of insolvent firms, how distributed, the sums for which certain other firms or banks are involved, the nature and quality of the securities held, &c. This sort of thing has grown, or is growing to be such a habit that it is becoming positively dangerous, and threatens to sap the delicate foundations of our fabric of credit altogether. What with these influences and the other and more subtle one of the various Mercantile Agencies who *give* or *suspend* ratings with almost equally slender cause as regards reality, we seem likely rapidly to develop a state of absolute panic which can do no good to any one, and is certain to do harm to very many.

It is time that those newspaper men who have neither good taste enough, nor sufficient experience of actual business life to guide them rightly, should study the following suggestions as to what *is* and what is *not* legitimate food for their news-columns.

When a firm *announces* its suspension, or has a writ issued against it, *that* is a legitimate item of news. It ought to be published, so that all directly interested may seek, at the proper quarter, the correct information to which they are entitled. It is an abuse, and a mischievous abuse, of the freedom of the Press to seek out details of the failure, and spread these broadcast, to gratify an idle curiosity, and to set Rumour with her thousand tongues busy as to its effects, and give material for enmity or business rivalry to guide the empty talk to wrong, but desired conclusions. Those engaged in a certain trade generally know with sufficient rapidity, without newspaper aid, all the trade gossip with regard to any insolvency that occurs within its ranks. Others, outside of the trade, can have no actual *use* for the information; hence it is *not* legitimate journalism to afford it to them. A bankrupt and his creditors are a private community, and until, through crime or dispute, the matter comes out in open Court, the facts elicited should be regarded as private in the interest both of debtor and creditor. Premature and unauthorized comments by newspapers frequently entail serious loss on the estate. The contemptible underhand methods by which such information has sometimes to be obtained ought to be sufficient proof to any upright sub-editor that such news does not come properly within his province.

Palliative views of the reasons for an insolvent's embarrassments, or stringent comments on his methods of conducting business, are alike unjustifiable, even when perfectly reliable. When such newspaper comments are further amplified by stating what bank the insolvent patronized, and how it is likely to be affected—whether it holds ample security or has been advancing too freely—nothing but harm to the community can ensue. We have already seen instances in which foolish and often ungrounded conjectures of this kind have caused a drop in stock securities of hundreds of thousands of dollars. This is playing with fire. It may chance some day that the player may get his own fingers burned; but the worst of it is, the conflagration does not always stop there. Journalists would fulfil all the noble purposes of their mission by chronicling simply the fact of suspension or insolvency. The comments may most safely be left to the creditors, who have more excellent opportunities of judging. Let those directly interested calmly suffer their loss without risking any increase of it, or throwing needless and often quite unnecessary stumbling blocks in the way of their recouping themselves.

But what can be said of the more secret, but more disastrous system adopted by the Mercantile Agencies, who, after assisting to create credit by substantiating in their ratings a slight basis of fact, take alarm at the very first whiff of disaster, belie all their former confidence by suspending these ratings secretly, and so hasten the destruction they have assisted to make possible as well as widespread? Yet this *is* done. Newspapers get wind of it, and the reflex influence is found in mysterious hints of coming disaster.

All this cannot much longer be borne. A day of reckoning is coming, for careless newsmongers and unsubstantial Mercantile Agencies are raising a storm that will severely test our whole financial system, and strain severely the credit of the country. That there are rotten spots in our trade and finance is beyond a doubt, but neither merchants nor bankers are blind to the fact. For years they have been instituting, and carefully carrying out, a prudent system of gradual contraction or liquidation; and who shall dare to say that the ignorant comments of reckless newspapers, careful only to serve up tit-bits of scandal, or the crude conclusions of Mercantile Agency reporters who have hardly business knowledge enough to be able to judge of the intricate inter-bearings of trade ramifications, are likely to do anything but hinder and bring to worse destruction, firms whose conduct of their own affairs, guided by the scrutiny or counsel of bank managers and others directly interested, might enable them, if not to escape ruin to themselves, at least to contract their liabilities and lessen disaster to others.

Less *talk*, less comment, would vastly aid the painstaking *work* which is being done by many a merchant and many a banker to economize loss, lessen risk, and bring the best possible results out of affairs more or less complicated, and often more or less unsound. It is the interest of none to cause loss to others, for this always reverts on its author in some form; and to prevent injury to others, a prudent silence is often not only the semblance, but the reality of wisdom.

### MR. BLAKE ON PROTECTION AND FREE TRADE.

Mr. Blake has been a public man these many years, but never until last week did he make anything like an extended, formal statement of his views on the question of Protection or Free Trade. It was due to his reputation as a statesman—aye, and to the Canadian people too—that he should have done this long ago, and it is no secret that friends as well as foes have wondered why he did not. But, no matter, he has made a speech on Protection and Free Trade at last, and it is reported at considerable length in the *Globe* (18th inst.), though some may doubt whether he has given us his whole mind on the subject, and may fancy that there must be another half of the speech yet to come. On Thursday, 14th inst., he attended a Reform demonstration in Galt, on which occasion speeches were made by himself, Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. James Young. Mr. Blake received an address from the working men of the place; and to working men his speech is specially addressed. He was clear enough and fluent enough on the rights of working men as citizens, and on their duties, too; for he had the courage to tell his audience some home truths as to the mistakes made sometimes by working men in the matter of strikes. A lawyer and an authority on constitutional law, he stood as it were on his native heath when dealing with questions of law and right, and claim, and citizenship. When he came, however, to the question of Protection or Free Trade, he did not seem to feel the ground so firm beneath his feet. He declared that "interference with well known economic laws" was a mistake, and that "restrictions" on trade were injurious, especially to the workingman. Now, it is easy to use these words, but not so easy to get clear ideas of the things which they mean. When an orator denounces "interference with well known economic laws," we seem to hear a philosopher speaking; and we wonder whether it is because we are stupid that we resist such philosophic persuasion. But it is not philosophy, after all; only mere bare, gratuitous, and unwarranted assumption that is here to be resisted. It is utterly against the facts to say that "economic laws" favour Free Trade, and that Protection is an "interference" with these laws. The truth of the matter is that while Protection, as advocated by practical men, seeks to give these laws full and *free* operation, the thing which is miscalled Free Trade hinders and defeats them. Here is an instance to the point. A Canadian firm some time ago started to make a certain small article of hardware, before supplied wholly from the States, at the manufacturer's price of five dollars per gross. An American maker, becoming aware of the fact, first talked of giving the Canadian firm something in consideration of their ceasing this particular manufacture, but afterwards thought another plan would do better, and intimated that he was simply going to crush them out of the market. Keeping all the time up to the old price in his own market, he sent the article into Canada at \$4, \$3, and finally at less than \$2.50. The new Canadian tariff makes it more difficult for him to carry on this game, but the fight is still going on, and it would be only fair play were the defences of our home industries further strengthened at points like this, where such aggression is possible. Here the true economic law of the matter favours each side equally; by capable heads and hands together the article can be, and is, produced in Canada as cheaply

as in Connecticut. But through being longer established, and having possession of old trade connections, the American maker has a large growth of artificially created circumstances in his favour. Here Protection is wanted, not to interfere with *natural* laws, but to offset those circumstances of artificial growth, which prevent natural laws from having full play. It may be said, suppose, then, that we had Annexation or a Zollverein, so that the Canadian maker could sell as freely on the other side as the American maker on this, would not that be giving full play to natural laws, and fair play to both sides? I answer that it would not, as things are now, simply because the Americans are first in the field, and have, during years past, built up for themselves many artificial defences, over and above that of protection by customs duties. Some day after this, probably, we shall be as well entrenched as they; I do not mean in the defence of customs duties, but in other ways, wherein now we are deficient. But, even had we reached this point, I should still oppose the throwing open of the frontier, on the single ground that it would be the destruction of our Canadian nationality, and that commercial union would inevitably bring us to political annexation.

The manufacturer may be protected, but the labourer cannot, says Mr. Blake. Customs duties may keep out foreign goods, but the foreign labourer is still free to come in if he chooses. Granted that through Protection two dollars a day be paid for work that before was paid with one dollar only. The labourers of other countries will flock in, and our own working people will find themselves no better off than before: such is the argument. Very plausibly put; but it won't hold water. That is not the way the thing works in practice. The Free Trade theory is that both masters and men can and will, almost at any time, easily and off-hand, change either their trades or their domiciles, or both, to meet changes of circumstances. Free Traders seem to have in their minds the analogy of water finding its own level, or something of that sort. Two reservoirs being properly connected by pipes, if you pump water out of one the water will decrease in the other; it will, except in case of a sudden and overwhelming rush, keep at the same level in both. Carry out the analogy. If through foreign competition any particular trade be destroyed, let the capitalists engaged in it simply transfer their means to other trades, and let the workmen do the same with their labour. Let profits and wages run, like water through pipes, until, like water, they find their level. I answer that this pretty theory does not square with the facts. For a hundred years and more there has been a remarkable difference between the northern and southern counties of England in the wages paid for the same work, wages being much higher in the former than in the latter. Explain how it is that in such proximity the lapse of generations has not sufficed to make such a displacement of labour (that is what the Free Traders call it) as would equalize conditions and bring wages to the same level for both north and south. It is not demanded that such a change should be brought about in five years, but why does it not come with fifty years, or with a hundred? Tell the English ironmasters, now struggling under unexampled difficulties, how simple a thing it would be just to withdraw their capital and go into other kinds of business. Inform those thousands of English cotton operatives now out of work how easy it would be to turn to some other calling, or to take themselves elsewhere. Compulsory displacements of labour—and of capital, too—do occur sometimes, but ere they are effected a nation is ruined. We cannot run men and their belongings off and on, like water in reservoirs, to find new levels. Both capitalists and workmen have their local human interests, and their attachments to particular occupations. As for American labourers rushing into Canada, that is an entirely visionary apprehension. Considering how near to each other the two countries are, very few Americans come here seeking common, ordinary employments. No such thing as a rush of them into Canada for employment has ever happened; if it did, let somebody say when and where. It will not happen either, in this generation, at all events. No degree of Protection possible for Canada will raise wages here above the American level; of that let all concerned rest assured. Whatever difference there is will be in favour of our neighbours; this is what has been, so far, and it is what will continue to be.

When the English farmers said that the free importation of corn would ruin them, Mr. Cobden told them to raise less corn and more beef and mutton. They did so, and the change was a success for them, until recently. Mr. Blake cites this instance, and adds, as a feature of our time, that the removal of the labourers is becoming easy, as well as the change of occupation for capital. When there was a strike of workmen in Glasgow, workmen from America went there and took their places. That actually happened a year or two ago, at more places than Glasgow, but we do not hear of this going on any more. It was an experiment of a day, merely, and was soon "played out." Mr. Blake ought to tell us what advice Mr. Cobden would probably give to the English farmers now were he still present when foreign competition touches everything on the farm, from geese and turkeys up to the best Durham steers. To change from corn-raising to stock-raising, was not, after all, so very difficult a thing for English farmers to do. But it would take wiser men than Mr. Cobden even, to tell them what to do now, when the stock market, as well as the corn market is assailed from abroad. What now becomes of the easy-going but rather unsatisfactory counsel that all people have to do, if Free Trade destroys their business, is simply to change to some other business?

Mr. Blake further argues that the various forces and products of modern civilization—the locomotive, the steamship, the telegraph, the spread of knowledge, and the spirit of the age generally—are in favour of Free Trade, and working in that direction. This is most important, if true, for it means in effect that Protection is doomed, and that the future of the world belongs to Free Trade. Now I venture to maintain, and I hope to be able to prove, that exactly the contrary is the truth, and that the strongest influences of our civilization are working, not in favour of Free Trade, but of Protection. This, however, is too important a subject to be dismissed with a paragraph, and must be left to a future occasion. It is in no partizan spirit that I take up this utterance of Mr. Blake's. Others may see in it a political manifesto; I choose to see in it the human interest which attaches to the spectacle of an able man struggling in the toils of a false philosophy. The political aspects of the trade question—the relation to it of parties and their leaders in Canada—has been voluminously discussed, and the discussion is not yet ended. I do not say that these political aspects should not be discussed; needless to say that, indeed, for it is just these aspects which are sure to be more eagerly discussed than any other. But let it be mine to make the effort, in which perhaps I may to some extent succeed to exhibit such aspects of the question as may best be considered apart from either Government or Opposition partizanship in the Dominion.

In this respect my own wish agrees with a prime requirement, dictated by the independent attitude of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR towards both political parties, with regard to articles appearing in its columns. *Argus.*

### CANADA'S REPENTANCE.

BY A CANADIAN.

Canada has been growling and grumbling steadily for the last three years; and not without sufficient cause. Now, experience is beginning to bear fruit, for at last we are learning to look within ourselves for the origin of our evils. At first it was everybody and anybody, except ourselves, on whom the blame was laid. Trade was bad in the neighbouring nation, and in fact everywhere, and this was supposed to have a reflex influence on our affairs. The United States were making a "slaughter-market" of us, wickedly and feloniously attempting to sell us goods *too cheap*, while the unprincipled Mackenzie-Cartwright Reform Government would only stand still and see us ruined. They would not even build that glorious Pacific Railway to bring us the enormous trade of the Hudson's Bay Company's outposts and the overwhelming demands of that universe-loving Amor de Cosmos and his 9,168 fellow-countrymen.

Then, too, not only the U. S. but even Great Britain, our mother-land, would make a spoiled child of us and pour in her goods and money at cheap rates—would insist on feeding and clothing us, and refuse to let us work for ourselves. It was really too bad. If they could only be forced to let us alone, we would soon be all right. Everything was against us. We alone were right, wise, and willing to be self-helpful.

We stood it all—till we could stand it no longer, and then the people rose as one and turned out their blind leaders who could not see as the people saw. We had our way. We got a leader who could see things just as *every* class of men saw them and promise *anything* that heart could desire. We have him, and his sweetly assorted cabinet, now. Nay more, he has kept *one* of his promises, and the National Policy in all its grandeur and beauty is upon us; shingle factories are springing up in deserted villages, and are heralded in the pages of our Conservative journals by *flowery* descriptions of coming progress in the shape of prospective grist mills.

And people are getting just a little sick of it. It is true that Sir John A. Macdonald has shown great intelligence, not only in the statesman-like manner in which he has at length executed Lieut.-Gov. Letellier, but by conquering and driving from our borders the potato-beetle, the Hessian fly, and rust in the wheat, which Mackenzie and Cartwright so pertinaciously persisted in distributing among us. The beneficial effects of an N. P. are found most demonstrably in a bountiful harvest; but, with an Atheism so practical that even Sir John A. is left out in the cold, men *will* insist on ascribing this to the laws of Nature, which some call the laws of God.

If it be not found in the harvest, where else shall we look for the benefits of the N. P.? Banks, whose stocks were to rise to 212° Fahrenheit, investors positively *boil* with impatience to get out of. American coal dealers still insist on ruining Nova Scotia and Cape Breton coal mining companies by sending us coal cheaper than ever, even with the duty added, and not one solitary mine in Canada has become *drunken* and elate with the *stimulus* of the N. P. Wholesale traders, and retail, smash with the same grace and elegance as of yore, and pay constantly attenuating dividends; while, saddest of all, direct taxation has *not* lessened. The Pacific Railway seems as much a fevered dream as ever; for the older portion of the "Cosmos" remains unsmitten by any lively "Amor" towards the British Columbian, or an iron-bound union with him if it is to cost *them* money. Capital has not rushed wildly into our land, rabid to invest itself in factory smoke-stacks and the graceful vine-clad

cot which harbours the imaginary factory-hand. It wants something less lofty and more congenial, viz., wholesome trade, before it ventures among us. The N. P. has *made* no trade nor *manufactured* any demand. These are what we wanted; we already had abundant sources of supply.

Men are beginning to perceive all this. Recent experience has been a good guide and teacher, and withal a gentle one. We begin to find that rotten wind-propped business, and consequent rotten wind-propped finance, are the internal disease which is consuming our vitals. Neither the lamb-like guilelessness of the mother land—tender ever towards her offspring—nor the wild philanthropy of our American neighbours, anxious to sell a surplus of goods at any loss, were what injured us.

Now that the actual loss has come, we are facing it manfully, and probing effects to discern causes. These we find in *our own* folly and incompetency, recklessness and dishonesty.

Only one more round of the ladder, and we shall have reached solid ground again. The remaining round is the Real Estate mania. Inflation there too must faint and die, however dearly cherished, however firmly believed in. Real estate is only valuable so far as it is *useful*. Uselessness and overabundance must have their effect there also.

Then we can begin to climb again. The first step is to rid ourselves of all false means of creating and sustaining credit. These fondly cherished mercantile agencies must go; for it will be found that even real estate operations are sustained and helped forward by this unreal basis for credit. Purchasers are more numerous, so long as high credit enables them to find money to lock up in real estate investments, so sustaining an appearance of the reality of wealth. There is no escape. The evils of the system must be made apparent here also.

Is it too daring a flight to state an actual fact of trade as an illustration of the practical effect of high ratings? The lesson is hardly needed *now*, except for its application to real estate transactions. Some three or four years ago a consignment of teas arrived in Montreal. It was at once sold by a broker at a slight profit, to a "good" house, and \$20,000 of paper floated on it. The buyer re-sold it, at no profit, and so \$20,000 more paper was created. Its purchaser then sold it, through the same broker, to a third party, and \$20,000 of paper again found its way into the banks. Still the shipment remained unbroken. The same broker sold and re-sold it three times, and, in all, could trace its sale *ten* times before it broke bulk and reached the consumer. Thus \$200,000 of discountable paper had been uttered, based on a genuine value of only \$20,000 worth of goods; and this all in an entirely legitimate way. So is it with real estate. It is bandied from hand to hand, buoyed up all the time on real transactions in trade, till its end comes and its true value in *usefulness* becomes visible. An ill-considered and irrational system of dispensing credit is at the bottom of all this. The end must come. Faith in the thing as a system will be lost, and with its death and extinction will die our false estimates of each other's position. Honesty and good faith between man and man will once more become a *necessity* in trade, or transfers of value of whatsoever kind. Then, and not till then, will trade find its natural outcome in legitimate demand and supply, *any* Government which will yield trade entire freedom to follow its own laws be welcomed, and prosperity that is not delusive, become a thing of the present, not a dream of the past.

Eusebius.

### SENSATIONS OF THE SEASON.

The depressing effects of the climate, and the dreary monotony of the life in some of the West Indian islands, are said to be such that the subaltern, newly stationed there, experiences an almost invincible temptation to take refuge from *ennui* in the excitements of strong drink. It is this circumstance which, amongst others, has in past times won more or less of evil fame for the regiments titularly identified with that portion of the British Empire. The London season of '79 may claim for itself an analogous distinction. It has been intolerably monotonous, but it has found periodical relief in some exceptionally discreditable outbursts. Of scandals of the ordinary kind there is no need to speak. These are the commonplaces of modern society; and the only reason, one may suppose, why the papers have considered it worth their while to record at considerable length the domestic infelicities of Mr. and Mrs. Newman Hall, as brought to light in the court of Mr. Justice Hannen, is that there was a certain charm of novelty in the idea of a dissenting clergyman haling his wife before such a tribunal. Society's morals are probably neither better nor worse at the close of the present season than in previous years, and its pleasant vices are worn with the same charming *naïveté* on its glossy sleeve. The really distinguishing features about the social year, as we stand on the threshold of the annual summer holiday, are the unmistakable signs of a systematic demoralisation of popular thought; of the defiant disregard of all those virtues which were once considered the Briton's hereditary boast; of the exaltation of the principle of snobbery to the level of a national idol; of the frantic applause with which whatever savours of meanness, of injustice, of cruelty, of turpitude, has been received by tens of thousands of Englishmen and Englishwomen. Probably this singular phase in the history of opinion is merely ephemeral. At any rate

it is extremely hideous, and when, a year or two hence, society is clothed and in its right mind, we shall assuredly look back to it, not without a shudder of contempt.

Whether it was the bleak, black, bitter winter, or the death of the Princess Alice, or the condition of the money market, or the assemblage of the two Houses of Parliament before Christmas, there can be no doubt that the London season commenced to run its course in a state of painfully depressed vitality. Then came the Zulu War and the hideous massacres of our troops. There was scarcely a household in England which did not nervously await the arrival of the next mail, expecting to hear that a husband or son or brother or lover had been mutilated by the foe. Society was, in fact, lapsing into a morbid melancholy, and even a royal marriage failed sufficiently to divert and gladden its mind. The wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught was a brilliant affair; but it was chiefly utilised, as far as public opinion was concerned, as the opportunity for malignant tittle-tattle. Every one, of course, wished the newly-married pair every sort of happiness; every one agreed that the bridegroom was brave and the bride beautiful. But society was in one of its carping and malignant humours, and insisted on discussing, not the manly bearing of Prince Arthur, or the girlish grace of his Princess, but the list of the bridal guests, and the principles that had decided its composition. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, society discovered, were not invited because they were out of favour at court. A highly-placed English noble had his invitation cancelled at the last moment because he had taken the name of the great god Jingo in vain. A certain illustrious Teutonic Grand Transparency was not permitted to be present because he had recently run away with his neighbour's wife. Such trivial themes and gently-stimulating scandals as these did well enough to fill up a few odd minutes. But society wanted stronger meat, and craved for emotions of a more stirring kind. In such a mood as this the happy discovery was made that Lord Chelmsford was solely responsible for the disasters which our arms had sustained. Society, the greater portion of the press not excepted, rushed at the unfortunate General with the ferocity of a tiger. Its passions were inflamed by blood. The sensation with which events had provided it was of a stronger and more desperate nature than any it had yet known. Justice, mercy, fair play—these considerations were all thrown to the wind. The British public was bored to death, sick, disgusted, weary of itself and weary of everything else. So it engaged in the delightful task of tearing Lord Chelmsford's reputation to tatters. The spectacle was marked by egregious inhumanity, and there is only one adequate parallel for it which history affords—the frenzied ecstasy of a Roman audience at the moment when the victorious gladiator does to death his prostrate rival. The gladiatorial shows of modern England are seen in these furious and envenomed extremes of public opinion. Excuse they can have none, and their only explanation is that they are irresistibly demanded by a taste so jaded and worn that it cannot find pleasure or nutriment except where a purer palate would be conscious of a deadly poison.

"Opinion an omnipotence, whose veil  
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right  
And wrong are accidents."

So wrote Byron half a century ago, and so do we feel and think to-day.

But the crowning sensation of the season was yet to come; and as in a pyrotechnical display at the Crystal Palace the set-scene is reserved to the last, so the most consummate exhibition of snobbishness, toadyism, and cruelty combined which has perhaps ever been witnessed in this country was only seen when midsummer had come and gone. A fit of fashionable and popular hysterics was the artificial sequel of the honest and genuine pang which shot through the national heart when it was known that Prince Louis Napoleon had perished in Zululand, and had thus lost the Imperial crown which he never himself denied he had gone to South Africa to find. It was not enough for the British middle-classes to shed a modest tear. They insisted on weeping like crocodiles, and made the air noisy with their simulated sighs. Sob and snob were almost synonymous. Society was seized with a sort of posthumous Imperialist fever. It was the correct thing to chatter about the fortunes of the Bonapartes, and to prolong the accents of woe till the echoes themselves protested. The Court was understood to be in favour of these hysterical manifestations; society's own organ in the daily press struck the keynote with unctuous regularity every morning, and the mechanical wail burst into a lugubrious diapason of sham lament. But something more than the tears of snobbishness was needed to season the sensation of society. "The libation of freedom—eh, Brick—" said the Colonel. "Must sometimes," rejoined Mr. Jefferson Brick, "be quaffed in blood;" and it was for a libation of blood that society began shortly to clamour. No words can exaggerate the cowardice of the attack made upon Lieut. Carey. He was condemned, not merely before he was heard, but before even the semblance of the facts was known. When one heard delicately-bred women demanding, in London drawing-rooms, that condign vengeance should at once be meted out to Lieut. Carey, it was impossible not to be reminded of the patrician wives and mothers of Rome as they shrieked their approval of the despatch of the victim of the arena; or of the Castilian beauties, to whom the mutilation of a matador is even more enjoyable than the tortures of a disembowelled bull. But the opportunity was too good to be lost. The genius of snobbishness proved that

it was essentially bloodthirsty, and Lieut. Carey was too eligible a victim to be passed by. Of course, after a series of such sensations as these, reaction comes. But satiety is not repentance, and a dull consciousness of the perpetration of a gross injustice is no title to forgiveness. The sensations of the season of '79 have been found in the reckless indulgence of the worst passions of human nature. They are passions, too, whose reckless display has more than once preceded the disruption of empires and heralded the decay of states. The Roman amphitheatre was associated with Roman greatness, but was the precursor of Roman decline; and it is the spirit of the Roman amphitheatre which a retrospect of the past season shows we have now domesticated amongst us. That society was immoral and corrupt, we long since knew. One element of corruption—the taint of cruelty—there seemed no reason to believe it possessed; that is a pleasing delusion which we are henceforth forbidden to hug.—*London World.*

### “ON THE MAKE.”

Society now and then hits upon some happy phrase which expresses with striking accuracy the phenomenon it is intended to describe; and the phrase, “On the make,” which one now continually hears in fashionable life, may be considered a good specimen. It is not drawn from the well of English undefiled; and it might possibly be difficult to construe it in conformity with the rules for the parsing of English laid down in Lindley Murray. Still it conveys the idea it is intended to communicate in a terse and lively manner; and when we hear that some *nouveau riche* or some newly-arrived beauty is on the make, we understand at once what is signified. London swarms with specimens of these aspiring persons; persons who, having first got their feet on the social ladder, are dedicating themselves with a touching concentration of purpose to the task of getting a few rungs higher. The operations of the energetic aspirant vary, of course, according as it is a man or a woman whose praiseworthy efforts we are asked to contemplate. But there is one feature common to both. Whether they be of the male or of the female sex who happen to be on the make, they invariably display the keenest interest in persons. Who So-and-So is, where he comes from, who was his grandfather, how much money he has got, whom did he marry, where does he reside, in what set does he move—these and kindred questions are asked from morning to night by persons who are on the make, concerning all those whom it is worth while to ask questions about at all. Nor are these inquiries prompted by a barren or academical curiosity. A man on the make requires to learn what people are worth knowing, and how their acquaintance is to be arrived at. Knowledge of persons is the special education through which he is passing in order to attain success in a particular trade; the trade or business in this case, being society. Aware that mice are sometimes familiar with lions, in the earlier stages of the “make” he is cautiously civil to the whole world, and profusely polite to all who are in any way likely to further his special pursuit. He is punctilious to the last degree in paying calls and leaving cards; and he exhibits a uniform longanimity to notorious but serviceable bores with whom people who never were on the make, or who were made long ago, have lost all patience. He manifests likewise an inexhaustible fidelity in attending every gathering which has the smallest—and to the initiated, *not* the smallest—chance of being graced by the presence of individuals of prominence. He turns up punctually at five o'clock teas, from which better-informed persons fly with the horror of long and dreary experience; and he is persuaded, without an effort, to “look in after dinner” at houses where the fastidious would not even willingly dine.

These are his little mistakes, such as anyone may be expected to make who is new to a trade. He is aware of the proverb, “Nothing venture, nothing win,” and accordingly he puts into every conceivable social lottery, though blanks necessarily be all that emerge from most of them. In the same manner, and for the same reason, he is the easy victim of touting benevolence. He consents to be a steward for this dinner, for that concert, and for every bazaar imaginable, every ten-pound note that he disgorges being bread cast upon the waters, which he expects to come back to him after not many days. Whatever is done he does, and, not unfrequently, overdoes. It is almost superfluous to say that he hunts at Leamington, shoots in Norfolk, and yachts in the Solent. He goes to Paris at Easter, to Homburg in August, and to Brighton in October. He is almost invariably a Conservative; society of late years having become all but exclusively of that way of thinking, or perhaps we should say of that way of feeling. Of course he is going to contest a borough at the next general election. By degrees he manifests more and more confidence. With knowledge, expression, and some success, he learns to be discriminating, to give the cold shoulder to persons who are useless, and to be insolent to persons who are detrimental. Thus he acquires by degrees some of the good manners of society. Suddenly he gives a stupendous entertainment, to which it is announced that everybody is going. At once everybody wants to go. He who has for months, perhaps for years, been intriguing for invitations now finds himself fawned on for them. He is no longer on the make. He is a made man. He ceases to inquire about people, but treats them as though he had known them, and all about them, from his cradle upwards.—*London Truth.*

### MARRIAGE.

We wonder whether anyone has ever thought of the very unfair start which a young married couple get in the race of life when they first commence together. We wonder how far custom has been moulded by fashion into folly, and who is responsible for the result? We wonder why it should be that at a time when common-sense would be at once most natural and most valuable, it should be most rare; or why, when the young couple might be expected to have all their wits about them, they and their friends should suddenly seem to have gone mad? This essay has nothing to do with courtship and love-making. What is natural is sometimes right; and though it should seem strange at first sight that admiration of the other sex should cause a strong man to compose weak rhymes, yet, as it has been so for centuries, it will probably remain so for ever. A gander rarely looks such a gander as when he is courting a goose. Socrates probably cut a very foolish figure when he made love to Xantippe; and, if there be truth in history, that mighty sage regretted his folly all his life. It is not with love and love-making that this paper has to deal, but with marriage ceremonies, honeymoons, the early hours of wedded existence, and the ritual of a day which is conventionally said to be the happiest day in a man's life.

Let us see what are the preparations for it. We shall suppose an average case. Great people and rich people may marry as they like, but the ordinary young couple beginning the world, and in a mighty hurry to do so, must marry as other people marry. It is an expensive piece of business, and the expense comes at an awkward time. It would be very pleasant to start with a big purse and have as much money as possible to buy tables, and chairs, and candlesticks, and nutmeg-graters; but the marriage must be paid for before the furniture can be thought of, and certain charges are thus indispensable. It would seem to be impossible to be married without collecting a number of your bride's relatives and putting upon them the duty of appearing in appropriate dresses. Generally they are your bride's sisters, and some of the funds which should supply her trousseau are deflected for their unnecessary finery. A bridesmaid's dress cannot be cheap, and must not be useful. Its purpose is distinctively decorative and, so to speak, sacrificed. The bride's dress follows the same rule. The idea of being led to the altar in colourless silk, crowned with highly odorous flowers, and festooned in costly lace, is no doubt a very beautiful one. Persons who delight in emblems see all sorts of meanings and significations in this little bit of ceremony, and the mind suffers a shock at the idea of matrimony commenced under less formal conditions. Time was when the male sex was restrained by equally rigid rules, and a man dared not face the parson and his father-in-law without appearing bound in blue cloth extra. Happily a stand was made some years ago against this tyranny, and it would seem that even a cut-away coat is not inconsistent with well regulated connubial bliss. The bride, however, must be mysterious in white and emblematic in orange-blossoms.

And a very singular figure she often presents. A couple must be necessarily a youthful couple; and though May and December sometimes pair, October has also been known to select a suitable autumnal husband. A pretty blushing young girl, standing on the verge of maidenhood, does look fascinating in the white drapery of her wedding day; but the complexion of a more mature spinster suffers from the contrast of satin and orange-blossoms. Why might she not be allowed to go down sensibly with her intended to the church in which she may have worshipped for years, and be married to him by the appropriate parson? Is there not something almost sinful in this decking her in costly raiment, and exhibiting her to her friends as surrounded with a romance to which she knows she is not entitled? And then, when the ceremony is over, there follows the breakfast. Now, what is there in the order of things that should require, because a man marries a woman, that twenty or thirty people should drink bad champagne by daylight, and deliver themselves of much feeble oratory in faltering accents, encouraged by loud and inappropriate applause? To whom—except the pastry-cook—is the wedding breakfast of the slightest interest or amusement? The bride is troubled and anxious. The bridegroom, frequently alluded to as a happy man, looks disconcerted and ashamed of himself. The parents have their own recollections, which, for the most part, leave them in a depressed condition. There are lugubrious speeches, and everything seems forced, awkward, and funereal. The cutting of the cake is the signal for public oratory, and the display goes far to show that fluency of speech is an acquired accomplishment, since no one seems to have it naturally. Even the bridesmaids get tired of their own importance, and cannot help feeling that a pic-nic or a dance would be worth twice the money. The groomsmen look very awkward in their morning clothes, and seem to have said all they have had to say on their way down to the church in the carriage. Everyone thinks that the day is very long and very stupid. The bride has gone up to take off that silly wedding-dress and assume suitable travelling costume. Like Venus, she is attended on this occasion by her nymphs, and reappears, after considerable delay, looking flushed, tired, and, on the whole, unattractive. It seems doubtful whether, if the bridegroom were to see her now for the first time he would ever put any important question to her. The moment is dramatic,

and she takes leave of her friends and parents. It seems difficult to abstain from tears, and more difficult to account for them. Much kissing is performed and eyelids are red. The bridegroom, hitherto rather a hero, now appears in his true light as a kind of cowardly burglar. All the groomsmen are uncomfortable, and the bridesmaids look vindictive. Happily the train is punctual, and delay must be cut short. The carriage is at the door, the trunks and valises are on the box, the inevitable (and detestable) travelling-bag, with its silver fittings, has been handed in. Everyone who is not in the street is at the window. A shower of rice patters down from an unseen quarter, and is stated by the parson to illustrate a beautiful Eastern custom. A crowd of little boys hang round the door and pass discriminating remarks, with great sincerity and gusto. A forlorn German band gives the familiar melody of "Home, Sweet Home" with such splendid discord that many of the guests think it must be by Wagner.

The fatal moment has at last arrived, and the Husband, for a long time fondly regarded as Faust, but now recognised in his real character of Mephistopheles, claims his Margaret, and hurries her away with him to the carriage-door. The excitement is intense. The groomsmen cheer, the little boys cheer, the bandsmen blow a storm into wind instruments, and are superbly out of tune. From the drawing-room balcony there comes down such a hail of rice as might seem to threaten India with famine. The coachman whips up the horses—like kitchen eggs—they plunge forward, and one of the German bandsmen is nearly run over. A sympathetic, but near-sighted, housemaid flings a satin shoe from an upper window and hits a policeman on the helmet. The boys cheer again, and the bridegroom waves his gloves to the window as the carriage jerks around the corner of the street. The party in the drawing-room breaks up. Everyone seems to be puzzled as to what is the proper thing to say, and each guest, as he wishes the lady of the house good bye, remarks that he hopes and trusts her daughter may be happy. The observation is made in such a doleful voice that a stranger might think the wedding concluded under the gloomiest auspices.—*Mayfair.*

#### PODSNAPPERY.

"No other country is so favoured as this country" was, you will recollect, Mr. Podsnap's statement to a foreign gentleman. "It was blessed by Providence, Sir, to the direct exclusion of such other countries as—as there may happen to be." To which the foreign gentleman replied, "It is a little particular of Providence, for the frontier is not large." I have always held this to be one of the most effective of the many telling cuts in which Dickens indulged at the pompous self-satisfaction and insolent assertion of superiority by which Englishmen are apt to make themselves ridiculous. Podsnap is not a bit exaggerated. His Rule Britannia style of oratory is indulged in all over the country every day, and his exaggerated claims to superiority over the whole human race are a cardinal article of faith with the average Englishman. And the rebuff of the foreigner is admirable, seeing that the Podsnaps do not hesitate to include Providence itself in their general "appropriation clause."

It might, indeed, be said with truth that Englishmen affect as a nation to play the part of Providence—by giving effect to its behests—to no inconsiderable portion of a benighted world. They have persuaded themselves that it is their manifest destiny—that it is the operation of a natural law, in fact—that they should go forth conquering and to conquer, and force under their sway every nation which is not powerful enough to resist them. Seizing upon one country after another, they have contrived to build up an empire of unexampled magnitude, which is of course gratifying to the national importance, and in doing so they have contrived to persuade themselves that they have been acting from unselfish motives, quite in the interests of those to whom they have brought themselves to play Providence.

Wherever they go the majority of Englishmen carry this peculiarity with them, so that we have "fair to middling" representatives of the Podsnap genus, even here in Canada, who fully believe that "this country is blest to the direct exclusion of such other countries as—as there may happen to be."

Unfortunately one ugly consequence always attends these Providential experiments. We kill our protégé with kindness. Those toward whom we exercise our step-fatherly care might be grateful, if our care was not always fatal to them—might repay us for all our goodness if it did not have the effect of killing them off, and leaving us residuary legatees. The process of adoption and improvement is almost always the same. We find a nation of savages—meaning thereby a nation with a different and perhaps inferior culture to our own—living happily enough among themselves, wandering in the woods, subsisting on the products of the chase, or the yield of the waters, and having satisfied ourselves that their country is not an undesirable one in many particulars, we set to work to acquire it. The first step is to send missionaries out in the name of religion, this being a safer plan than to send them on political pretexts. The missionaries are earnest enough in their work, and are seldom parties to the game they have to play. They believe that it is a good thing to convert these people to a faith which the mother country professes without practising, and so they get a foothold. The religion is pure and inviting; the missionaries gain the confidence of their converts, and then the thin end of the

wedge has been got in, and the aborigines are doomed. One white man follows another, and in due course the Anglo-Saxon, hardy, energetic, and educated, backed up by force of arms, begins the work of civilization. Habits pernicious enough in themselves, but fatal to the simple natives, are introduced; the tenor of life is altered; the ascendancy of the intruders gains strength every day; where gentle influences fail, violence comes in as an auxiliary; the converts to the religion of peace find out that it is not inconsistent with the practice of war, and in the end the coloured man dies out, and the white man reigns in his stead.

Wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has spread itself, the savage has perished and withered as by a blight. In North America, Australia, New Zealand, and the South Sea Islands, the complete extermination of the aboriginal races is considered only a question of time. Tasmania is already depopulated of blacks; the Sandwich Islands, though a free nation, swarms with white settlers, while its native population dwindles year by year.

Such, we are assured, is the will of Providence. It may be so—though, as the Frenchman said, "It is a little particular of Providence," but there are those who have the temerity to ask whether this does not admit of question? Is this crushing out and extirpation of harmless races our mission? Is it necessary, inevitable, or due to preventable causes? Would it not, these people ask, seem more natural that when the whites intrude among the blacks, the two races should dwell peaceably together till all are equally civilized, till they coalesce, and their descendants, born and reared on the soil, combine many of the best qualities of both? The more so, as in all the colonies to which I refer, there is ample room for the development of all who inhabit them.

If we turn to other great conquering and colonizing peoples, the future is far more satisfactory. The Arabs, spreading their customs, language and religion from the remotest Eastern isles to the very centre of Africa, have to some extent reclaimed and civilized all the savage nations they conquered. The method may have been rough, but the result has at least saved the subjects of it from extinction. They were forced to adopt a religion which, while it appealed to many of their savage instincts, was yet infinitely superior to the polytheism or fetichism they previously professed, and to know something of a language having a literature, and spoken by powerful nations. Polygamy tended to preserve the numbers, and to improve their race by superior admixtures; and perhaps the most important of all, the Mohammedan prohibition of strong liquors averted the fate that has overtaken so many aborigines in European colonies.

One great reason for this difference is that we English are unbending and uncompromising in our habits, with a Podsnappian belief that our manners, customs, and government are superior to those of any other nation upon earth. The Briton feels, wherever he goes, that

"Tis greatly to his credit,  
Though he himself hath said it,  
That he's an Englishman."

Especially is he severe and contemptuous with the dark races; and I have no doubt that most readers of the war news think in their hearts that the lives of half a dozen intelligent Zulu chiefs are not worth so much as that of one English soldier, be he even the most "rowdy" of militiamen; for "they are only blacks, you know." It is under the influence of such ideas that we are apt to regard so complacently the fate of aborigines.

This Podsnappery is amusing enough, and if it were only a foible, all could afford a laugh at it; but it is, on the contrary, not simply a foible, but a very serious matter. It blinds us to a sense of our duty, and confirms us in a course of action equally cruel and unjust. We have no right to bring our civilization to bear on nations, whatever the colour of their skins, for the sole purpose of eradicating them and appropriating their country. If there were any sincerity about us, we should really seek to do that which we profess; we should bring our arts and resources—our civilization, as we call it—to raising these people and glorifying their lives, not act the part of vermin-exterminators.

The true position of the Anglo-Saxon race towards the aborigines, whom they approach, should be that of the guardian with the child, needing the firm hand and the careful fostering until it reaches man's estate. If England must meddle where it is not wanted, its intervention should at least be beneficial. Civilization is a blessing in the abstract; but a very doubtful good when it presents itself in the concrete form of victimization by unscrupulous land-jobbers, poisoning with methylated fire-water, or decimation through the destructive disease of the scum of the white population. It is our duty to guard those whom we have invaded against these evils, especially when we have nothing to offer by way of compensation but the doubtful advantage of naturalization and the right to participate in unlimited "Rule Britannia." If we must play Providence, let us do it on some system and with some calculation of means to a definite end. That is our plain duty. That duty we have thus far absolutely neglected. Our advent is fatal to those over whom we gush and slaver with sham professions of philanthropy, and it is quite time that—while there are any aborigines left—England should assume toward them a position somewhat more creditable than that of a wholesale appropriator, with a motto only slightly varied from Tom Hood's ballad:—

"And now, say I, these men shall die,  
And I shall have their land."

*Quevedo Redivivus.*

## THE DANGERS OF APOSTACY.

A Sermon preached in Zion Church by Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

"Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God."—HEBREWS, iii. 12.

I am to speak on the Dangers of Apostacy: dealing with the nature of sin, and how men fall into it. But I will explain at once what I mean by apostacy. The Epistle to the Hebrews, you know, was addressed to those who had forsaken Judaism as a faith and a form of worship, and had turned to Jesus Christ, boldly making confession of their faith. They were Christians—in their heart was a new life—on the way was the light of a newly kindled hope—they were released from the darkness and grinding bondage of Egypt, and now were consequently the free sons of God. We must bear that in mind—they have really begun to live the higher and diviner life—not as all men live in God do they, but by faith they have been born into the life of God—not as all the world sees God do they, but with the spirit they see and commune with the Great Father of all spirits, and He has manifested Himself unto them as He has not done unto the world. And yet, though their feet are in the highway of holiness, and their face is set toward the goal of life, there runs through all the Epistle a note of most earnest warning. You have often heard, when a glorious symphony was being played on an organ, in the midst of the storm, the wind and thunder of the music, one clear, distinct note that held on its own way. It was the heart of the anthem, and all the rest was frame and dressing. It was sometimes a shrill cry and sometimes a sob—at one time a strong and passionate appeal; at another a *miserere* wail. A thousand melodies floated about it—great harmonies beat upon it; but it held on its way to the end. Now this Epistle is much like that. It is a magnificent anthem; it is full of the sublimest harmonies; it is a drawing out of the song of the Angels: "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace and goodwill toward man." But there is that *miserere* note I spoke of running through it all. Sometimes a warning cry, sometimes an appeal, and sometimes a faint sad wailing. The writer has no sooner opened his discourse in which he speaks of God's revelation of Himself, of the greatness and eternity of Jesus Christ, of the hosts of angels sent forth to minister to man, than he forces home the exhortation: "Therefore, we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard lest at any time we should let them slip," or let them flow by us unheeded, ungrasped, lost. And again, almost in the same breath, he cries: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" or, as it should read, "How shall we be *acquitted* if we neglect so great salvation?" He appeals to them to help each other to bear the great truths in mind. He bids them fear lest while having the promise of admission to rest, any of them should seem to come short of it. Further on, after dwelling on the great, effectual, and eternal priesthood of Christ, he cries: "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith," and again with trembling finger points to the yawning, darkling gulf into which the man falls who, ceasing to live by faith, draws back; and, last of all, he gives them the picture of Esau convicted of folly and eating his own heart away in the vain endeavour to undo it. "Run with patience," that is the note—sometimes toned to almost infinite tenderness—sometimes hard and threatening; but it is always there. "Run with patience the race that is set before you."

Now, I am not going to discuss the doctrine of final perseverance, which, I must say, as generally understood, seems to me a strange thing. A man who has entered upon this great race of life is free to give up again at any moment. He who has taken confidence may cast it away again. As the good things from God come pressing upon him, he may grasp them, use them to build up the temple of his manhood, or let them slide by. He may earnestly hold fast, or neglect the great salvation, just as he may choose. And by apostacy I mean that deliberate and intentional neglect—a determined attitude of defiance put on by him who once was loyal—a denial of things once affirmed. Not a slip, or a slide, or a fall—not a transient feeling of weariness, or an occasional going out of the way; for every man is weighted and most easily beset. And all along the way there are hidden snares—he is caught in the meshes of the devil's network unawares and held fast for a time, and when he gets free he has to limp for many a day; but that is not apostacy. A temporary defeat is not apostacy, for many a man goes on as Paul describes himself when under the law, having a double personality,—the one biassed toward good, the other toward evil. Even while in sin one part of him was entering an earnest protest against it, and striving against it. And so he maintained a conflict with himself. Now that is not the case with an apostate. He has ceased to shine for good—ceased to doubt, and takes the negation of what he once believed of God and Christ as a creed: holds self to be the highest being, self-interest the highest law, and God, and truth, and holiness are only vain and empty terms. He, if not in words, practically denies there is any God, any soul, any everlasting life—any obligation to speak true, to do right, to feel kind, and to be holy. Do men ever come to that sad state? Yes; multitudes have come to it, and multitudes more are drifting toward it. Let me try and point out the dangers. The writer of this Epistle at different times speaks of apostacy as having a threefold source. First of all, it has cause in an "evil heart of unbelief."

Secondly, it may arise from sheer indifference; or, thirdly, from a yielding to the demands of what in us is animal and transient. Just take it that way.

1. An "evil heart of unbelief." Well, we know what that means, and how it is brought about. It is only possible to one kind of character. Some men are in no danger of going astray that way, and some have no other peril. They cannot be indifferent about anything. In commercial matters they will speculate and risk. It is of no use to talk to them about going steady and sure, for they cannot take the good advice. You know the kind of character I mean,—a restless thing, an irrepressible desire to run some risk, a constant longing to search into matters,—and when such men burst into the silent sea of the spiritual, they begin at once to speculate and to look for the things which are afar off. The light of curious questioning is in their eyes, and the heart will not be still. They can take nothing on trust, and they cannot be content that mysteries shall remain. They cannot see a mountain park without desiring to climb it. To discover the mouth of a cave is to enter in, however dark it may be. They must search, question, test, and analyze, before they can be satisfied. Now, to some extent it is good for men to feel that way and work that way. The world could not go on without them. For all the men and women of a nation to accept without a question the laws their fathers made, never seeking to move or change anything, would be to doom that nation to swift decay. The advanced men—the men who go scraping at the foundations of every institution, the crotch-mongers as they are often called—are the saviours of a nation. And so, in the higher interests of the Kingdom of God upon earth—in the interests of eternal truth—it is absolutely necessary there shall be this type of character, the restless enquirers, men who enter with boldness and daring into speculations. They will not allow things to become stereotyped—they save the Church from the awful curse of dullness. Caring more for truth than for antiquity, more for the useful than the traditional, they hurry the popular mind along in search of better things. I would to the uttermost encourage that spirit of enquiry; it is needful to the soul's life. There can be no robustness, no force; aye, and I believe no true and complete salvation without it. To a man who turns with mind, and heart, and soul, to this great work of salvation, there come a thousand startling, bewildering questions. There are shadows athwart the sky suggesting infinite thoughts—far glimpses of truth caught in the breaking mist. To shut the eye to these far glimpses, to crush back the rising curiosity, to smite enquiry on the mouths bidding it be silent, in obedience to public teachers or popular creeds, is worse than folly; it is sin. You may shut up the chamber of the mind and refuse to admit the great doubts and questions that come storming in upon you, but God will find a way of opening that chamber, and some time or other you must face the doubts and answer the questions. For it seems to me divinely ordained that each man shall work out the problem of life for himself by the aid of such lights as God and good men may find—if not here, then in the great hereafter.

But there is a vast danger here—a perilous snare, into which many fall, and lie, and die. Men often go on arguing about God until they lose themselves in speculations, and lose all that is substantial in religious life. They have looked at the sun till they have got blind. From seekers after truth, they have become the enemies of truth; from an earnest desire to find God in the fulness of his power and glory, they have passed to a state of desiring to thrust God altogether from his universe; and the reason of that change is plain and simple. They failed to use the truth they had while seeking for more. Instead of using the one talent and *working* their way to knowledge, they buried the talent and then tried to find out God. They expect to find knowledge, but neglect the first principles of the condition; that is to say, having only hands and feet they want to fly. There are few things easier than to learn to imagine ourselves religious when we are only theological; there is nothing easier than to think ourselves Christians when we are only interested in theological controversies, or touched sentimentally by religious enthusiasm. And when that is so—when the real practical work of life is left undone, when the first principles of Divine truth are un-lived, when enquiry starts from half-warm hearts and dry lips—then no wonder that speculation leads to Atheism. There is need for warning. Men are mistaking theological speculation for religious life; they are enquiring, but not working; they are recoiling from the old and stern beliefs, but not building up better for themselves. They are content to destroy. And so they drift into doubts—losing their hold and their place—drift on to the rocks and death. Many among us have drifted, and can be carried by wind and tide no further. They let go of the old anchorage, and began to question this and doubt that. Doubts have given birth to morbid impulses, and morbid impulses have prepared the way for most dangerous reactions; and there they are, like a ship high and dry on the shore, gaping in every seam, cracked by the sun, motionless, moveless—lifeless nearly. Beware of that, my brothers. Speculate if you will—enquire you *must*, if you are going to be true to yourself and to God; but have faith in an ultimate answer to every question—believe that God can and will vindicate His love and holiness in spite of all the misery you see. Pursue your search with the faith that there is something great and eternally good to be found, and you will find it; and all the time practice all the truth you know. Let every increase of light draw you a step more on the way. Use the one talent, and you will not think that He who gave it is hard.

Fail to do that, and you will cast away your faith and quench the light of hope, sinking deeper and deeper down in shadow, and silence, and night.

2. The next source of danger I would mention is that of indifference. And here I have to speak of quite another type of character—yet a very common one. For every anxious, earnest seeker after what is true, you will find ten who are content that things shall remain as they are. They never think of going down to the foundations of their faith to see what is there. To criticise an old creed, or lay a finger on an ancient institution, is an act of impiety. The law of progress is their deadly foe. They don't believe in any changes, any reforms, any action that will threaten the old order of things. These are the men to whom religion is just a piece of machinery, working in a very simple and regular way. Once or twice in the week they make their way to some religious service. They were born in the Episcopal Church, and attend there, read the prayers, join the others in the confession of sins they never feel; or they were born in some other Church, and remain so without ever having taken the trouble to enquire into the why and the wherefore of it, attend service there, and go home well satisfied that they have done their duty. I am not exaggerating or over-stating the case. Just look round upon the so-called Christian community and you will find that the vast majority have just put their mill down by the stream of life, and they go grinding on with no more true and conscious vitality than a water-wheel has got. They attend the sanctuary, but are as dull as the cushions they sit upon. They take no Saviour away with them, no strength and no shining of beauty. The service is a kind of entertainment; the hymn is to be joined in because it is music, the minister is to be looked at while he prays, and the sermon is to be criticised or slept through; the whole affair a little more respectable than a play, and not quite so lively as a concert. The duty of giving is met and satisfied by putting the smallest amount possible into the plate when it comes—only when it comes, and others are looking on. Conscience, and right, and justice are outside of it altogether. They pay a yearly tax to some society, and that is a full discharge of their duty to the poor—and they don't object to the sentiment when prayer is offered for all sorts and conditions of men. Do they believe? Oh, yes—anything that is five hundred years old, or more. Are they respectable? Oh, very—the pink of respectability; they never commit any sins that society can notice, and never fall into any blunders. I am not indulging in cynicism; I say this with profound sorrow. Men have grown to treat religion and religious matters with perfect indifference. It is a thing for the spare hours of the week, and must give way to worldly pleasure or profit. If they found that churches hindered instead of helped this growth; if they found that narrow creeds and inelastic forms of worship were not conducive to their moral and spiritual welfare; if they could bestow their charities with more effect outside of our organizations, and could work with more freedom—then I for one would applaud the course they take. But it is not so. It is simple indifference, and only that. They want things made comfortable; they want no stir, no event, no catastrophe, but a smooth way, going by an easy gradient into heaven. And I regard that as a most fruitful source of danger. Better almost anything than that calm indifference—better active infidelity. It means a slow process of apostacy, a gradual petrification of the soul; not a violent wrench that leaves all the being conscious of its loss and pain, but an insensible sinking to dust. Better anything than that. Do you look with sorrow and dismay upon the various and varied assaults that are being made upon the Christian faith? I confess to you that they give me great joy. I thank God for anything and everything that comes along to disturb what is conventional. I thank God for Rationalism. I thank God for the attacks men of science are making on religious beliefs. I am not afraid of controversy—of war; but I am afraid of stagnation, for that means death. And it seems to me just what we are most in danger of now. There is controversy, but it is about beliefs; and the majority of the people say, It is a matter for the men of science and the men of theology—let them fight it out among themselves. There is no demand as of old for courage, no call to heroism, no sacrifice of home and goods, no pains and no penalties; it is all easy and humdrum. There is no rising of waves, no howling of storm, no swirl of black rushing water; and so the ship of life is allowed to drift, on, on, to the rock and wreck. Brethren, beware of that. You are in greater danger from contentment than from enquiry. You are more liable to fall through being satisfied with your creeds and modes of life than from your distrust of them. The church is not a club to which you may go for comfort and convenience; it is the place where you are to get strength and skill for the war against evil and on behalf of the good. Beware of routine; beware of conventionalisms; beware of adopting current opinions because they are current, without enquiry, without interest, without any effort of the soul; orthodox because it is orthodox, or heterodox because it is the fashion to be heterodox. If you are going to live you must have a living interest in religion; the passion of the soul must be for light and progress, for Christ and God. You must not fall into a dead, Pharisaic, conventional form of religion, but have a living, individual and conscious union with the life of God. Some may tell you not to enquire, lest you should doubt; not to think, but to accept blindly the doctrines of the Church, lest you should end in scepticism. Those, come from whom they may, backed by I care not how much of learning and

eloquence, are counsels of cowardice and faithlessness, and are calculated to produce a sleep of the soul ten times worse than any form of scepticism. You want no weak, untried faith, accepted on the word of others; but a faith which is secure, because you have won it by conquest of objections, have reached it through the overthrow of doubts, have proved it in trial and found it strong. Indifference chokes all the springs of life; it produces a conventional religion, which is a whited sepulchre, a religion of words and forms only,—ending in blindness, superstition, stagnation and death. Beware of the treacherous thing.

3. There is one other source of danger which I will do little more than mention now; it is that of allowing the animal to usurp the place of the spiritual, and the temporal the place of the eternal. Esau is a type of the character to which I refer; the man who held the narrow present more dear than the vast unbounded future; the man who cared more to satisfy his hunger than to hold his birthright. And many a man is doing that now. I don't refer to the crowds of the ungodly who make no pretence to religion, and who declare that they live but for themselves. I refer to the people who are gathered into the life of the Church; people who worship in our sanctuaries; people who believe in God and Jesus Christ; in heaven and hell. And they, like Esau, are selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. I mean that they are working only for the present; only to be rich, or powerful, or comfortable. There are few sadder sights upon earth than that. I mean the men who do not become profligate and turn to evil ways, but the men who drift into a state of complete and utter worldliness. When they were young they had dreams of religion, and great thoughts of God; their young hearts swelled with strong desires after the greatness of goodness, and the heroism of faith, as they heard the story of men who by strength have conquered the world. They learnt to pray and to hope in God. It was the morning of life, shining bright with the beauty of promise. Then came the time for work in the world, and the cares of a profession or a business absorbed all their energies. The culture of the mind is neglected first. There is no more converse with the great and the good, who being dead do yet speak living words to the living; no more care to store the mind with facts of history and life, but the day's hard work is followed by an evening's amusement. Then the Sabbath services become irksome; the morning is given up to what is called rest, and the evening service follows—for they learn to dine late in the day—and the hardening process goes on. And keeps going on, until business and pleasure are the gods of life; until Mammon's shrine is the place of their worship; the interest table is their creed; their paternoster, and their decalogue; the only thought is to get on; the only purpose to prosper; and the conscience dies in them; the natural sentiment of justice giving way to a base policy of life, and the heart becomes petrified. It is awful. And yet it is common as an experience. My brothers, are you going that way? It is the way to apostacy and death. You can deny God without broad insolent phrases. You can do it by casting thought of Him out of your life, and recognition of Him out of your daily deeds. I call you from the path that leads to that awful doom. You care a little for God and Christ and holiness now. You have some concern for your conscience, and yet, caring for the world as you do, seeking but pleasure as you are, you are in a fair way of becoming petrified. Rouse yourselves to escape that danger. "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God."

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

### THE FATE OF WEDDING PRESENTS.

Duplicates and superfluous wedding presents are a good source of annoyance to many a newly married pair in England as well as America. In the latter country, however, with characteristic cleverness, they have known how to turn even this fact to account; and there are reported to be at present at least half a dozen persons in New York alone who have engaged in the business of purchasing or exchanging wedding presents. Of course, the transactions must be carried on in the most private manner, and with no little ingenuity, so as to avoid giving pain to the kindly donors. Half a dozen opera glasses, biscuit boxes, butter dishes, or sugar bowls, is no uncommon number; and as for smaller articles of electro-plate, they pervade every collection of wedding presents to such a dreadful extent that the poor bride positively groans over the sight.

The method of conducting the new business is of itself ingenious. The buyer or exchanger watches the marriages as their respective announcements are published in the daily papers, and collects the names and residences; and when the wedding is that of well known people a list of presents is invariably given; this list is carefully read and thought over, and about three months after the wedded pair have settled down in their new home a gentlemanly stranger makes his appearance, and inquires for Mrs. So-and-so, at the same time sending in his card. The lady repairs to her drawing room and gives audience to her visitor, who opens his business in the most circumspect manner; for, of course, until he knows with whom he has to deal the bare suggestion may be considered offensive. Generally, however, women are very weak where bargains are

concerned, and the visitor obtains a hearing for his proposals. The presents are produced, and while the bride considers her requirements the dealer offers either exchange or purchase, as may be most acceptable. At first the objection is made, "Oh, dear! I cannot sell Aunt Mary's opera glass, or Aunt Lucy's butter dish; what will they say?" But a different opinion is soon arrived at, when once she thinks of the remaining five or six articles of the same description.

There is another side to this new business, however, and that is that people are beginning to seek out the wedding present dealers with a view to obtaining cheaper presents for their marrying friends. Of course, they are as good as new, and as they are purchased cheaply enough from the bride, they can be sold at moderate prices. The latter idea is not entirely new among ourselves, for last season it was known that many firms in London marked "suitable articles for wedding presents," secondhand, that intending purchasers might think them cheap. Everyone seemed so anxious to find effective looking articles for next to nothing; in fact, the "wedding present" business is becoming too heavy a tax for people with slender resources.—*English Fashion Journal*.

Dr. Evans, the American dentist, who identified the remains of the Prince Imperial by the "filling," is probably the only man who ever snatched an advertisement literally from the jaws of death. He is the same Dr. Evans of whom Secretary Evarts at one of the banquets after the Geneva award gracefully observed that "the princes and sovereigns of the earth, so reticent with most people, had freely opened their mouths to him."

By the fourteenth century a well-educated layman could barely read and write. He knew, perhaps, a little Latin and French. He was entirely unacquainted with literature. In many instances men of high rank did not possess this amount of education. Philip the Bold (1272) could neither read nor write; but no other French King, and no King of England, is reported to have been so ignorant. Meanwhile, all learning that did exist was in the monasteries.—*Hallam*.

THE SINCERITY OF THE GREAT FREDERICK.—He writes to the Russian Ambassador on the occasion of the death of the Empress Anne: "It would be impossible to express the loss of this great Princess, for she was endowed with every virtue, was the delight of the people and her numerous friends, among whom I hardly dare to assume even a modest place." The day before he had written to his own Minister: "The Empress of Russia is dead; the Lord favours us, and luck is on our side."—*Politische Correspondence—Duncker*.

While I was still puzzling myself to account for the close proximity of the bullets, I saw one of our men immediately in front of me raise his carbine, apparently with the intention of firing in the air. I then saw that he was aiming at the top of a tree. Bang! and immediately afterward down fell a nigger, looking something like a huge blackbird as he fell through the branches. I afterward learned that it is a favourite trick of theirs, and on that day no less than six Kafirs had been shot out of trees.—*How I Volunteered for the Cape—Fenn*.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says that the first time he visited Theodore Parker, "In looking round his library, I saw upon his shelves the great series of quartos—which I knew by their title only, if at all—'Brucker's Historia Critica Philosophiæ.' 'You have hardly read that, I suppose,' I said, not thinking that my student, in these degenerate days, grappled with these megathelial monsters of primitive erudition. 'O, yes, I have,' he answered very quietly; and then I, who thought I was dealing with a modest young divine of the regulation pattern, took another look at the massive head of the young man whom Mr. Wendell Phillips has lately spoken of as the 'Jupiter of the pulpit.'" It would be well for ministers everywhere if they grappled more with these hard, solid books. There is a great deal of literature that is very light to be found now-a-days, and it is found in theology as well as elsewhere, and it seems that it is very popular. Solid food is best, provided the stomach is in good condition.

We find the following in *London Truth*, and do not feel quite sure about the genuineness of the deputation. Perhaps, on the principle of going from home to learn news, it may be correct:—

DEAR SIR,—I hardly know whether this comes within your sympathy, but the whole tribe of Mohawks would be deeply grateful if you could give them a little help by noticing the enclosed.

The Chief came to me, as one who has transferred 4,000 to Canada and elsewhere (perfectly gratuitously and without any reward to myself).

The god-parentship thus being thrust upon me, I am doing my best to assist the Chief and his tribe.

Obediently yours,

A. STYLEMAN HERRING,  
Vicar of St. Paul's, Clerkenwell, (lately on  
*Princess Alice Disaster Fund*.)

And this is what the Mohawks want:—

The Mohawk tribe, one of England's staunchest allies, of which His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught is a warrior, has deputed Chief Annosothkap to visit our hospitable shores and endeavour to elicit sympathy and help in erecting schools on their reserves on the Bay of Quinté, Canada West, and so prevent the papooses lapsing into paganism, the worship of spirits, &c. Their requests and hopes are most modest and genuine, and are favourably entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister of the Dominion, Mr. T. Buxton, and other philanthropists. Contributions for "The Indian Fund for the Mohawks"—whose forefathers bled and died side by side with the British troops in many a hard-fought battle—most thankfully received, and the £300 hoped for will be transmitted direct to the Canadian authorities, at the Colonial Society, 9 Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street, E.C.

T. T.

## NOW.

Arise! for the day is passing,  
While you lie dreaming on;  
Your brothers are cased in armour,  
And forth to the fight are gone;  
Your place in the ranks awaits you;  
Each man has a part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—  
Of gaining a hard fought field;  
Of storming the airy fortress;  
Of bidding the giant yield;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honour (God grant it may!)  
But your arm will never be stronger,  
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,  
Her sunshines and storms forget;  
No chains so unworthy to hold you  
As those of a vain regret;  
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;  
The sound that you dimly hear,  
Is your enemy marching to battle,  
Rise! rise! for the foe is here!  
Stay not to brighten your weapons  
Or the hour will strike at last;  
And from dreams of a coming battle,  
You will waken, and find it past.

*Household Words.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

### THE CROCKERY QUESTION.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Ansell, has no respect for "official utterances." In this respect he would not do for "H. M. S. Pinafore." His propensity for flat contradiction would recommend him rather for a berth on board a piratical craft—let me say that *cutter* the *Globe*. In fact the wanton Philistinism he is guilty of, in shutting his eyes to sources of information at his feet, would assure him a prominent position on board the opposition craft. It is only practising the amenities of public life here, perhaps, to give the lie to John A., Tilley or Tupper; but thus to stigmatise the venerable Colonial Office—an institution which sends us Queen's daughters and Queen's sons-in-law to bow before, and treats Lieut.-Governors as things of a day—seems the height of New World daring. 'Tis true that poor Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, K.C.M.G., should not be as well informed, 3,000 miles away, on a matter of Canadian crockery as Mr. Ansell, who can see the article manufactured every day by travelling 25 miles only, and can see it sold as often on St. Paul Street. On this account Mr. Ansell should show the greatest consideration possible for the deluded Knight, and from the vantage ground of superior facilities for information, should restrain to the utmost that his distrust of "official utterances" would allow, his veracity-destroying hand. The Knight aforesaid states that "the commonest kinds of earthenware can be and are produced in Canada," while Mr. Ansell says that "as a matter of fact none of the white granite or cream-coloured ware comes from the United States, nor can it be made here." The use of the word "it," and not "either," would suggest the idea that Mr. Ansell thinks "white granite" and "cream-coloured ware" to be identical. This is only a small matter, however, and one that a person who beards the Colonial Office should not be expected from his lofty point of view to have any clear notions of. But what shall be said of a man who occupies the vantage ground mentioned and undertakes to assert, in the face of more than five years successful manufacture of the very classes of goods in question at St. Johns, Que., that "it" cannot be made here? Undoubtedly the United

States do not export these goods to any great extent to Canada ; but this results from the fact that their present producing power does not supply more than half of their home market.

Again, this same authority enlightens his readers as to the "why and the wherefore" of the existence of such an unfortunate state of things, "that the glaze and body which form the distinguishing characteristics of these lines are substances which are not, nor will be produced on this side of the Atlantic." It will be noticed here that our distinguished authority assumes that "the distinguishing characteristics of these lines," meaning thereby the crude substances which enter into the composition of the material from which these lines are made, "are not, nor will they be produced," in the United States, to say nothing of Canada. The implication is that Mr. Ansell knows nothing of the stone china manufacture, which at Trenton, N.J., New York, East Liverpool, Ohio, Greenpoint, N.Y., and Cincinnati, employs several millions of capital in the United States, nor has he ever heard of the kaolin and other deposits of stone china material that exist in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, and from which the factories at the points mentioned are supplied! Even as regards Canada, his sweeping assertion that the substances referred to "will not be produced here,"—by which he no doubt means *discovered*, as they are crude substances—is rather strong for a superior vision, however prophetic its qualities may be. As a matter of fact some of those materials do already exist in the country, and although the principal constituent, china stone, has not yet been discovered in Canada, a discovery has been reported, and there is every prospect of its discovery, as no country has more favourable geological formation, nor a greater extent of such formation, than this Canada of ours.

So much for Mr. Ansell's facts! A little investigation and reflection might also make it appear to him that his sentimental picture of "the grinding of the poor man by the rich," by reason of the high tariff on stone chinaware, cannot bear the colouring he supposes. The tariff being for revenue, as well as protective, and the greater portion of our imports being stone chinaware, the Dominion Government have put higher duties on that class of goods than upon the finer class, thereby also protecting a struggling industry without enhancing the price of the goods to the consumer to any great extent. Already the fruits of a high tariff as a protective tariff are beginning to be shown, even in these hard times, by the intended extension of the works at St. Johns, and the resumption of operations at the West End Dresden Pottery, while Mr. Livesley is joining hands with a capitalist for the erection of another factory at St. Henri.

After such an exhibition as this on the crockery question, it would appear that "concealing oneself under a heathen name" would not in some instances be inadvisable.

Yours, &c.,

Gloss Kiln.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In looking over our Canadian illustrated works, such as Bartlett's "Canadian Scenery," Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta," and Hawkins's "Picture of Quebec," one is struck with the value of the illustrations; and, without depreciation of the letter-press (contributed by Willis, Bosworth and Hawkins), it may be said that the chief interest and value in these now rare books consists in the illustrations. The "table rock" of Niagara no longer exists, and many of the old buildings of Montreal and Quebec, familiar to the last generation, have been removed to make room for new ones. There are, however, still many of these old "relics" left, and my object in now writing is to induce our amateurs, whether photographers or artists, to make illustrations of what is now before them. The occupation will prove pleasant to them, and the result interesting to others.

We have a "Sketching Club" here, who have among its members many who are very skilful in the art, and who have attracted some attention in a late exposition. Were they to furnish annually to the "Art Gallery" a portfolio of illustrations of Canadian scenery, and particularly of the old buildings and "nooks" of Montreal, a graceful tribute would be paid to the late founder of the Gallery, and a valuable collection secured of the Montreal of the times. In referring to this Club, it may be stated that it was organized about 1861 by the present General Sir Daniel Lysons, Mrs. E. M. Hopkins, Mr. Alfred Rimmer, and about twenty other members, chiefly officers in Her Majesty's service then in Canada, and has been maintained until the present time. Many of the sketches then made are now very interesting, among which may be mentioned those by Mr. Alfred Rimmer of the old Recollet Church and of the old Seminary Gate, as well as of the old Grey Nunnery, also a very beautiful sketch (by Mrs. Hopkins) of the house of General Montcalm at Beauport. All these buildings have since disappeared. The present celebrity of Mr. Rimmer as an artist, and his well-known illustrations of "Chester Cathedral," of the "Market Crosses of England," and of the "old nooks" of London,"—as well as of the Canadian subjects, "Shooting the Rapids," and "Canoes in a Mist" on Lake Superior, by Mrs. Hopkins, both splendid works of art,—does not prevent a recognition of these heretofore members of the "Montreal Sketching Club," whose talents have secured for them a higher standard and a wider range than possibly they themselves anticipated.

There is so much to interest the artist in Canada, whether an amateur or a

professional, that it is difficult to select subjects. In Quebec the scenes are worthy of the handling of a Turner and of a Hardy. On all sides are grouped the picturesque, the quaint and the historical. Montreal cannot be compared with this rocky fortress, but she has in a different class of subjects, whether on the knolls of the mountain, the expanses and rapids of the river, the compressed beauties of the islands, or the oddities of the buildings much to occupy the artist. There is more in the handling than in the subject, however, as a sportsman said of his fowling piece, "only hold it straight and it never misses." Of the old buildings, allow me to mention "the old Government House," once the residence of the Intendant of France. The "Bonsecours," the oldest Roman Catholic Church in Montreal. The "St. Gabriel Church," the first Protestant Church in Montreal. Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "villa," on Simpson street, a very humble edifice for the distinguished explorer of the Mackenzie river. The old building on the Frazer farm, at Lower Lachine, said to be the first Indian trading fort, built by the adventurous La Salle; the house at Cote des Neiges where Lord Amherst rested on the eve of the capitulation of Montreal, and the ruins of the old French forts at Chambly and St. Anne's; these and many others might be instanced.

It is a source of congratulation that we have now amongst us a lady amateur whose skill and rank will ensure a large following. I refer to our artist Princess, whose sketches of Inverary and portrait of the Duchess of Hamilton are to be seen in the Art Gallery.

In England the amateur artist or sketcher is found everywhere. At the seashore or on the hillside he is found with his "note book," and no more charming souvenir of his rambles can be found than in these little memoranda of faces, places and people. Criticism is disarmed in respect to these productions, as they do not pretend to be works of art; but every sketcher knows that, as far as they go, they cannot be reproduced away from the spot where they were dotted down.

A curious instance of the value of a representation is mentioned by Rassam, the Assyrian explorer. He has lately unearthed a coin with an impression illustrating the city of Tyre as it appeared under the Assyrian Empire. The mole, the shipping, the walls, the foundation rocks are there, but for aught else of what Tyre *was* and how it appeared, we have to look to the word-painting of the Bible. Another instance is in the representation on the Arch of Titus of the "sacred vessels" of Solomon's Temple, of which no other known record exists. Now it is evident that word-painting is effective, and in our own local history the labours of Parkman and LeMoine are invaluable, nevertheless illustrations of the actors and the places would add an extra charm to these pleasant historic narratives. Of what use is the description of a tree to a man blind from his youth? Here we do realise the difference between what has been described to us and what we see, be it a place, a thing, or a face; the eye is truly the light of the soul as well as the portal to the brain, and seeing is understanding as well as believing. Herein exists the usefulness of the art of delineation; and if you cannot represent the glory of a sunset, you may suggest it, and allow the intelligence of the spectator to supply the rest.

If in calling the attention of our sketchers to the charms and usefulness of sketching, I may induce any to prosecute the "art of beauty," my object will have been attained; and I am satisfied that as an occupation in times of leisure much pleasure may be obtained, much benefit derived, from the out-door life and an intelligent observation of the wonders of Nature; and lastly, instead of *ennui*, and possibly its attendant frivolities and temptations, by it the man may be raised to a higher rank socially and intellectually.

In closing, allow me to note an error that appeared in my last letter, in which it is stated that there are by our last census 2,300 Indians in Canada, it should be 23,000; and in taking credit for the skill of our competitors at the oar and with the rifle, I would have it read—as I intended to write, but possibly illegibly—the word "some" instead of "more," as they deserve credit for their exertions, but would disclaim any boast of their well-won honours.

Yours truly,

Wimbel.

The contributor of "Queer things in the newspapers" requests us to state that, being unconnected with the Press, he is not conversant with "the etiquette of newspaper offices," and his feeling of regret, that through ignorance thereof he should appear to have been unintentionally unjust, is much enhanced by the temperate and gentlemanlike communication of "A Montreal Night Editor."

With respect to the *Herald*, it is but fair to say that its apparently fortunate and invidious escape from the strictures in question was entirely due to the fact, that however "notoriously" it may murder Her Majesty's English, an honest search in its columns failed to find anything sufficiently "queer" to ensure it a place amongst its cotemporaries when the "clippings" were made.

**The great pain reliever, Brown's Household Panacea, which has wrought such wonders, is a purely vegetable preparation. It cures cramp in the limbs and stomach, rheumatism, dysentery, toothache, sore throat, bilious colic, cholera, colds, burns, sprains and bruises, and all kindred maladies. Twenty-five cents a bottle.**

**Relief and health to your children.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children relieves the child from pain, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and wind colic.**

Chess.

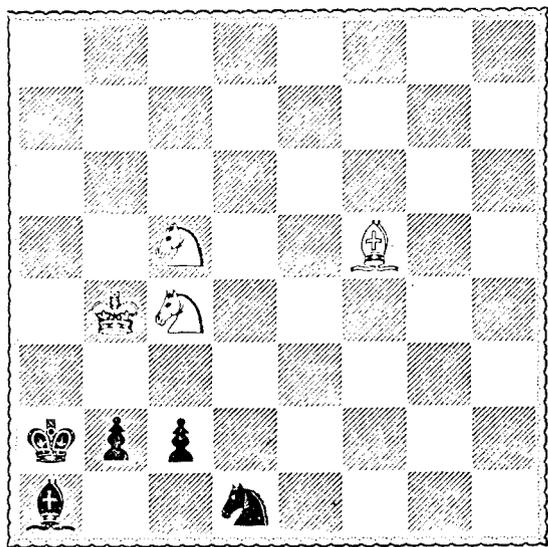
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, August 23rd, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXXV.

By Herr Anderssen. From *Schachzeitung* for May. Taken from *The Cincinnati Commercial*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXXII.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1 Kt to Q 5	K takes Kt	1 K to Kt 4	If 1 K to Kt 4	2 K Kt to B 3	If 1 B to Kt sq
2 R to Q B 7	B moves	2 R to Q R 7	P to B 6	3 R takes B	B to B 2
3 P to B 3	Any	3 K Kt takes P (ch)	K to B 5	4 R to QB 7 mate.	Moves
4 Kt to B 4 mate.		4 R to R 4 mate.			

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH CANTO.—The Kings are inconsolable for the loss of their Queens. They grow tired of a widowed bed. Though they still love their first wives, they have no objection to second nuptials. The white King proclaims his intention; he incites the virgins to contend for his throne and bed. That honour, by the laws, is for her only who reaches the farthest line of the enemy. The white virgins exert their utmost courage. One on the right wing flies before the rest. The Moor gives no opposition. He is now bent on a second marriage. A black virgin urges on, but in a square later than her antagonist. The white virgin succeeds. The King weds her. Her coronation. Mercury is overwhelmed with grief. The virgin, whom he loved, is near her wishes, but does not dare step on the last line. An elephant of the enemy guards that whole tract. The white Queen urges on with prodigious slaughter. The black troops fly before her. A simile. The slaughter continues. The black King is in danger. A post lies open to the white Queen, where she may be sure of victory. Mercury perceives it. He endeavours, by talking, to divert Apollo's attention. The scheme succeeds. Apollo overlooks his advantage, and kills a foot soldier. Mercury exults. He saves his King by interposing a black trooper, who soon after kills the white elephant. A black Queen is raised to the throne. The fight is renewed with great ardour on both sides. Mercury again cavils with Apollo, and puts him off his guard. Apollo answers with warmth. He sends his Queen into the thick of the enemy. A dreadful combat ensues. Both armies are thrown into confusion. Victory inclines to neither side.

The scepter'd monarchs, sore beset with pain,  
Strive to allay their grief, but strive in vain.  
Since that black hour when their loved consorts fell,  
A thousand passions in their hearts rebel;  
Their fond regret no comfort can control,  
Each beauteous dame deep imag'd in the soul,  
But in the crisis of the war they dread,  
A vacant throne and solitary bed.  
To their first vows, and to their country true,  
They think of pleasures past, and sigh for new.  
By proclamation, the white King invites  
His blooming virgins to the nuptial rites;  
The blooming virgins, 'midst the din of arms,  
Call forth at once their courage and their charms;  
In deeds of glory with each other vie,  
Resolv'd their monarch to embrace or die.  
The wary monarch views the gen'rous strife,  
And from the laws alone demands a wife.  
The laws to her the diadem assign,  
Thro' the thick war who gains the utmost line.  
The fiery virgins rush through sword and fire,  
Love and ambition all their souls inspire;  
Eager they pant; but on the army's right,  
Through the third tract a rival wings her flight,  
And, flushed with hope, anticipates the charms  
Of love and empire in a monarch's arms.  
The Moorish King from his pavilion spies  
The warlike maid, as to the goal she flies;  
Confess'd to view he sees her hopes appear—  
Inactive sees, nor checks her bold career.  
Of gentle love he, too, had felt the dart,  
The power of beauty thrilling to his heart.  
On the fourth tract, a sun burnt dame aspires  
To wake by valour a young monarch's fires.  
But ah! brave virgin! to thy cause unkind,  
The Fates detain thee on one square behind;  
While the white Amazon, with rapid pace,  
Pursues her course, still foremost in the race;  
'Till, bold ambition kindling in her eyes,  
On the last line she wins th' imperial prize.  
With joy the monarch clasps her in his arms,  
Admires her valour much, but more her charms.  
The diadem, his former consort's pride,  
He orders forth, and crown's the beauteous bride.  
No blush she feigns, no amorous delay,  
But to the King's pavilion wings her way,  
"And keeps with joy her coronation day."  
Wide o'er the chequer'd field th' *deum's* ring,  
And the white legions Hymeneals sing.  
Loud peals of joy dejected Hermes hears;  
Grief heaves in sighs, and anger streams in tears.  
For him what now remains? In black despair  
He beats his breast and rends his scepter'd hair;  
Sees the black virgin, whom a crown inspires,  
Within one move of all her bright desires;  
There sees her halt; there sees, ah! luckless maid!  
The prize in view, nor dares that prize invade.  
Lo! on the farthest limit of the land,  
A warlike elephant has fix'd his stand;  
O'er all the line his glaring eye-ball throws,  
And threatens hideous ruin on the foes.  
From the white camp, meanwhile, in martial pride,  
To battle issues forth the scepter'd bride,  
Rage, and despair, and death attend her train,

And the pale Fates stand trembling on the plain;  
Proud of her charms, and the imperial crown,  
She breathes revenge, and mows the battle down.  
Earth groans; Olympus shakes; a purple flood  
Imbrues the field; Bellona stalks in blood.  
The Moors behold her terrible from far,  
As on she drives, the thunderbolt of war!  
Appall'd, they wish for the earth's gaping womb,  
To sink at once in the deep cavern'd gloom.  
Now wild with fear, to the King's tent they fly,  
There to obtain relief, or there to die.  
As in the meadows, when the lowing brood  
To pastures stray, and crop the verdant food,  
If chance a wolf, with rage and hunger keen,  
Who all night long had roam'd the sylvan scene,  
Soon as the east glows with the blushing dawn,  
From his high hill, comes thund'ring down the lawn;  
Cow'ring the heifers fly, a dastard train!  
To the strong bull, that lords it o'er the plain;  
Him they surround; him with their horns assail,  
And hollow groans are heard along the vale.  
Through the thick war the fierce virago flies:  
They yield; she follows; who resists her dies  
Now flaming in the van, now hanging o'er the rear.  
She rushes on each avenue to bar,  
And to the King's pavilion drives the war.  
There rushes on where the fierce chiefs engage,  
And round the monarch bids the battle rage;  
In fancy sees him bleed; but, oh! vain boast!  
Though now defenceless lies the wished-for post;  
Though a white square a vacant space afford,  
A station to command the chequer'd board;  
Ne'er to her valour shall that conquest bow,  
Ne'er shall those laurels deck the heroine's brow.  
Ah! blind to fortune! fury in her eyes,  
She looks around, nor sees the radiant prize;  
Or one bold step had made the day her own,  
And the black tyrant tumble from his throne.  
Afflicted Hermes sees impending fate,  
And his King falling with a falling state.  
Then, thus, if yet he can prevent the stroke,  
In taunting accents, thus his mind he spoke:  
"How long, Apollo, wilt thou stand at bay?  
Why loiter thus? and why this dull delay?  
Wake from your trance—your legions ring ring stand—  
Still must they wait their leader's trembling hand?  
Or wilt thou pause, till yon bright orb decline,  
And to the shades of night the world resign?  
Are these the arts, the maxims you pursue?  
Why b'ame in others what yourself will do?  
Stung by the taunt, Apollo views with pain  
His lengthen'd cares, and all his toil in vain.  
Nor sees, while rising passion clouds his sight,  
Where honourable deeds his Queen invite;  
Nor shakes the post on the white square his own,  
Nor sends, with meaner blood to gut his blade,  
A soldier down to night's eternal shade.  
The field now open, and the passes freed,  
Hermes beholds the unavailing deed.  
Joy fills his soul, joy sparkles in his eyes,  
Exalts his voice, and rends with shouts the skies.  
Then, from the Queen enrag'd his King to shield,  
He bids a trooper tempt the listed field.

To shield his King, the willing trooper stands,  
"Proud to obey his leader's just commands."  
The leader meditates, now bolder grown,  
With a new bride to fill the vacant throne.  
Tow'rd the last line he darts an ardent eye,  
And dooms the tow'ring elephant to die.  
The time is apt: the fatal word he said:  
An archer draws his arrow to the head:  
With fatal aim, the twanging bow he lies,  
And to its mark the impatient arrow flies.  
The monster's side pours forth a purple flood:  
He falls, he groans, he welters in his blood.  
The road now level to ambition's aim,  
The sun-burnt maid pursues her path to fame.  
No danger threatens from opposing foes;  
No more Apollo can her flight oppose:  
Eager she rushes to th' imperial scene:  
The willing Moors pay homage to their Queen.  
Proud of their second loves, the Kings review  
Their strength recruited, and the war renew.  
Still doubtful hangs the fortune of the day,  
And equal valour turns th' alternate fray.  
But Mercury, who could, with sly address,  
Ereign what he felt not, what he felt suppress,  
With notes of triumph fills the ambient sky:  
Fear in his heart, and rapture in his eye;  
He seems with scorn the enemy to treat,  
Boasting of conquest, dreading a defeat;  
And while (sly fraud!) their numbers he defies,

His confidence is terror in disguise.  
Apollo brook'd not the insulting strain;  
"Thy vaunts," he said, "are insolent and vain.  
Not yet has Victory her purple wing  
Way'd o'er thy banners; unsubdued, my King  
Against thy swarthy prince still keeps the field,  
And my brave, hardly yet'rans scorn to yield.  
For thee, when Fate has turn'd the doubtful scale,  
Then swell with triumph; then let pride prevail;  
But now this stroke, to dash thy promised joys—  
This stroke, vain boaster! this thy hope destroys."  
The snowy queen obeys his stern command,  
The crimson sabre glitt'ring in her hand.  
Again, both hosts in dreadful strife engage,  
And the war kindles with redoubled rage.  
One common ardour, one great soul in all:  
'Tis fix'd to conquer, or in battle fall.  
For victory or ruin all prepare:  
And sword to sword, and man to man they dare.  
Now these press forward, where the foe declines,  
And proudly hope to storm the hostile lines;  
Now backward roll as ebb the tide of war,  
From their own camp the enemy to bar.  
Their panting breasts now fickle fortune plies,  
And bids alternate passions fall and rise:  
Now warm with hope, they bear the prize away;  
Now desolate with fear, they lose the day,  
And with quick change their throbbing bosoms play.  
(To be continued.)

Musical.

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

CHURCH ORGANS IN CANADA.

We have to go abroad to learn many things that are being enacted at our own doors. Under the heading of "A New Organ in Canada" we find an article (taken from the *Canada Musical*) in which we are informed that Mr. L. Mitchell has made an organ for a church in—well, *Terrebonne!* and that the instrument "recalls that in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at *Sault-au-Récollet*." This organ, when complete "will excel in power the largest organs in Montreal." What is not less admirable than all this is the low price of the instrument; all complete it will not cost \$3,000. The article in question goes on to say: "It is to be regretted that we have not, throughout the Province of Quebec, a single large instrument on which might be displayed all the riches of the instrument which is the king of harmony." This is certainly gratifying intelligence. Mr. Mitchell has given us an instrument which will excel, *in power* at least, the largest organs in Montreal, and all for less than \$3,000. Why the organs in the Cathedral and St. George's Church each cost double that amount, and the large organ in the American Church (which has a pneumatic lever and pneumatic draw-stop action) cost about \$15,000! On examining the details of the specification, however, we find that there is more "blow" about this instrument than we are accustomed to find; but as it is to excel *in power* the largest Montreal instruments, we suppose it is voiced to an exceedingly high wind pressure, and must be blown accordingly. At first sight it would appear that this instrument is a perfect leviathan, what it contains and what it is "going to have" being so muddled together as to confuse the average reader; then, several of the stops are mentioned twice over. We are told that the organ contains two open sixteen-feet, one on the great organ and one on the pedal; further we are told that "the great organ has a *montre* [diapason] of 16 feet"! Why, we have dozens of organs with sixteen-foot diapasons on both pedal and great organs in Montreal, even in our smaller churches; and we are inclined to believe, even after reading the extravagant account in question, that the *Terrebonne* organ is, after all, a decidedly mediocre instrument, and inferior, as regards size and resources, to our second-class Montreal instruments. Let us see what it *really* possesses. It has *two* manuals, and the swell contains "no stop of more than *four feet*"! The great organ is of the ordinary compass of 56 notes, and contains a *montre* of 16 feet, three stops of 8 feet, two of 4 feet, a fifteenth, a trumpet, and a clarion. The pedal stops at present in the organ are an open diapason, 16 feet, and a bourdon.

We have, then, a small organ of two manuals, containing in all perhaps twenty stops, the swell having only stops of four feet, and the public are given to understand that this is something in advance of what we have hitherto had in Canada. We could not blame Mr. Mitchell for endeavouring to make us believe he had done something wonderful, although he has merely added one more to the many small organs in this Province; but we think the editor of the *Canada Musical* should not have printed, nor the editor of the *Music Trade Review* have copied, an article which, though it does not say so in words, certainly leads one to believe that this organ is in advance of our Canadian organs generally, when it is in reality entirely unworthy of special notice.

Our organs in Canada compare very favourably with those in the United States; indeed, —the largest Boston and New York organs excepted—we think our average organs are, as regards size and resources, *superior* to those in the United States. We might mention the fine instrument of Messrs. Warren in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, or that in the Toronto Cathedral; but, as special reference has been made to this Province, we would take a brief glance at the organs in this city alone. The organ in the American Presbyterian Church has three manuals, and pedals of modern compass; it has over fifty stops, and besides a pneumatic lever, has a pneumatic draw-stop action, controlled by knobs placed underneath the key-boards. It was built by Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son, of Toronto, and contains everything necessary to the performance of the most elaborate compositions. The organ in St. George's (Episcopal) Church, and that in St. Andrew's (Presbyterian) Church, by the same makers, are both about the same size. They have about forty-eight draw stops, three manuals and pedals, and the pedal organ of each has open diapason (16 feet), bourdon (16 feet), trombone (16 feet), octave (8 feet), violoncello (8 feet), twelfth, fifteenth and mixture. Each of these organs has abundance of combination pedals, and a *tremulant* controlled by a pedal. They are blown by hydraulic engines.

The organ in Christ Church Cathedral was built in 1859 by Messrs. Hill & Son, of London. It is not so large in mechanical resources as those before mentioned, but is one of the finest toned instruments in America, and exceedingly powerful. It has three manuals, and a pedal-board of two octaves and a-half, thirty-six draw stops, and five combination pedals, also a *tremulant*. Besides these there are three manual organs in St. James', St. Martin's and Trinity Churches, also in the Central Methodist Church, St. James street; and as for two-manual organs, with complete pedal-board, few churches are without them. Many of them, we know, are "monuments of folly," their use to their fullest extent being prohibited; but, although we *never hear them*, we can look at them and feel happy in their possession.

We understand that the annual meeting of the Montreal Philharmonic Society will be held at the rooms of Mr. Joseph Gould, in Beaver Hall Square, on Tuesday evening next.

Mr. Bolton, of this city, has just completed a neat little one-manual organ for the Church of the Redeemer, Chatham street. It is enclosed in a swell box, and is for its size a most effective instrument.

Mr. W. O. Perkins has received the degree of Doctor of Music from Hamilton College, New York.

# PIANOS.

JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

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

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

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

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

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

The secret of Mr. J. P. Hale's success, then, is personal attention to business, strict economy, and cash purchases. A few figures will show to what an extent his trade has developed since 1860. During the first five years he made and sold 2,300 instruments; during the next five years about 5,000, giving a total for the decade of 7,200 pianos. At present Mr. Hale turns out 140 pianos per week, or over 7,200 per year.

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

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



## REGULATIONS

Respecting the Disposal of certain Dominion Lands for the purposes of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Ottawa, July 9th, 1879.

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 110 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

1. "Until further and final survey of the said railway has been made west of the R. d River, and for the purposes of these regulations, the line of the said railway shall be assumed to be on the fourth base westerly to the intersection of the said base by the line between ranges 21 and 22 west of the first principal meridian, and thence in a direct line to the confluence of the Shell River with the River Assiniboine.

2. "The country lying on each side of the line of railway shall be respectively divided into belts, as follows:

"(1) A belt of five miles on either side of the railway, and immediately adjoining the same, to be called belt A;

"(2) A belt of fifteen miles on either side of the railway, adjoining the same, to be called belt B;

"(3) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt B, to be called belt C;

"(4) A belt of twenty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt C, to be called belt D; and

"(5) A belt of fifty miles on either side of the railway, adjoining belt D, to be called belt E.

3. "The Dominion lands in belt A shall be absolutely withdrawn from homestead entry, also from pre-emption, and shall be held exclusively for sale at six dollars per acre.

4. "The lands in belt B shall be disposed of as follows: The even numbered sections within the belt shall be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions, and the odd-numbered sections shall be regarded as railway lands proper. The homesteads on the even-numbered sections to the extent of eighty acres each, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves, also of the westerly halves of the westerly halves of such sections; and the pre-emptions on such even-numbered sections, also to the extent of eighty acres each, adjoining such eighty acre homesteads, shall consist of the easterly halves of the easterly halves of such sections, and shall be sold at the rate of \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre. Railway lands proper, being the odd-numbered sections within the belt, will be held for sale at five dollars per acre.

5. "The even-numbered sections in belt C will be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, in manner as above described; the price of pre-emptions similarly to be \$2.50 (two dollars and fifty cents) per acre; the railway lands to consist of the odd-numbered sections, and to be dealt with in the same manner as above provided in respect of lands in belt B, except that the price shall be \$3.50 (three dollars and fifty cents) per acre.

6. "The even-numbered sections in belt D shall also be set apart for homesteads and pre-emptions of eighty acres each, as provided for in respect of belts B and C, but the price of pre-emptions shall be at the rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre. Railway lands to consist, as in the belts B and C, of the odd-numbered sections, and the price thereof to be at the uniform rate of \$2 (two dollars) per acre.

7. "In the belt E, the description and area of homesteads and pre-emptions, and railway lands, respectively, to be as above, and the prices of both pre-emption and railway lands to be at the uniform rate of \$1 (one dollar) per acre.

8. "The terms of sale of pre-emptions throughout the several belts, B, C, D and E, shall be as follows, viz.: Four-tenths of the purchase money, together with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry; the remainder to be paid in six equal annual instalments from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned, on such balance of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

9. "The terms of sale of railway lands to be uniformly as follows, viz.: One-tenth in cash at the time of purchase; the balance in nine equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the balance of purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid, to be paid with each instalment. All payments, either for pre-emptions or for railway lands proper, shall be in cash, and not in scrip or bounty warrants.

10. "All entries of land shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.: a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

b. Where the railway crosses pre-emptions or railway lands proper, the owner shall only be entitled to claim payment for the land required for right of way at the same rate per acre as he may have paid the Government for the same.

11. "The above regulations shall come into force on and after the first day of August next up to which time the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act shall continue to operate over the lands included in the several belts mentioned, excepting as relates to the belts A and B, in both of which, up to the said date, homesteads of 160 acres each, but no other entries will, as at present, be permitted.

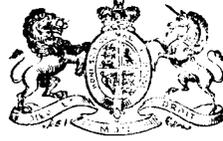
12. "Claims to Dominion lands arising from settlement, after the date hereof, in territory unsurveyed at the time of such settlement, and which may be embraced within the limits affected by the above policy, or by the extension thereof in the future over additional territory, will be ultimately dealt with in accordance with the terms prescribed above for the lands in the particular belt in which such settlement may be found to be situated.

13. "All entries after the date hereof of unoccupied lands in the Saskatchewan Agency, will be considered as provisional until the railway line through that part of the territories has been located, after which the same will be finally disposed of in accordance with the above regulations, as the same may apply to the particular belt in which such lands may be found to be situated.

14. "The above regulations it will, of course, be understood will not affect sections 11 and 29, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, Hudson's Bay Company lands.

"Any further information necessary may be obtained on application at the Dominion Lands Office, Ottawa, or from the agent of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, or from any of the local agents in Manitoba or the Territories, who are in possession of maps showing the limits of the several belts above referred to, a supply of which maps will, as soon as possible, be placed in the hands of the said agents for general distribution."

By order of the Minister of the Interior,  
J. S. DENNIS,  
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.  
LINDSAY RUSSELL,  
Surveyor-General.



## Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus," will be received at this office until WEDNESDAY, the TWENTY-SEVENTH instant, at noon, for Heating Apparatus required for the Penitentiary for the Maritime Provinces, Dorchester, N.B.

Plans, specifications, &c., can be seen at the Lachine Canal office, Montreal, at the office of M. Stead, Esq., Architect, Saint John, N.B., and at this Department, on and after TUESDAY, the TWELFTH instant, where forms of Tender, &c., and all necessary information can be obtained.

No tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signature, occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

The tender to have the actual signature of two solvent persons, residents in the Dominion, and willing to become sureties for the due performance of the Contract.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1879.



## AUCTION SALE

OF THE  
LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

AN AUCTION SALE OF THE LEASES OF NINETEEN TIMBER LIMITS, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold, subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

Plans, descriptions, conditions of sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By order,

J. S. DENNIS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS! EVERLASTING FLOWERS!—A large assortment of baskets, crosses, wreaths, bouquets, &c., both coloured and white, suitable for decorations, &c.

GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH!

A large quantity of gold fish, some all gold in color, others beautifully marked.

J. GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St.

HAMILTON & CO.,

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,

105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,

(Opposite Dupre Lane)

MONTREAL.

## IN STOCK.

Prunella, 10 to 20 Thread.  
Elastic Webs, 4½ to 5 inches.  
Shoe Rivets, in Brass and Iron, all sizes.  
Shoe Nails in Common Iron, Swede and Zinc.  
Hook Eyelets.  
Do Machines.  
Heel Plates in Iron, 2½ to 3 inches.  
Boot Laces, Real Porpoise and French Calf.  
Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.  
Kerr's N. M. T. Thread, Black and White, 300 yards.  
Do Linen finished do, 9 cord.

FOR SALE BY

J. B. MACDONALD,  
26 ST. SACRAMENT STREET.

## VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.

W. D. BOOKER, Secretary, GEO. H. MILLS, President.

WATER WORKS BRANCH

Continues to issue policies—short date or for three years—on property of all kinds within range of the city water system, or other localities having efficient water works.

GENERAL BRANCH:

On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.

RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.

EDWD. T. TAYLOR,  
Agent.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY FURNISHED BY THE

## ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This Company having transacted business in Canada so acceptably for twenty-seven years past as to have, to-day, the largest Canada income of any Life Company save one (and a larger proportional income than even that one).

NOW ANNOUNCES

that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSURANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of the funds is concerned.

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

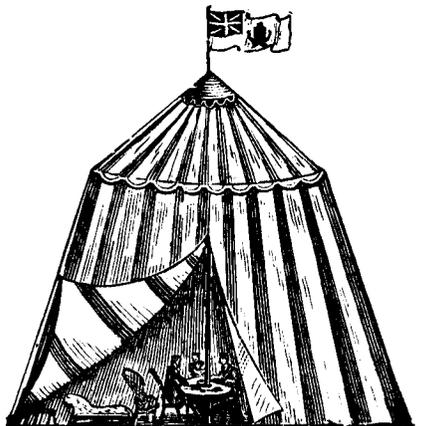
Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.



## TENTS! TENTS!

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Price from \$8 upwards.

Maker of the celebrated UMBRELLA TENT.

SAILS of all kinds for SHIPS and YACHTS.

Note the Address,

CHRISTOPHER SONNE,

13 COMMON STREET,

(Near Allan's Wharf,) - - MONTREAL.

G. REINHARDT & SONS,

LAGER BEER.

BREWERY:

HEAD OF GERMAN ST., MONTREAL.

## T. SUTTON,

HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Gentlemen favouring the above establishment will have their Hair-cutting, Shaving, &c., properly done by experienced operators.

A nice stock of Toilet requisites from the best makers to select from at reasonable prices.

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
Old Post Office Building.

**ALLAN LINE.**

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the conveyance of CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS 1879. Summer Arrangements. 1879.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powerful, Clyde built, Double-engine Iron Steamships:

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. R. Brown.
Sarmatian	4000	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Circassian	3800	Capt. James Wylie.
Moravian	3650	Capt. John Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Nova Scotian	3300	Capt. W. Richardson.
Hibernian	3200	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Austrian	2700	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Prussian	3000	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. H. Wylie.
Manitoban	3150	Capt. McDougall.
Canadian	2800	Capt. Neil McLean.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Waldensian	2600	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Legallais.
Lucerne	2800	Capt. Kerr.
Acadian	1500	Capt. Cabel.
Newfoundland	1350	Capt. Mylins.

**THE STEAMERS OF THE LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,** sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC:

Moravian	Saturday, Aug. 16
Peruvian	Saturday, Aug. 23
Polynesian	Saturday, Aug. 30
Sarmatian	Saturday, Sept. 6
Circassian	Saturday, Sept. 13
Sardinian	Saturday, Sept. 20
Moravian	Saturday, Sept. 27

Rates of Ocean Passage:  
 Cabin, according to accommodation, \$70, \$80  
 Intermediate, \$40.00  
 Steerage, 25.00  
 The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec on or about each Thursday.  
 Canadian, Aug. 15  
 Corinthian, Aug. 22  
 Manitoban, Aug. 29  
 Lucerne, Sept. 12  
 Waldensian, Sept. 19  
 Phoenician, Sept. 26

The steamers of the Halifax Mail Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, Nfld., and Liverpool, as follows:—  
 Caspian, Aug. 19  
 Hibernian, Sept. 2  
 Nova Scotian, Sept. 16

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—  
 Cabin, \$20.00  
 Steerage, 6.00  
 An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for.  
 Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer; in Quebec, to Allans, Rae & Co.; in Paris, to John M. Currie 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Havre, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co.; or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Rappet & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgomerie & Greenhorn, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,  
 Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.

**Samuel Goltman,**  
 MERCHANT TAILOR.

BOYS' BLOUSE SUITS,  
 YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS,  
 SPRING TROUSERINGS,  
 IN ALL THE FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.  
 A LARGE ASSORTMENT.

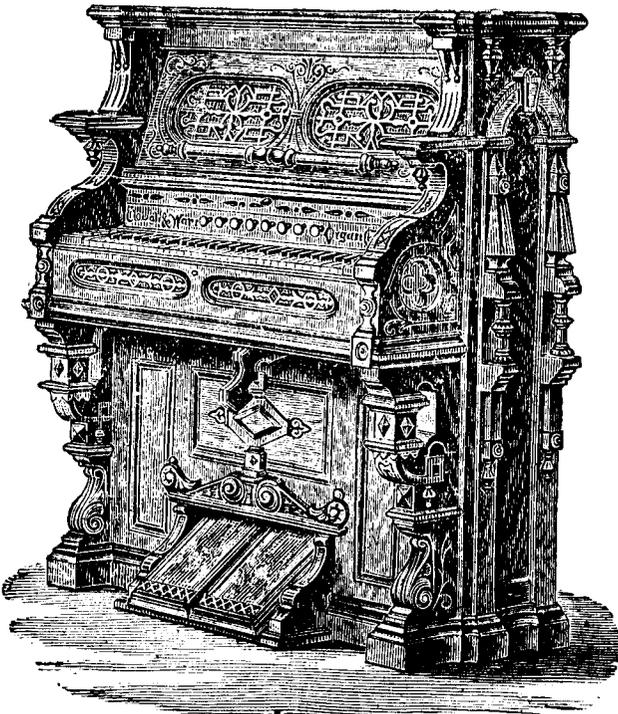
PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.  
 424 NOTRE DAME STREET.

**GALBRAITH & CO.,**  
 MERCHANT TAILORS,  
 No. 378 Notre Dame Street, (Corner of St. John St.,)  
 MONTREAL.  
 JOHN GALBRAITH, Manager.

**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.

**CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS**

CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED

PURITY OF TONE PRE-EMINENT FOR

Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.  
**CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,**  
 DETROIT, MICH.

**WILLIAM DOW & CO.,**  
 Brewers and Maltsters.

SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT, India Pale and Other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout, in wood and bottle.

**FAMILIES SUPPLIED.**  
 The following Bottlers only are authorized to use our labels, viz:—

- Thos. J. Howard - 173 St. Peter street
- Jas. Virtue - 19 Aylmer street
- Thos. Ferguson - 289 St. Constant street
- James Rowan - 152 St. Urbain street
- Wm. Bishop - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street
- Thos. Kinsella - 144 Ottawa street
- C. Maisonneuve - 588 St. Dominique street

**JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.**  
 Ale and Porter Brewers,  
 NO. 286 ST. MARY STREET,  
 MONTREAL.

Have always on hand the various kinds of **ALE & PORTER,** IN WOOD AND BOTTLE. Families Regularly Supplied.

**GENUINE NEW YORK SINGER SEWING MACHINES** THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



Buy only the GENUINE. Beware of COUNTERFEITS. None genuine without our Trade Mark stamped on the arm of the Machine.  
 THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877  
**282,812 MACHINES,**  
 Being the largest number of Sewing-Machines ever sold by any Company in a single year. Machines sold on monthly payments.  
**THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO.,**  
 281 NOTRE DAME STREET,  
 MONTREAL P.Q.

**RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of LONDON, Eng.**

ESTABLISHED 1840.  
 CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, 196 St. James St., Montreal.

FREDERICK STANCLIFFE, RESIDENT SECRETARY.

The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from this Office.

The important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.

**F. C. IRELAND,**  
 CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

**COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO.**  
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital - \$12,500,000

Fire and Life Insurances granted on easy terms. A call solicited.

OFFICE: 43 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

**FRED. COLE,**  
 GENERAL AGENT.  
 ESTABLISHED 1870.

**RICHARDSON & CO.,**  
 MERCANTILE COLLECTORS, ADVERTISING and GENERAL AGENTS,  
 No. 4 TORONTO St., TORONTO.

**Canada Paper Co.,**  
 374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,  
 MONTREAL.

Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.  
 Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by Stationers and Printers.  
 Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Ferr Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

**POST-OFFICE TIME TABLE.**

MONTREAL, July 22nd, 1879.

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

\*Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.  
 † Do. Do. 8.15 p.m.  
 The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.  
 Registered Letters should be posted 15 minutes before the hour of closing ordinary Mails, and 30 min. before closing of English Mails.



ESTABLISHED 1850.  
**J. H. WALKER,**  
 WOOD ENGRAVER,  
 17 Place d'Armes Hill,  
 Near Craig street.  
 Having dispensed with all assistance, I beg to intimate that I will now devote my entire attention to the artistic production of the better class of work. Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

**THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.**

Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal.  
 Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.  
 Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.  
 Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1310.



**Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.**  
**FARE REDUCED.**

**CHANGE OF TIME.**

**EASTERN DIVISION.**

Commencing MONDAY, May 19. Trains will be run on this Division, as follows:

	EXPRESS.	MIXED.
Leave Hochelaga.....	4.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	8.00 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	10.45 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
<b>RETURNING.</b>		
Leave Quebec.....	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	5.25 p.m.	3.15 a.m.
Arrive Hochelaga.....	8.40 p.m.	8.30 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End 10 minutes later.  
Tickets for sale at offices of STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, 202 St. James Street, 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile End Stations.

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

February 7th, 1879.



**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.**

**Western Division.**

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

**SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.**

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

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.  
Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.  
Arrive at Aylmer at 10.10 p.m.  
Express Trains from Aylmer at 8.00 a.m. Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.  
Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.  
Train for St. Jerome at - - - - - 5.30 p.m.  
Train from St. Jerome at - - - - - 7.00 a.m.  
Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

**MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.**

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

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

Western Division.

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



**Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.**

**WESTERN DIVISION.**

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

**SPECIAL SATURDAY EXCURSION.**

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

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

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

C. A. SCOTT,  
General Superintendent.



**The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and OCCIDENTAL RAILWAY.**

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL interested parties, that the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works for the Province of Quebec, has withdrawn the deposit of the Location Plan and Book of Reference of the land required for the line of the said Railway, and for the site of the Depot and Work Shops—that is, for that part of the said Railway extending from Hochelaga to Papineau Road in the City of Montreal; the said plan made and executed by J. A. U. Baudry, Provincial Surveyor, the 1st of December, 1877, and examined and certified by S. Lesage, Esq., Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works of the Province of Quebec, on the Thirteenth day, and filed on the Seventeenth day of the same month, in the office of the Clerk of the Peace for the District of Montreal, and advertised in two newspapers of the District of Montreal, viz., in *La Minerve* and *The Gazette* of the 18th of December, 1877.

The said Honourable Commissioner, moreover, gives Public Notice that the proceedings in expropriation of the different lots mentioned and described on the said Plan and Book of Reference, and thus commenced by the deposit of the said Plan and Book of Reference, are abandoned and discontinued to all intents and purposes; and the present notice is given so that the parties interested in the said lands, and the proprietors thereof, may enjoy and use the same to all intents and purposes, in the same manner as if the said deposit of the said Plan and Book of Reference had never been made, advertised or published.

Montreal, March 7th, 1879.

By order of the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works.

E. LEF. DEBELLEFEUILLE,  
Attorney.

**Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's RAILROADS**

TO

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

Trains leave Montreal:

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

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

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

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

**143 St. James Street, Montreal.**

JOSEPH ANGELL, CHAS. C. MCFALL,  
General Passenger Agent, Albany, N.Y. Agent, Montreal.

**Sales of Furniture AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.**

**W. E. SHAW,**

**GENERAL AUCTIONEER,**

Gives his personal attention to all Sales entrusted to him. His Salerooms—

**195 ST. JAMES ST.,**

(Opposite Molsons Bank.)

Best stand in the city for the sale of General Merchandise and Household Effects.

Those who contemplate selling their Household Furniture this Spring, will do well to make early arrangements with him, as he has already been engaged to conduct several important sales of which due notice will be given. Reasonable terms and prompt settlements have already secured him the leading business.

Valuations and Appraisals. Cash advances made on consignments.

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

Just out. Shows how Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and the millionaires of Wall Street make their money. First copy sent free. Address LIVINGSTON & CO., Publishers, 56 Broadway and 7 Exchange Court, New York.

**Ottawa River Nav. COMPANY.**



MAIL STEAMERS BETWEEN

**MONTREAL and OTTAWA.**

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

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

For DAY TRIP through LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS to CARILLON, returning OVER RAPIDS in evening, take 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to connect with steamer. Fare for round trip, \$1 25.

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

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