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THE TIMES.

The meeting of the Episcopal Synod in Montreal has been a noteworthy affair. No one will deny that the Episcopal Church holds an important and influential position in the Dominion; the clergy are cultured and zealous, and deserve to the full the respect they command. But, as in the case of all other churches, there are differences of opinion among the members. In meeting for discussion of principles and practices those differences naturally appear. What there is general agreement upon there is no need to discuss. This is often forgotten by the critics who sneer at our ecclesiastical debates, and say contemptuously, "see how those Christians love one another." In all fundamentals we agree, but in less important matters of names, and forms, and orders, and ceremonial we differ in opinion, and when we meet for business purposes we discuss those less vital questions on which a variety of ideas is to be looked for, without at all jeopardizing the central teachings of our common Christianity. So, taking it for granted that the members of the Synod were agreed upon the fundamental ideas and sentiments of their Church, we can only criticise their own criticism of the outward and working form of their own church life—which criticism is made by this writer in a spirit of complete friendliness.

The first point to notice is this—the Metropolitan made it very apparent from the sermon with which the Synod was opened, and by his subsequent proceedings at St. John's Church, that he is High Church in his sympathies and practices. This must be a serious matter to the Episcopate body corporate, for it means that the foremost man of the church is in avowed antagonism with the main portion of the clergy and laity. Unquestionably the Episcopal Church in Canada is in the main Low or Broad Church, and there is less sympathy with Ritualism here than in England. To have the Metropolitan in sympathy with the minority must necessarily lead to serious consequences. It is difficult to imagine how the difference between Bishop Medley and Bishop Bond can be bridged over. In some things they are agreed, but in some other things they are not agreed, and it usually is the "other things" which cause the trouble.

The next point to notice is the interesting discussion as to the name the Church shall have. To an outsider this was a matter of great interest. The legal title runs in this way: The Church of England and Ireland in Canada. But since that peculiar phrase was coined, political action has made the name impossible. There is no such thing as a "Church of England and Ireland" and the title here, or elsewhere has become an absurdity. So members of the Synod asked, "what shall we call ourselves? We are Episcopal—what else? The English Church has no jurisdiction over us—it can have no authority over us—no right to make appointments, nor to give advice until we ask it—what are we then to the Mother Church?" The answer was most indefinite, and the whole question is left as an unsolved problem. That is a pity. For the clergy and representative laity of the

Episcopal Church should make up their minds as to the position they intend to take. In a new country a name goes a long way, and they should decide upon that by which they intend to be known.

That unfortunate individual, the deceased wife's sister, met with the usual rough handling by the majority of the Synod. The debate was a little more interesting than the controversies on the question have generally been; Mr. White, M.P., made an able speech on behalf of sound reason, and the action of his fellow-legislators at Ottawa, but the clergy would not be moved. They imported a little novelty into their wrathful addresses by omitting the use of the old stock argument from the Pentateuch, and putting their objections to the lady in question upon the general grounds of morality, or the lack of it, and stoutly affirmed that in the event of this becoming law, that a man may marry his deceased wife's sister, they will refuse to give the countenance of the Episcopal Church to any such marriage.

That is strong ground for a body of clergymen to take, but believing as they do in the matter, they are right and consistent. The Church should resist the State when the State attempts to do what is wrong, but then—ought the clerical action in protest to stop with this deceased wife's sister measure? Why not institute a general supervision of what is done or attempted at Ottawa? The N.P. might be theologically examined and pronounced upon, and if the opinion should be that according to "higher law" the protective tariff is wrong, we might refuse to abide by the tariff of the N.P. Sundry other matters of doubtful interpretation, at present, might be dealt with in the same manner. I do not mean to say that the cases are exactly analogous—only, if we are going to refuse sanction to one law because we judge it to be unrighteous, let us be consistent and refuse to recognise any unrighteous law.

Those contemplating committing this act which the Synod declared wicked may find a crumb or two of comfort in reflecting that, first: that if it should become law the sanction of the church will not be absolutely necessary; second, the clergy themselves are divided upon the question, so that there can be no pretence to infallibility; and if the sanction of the Church is desired it can always be got.

It seems to me that the gentlemen who have control of the Montreal Exhibition made a great mistake in opening it by piecemeal as they have done. There should have been one grand opening day, with everything complete on the grounds, and the Governor General in attendance. Then it might have gone on for a week with excitement. As it is, very many people will have gone this first week only to find the show incomplete, and they will not care, or will not be able to repeat the visit.

Certainly the Exhibition deserves to be a great success. The ground is well chosen; the arrangements are well made; the exhibits are highly creditable, and the promoters deserve unlimited praise.

A Toronto paper has been giving currency to the rumour that Professor Goldwin Smith will probably spend next year abroad, and ventures the opinion that in the event of that happening the *Bystander* will have to be discontinued. There can be no doubt about it that if Mr. Smith should leave Canada for any long period the *Bystander* would be discontinued, or suspended, for the paper is unique and would hardly be likely to hold its own in the hands of any other man. But one thing is certain—its discontinuance or temporary suspension

cannot be ascribed to any sense of defeat on the part of the Professor, as the fierce attempts of the *Globe* to crush it and its author and to put down freedom of discussion have manifestly failed. Mr. Smith has at last achieved a very marked victory over a paper which has long and vulgarly played the part of the tyrant, assailing opinions and personal character with the same ferocity to serve its own purpose—but it could not always have its way. The *Bystander* may be discontinued, but it will only be because Mr. Smith has reasons for deciding to be in England for a time, and not because he has in any way failed to establish our right to freely discuss all questions of interest and importance to us, and fully speak out our opinions. Mr. Smith has succeeded in making independent journalism popular among us, and if he leaves the Dominion, the memory of his integrity, and manly independence, and brilliant gifts will long be cherished by those who love freedom of speech and fair debate.

If Mr. Goldwin Smith should leave us—which many of us hope will not happen—I am wondering what some of the low minded rascals, who have disgraced Toronto's journalism by writing anonymous letters in abuse of him will do. Perhaps they will find some other true man to honour by hating—or perhaps the daily press will awake to a sense of decency and justice and refuse to allow the ruffians a hearing.

In every great forest fire—I say it emphatically, for there is no room for humour in such national emergencies—co-operation and guidance are mainly wanted—the country needs the services of the skilled forest engineer. A practical railway engineer would possess just the cultivated faculties to take to the business effectually when a fire is raging, bringing good efficiency to bear upon the crying needs of the poor souls dwelling in the region, but even his valuable capacities might be susceptible of improvement through previous study and experience of this particular service. You may stop almost any great forest fire, if you can have the people of the district co-operating for the emergency, and have them at the same time properly instructed and led. I would distinctly throw out this hint to our engineers in the cities, and when they hear of a great fire overmastering the efforts of the people in any district, as just now in the Upton and St. Germain country, in the Eastern Townships, I trust they will bring their knowledge and the magic of their name to bear in its suppression, by proceeding at once, even uninvited, to the scene of suffering, and by calling meetings of the people in each locality without the unnecessary loss of an hour, to ensure their submitting to the rule of organization, and allowing themselves to be formed into effective corps of operation. Axe-men, sand-carters, bucket-carriers, plough and shovel men will chiefly be required. Timber that is chopped down, at exposed points, would have to be kept wet. The logs, in emergency, could not be drawn away, though the brush might be, to some extent. A farmer, single-handed, and he but a small man, was enabled, by promptitude, to save his entire holding the other day.

The main consideration, the fire once effectually quenched, must be the relief of the poor ruined dwellers on the land. That is truly a thought for the entire community to take hold of.

There can be no doubt about it that Canadian credit is not good, just now, in England. Sir John A. Macdonald has had to meet this difficulty in his attempt to get English capital for building the Pacific Railway. This is in some part due to the dishonest practices of some of our mercantile men in their dealings with English houses; but it is in greater part due to the fact that with very few exceptions Canadian agents abroad speak against Canada. Provincial agents talk and work against each other, each one decrying the part of the country represented by the other, and the Dominion agents rarely lose an opportunity for abusing the government and people and place generally.

In this they show a marked contrast to the agents of the United States, who tell some truth, and a great deal of falsehood, about the mighty fine things to be found in their country. According to them, a single blade of grass will feed a cow for a year, and every goose is a swan, which may be sold for twice its value any day; but our agents

openly talk of the poverty of the soil, and the meanness of the Government, and hardness of the winter, and the &c., &c., which will inevitably meet the intending settler. There is not a picture of Canadian life and scenery which is not of the winter wintery. We are depicted as walking over snow-drifts muffled up in furs, while the settler in the States is smoking his pipe with his coat off. This is a very fine policy for damming back the tide of immigration.

But it is only fair to say that the said agents are provoked to this course of conduct by the miserably small salary they receive. Sir A. T. Galt is by no means included in the above strictures, for he is true to his country and his mission to the last fibre of his nature, but he is wretchedly underpaid with his \$10,000 per year. And all the other officials are in worse condition. Not one of them has a salary upon which he can respectably and comfortably live. Fifteen hundred dollars per year is about the highest amount paid to any man after the Commissioner extraordinary, and those who know the price of living in England can judge what that represents. Hence these tears and this patriotic abuse.

A British Columbia paper has the following: "Rear-Admiral Stirling, commander-in-chief of the Pacific station, has submitted a suggestion to the Admiralty to enlist British-Canadian boys for service in his fleet. He bases it upon the grounds that the Pacific is so far distance from England, and that the waste by invaliding and expiration of period of service on the part of the several ships crews is now with difficulty replaced, and that when boys become rated as men there are no others to fill their vacancies. Therefore, Canadian youths might be obtained, and although the training the Canadians would get would be different to that undergone by those entered on board training and harbor ships in England, yet they could be well taken in hand on board the flagship. The boys, he proposes, shall have a fair amount of schooling, and their practical sea training would be better than anything to be obtained on board the harbour ships here, with an occasional cruise in a sailing brig. Admiral Stirling further adds that it would also have the advantage of drawing the Dominion and the Old Country together, and as Canada has now been allowed to enter colonial cadets, we would thus enter colonial boys to man our ships. He says no better material for sailors could possibly be found than those born in Canada."

Mr. Labouchere is very dogmatic, but probably right when he speaks thus:—

"Almost every week I notice foolish and servile assertions that Princess Louise is delighted with Canada, and that anything to the contrary is a mischievous invention. That the Princess dislikes either the people or the country is false, but it is perfectly true that she very much dislikes her residence there; and it would be odd if she did not. An eminent Canadian said to me last week: 'Of course she does, and everybody knows it, and understands it; there is nothing to resent in the fact.' The Princess is separated from her family, has none of her friends near her, and is inevitably altogether out of the Court 'swim,' which, to those who have been accustomed to a Court, is an intolerable deprivation. As to the visit of H. R. H. to this country, it was quite a sudden idea, and was resolved on after Prince Leopold's accident, and her Majesty's command for his immediate return. I hear that the Queen has expressed her desire that the Princess should go back to Canada as soon after she returns from Germany as may be convenient to her."

Englishmen travelling on the European Continent have not been spending their money this year in the lavish manner which has so long been characteristic of them. Reports go that there has been an extraordinary contraction in all matters of expenditure; where they used to spend sovereigns freely they now haggle over shillings. If this goes on, the favour of hotel and stall keepers will certainly be transferred to the Americans.

Now that the British Parliament is prorogued, the English papers are occupying the dull time in discussing the relative merits and developments of gifts and character in the members of Mr. Gladstone's government. The general idea seems to be that Mr. Gladstone himself has come well through the session. Now that passion has had

time to cool down, it is seen that in the first few weeks after Parliament met he was beset by difficulties not of his own creating. Those cleared away he asserted all his old dominance of will and gift, and all the House felt the power of his magnificent moral character.

But Lord Hartington has probably won the greatest success. He seems to have a happy knack of disappointing his friends in the right way—for he always does better than was expected of him. As leader of the Opposition he succeeded beyond all anticipation, and now as leader of the House of Commons, during Mr. Gladstone's illness, he has won the admiration of all his party. It is seen and acknowledged that when any work has to be done Lord Hartington can do it, and for every emergency he appears equal.

Mr. Fawcett also is a great success. He is always an earnest man, and when he took office meant to make it a matter of business. So he has started a much needed work of reform in the Post Office, and, on the whole, is pronounced the best Postmaster-General England has ever had.

Mr. Forster, however, is a failure, they say. This is disappointing, for during the last Gladstone administration he was regarded as an able and painstaking administrator. The manner in which he piloted the Education Bill through the stormy waters of debate won for him the admiration of friends and opponents, and when he was appointed Secretary for Ireland, this was remembered and general satisfaction was felt. But it is becoming evident that Mr. Forster has just the qualities which fitted him for the work of carrying an Education Act through the House, but not for the government of Ireland. When fairly examined this can hardly be wondered at. Tact and compromise were needed then, and Mr. Forster displayed them admirably; tact and resolution are needed for the office he now fills, and Mr. Forster is wanting in the latter.

Again the Eastern question is causing some anxiety in Europe, and there are those who say it cannot be settled without a great war. But why? it may fairly be asked—England, Germany, Russia and France are agreed upon the main point—that Turkey must abide by the terms of the Berlin Treaty, and carry out the needful reforms as they were then specified. The Turks are at the old game of temporizing and trying to get up quarrels between interested nations, but those nations are beginning to see clearly that there is nothing Turkish worth fighting for.

There is occasion to fear serious trouble from the condition of trade in Yorkshire and Lancashire. The cotton masters of Manchester have resolved to resist the demand of their operatives for an advance in wages, and a general lock-out is threatened, so that a time of suffering for the operatives, and a period of difficulty for the masters is likely to exist. What benefits can be obtained by striking, it is hard to discover, and it is frequently the case that the leaders in the strikes are the worst of the operatives. It is a serious question, the regulation of differences between capital and labour and one which requires the gravest consideration. It will probably in the near future cause serious trouble amongst our neighbours in the United States, and should such turn out to be the case, the trouble would be terrible; of this a warning is to be seen in the Pittsburgh riots a few years ago, and which serves to show the difficulty of quelling disturbances of this nature. A body of desperate men, with nothing to lose, commit deeds of reckless violence, trusting to the well-known dislike of peaceable people to take harsh measures with them—but this hesitation and dislike on the part of law-abiding people would seem in many cases to be a mistake, and the trouble should be met firmly and resolutely at the outset. No half measures will answer, and it is much better that strict measures should be adopted and the public peace preserved at as little cost as possible. Once a riot gains headway it is most difficult to stop its course, and human lives are liable to be sacrificed. At Quebec we saw with the ship labourers how culpable the vacillation of the authorities was, and how serious the trouble became—while the success of the rioters gave them more confidence and made them defiant and destructive. Strikes in nearly every case lead to riots, and are to be deprecated, both for moral and commercial reasons.

EDITOR.

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

Nothing shews the advance of a nation so much as its progress in the fine arts. The Ontario Society of Artists is doing a good work *for itself* in Toronto, but the same style of pictures are on exhibition to-day that were when the society was first organized. There is a great want felt of fresh blood; something new is wanted, not the old stereotyped subjects of Muskoka scenery, or grazing buffalo of the prairie, but sterling life subjects requiring deep thought. And to this end we are thankful that the Ontario Government has agreed to help the Ontario School of Art, for evidently there are aspiring young students of this school who intend some day to surpass their teachers. The school was established in 1876 by the Ontario Society of Artists, who evidently felt the want of new blood and new styles of painting in the way of ideal life subjects or representations of historic tradition such as grace the walls of the French Academy and the English schools of art. The Ontario School of Art will re-open for the Autumn session on Friday, October 1st., when it is expected a large attendance will be present to commend the study of freehand outline drawing, perspective figure drawing, artistic anatomy, colour &c. If the same degree of progress is made by the new students as was made by the old ones of last session, and the old ones excel themselves, at no very distant date we may perhaps pride ourselves after all, on the accomplishments of Canadian Artists, though, if we are to believe all that our present artists and their admirers say of us, we are not so very far behind the old Dutch masters as we are led to suppose. I am led to believe that artists as a rule are not the best judges of painting; perhaps they look with a partial eye on the work of their fellow artists. At any rate, so much has been said about the Ontario School of Art and its parent the Ontario Society of Artists, that the work of the students of the school will be examined and criticised in no very partial manner when the term that is about to commence ends.

Toronto has given \$350,000 to the Credit Valley Railway, but as yet the railway has been of very little benefit either to the farmers along the line or to the Toronto merchants, the Credit Valley Company having no storehouses in Toronto in which to store the produce which was to have been of such an immense interest to Toronto. There is a port called "Credit," a few miles from Toronto, far more safe than Toronto port, and but two and one-half miles from Cooksville, the station of the Credit Valley Railway, ten miles from Toronto. It is now seriously contemplated to construct a branch line from Cooksville to Port Credit. The county of Peel, it is thought, will grant a bonus to help the undertaking, for the people of this county are indignant to think they have paid so dearly for their whistle. Whatever is done in the matter of this branch railway must be done before the end of the year, as the new law regarding bonuses comes into effect then. Suffice it to say, that if this branch is laid down, the citizens of Toronto may say good-bye to their \$350,000, for Port Credit undoubtedly would receive the greater part of the freight of the Credit Valley line; this route would be shorter to all points, and shipments could be made with greater despatch, storehouses being already erected at the harbour of Port Credit.

Last week the Catholic schools assembled in the park for a day's enjoyment, and had a good time generally after the picnic fashion. In the evening the juveniles marched home in procession, the procession consisting mostly of young girls who marched through the park avenue to their homes. All the way through the avenue the band of picnickers were greeted with the soul-stirring songs of a band of zealous Orange Young Britons, the spirited upholders(?) of the Protestant faith, who lustily cheered the quiet band of girls. For a good ten minutes this cheering was rendered with considerable vigour for the benefit of a respectable body of school girls. Many were the indignant comments of the passers-by, both Catholic and Protestant, at this disgraceful proceeding. The Orange body may speak of their marvellous institution as they please, but at least they should train their children to use respectable language towards those who differ from them in religion. Why should these bands of youths be permitted to play their disgusting party airs night after night as

they do? True, there is no law to prevent their playing; but common decency and respect to their fellow citizens ought to influence the right-thinking amongst their members to stop this frequent cause of disturbance. How long ago is it since a band of these ultra-patriotic youths showered a hundred stones at one of the steamers at our wharves because it contained a company of hated Catholics? It is not many weeks since a policeman was maimed by these upholders of the faith and disturbers of the peace. What is Orangeism in Canada? Let the Young Britons answer if they can. It is gratifying to know that there is a decided feeling in the community against the Orange body and their insulting practices, which, unless they are careful, must ultimately bring their Order into contempt.

Whatever grounds the Reformed Episcopal Church may have to found their arguments for reformation on is a matter for which they themselves are responsible. But, on the other hand, there is a question raised in small Episcopal communities as to the sincerity of the principle that induces the Rev. B. B. Ussher, of Montreal, editor of the *Protestant Pillar*, to undertake to throw discord into the ranks of the Reformed Episcopal Church at Toronto. The appeal for contributions to the sustentation fund of the R. E. Church means nothing more nor less, so far as Mr. Ussher is concerned in Toronto, than an attempt to draw away a portion of the parishioners of the church of which he was lately the incumbent, but which attempt, it is being asserted, will be indignantly resisted. However weak the Reformed Episcopal Church may be, either in England, the United States or Canada, and however much discord and instability may have taken the place of what promised to be strength and concord since the decease of the Rev. George Cummins, D.D., the founder of the church, it is no reason why Mr. Ussher should aggravate the wound, and under a name which is intended to be ambiguous, advocate a cause identical with the true workers in the real R. E. interest, apparently for no other purpose (in Toronto) than to draw away the parishioners of the present R. E. Church there, merely that they may be called by an ambiguous name. This is what is complained of in the proposed attempt to disturb the present church in Toronto, and I think justly, for to wantonly attempt to cause secession from a church with which the parishioners have become identified is unjust and unfair to the pastor and the people, and calls forth the contempt it deserves. It speaks little for the pastor of any church to attempt to bring discord and secession into a colleague's church because at one time upon the merest pretence, and during the time of the church's greatest weakness, he had cowardly left it to fight its battles alone and upon its own resources.

Some of the exhibitors at the Exhibition bitterly complain of the unfitness of the judges to adjudicate upon the merits of their claims, men totally unfit being appointed to judge of wares of which they know next to nothing. They ought to be allowed to call in associates for advice, who should not have a vote, but whose opinions would be considered by the judges at its proper value and at their own discretion. Without this it must ever be a cause of great weakness in these exhibitions continually that so many exhibitions take place as nearly as possible at one time, amongst a small population.

What I said about certain building operations in a previous issue appears to be endorsed by the citizens to a small extent. There are several loosely built terraces about the city that have been abandoned for months and are gradually falling into decay, unfinished and unsaleable. Sixteen and twenty four houses in a row are untenanted. A great deal of money, annoyance and trouble might have been saved had the city commissioner or other persons in authority, warned the speculators of their unsafe buildings. Should there not be some law made to prevent dishonest speculators from defrauding purchasers of their worthless houses? I am aware of a law in Toronto somewhat to this effect, fixing certain limits to certain kinds of buildings within given sections of the city. But speculators may build as they please for the law is never enforced, therefore another law ought to be provided in equity to protect unsuspecting purchasers. *Queen City.*

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

GOLD LEAVING EUROPE.

The flow of gold is again to this side of the Atlantic. The German, French and English steamers add a large quota to the amounts already received on their regular arrivals. Not only are considerable sums drawn from the Bank of England for export, but the open market is also sought for additional amounts. Advices from Berlin are to the effect that the Bank of Germany has ordered its Bremen and Hamburg branches to temporarily suspend gold payments. This is significant, as it shows that the drain is felt abroad. It is not supposed the drain will be so great as in 1879, as crops are in better condition in Europe than last year. The demand for breadstuffs and grain will not, therefore, be so urgent for immediate wants. The arrival of foreign gold to our shores happens at an opportune period. Banking reserves were becoming reduced in consequence of the urgent demand for money to move the crops. The gold receipts can go into Bank vaults and liberate the legal tenders held as reserve, and this movement will have its effect in keeping down rates for money. We begin to comprehend the fortunate result of abundant crops. The balance of trade is kept in our favour, and there is no fear of specie suspension. Every industry and business pursuit is benefited by this return of gold, and all legitimate enterprises receive a new stimulus. Had our imports been equal to exports, and no trade balances to settle in our favour, the result would be very different. Good crops would create a stringent money market to move them, as gold receipts would not flow in as now to liberate Bank reserves. Tight money contracts all business enterprises and restricts internal trade. The unusually large and active business transacted at the sea-board, as well as inland centres, would in a measure be curtailed if finances were not easy. One important lesson to learn is not to import too heavily. Bounteous harvests will not avail if the people again grew extravagant and run in debt for luxuries and we buy more goods than we sell. If through lavish expenditure the balance of trade turns against us we deserve to be chastised for our folly. In that case the gold goes from us abroad and all our industries droop and suffer. Already there are signs of undue extravagance, and imports, unless checked, will reach unprecedented figures. It will not do to be reckless and trust to Providence to always help us out through bounteous harvests.

THE FREIGHT POOL COMBINATION.

There is trouble in the pool combination of Trunk lines. The freight rates, which for over a year have been well maintained, show signs of weakening. This pooling system is all well enough for the railroads when they run full of business and have hardly cars sufficient to move freight promptly. Rates at such times can be kept up, and no important line has any inducement to cut the tariff. They are difficult to maintain, however, when business falls off, trains run light and cars are idle. Then the situation becomes changed. Lake and canal rates have fallen considerably within the last few weeks and attracted a large business from the railways. The cost of moving corn by water within the past week has been forty per cent. cheaper than by rail, including transfer charges also at Buffalo. The manager of the pool combination in this city is quoted as saying he feels more discouraged than ever over the situation. He states the managers of the several lines will not keep a compact solemnly made in executive committee one hour after its adjournment. And why? Because the Trunk lines are not doing the business they did a short time ago. The water routes are diverting much of the traffic, at lower rates. The fight may first begin on East bound freight, but when once rates are cut and the system of drawbacks instituted the war will become general. A railroad war in some respects is to be deprecated; in others it is to be welcomed. At one time the pooling plan bid fair to work successfully, and under its rule a giant monopoly established. Such a system would in the end be destructive of the best interests of the country. The signs of its breaking up are an evidence that no such plan can be permanent unless traffic is sufficient to keep the lines busy throughout the entire year. When the water routes draw business away heavily a weakening of the compact is observed. This break-up will also teach railroad managers another lesson, and that is, the public have some rights to be observed, and whenever rates are put up unduly a reaction is certain to follow. A destructive war of rates is to be regretted. The public are not gainers in such conflicts and no good purpose is served. The only hopeful issue out of such a fight is that the pooling system can never be of successful duration. Let each road be independent and manage its business in its own way. The lines that offer the best facilities will naturally do the largest share of the traffic. This is as it should be. The best first always.—*U. S. Economist.*

In 1801, London had a population of 864,000 against 4,714,000 to-day. In 1802, London had sixty-eight acres of docks; now the extent is 690 acres. The stone used for the Plymouth breakwater would be sufficient for the great pyramid of Cheops. A single private ship-building yard has produced more tonnage per annum than the whole of Elizabeth's fleet opposed to the Armada. Great Britain exports enough coal to freight all the merchantmen in the world. In this century more bridges have been built than in all the previous years.

since Cæsar was in Britain. Sanitary improvements have in Great Britain added six years to life. Charity in its material form has in England grown twice, and in France three times, as fast as public wealth. The earnings of the British nation have doubled in twenty years, and quadrupled since Waterloo, and this exclusive of untaxed incomes.

According to the recent statement of the President of the Foreign Cattle Trade Association, in 1875 the number of English cattle was 6,012,024, and in 1879 5,856,356, showing a decrease of 155,668, while in 1875 the number of sheep was 29,167,438, and in 1879 28,157,080—a decrease of 1,010,358. The total number of cattle imported in 1879 was (including the imports from Ireland) 880,010, and the total number of sheep 1,617,103. The total import from all sources of sheep and cattle in 1879 was 2,986,251, as against 3,043,090 in 1878, showing a decrease of 156,839. In the year 1879 there had been a depreciation in the number of English cattle and sheep of 1,322,865.

CROP MOVEMENT.

Comparative statement (in bus.) of shipments, Detroit wheat, from 1st August to 11th September:—

	Total.	Great Western R.R.	Grand Trunk R.R.	Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R.R.	Canada Southern R.R.	BY LAKE TO			
						Buffalo.	Erie.	Oswego.	Kingston-Montreal.
1878...	3,816,970	52,326	18,142	1,031	35,242	2,922,369	38,160	749,700
1879...	2,095,096	118,946	*140,725	12,755	38,384	1,021,975	49,200	713,111
1880...	1,218,566	60,148	213,953	24,502	41,343	565,406	37,972	235,244

PROPORTIONS BY EACH CHANNEL OF EXPORT.

	Total	Great Western R.R.	Grand Trunk R.R.	Lake Shore & Michigan Southern R.R.	Canada Southern R.R.	Buffalo.	Erie.	Oswego.	Kingston-Montreal.
1878...	1,000	.014	.005009	.766010	.196
1879...	1,000	.056	.667	.006	.019	.488024	.349
1880...	1,000	.049	.176	.021	.034	.464031	.193

* Of this quality 108,883 bushels was shipped between the 1st and 6th of August, whereas the shipment of 1880 was distributed over the whole period under review, there being only four blank days.

John K. MacIver.

THE NEW BRUNSWICK LUMBER TRADE.

St. JOHN, N.B., Sept. 10.—The export of lumber from Miramichi, from the opening of navigation to September 2, amounted to 89,274,859 superficial feet, compared with 69,576,519 feet in 1879, and 58,321,390 feet in 1878.

The annual report of the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company for the year ending June 30, shows gross earnings of \$2,933,108.24, an increase over the previous year of \$1,032,579.29 or 54.3-10 per cent. The revenue from land and real estate sales, and from interest and exchange, bring the total receipts up to \$3,535,631.58.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100, Sept. 15, 1880.	Price per \$100, Sept. 15, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$153	\$132½	4	5.23
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	85½	55½	3	7.00
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	99	70	3	6.06
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	134	115	3½	5.22
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	*250,000
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	55,000	90	57½	2½	5.56
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	475,000	105	79	3	5.71
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	200,000	106	95	3½	6.60
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	425,000	99	3	6.06
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	1,400,000	127½	112	4	6.27
MISCELLANEOUS.				*75,000	54
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	133	91	4	6.02
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	61½	38
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	163,000	118	81½	15	4.24
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	149	118½	5	6.71

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.			Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Week Sept. 11	\$ 81,234	\$ 135,833	\$ 217,067	\$ 192,727	\$ 24,340	11 w'ks	\$ 475,686
Great Western.....	" 3	41,064	61,375	101,439	82,465	18,974	10 "	180,747
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 8	8,996	19,000	28,026	25,593	2,433	10 "	52,719
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 7	1,256	2,552	3,808	4,056	24 8	10 "	1,041
Midland.....	Sept. 31	2,778	8,375	11,153	7,429	3,724	9 "	15,476
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	Sept. 4	2,199	1,443	3,642	2,842	800	1m Jan. 1	4,038
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 7	523	945	1,468	1,395	73	"	12,067
Canada Central.....	Sept. 31	5,620	8,533	14,123	9,125	4,998	10 w'ks	20,805
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Sept. 4	2,130	2,956	5,086	5,873	78 7	10 "	867
†Q., M., O. & O.....	Aug. 31	14,830	8,048	22,878	4,803	18,075	8 "	74,182
Intercolonial.....	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	1 m'nth	38,441

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for eleven weeks is \$503,886.

†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

THE WHEAT QUESTION.

Last year there was a deficiency of 32,000,000 quarters of wheat in Europe which had to be made up by importation. This year the home supplies are estimated so high that the deficiency will not be greater than 9,000,000 quarters. In America there were last year 22,500,000 surplus quarters, which were imported to Europe. This year the American surplus is estimated at 25,000,000 quarters; consequently, this year's harvests in Europe and America will amount to 11,500,000 quarters more than is required for food. The average wheat harvest in Great Britain is reckoned at 12,100,000 quarters, and this year the harvest is about 10 per cent. below this average in quantity; therefore, the amount of wheat in excess of requirements is about the amount produced in Great Britain. Now, according to the report of Messrs. Read & Pell, the cost of American wheat up to its arrival in this country is 45s. 9½d. per quarter. Americans, however, insist that the cost is considerably less. Be this, however, as it may, it is very evident that 11,500,000 quarters are not likely to be kept out of the market by any combination to maintain prices. As last year the home wheat harvest was 6,000,000 quarters, and this year it will be 10,900,000 quarters, it is clear that, taking wheat at 45s. per quarter, the net gain to our farmers over last year would be £10,025,000; but if, owing to supply being so enormously in excess of demand, wheat falls to 30s. per quarter, the gain over last year will be only £2,850,000, or, in other words, farmers, notwithstanding the good harvest, will be losers instead of gainers by their wheat. The question therefore, to them is whether wheat will fall to 30s. per quarter. It is probable that it will, provided that the prospects of next year's harvest are good, for all will hasten to sell so soon as they can predicate with anything like certainty that the excess of supply over demand will augment. Americans, it may be said, will not ship wheat to Europe at a loss. This is fallacious reckoning. Thirty shillings is better than nothing, and of what possible value can their excess of wheat over their home consumption be to them in America? As for more wheat being employed this year in fattening animals and in distilling in France, these would not be appreciable outlets. Early last year, on the mere possibility of the supply being in excess of demand, it must be remembered that wheat fell to 37s. 7d. per quarter. The idea seems to have prevailed that the area of wheat cultivation can be indefinitely increased. This is absurd, but nevertheless it is probable that the area will be still more increased, for colonists are landing every week by thousands in the American ports, who go West, and by their labour augment the area of cereal production. The Americans are a thoroughly practical people, and my own impression is that they will, if Messrs. Read & Pell's figures be correct, take steps to reduce the cost of production to such a point that farmers, both in France and England, will have to give up wheat-growing, and both these countries will obtain their entire supplies of wheat from across the Atlantic. The problem to be solved is a curious one. The only chance for the English wheat producer seems to be that in England there should be a good harvest, and that everywhere else there should be an exceptionally bad one, and it is hardly likely that he will continue to produce wheat on so improbable a contingency occurring. The best thing that he has to do now is to sell his wheat as soon as he can, before the inevitable result of an excess in supply is fully realised.—*Truth.*

EXHIBITION NOTES.

The Exhibition here in Montreal is very fair, and promises to be in a much better condition next week. It is evident that novices were on many of the committees, and some of the divisions of the committee-work have been slovenly managed. It was a somewhat peculiar arrangement, or rather decision, to open the Exhibition five days before the cattle and agricultural products are to be exhibited—it is a great disappointment to many, and we do not understand why it has been done. All might have been exhibited at the same time, and it would have made it a much greater success. However, the entries have been very numerous, and it is one of the best, if not the best, that has ever been held here—we do not speak of the outside attractions, which have nothing to do with the exhibition itself, but which have a tendency to lessen the interest that ought to be taken in the exhibition proper. As is usual, there are to be found outside the grounds, wheels of fortune, games of chance, and it would seem that it is impossible to get rid of them—they are very well patronised, especially by agricultural people.

It is evident that the judges have a very severe task before them, and one requiring a great deal of care and tact, the articles being very numerous and excellent in merit. In making awards, it may be necessary sometimes to adopt regulations that appear arbitrary in their character. Some articles a person may have been in the habit of judging by a certain standard, but as these articles, made in different parts of the country, may have been impressed with different characteristics, it would seem very difficult to enter into the merits which can only be judged by another standard—since the very points which in the one case, may appear to be merits, may no: unnaturally in the other case be considered defects. This is but one

of the many difficulties with which judges have to contend, and it will require from them the greatest care and caution to make just awards. In some cases it would be a much safer plan to give all articles of a certain degree of excellence, prizes of equal value, especially in cases where the gradation in merit between the articles is necessarily very slight—this will avoid many difficulties and is the safer plan. It would have been a good plan if special medals had been offered for beauty of design and for excellence in fine arts as applied to manufactures; this has always been overlooked in Canada and we can see the bad effect it has had upon our manufactures, by noticing their heaviness and want of beauty. For these qualities we have only to see French or American manufactures in which we find utility and beauty united in the highest degree. By thus stimulating efforts and study in this direction—valuable as the present Exhibition is proving in many respects—a sensible and immediate effort would have been perceived in the improvement of taste and a great impulse would have been given to the arts of design. We are aware that Rome was not built in a day, and therefore can wait patiently. We may predict for our Montreal Exhibition a great success, and that it may be fully appreciated is our sincere wish. The thanks of the public are due to those who have so generously subscribed, and also to those who have devoted their time and abilities gratuitously for the benefit of others.

The Horticultural Exhibition has taken place, and has been a decided success in every particular. It was held in the Victoria Rink, and the show of flowers and fruit was magnificent, eclipsing in every way the efforts of past years. We had much pleasure in examining the collections of hardy grapes for outdoor culture, and would desire to call attention to these. It is the case that fruit grown in Northern climates excels in quality Southern fruit—at least this appears to be the case with Canadian fruit. The island of Montreal has the finest apples and melons and other fruit, with the exception of peaches, to be procured on this continent. The outdoor cultivation of grapes has been neglected in the past and it is a pity, as there is no doubt they would succeed admirably—due attention being paid to the kind of grape to be planted. We also noticed the pears which were good—there are only two or three sorts of pears with which any success can be obtained in Lower Canada and these require a sheltered position, but it is such a luscious fruit that it amply repays trouble. The varieties of apples shown were very numerous and of great beauty in appearance. We noticed very few of the Pomme Grise; is this apple, as has been stated, dying out? It is without exception, in our opinion the finest winter apple grown at is such a good keeping apple that we can not afford to lose it. The show of flowers was very pretty though the blooms especially the geraniums were dropping off; the ferns were “lovely” and prettily arranged. The vegetables were of good size, the usual mammoth pumpkin being present, and huge squashes lay in solitary state. We were glad to notice that very few “patents” were exhibited, as a rule they are most incongruous and are merely advertisements. The Horticultural Society deserves our thanks and the exhibitors deserve our praise for the creditable and pleasing show made.

PACIFIC RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

“The *Times*, speaking of the Pacific Railway bargain says the definite settlement must await the assembling of the Dominion Parliament. It indicates at length the route taken by the railroad, and expresses the hope that the disbursement of the money expended on the construction of the Pacific Railroad during the next ten years will materially improve the position of all railway, land, and industrial undertakings throughout Canada.”

The above from the Toronto *Globe's* London despatch of 10th inst. gives the view of the great London paper on our Canadian railway affairs, and the people of this country may be quite as much disposed to be guided by its view as by the too greatly biassed one of the Toronto *Mail*, who thinks our curiosity is likely to be satisfied without a meeting of Parliament. One great danger to be provided against in the instalment of new and great proprietary interests, which can never be wholly consentaneous with those of the people, is that of the limiting tendency of such interests as regards popular or parliamentary government. “The rights of property are sacred” the *Witness* tells us. They are at any rate the outgrowth of human law, and have to be recognized, and not too frequently changed or tampered with. As we are not all brokers, we can afford to say that we ought to be the more careful how we establish them, and to be sensible of the fact that is occurring, when the country is being suited with a new constitution, as is now the case with us. We presume there is still manhood enough in the country to determine that Parliament shall discuss the bearing of the negotiations and the bargain to which it has to set its seal.

We may rationally expect that some arrangement will be come to; but had we—and we advance the point for argument's sake only, knowing perfectly well that we have avoided the greater part of such obligations—adopted the other alternative and agreed to borrow for investment in the work a hundred million dollars (an amount of debt which we should not have been called upon to assume for several years, if at all), the interest at four per cent., and expenses, would, let us say, have been about equivalent in millions and parts

thereof to the number of the population, and this rough calculation will give a dollar per head in each year, and this again will amount to about a third of a cent for each head of the population per working day.

The sales of the lands, with a portion of the customs and excise duties of the great new territories to be developed between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific sea-board, and in the gold mining regions, increasing as the works proceeded, and permanently increasing till the debt was neutralized, would all have been in diminution of the dollar,—leaving for the present the profits on working the line out of calculation.

This third of a cent per head per day would have been a public investment of means certain in time to bring returns—and Canada could then have become somewhat less a tributary country than she is likely now to be—although the future tribute may chiefly take the form of railway income and land instalments transmitted to London—involving (and it should include no more) a certain absence of control over our freight and travel, local and across the continent, and the government of the line from the point of view of profit to incumbents whose good feelings, once installed, we shall have to cultivate, while we may take care that their powers shall not become infused with other departments of the State.

Readers will see that we have written hypothetically only. We are aware there was an alloy to all that fine gold, and that it was found in the temper of considerable sections of our people, who have been reared in colonial ideas, and taught to lean upon the worthy mother land for most things, and also in the views of many of their leaders with whom finance has been only a synonym for distrust and fear. With these logicians we had no desire to argue, and can hardly be said to be doing so now. New Zealand did unwisely, no doubt, to run into debt ten or twelve times as deeply as Canada has yet done, relative populations being considered, and that all for the government railways of those isolated islands in the Southern Ocean—but we are too much occupied in Canada to be scolding New Zealand just now.

The new capitalists are strong men, financially, and will doubtless do well with us, if they are properly arranged and dealt with, but our political happiness, as a people, in the years to come, which has a greater importance even than financial considerations, must greatly depend, in most large national developments, upon our hitting the true mean of self-assertion, as regards the outside world. In all the years it will not become us to forget that expansion and progress are especial attributes of Christian populations in newer regions of the earth, and also that such communities should certainly at some day, however distant, become the owners of their own highways. *Civis.*

PROGRESS IN LIFE.

Every one desires to rise in life, and this desire may be said to be the chief cause or mainspring of all human progress and activity. It makes the world enthusiastic, energetic, industrious and powerful. Without it the world would lose much, and it is therefore to be recognised and stimulated as a legitimate and necessary desire. There are many paths through life, each having different attractions, and presenting different temptations and rewards. Some desire to rise by means of money; they desire to be rich and powerful, to hold large balances and wield large influences gratifying to their vanity, as the possession of wealth succeeds in obtaining the homage and flattery of many minds. Some desire to be popular, to have a large circle of friends, to be respected, admired, and perhaps loved. Others desire to gain a reputation for learning, to become celebrated as naturalists, geologists, ministers of religion, and in other branches of learning, while some desire to be celebrated as mechanical engineers, or even as agriculturists. It is a grand and beneficent thing that there are so many channels open, and it is a grander thing when a person is so happy as to find and follow that channel best suited to his bent of mind.

Now, while it is allowed that all the useful members of society are endeavouring to rise in life through some of these channels, a great and radical difference will be found in the means employed to do it and in the ultimate objects sought after, and the former will be found to depend greatly upon the latter. There are two principal causes why persons desire to rise in life,—one is, their own personal aggrandisement, or to gratify their own personal vanity; while the other is, that they may be enabled to benefit others. A person wants wealth for himself alone; he may desire to hoard it like a miser, or may desire to spend it on himself—may love it for its own sake (a sign of a narrow mind, which is made more powerful and overbearing in the gratification), or he may love it because it enables him to be luxurious or to make a great social display. And in all of these cases he never goes beyond his own petty selfish enjoyment in his plans and visions of future success. Charitable purposes in life, properly so-called, never enter into his mind, his motto being “each one for himself”; and he rather glories in the misfortunes of others, mentally accepting them as tributes to his superiority. Religion troubles him but little, and he even thinks it is better to be somewhat deformed in mind and less polished in manner and less kind in deed than it is to be without money. He says “money is character and power,” which aphorism can hardly be disputed; but the use or management of money shows what that character or power is worth in judging of the

personal attributes of the possessor. On the other hand, another person accumulates wealth and anticipates pleasure, but it is of a different sort; he sees in the world many noble uses to which money may be devoted, and he eagerly plans to further noble charities languishing from want of help. He looks forward by means of his worldly success to having a happy home, with the determination to provide every opportunity for his children's advancement and best development, and to being able to provide a warm welcome for all friends. He looks forward to seeing old age comforted, poverty relieved, the poor rescued from vice and ignorance, sufferings assuaged—in a word, the *welfare of others* forms the central object of his worthy and charitable anticipations. Now, the man who, on the contrary, neglects the happiness of others in his aims will not neglect so to do in the means he takes to rise in life. He will keep others down in order that he may rise; will refuse to extend a helping hand, if he may thus accelerate his own rise in life. He will not hesitate to take unfair and dishonourable advantages, though he is too sharp to take illegal ones; will crush feebler and poorer men than himself; will make a profit out of the ignorance or dependence of poor workmen; will speculate upon the food supply of a starving nation,—in fact, will not shrink, in many other ways, from rising at the expense, and to the positive detriment of others. Now, the one who is properly influenced refuses to do any of these things; he cannot stoop to them. He desires success that he may benefit others and necessarily refuses to secure it by means that act to their detriment. He will only rise by honourable and manly effort: by talent and abilities properly exercised; by economy not of a niggardly nature; by perseverance or good judgment;—but in no case by keeping others down or by withholding any act of kindness or justice that every man ought to feel he owes to his fellow-men.

These same differences are found, no matter what way to rise in life be chosen. If it be through politics, the one who desires only his own glory and reputation will not stop to inquire whom he injures on his way to success. In fact, in politics, the falsity and falsehood, the prevarications and shortcomings of many are more evident, especially in this country, than in any other profession. But some are to be found who are actuated by a true patriotism and desire to rise, not by the downfall of others, but by the inherent value of their own character and ability; and contrasts can be shown to exist in every path. There can be no doubt as to the proper one to be chosen. Goethe has said: "Thou must rise or fall; must conquer and subjugate, or serve and surrender; must suffer or triumph; must be anvil or hammer." If this injunction or command be read in its highest moral sense, it is an infallible guide for "progress in life."

William Fern.

BOARDING HOUSES.

I am not quite able to say that the name of boarding-house has grown obsolete, but it appears to be the case that it has very much changed during the past few years. At one time we had places which reminded one of the *ménage* described by Charles Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit," but now the only relic we have is the title. An air of pretence and deception pervades the whole locality, and this deception is followed up by the master or mistress, as the case may be, persistently declining to confess his or her real calling and position in life. *He* (supposing this is the case) is a philanthropist, whose attention has been drawn to the expensive nature of the hotel accommodation afforded his fellow-beings, and he, therefore, has determined to relieve some of them at least from this financial pressure. He is a gentleman, of course—probably an unfortunate member of the legal or the medical profession—and desires to bestow exceptional social privileges upon those waifs of humanity who may come within his portal; or, perhaps, it is a he and a she together, whose marital union has been unblessed with children, and who, therefore, find themselves with a superfluity of accommodation of which to relieve themselves, they take others in, and take them in well. No matter what their statements are, they are sure not to be exactly the plain unvarnished truth. Then there is the retired butler or waiter who has married a lady's-maid, who is, from having been in place in a gentleman's house, *au fait* with social etiquette and manner (so she thinks), and they form a sort of exaggerated lodging-house keeper, with all the greed and avarice of their race; these two will give any account of themselves, save that which lies on the surface, clear for all to see. As are these two, so are the house and its inmates. The furniture, etc., are a very sickly and feeble imitation of "high art," whatever that may be. From attic to basement, from top to bottom, it is a very humbug and sham. Still there are amusing and edifying points to be found in it; it is a human menagerie in a monkey-cage. The chief characteristic is that every person resident within the house has the bump of curiosity inordinately developed. They "only want to know" all about their neighbours, and if they do not know anything, they imagine everything. This "curious" class of people is not met with in private houses—they are occasionally to be found in those places mis-called "suburban retreats." To give a few types, we may mention the elderly bank accountant or teller, who is a disagreeable combination of weak knees and grizzly whiskers, using pomade *ad libitum*, and smoking poor cigars every night for the benefit of his fellow lodgers; the youth who has nothing to say

and hears nothing, yet retails to his comrades out-of-doors that Bella said this or that; and of course a spinster, always sewing and making eyes at each new comer, trying to excite *une grande passion* with each; a clerical youth who tries to keep down his juvenile spirits, but rarely succeeds; and—more could be given, but I refrain.

I wish to devote attention to the ladies of the establishment—these are the ones that give the place its true and proper character. A band of female Ishmaelites, simulating the existence of a "happy family" is sure to be productive of some queer results; and the life led by these daughters of Eve is one ever on the brink of a volcanic eruption, liable and likely to burst forth upon the least, and to an outsider, causeless occasion. It is more than likely that none of the ladies have ever met before; but the antecedents of each one are found out very quickly through a process known only to feminine minds. In some cases mistakes are made and these only serve to make the family history more spicy, and (as there is probably truth in the aphorism "there is no cupboard without a skeleton") this is rapidly discovered and upon the first verbal conflict is of course made use of. Mrs. Jones nods significantly at Mrs. Brown when the name of Mrs. Christopher is mentioned and secretly determines to visit Mrs. DeWitt in order to find out how it was that Mrs. Christopher is living at lodgings at all. This delightful company are in the drawing-room and perhaps one who has assumed the leadership puts a series of questions—sometimes the victim who is a newcomer shows herself the mistress of the situation and a feeling of *pique* is engendered. After a day or two the tables are reversed and a little more acrimony is the result, while at the same time, under a veil of the most intense friendship, an interesting little affair occurs between two other ladies who are, while "intensely fond" of one other, actuated by the most bitter animosity. And so the battledore and shuttlecock of slandering and backbiting goes on from day to day between ladies who two weeks ago were utter strangers and the husbands are drawn in often-times and the foundation of life-long quarrels are frequently laid. Supposing that some of the husbands are commercial travellers, their wives are thrown into more immediate contact and perhaps indulge in those confidences only expressed when the dressing robe has been put on and the back hair let down. Now, they are sweet and affectionate—it is a pleasure to see them—they kiss and fondle one another like school girls. But do not suppose for one single instant that love has anything to do with it. Far from it. Mrs. DeWitt wishes to discover whether Mrs. Jones has false teeth, or paints, or exercises any other branches of feminine duplicity. And this is why they fondle and caress one another and make the severest scrutiny take the form of blandishment. Sometimes one of the ladies finds out that rumours of this nature are current about her and boldly invites the ladies of the place to walk into her room and asks them to test by touch or eye whether or not her attractions are all her own. This may lead to a tremendous storm, not of blows, but of words and the cutting sarcastic things that are said would sear the mind of any but these female Ishmaelites. This rarely happens, as the idle, mean, tittle-tattle gossip and innuendo furnish sufficient relief for these small minds. The danger is, that in these places no one can hope to escape a certain deterioration of character and a few months spent therein is enough to destroy whatever there may have been of the angel in the heart of any woman.

Geo. Rothwell.

HOUSEHOLD WORRIES.

The subject of "Servants' Worries and their remedies" has struck me that a few remarks on certain inevitable worries of the household unconnected with servants may not be amiss.

"Don't you find," said a young housewife to me lately, "that your house is always getting out of repair and wanting mending? It is so tiresome; we are never without workmen of some sort in the house—plumbers and glaziers, or whitewashers. We never seem to be free from them, and as soon as one thing is rectified another wants looking after. I often wish we could live in a tent or a wigwam, to escape all these worries. Just look at this long bill from the plumber for repairing the kitchen sink, and for mending the pipes—you know they all burst during the frosts in the winter; and then there is another from the paperhangers for papering the back attic and whitewashing the nursery ceiling; to say nothing of the windows that have been broken, and the handles that have come off doors, and the bells which have got out of order, and the chimneys which persist in smoking. It is quite dreadful—I shall never get to the end of it all; and these long bills for such uninteresting domestic affairs make John so cross. He says it seems such waste of money; but what *are* we to do?"

The state of things thus pathetically described is only too familiar to householders in general, and to those with limited means in particular, and it adds not a little to the burden of existence. A house may be of convenient size, well situated, everything outwardly that we can desire; yet until we have lived in it through every season of the year, and really tested its merits and shortcomings, we cannot judge whether it is a suitable, substantial habitation, fit for taking on a long lease, or whether it is one of those leaky, draughty,

deceptive dwellings, as likely as not to tumble about our ears one day when we least expect it, after costing us a fortune for repairs. A thorough examination of every hole and corner of a house before taking it is of course in some measure a preventive of evils to come, but it does not always avert them. Who has not, at some time or other, experienced the discomfort of a house which seems perfect in summer—cool, shady, and well-ventilated—and which, on the first approach of winter, gives evidence that its northern aspect is anything but wholesome; that the fires will not burn readily, and, when they do burn, the rooms will never get warm; while there are draughts from all the windows and doors, ominous patches of damp appear on the walls, and articles of dress laid by in trunks or drawers get mildewed and spoilt.

A frequent source of household worry, for which servants are not wholly responsible, is the spring epidemic of beetles, cockroaches, and sometimes of smaller pests as well, which resist all efforts at extermination, and which no amount of cleanliness can entirely subdue. In a seaside house on rather a damp soil, we were once for two successive springs literally eaten up alive by beetles; every remedy known was tried over and over again without success, and at last the kitchener (which was found to be their favourite resort) had to be pulled down, and boiling water poured in bucketsful upon the swarming black colony behind it, which violent measure set them to rest effectually for some time, though not for ever, as the next occupants of the house complained of being much troubled with what their cook called "beadles," both up-stairs and down. I will not touch upon the smaller household pests, as thorough and regular cleansing and scouring of the bedrooms (except in the case of very old houses) will render their existence impossible. But rats and mice are often to be found in dwellings where one would least expect them, and very difficult it often is to get rid of them. When rat-traps and the cat's exertions fail to drive them away, they may often be traced to some hole in the drains, which should be examined and stopped up. Perhaps drainage, in all its varied forms of imperfection, is one of the most serious of all household worries. It certainly needs constant inspection and supervision, and too much care cannot be taken to keep it in proper order, and to investigate without delay the source of any perceptible bad odour in any part of the dwelling.

I am coming now to a worry familiar enough to all housewives, and one of daily recurrence—I mean the worry of tradespeople calling for orders early in the morning, before one has collected one's scattered faculties or remembered what is in the larder. We most of us know the feeling of hopelessness when, having just finished breakfast, rather later than usual, and having an accumulation of morning business on our hands, including an important note to be written at once, our housemaid or parlourmaid comes in, saying, "Please, ma'am, the butcher has called for orders;" or, "Please, ma'am, the greengrocer's boy is waiting;" or, "Please, ma'am, is there any orders for the grocer?" How irritated and annoyed we feel at the necessary interruption, for which we ought to have been prepared; and how inclined to order the butcher, as a friend of mine once did, "To go away and never bother her again!" and leave dinner to the winds. This proceeding, however, being impracticable, the only way to confront these tiresome "Please ma'ams" in the morning is to adopt the methodical plan of writing down on a little housekeeping slate overnight everything that is likely to be wanted for the next day. If possible, it is well to see the cook the last thing before she goes to bed; but, as in many cases this would be a difficulty, the memory must be exercised a little, and the time spent in the evening would be time saved for the morning. I have heard of a lady who made a point of visiting her larder every night to see exactly what was there, and arrange her *menu* for the following day's breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Of course she was no favourite with her cook in consequence, but she found it an excellent safeguard against scraps being surreptitiously disposed of, as well as a great help to her memory. It is the little fidgeting things which are the most difficult to remember, and constant habit alone can accustom one's mind to dealing with them methodically and patiently without entirely setting greater matters aside.—*Queen*.

ÆSTHETIC TEAS.

Our ancestors drank spirits, our grandmothers drank beer, we drink tea. It is probable that our nature is largely modified by the articles of our daily diet; and the extensive fashion of tea-drinking cannot but leave traces on the history of morals. We are now becoming more sensitive, more highly-strung, more nervous—tea is exciting; our appetites, as a rule, are more jaded, more capricious—tea is a stimulant; our refined natures turn from gross and heavy feeding—tea is a delicate drink, can be served in pretty china, and among luxurious and artistic surroundings; we are intellectually inclined—tea is a solace to the brain; our poetry is full of the weak complaining passion, the outspring and yearning, the purely feminine constitution of the mind—tea is essentially a woman's drink. Thus, to the class who eschew realism and the plain practical bareness of ordinary life; who desire to be intense; who look upon a sickly, sentimental, cloying kind of art as the sole aim and object of existence; who sob, and burn, and quiver; and, though pale and haggard in

appearance, yet contrive to enjoy a very fair amount of pleasure and good health—to this large and ever-growing class, tea, with its concomitants of idleness, talk, and beauty necessarily appeals very strongly.

No doubt tea-drinking is a fashion in all classes; from the washerwoman, who balances her saucer between her finger and thumb, and gulps down draughts of boiling liquid in the intervals of wringing and soap-suds, to the tousey-headed lady's maid, who apes her mistress in jersey and swaddled-up throat, and who is supposed to have developed an entirely new disease, formerly unknown to doctors, solely from over-indulgence in tea. But the peculiar phase of this sacred rite to which we refer at present is confined to those within the veil, or to the æsthetic clique. For many reasons, afternoon tea is best suited to them. People who talk of the nectar of the gods quite familiarly, as if it could be got round the corner like porter in a pewter pot for fourpence; whose greatest sorrows are a crumpled roseleaf; who are ethereal in their tastes and feelings, and would die if they lived in a room that was not hung with saffron or olive-green, and garnished with Morris chintzes, cannot well be imagined sitting down to a piece of boiled beef with suet dumpling, or even to roast lamb and green peas. Dinner composed of butterflies' wings and syrup of passion-flowers is not an easy combination; though we did hear of a repast the other day which was so delicious that the guests, after having eaten for an hour and a half, rose up hungry, and where nothing more substantial than a sweetbread was served; but, as a rule, tea-drinking possesses all the advantages and none of the drawbacks.

Let it not be lightly supposed, however, that an æsthetic tea merely means a few friends, a little hot water, and some teacups. It is a far more sacred affair—a kind of agape, or love-feast. It is given by the elect to the initiated, and one discordant element would break the magic circle. The rooms are always shaded. Darkness seems to cling, as in the Eleusinian mysteries, to the celebration of the mystic revels. Sweet scents, also, must pervade the air, for smell is the sense specially cultivated by æstheticism; the influence of colours on the nervous system being a branch of physiology highly interesting to those who have pursued it. Then, again, the tones must be low, subdued, and sad; harsh loud laughter and very buoyant spirits are vulgar. A kind of suffering melancholy hangs over the guests, as if they were rather assembled to mourn the dead than rejoice over the living.—Music, of course, is permitted, but it must be of the modern order,—passionful, soul-stirring, incomprehensible; the reciting of Swinburne's or Rossetti's poetry, or even that of some aspiring, long-haired, taper-fingered, waxy-complexioned member of the party, may be indulged in, but the poetry must never incline to gaiety or even to satire; it must be slow, sweet, and solemn, a rippling over of the heart's desire. Some houses there are of which the very atmosphere is impregnated with art; unfinished sketches and old prints litter the tables; an oil-sketch is propped against an easel; before it stands a bunch of flowers. Every guest uses expressions stolen from the colour-box; eyes are cobalt; tresses are burnt sienna; the type of face is Greek or Roman. All things are classified by technical names, much as the humblest sweetest-smelling little flower rejoices in a fine Latin appellation, and to the gardener is bulbous or umbelliferous, or coniferous rather than fragrant and lovely.—*World*.

A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

(Continued.)

"Why, Violet," said a cheery voice, and Noel kissed her white cheek. As he leaned over her he saw the tears dropping silently on the pillow. "I shall have to take you to task if you lie here much longer. Aunt Jane, what do you advise for this young lady?"

"Well, Noel, it is a pity Violet does not rouse herself. I think she frets over losing the baby," she added in a whisper, "and would be better for a change. I want her to go back with me to the Rector. You do not look very strong yourself," she added.

"I am not as strong as I need to be," he said lightly, then turning to Violet, said gravely, but with all his old loving tenderness, "Whatever sorrow or disappointment you have to bear, mind it does not make you selfish."

"Noel," she said catching hold of his hand, "am I getting to be that?"

"Only because you are feeding upon regret instead of living upon faith," was the faithful, loving answer.

"If you were always by to warn me of danger," she said tearfully, "mine would not be such a life of mistakes."

"My dear sister, it is not well to hold too securely to earthly supports; the best are but frail. Do you make sure of the One that knows no change and all errors—all disappointed hopes will help work for your highest good."

Knowing her sensitive nature, Noel would not let her think he was alluding to her life's burden, so he spoke of the loss of the child as if that were the lesson he would drive home. But it roused and gave a new life to her suddenly formed purpose to leave the unalterable past, and to win Brandon for the future by example instead of trusting to precept.

"What made you say you did not feel strong?" she asked anxiously, still holding tightly to his hand.

"Because I felt so," he answered laughing "I hope our intended visit to Carlyon will make me so."

"When do you go?" she asked wistfully.

"When you will make an effort to get better, as it depends upon when you are able to travel."

"Me!" she said in surprise.

"Seeing we are all of one mind to take you with us, you will have to go. Brandon insists upon it, and we have arranged everything. You have been too ill to know Fitzroy is now Lord Somerset, his father died very suddenly before he got back."

"Poor Fitzroy! what a long time he has been from us all," said Violet musingly. "Shall you not be glad to see him again, Noel?"

"He made us a flying visit, and I was prepared from his letters to find what a noble fellow he really is. Our stay at his place will be doubly glad some, for he has promised to be with us most of the time."

"My dear Noel," said his Aunt interrupting their conversation, "I have been watching you, and feel convinced you expose yourself too much to fatigue. I was told you visit in a quiet way places from which you are likely to get infectious diseases. I hope I was wrongly informed."

"Why so, Aunt Jane? Do you not approve of going about trying in ever so small away to do a bit of good?" he asked in his pleasant manner.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear, but there is moderation in all things, and you have your family to consider. Few men though are so considerate about that as your Uncle Travis."

At this surprising information Noel exchanged glances unnoticed with Violet as their Reverend uncle was not very considerate, excepting where his own individual comfort was concerned, and had some difficulty to not scandalise their informant by the smiles they had to suppress, when she went on in her smooth unconcerned way to say. "He never shrinks at the call of duty, yet so thoughtful as to its being done. How few would think to make the inquiries he does before engaging with a curate, as to who are dependent upon him or what ties he may have. It would be a matter of no consideration with some. It is the greatest difficulty to secure one with none at all, and to meet with one with as few as possible requires a deal of trouble. But he never heeds that,"

"But why take any 'over' that?" asked Noel wonderingly.

"Ah! youth never thinks," said his aunt with mild reproach. "Of course with his duty to the church, to me, and our family, it would never do to endanger his life where infectious diseases abound, and in a large parish there is always some one falling a prey to one sort or other, so his curate, who has not these responsibilities, to keep him from running such risks, is thoughtfully arrange as a substitute."

"More than thoughtful of him, do you not consider, Noel?" said Brandon drily, as he came forward from the door where he had stood listening to his mother's singular eulogium.

"So I always say," returned the Rector's wife utterly unconscious that her son did not use her spectacles in viewing his paternal parent.

"Wife," he whispered, putting his arms round her, "if only you were afflicted with mother's blindness in viewing my shortcomings."

"Brandon, dear," she said, nestling her head on his shoulder and drawing his down to catch her words, "I am going in the future to look more at my own doings and less at yours. But would you like me to be like grandmamma—expose them to the world?"

"Don't care much for the world, so long as you keep your eyes closed," he whispered. Turning to Noel he said "Have you propounded our scheme to this white-faced little woman, who looks as if the sea breeze, which we hope will do so much good, would blow her out of tune altogether?"

"I really think the very talk of it has given me strength," said Violet. "But how will you go, Brandon, for Uncle Ralph could not be left alone with business now?"

"Just as if I should think of such a thing. I have consented to hand you over into the keeping of Noel, for as long as he thinks good for you—What, not satisfied?" he inquired carelessly as he saw the flush rise to her cheek and brow.

"More than satisfied if you could go. But, Brandon, I could not consent for all of us to go away leaving you quite alone."

"Well, Mrs. Travis," he said with a mocking bow, "we are not going to ask your consent. When I tell Aunt Barbara has been major-domo of the expedition you know what chance such a feeble birdie as you are will have in struggling otherwise than as she permits."

"Noel," she implored, "you tell me what he means."

"Just this, Violet, that when you get strong enough to go, you will need constant care for a time. Auntie is going earlier to Carlyon, anxious to be with Fitzroy. Beatrice and our two trots of course go with her. I, not feeling very robust, am turned out of the office by your husband to recruit, Uncle Ralph going to take charge. Aunt Barbara is going to have Brandon at the Holt until Uncle Ralph returns, when she will come down to us."

"And I intend dropping in suddenly at all sorts of odd times just to be sure they are taking care of you," added Brandon. "Now what do you think of Aunt as Commander-in-chief about this?"

"It sounds very pleasant," she answered twining his hair round her thin trembling fingers, "but it is not a good beginning, Noel, to overcome selfishness," she said with tearful meaning, "and leave Brandon alone while we are all together."

"Alone!" he laughed, "when Aunt Barbara is to be my keeper. Won't she dose me, dear lecturer as she is. I tell you, I really shall enjoy our daily skirmishes; they will be a change from the scratches of our son and heir."

The welcome May flowers were in full blooming, the lilac waved its sweet scent upon the air mingling its purple hue with the bright graceful laburnum, and a grateful welcome of perfume was showered upon the travellers as they rode slowly up the avenue greeted with the spring music from the warblers in their leafy homes.

"Beautiful as our home is," said Beatrice. "I do love Carlyon. Violet, does not the smell of the sea make you feel a child again?"

"I never feel other than that here, Beatrice. In spite of the babies, it seems as if you and I shall be scrambling up the rocks, and having all our mishaps, before we have been inside the old rooms many minutes."

"If you are contemplating that sort of business," rejoined her Uncle, noting fondly the faint colour once more showing through the marble whiteness of her face, "I must not let you out of my sight, for until you look a little more like an inhabitant of this world, I do not see how you are to be scaling such places."

"Before long you will see," she returned with her old accustomed lightness. "Beatrice, if we only had Brandon it would be old times indeed. I can scarcely believe Fitzroy will be once more with us."

"It was a glad sight," said Beatrice warmly "to see his dear face again. Poor Auntie felt losing Uncle Somerset, but you know how patient she is."

Fitzroy will make a fine specimen of what a nobleman should be," remarked her uncle. "I never saw a young man so improved."

"So we all thought. Oh, Violet," continued Beatrice impulsively, "it really was too bad of you to be ill just as he came home. He sent so many messages to you. I told him he must wait and give them himself. He is not so full of fun though as he used to be."

"You speak in a tone as if that were some great calamity," laughed Violet. "You forget we are getting older."

"And you speak," retorted Beatrice, "as if we were on the way to catch Methuselah. Let me see, he is twenty-six; you—oh, here we are," she broke off joyously. "Is Auntie all right?" she asked, as she sprang into the extended arms of her husband who accompanied Miss Fitzroy in her own special carriage."

"All right and comfortable, Beatrice," answered Fitzroy hurrying down the steps, "hope you are the same, cousin mine."

"Fitzroy! oh Fitzroy!" cried Violet struggling to get out of the carriage. "How glad I am to see you."

"Well, well, do not be impatient in expressing it and do homage by falling at my feet," he said, just as if it were only yesterday they had parted instead of four years ago. "Poor Violet," he said pityingly as he lifted her out, "What a feather's weight it is. So you have not forgotten brother Fitzroy?"

"Forgotten!" she said with tears of weakness and joy shining in her eyes. "I should forget dear Noel, when I do you."

"Do you hear that, old boy," he cried to Noel. "It does the wanderer good to be so welcomed. Will Mrs. Travis think herself too dignified to remember how Miss Brandon used to do that?"

"Not a bit, my lord," she said merrily, and with the same simplicity as of old held up her face for the greeting now as then.

A month from that day of meeting, Lord Somerset in the quiet of his own room sat down to think as he never thought to have done. The solemn question to the frightened fugitive from Israel, "What art thou doing here?" came as distinctly to him. Another battle between good and evil was to be fought in a human soul, and while angels looked on and trembled, devils exulted and rejoiced. The Christian is not exempt from temptation; he has his testing time as surely and as severely as ever does the man of the world. How bitter the repentance of that one when in the forgetfulness of his own prayer, "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe," he fell into dire sin, is illustrated in the wailing cry, "Cast me not away from Thy presence." A wiser, humbler man rose out of that repentance; his temptation had shown him the weakness of his nature, and led him to the shelter he loved, but had not fully realized its need, and so all around us are poor struggling souls learning their frailty with hard lessons, stumbling, falling—ah! falling; but where the profession is sincere, rising as strong men to run a race. The world looks on and jeers at its Davids, stripping their crown of manhood from their brow, but the true penitent, like the one of old, meekly bows his head and cries "It is just; I have sinned." Why we hear of so many of the sinning Davids is because of sin's results. Only in the hereafter shall we know how many have followed in the purity and strength of a Joseph, who, though conqueror, was but mortal, and temptation no easier for him to withstand than to the man who sins. What his struggles against it may have been is not for time; these are unknown here, but the crown is for such there. These struggling ones have to go through the furnace, silent, alone. The tempter, not more lenient, but to win, often heats the furnace ten times hotter. They may at first fall down in the fierce heat, all bound and struggling to break loose from the fetters. Let but the cry go forth for help, such shall never be consumed—the One has come, with His strength they are saved.

Now was come the crucible for Lord Somerset. Had he not, after all those years of exile, believed he had conquered a love deeper than he had supposed he felt for Violet, never would he have voluntarily exposed himself to the danger of having it rekindled. His heart had been given into too safe keeping, he believed, for any transgressions against morality. Faithfully had he done a missionary work in his travel abroad. As time went on, the image of Violet seemed fading into a sweet bygone remembrance, and it was as a dear sister he pressed his lips to hers when they met but a month ago. How the childish recollections were renewed as the four explored the same old scenes, rehearsed the incidents so doubly enjoyable in the remembrance of what the reality had been, and the sweet delusive pleasure to Lord Somerset was suddenly stripped of its innocence when he began to feel a strange bitter animosity towards Brandon whenever he carried out his promise to Violet of dropping in among them. It was this that was making him question himself that night, and to the "What doest thou here?" unwillingly heard the same still voice that sounded so distinctly, "Enter not into temptation." Oh, the mighty power of the tempter was put forth to blind this soul from seeing the path all marked out for him. Angel hands restraining—the powers of darkness, with fetters all ready to bind and lead him captive, waiting. Was he to be a fallen David? or would he flee like Joseph? To hesitate, it is said, is to be lost. Lord Somerset hesitated. It was strange after that night's conflict the morrow should find circumstances conspiring to make a weak, struggling mortal weaker; for the absence of Miss Fitzroy from her usual place was the beginning of a longer spell of weakness, making her a prisoner to her room, and one of the infantile diseases attacking the children of Beatrice and Noel excluded them for a time from being with Violet, who feared for her fair curly-haired little son, so the half, only half-determined resolution to quit Carlyon seemed only all too wil-

lingly to demand his presence. Lord Somerset would have needed more than his delicate, thoughtful attention to have aroused a thought in the heart of any that he regarded Violet more than as the sister Beatrice and she had ever been. Unconsciously, she with her old sweet playfulness demanded his attendance here and there, never dreaming that the earnest, sad eyes bent upon her were looking out from a heart hungering for the right to clasp her to it; that the little curly-haired lad, ever in her arms, was a mute reproach to his more than folly.

"Well, good people," exclaimed Brandon upon one of his sudden visits. "How is the hospital getting on?"

"Empty," said Beatrice thankfully "and to think Bertie escaped."

"I shall always thank Fitzroy for that," said Violet gratefully, "for if he had not driven us here and there and helped me keep out of doors, I fear he would not have fared so well."

"My good fellow," exclaimed Brandon with no light hand coming down upon that nobleman's shoulder, "I give you my warmest thanks for helping my wee wife, and my blessing into the bargain, if that will be any benefit to you. But Fitzroy, why ever do you not introduce a Lady Somerset among us."

"Can't find one to suit," he said with a forced laugh "So left Aunt Barbara to look out for me, but think I shall turn my attention in that hunting direction when all these people leave me solitary."

"Noel," whispered Brandon sometime later, "you are not improved as I hoped."

"Hush!" was the whispered answer with an anxious look at his wife. "Come outside, Brandon."

"Why, how frightened you look," he continued when they were safe from the hearing of others. "What do you fear?"

"Everything" was the impulsive reply as he grasped his hand "Noel, if you do not put off that look in your face, and get hearty and strong I——"

"Well, what?" demanded Noel affectionately.

"Shall hate everything and you into the bargain," came savagely through his closed teeth.

"That's a nice way to show your affection."

"Hold your tongue, Noel, and tell me if you are going to consult a doctor. I tell you you are looking a mere shadow. Does not Beatrice see the change?" he asked sharply. "Aunt Barbara would not have been so blind."

"Poor, dear Beatrice," said Noel tenderly. "How noble she is. In all her anxiety, her one care has been to prevent Violet from sharing it; knowing how the least to her might have been so fatal, for she is none too strong."

"Violet!" exclaimed Brandon, starting up.

"Sit still, Brandon," said Noel with a detaining hand upon his. "You need fear nothing for her now, she is better in every way than she has been for a long time past. It is for Beatrice I suffer," he went on, "I dread the decision for her sake."

"What decision?" asked Brandon abruptly, and he felt a cold chill run through his body. Never till that moment had he realised what the other had been to him.

"That of the best medical skill I intend consulting tomorrow. The doctor here is an able, clever man and assures Beatrice there is nothing radically wrong, which assertion she is determined to believe in. But, Brandon, I have not the same faith. For her sake I hope——"

"Why not fear your own?" demanded Brandon, who was worked up to a pitch of the highest excitement.

"I do in a sense, for with such dear ties as mine, life seems with all its conflicts very sweet. But, Brandon, here comes the comfort of relying on a Father's care—to be sure *He knows what is best*, so to Him I leave the issue."

"I ought to go back to-morrow," was the impetuous reply, "but if the old concern went to pieces from my staying to know the end of that consultation—it may go, I won't till I know. I believe with Beatrice," he added with his hopeful, sanguine nature, "the doctor here knows his business, and you will get all right."

"Not a word to Violet," Noel said warningly. "Quite time to let her know what *is* to be, without prolonging her hopes or fears."

It was a white face Noel kissed as he left with Brandon, who would accompany him to the place of meeting with the physicians, and his heart went out in a yearning love for her brave command over herself. Whatever she might suffer, he should not be distressed in witnessing it. There was only One who could help her in her sore grief. Beyond loss of strength, of which he never complained, and a nameless expression on his face, it would have been hard to detect any cause for the grave apprehensions his wife and Brandon experienced. To the many anxious questions of his Uncle Ralph and the others, he had one invariable answer, so lightly given and with such playful reproaches for the asking, that fears were allayed as soon as felt, and every cause of fatigue or heat attributed to the seeming indisposition. Longing, but with sickening fears, Beatrice sat watching for their return. As the wheels sounded on the gravel, she ran to hide herself. Like some hunted animal she looked round for place of concealment, feeling as if every sense were deserting her. "Oh, my Noel," she kept moaning unconsciously. She heard his step coming up the stairs, and as the handle turned, for the first time in her life fainted.

"Why, Beatrice, is this the way you greet your husband when he has come to stay with you," were the words that fell upon her ears on coming back to consciousness. With a bound, to his astonishment, she was at his feet.

"Say it again," she panted. "Stay with me."

"Yes, to stay with you"

If ever there were a consecrated altar of gratitude and thanksgiving that room was one then. Brandon was like a maniac in his exuberant joy. Rushing into the room where his wife sat with his Uncle and Miss Fitzroy, he whirled her out of breath and sight in one mad dance, as he shouted in the gladness of his heart. Noel was doomed, not to the grave, but to a two years residence in a warmer climate, needing only rest and care to be his old self once more

(To be continued.)

THINGS IN GENERAL.

ASTROLOGICAL PATHOLOGY.

It appears that the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune will be in perihelion simultaneously in the fall of the year. This, we are told, has not happened before for more than 1,800 years. Moreover, the "star of Bethlehem" will again make its appearance in the eastern horizon in the month of August. These celestial events will mark the completion of one great cycle of 1,800 years and the beginning of another; and we are warned that the first decennium of this coming cycle will be ushered in by disastrous outbreaks of pestilence,—a veritable saturnalia of death. We are to anticipate, it seems, a recurrence of the terrible pestilences which concurred with the earlier years of the Christian era, and of which the recent irruptions of plague are alleged to be the forerunners. The astrological forecaster is an Irishman, and it is gratifying to learn that Ireland will probably suffer less from the evils presaged by this portentous conjunction of planets than other lands. Indeed, he anticipates that, knowing this, strangers will flock for safety to Ireland, and by the encouragement thus given to the commerce of the island help to raise her out of the unfortunate slough of distress in which she now finds herself.—*Lancet*.

A MOUSE CURE: A WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Hitherto there has been no remedy which could be regarded as specific for tetanus. At last, however, an ingenious French physician has apparently hit up a remedy before which tetanus yields as readily as toothache yields to the dentist's forceps, and which will, of course, supersede curare and all other inferior remedies. The French doctor in question was called in to attend a lady suffering from tetanus. In his report he says that she was a married woman of 31 years of age, and that previous to his visit her family physician had tried every known remedy for tetanus, including curare, without producing any effect. The patient was lying on her back, with her jaws tightly closed, and the muscles of her chest and throat were so rigid that she was unable to utter a sound. The doctor at once went out and procured a live mouse of the usual size and voracity, to the tail of which he attached a strong horse-hair. Placing the mouse at the foot of the bed, he permitted it to walk the entire length of the patient's body. No sooner did the patient notice the mouse than she sprang up, loudly calling to the attendants to take it off, and denouncing the doctor as a horrid heartless wretch, who ought to be ashamed of himself and guillotined on the spot. There was no recurrence of the symptoms of tetanus. In fact, the doctor adds that the lady's jaws were so thoroughly and permanently unlocked that the husband, who is, of course, ignorant of law, has threatened to begin an action for damages against him.—*Monthly Homœopathic Review*.

THE "FAVOURITES" OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

When their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales were visiting Belvoir castle in 1865, they were in turn requested to contribute to the confession-book, and "confessed" their favourite likes and dislikes as follows:—

My Favourite—

Queen.....	Mary Queen of Scots.....	Queen Dagmar
King.....	Leopold, King of the Belgians....	Richard Cœur de Lion
Hero.....	Nelson.....	Marlborough
Poet.....	Byron.....	Shakespeare
Artist.....	Raphael.....	Rubens
Author.....	Macaulay.....	Charles Dickens
Virtue.....	Honesty.....	Charity
Colour.....	I Zingari.....	True Blue
Dish.....	Truffles aux Périgord.....	Yorkshire Pudding
Flower.....	Rose.....	Forget-me-not
Name.....	Louise.....	Edward
Occupation.....	Improving my mind.....	Playing the piano
Amusement....	Hunting.....	Riding
Motto.....	"Ich Dien".....	"Honi soit qui mal y pense"
Dislike.....	Cowardice and Avarice.....	Slander
Locality.....	Sandwich Isles.....	Great Britain
Ambition.....	To attain fame without seeking it...	Non-interference in other people's business.

ALBERT EDWARD.

ALEXANDRIA.

Belvoir Castle, April 7, 1865.

—*Whitehall Review*.

MINOR ADORNMENTS OF THE DAY.

There is really no accounting for the freaks of Fashion, who prompts sweet woman to adorn herself in the very things most repulsive to her sensitive nature. The flabby lizard crawls on her feet amongst the folds of a delicate bow, and clutches the lace fichu on her chest, or the tuft of feathers or flowers in the coiffure. A slimy serpent coils round her ankles, her wrists and her throat; daddy-long-legs, beetles, and dusky May flies hop over the entire toilette, accompanying and actually superseding the gorgeous butterflies. The insects and reptiles are put into requisition for enhancing fragile beauty. Nor is this all, Blue Beard's bunch of keys dangles at the ears and throat; the familiar fly,

true to life, appears pinioned on the necklace or shawl, whilst a yellow netting of intricate meshes saucily posed on the side of the head is pierced with a dagger! Ornaments, pleasing and amusing to the eye, but gloomily suggestive! For more matter-of-fact women there are the gold or silver screws, nails, vice, gridiron, spade, bucket, Fate's scissors, Cupid's quivers filled with their deadly arrows, together with Neptune's trident, symbol of feminine power. These jewellery trifles are specially lavished on bonnets, which, however, are just now in a transitionary state. Birds at all events seemed to be allowed a rest, as well as the immense flapping brims—a wise suppression for blustering March. To protect the ears these are replaced by the close early English bonnets with projecting fronts. What a contrast? The wide up-turned brims boldly expose beauty to the gaze of admirers, and the *lucarne* style almost hides the lovely face from inquisitive looks. Beware though, the scooped brim does not always screen modest simplicity; it is often but a lure. How many sly glances are shot forth from beneath its cosy shade, evidently inviting a peep at the bewitching picture within.—*Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.*

THE VANITY OF TENORS.

In olden times there used to sing a tenor whom you hear now no more in these precincts. I know not exactly why. He was more adulated and spoiled than any English singer, and used to go raving mad when there was only a mention made of a foreign tenor, as if he could or would monopolise all the theatres, concert-halls, and drawing-rooms, not only of London, but of the United Kingdom. I remember the rage in which he was once, so much so that he refused to go before the audience and sing, "Come into the Garden Maud," for which he was put down on the programme, because an Italian tenor, who had been encored, said in his presence to a friend that he had a "stupendous" voice. He would have it that the "savage of a Roman" had called his voice a "stupid" voice; and although the people who heard, one and all, assured that he was mistaken, he would not admit it, the real grievance being that when *he* was on the programme another tenor has been encored. I remember one of the oldest and most distinguished London critics telling me, "King Solomon said, '*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*' If you want to find how true that is, do not seek it only in woman, or more so in actresses, or even in lady singers, who combine the triple degree of vanity—no, seek it in tenors. If you want to know to what a degree vanity in human beings can go, write on the merits of a tenor. You think he will be your enemy or hate you if you doubt his divinity? You are mistaken. He will pity or despise you as a being unworthy to be hated. But praise any of his rivals, not very highly—only speak of them as existing while he was on the stage—that he will never forgive. Nothing can be so debased as you who committed such heresy. "O!" he exclaimed, and a shiver seemed to run down his spine, "if you ever speak to a tenor, or write about him otherwise than on your knees, he will never admit you to be a civilised man." And I have seen enough of tenors since then to learn how right he was.—*Time.*

THE CROCODILE AND ITS PREY.

Seizing its prey, the crocodile, if there is any struggle, drowns it, and can manage to do so with its jaws stretched out grasping its prey, for it has a special structural arrangement by which the water is prevented from rushing down its own throat and producing suffocation. First of all, before noticing this, it must be stated that, unlike the Chelonian reptiles, the Crocodilia can breathe with the mouth open, and that air rushes into their lungs when their movable ribs expand; for although the skin is tough and armour-plated, it is not supported by a bony expansion which restricts the movements of the ribs. They have a more or less rudimentary, but still very useful, diaphragm. The nostrils of the Crocodilia, situated near the end of the snout, are capable of being closed at the will of the animal, and they are connected in the snout with a passage, which is limited below, not as in the Mammalia, by plate-bones alone, but also by pterygoids, and which opens far back in the throat. The roof of the mouth has a membrane on it that ends backwards in a fold which, taking away the uvula, resembles that of man in position. This upper fold rests on the back of the tongue when the mouth is closed, and the air passes above and behind it into the throat before reaching the lungs. The tongue is a large flabby structure, incapable of protrusion, and has a hyoid bone at its broad hinder part in the throat, and on it and the tongue is a lower flap of membrane reaching across the throat, and being parallel at its free edge with the upper fold. When the crocodile drags a struggling animal into the water in its jaw-grip, it shuts its nostrils, sinks down, and closes the back of its throat by muscular action, which brings the upper and lower membrane folds together. No water can then pass into the throat. After a while the crocodile just raises the tip of its snout above water, opens the valves of its nostrils, and takes in air, which passes along the passage above the palate, behind the folds of skin into the throat, and thence into the lungs. It tears its prey, if soft; should it not be able to bolt it, it hides it away until decomposition softens the tissues and permits them to be swallowed. The food passes along a narrow long gullet and œsophagus,

and there is a small pyloric *cul-de-sac* separated off from the main cavity, through which food must pass into the intestine. The stomach has the mucous membrane thin, and it is folded and placed in serpentine ridges: the cellular coat outside it is thick, and the more external muscular tunic, made up of fibres radiating from the centre to the circumference, issuing from a kind of disc of membrane, is very strong. The stomach is not without its resemblance to the gizzard of a heron. The food gets crushed and digested in part there, and passes into a much folded small intestine, with a peculiar glandular layer, and then into a large one with internal projections on its membrane.—*Cassell's Natural History.*

The Fisk jubilee singers recently handed their album to John G. Whittier, and in it he wrote the following lines:

Voice of the people suffering long!
The pathos of their mournful song,
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry like that which Israel gave,
A prayer for one to guide and save,
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that started camp and town,
And shook the walls of slavery down—
The spectral march of old John Brown!

Voice of ransomed race! Sing on
'Till freedom's every right is won,
And slavery's every wrong undone!

The following pithy advice to preachers by old John Byrom was much admired and followed by some Methodist ministers, and may be read with advantage by all:—

"To speak for God, to sound religion's praise,
Of sacred passions the wise warmth to raise;
T'infuse the contrite wish to conquest nigh,
And point the steps mysterious as they lie;
To seize the wretch in full career of lust,
And soothe the silent sorrows of the just:
Who would not bless for this the gift of speech,
And in the tongue's beneficence be rich?
But who must talk? Not the mere modern sage,
Who suits the softened gospel to the age;
Who ne'er to raise degenerate practice strives,
But brings the practice down to Christian lives:
Not he who maxims from old reading took,
And never saw himself but through a book:
Not he, who hasty in the morn of grace
Soon sinks extinguish'd as a comet's blaze:
Not he who strains in Scripture phrase t' abound,
Deaf to the sense, who stuns us with the sound:
But he, who silence loves, and never dealt
In the false commerce of a truth unfelt.
Guilty you speak, if subtle from within
Blows on your words the self-admiring sin:
If unresolved to choose the better part,
Your forward tongue belies your languid heart:
But then speak safely, when your peaceful mind,
Above self-seeking blest, on God reclin'd,
Feels Him suggest unlabour'd sense,
And ope a shrine of sweet benevolence.
Some high behests of heaven you then fulfil,
Sprung from His light your words, and issuing by His will.
Nor yet expect so mystically long
Till certain inspirations loose your tongue:
Express the precept, "Do good to all;"
Nor add, "Whene'er you find an inward call."
'Tis God commands: no further motive seek,
Speak on without, or with reluctance speak:
To love's habitual sense by acts aspire,
And kindle, till you catch the gospel fire.

* * * * *

The specious sermons of a learned man
Are little else but flashes in the pan,
The mere haranguing (upon what they call
Morality) is powder without ball:
But he who preaches with a Christian grace,
Fires at our vices, and the shot takes place."

—*John Byrom.*

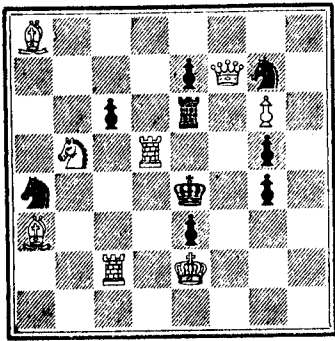
Chess.

Montreal, September 18th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

"SET No. 16. MOTTO: "Sua cuique voluptas."

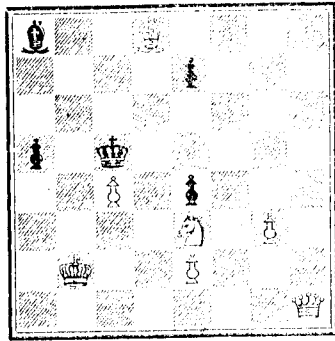
PROBLEM No. CVIII.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CIX.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET No. 13.—MOTTO: "L'éché d'empêche pas le travail."

PROBLEM No. 101.—Kt to K B 7.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S. "A good problem: the initial move is not obvious."

PROBLEM No. 102.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 Q to Q 3	B to Q 3 K to Q 3 P takes Kt	2 P to KR 4 2 Kt to KB 4 (ch) 2 Q takes P (ch)	Anything K moves B interposes	3 Q or Kt mates 3 Kt mates 3 Q mates

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

The latest numbers received of *The Chess Monthly* and *The Chess Players' Chronicle* contain, as usual, a large and careful selection of games, problems, end-games and even puzzles, which latter begin to occupy no inconsiderable space in some chess columns.

The *Chronicle* thus alludes to the *debut* of the young American problemist, Master Kirkham. "We often hear of 'problems for the juveniles,' but evidently not a few juniors at home, in America and Australia, are strategically capable of catering for themselves. The latest addition to the ranks of these precocious composers is Master S. H. Kirkham, aged thirteen years, whose maiden effort—displaying promising talent—appeared in *The Hartford Times*."

The *Chronicle* republishes one of the three-move problems from the SPECTATOR Tourney.

In the Problem Tourney of the "Nuova Rivista Degli Scacchi," the leading Italian chess magazine, one of the competing sets has been found to contain two problems which had been published before, under two different names. The *Chess Players' Chronicle* says of these:—"The three-mover was published in the *Illustrated London News* of 11th July, 1868, as the composition of Mr. W. S. Pavitt, and the four-mover only one week later, in the same journal, with the name of Mr. W. Geary attached. The denouement of this plagiaristic drama must await the opening of sealed envelopes at Leghorn, when, no doubt, *La Nuova Rivista Degli Scacchi* will unravel the very last thread of the plot, and place the name of the adapter on record! We are indebted to our contemporary, the *Illustrated London News*, for the completion and confirmation of this demonstration."

[We trust that the SPECTATOR Tourney will not be found to contain any such adaptations!—CH. ED. *pro tem*.]

THE HAMILTON CORRESPONDENCE CHESS TOURNEY.

The following table shows the condition of this Tourney. For convenience of reference the names are arranged alphabetically:—

Players.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Score.	Players.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Score.
Anderson.....	2	2	1	2½	Hood.....	1	3	0	1
Boivin.....	1	3	2	2	Judd.....	1	1	2	2
Burque.....	3	3	0	3	Kittson.....	1	0	1	1½
Braithwaite.....	3	2	0	3	Möhle.....	1	2	0	1
Clawson.....	2	3	0	2	Narraway.....	2	0	2	3
Ferris.....	0	1	0	0	Robertson.....	3	1	0	3
Forster.....	5	1	1	5½	Ryall.....	0	6	0	0
Henderson.....	6	0	0	6	Shaw.....	2	2	1	2½
Hendricks.....	0	5	0	0	Wylde.....	1	2	0	1
Hicks.....	4	1	0	1					

A CANADIAN CHESS MAGAZINE REQUIRED.—In acknowledging its American exchanges, the *Chronicle* says:—"Brentano's Monthly and the American Chess Magazine, for July, are both capital numbers. Why does not Canada also start a monthly or quarterly of its own?" The italics are ours. The question is not a new one, and the subject has been discussed more than once by Canadian players. The principal difficulty has always seemed to be that of securing a sufficient number of subscribers to cover expenses; but, inasmuch as no efforts have ever been made to test the disposition of chess-players in this respect, the fears of those who discussed the subject would appear to have been somewhat unreasonable. Of late, however, a new difficulty is seen in the feeling which led to a division in the "Canadian Chess Association," by the Ontario players. Would not this feeling prevent the success of a magazine which would require the support of more subscribers than either Province alone could furnish? We fear it would; for though the reasons which led to the division in the one case would not be valid in the other, yet feeling often survives reason, and becomes the ruling motive. We trust, however, that these fears are unfounded, and that all players would be willing to support the magazine both as subscribers and contributors.

While on the subject of Canadian chess we would like to say that, during the short time we have occupied the editorial chair of this column, we have received quite a large number of games and problems for publication, nearly all of which are below the standard we should like to see established for Canadian chess columns. We are convinced that their publication would not tend to advance the cause of chess here, nor add to its reputation abroad. We must not be understood as seeking to discourage the efforts of beginners; and our contributors, we hope, will not abandon their pleasing task in consequence of these remarks, but will rather, in future endeavour to reach a higher standard of excellence in their compositions. As it is, Canadian chess columns contain only too many indifferent specimens of local chess, and it is high time that the too common craze to see one's self in print should give way to the more commendable desire to earn a better reputation for Canadian chess by contributing only the very best specimens that one can produce.—[CH. ED. *pro tem*.]

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