

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 33.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

**ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.**  
**REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor.**  
 SUNDAY, 17th AUGUST,  
 Services 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

## DUNHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHY LOCALITY, this large and commodious building, with its spacious class-rooms, young ladies' parlour, and lofty bedrooms, has been built to accommodate eighty boarders.

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Vice-President:  
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Lecturer on Literature and the Natural Sciences,  
 W. D. OAKLEY, Esq., M. D.  
 Lady Principal, Mrs. W. D. OAKLEY  
 Music Teacher, Miss M. L. RICE  
 Assistant Teachers: Miss D. BRANDFORD GRIFFITH  
 Miss BEATRICK GRAHAM  
 Miss E. G. JONES  
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### TERMS.

For board, washing, English in all its branches,  
 Music and use of Piano, per annum, \$176.00  
 Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish,  
 Drawing and Singing, in class, per term,  
 each, 3.00  
 Private Singing lessons, per term, 6.00  
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 Dunham College, Dunham, P. Q.

## OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE,

(PRESBYTERIAN.)

WILL RE-OPEN

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SEE PROSPECTUS,

For which, apply to

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MONTREAL.

SESSION 1879-80.

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Copies may be obtained by application, post-paid, to the undersigned.

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 and COMMISSIONERS,  
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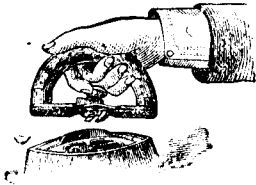
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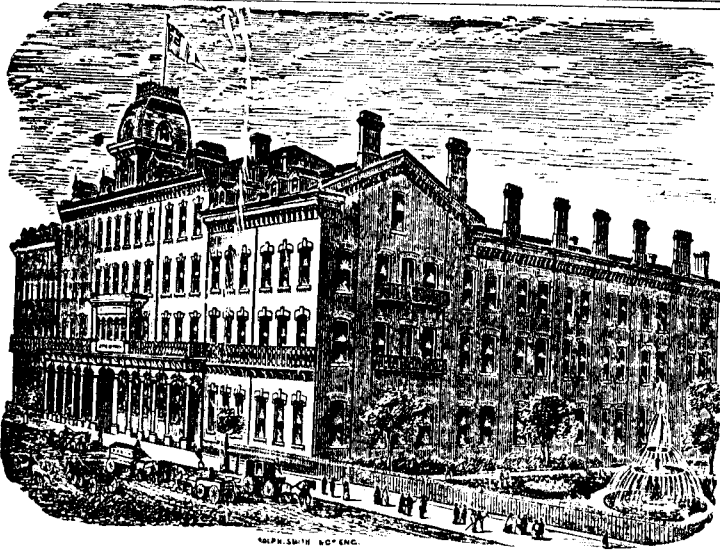
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THE LOAN COLLECTION ENLARGED AND REARRANGED.

Admission to non-members, 25c.

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THE BEST IN USE.

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IS THE BEST IN USE.

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it is also largely used, and with great success. IN POINT OF ECONOMY it is the cheapest food in the country to the consumer. The cost of milk is saved, as only water is required in preparing it.

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Manilla Envelopes at.....\$ 0.75 per M.  
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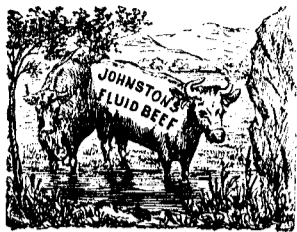
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Johnston's Fluid Beef

is a meat essence, according to the most approved formula, but in addition it contains the albumen and fibrine (the flesh-forming or nutritious elements of meat), and that in a form adapted to the most impaired digestion. It is prescribed by every Medical Man who has tested its merits. Sold by Chemists and Grocers. Tins, 35c., 60c. and \$1.00.

**John Date,**

PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER,  
Brass Founder and Finisher.

Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of  
GAS FIXTURES,

Comprising, in part,  
Chandeliers, Brackets,  
Cut, Opal and Etched Globes,  
Portable Lights, &c. &c.  
DIVING APPARATUS.

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COPPER AND BRASS WORK,

Of all descriptions, made to order on the shortest notice.

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STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, AND  
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HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,  
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Total Risks, over - - - - \$90,000,000  
Invested Funds, over - - - - 26,000,000  
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Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - - 1,200,000  
Investments in Canada, over - - - - 900,000

This well-known Company having

**REDUCED THEIR RATES**

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

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

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**ENGLISH PEA SOUP.**

**SYMINGTON'S PREPARED PEA SOUP**

IS EASY OF DIGESTION, PERFECTLY WHOLESOME,

REQUIRES NO BOILING,

and, owing to the scientific treatment of the Flour, never causes any unpleasant feeling after eating; being highly nutritious, it is especially

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Made only by WM. SYMINGTON & CO., Market Harborough, England, and sold by all respectable grocers throughout the world.

**DURHAM CORN FLOUR.**

EXCELLING ALL OTHERS IN LOWER SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND GREATER PURITY.

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Use only the Genuine. Insist upon your Grocer supplying you with this celebrated brand.

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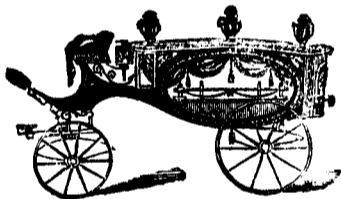
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11 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET, MONTREAL.

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Every essential.

Attendance every hour.



Established 1840.

**JOSEPH C. WRAY,**  
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Coffins, Caskets and all Supplies constantly on hand.

123 ST. DOMINIQUE ST., rear St. Lawrence Market.



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SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

Successor to Charles Legge & Co.

(Established 1859.)

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FINE JOB PRINTERS,

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**TURKISH BATH, 140 MONIQUE STREET,**  
Off Dorchester St., near the Windsor Hotel.

LARGE AND COMPLETE,

ONE of the FINEST BATHS in the WORLD.

Hours:—Gentlemen, 6 to 9 a.m.; 2 to 11 p.m.

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Open Sunday mornings for Gentlemen.

EXPERIENCED and Good Plain Cooks,  
House and Table Maids, Experienced Nurses,  
and General Servants, with good references, can be  
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**WATER FILTERS,**

BEST IN USE.

MAY BE CLEANED OR RENEWED

WITHOUT DAMAGE.

WATER FILTER & COOLER COMBINED.

**GEO. R. PROWSE,**

224 ST. JAMES STREET.

**COAL OIL AND GAS STOVES.**

No Heating of Room, Perfect Sad-Iron Heater, no  
Dirt, no Ashes, Cooking Quickly for 1d per hour.  
Call and see them in operation at

**GEO. W. REED'S,**

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BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX,

ALSO AT

BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST.  
JOHN, N.B.

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

**CITY ITEMS.**

**AN UNPOPULAR BILL.**—One from the Consolidated Bank. It can no longer travel on its face.

S. CARSLY evidently thinks the shareholders of the three banks that have lately failed are good for sufficient to pay their bank bills in full, as he is taking the Mechanics, the Consolidated and the Exchange Bank bills at a higher rate than brokers are paying for them.

**MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.**—In view of the commercial alliance which is to take place between the two large premises on Notre Dame Street, a large and extensive alteration is in progress by which the two will be joined together in a happy and permanent union. Cards of invitation will shortly be issued, and the public will be cordially invited to assist in the festivities. The marriage will be four stories high.

**EXTENSIVE SALES.**—Over one hundred pairs of kid gloves were recently sold during one day in S. Carsley's Glove Department.

"Do You Import Direct?" asked a drummer of S. Carsley. "I do," was the reply, "Oh, that's a direct cut for me!" and he left. In the meantime Carsley's customers get the benefit of the difference.

**PUBLIC OPINION** is very strong against Mercantile Agencies just now. They are principally to blame for the late bank failures, by falsely rating so many weak and hopelessly insolvent firms to be worth large capitals, and thus helping them to borrow money from the banks. Banks doubtless know all about it.

S. CARSLY claims that his English system of doing business is so simple and yet so much superior to the Canadian or American way of doing business, that he can sell either American or English Prints at lower prices retail than they are being sold wholesale in the city, and still make a fair living profit.

**CANTON FLANNELS** are expected to be used very largely for underclothing during next winter. S. Carsley seems to have anticipated this, as he is receiving large shipments of them.

The shareholders of those banks that have failed have the annoying satisfaction to know that part of the money they are losing has gone, and is still going, to keep a lot of Mercantile Agency men in ease and luxury in Canada and the United States. All the firms that have lately failed and let the banks in so heavily have been seeing the Agency men and getting falsely rated at from \$40,000 to \$300,000 capital, when it was well known they were not worth a cent. It is high-toned business men (members of the Agency ring) who get hold of the most of bank shareholders' money.

Better invest your money in Dry Goods than trust in shaky banks.

**A DRY GOODS SAVINGS BANK**

is what S. Carsley's might practically be called, where from 25c to 50c is saved on each White Shirt bought there.

Where from 25 to 40 per cent. is saved on Underwear.

Where from 20c to 50c is saved on each pair of Kid Gloves.

Where from 5c to 10c is saved on Hosiery.

**WHAT CAN BE SAFER?**

What is rightly bought can be rightly sold. The people get the benefit of it and effect a large saving. So investments made at S. Carsley's are always safe ones.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Children's Stockings.

Immense sale of Women's Stockings.

Immense sale of Men's Socks.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Kid Gloves.

Immense sale of Fringes, coloured.

Immense sale of Fringes, black.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Children's Underwear.

Immense sale of Women's Underwear.

Immense sale of Men's Underwear.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Buttons.

Immense sale of Braids.

Immense sale of Embroideries.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Shirts.

Immense sale of Ties and Scarfs.

Immense sale of Ribbons.

**ATTENTION, PLEASE.**

Immense sale of Collars and Cuffs.

Immense sale of Fans.

Immense sale of Dry Goods, general.

**S. CARSLY,**

393 and 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 33.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1879.

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## THE CITY AND DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

A financial storm of the first magnitude, locally speaking, burst on the entire community of Montreal, social as well as mercantile, on Friday last, which day will be long and appropriately remembered as a thorough-bred Canadian Black Friday. The suspension, in rapid succession, of the Consolidated and Exchange Banks had created an undefined nervous apprehension in the minds of all. No man could honestly state his conviction that any bank in the city was perfectly secure. And when, on the morning of the 8th, the doors of the Banque Ville Marie were closed in the face of an excited crowd, the long pent-up thunder-clap fairly burst upon our devoted heads.

That Montreal has met with no irretrievable calamity, the tranquillity which now reigns (one week later) where all was unrest and commotion a few days ago, is a pretty fair indication. Had these failures taken place at the beginning instead of at the end (let us hope) of a lengthened period of unparalleled commercial depression, the moral, as well as the actual effect would have been disastrous in the extreme. As it is, a feeling is prevalent, though we will not positively aver that it is grounded on sound financial arguments, that trade will be purified and better times hastened by this sudden lopping-off of so many rotten branches from the tree of commerce.

We have but a few practical remarks to make, and we shall refer principally to the remarkable "run" on the excellent Savings institution whose name appears at the head of this article. And first let us remark that this run, with its attendant circumstances, constitutes, in our eyes, a more important and regrettable event than the downfall of the three chartered banks above mentioned.

The Consolidated and Ville Marie Banks, we do not hesitate to say, have been virtually insolvent for years, their published statements to the contrary notwithstanding. Their business has been speculative to the verge of criminality, and their entire management has tended deliberately to blind the shareholders and the public as to the true standing of their concerns. In short, they deserved to fail; and many of the shareholders (i.e., those of them who were directors) deserve to lose. But the wiping out of these excrescences, unfortunately, does not put an end to the evil they have created. The strongest and best managed of our banks have been forced to bear their share of the public odium, and to suffer, in reputation at least, as scapegoats of the miserable concerns which have so ignominiously disappeared. Notably the City and District Savings Bank was singled out by the unreasoning masses as the victim of a most determined and exhausting run. For this there was not in reality the shadow of an excuse. It is our painful duty to add that, not content with seeing the effects of the general panic on depositors in the City and District Savings Bank, some enemies of that institution took especial pains, the day and evening previous to the run, to fan the flame of suspicion and to ensure, as they hoped, the destruction of the bank. But these malignant gentry counted without their host, as about one million dollars in cash lay ready to hand, especially prepared for such an emergency; and before one-half of that sum had been paid out the run was nearly over, and deposits were once more actually pouring in. The tellers worked like slaves, and paid out on Friday the sum of \$418,000, mostly in small accounts. On Saturday morning another \$122,000 was called for and

paid, making a total of \$540,000. It should be understood that no loan was called in and no help asked by the City and District from beginning to end of the run. We sincerely trust that in future the public—who are notorious for jumping at irrational conclusions—will bear in mind that in a bank where no overdue notes are held and no bills discounted, and where the assets are known to be easily realizable, there can be no insecurity to deposits.

The City and District Savings Bank holds \$685,000 worth of municipal bonds, which, probably to-day, represent some \$70,000 more than the sum named. The subscribed capital is \$2,000,000. Many persons, doubtless, have not forgotten the old difficulty, connected with speculations, which gave this Savings Bank a troubled time some years ago. All that has long been completely got over. The Manager, Mr. Barbeau, a gentleman of twenty-five years' banking experience, has conclusively proved that his calculations are too firmly based to allow of his being caught in such a trap as was laid for him on this occasion, which we trust will be the last of a similar character. The Board of Directors is composed of a singularly irreproachable body of men, while the President, Mr. Edward Murphy, may, without any undue praise, be safely relied on as of scrupulous honour and the highest business skill.

These "runs" have a baneful effect on the community. To what extremes the unthinking may be led by their overwrought, nervous apprehensions, or by the malice of those whispering busybodies we mentioned, is well illustrated by the case of the poor woman, Paxton, who a day or two ago took a dose of Paris green and died, *because her money was in some Bank!* Those who closed their accounts lost all their interest upon the six months' accumulations; and it is by no means improbable that unless a speedy return of the funds withdrawn is made to this or some other savings bank, the earnings of many a poor man and woman will, in one way or another, be sadly eaten into whilst kept in no securer a place than the old stocking.

Lastly, has any good come out of all this unwarranted excitement and precipitate withdrawal of deposits? We believe, yes. One thing has certainly been demonstrated, and that is what bank may safely be relied upon by depositors. The painstaking manner in which the management of the City and District Savings Bank offered every facility for the return of the funds entrusted to it, presented a most striking contrast to the conduct of the Ville Marie men, who, seeing a gaping crowd, three parts of whom were loafers, around their doors, concluded that their doom was sealed and shut up shop instantaneously. Why didn't they do it years ago? Such a course would have been far more creditable than that of struggling along under false pretences, proclaiming dividends from a bankrupt estate. Dissimulation and fraud, however, appear to be the natural elements of a class of self-constituted financiers, of whom we earnestly hope we have now seen the last.

Much has been said and written about Government inspection of banks, and it is confidently asserted by some that such supervision, exercised by the means of professional accountants, will act as a salutary check on directorates in general. We have no faith in the proposed remedy for the existing state of things. What is wanted is for public opinion to operate a higher moral tone and far greater attention to the real duties of directors. If the latter are to be watched, and periodical reports made as to their doings and misdoings, few gentlemen will be found willing to take such unenviable positions. The financial machinery of the country is quite complicated enough without increasing the number of wheels employed to work the machine. Honesty should be ensured by moral suasion and not by force. Dishonesty should and must be so frowned down at once and for ever in the high official circles we are writing about, that a radical and satisfactory remedy for these unfortunate occurrences will immediately assert itself.

The atmosphere begins to clear. Do we not already see a streak of light gilding the horizon of the future?

## BRITISH CONNECTION AND CANADIAN POLICY.

## No. VII.

What a host of objectors start up with their shouts of No! no! whenever Canada appears to be asserting for herself, even in quite moderate and reasonable degree, what Burns calls "the glorious privilege of being independent." "Take any shape but that," they say, in effect, to this new nationality of ours. Try Federation of the Empire, limited representation of Canadian interests in London, or—if you will have it—annexation to the United States: anything, in short, except this dreadful last resort of Canada actually attempting to do for herself. Something else may do, but that—never! Sydney Smith thought that by a surgical operation a joke might possibly be got into the head of a Scotchman; but there are those here, in England, and in the United States, of whom we may say that not even by such heroic treatment could there be introduced into their heads the conception of Canada setting up in business for herself. Deep rooted in their minds is this fixed idea, of which they cannot quit themselves, that for Canada there is no destiny which does not include, as one of its main conditions, commercial vassalage and subjection either to England or the United States. It goes beyond them even to imagine that the Dominion can take and keep a commercial standing of its own; the idea is one that does not come within their mental vision to contemplate as among the possibilities. The thing positively cannot be got into their heads; their stretch of conception appears to be too limited to take it in. In this matter their case is literally one of *prepossession*; seldom is the bottom meaning of the word more strikingly exemplified. So thoroughly are they possessed with the idea that Canada must inevitably be and remain in a state of commercial subservience, either to her nearest neighbour or the mother country, or to both, that they have no room in their minds for any other conception of what our future is to be. And so, while some of them look forward to a Federation of the Empire, under which the Free Trade system of the mother country would be to a considerable extent imposed upon the Colonies, others fix their eyes upon Annexation, or at least a Customs Union with the States, as the one thing needful and inevitable, to which we must come at last. One enthusiastic contributor to the CANADIAN SPECTATOR has our destiny already in sight, and pretty near at hand, too, and thus pictures what is to be by the date of July 1, 1881:—"Our commercial relations with the United States are all we can desire. Through an assimilation of seaboard tariffs, and removal of frontier custom-houses, we have the fullest reciprocity, untrammelled by any restriction. With a boundless field for the energies and enterprise of our people, we have now the spur to an honourable competition, which must tend to the development of every latent capacity." Then we are treated to some glittering generalities concerning the wonderful beneficial results flowing from our political separation from Great Britain, and the setting up of a Canadian Republic, commercially annexed to the United States. As a consequence of our fisheries being open to our neighbours—they are open enough already, surely—"immense additions have taken place to the population on our coasts," shipbuilding and the lumber trade have revived, and our ocean tonnage has doubled. It would be difficult to put in any shorter space as many fancies so utterly at variance with all that we can learn from known facts. "The fullest reciprocity, untrammelled by any restriction," sounds well, but what does it actually mean? It means, when we come down to the hard, realistic truth of the matter, that the rising manufactures of Canada, now just beginning under the new policy to recover from a very trying time of depression, are to be summarily extinguished—crushed out—by exposure to the unchecked competition of the larger and longer established American concerns. By the customs returns of the last five or six years, quoted in this journal two weeks ago, it is proved that in certain important branches American goods have been driving British goods out of the neutral Canadian market, which is open to both on the same terms. The change is neither trifling in extent nor temporary in character, it has been going steadily on these five years, and a difference of many millions in favour of the United States, and against Great Britain, has grown up. And from those who know we have the further assurance that, but for the very long credits given by British houses, as against the cash or third credit terms which are the rule over the border, the gain of our custom by American from British traders would be very much greater than what we have yet seen. Only the long oft-renewed credits granted in England to our importers, fetters which bind them to continue dealing where their indebtedness lies, prevents even a still more extensive substitution of American for English goods in our warehouses. The abolition of frontier custom houses, and the establishment of reciprocity untrammelled, means simply the ruin of Canadian manufactures,

and the transfer of business now done in our own cities to New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Paul. As I have before ventured to affirm, the idea of our finding a market for Canadian manufactures in a country which boasts of its New England, New York and Pennsylvania, is one of the most foolish that unpractical, visionary mortals ever entertained. The talk of there being opened to us a boundless field for our enterprise, and about the spur to an honourable competition, is utterly fallacious and misleading. The "honourable competition" would consist of the summary shutting up of many of our mills and factories; and the "boundless field" is one that we might tramp over from June to January without being able to sell as much of our manufactures as would buy salt for our porridge. I think I may assert, without much fear of contradiction, that our practical business men no longer entertain the illusion that we could at present compete on even terms with the States in any of the *larger* manufactures. That foolish belief is now confined to fanciful people, whose minds are possessed of notions of "boundless fields" and "reciprocity untrammelled," but who really know nothing at all of the hard facts of business competition.

Although looking from a different standpoint, the objectors abroad have the same prepossessions, and so take the same ignoble view of Canada's destiny that is taken by objectors at home. The London *Examiner* sees in the existing connection something that disturbs and hinders Canada, while Canada, on the other hand, is a pregnant source of disquietude and a perennial expense to the mother country. We don't know exactly where the "expense" comes in; but the facts are so little known in the old country that it need not be deemed extraordinary should even reputed well-informed English journals be found labouring under the misapprehension that Canada's government expenses are paid out of the Imperial revenue. Canadian railways are a source of danger—to English interests, that is—says the *Examiner*. We may ask whether the Erie, the Atlantic and Great Western, and some other American roads that might be named, are sources of profit and delight to British bondholders. No, indeed; but, you see, over the water it is considered "the thing" to speak softly of American delinquencies, while nothing is too rough to say about Canada. The *Examiner* quotes approvingly the late Mr. McGee's presentation of three possible courses for these Provinces,—closer connections between themselves; annexation to the United States; and guaranteed neutrality under the protection of the Powers. The first has been tried, in the shape of Confederation, and, in the *Examiner's* opinion, has failed. The third is too impracticable to be discussed; and there remains only the second, to which the London Radical journal very much off-hand and "with a light heart" commends us.

The New York *Tribune* takes up the song, puts in some cheerful cadences of its own, and with well-affected indifference backs up the English irreconcilables in the view that annexation is the sure and only destiny of Canada—at last. But there is to be no compulsion in the matter,—oh! no, not even the shadow of it; that would never do. Nor is there to be any unseemly hurry about it either. Our colossal neighbour simply takes on a patronizing, but still overawing attitude of dignified neutrality and says: "Just as you like, my little dear; you takes your choice. The Union is here for you to drop into any time you are so disposed." With a unanimity which is quite remarkable enough to be suspicious, English Free Traders and American Protectionists agree in thinking that for Canada to try to be commercially independent is nonsense. Both these conflicting schools agree that for that we must submit ourselves either to the British or the American system; and that for us to presume to have one of our own is something too audacious to be contemplated.

But this is just what we are going to try, nevertheless. Leaving Mexico to its own devices and destiny, we beg to advise the world that there are going to be at least two nations on this North American Continent, and not one only. We declare ourselves commercially independent, but we profess political allegiance to the Crown, and for peace or war we hold ourselves in alliance with the mother country—part and parcel of the Empire—to share its fortunes as a Power in the world. Will this offer of our allegiance and alliance be rejected, because for economical reasons we think it good policy to develop manufactures? We think not; we feel quite sure that neither John Bright nor the London *Examiner* speaks the voice of the British people in this matter. If through Protection Canada prospers, then surely the Empire gains by the prosperity of this part of it; if not, let us find it out for ourselves, and do after a while what the mother country did thirty years ago. But, as even people "at home" seem to be getting doubtful these days as to the wisdom of their then headlong course, taken under the inspiration of prophets whose predictions have, in some important respects, been remarkably falsified by events, it appears as if a tone less dogmatic and more considerate might befit our transatlantic instructors. Are they really out of the wood themselves, that they should lecture us so confidently? We propose to keep before them, until such time as they can manage to "take in" the new situation, the idea of Canada, commercially independent, but still under political allegiance to the Crown, and still in military alliance with the rest of the Empire. Let it be hoped that for the introduction of this idea into their pre-occupied heads a surgical operation will not be necessary after all.

*Argus.*



“THE LATEST PHASE OF INSANITY.”

There is a form of lunacy abroad in this and other lands at present, and it is of a very dangerous kind. It consists in a tendency to believe and act on the principle that mere lapse of time without any change of conduct will set things that have gone wrong right again. “If we could only gain time” is its motto, “things will come right.” This Micawber-ism is extensively applied, and carried out logically to its conclusion, for “something” always does “turn up”—wrong side up—and then the reversal of that unfortunate condition involves more than enough of us in much care and labour, deep agony and grievous loss.

To call this a form of insanity is not too strong language. It is simply correctly descriptive. For insanity is a condition of being in which the will and intellect, or spiritual nature of man has lost the power to act through and control the rational and physical part of him. An insane person is one who is not responsible for his actions—that is whose external surroundings and physical appetites control *him*—not *he* them. If then we have found men plunging on in a course they have found to be wrong and disastrous, allowing themselves to be driven along further by the reaction of their own actions and transactions, hoping that when these have run their course all will be right, and apparently unconscious of any ability within themselves to curb the tide of events, are we not justified in describing such men as moral lunatics? Can we describe them as anything else?

Now any one who has lived in Canada a decade of years and has cared to study, not only the external phenomena of society and social habits, but has inquired a little into the internal motives which actuate and form these external phenomena, must have been impressed with one phase of it, viz., that the average Canadian “hates to think.” Nor is this peculiarity confined to Canadians born and bred, but infects men of all nationalities who have settled here. Neither is it limited to the poorer classes. It is still more decidedly conspicuous among business men and the wealthier portion of the community as well as in the learned professions. The Canadian mind loves to occupy itself with externals only, or at least chiefly. Its conversation abounds in deep interest in individuals with whom it is socially acquainted. It becomes quite lively over their personal peculiarities, their houses, their lands, their speculations or peculations, the net results of their business acumen or daring, &c., &c. It is not what they *are*, so much as what they *have*, which is the absorbing topic. *Things* which are the result of life—not the life itself—is what men here care to study.

Canada is not *quite* alone in this idiosyncrasy. The whole civilised world is, more or less, infected with it. But Canada does belong to the “more” section—not to the “less.”

When men are thus so absorbed in what are called realities, but what are actually only results, they get blind to causes altogether, and so become the creatures of circumstances, and not the controllers of them.

This is exactly the history of the present “hard times” in Canada. We have studied only hard facts; have become delirious over results. We have judged only from the outward appearance, and our judgment has therefore neither been right nor righteous even as regards the facts or realities on which our whole wills were bent. Because some certain individual bore the outward signs of having made an ample fortune in a certain trade, we judged there must be lots of money in it, and if only we could get money or credit enough by a good bank account to “swing” as big a business, the same results must follow. It was a fact, we knew, that this was the process whereby that other man attained all his outward prosperity. We therefore aimed at the same facilities, feeling sure that if these were had, the rest would follow, as effect from cause. We forgot to consider that the causes of these effects might now, more than possibly, be wholly altered. We reasoned only from external effect to external cause, and stopped there. As well might we have judged that because this predecessor of ours in the path to wealth of this special trade had waxed so rich, therefore there could be no more money in it for any one else. Either conclusion would be equally justifiable, and equally correct.

Be this as it may, very many of us have, to our cost, reasoned blindly towards the former conclusion, and, having attained our wishes in the one respect of large facilities, have found these quite in excess of trade requirements—have found that it tended to penury and everything else but wealth. And *then* the insanity already treated of broke out in us. Instead of facing the facts manfully and checking our career with all the force that was in us, we used that force to drive harder than our neighbour and distance him. We let externals drive us, lost control of ourselves and our affairs, and trusted to “time” to “make things come right.”

And time, which is but the dial plate on the face of the inexorable and beneficent Divine Law which operates only good, and not evil, *will* set even *things* right. But the Divine Law works from within outwards—not from without inwards—and a change of will, of motive, of character in men, manifested by them in action must precede. It must come. It is coming. Men are being forced to look at the wreck they have made out of the *things* they

loved and lived and longed for, and this country is destined yet to develop character, thought, rationality.

And the *last* form which this blind reasoning from appearances has taken—viz., the “N.P.”—will be the *first* to go. Men formerly made money out of their goods, imported or manufactured, and, full of a superstitious reverence for and faith in the power of government, thought by means of law to kill the inexorable divine law of supply and demand. The experiment must fail. For any increase of cost must lessen demand. And if the cost be not increased, as is contended, then the purchasing power is not increased either; and out of *nothing* it is impossible to make *something*. Yet to try to do collectively by legal enactment what so many have been trying to do individually for so many years—i.e., to make something out of nothing—was simply to take the course already described, to rush further on in a wrong course and expect it to come right as a reward for perseverance.

But we can, and we will become men, God helping us, and by change of will, motive, character, from love of *things* to love of right principles and noble aims we shall find enough and to spare of the good things of life in the resources of our splendid territory to leave none in want, and give the ablest and most willing to serve others the largest share of the enjoyment of them. Of course when that is quite realized the Millenium will be upon us, and we will be indeed a chosen people and a chosen land; but it may take us about a thousand years to bring it about. So let us begin at once.

*Eusebius.*

## OUR NORTH WEST.

No. I.

Having lately picked up an able and powerfully written pamphlet, entitled “The Political Destiny of Canada,” I feel called upon by the interest I take in the North West (the land of my adoption) to make a few remarks upon that part of the pamphlet which bears more immediately upon the north-western portion of our Dominion. With the general conclusions at which the writer arrives, and with the sledge-hammer arguments by which he seeks to enforce them, as I am neither politician nor financier I have nothing to do, but to those considerations by which he seeks to throw discredit upon that, which I, in common with many others, deem the finest portion of Canada, I feel called upon to oppose a plain statement of fact and observation.

The author of the pamphlet referred to, commences his tirade against the great North West, by referring to the immense expense of management, the keeping up of emigration agencies, &c., entailed upon the country by the possession of this magnificent territory. He, however, altogether omits to set over against this item, the income which the Dominion derives from that section, in the shape of custom dues, inland revenue returns, and sale of land. When we consider that in the year 1878 the custom receipts at the Port of Winnipeg alone amounted to \$224,379; when we add to this the large annual receipts from inland revenue, and when we take into consideration the large and ever increasing revenue from the sale of Dominion Lands in and beyond the Province of Manitoba, we shall easily perceive that the credit side of the account, as between Canada and the North West, is not altogether a blank.

I next proceed to examine the ground of complaint which the writer urges against the various Colonization Societies throughout Ontario and Quebec. It is as follows:—“That these societies are busily at work inducing our farmers to pull up stakes and move to the North West.” Let me give your readers a specimen of the process which “A British Immigrant” so vigorously deprecates. There has been of late a considerable exodus to Manitoba from a section of the Province of Quebec lying north of Montreal. Happening to visit that part of the country recently, I enquired of some of the farmers how much wheat they raised to the acre. I was somewhat astonished when I was told that they raised no wheat at all, that the only crop which they could cultivate was oats, and not much of them. Now some of these “unpatriotic” individuals to whom our “Immigrant” refers had actually tempted these poor deluded farmers to be guilty of the “madness” of moving to Manitoba and settling there upon land where they can raise an average of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre, and 50 bushels of oats to the acre, where they can raise and feed all the cattle that they require, and where they can see their families grow up around them to be a help instead of a burden to their declining years. Surely the disposition which would interfere with such a change as this, savours much more of a narrow provincialism than of a broad and liberal patriotism. Take another case, a farmer has a good farm, well appointed and clear of debt, with fine buildings and a good orchard, situate, let us say, in the centre of one of the best farming districts in Ontario; our “Immigrant” would, doubtless, pronounce it the height of madness for such an one to dream of moving to “pastures new.” But let us suppose (as is very likely to be the case with the sturdy yeoman of Canada) that our farmer, in addition to his other property, is the happy possessor of half a dozen stalwart sons. The question naturally suggests itself, what is he going to do with them? Shall he despatch them to the nearest town, and then force them into the already vastly overcrowded ranks of professional or business life. He certainly cannot supply each of them with a farm;

before he had provided the first two with even the smallest farms, his ready money would be all gone and his homestead mortgaged; with land selling at 50 or 60 dollars an acre, such a course as this, save for really wealthy farmers is out of the question. Is it not the impulse alike of interest and of affection which prompts him to "pull up stakes," sell his property and establish him in the new portion of our Dominion, where he can provide himself and all his sons with comfortable and well furnished farms out of the proceeds of the sale of the one farm in Ontario?

And now we come to the grave charges preferred against Manitoba and the North West. They are presented to us in the following words:—"Where all the profits of his labour will be eaten up in the cost of its transportation to market, and in a bleak, treeless, shelterless, hyperborean prairie region, where, for six months in the year, he will be shut up from all out-door work, and forced for want of firewood to make fuel of the corn raised in summer, to keep his family from freezing to death in the winter."

Now the first of these allegations, viz., that "the cost of transportation eats up all the profits of labour," I purpose examining somewhat minutely, as this "cost of transportation" is perhaps one of the gravest objections which has been urged against the North West Colonization. For this purpose, I shall submit a comparative table, illustrative of the relative profits accruing from 100 acres sown in spring wheat in one of the oldest districts of Ontario and the same amount of land sown in the same crop in Manitoba:—

ONTARIO.		MANITOBA.	
	bushels.		bushels.
Average yield per acre.....	16	Average yield per acre.....	28
Average price per bushel, \$0.90		Average price per bushel, \$0.60	
Total yield.....	1,600	Total yield.....	2,800
Total cash return.....	\$1,440	Total cash return.....	\$1,680
Interest on price of land or yearly rental.....	400	Interest on price of land at \$3 an acre.....	30
	\$1,040	Clear profit per annum.....	\$1,650

In the above table, cost of labour has been omitted from no ability to bring the relative cost of labour employed in cultivating the crops in Ontario and Manitoba into comparison. One would, however, naturally suppose that, in a country where machinery can be used to almost any extent, this item would stand considerably to the advantage of the Manitoba farmer.

In my next letter I purpose examining the other charges preferred by a "British Immigrant" against North Western Canada. *Canadian.*

### MORALITY.

In one of the chapters of her latest work—"Theophrastus Such"—George Eliot complains of the "poor part" which the words "morals" and "morality" are made to play in our modern speech. The complaint is not without foundation, for assuredly our readers must have in their recollection more than one political or commercial scoundrel whom they have heard described, and have perhaps themselves described, as "a moral and religious man in private life." This qualification "in private life" reminds one of certain school histories in which kings who have done pretty nearly everything that kings ought not to do are nevertheless spoken of as "bad kings, indeed, but good men." One would have thought that a "good man" who chanced to find himself in the position of king would feel it to some extent incumbent upon his conscience to endeavour to be as "good a king" as possible. But apparently this is not so, and hence, as George Eliot puts it, "we arrive at the curious result that the most serious wide-reaching duties of man lie quite outside both morality and religion—the one of these consisting in not keeping mistresses (and perhaps not drinking too much) and the other in certain ritual and spiritual transactions with God, which can be carried on side by side with the basest conduct towards men." When we consider the extent to which opinion is governed by language, this degradation of the word "morality" into mere domestic virtue is a very serious evil. Let us call things by their right names. The man who spends his days in manufacturing or selling adulterated goods is not entitled to be described as a moral man merely because he is faithful to his wife and fond of his children. It is positively ludicrous to see the way in which various villains of high and low degree—dishonest statesmen, directors of bubble companies or fraudulent banks, or those smaller rogues the convicted embezzlers or pickpockets, or obtainers of money under false pretences—are wont to sneak behind their wives' petticoats and hold up their children in mitigation of sentence. The family man, the "good father and good husband," seems to think that he is in possession of a patent entitling him to do as much harm as he pleases to the rest of the world. What is far more important is that the world seems to some extent to share his delusion, and to be willing to extend to his crimes, in consideration of his domestic virtues, an amount of mercy to which he is in no wise entitled. One might naturally suppose that it would be with the public morality of public men that the public would most concern itself. But the exact contrary is the case. Rigorous in regard to the private morals of its statesmen, the public allows them a most generous latitude in their public conduct. The detected liar in private life is apt to be blackballed at clubs and cut by his acquaintances.

But we have of late had abundant reason for thinking that the art of saying "the thing that is not" by a public man in regard to public affairs, and with the unquestioned object of deceiving and bamboozling the public, is an art held in high esteem by some of the proudest members of our aristocracy. People cry out, "Go it, Bartle," and "Go it, Lytton," when these men send forth the flame and the sword over the habitations of the wretched Zulus or Afghans. We have a bishop lying in comfortable quarters at Fulham who was raised to the bench and a remarkably nice income upon the strength of a work upon "The Sinfulness of Little Sins." How is it that we never hear any of these "right reverend fathers in God" saying a word in season about the sinfulness of little wars?—*English paper.*

### THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

It is generally considered by great and wise philosophers that the amount of sin which exists in the world is a constant quantity. It may assume innumerable forms; the savage simplicity of cannibalism, the rugged fierceness of struggling nations, or the voluptuous refinement of civilization; but through all its varieties and modifications the sum-total is ever the same. This is not a flattering creed; but philosophy has said it, therefore the statement must be true.

Women contribute a fair proportion of the good which exists, and also, as becomes members of the human race, make some small additions to the evil. In fact they bear a strong resemblance to sin itself in many of its aspects. Like sin they are constant—like sin they are variable; and like the algebraic symbol  $x$  they are utterly unknown. From time to time, indeed, there have been some vague indications of some permanent elements in the constitution of female human nature, but a change in the weather, or in the Parisian fashions, has upset all scientific calculation upon the subject. After a careful examination, however, of an enormous number of single instances, we find that there are data for a couple of generalisations. It is sufficient for our present purpose that women should be divided into two classes. Of course when we descend to details there may be innumerable classes, including schoolmistresses, wives and daughters of ordinary members of Parliament, with such others of the outside public as cannot fairly be considered members of that great world which patronises society journals; but without the details there are two classes: (a) Women of the world. (b) Women of the half-world. Women of the latter class have been so prominently and for so long a time before the public, upon the stage, in photographers' windows and elsewhere, that there remains no new light—not even the electric—which can do aught but obscure the delicate subject. It is somewhat of a grateful task to turn our attention to women of class (a); to those who have never been upon the stage, and are invisible in shop windows, who form the real force in the world, and who are very little before the world. Anyone who has had an opportunity of being acquainted with different classes of society, with intelligence enough to observe things interesting and curious, will not fail to have noticed the following type of character. We refer to that woman who, in the very heart of London and of society, is fortunate enough to have preserved the instincts of a wild beast or of a savage. She herself has nursed her young. More remarkable still, she has a peculiar partiality for her offspring. She has been frequently seen in the society of one whom she calls husband, and at intervals neither of them looked unhappy. The arrangements of her breakfast and dinner-table were as unimpeachable and elaborate when there were no guests as when the house was crowded. At all times her frank hospitality made people wonder at the irrepressible charm of a house which contained no Whistlerian symphonies, no pictures of Nausicaä, meant for grace and representing only nakedness; no foolish posturings of Ariadne; no epicenity of Burne-Jones. Her sons were trained to consider that an ordinary quantity of biceps, with well-developed brain-muscle, was a more fitting ornament for a gentleman than all biceps and no brain. The words *culture, aesthetic, subjective, objective, &c.*, she understood—as far as they contain anything to be understood—and laughed at. She was dogmatic enough to teach her girls that fresh air and exercise were "good form," and that strong boots, with low heels, in bad weather did not interfere with poetry of motion, eternal salvation, or with the utmost success in performing a sonata of Beethoven. She understood intelligently the qualities and prices of different foods, with the exact quantity which was necessary to health and surfeit. The morning hours were employed in vigorous household work; the afternoon in vigorous exercise and play, and the evenings amidst the graceful amenities of a carefully selected circle. There prevailed in this eccentric household a clearly formulated opinion that the knowledge of high-society scandals, or of low-society brutalities, was not absolutely necessary to the education of a lady; that the notoriety of the Ladies' Mile or the tradesman's window was not fame, and that wisdom, learning, sentiments of truth, modesty, and justice are to be acquired elsewhere than in the leading daily papers or most fascinating of magazines. The woman at the head of this strange household had one point in common with Rebecca Sharp, and only one—she was not an angel. When her daughters became of marriageable years, we are compelled to relate that she resorted to some

elementary forms of feminine duplicity to procure for them such husbands as she deemed best and most suitable. The fact of a man being poor, having an eye-glass and an impediment in his speech—was not an invincible proof that he was the victim of astonishing genius, and if he did possess such genius, the lady to whom we refer was not in love with genius.

When her sons in the Army, the Church, or at the Bar, had an opportunity of being pushed on by her influence, well—she used her influence, and not sparingly. There was no desire to meet the world with unfair weapons, but, like a statesman, she accepted what seemed the facts in her life, and within certain immutable rules of dignity and honour, she conceived that the “greatest number” principle was best applied by careful and painstaking regard to her own interests. When her married daughter died, leaving a widower and an infant, the grandmother brought her dignity and love and acceptable companionship to a desolate household. When news suddenly arrived that her favourite son, serving abroad with his regiment, had been killed in action, she reserved her passionate grief for her retirement, and merely exclaimed, “My poor brave boy!”

This is the true type of a woman of the world. It is not an angelic figure; but it is a worthy reproduction of Cornelia, the noble matron of Rome; its name in our time is legion, and of such is the Kingdom of Britain.—*Mayfair*.

### ARE WE ANGLO-SAXONS?

An evening contemporary complains that the inhabitants of the Dominion are “eternally and continually” told that they are Anglo-Saxons, and thinks that Governors-General, Orators, and Pamphleteers, who appear to be among the chief offenders, would do well to lay aside their habit of calling people by the wrong name.

It is to be hoped His Excellency the Marquis, the Orators, and the others will at once look into this matter, if only to show their sense of what might happen had there not been somebody to point out a source of danger which, although not likely to have been foreseen by any one else, is nevertheless a danger which, if neglected, may become a trouble to everybody.

To say that telling men they are Anglo-Saxons when they are not Anglo-Saxons is a grievance, which can hardly be looked upon as oppressive in its character, would, perhaps, be to say too much, when the capacity of some people for eccentric forms of discontent is borne in mind; but it should not be forgotten that a speck on the horizon may expand to such an extent as to puzzle calculation.

It is by no means beyond the range of possibility that the Post Office authorities may some day find themselves brought to account for designating as the English mail, a mail peradventure made up of correspondence chiefly for Scotchmen and Irishmen, to say nothing of that for Welshmen and perhaps Frenchmen. Nor has the Emigration Department reason to feel quite safe from being questioned as to the propriety of calling the sparrows English sparrows, when everybody knows that the pertinacious little beggars are also as thick as peas in Edinburgh and in Dublin. It is not known whether there are, or ever were, such things as Anglo-Saxon sparrows, and the explanation that perhaps the birds may have been brought here from Albion would probably be accepted as weak and unsatisfactory, there being no grounds for supposing that some of them might not have come from other countries. Statistics would in this case be hardly available, running the eye “along the columns of a Canadian Directory” would be in vain, and all that could, and very likely would be said, is, that if a one-sided and invidious importation of sparrows had taken place, it should not have taken place.

This sketch, however imperfect, should not only suffice to show what may be in store for those who faintly appreciate the advantage of meeting half-way embarrassments, to them apparently of the imaginary kind, but it should also keep them in mind that the eye of an evening contemporary is upon them.

It is scarcely worth while to suggest that the Anglo-Saxon element enters into the history, political and social conditions of this country; that there may be and probably is, diversity of opinion respecting natural selection, and that persons might be found sufficiently perverse to look for the legitimate root of a name in a direction different from that indicated by the journal alluded to. But as it is not easy to imagine what it is that would not fade into mere insignificance when brought face to face with the danger of wounding supposititious national sensibility, such persons should embrace the opportunity of exhibiting a wise discretion by suppressing or keeping their opinions to themselves. The regal and conquering Saxons have for a long time had things a good deal their own way, they have not always behaved in a manner that can be considered nice, the remembrance of some of their doings cannot by any possibility be described as pleasant; and, all things considered, Governors-General, orators, pamphlets and papers will doubtless cease to say we are Saxons when it is so much safer to say we are Canadians.

When an ambitious and respectable journal takes to lecturing the public upon a matter of correct designation, it seems not unreasonable to expect that it would at least refrain from suggesting doubts as to the accuracy of some of its own statements. In the present instance its complaint of the difficulty of

picking up a newspaper or pamphlet which does not blazon the *fact* that we are Anglo-Saxons, is followed by copious and fairly correct statistics to prove that we are not Anglo-Saxons. As it transcends the power of ordinary minds to comprehend the process by which a fact is proved to be not a fact, the attempt is abandoned, and attention is diverted to the complacency with which readers are informed the Campbells, the Mackenzies, and the Blakes are Celtic. Authorities not less deserving of credence say that the first two are Norman; and when amongst the alliances of the Argyles are found those with the Norman Bruces, the Lennoxes, the Somervilles, the Gordons, the Kerrs, the Browns, and the Anglo-Saxon Gunnings from Kent, the grounds on which the Marquis of Lorne's family is stoutly asserted to be “one of the most purely Celtic in the British Empire” are not apparent.

According to the same authorities, the founder of the Mackenzies was a gentleman named Fitz-Gerald who having, for reasons best known to himself, crossed over from Ireland to Scotland, there begat a son, who in the fulness of time also begat a son. The son and grandson were respectively named Kenneth, the latter being called in the Gaelic Kenneth Mac-Kenneth, which became corrupted in English into Mackenny or Mackenzie. In view of these records the leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition can scarcely be mentioned as an instance of Celtic superiority.

In one of the northern shires of South Britain the ancient Anglo-Danish Blaks or Blakes are believed to have had their home whence, it may be incidentally mentioned, came the famous Admiral. A certain Richard Blake accompanied Prince John from England into Ireland where, having received divers grants of land, he settled, and became the progenitor of the many families of the Irish Blakes, from whom descends the former Minister of Justice. Mr. Blake, therefore, although of the Northmen, may not be a Norman, but certainly does not seem to be Celtic.

There is no desire to demolish every instance of Celtic greatness brought forward by a journal which must be allowed to possess the courage of its opinion, and as there is nothing at hand calculated to throw any light upon the ancestry of Mr. Masson, it is neither conceded that he is Celtic, nor asserted that he is Norman or Saxon.

But with regard to Sir John Macdonald, it must be admitted that his name sounds not more Celtic than Mackenzie, and he would be a bold man who would assert that at some remote period a Bohun or a Mohun, or a Mowbray, or a De Vere, did not go from England into Scotland and there beget a son Donald, who, in his turn, begat a son Donald, who, in the Gaelic, became Donald MacDonald, and thus became the father of many Macdonalds, if not of every Macdonald.

It may be all very well to talk of the Lord of the Isles, and of the Thane of Argyle, who some people might say was “somerled” the Saxon, the name and title being very much in that direction, but remembering the curious account given by Mr. Punch, of the way in which Montague became Briggs, it would not be surprising to hear that the people called Danes and Normans are nothing but Celts, and that in fact everybody is a Celt except the Saxons.

In a conflict of opinion between an evening cotemporary and the Norroy and Ulster Kings at Arms, the position for a prudent people is that of spectators. All that has been herein said, has been said under a due sense of the importance of the subject and the greatness of the opposing forces. Between them be it.

Montreal, 12th August, 1879.

### “WHAT IS TRUTH?”

No one, of whatever creed or sect, would refuse assent to the proposition that if we could get *all* men to *be* and *do* good, we should, somehow or other, find all men in possession of more or less of truth. If so, then error, or the false, must be the result of evil. It is not Truth that causes Goodness. It is not falsity that causes evil. But, contrariwise, goodness always yields, as its product, truth; and evil, the false. Or, as a certain old writer, not much read at present, puts it, “falses are nothing else than evils reasoning and patronizing themselves.”

Yet, though nearly all will admit this as an abstract proposition, what do we find? Why this; that the pulpit, the press, and nearly all our scientists, are continually holding forth on “what is Truth?”—as if when that is settled, and all minds have been pruned and trained into *thinking* alike, we shall then perforce have goodness grow and flourish. As well expect by planting leaves to produce a tree. For goodness is the root of the tree of life. Truth grows up from it in spreading branch and shimmering, glancing leaf and leaflet, showing the character and inner loveliness of the root. These leaves bear their part, by drinking in the light, to ultimate the life of the tree in the fruit of usefulness, within which again is wrapped up the inherent good, or root, as the principle of life for new trees. There is the perfect analogy, Nature's own process in the material world—a true copy or symbol of the spiritual tree of life within man.

Since then we can have no truth without goodness, is it not nearly time some effort were made after goodness?—time that men should drop the search

for truth as an abstract theory, and seek it by the only path in which there is the slightest possibility of finding it, viz., in, and through, goodness? There can be no dispute about what goodness is. Until goodness exists within, there can be much and varied dispute about truth. Goodness has a truth of her own. Evil has a truth of its own; but the truth of evil is falsity. Evil is simply the transgression or inversion of the order of Nature, and of the mental or spiritual nature of man. In so far as evil is a root, the branches, leaves and fruit which grow from it must necessarily be appropriate to its inherent character. Viewed in this light, that according to the quality of the life as regards goodness or evil, so will be the truth or falsity produced, is it any wonder we have, and have had, such diversities of doctrine from Tom Paine, Voltaire, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, Calvin, Wesley, John Knox, Swedenborg, Canon Farrar, Prof. Robertson Smith, David Macrae, and—some others that might be mentioned? Search into the quality of these men's lives. If only we could know even as they are known, not only by the outward act and expression but by the inward motive—the root of goodness or evil—we should be able plainly to discern the causes of diversity.

The assertion that there can be no dispute as to what goodness is, may be a hard saying, but it is true. Goodness is simply the form of love to others; and every man recognizes it to be so at once whenever he needs help. He knows what would be goodness to him—a love that, regardless of self, would aid and sustain him. Preach it, O Pulpit! and live it. Shed forth its glowing warmth O Press! Apply science to practical usefulness, O Scientists! And the combination may bring with it, who knows? something at least of truth that men everywhere cannot but recognize, because it is the very light of goodness.

For if the "false be but evil reasoning and patronising itself," it becomes simply *terribly* easy to trace the specific cause of any special error. To ascertain its origin we need only reflect what would be the effect, in goodness or evil, of the theory advanced. Take the current view of the truth of trade, for example. It may be boiled down into one noble axiom, "sell as *little* value as you can, for as *much* value as possible." Is there much idea of usefulness grasped by that axiom? What room is there in it for goodness? Carry it to extremes, and you have "give *nothing* and take *all*"—which is *theft*.

Take the prevailing view of religion in any of the leading sects—Catholic or Protestant. Is it not just this?—a panacea to save us from the legitimate consequences of our individual sins and follies—not so much from the sin as from the consequences we both feel and see to be inevitable. Can the root of such truth be goodness, and can we wonder at the fruit? It is selfishness and cowardice—qualities that are neither good nor useful—yet they reason and patronize thus their inherent evil.

It is a pity to be too hard on the "N. P.," for it is getting unpopular enough already, and nothing but the reluctance of evil to cease from reasoning and patronizing itself and confess it has been a fool, saves it from being hounded down. Yet if we examine closely into its roots we find it extremely self-evident that there is no usefulness there. We discover only one attempt at goodness towards self and enmity towards all others—and that, we have seen, is not goodness but evil.

Must we get personal and touch on politics? perish the thought! It would be unkind to trench on the special forte of the *Globe* and *Mail*, and indeed it is unnecessary, for with our eight Parliaments, Senates by the half-dozen, and numerous and awe-inspiring Lieutenant-Governors, there is no corner of the Dominion where men need fail to discern the good or evil origin of political creeds. One of these Lieutenant-Governors, forsooth, has but recently been decapitated because good towards the country was his motive and his aim, to rid it of the evil of corruption working itself out into false measures.

Surely then there is room enough, and to spare, for the cultivation of goodness by each individual in himself and others, for goodness begets goodness, kindness draws forth love, if there be any latent within; and there is, in every man, woman and child, for God, the Source of all Goodness, has left none of His children without *some* remains of His image stamped on every part of their moral, mental and physical constitution. Through these remains they can receive of His Life more and more fully, and come into His Light, which is indeed, Truth, for He is "the Light of the Word," and His is "the Light of Life."  
"Spero."

### GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Not in a Parliamentary sense; not in emulation of the way in which members of the House of Commons go, begging and praying their constituents to return them, and urging all sorts of reasons why they should, the true reason of their anxiety being that they like the influence and dignity it confers upon them, and on "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," and the rest of their glorified connections. I am only talking of going to the country in the literal sense in which it is annually invaded at this season, glad to snatch a brief respite from business, to get the sight out of our eyes, and the flavour out of our mouths, of that "endless meal of brick," as Hood has happily called a big town, and to give ourselves up to holiday feelings and enjoyment.

The holiday feeling is a delightful one, and no one would desire to throw cold water—of which we have too much—on enjoyment; but it is just as well

to put things on a right footing, and to protest against the fallacy that "the country" and "enjoyment" are necessarily one and the same thing. They are often very different things, as tourists very often find to their cost, and it does not always need bad weather to make them so. In the first place, the country itself is not always inviting. We have most of us an ideal "country" which starts up before us the moment we hear the word,—which ideal is, however, false, since it is made up only of all the bright features of what we have seen and heard thrown together, as an artist throws together the best features of a landscape to make a picture. But the "ideal" is remarkable for being as unlike as possible to the hard, unflinching reality.

The real truth is, that in spite of the many "beauty spots" which dot the country, and here and there render it inexpressibly delightful, there is very much of it which quite justifies the fop's preference for "the sweet, shady side of St. James Street." There is much that is wild, barren, and tiresome—that is deadening in its monotony, and bald and featureless as the dreariest streets in the dreariest town. The stranger sees it to the best advantage, because it has the charm of novelty for him; but he soon wearies of the tiresome sameness and the practical drawbacks to enjoyment. Even the picturesque does not always answer, when one comes close to it. Picturesque houses are terrible things to have anything to do with. They are frequently dark and uncomfortable—often full of rank odours, and not free from a suspicion of vermin, while a rose-covered cottage is apt to be far more comfortable from the outside. That cottage of Will Fern's which Dickens describes was only one of many. Ladies and gentlemen came to sketch it, and went into raptures about it. Will Fern had to live in it, and had no raptures. He only remarked: "It looks well in a picture, I've heard say; but there ain't no weather in pictures."

The great disappointment in the country is sure to be in the eating and drinking. In these departments our ideal comes out very strong; but the reality is a match for it, coming out stronger still. We picture to ourselves our first real country repast—the table laid with homespun linen, and the quaint relics of old pottery. How delightful the home-made bread; the butter that has not long left the churn; the toothsome rashers, hot and frizzling from the grill; the new-laid eggs, bright in the contrast of yolk and surrounding, as "apples of gold in pictures of silver"; and accompanying it all, the cool, delicious draught of home-brewed ale, the cup of it innocuous as that which proverbially "cheers but not inebriates." Charming picture! Sometimes realised, too, I daresay, in remote, unsophisticated parts. But how much more frequently does the reality take somewhat of this form.

You awake in the morning early, of course, for the noise and clatter of country life is at its highest when town-bred folk get their sweetest sleep. The bedroom is stuffy, as all bedrooms let to strangers are, in my experience, from the horror country people appear to have of admitting air. Lucky for you if the window will open and you are enabled to get a breath of the morning air. Then, down to breakfast, which, after a due interval, is served in the roughest fashion. Then you begin to realise the delights of country food. The flavourless tea with twigs floating in it; hard salt bacon; eggs of the kind which Mr. Middlewick has immortalised as "shop 'uns, sixteen a shilling"; bread from the village baker's, dark, spongy, and abounding in knots of unknaded flour. These, with a jug of poor, thin milk, are the materials out of which you have to evolve the luxurious and appetising country breakfast. It may be, it often is, better than this; but the experience of persons who have tried the experiment of deserting the tourist's beaten track will confirm me in the bitter disappointment which usually awaits them. Dinner is no better than breakfast. Fat pork, or yet fatter rusty bacon, is almost certain to form the main dish; and if one is fortunate enough to get fresh vegetables, they are ruined in the cooking. As to the ale—the famous home-brewed, amber and creamy to the imagination—it generally turns out in reality thin, muddy, sourish stuff, of the kind on which the facetious rustic bestowed the doubtful praise that "you might drink a gallon of it, and no harm done."

I am reminded that it has been said, "God made the country and man made the town"; implying that in consequence the former must be a very superior article to the latter. To this it has been answered adroitly enough that in point of fact God made both town and country, since He gave man a constructive faculty, and man thus became the medium through which God made the town. Without troubling ourselves to look too curiously into this knotty point, we may take it as an established fact that both town and country are good in their way, and that in any comparison between them the balance of superiority is by no means all on one side. It is good to leave the beaten ways of life and seek recreation in that which is new and strange; and the greater the contrast to that which custom has rendered prosaic, the better. But let us not be buoyed up with too exuberant expectations. Even in the loveliest scenery, time is apt to hang heavy on the hands, and the sea-side is awfully wearying when the novelty wears off. When we have to add to this all sorts of domestic drawbacks, and a necessity for roughing it to an unexpected extent, it will be seen that in spite of our most ardent expectations and strong resolves to make the best of the leisure we are snatching, absolute enjoyment does not necessarily attend that experiment in romance called Going to the Country.

*Quevedo Redivivus.*



## PROTECTION, FROM A SCOTCH STUDENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

As I occasionally see the CANADIAN SPECTATOR through the kindness of a friend, I have noticed in your issues references to the present belief in "Protection" which rules in the Dominion. I neither can nor do believe in it, but this inability may be due to congenital stupidity or defective education. One thing, at all events, must be said, my opinion has not been formed from self-interest. I am not in trade myself, nor have I any near relative engaged therein. It may be amusing, if not interesting, to your readers to learn the reasons I have for my opinion.

So far as I can learn, protective legislation is urged on the various governments of the world mainly on two grounds. Either they are to tax imports in order to deprive foreign traders of their exorbitant profits. This was one of the plans which was urged in the United States when high "ad valorem" duties were put on British goods during the civil war: "It would make the British pay," it was said, "for the war they fostered." Or, again, legislation was urged to protect and to foster native industries; this is the most common argument. Let us look at them successively.

First, then, let us take up Protection as a weapon by which to deprive foreign traders of their profits. I may be wrong, but it seems to me that protection used for this end is an elaborate attempt of a nation "to cut off its nose to spite its face." For the sake of illustration, let us regard the matter as parochial and not as imperial. Brown, Jones, Robinson and Smith are all inhabitants of one county. Jones and Smith are both millers. Smith is a purse-proud fellow and not a bit likeable, but he has a good mill and splendid water-power—in fact, the best in the county. Railway and waterway are, besides, both in his favour. Jones, again, is an amiable, hard-working fellow, but has no water-power to speak of; his mill is an old-world concern that is liable to go out of gear at any moment. In order to put that right he has set up a steam engine, but as he is separated by miles of bad road from the nearest railway station or wharf, coals are fearfully expensive to him. The result of the whole is that he must charge the double of Smith's prices if he is to live. But Brown and Robinson hate Smith, and determine to ruin him by means of elevating Jones. To carry out this scheme, not only are they willing to pay double price to Jones, but actually get the county to hire pickets to waylay any one who would carry grain to Smith to be milled, and compel him either to go to Jones or pay to the county all the difference in price between Smith's prices and those of Jones, with as much more as would balance the inconvenience of going to Jones. Would any pair of sane men in the world attempt such a project? or if they should, would they find it possible to bring over the most muddle-headed country in Christendom into their way of thinking? Yet that is protection when used for vindictive purposes.

The idea of fostering native industries by means of protection looks much better than this which we have considered—at least at a distance. But in the main it is liable to all the objections of the former, and is just as absurd. It is just Brown and Robinson fostering Jones's trade. Jones, in such a case as we have told of above, would only secure, after all his own trouble and that of his friends, some ten per cent. of the difference of price. To take an easy number to calculate, we shall say that Smith can pay himself handsomely by charging ten cents per bushel, but that poor Jones can only live by charging twenty. Of these twenty cents only one comes into Jones's pocket. This, however, is not all that each of these benevolently-ground bushels costs the county. What with the expense of conveying the grain to his out-of-the-way corner, and the pay of the pickets (with due pensions for those that have been injured or grown old in the service), every bushel milled with Jones costs in reality thirty cents. Wouldn't it be far cheaper to present Jones with his one cent per bushel and save the other nineteen cents? Though the question might be asked, what claim has Jones to the one cent, which would seem to be a reward for the stupidity of setting up a mill where it would not pay.

Of course there are fine things said of the way these fostered industries will flourish in some future times. But all these prophecies will be fulfilled totally apart from all this coddling and protection. Whenever an industry will pay better in Canada than in Manchester it will be set up in Canada and abandoned in Manchester. Of course there might be some little time elapse before the margin of profit was seen to be secure enough to risk capital on extensive works, but, thanks to commercial enterprise, that would not be long. That minute and problematic loss might be saved fifty years hence by paying in protective duties fifty times the amount in taxes between then and now, is queer financing, to say the least of it. Astronomers tell us that the poles of the earth are shifting, and that the North Pole is making for some place in eastern Siberia. When it reaches its southernmost limit the equator will pass through Canada. It will only be a matter of some hundred million years. Might it not be well to encourage the growth of sugar canes and coconut palms, and thus earn the gratitude of those far distant descendants for saving them from an exhausting competition with the planters of Cuba and St. Thomas?

These views of protection are those which first present themselves to

J. E. H. T.

Stirling, Scotland, July 19, 1879.

## OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. VI.

"With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think of Chaleur Bay;  
Whose river wild, would,  
In age or childhood,  
Cast round men's fancies its magic sway."

—Archie Pell (after Father Prout).

After leaving Mr. Dan Fraser's comfortable hostelry, the tourist crosses the River Restigouche, which constitutes the boundary between Quebec and New Brunswick, and generally proceeds to Campbellton by the Intercolonial Railway. The railway bridge, which is about a quarter of a mile from the Metapedia station, is the only one which crosses the Restigouche. It is a handsome structure built on the pin-connection-truss plan, and consists of five spans of about 200 feet in length; the piers and abutments are very massive, the cutwaters being of granite, in order to resist the floating ice which impinges with formidable force on them. The bridge is on a skew of forty-five degrees in consequence of the sudden change in the direction of the railway, caused by the Restigouche and the Metapedia at their confluence flowing nearly at right angles the one to the other. When it is considered that the Metapedia drains an area of 1,700 square miles, and the Restigouche with its tributaries an area of 5,200 square miles, it is not to be wondered that at the end of winter after a sudden thaw and the melting of the snow in the uplands that the water in the main stream rises from fifteen to twenty feet, when the current becomes very turbulent, and does not subside much before the end of June—about the time to begin salmon and trout fishing. Instead of going by rail I should recommend the tourist to go to Campbellton either by the river in a canoe or boat, or in a carriage by road on the New Brunswick side, in order to enjoy the beautiful scenery *en route*, which rivals that of the Thousand Isles between Brockville and Lake Ontario, with this advantage, that the mountains to the left on the Canadian side rise to heights varying from 1,000 to 1,745 feet above the sea at the distance of only two or three miles from the shore. On the right or New Brunswick side the wooden hills or ridges are much lower, although still of considerable elevation, the highest point being the "Sugar Loaf," 950 feet, at the foot of which is the village of Campbellton, where the navigation for shipping begins. Though prettily situated, yet for want of proper hotel accommodation and pleasure boats the tourist avoids Campbellton as a summer resort. On the opposite or Canadian side is "Indian" or "Cross" Point, where the Micmac or Siroquoix Indians, an off-shoot of the Algonquins, have a settlement. They number only about eighty-six families. Their picturesque wigwams are substituted by rectangular wooden cabanes, twenty feet square, and now instead of hunting the moose and the cariboo, and spearing the salmon, and leading a wandering and exciting life, as lords of the soil and masters of the country, they are settled down to the cultivation of potatoes on the small tracts of land attached to each cabane, and to the building of birch bark canoes, basket making, &c., &c.; and instead of fighting, and signing treaties of peace, and being led by some noble brave, their temporal as well as their spiritual concerns are confided to the care of a R. C. priest, to whom they are much attached—and deservedly so. Whether those *Micmacs* are descended from the Scotch Highlanders or not, the "Chronicles" are silent; yet there is an affinity between their language and the Celtic—which was, some say, "contemporaneous with the infancy of mankind," or in other words, it was spoken in the Garden of Eden—which may reasonably be doubted, as there were no thistles therein prior to the "perpetual banishment." The majority of the Indians in the neighbourhood speak the English language tolerably well, and are thoroughly reliable as navigators or guides through the intricate passages of the river.

About fifty years ago Bishop Plessis confided the spiritual charge of these Restigouche Micmacs to the Rev. Father Faucher, an energetic and loyal missionary, who doubtless instilled into their minds the text "Fear God and honour the king," for one of the great chiefs of the tribe, revelling in the name of Peter Basket, visited Our Gracious Majesty the Queen and Prince Albert the Good in 1850, and returned to his home loaded with presents.

Hereabouts, near to Indian or Cross Point, Jacques Cartier is said to have planted the cross 345 years ago, and although the mouth of the Restigouche is not held in the same veneration as the mouth of the Saguenay, yet it must possess an amount of interest for every lover of his adopted country. Here, as on the bleak, rocky shores of the Saguenay, Peace has followed the symbol of Christianity, and in proof that the "wild aborigines of the forest" have been transformed—their scalping knives and tomahawks translated into scythes and pruning hooks—the Chief, Polycarpe, resides in the centre of the settlement amidst grassy fields; flocks of sheep graze in front of his cottage, the avenue to which is adorned with a double row of ornamental trees.

*Polycarpe*, what a name for an Indian chief! It carries one back in imagination to the fathers of the early Church, whose words, while they were living, were like battle-cries against idolatry in all its senses, and which, though the tongues be dumb, yet they speak now with oracular power. As Polycarpe

in his epistle to the Philippians exhorted them to maintain the purity of the faith, so let us hope that our Micmac Polycarpe will exhort his tribe to hold fast to the precepts instilled into their minds by the late Father Faucher, who expired at Quebec in 1865, and just before his death went to Cross Point to bid a long farewell to his cherished neophytes at the mouth of the Restigouche.\*

There are a number of places in the Bay of Chaleur worthy a visit, and the opportunity offers by taking a trip down it from Campbellton in the steamer *Margaret Stevenson*. She is not a very fast boat, neither has she the superior accommodation that is to be found in the Gulf Ports steamer *Miramichi*. Her five or six knots an hour is better suited for the enjoyment of the scenery than is steaming at the rate of twelve to fourteen knots; again, she calls at ports not visited by the *Miramichi*—notably Dalhousie and Carleton,† so called in memory of two of the very good Governors whom it has pleased Great Britain to bestow on Canada. About fifty years ago the site of Dalhousie was clustered with wigwams, but now there are many comely dwellings on the slope of the fertile ridge upon which the town is built. The houses are chiefly wood—"paste-board shells" compared to the limestone villas of Montreal and Quebec. The local scenery is very beautiful and there is good sea-bathing, but despite these qualities and the fishing, in consequence of there being no comfortable homely hotel—no snugly decked and cabin'd pleasure boats, it is doubtful whether Dalhousie will become a favourite summer resort for those accustomed to what are known by the name of "home comforts." The same remarks will apply to Carleton on the opposite side of the bay, in the County of Bonaventure. Though the Bay of Carleton is a fine sheet of water formed by Migouacha and Tracadigette Points, and is flanked by a lofty mountain range, and Carleton is the abode of the Acadians of old, and the favourite resort of the herring, there is nothing of Arcadia about it. Bathurst will be found a convenient place in stress of weather, because it is a station on the Intercolonial Railway.

For yachting and boating in the summer time, the Bay of Chaleur is well adapted. It is about 25 miles wide on a south-west line across its entrance from Cape Despair to Miscon Island; the latter famous for its game and birds—hares, grouse, cranes, thrushes (*grives*), white geese and Canada geese (*outardes*). Some consider the entrance to be at Macqueran Point, from which the north point of Miscon Island is only about 15 miles. The depth of the bay from Miscon to the Restigouche is about 75 miles. The weather is in general much finer and the climate is warmer within the bay than outside in the adjacent parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Fogs seldom enter the bay. Again, there are a number of harbours, roadsteads and rivers into which sailing craft can run for shelter if overtaken by a storm. The navigation is by no means difficult, and fresh water is easily obtained at many places, and supplies of all kinds can be found at Paspébiac, at which is the large fish establishment of Messrs. Robin & Co., of Jersey, and at Caraquette Bay there are good oyster beds. So, what with the salmon and trout at the Restigouche; herrings, lobsters, cod, mackerel and oysters in the bay, and birds at the Miscon, there is no chance of the yachtsman or sportsman running short of food if he has a good supply of biscuit, or of not getting a good breakfast, dinner and supper if he has in addition a supply of coffee and some veritable ambrosial usquebaugh.

*Thos. D. King.*

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

#### MODERATE DRINKERS.

Fully 500 merchants, brokers, and clerks, attended the second meeting of the Business Men's Society for the Encouragement of Moderation, which was held in the dining-hall of Earle's Hotel, New York, on the 23rd ultimo. The members "pledge their sacred honour not to drink as a beverage any intoxicating liquors stronger than wine or beer, and those only in moderation." The secretary stated that since the organization of this society in April last the pledge had been signed in good faith by 11,000 business men.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US.

Judging from recent and actual events Canada would seem to be about the easiest place to govern on this side of the promised Land. It sends over on a holiday two or three Ministers at a time, and the Province is not perceptibly deteriorated in fame or fortune. And now, to crown the privation, it is announced that the Governor-General and his wife are about to enter upon a lengthy tour in the United States with the object of writing and illustrating a record of their experiences. It is of course, the Marquis of Lorne's own business whether he spend £3,000 on a Pullman car or invest in a third-class ticket, whether he publish to the accompaniment of the Princess's pictures, or expound mild free trade to errant interviewers. But it has been understood hitherto that the Governor-Generalship of Canada is not a Court sinecure, and

the proceedings of the Princess's consort tend rather to make it appear one. The Marquis of Lorne receives adequate pay for his labours and the sacrifice imposed upon his exile. In all social respects he is exceptionally favoured. In return for its munificence in both ways the country looks for some more substantial and profitable outcome than the nine hundred and ninety-ninth book on new America.—*English Paper.*

#### THE EVIL EYE.

"Forespeaking," an exact equivalent to "evil eye," is followed by exacting the same results, is prevented by the same means. To forespeak is to praise anybody, or anything more than is strictly warranted by truth. Directly that the exact measure is transgressed, forespeaking begins. This curious belief is founded upon a delicate psychology. High appreciation of others is not a feeling to which men are generally prone. As long as it is sincere, intelligent praise is modified by criticism, curtailed by restrictions. If we meet, therefore, with an admiration loudly expressed, overstepping the mark, this admiration has every chance to be not an error but a deliberate falsehood. The ancients accordingly held forespeaking to be a bad omen, fraught with more dangers than an undeserved curse. The gods, not a whit less jealous than men, were made angry by hearing fulsome praise, and took away what had been lauded unduly. Therefore it has often proved dangerous, when travelling in the East or in southern Europe, to gaze intently upon children, or to praise them loudly. In such cases, the strangers were accused of throwing evil sordes, willingly or unwillingly. On seeing such a foreigner look eagerly at her child, the mother spits in its face, to counteract the spell. And if the look be directed unmistakably on the woman herself, more than one may be seen to spit in her own bosom, often with a curse that startles the too admiring stranger; often with a deprecatory gesture which is not meant to be rude. They answer the compliments of even their friends and parents on the health and good appearance of their nursling by such exclamations as, "He is a piggy for all that, an ugly little villain!" They give him on purpose, as a standing name, meant to disguise the real one, a word of opprobrium or reproach. And the Turks hang often old rags or such like ugly things upon their fairest horses, and other goodly creatures, to secure them against fascination.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

#### OVER PRODUCTION.

Every person must live. In spite of Dr. Johnson's views to the contrary, this is accepted by all as true, in regard at least to their own case. In order to live each person needs at least food and clothing and house room. The higher his station in society the more numerous are his wants in addition to these bare necessities. He has not skill to produce for himself all things he wants, and if he had the skill he would not have the time, for his energies would be frittered away, and his time wasted in the multitude of different occupations. A tacit agreement is accordingly made that each man shall devote himself to that work for which, either by position or natural ability or inclination, he is best fitted; that he shall produce as much by his labour as will supply his own wants in that particular kind of product, and as much more as he can exchange with others for the things which they produce, and he wants. Thus each man in a civilized community produces some one thing while he consumes many; the distinction, in fact, so often made between producers and consumers is for the most part fictitious. Even the man who lives on his means is in a very important sense a producer, for it is his capital invested remuneratively that is used for, and is necessary to, the production carried on by those to whom he has lent it. Every man must produce so much by his labour or capital as will replace the capital employed in the production, supply his own wants in that product, and leave a surplus sufficient to exchange for all the other things which he requires. This exchange is carried on by the intervention of money, which, for the purpose of this discussion, may be considered as simply a set of counters of no value or use to their possessors, save for a universal agreement to take them in exchange for goods. The number of these counters given for any article is called price, and at any given time the values in exchange of different articles may be estimated by their prices.

The process by which the price of any given article is determined may be illustrated by an imaginary case. Suppose, for instance, that in a given open market there are only fifty loads of coal, while sixty house-holders desire a load apiece at the price they have been accustomed to pay. The owners of the coal finding the demand so brisk, ask for a higher price. Some of the poorer households cannot afford to buy a whole load at this higher price, and consequently the whole demand is now for less than sixty loads. The coal owners will continue to raise their price until the purchasers are just able and willing to take the fifty loads at that price. Unless the sellers have a monopoly, or all act in combination, they will dispose of their coals at this price; for, if they ask a higher, some of the coals will remain unsold in virtue of the continued diminution of the demand. If then, in any civilized State, there be at any time so much production, it does not at all necessarily imply that there is more even of that particular kind of produce than mankind would gladly consume, still less that there is a general over production of wealth; but it shows ordinarily that the industrial forces of the world are being wastefully and disproportionately

\* The power for good that this worthy priest exercised over the Indians is graphically recorded in Mr. J. LeMoine's "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," pp. 299 to 303.

† Sir Guy Carleton, raised to the peerage as Lord Dorchester, who by his conciliatory manner toward the people gained their love and respect. Governor-General 1774-1796.

applied, that, in fact, there is under production of some other thing as well as, and partly in consequence of, that particular over production.—*Contemporary Review*.

## A CROAKER.

There are croakers in every country, always boding its ruin. Such a one lived in Philadelphia, a person of note, an elderly man, with a wise look and a very grave manner of speaking; his name was Samuel Mickle. This gentleman, a stranger to me, stopped one day at my door, and asked me if I was the young man who had lately opened a new printing-house. Being answered in the affirmative, he said he was sorry for me, because it was an expensive undertaking, and the expense would be lost; for Philadelphia was a sinking place, the people already half bankrupts, or near being so; all appearance to the contrary, such as new buildings and the rise of rents, being to his certain knowledge, fallacious; for they were, in fact, among the things that would soon ruin us. And he gave me such a detail of misfortunes now existing, or that were soon to exist, that he left me half melancholy. Had I known him before I engaged in this business, probably I never should have done it. This man continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began his croaking.—*Benjamin Franklin*.

## THE HISTORICAL ASPECT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It was Washington Irving who first knit together those bonds of family and domestic sympathy between England and America of which I have just spoken. After the violent disruption which tore us asunder, he had the grace and the courage to diffuse his own kindly and genial feeling from his sunny cottage on the banks of the Hudson, through the lurid atmosphere which had been produced by the successive wars of 1775 and 1812. Westminster Abbey, Stratford on Avon, and Abbotsford were transfigured in the eyes of Americans by his charming "Sketch Book," and from that time has set in the pilgrimage of Americans, to our English shrines which has never ceased, and which cannot but render any further dislocation of the two countries more difficult.

Bryant, Longfellow and Whittier have done perhaps even a greater service by touching with the sweetness and the light of their poetry scenes before but little known in the natural objects and the historic splendour of their own country. Bryant, to use the words of a distinguished American ecclesiastic, first entered the heart of America through the Gate Beautiful. When we see the Green River, and the rocky slopes of the hills of Berkshire, we feel that he did for them something of what Wordsworth effected for the lakes and mountains of Westmoreland. Longfellow and Whittier achieved their fame, not only by those poems which appeal to the general instincts of mankind, and are entwined with the sacred recollections of Europe, but they also attach themselves directly to the legends of the early inhabitants of the Northern Continent, and to the stirring scenes of the great conflicts both of America with England, and of the Northern and Southern States.

The romances of Hawthorne, which connect themselves with Italian life, may to us for the moment have the most interest, but those which shall possess the most enduring value are the strange scenes of New England in the streets of Boston and of Salem. Such pathetic and elevated sentiments, so intermingled with national character, must have a share in raising the nation above the "rustic murmur" of parochial or municipal life into "the great wave that echoes round the world."—*Dean Stanley*.

## JOHN WESLEY.

Among the figures conspicuous in the history of England in the last century, there is perhaps none more worthy of careful study than that of John Wesley. Make all deductions you please for his narrowness, his self-conceit, his extravagance, and still it remains that no one so nearly approaches the fullness of stature of the great heroes of Christian spiritualism in the early and Middle Ages. He had more in common with St. Boniface and St. Bernardine, of Sienna, with St. Vincent Ferrer and Savonarola, than any religious teacher whom Protestantism has ever produced. Nor is the rise of the sect which has adopted his name—the "people called Methodists" was his way of designating his followers—by any means the most important of the results of his life and labours. It is not too much to say that he, and those whom he formed and influenced, chiefly kept alive in England the idea of supernatural order during the dull materialism and selfish coldness of the eighteenth century. To him is undoubtedly due the Evangelical party. Romaine and Newton, Venn and Jowett, Milner and Simeon, differing as they did from him on particular doctrines, derived from him that fundamental tenet of religious conversion which they termed "new birth." It is easy now, as it ever was, to ridicule the grotesque phraseology of the Evangelical school, to make merry over their sour superstitions, their ignorant fanaticism, to detect and pillory their intellectual littleness. It is not easy to estimate adequately the work which they did by reviving the idea of grace in the Established Church. They were not theologians, they were not philosophers, they were not scholars. Possibly only two of them, Cecil and Scott, can be said to rise above a very low level of

mental mediocrity. But they were men who felt the powers of the world to come in an age when that world had become to most little more than an unmeaning phrase; who spoke of a God to pray to, in a generation which knew chiefly of one to swear by; who made full proof of their ministry by signs and wonders parallel to those of the prophetic vision. It was in truth a valley of dry bones in which the Evangelical clergyman of the opening nineteenth century was set; and as he prophesied there was a noise, and behold, a shaking, and the breath came into them, and they lived and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

## LAND AT LAST.

Day after day, upon my couch I lie  
Lonely and sad, by phantoms vague oppressed;  
Ghosts of the Past, whom truant Memory  
Recalls to life to rack my tortured breast  
With vivid retrospect of fancies bright,  
High hopes, and strong affections, in whose ray  
Life, love, ambition, glowed with roseate light,  
Seeming to herald forth a "perfect day."  
Light faded—hopes extinguished—fancies fled—  
Feelings repressed till hardened into stone—  
The one beloved estranged, and worse than dead—  
Helpless, forsaken, humbled, and alone—  
One beam still lingers in the western sky;  
Love only dies with Life: Life—is Eternity.

—*Chambers's Journal*.

## BENEDICTIONS.

Oh! rich and poor, oh! young and old, from cottage to the throne;  
Oh! weary ones amidst the crowd, oh! all who weep alone;  
Oh! mourners, toilers, far and wide, where'er your footsteps fall,  
My prayers be ever round your path, God's blessing on ye all!

The weary student bending low, while his midnight lamp is bright,  
And the light within him burning still, through the watches of the night,  
As he ever toileth patiently, till the morning stars grow dim,  
May all success attend his path,—may a blessing reach to him!

Oh! thou, whose moans I hear afar, lost on a passion sea,  
Lift up thy head thou lonely one, I've a blessing word for thee;  
I may not know thy tale of grief, but this, in truth, I know,  
There is a rest for all who weep, a balm for every woe.

The thunder clouds that droop o'erhead shall yet again be riven,  
And thou shalt gaze rejoicingly through the blueness of the heaven;  
Then a blessing on thee, lonely one, where'er thy path may be,  
Oh! like the dew on fainting flowers, may a blessing reach to thee!

Oh! thou, so pale and all forlorn, whose love was true and deep,  
Arising from a dream of joy, and waking but to weep;  
Why didst thou pour such treasure forth from that full heart of thine?  
Why didst thou deck with fairest gems an all unworthy shrine?

This lesson, though most hard to learn, believe in mercy given,  
To raise thy flickering hopes from earth, and lift thee unto heaven,  
Dreamer! whose trusting faith is wrecked, where'er thy footsteps be,  
Oh! from my very heart, I pray, God's blessing over thee!

Oh! thou, that strik'st the poet's lyre, and weep'st poet's tears,  
And vainly seek'st echoing tones through the still revolving years;  
I will not say that *never* on earth such high response is given,  
Though much I doubt; but, oh! my friend, *I trust* it is in heaven.

If thou hast sorrows burning deep, yet hast thou joys divine,  
Oh! may enduring strength be given that drooping soul of thine!  
Still may'st thou see, 'midst darkest gloom, the sunlight streaming down,  
And may it rest upon thy soul, for a blessing or a crown!

Oh! rich and poor, oh! young and old, from cottage to the throne,  
Oh! weary ones amid the crowd, oh! all who weep alone;  
Oh! mourners, toilers, far and wide, where'er your footsteps fall,  
My prayers be ever round your path, God's blessing on ye all.

H. M.

Every mother who regards the life and health of her child should possess MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It is an old and well tried remedy. It relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and, by giving rest and health to the child, comforts the mother.

Brown's Household Panacea—relieving all pain—is invaluable. Immediate relief will follow its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels or side; rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains and bruises. For internal and external use. Sold everywhere. Twenty-cents a bottle.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In your number of the 2nd instant some paragraphs were pointed out to me, under the head of "Queer things in the newspapers," in reference to which I would request the courtesy of a few lines' space, to reply to the strictures of your friend. I am in no wise desirous of defending or excusing the exceedingly "queer" English contained in many of the extracts quoted, though some of the errors are quite excusable, as no one expects much from an evening paper in Montreal. But as regards the extracts from the *Gazette*,—the only morning paper quoted,—if the writer in the SPECTATOR had been at all conversant with the etiquette and internal economy of the newspaper offices in this city he would have known, firstly, as touching the matter of etiquette, that where reports are handed to a newspaper for publication *in extenso*, as Dr. Hingston's evidently appeared to have been, a night editor or proof reader might feel some delicacy in changing the wording of an official document; and secondly, as far as my experience on the press enables me to be a judge, I can assure your friend that the amount of work required to be done by a proof reader on a morning paper in this city utterly precludes the possibility of all the "copy" passing through his hands, and when the article is in type, it is often too late to make any but the barest corrections of typographical errors. I could not help remarking, too, that the *Herald* is lucky enough to escape your friend's strictures, which appears to me somewhat invidious, seeing that the *Herald* is a notoriously wicked murderer of the Queen's English.

Yours, &c., A Montreal Night Editor.

Montreal, August 6, 1879.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—The description of the exciting game of "Lacrosse," as played in the "North West," which appeared in your issue of the 2nd instant, over the *nom de plume* of "Wimbel," is both graphic and accurate. Upwards of sixty years ago I took part occasionally in the game with the Ojibbeways under the soubriquet of "Sag-a-nache-ance" (the little Englishman), although I stood six feet two in my moccasins, and I have no hesitation in saying, that in wonderful and graceful agility, precision and endurance, they could not be surpassed; and their play was always conducted with the utmost fairness and impartiality. The *crosse* in vogue there is much neater and more sightly than the clumsy one in use here, which looks like the half of a raquette (snow-shoe) with a long handle. It was a grand sight to see twenty or thirty Ojibbeway braves contesting in the game, the one having possession of the ball twirling his *crosse* and bounding through the air like an antelope to avoid its being rescued, and all the others equally eager and intensely active in their different parts.

Yours truly, John Dyde.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your worthy correspondent "Wimbel" has added another chapter to Indian history in his letter on Lacrosse, which to many readers was no doubt very interesting. As one of the early pioneers of the modern game in the United States, allow me to correct the author of that letter where he says "Catlin in his valuable work on the American Indian does not mention the game." He distinctly does. Without referring to this author's larger works, I may say that in 1871 the writer personally met Mr. Catlin in New York, who was then exhibiting his Indian Cartoons, consisting of 600 paintings in oil, with 20,000 full length figures, illustrating their various games, religious ceremonies, and other customs. There were over 400 portraits. Among the portraits I saw were Tul-lock-chish-ko (he who drinks the juice of the stone), the most celebrated ball player of the Choctaws; Wee-chush-ta-doo-ta (the very red man), the most celebrated player of the Sioux; and Ah-no-je-nahge (he who stands on both sides), the most celebrated lacrosse player of the Ojibbeways. These three young men were each designated by the Chiefs to Mr. Catlin, in 1834-6, as the most celebrated players of their tribes. They were in their ball costumes, and with their *rackets* in hand, as Mr. C. called their lacrosse, which was formed as described by your correspondent.

Another cartoon was the Choctaw Ball-play Dance, which is performed at festivals during the night previous to the ball play by the players, who are in their ball-play dress. Each party dances around their respective byes, and the wives of the players who have their goods at stake dance between their ranks.

The painting of the Choctaw Ball-play, at which Mr. C. was present when 300 young men were engaged, was a very spirited work. For this play, which is the favourite play of most of the tribes, the feet are naked, and the figures also, with the exception of a cincture, to which is appended a tail of white horse hair with one party, and of quills and feathers with the other. This desperate game lasted from sunrise until near sundown, without halting for more than a minute or two at a time.

A very interesting cartoon was that of the Sioux women at this game. The painter witnessed this exciting strife at Prairie du Chien in 1834, where the Sioux had assembled to receive their annuity from the Government. The Chiefs, after receiving their annuities and presents, arranged a great quantity of calicoes, ribbons, and other presents on a frame erected for the purpose, and for which the women, divided into two parties, played, to the great amusement of the men, who were enjoying their *fire-water*.

Mr. Catlin in 1871 was 74 years of age, a tall, spare old gentleman, with whom I had a long and interesting chat about this game. I thought of purchasing these cartoons, but found Mr. Catlin's intention was to sell the whole together to the United States Government. He had been forty years roving among the Indians of North and South America. I believe he was a native of Pennsylvania, and died a few years ago.

During the last fifteen years no one has done more towards popularizing the game, in playing and with the pen, than Dr. W. Geo. Beers, who, in his very complete work on Lacrosse, published in 1869, gives us many other interesting facts on its early history. This work—his proclamation of 1867, suggesting that this sport should become our National Game when the various Provinces were united into one Dominion—as well as the very active part he has taken in the spread of the game in Europe—entitles this gentleman to a prominent place in the memory of all present players, and in the History of Lacrosse.

Yours, &c., J. H.

Montreal, August 5, 1879.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—I take the liberty of sending you the following remarks upon the history of lacrosse, at "Wimbel's" suggestion, to add to his gatherings. The description of the game, as given in "Travels in Canada," by Alexander Henry, is as follows:—

"The game of *bagatway* is played with a bat and ball, the bat being about four feet in length, curved, and terminated in a sort of racket. Two posts are placed in the ground at a considerable distance—a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. The ball, at the beginning, is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavours to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post as into that of their adversary."

This was written in 1763. In "Lahontan's Voyages," vol. iii. page 121, published in 1741, I find this description, and I give a translation:—

"The game of *Pelote* is a game of strength; the *pelote* is as large as your two hands, and the rackets which they use are the same as ours, except that the handle is three feet long. The savages usually play it in large numbers—three or four hundred at a time—and place two posts at a distance of four hundred steps, then form equal sides and throw the *pelote* in the air half-way from the pickets; then each side tries to get it to their own post. Some run with it, and others hold themselves in readiness to secure it when it falls. All their games are for pleasure and feasts; for, it is necessary to say, they hate money."

This is the first mention, I think, of the game of lacrosse. In "Charlevoix," vol. iii. p. 319, published in 1744, the following occurs:—

"The Miamis have two games. The first is called the *Jeu de la Crosse*. It is played with a ball and sticks curved, and having a sort of racket at the end. Two posts are placed for goals, and are at a distance suited to the number of players. For example, if there are eighty players, there is a mile and a half (?) between the posts. The players are divided in two sides, each of which have their goals, and try to take the ball to the opponent's goal without allowing it to touch the ground, and without touching it with the hands. Should either of these things occur, the game is lost, unless the player who has made the mistake repairs it by sending the ball at one trial to the end,—often an impossibility.

"The second game is much the same, but not so dangerous. The goals are marked as in the other, and the players occupy the intervening space. The game is begun by the ball being thrown as straight as possible in the air, in order to catch it again and throw it towards the goal. All the players have their arms raised, and the one who gets the ball throws it in the air again, or to one of his side who is agile; for, in order to win the game, it is necessary that the ball should reach the goal without falling into the opponent's hands.

"The squaws play also, but rarely. The sides are usually four or five, and the first to let the ball fall loses the game."

In "Carver's Travels," page 257, published in 1798, this description may be read:—

"The principal game is that of the ball, not unlike the European game of tennis. The balls they use are rather larger than those for tennis, and are formed of a piece of deer-skin, which, being moistened to render it supple, is stuffed hard with the hair of the same creature and sewed with its sinews. The ball-sticks are about three feet long, at the end of which there is fixed a kind of racket resembling the palm of the hand, and fashioned of thongs cut from a deerskin. The game is played by large companies that sometimes consist of more than three hundred. They begin by fixing two poles in the ground about six hundred yards apart, and one of these goals belongs to each side. The ball is thrown up high in the centre of the ground, and in a direct line between the goals, towards which each party endeavours to strike it, and whichever side first effects this wins the game."

I have searched through Ramusi's third volume, "Nova Francia," published in 1556, and can find no mention of the game, nor can I find any account in "Champlain's Voyages" of 1613 and 1632. It is probable, therefore, that none of the early explorers witnessed the game. Father Hennepin and Lescarbot do not seem to have seen the game, as they make no mention of it. Hennepin speaks of other games, but not of lacrosse.

As to "Wimbel's" statement, that "it was played by the Indians of the country lying between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers on the east, Lake Winnipeg on the north, and the line of Charleston on the south," it is probably true, as south of Charleston the climate is not favourable for lacrosse playing, and west of the Missouri the Rocky Mountains are hardly suitable except for dodging, and the Indians on the prairies are principally devoted to horse exercise.

Of course it cannot be stated "whether this game is of native origin or has been derived from the ancestors of the American Indian" until we possess further knowledge of the ancestors. It may be said that by establishing a resemblance between the games of "hockey" and "golf" and that of lacrosse, the ancestor of the Indian may be found in a Welshman or a Scotchman. It is very probably of native origin, and perhaps the historical Scotchman who sits on the North Pole may have seen the game played, and thus developed a national game for Scotland on his return there.

Marik.



Chess.

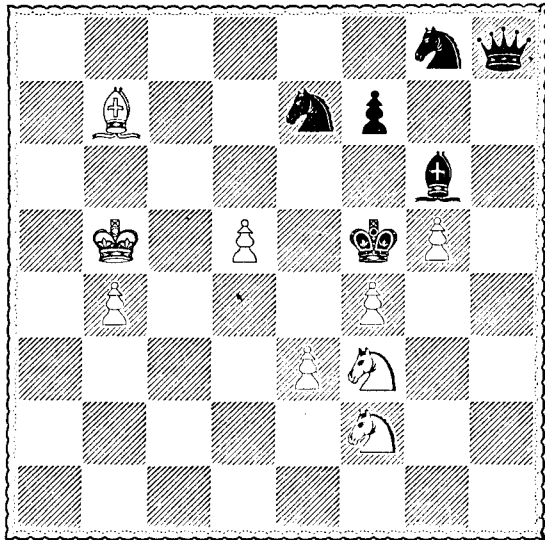
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, August 16th, 1879.

PROBLEM No. XXXIV.

By Herr H. F. L. Meyer. From *The Chichester Magazine*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XXXI.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 B to K 7	P to Kt 7	2 P to B 6	Any	3 Mates accordingly.
	If P to B 3	2 K to Kt 2	Any	3 Mates accordingly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the temporary absence of the Editor, Correspondents and Problem Solvers will kindly excuse delay in replying to their communications.

**CHESS NOTATION.**—At the present time many highly respectable, well-conducted and influential Chess Columns are advocating a change in Chess Notation, and to distinguish between the two *Schools*, the old and the new, they are respectively designated as the English notation and the Anglo-German. The former is the one we have adopted for the CANADIAN SPECTATOR, as it seems to commend itself to the chess world generally by its perspicuity and expressiveness. The Anglo-German Notation has, however, several points to recommend it, but these, we think, will be found to be more in the interests of printers and chess writers than of chess readers and chess players. Be that as it may, it affords us much pleasure to present the following communication to our friends from a gentleman, well known in Canadian chess circles, the points of difference in the notation he recommends being certainly improvements on other forms of the Anglo-German which we have seen:—

To the Chess Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to draw your attention to a system of Chess Notation, which tries to combine the conciseness of the German with the expressiveness of the English Notation.

I subjoin a key of my system, and send you also a game so transcribed. The symbol N for Knight has been advocated before by a correspondent to the Westminster papers, and another writer to the same papers suggests the prefixes employed by me to place the notes. The idea of distinguishing between pieces on the King's and on the Queen's side by capitals and small letters originated with the late Ernest Morphy.

Yours truly, Hermann von Bokum.

Montreal, August 4th, 1879.

KEY.

<i>Sign.</i>	<i>Stands for.</i>	<i>Sign.</i>	<i>Stands for.</i>
K.....	King.	C Q.....	Castles on the Queen's side.
Q.....	Queen.	x.....	Takes.
R.....	King's Rook.	†.....	Check.
N.....	King's Knight.	††.....	Double check.
B.....	King's Bishop.	M.....	Mate.
b.....	Queen's Bishop.	p.....	En passant.
n.....	Queen's Knight.	?.....	Bad move.
r.....	Queen's Rook.	!.....	Good move.
P.....	Pawn.	§.....	Note below.
C.....	Castles.	W.....	White.
C K.....	Castles on the King's side.	Bl.....	Black.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

- P b n—Pawn at Queen's Bishop's file takes Pawn on Queen's Knight's file.
- P b n 5—Pawn at Queen's Bishop's file takes Pawn on Queen's Knight's fifth.
- P x P—Pawn takes Pawn; P x p—Pawn takes Pawn en passant.
- Q P x B—Queen's Pawn takes King's Bishop.
- P x B N ††—Pawn takes King's Bishop, becoming a Knight and giving double check.
- W 14—The note refers to 14th move of White.
- Bl 17—The note refers to the 17th move of Black.

GAME No. XXXIII.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

W. (Schulten).	Bl. (Boden).	W.	Bl.
1 P K 4	1 P K 4	9 P B 4	9 b Q 2
2 N B 3	2 P Q 3	10 b K 3	10 C §
3 P b 3	3 P B 4	11 n Q 2	11 r K 1
4 B b 4	4 N B 3	12 Q B 3	12 b B 4
5 P Q 4	5 P B K	13 C Q	13 P Q 4 §
6 P Q K	6 P x N	14 B x P §	14 Q x P †
7 P x N	7 Q x P	15 P x Q	15 B r 6 M
8 P x P	8 n b 3		

NOTES.—Bl. 10—It is not necessary to say C Q, as Black cannot Castle any other way. Bl. 13—A clever move.

W. 14—If B could take any other pawn, the move ought to be rendered thus: B x Q P.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

**CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.**—The eighth annual meeting of the Association will be held on Tuesday, September 23rd next and following days, in Committee Room No. 8, House of Commons, Ottawa. The Tourney is open to all residents of the Dominion, on payment of an entrance fee of one dollar, and will begin immediately after the settlement of preliminaries has been effected at the meeting.

The prizes will be five in number in the proportion of \$30, \$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5.

We may add that special arrangements are being made by the local committee for the accommodation, at a reduced rate, of members of the Association visiting Ottawa during the week of the Dominion Exhibition and that succeeding.

We would advise all intending players, desirous to avail themselves of the latter privilege, to make application as early as possible to the Sec.-Treas., the Rev. T. D. Phillipps, Ottawa College Institute, Ottawa.

**NEW CHESS MAGAZINE.**—We have received a prospectus of the *Chess Monthly*, to be edited by L. Hoffer and J. H. Zukertort, whose names are a guarantee of success. We heartily welcome this new accession to chess literature, and bespeak for it substantial support from our Dominion players. The first number of the *Chess Monthly* will be published on 1st September next. Price, monthly, one shilling; yearly, ten shillings. Subscribers are requested to address Mr. Leopold Hoffer, 18 Tavistock street, Covent Garden, London, Eng.

Musical.

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

MUSIC IN MONTREAL.

We do not agree with those who assert that Montrealers do not care for, or appreciate music; on the contrary, we are inclined to believe that a taste for good music is rapidly spreading throughout the community, and that under reasonably favourable circumstances the art will be fostered in our midst, till we can show as good professional musicians, and as cultured audiences, as any city of a similar size on the Continent. There are many things, however, which militate against such a state of affairs and retard the healthy progress of the art. Church music is, as a rule, controlled by clergymen ignorant of the art, instead of being regulated by those properly qualified by nature and education for such an important office. The music in our public schools is a complete burlesque; children are huddled together without any reference to the quality or pitch of their natural voices, and in many cases not only are devoid of benefit, but receive positive injury. Instead of voice culture we have *voice destruction* systematized, and are *forced by law to pay for it!*

A third drawback to the advancement of the art in this city is the system of giving unmusical entertainments called concerts upon every conceivable occasion. Is a church in need of funds?—let us give a concert; are the members of a military organization or a sporting club desirous of making a display in foreign parts?—the necessary funds are raised by the club or organization becoming for the nonce professional minstrels, and thus trespassing on the legitimate sphere of the Christys and others who have made their profession the study of a lifetime. As a rule these concerts are far below the average standard, but the performers shield themselves under the title of *amateurs*, although charging as high a price as the most accomplished professionals.

We would not be understood as condemning amateur musical organizations such as are to be found in every city on the continent; these Societies are avowedly *musical*, and afford us an opportunity for hearing compositions that could never be produced with a complete professional organization. What we condemn is the practice of turning every club, institution or organization, formed for no matter what object, into a *musical troupe*. We do not see any objection to lacrosse players giving lacrosse exhibitions, or to military men performing the bayonet exercise for the entertainment of their friends and the public; but when an organization such as the Victoria Rifles wishes to go to Toronto or elsewhere, we do not see why they should, under the pretext of giving a concert, collect from our citizens money to spend in the sister city. It may be said that the *band* is a musical organization, and that as such it is exercising a legitimate occupation; this, however cannot be put forward with reason, as the performance is for the profit of the volunteer members of the regiment, and is so advertised. Some time ago we suggested that the officers and members of the Victoria Rifles should support their band; it seems at present as though they wished their hand to support *them*. Now if our military men *must* go to Toronto, and are unable or unwilling to pay their own expenses, would it not be better to come out boldly and honestly and collect the money from their friends, and not ask the members of their band (many of whom are in a very needy condition) to furnish the means of transport? If the members of the band can supply an evening's entertainment as musicians, let them do so, and receive whatever their performance may be worth; but a "concert" for the purpose of—not musical entertainment—not the purchase of music or instruments—but to enable the non-musical members of the regiment to take a pleasure trip, is, we think, a strange invention; one that is unfair to the band, and also to the profession at large. People go to these concerts, some from patriotic motives, many because the tickets have been forced upon them; but very few, we take it, go voluntarily to hear good music. We hope our people will be sufficiently patriotic to send not only the Victoria Rifles but also other regiments to represent Montreal at the approaching review; but we think that those who subscribe should do so without expecting a *quid pro quo*, and that any who care to hear the band for its own sake should be willing to pay an admission fee sufficient to support such an entertainment. If the band be worth going to hear, let us contribute to the *band itself*; if not, let us not encourage musical performances under the pretence of patriotism.

Dr. Sullivan is prevented by ill-health from visiting your city as he intended. His medical attendants enjoin repose, and journalists send him to the Rhine, where, at Schloss Johannisberg, he will recover his strength and spirits under the care of Prince Metternich. Lucky dog! How many of us would like to have a complaint requiring such heroic treatment! I assume, of course, that the composer has the run of the cellar, and will take his doses regularly. The Doctor is disappointed naturally at having to give up his conductorship at Gatti's concerts, as well as his American visit. But neither event will do him any harm. The Doctor—if I dare say so—is by no means an admirable conductor; he is a man of excellent taste, fond of pictures, bric-a-brac, curios and late hours, a thorough good fellow, but he has not the art of ruling successfully that stormy democracy—an orchestra. Nor need he regret his inability to go to New York, nor need his partner and his agents and his Carte. He ought to have meditated on the fate of opera bouffe in America. You had opera bouffe here, opera bouffe there, opera bouffe everywhere, crowded houses, good receipts, and crowds of admirers for all the lady performers. Offenbach was on everybody's tongue and everybody's piano. But some demon whispered, "Jacques, go to America! Show yourself to your votaries; they will pile greenbacks on your altar." He came, he was seen, he was laughed at. Dr. Sullivan would not write or lend his name to an idiotic book, as the French-German did, but he might tread on somebody's corns, or say or do something to provoke ridicule, and his work would suffer, and his pocket sympathise.—*Cor., Music Trade Review.*

# PIANOS.

JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## REGULATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

10. "All entries of land shall be subject to the following provisions respecting the right of way of the Canadian Pacific Railway or of any Government colonization railway connected therewith, viz.:

a. In the case of the railway crossing land entered as a homestead, the right of way thereon shall be free to the Government.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## Notice to Contractors.

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

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

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

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

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

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, 8th August, 1879.



## AUCTION SALE OF THE LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

### AN AUCTION SALE OF THE LEASES OF NINETEEN TIMBER LIMITS,

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

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

By order,  
J. S. DENNIS,  
Deputy Minister of the Interior.  
Department of the Interior,  
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.

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

GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH! A large quantity of gold fish, some all gold in color, others beautifully marked.  
J. GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St.

HAMILTON & CO.,  
Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,  
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,  
(Opposite Dupre Lane)  
MONTREAL.

IN STOCK.  
Prunella, 10 to 20 Thread.  
Elastic Webs, 4 1/2 to 5 inches.  
Shoe Rivets, in Brass and Iron, all sizes.  
Shoe Nails in Common Iron, Swede and Zinc.  
Hook Eyelets.  
Do Machines.  
Heel Plates in Iron, 2 1/4 to 3 inches.  
Boot Laces, Real Porpoise and French Calf.  
Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.  
Kerr's N. M. T. Thread, Black and White, 300 yards.  
Do Linen finished do, 9 cord.  
FOR SALE BY  
J. B. MACDONALD,  
26 ST. SACRAMENT STREET.

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

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.  
W. D. BOOKER, Secretary,  
GEO. H. MILLS, President.

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

GENERAL BRANCH:  
On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.  
RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.  
EDWD. T. TAYLOR, Agent.

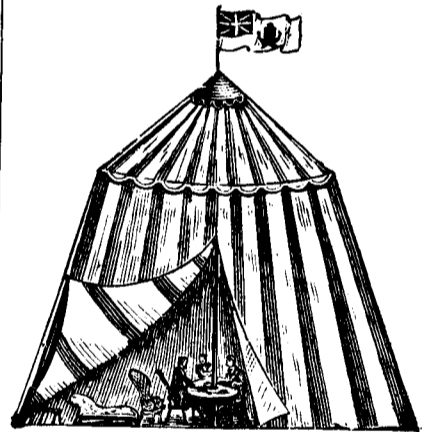
## GOVERNMENT SECURITY FURNISHED BY THE ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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

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

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

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.  
MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,  
J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.  
EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,  
ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.



## TENTS! TENTS!

FOR SALE OR HIRE.  
Price from \$8 upwards.  
Maker of the celebrated UMBRELLA TENT.  
SAILS of all kinds for SHIPS and YACHTS.

Note the Address,  
CHRISTOPHER SONNE,  
13 COMMON STREET,  
(Near Allan's Wharf,) - - MONTREAL.

G. REINHARDT & SONS,  
LAGER BEER.  
BREWERY:  
HEAD OF GERMAN ST., MONTREAL.

T. SUTTON,  
HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,  
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.  
Gentlemen favouring the above establishment will have their Haircutting, Shaving, &c., properly done by experienced operators.  
A nice stock of Toilet requisites from the best makers to select from at reasonable prices.  
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,  
Old Post Office Building.





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

**FARE REDUCED.**  
**CHANGE OF TIME.**

**EASTERN DIVISION.**

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

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

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

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

February 7th, 1879.



**GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.**

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

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

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

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

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

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.  
STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,  
Ticket Agents.  
Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.  
C. A. SCOTT,  
General Superintendent,  
Western Division.  
C. A. STARK,  
General Freight and Passenger Agent.



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

**WESTERN DIVISION.**

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

**SPECIAL SATURDAY EXCURSION.**

On and after SATURDAY, May 31st, Return Tickets will be sold to all Stations at one Single Fare, First and Second-class, good to go by any Regular Train on Saturday, and return Monday following.  
On and after SATURDAY, June 7th, Return Tickets will also be sold to Caledonia Springs at \$2 75. First-class, good to return until Tuesday following.  
A SPECIAL TRAIN, with First-class Car attached, will leave Calumet every MONDAY MORNING at 4.45 a.m., arriving at Hochelaga at 8.45 a.m., in time for business.  
C. A. SCOTT,  
General Superintendent.



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

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

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

Montreal, March 7th, 1879.

By order of the Honourable the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works,  
E. LEF. DEBELLEFEUILLE,  
Attorney.

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

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

Trains leave Montreal:

**7.15 a.m.**—Day Express, with Wagner's Elegant Drawing Room Car attached, for Saratoga, Troy and Albany, arriving in New York at 10 p.m. same day without change.  
**4.00 p.m.**—Night Express. Wagner's Elegant Sleeping Car runs through to New York without change. This Train makes close connection at Troy and Albany with Sleeping Car Train for Boston, arriving at 9.20 a.m.  
New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.  
Information given and Tickets sold at all Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and at the Company's Office,  
**143 St. James Street, Montreal.**  
JOSEPH ANGELL, CHAS. C. MCFALL,  
General Passenger Agent, Albany, N.Y. Agent, Montreal.

**Sales of Furniture AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.**

**W. E. SHAW,**  
**GENERAL AUCTIONEER,**  
Gives his personal attention to all Sales entrusted to him. His Salerooms—  
**195 ST. JAMES ST.,**  
(Opposite Molsons Bank.)

Best stand in the city for the sale of General Merchandise and Household Effects.  
Those who contemplate selling their Household Furniture this Spring, will do well to make early arrangements with him, as he has already been engaged to conduct several important sales of which due notice will be given. Reasonable terms and prompt settlements have already secured him the leading business.  
Valuations and Appraisals. Cash advances made on consignments.

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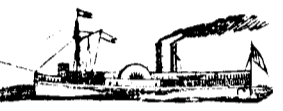


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