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THE TIMES.

The *London Evening Herald* speaks with so much fairness and justice toward myself; with so much knowledge and appreciation of the manner in which the *Globe* is conducted, as to its editorials, and with so severe a censure upon its writers, who indulge in violent and vulgar personalities that I find pleasure in quoting here, at the same time commending it to the attention and careful consideration of the Hon. Mr. Brown and Mr. Thomas White, M.P.:—

“With Mr. Bray’s political opinions we have very little sympathy, but we recognize the sterling honesty of the man, and no one who reads the *SPECTATOR* can close his eyes to his ability. Although but a comparatively short time in Canada, he has laboured hard to become acquainted with our institutions, and any opinions he may advance upon them are entitled to far more consideration than those of the semi-pauper scribblers that are yearly imported to do the heavy editorial work of the *Globe*. The life of a *Globe* editor is very short, rarely exceeding three years, when he discovers that neither the salary nor the sentiments are Canadian. Many of the best Conservative editors in Canada were Reformers imported from the Old Country by the *Globe* at a starvation salary, and after a short experience in that office shook the dust of the party from their feet and became staunch Conservatives. We question to-day whether there is a single native born Canadian on the editorial staff of the *Globe*, and the chances are that the man who writes the last article came out on the last steamer. And yet he assumes to dictate to Canada, with the air of a Jupiter Tonans, on every question affecting the interests of the country. As we have already said, our political opinions and those of the *MONTREAL SPECTATOR* do not always coincide, but we have so far been able to give a reason for not agreeing with its opinions without descending to vulgar abuse, and we sincerely regret that Conservative journals should open their columns to personal attacks upon its editor. We do not think any of our readers will question our loyalty. We are for British connection first, last and all the time, and being so we would have no hesitation in belonging to the society for free discussion which Mr. Bray has organized in Montreal. It would indeed be a poor loyalty that would not be able to produce satisfactory grounds for its existence. If Mr. Bray’s society develops into an annexation organization, we will only be able to account for it by the presence and ability of the Hon. Messrs. Huntington, Laflamme, and Penny. In such a case, we would recommend Mr. Bray to take Horace Greeley’s advice and come west, when he will find that such an association will develop quite a different sentiment.”

For my own part, I believe that the Society which has been honoured by the abundant abuse of the *Globe* will develop into nothing like an “Annexation organization,” for only a few members of it appear to have such ideas matured and ready for public utterance. The situation seems to be pretty much as Mr. McMaster put it: We are passing through a transition period, and what the end will be no one can precisely tell. There is a feeling of dissatisfaction abroad, and the question is, what we ought to do? Is it a settled and determined British connexion, with even still closer relations of friendliness? or is it that we must make our political position as free as we have made our commercial considerations? Meantime, the opposition the press has offered to the Political Economy Society has called attention to it, and aroused a sense of justice in the public on its behalf, and assured it a long lease of life.

Mr. Bouthillier has declined any further connection with the Political Economy Society because, as he says: “The gentleman

who explained the programme of studies spoke to us of Confederation, of Independence, of Imperial Federation, of Legislation, of Annexation, and indeed of everything except Political Economy.” Now Mr. Bouthillier ought to have had the frankness to acknowledge that those subjects were only mentioned as matters for discussion—and before saying that everything was spoken of *except* political economy he should make an effort to inform himself as to what the words “political economy” are generally held to imply. Let me commend to his consideration the article on “Political Economy” to be found in another part of this issue of the *SPECTATOR*.

SIR,—I would be thankful if you would afford me some information. On the one hand, it is well enough known about town that the formation of the Political Economy Club was heralded by its chief promoter as the beginning of an annexation movement. On the other hand, all the public utterances of its members, and all articles in the *SPECTATOR* alluding to it, have represented the object sought by its organization as being only the promotion of free discussion. I, and I dare say many others, would like to know if this change of guise is the result of a real change of purpose; or is it only because there is not enough manliness among all its officers and members to show their true colours? I would like to take the liberty of advising you to give a fair statement of the facts before charging Canadians with being afraid of free discussion. We are perfectly ready to discuss any question we consider worth our while, but when a man, or set of men, comes to us skulking behind a mask, it is our first impulse (I think that I may speak for my countrymen in this) to tear it off and see what sort of thing is really behind.

I am yours very truly,
R. C. Lyman.

Really R. C. Lyman might accept the statements which have been made as to the objects of the Political Economy Society. However, and whatsoever way it may have been “heralded by its chief promoter,” since “all the public utterances of its members have represented the object sought by its organization as being only the promotion of free discussion,” R. C. Lyman may depend upon it that the men who have made these utterances are not very likely to do much “skulking behind a mask.” R. C. Lyman will not have occasion “to tear” anything, so far as I can see, for the object of the Society has been correctly stated over and over again. Once, and for all, we mean what we say, free discussion on all topics which are of interest to us.

The Ontario Legislature has commenced its session quietly, and gives promise of going through it in the same manner. The tremendous majority Mr. Mowat commands ensures him an easy task in the conduct of the Government, for Mr. Meredith will hardly venture upon hard fighting with so small an army at command. All the more reason is there for a judicious carefulness on the part of the local Premier. The strength of his position should tell against recklessness and for thoughtful statesmanship. Ontario is in circumstances of great prosperity, and has every prospect of a magnificent future; but much will depend upon the use that is made of present good fortune. Mr. Mowat proposes some good and useful work, and some that is neither good nor useful. Looking at the whole situation one is led to enquire: What is the need for keeping so many gentlemen away from their homes and their business to watch a dozen of their number go through the simple programme which has been prepared? It would be just as well to release the majority of the members—and, perhaps, on that condition they would gladly hand back a part of the indemnity.

The new Parliament House is to be built after all, at least, the Lieutenant-Governor is made to say that it will, and Mr. Mowat has a majority he can probably rely upon. But it is a pity that the taxpayers of Ontario should have such an increase to the burden they have to carry. Surely the buildings at present occupied are good

enough for all useful purposes. In these days when economy is a necessity and taxes are always increasing, it is not worth while to spend money for the sake of ornamentation. Mr. Mowat's majority ought to overrule him in this matter.

Considerable discussion has been going on in the Montreal *Witness* over the proposed visit to the city of an Evangelist, the Rev. Mr. Hammond. Some of it has been reasonable, and some the reverse of that; some of it kindly and Christian, and some of it anything else. But the general impression left when all is said is that the Rev. Mr. Hammond will not meet with an enthusiastic welcome from all parties. And that is not to be wondered at. This getting up of revivals is hardly the work to which a thoughtful Christianity can lend itself. It means an appeal to what is merely emotional in man—it fosters fanaticism and very often brings about a most unhealthy state of affairs in churches. Revival is needed by all Christians, but it would be well for us to define what we mean by it. If Christians would exercise more brotherly kindness; if they would be less disposed to think and speak evil; if they would exercise their reason in theology, and their theology in their worldly work, they would bring about the kind of revival very much needed in the city of Montreal.

While Mr. Parnell is asking for sentimental and substantial sympathy from the people of this continent many of the Irish at home are doing their best to make a demonstration to the effect that they are worthy of neither. They are allowing their discontent to break out into open rebellion. In the County of Mayo, the police protecting the minor offices of the law, have been violently opposed by the peasantry, and in the conflict several persons, some of them women, have been wounded. The tenantry on Lord Leitrim's estates are excited and angry, and Cork is patrolled by mounted police. This is the natural result of the political agitation which Mr. Parnell and his sympathisers have been carrying on. The "patriots" who provoked the disturbance will escape—as they always do—while their poor befooled victims will have to pay the penalty of resistance to forces they cannot successfully oppose. It is a pity that public attention should be turned from the true issue—the giving of money to get bread for the starving—and directed to that which is as hopeless as it is foolish.

Speaking of this, the *New York Herald* very well remarks:—

"When Mr. Parnell arrived here the *Herald* was at the pains to advise him that if he was sincerely desirous of alleviating the distress of his suffering countrymen he ought to drop the political feature of his programme of agitation and endeavour to raise all the money he could to save his people from starvation. We pointed out to him that his first duty was to find bread, and that when that had been obtained it would be time enough to talk about breaking up the British government. The correspondence we printed yesterday from the city of Dublin shows the soundness of our advice. The government, it appears, is willing to help the landlords to give their tenants and workmen employment, by advancing, at a low rate of interest, loans which shall be used in internal improvements. Mr. Parnell, by his policy of obstruction and revolution, has so frightened some of the timid landlords that they will not accept the government loan, and as a consequence their tenants have to starve. The Parnell policy may be all very nice fun for the great agitator and his friends, but it is death to the poor people who are obliged to watch his meteoric career through England and the United States."

Prince Bismarck is ill, dying they say, and muttering his own version of "vanitas vanitatum" as he goes down to the grave. It is unutterably sad. A man with a great genius, an iron will, an indomitable purpose, a keen appreciation of times and men, and who has devoted them all to the known and supposed interests of his country, dying under the apprehension that he has laboured for nothing that is permanent, and spent his strength in vain. And the painful part of it is, that this is not merely a vagary haunting a worn-out brain. The Prince has managed to build up an immense army, to train officers for it—as the officers of no other nation were trained—to ward off the crisis until he was ready for it, to crush, humiliate and impoverish France, to assume the right of speaking last, and decisively in European Councils, to consolidate the German Empire and crown it with military glory.

But ever since the first intoxication of victory passed, Prince Bismarck has had to live a hard and wearisome life. For the opposition in the Riechstag could not be silenced by Uhlan sabres, and they did not always believe in the wisdom of measures proposed by the imperious Chancellor—and the Chancellor's temper was none of the best. Battles were constantly pressed upon him which tried his strength to the utmost; the church—the liberals in politics—the friends of free trade, and the advocates of popular liberties, were opposed to him. Notwithstanding the twelve milliards drawn from France, and the accession of Alsace and Lorraine, Germany has remained in miserable and discontented poverty—while France has put forth extraordinary powers of recuperation—has recovered all and more than all her old prosperity—has a stable government which gives almost universal satisfaction, and is in a position—if she should ever be in the mind—to assume her traditional position as a military power.

War with Russia now, or at any time within the next twenty years, would be a very serious, if not disastrous thing for Germany. France is well disposed toward peace, but France has not forgotten Gravelotte and Sedan, and that crowning of William which took place at Versailles—and Germany cannot contemplate a war with any power without asking what part France is likely to play in the drama. No wonder that Bismarck's failing brain causes failing in his heart. He has laboured hard and long for what looks very much like vanity.

I heard a knight who once was young,
Thus to his saner friends complain—
"O take away my pen and tongue,
Or give me, give me, back my brain." Q.

The colony of New Zealand has passed through the throes of a Ministerial crisis little less exciting than that we have endured in the Province of Quebec, and in many respects bearing a similarity to our own position. A dissolution of the Legislative Assembly, followed by a general election, resulted in the Grey Ministry being defeated at the polls, though the leader of the Opposition, Sir William Fox, failed to secure a seat in the new Parliament, and therefore recourse was had to Mr. John Hall as a leader of the dominant party. He is pronounced to be an able and experienced politician. The Grey Government had been defeated in the previous Parliament, and an amendment, in reply to the address, was proposed by Mr. Hall, which was only carried by a majority of two. After this Sir George Grey tendered his resignation, and Mr. Hall undertook to form a Ministry. A secession of two members, who had defeated the Government, threatened to bring on another crisis, but an endeavour to obstruct business and force discussion on a vote of want of confidence was frustrated by a firm stand on the part of Mr. Hall and his *confreres*. They insisted on passing measures which the previous Government had promised but failed to give, and they also refused to entertain the question of non-confidence until they had acquainted themselves with the position of the finances of the colony and other matters with which the country desired to become acquainted.

For nine days, it is stated, a dead lock seemed inevitable, so closely tied were the two parties, and it was feared another general election would have to be resorted to; but at last four of the Auckland members joined the Ministerial party, and the Opposition has been further weakened by disunion in their ranks. The Government which is able and honest, will now, it is to be hoped, be able to carry on the business of the colony.

The finances of New Zealand appear to be in anything but an encouraging state. In last year's revenue they had a deficiency of £393,939, and the estimated expenditure of the current year shows an excess of £532,934; but this is not the worst, as the returns for the first quarter indicate that the total deficiency for the year may reach over £900,000, as the estimates of the revenue appear to have been over sanguine and it is found impossible to at once make any great reduction in the expenditure. It is feared recourse will have to be had to increased taxation, and business is much depressed and the rate of wages for labour very low.

EDITOR.

RAISING THE REVENUE.

The suggestions in last week's SPECTATOR under the heading "The Joys of Taxation" are worthy of thoughtful consideration. As our "collected wisdom" will be meeting shortly, and as the most ardent admirers of the N. P. must admit that it is within the bounds of possibility that Sir Leonard Tilley may not have his promised two million dollars increase of revenue when the cat is let out of the budget, it may not be inopportune to string together a few random thoughts inspired by the article above referred to.

Every one looks at the world from his own point of view. To one it has a poetical, to another a practical aspect; but as a rule personal interest determines its appearance. It is a curious phase which it must present to a Finance Minister. In all around him he sees only taxes, or what Dr. Johnson would have called "the potentialities of taxation." His business is to raise money for the State, and to do it in a manner most easy to himself and least offensive or burdensome to those from whom it is to be drawn. The whole social scheme lies bare to his view and is available for his purpose. He may take tithes of every product, and lay an embargo on "whatsoever seemeth good in his eyes." Finance Ministers ere now have taxed the light of heaven, the fountains of knowledge, and the efforts of the people in the direction of prudence, economy and self-help. Nothing has been sacred from their touch, and nothing has been allowed to stand in the way of a prospect of a good financial harvest.

By degrees, however, we have come to regard even this matter with increased enlightenment. It has been recognized not only that there are good and bad taxes, but that there are principles on which their quality depends. Those, for example, are bad taxes which press unduly on particular classes little able to bear them, or which restrict the development of trade or industry, or which have a demoralizing effect on the people, or influence maleficially the public health. The window tax was a bad tax; the salt tax a worse, if possible. The taxes on knowledge were a scandal to a nation, so was the fire duty, which put an impediment in the way of people guarding themselves against the consequences of calamity, and many other examples might be given from the financial schemes of the past. A "good" tax is more difficult to determine. On the whole, it is acknowledged that direct are better than indirect taxes, since, though they seem more burdensome, there is a greater power of keeping a check on them, and they are more economically collected; and when there is a choice of evils it is undoubtedly better to tax the luxuries than the necessaries of life.

For my present purpose it is not necessary to open the question of Protection, and with regard to an Income Tax, I may say that my observation leads me to the conclusion that it is not popularly regarded in England as "the fairest and least oppressive tax possible." I am inclined to believe that by universal consent—outside the Treasury—the income tax is regarded as the model bad tax. It combines in itself every unpleasant feature, it is unfair in its incidence, inquisitorial in its nature, weighs heaviest on the class of income least capable of sustaining it, invites to immorality, and is absurd, inasmuch as practically those who fix the amount of the tax fix also the amount on which it is to be levied, since appeals appear to mean that the Commissioners can persist in enforcing the amount of what they consider a man ought to be earning. When I add that this tax is in England a standing monument of political dishonesty, since it was agreed to in an emergency, on the distinct understanding that it should be repealed when the emergency was over, whereas it was still persisted in, I have indicated the strongest objections to be urged against it.

Was it not Lord Melbourne who said that an income tax was a "devilish good thing for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to get hold of," and this tax remains the favourite resource, doubtless because the means of collecting it are ready to hand, and it saves trouble to put on another million or two instead of troubling to devise new forms of taxation. For the same reason we have variations on the same old tunes in other taxes. Spirits, tobacco, and so on, are the sources relied on, and not only are the old politicians content to walk in the old ways, but derision only awaits those who trouble themselves with new devices.

Yet surely it might be possible to seek out among our luxuries objects to be taxed which would very little affect the general welfare. Ministers are, perhaps, deterred by the fear of obloquy. Mr. Lowe, for instance, brought an avalanche of abuse upon his head by the famous match tax, and a nation which for a century endured a tax on the light of heaven would not submit to a charge on the means of getting artificial light. Yet in the United States they have a match tax which is cheerfully paid, and yields a large annual revenue. The citizens there include it in the list of "good" taxes; and probably, had Mr. Lowe's proposal been adopted, it would have been found that it would hardly have affected the match-makers who were so alarmed, and it certainly would not have injured anybody else.

Apart from this, there are objects which seem to invite taxation. Like Mrs. Poyser's pig, they *want* killing. Photography comes under this head. In other countries it was early seen that photographs were not among the absolute

necessaries of life, and that people who gratified their vanity in them were quite capable of contributing a trifle to the national burdens. Here again the United States led the way, and the New Yorker does not grumble at a *carte-de-visite* stamp of three cents, which yields a good round sum annually. Why should we not have a similar stamp? Surely it is as reasonable as many of the things to which stamps are affixed, including receipts for money subscribed to charities. It would make very little difference in the price of portraits, and those who were able to afford them would not be deterred from purchase by consideration of a three-cent stamp.

Another suggestion which has been made before is a tax on the pianoforte. Hitherto it has wholly escaped; yet it is a luxury, and those who use it are capable of paying a reasonable yearly sum on it. I think professionals should be exempt from such a tax. Certainly it would be as reasonable to tax the household piano as it would the house-dog; and even if the tax had the effect of putting down a few instruments, especially in neighbourhoods where walls are thin, and people have to endure the playing of neighbours on *both sides*—each indulging in a distinct tune—well, it would not be a calamity wholly to be deplored.

Another suggestion has been made which, at least, shows ingenuity. Why not a tax on artificial teeth? The dentist's business is very profitable, and false teeth are generally worn. If every tooth paid its tax, the Finance Minister would find his coffers sensibly enriched. It may be urged that teeth are less a luxury than a necessity; at all events, they are a necessity which many people manage to do without, and those who indulge in them are for the most part in a position to contribute something to the revenue, if only as a thank-offering for the comfort they have secured.

Of course an outcry would be raised at first at any innovation; but your average man soon comes to regard taxes on anything he may possess with wonderful equanimity. He knows that he cannot live in a country which requires twenty-five millions of dollars per annum to manage its affairs and pay the interest on its debts, without contributing his quota to the revenue, and it does not matter much whether he contributes in meal or in malt, and he would rather pay on his hobby than on some necessary part of his yearly outlay.

There is one other article which occurs to me as likely to yield bountifully, but I hardly dare suggest it, and he would be a bold man who would advocate it in the House of Commons. The perambulator is in universal use, as we know to our cost, we who live in cities, and walk our streets, when the sidewalks are monopolized by baby-carriages. The income from perambulators would be large; but who would propose it, and what hope would there be of Parliament carrying it? Every legislator would have in mind, in considering how he should vote, the chances of his next election, and would know to a dead certainty that every "free and independent" elector would receive from the home department the injunction, "Don't vote for Jones—he taxed poor dear baby's perambulator."

These are new suggestions, but financial ingenuity ought to be able to supplement them by others, and so to throw a little variety into the annual budget. It is not fair to ring the changes on certain interests and to let the others go scot free. Interests should be like land, and when good crops have been raised from any two or three of them, for some years they should be allowed to lie fallow while others get their turn. Greater fairness would thus be shown; but then this sort of thing requires ingenuity and resource, and ministers are not generally good in these respects—imitation and precedent are more in their way. It is easier to travel on the old road than to make a new one for yourself; it is safer also, and the two inducements combined are all-powerful in inducing Finance Ministers to walk in the old roads in submitting schemes for Raising the Revenue.

Quevedo Redivivus.

A CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ART.

I was much pleased, and to some extent amused, at John Popham's criticism or attack on the "Canadian Academy of Arts,"—pleased, because it is the only intelligent notice of the subject that has yet appeared. The newspapers of the country having been satisfied to discharge their duty either with fulsome and ignorant eulogy—weak, if well-meant expressions of goodwill, or a simple notification to their readers of the formation of an institution the nature, aims, and prospects of which being beyond the knowledge of ordinary newspaper writers—they very wisely forbore to comment upon. Amused, because he writes with an animus so thinly disguised, that in spite of his desire to treat the matter dispassionately and fairly, it is still quite apparent.

I have no desire to say anything unkind, but it would not be difficult, while giving him credit for the cleverness of the paragraph, to answer in many ways his statement as to the relative value, as a public educator, of a National Gallery at Ottawa or Montreal. I need simply remind him of the enormous difference in the population of the two cities to prove that Montreal would gain the most. I cannot admit that he is as correct as he should be as to facts in reverting to the formation of the several kindred institutions in other countries; but that can pass, for in the main he is fairly informed. He says:

"The number of those who, in Canada, really appreciate art of a

high character, and are able and willing to pay its price, is unfortunately at present insufficient to sustain here for any length of time artists of really second-class reputation from a European standpoint. In Montreal, where meritorious works of Art are bought oftener than perhaps in any other place in the Dominion, and which can boast of larger and more valuable private collections from among the first painters in Europe than that bequeathed by Mr. Gibb to the Art Association of this city; this has been proved again and again. The few of Canadian youth of art talent who wisely completed their studies in Europe, returned to us, it is true, but to leave again after a longer or shorter sojourn. Some went back to Europe, or, to Australia, or to the United States, like Russell and Perry, and Wyatt Eaton. Way (if he may be called a Canadian) still remains in Switzerland. Millard returned to, and remains, we believe, in England. Jacobi, like another Cincinnatus, has retreated to his farm, and doubtless finds there more profitable employment than he could now by his pencil."

Most of the foregoing is true, and it was the discovery of this unfortunate and unnecessary condition of affairs that caused His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and his Royal Consort to endeavour to remedy it. I say unfortunate, because it cannot be considered as a benefit that those who, by the writer's own shewing, are able to hold their own with the art talent of other countries should be compelled by lack of encouragement to leave their native land; and I say unnecessary, because there is much wealth wasted in the purchase of the failures of great artists abroad that could have been well spent in stimulating these men to produce good works amongst their own people, to whom the exercise of their genius would have been a benefit.

I would remark that the writer speaks from false premises when he includes Perry and Jacobi in the list of exiles, for only a few hours ago I had the pleasure of seeing both artists at work, as they have been for years, in a more congenial atmosphere than that of Montreal. Having been acquainted with Mr. Popham, I am willing to bear testimony to the interest he has always shown in works of art of a certain class. I qualify this statement from no desire to commit an injustice, but truth compels me to state that native art has never had a very warm champion in him; but, as far as his sympathies could allow him, I believe him when he alludes to the kindly words and substantial encouragement he has always been ready to bestow on art merit that has appeared to him superior to house-decoration or scene-painting. Of course it would be presumptuous in me to inquire how far this extended, but I may venture to express a hope that when good things were going, Edson, Sandham, John Fraser, Raphael, poor lost Vogt, and some others, came in for their share; for I am sure that they have all given evidences of talent superior to the ordinary house-painter, though, as a few scene-painters have from time to time been elected to the charmed circle of the Royal Academicians, I cannot speak with the same assurance as Mr. Popham.

But, in all kindness, if he has not extended a gushing and overflowing patronage to local artists, he is by no means singular, for many persons with ample means and some judgment in Montreal have from time to time thought it more judicious to invest their money in the purchase of inferior works by foreign artists, whose chief and only merit too frequently consisted in the technique (method of making) that he speaks of with such apparent reverence, and evidently considers as the highest end that our Canadian painters may attain to,—works devoid of either intention, thought or feeling, simply and only exhibitions of mechanical dexterity in the use of materials—brush-work—the very lowest form of art-expression, according to all great artists, from Reynolds to Leighton.

If space permitted I could easily mention a long list of names of men eminent in art, whose knowledge of "technique" was very slight indeed, to prove to his satisfaction that he puts a preposterously high value on that one quality; and fully as many who were never, nor ever will be great, who possessed it in the highest degree. It may not be out of place, however, to remind him of Turner's celebrated answer to the person who inquired what he mixed his colours with: "Brains! Madam, brains!" Given for the Canadian artist brains, the technique will take care of itself.

I have a suspicion that Mr. Popham is not well informed as to the qualifications of the original professors of the Royal Academy, or he would not have sneered at the prospective professors of the Canadian Academy with the quotation, "Ex nihilo, nihil fit." Reynolds, its president, was notoriously deficient in drawing, and the rest of the professors were not by any means up to the standard of other countries; but, despite their lack of teaching material at the beginning, only a man blessed with the boldness of ignorance would dare to say that the Royal Academy of to-day is not at least on a par with any kindred institution in the world.

The suggestion that two or three able artists from abroad be induced to settle here and accept the title of Academicians with the concurrent duties is eminently unpractical. Able painters could not be induced to leave their associations to live in an utterly uncongenial atmosphere for the love of art, or in the spirit of art missionaries, nor could any financial inducements which we are likely to be able to offer avail; for able and reputed painters abroad receive all the financial support they desire. The suggestion to raise a fund to send deserving students to Europe to perfect their studies is equally valueless. Not being behind the scenes, Mr. Popham of course cannot know that only a very

small proportion of such prize-winners ever succeed in doing any more, their art-lives from that point being generally over.

And now I will inform Mr. Popham of a fact of which I presume him to be ignorant. Before committing himself to the formation of an Academy of Art, the Governor General and H. R. H. the Princess Louise took the very wise precaution to invite the artists of the Dominion to form a collection of representative works for their inspection and criticism, and as His Excellency is a gentleman of high culture, who has had the best of opportunities for forming his judgements in art, and Her Royal Highness has been for years a most diligent art student in the old world, and is an able painter, I think it may be fairly claimed that their judgment is entitled to as much respect at least as Mr. Popham's. They concluded that Canada possessed good material from which to form an Academy, and there seems no reason why its success should be doubted, if the laws and constitution are so sound and fair as to secure the hearty co-operation of the artists, but it seems strange, if Mr. Popham has given due care to the preparation of his article, that he should have overlooked some weak points in the published constitution.

Possibly it was wise to appoint the first member of the academy, but it is an opinion generally expressed that they should have been allowed to choose their President and Vice-Presidents, it may be cited that the King appointed Reynolds, but he was the unanimous choice of the Academicians, and it would be a great misfortune if the institution only partially succeeded or failed through a want of hearty support of the presiding officers, indeed by a lack of confidence in respect for them.

Then the clause "funds:" those who are aware of the profits hitherto derived from exhibitions and donations cannot be accused of timidity if they look with doubt on the probability of a revenue sufficient to cover expenses, when the great distance at which exhibitions will be held, travelling and other expenses are considered. There are other points that seem fairly open to criticism, but the Artists do not feel disposed to indulge in it, they are grateful to His Excellency for the step he has taken, and hope that if anything is wrong, experience will right it, which I believe is a sensible way of looking at it.

I am quite willing to accept Mr. Popham's disclaimer of any intention to say unkind words about Canadian painters; but writing as he appears to do with a sense of a local injustice, he has been betrayed into some very unpleasant, unnecessary and disparaging remarks concerning them, and I am sure, from my knowledge of his kindly, if too impulsive nature that nobody will regret more than himself having done so, and if the art of the country has found a home, even though it be an humble one, in Toronto, no one has any right to feel annoyed, as I infer he does from his concluding paragraph with reference to holding the *last* exhibition of the series of five years in Montreal.

Montreal could, and perhaps should have been the head-quarters; but, with all its wealth, its culture, its beautiful surroundings and commanding position—to say nothing of a peasantry as picturesque as any in the world—it has persisted in such a course of criticism as Mr. Popham has indulged in in his article, and so has driven away its artists. I cordially concur in the hope that when the time arrives for the Academy exhibition in Montreal, a great advance will have been made in Canadian Art, not so much on account of the super sensitiveness of Mr. Popham and some others as for the influence which such progress must exert in refining and educating our people.

Toronto.

WHAT IS POLITICAL ECONOMY?

If anything were wanting to show the necessity for such a society as the new Political Economy Club, it would be found in the ignorance that has been so generally exhibited in the comments which have been dished up during the past few weeks.

The right of free discussion has been not a little imperilled by several circumstances. Questions of great "pith and moment" have been proposed as desirable for public discussion, and have been treated with the intense bitterness of partisanship, not with the sober calmness of the love of truth. The passions do not reason, and hence such a mode of advocacy has aroused bitter animosities and excited rancour. It has given rise to a mischievous ferocity, suggesting that in the interests of peace a restraint may be put upon controversy. To confound controversy with a faction fight, or to attach any stigma of disloyalty to it, and thence to advocate in any way the suppression of public discussion now happily enjoyed among us, is a most fallacious proceeding.

Controversy is an investigative effort of the mind; is the weighing, valuing and estimating of arguments as an aid to the forming of right conclusions concerning the matters under discussion; is an exertion of the intellectual faculties in reasoning, and hence wherever unseemly license occurs there is no controversy, but rather a contravention of the first principles of free thought and impartial speech. It is the duty of controversy to show the force of arguments and to test their soundness; to balance thought with thought, and to place the results of honest examination before the mind, that it may see the results of deliberation; but it is no part of controversy to settle questions or to

force beliefs upon unconvinced minds. It would be to perpetuate a misnomer to regard controversy as if it were the synonym of confusion and disorder.

Yet this is the mistake which has been made in the present case. No sooner does the Political Economy Club claim for its members the right of freely discussing important public questions, even though they may be unpopular and unpalatable, than the great ban-dog, the *Toronto Globe*, "scents treason," and all the yelping pack of little dogs, "Tray, Blanche and Sweet-heart," follow in full cry. Two honourable exceptions to this senseless clamour deserve mention, the *London (Ont.) Herald* and the *Ottawa Herald*, who have manfully expressed themselves in favour of free discussion. Happily, so far as the real question is concerned, they all got on a wrong scent, and so it culminated in "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

So far is the repression of controversy from being the right way of dealing with the difficulties of our day, that it would only aggravate the evils it was meant to cure. It would drive the discussion of questions into secret societies, and reproduce the tyrannous days of conspiracies and treasons. The healthiest interests of society demand that the formation and the publication of opinion should be free, and that controversy should not be restrained any farther than is necessary for the assertion of the right of society to hold each man responsible for opinions expressed with a design of effecting practical results, leading to an injury of the common rights of men. But the ability to agree—to state opinions so as to observe an exact equivalence between the assertions made and the reasons able to be given for holding it to be true, and to feel and admit the force of an argument or an objection just for what it is worth and no more—conduces to the calm consideration of things affecting the welfare of society; and the power of engaging in controversy in such a way becomes of greater importance as questions of interest become more intricate and more dependent on the proper balancing of the forces of colliding facts and ideas. Such a style of discussion is only to be acquired by publicity and hence it appears that the Political Economy Club may hold an important place among our social agencies, and fulfil a function not unrequired in a land of which free discussion is not only the safeguard but the boast.

So far as we know, the new Club have, "greatly daring, dined." Their chief discussion at their first meeting was that of a good dinner. Surely no harm to the State could result from this. The head and front of Cassius's offending, when he was plotting against Cæsar, was, that "he had a lean and hungry look," but little treason lurks in full bellies.

I am a simple citizen, and I may not be so well informed as the *Toronto Globe*, but I was taught that Economy is derived from the Greek *oconomia*, "household management," the notion of which is generally understood. It does not signify in the original language merely "saving," or "thrif," but the judicious management of a man's property, and if the *Globe* reads Xenophon it will find it so used. Political Economy, or Public Economy, should mean a management of a State analogous to the management of a private property. Adam Smith gave to his work the title of "The Wealth of Nations," a term which indicates the object of his investigations much better than the term Political Economy. The term Political Economy would have an exact meaning if we understood it to express that economy or management which the State as a State exercises or should exercise for the benefit of all. It would comprehend all the State should do for the general interest, and which individuals or associations of individuals cannot do as well, it would thus in a sense coincide with the term government. Being thus defined, it would exclude all things that a State as a State should not do; and thus the inquiry into the wealth of nations would mean an inquiry into all those conditions under which wealth is produced, distributed, accumulated, and consumed or used by the individuals who compose any given political community. But, though the subject of government is easily separated from the proper subject of Political Economy, everybody must perceive that there is some connection between the two; and this is the foundation of some of the false notions that have prevented Political Economy from attaining the form of an exact science. One easily perceives that a government can do much towards increasing or diminishing the revenue of the great body of the people; but one does not always see what a government should do or should not do in order that this revenue may be the greatest and most beneficially distributed.

The way in which the revenue of the great body of the people is distributed is an inquiry equal in importance to the mode in which it is produced; and the mode and proportion in which it is distributed re-act upon future production.

The question of Co-operation, which is of two distinct kinds; first, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in the same employment; secondly, such co-operation as takes place when several persons help each other in different employments. They may be named Simple Co-operation and Complex Co-operation.

The questions of Capital and Labour, the Balance of Trade, Protection and Free Trade, Rent, Wages, the Methods of Observation and Reasoning in Politics, and although it is distasteful to the *Globe*, the question of "The Best Form of Government," which occupied the attention of the late Sir G. Corne-

wall Lewis, a scholarly statesman,—a thinker of rare genius, devotion and accuracy, and a politician of genuine honesty and true worth.

The influence of government, its functions, the general principles of taxation, the relative value of direct and indirect taxation, the question of the utility of public loans and the reduction of a national debt, and the extent to which governments are justified in interfering with industry, trade, and commerce, are matters which intimately affect the well-being of the State, and are of the highest importance to every individual. These questions are moral and social, and consequently involve the duties of man to man.

The study of Political Economy has an interest for every class, and concerns the artisan and the peasant as closely as the statesman and the philosopher. It is to be wished that the science was more extensively cultivated. In such a case many fallacies which are now-a-days very popular would vanish into thin air, and many errors which now impose upon the people would be swept away. The capitalist would more clearly understand his true position with respect to the labourer, and the labourer would better comprehend the rights and responsibilities of capital, if the principles of Political Economy were more generally known.

To tell any community that it is dangerous to discuss such subjects, and kindred questions arising out of them, is simply childish and ridiculous; and any Society, call it by what name you will, that will undertake this work of educating our people, and faithfully carry it out, deserves our highest praise, and should enlist our sympathy, rather than be hounded down by the empty abuse of party politicians.

I am not a member of the Club, but in the name of the right of free discussion I protest against the senseless clatter which has arisen. I am confident that any member expressing opinions savouring of disloyalty would soon find how distasteful to every right-thinking man in the community such opinions would be, but the fullest right to freely discuss any questions coming within the scope of Political Economy cannot be denied for a moment. A member of the club might claim for himself this right in the words of the old Roman—"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto." "I am a man; and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings." *Rupert.*

MONTREAL SOCIETY.

It is amusing to hear the variety of opinions that prevail on this subject, for it is one on which our ideas must depend entirely upon the point of view from which we regard it; and it has as many phases as the moon, and some not so lovely. Yet no city can afford better material for delightful society. We have people of culture, people of class, and people of commerce, and if they would only mingle together more freely each might help and improve the other; but, alas! we are divided up into sets, each of which seems bound either to ridicule or pity the other. Our people of culture are comparatively poor, and reasonably proud. Many of them are also people of class. They, too, have had grandmothers, and cannot bear to be patronized by tradespeople, many of whom do not speak good English, much less know the meaning of culture, yet consider that their wealth alone renders them superior to any amount of culture and refinement. This stupid money-pride has led our cultivated people to form themselves into little sets of their own, and one may meet with really delightful society among them. But is it not a pity that they should be so exclusive? Variety is always charming, and a greater admixture with the moneyed people might be vastly beneficial to both parties. There is no other city of wealth where rising genius has so little opportunity of kindly patronage from its townfolks as in this city of Montreal. The Shoddyites seem determined to despise and ignore native talent of every form; and in no place can a prophet be said to be without honour in his own country more truly than in Montreal. Even the clever people who come to us from other lands soon find the cold shoulder turned to them once they settle down among us and attempt to make a living by the exercise of their talents. Indeed it is scarcely considered respectable, in this good city, that one should earn a living in any way except through trade. In the old country professional people are considered far above tradespeople, but here it is quite the reverse, and even our ministers are supposed to belong, soul and body, to the wealthy people of their congregations, and should any man be independent enough to rebel and have an opinion of his own, why then the rich man rises up in his wrath, takes up his hymn-book and walks off to some other church, where the minister has a better appreciation of the value of dollars and cents and is willing to bow down and worship the golden calf of business prosperity.

Not many years ago one might almost as well be a washerwoman as lady teacher in one of our public schools, so far as position in society went. But now-a-days our teachers have begun to assert themselves; they have formed little social circles where the Shoddys, if admitted at all, are obliged to feel themselves very much at a discount. In summer they unite to go upon educational tours, and this association with each other gives them a higher opinion of themselves and their truly noble profession; and now Mrs. Shoddy finds it no longer possible to snub those who impart to her children the refinement and

culture which she has never acquired. But we have also many people of good birth who are not particularly cultivated nor very wealthy—who have, in fact, nothing but their class prejudices upon which to found their pretensions to superiority. These may be narrow-minded, but they are charmingly mannered; they know just what should be done, and how it should be done, under all circumstances. What wouldn't some of the Shoddys give for such knowledge? Good breeding is always a good thing, and indispensable to pleasant society. It matters little how much one may know, how much money he may have, or how pious he may be, if he have the manners of a boor he cannot be welcome member of any society. There are, indeed, some who seem to be innately polite, and who are so anxious to give pleasure to all and offence to none, that they rarely make a mistake and very soon acquire the easy manners of well-bred people; but these are in the minority, and we find too many of our self-made people content to be judged by a wrong standard, holding that where there is plenty of money there is little need of manners. Such people have been brought up roughly and obliged to shoulder their way through the world, and they cannot realise that it is impossible to shoulder their way through society. Again, we have many among the commercial community who consider themselves people of class—not that they have had much in the way of grandmothers to boast of, except that they were possibly honest, hard-working, God-fearing women, who brought up their children in industry and good principles, and now their children's children occupy positions which must make the ghosts of the good old grandmothers stare, if anything can be supposed to surprise a respectable ghost. In England it is said to take three generations to make a gentleman, but here we turn out fair specimens in one—that is if we have good material to work upon and catch the embryo gentleman young enough, since it is really essential that even a Canadian gentleman should have some education and a fair amount of early training in *les convenances*. Montreal can boast of many true ladies and gentlemen who are the growth of one, or at most two, generations; but it is not right that these people should consider themselves real upper crust and regular patricians because they or their fathers made their money many years ago. Now, if we could only mix all these classes up as Buttercup did the babies, it would be an advantage to each and injure none. The cultivated people might gain many new ideas from those sturdy self-reliant natures who have forced their way from penury through many privations to their present position, wherein all the luxuries and refinements of life are possible to them if they only knew how to enjoy them, and this they can best learn by contact with refined and cultivated natures. Aristocratic people, too, might gain broader views and begin to realise that there are other things in life worth having besides grandmothers, however good or great they may have been; and arrogant, ignorant, self-made people would soon have their rough corners rubbed off by contact with more smooth and polished natures; and the general result would be a more friendly state of feeling between all classes, greater leniency towards each other's shortcomings, and a greater respect for the good traits which are to be found in all if we will only allow ourselves to see them.

N. Clitheroe.

TO YOUNG MEN.

A Sermon preached in Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, January 11th, 1880.

It seems to me a good thing to devote an evening service now and again to a special talk about and to young men. I hope the time has not come—I hope the time will not come—when the pulpit shall cease to have words of warning and guidance and inspiration and hope for young men. Preachers ought to know a good deal about the life men have to live on the earth—for they are by calling and profession students of the Bible; and the Bible is a study of humanity as it stands related to God. There, as in a parable, they see the working of every possible passion—the result of obedience to law and order and God, and the penalty that surely hunts down the sinner. The preacher is every preacher is a student of the Bible, and for myself I hold that he should be also a student of humanity as it now is. For although time works but little change in that which is the real abiding nature of man, it does work great changes in the general condition in which men have to live their lives. Why in many instances preaching has grown comparatively valueless is because we fail to recognize the altered circumstances of people. We wander still among Oriental scenes, and speak a modernised and Anglicised Hebrew or Greek, instead of taking only thought and great principles which time cannot destroy nor change and applying them to men now. The Bible is full of most practical teaching, and the preacher who will may find there great storehouses of priceless treasure. But he must speak to his own times in open ears to thinking minds and living hearts. I am not sure that the universal practice of taking a text for a sermon has not grown from a mere conventionalism into an abuse. The idea seems to be to first select a text and say all that can be said by way of explanation and support of it. As if the first purpose of all preaching is not to inform the mind, to quicken the heart, to polarise the will, to bring all the man under Divine influence, but rather to support the doctrine which finds, or seems to find expression in the quoted passage. The truth is that we have fallen into

ways precisely similar to those into which the Scribes, or the lawyers, had fallen when Jesus Christ was born into the life of the world. They took the Decalogue, the moral law—the prophecies of Isaiah, the glorious visions of Ezekiel, the Psalms of David, and read them, and expounded them, and what was not mere history—attractive only as dead greatness is attractive—was dull, dry, and lifeless axiom. The Bible was never intended to answer such a purpose. Read the sermons of Moses, of Elijah, of Isaiah, and Jeremiah and Daniel, and you will find that their text was the need of the people and the hour—they dealt with every phase of life, borrowed illustrations from surrounding things and passing events, and judged men, and warned them, and advised them according to the teachings of eternal truth and righteousness. Whoever may come to captivate us by beauty of life and power of speech, Christ will ever remain the most complete man and the greatest preacher the world has ever seen. And if you read Christ's sermons, His parables and speeches, you cannot fail to be struck with His marvellous appreciation of the times in which He lived—of the kind of people to whom He spoke, and of the nature of their needs. The corn waving ripe and yellow in the autumn breeze—the water gleaming at the bottom of a well—the birds filling the sky with great anthems—the shrinking child, clinging to its mother's arm with sweet unconscious trust—each gave Him a text, and from each He preached great sermons, every word of which was full of Heaven's love and truth, and all of which went home to the heart of His hearers winged with beauty from the loveliness of His own life. You remember with what directness He preached to the Pharisees, and the Scribes, and the woman of Samaria, to Nicodemus, and the young man who wanted heaven at little cost! He spoke for the need and the hour, and declared a living gospel of power and peace to living men and women. I am going to try and follow that Divine example in my sermon to young men to-night. I am not going to tell the story of some Hebrew youth, and ask you to copy the original—for, so far as my own experience goes, the intelligent hearer of such sermons occupies himself—if he does not amuse himself—with drawing comparisons and contrasts in his own mind, and proving to himself how utterly the cases are unlike, and how the principles which applied to the one cannot be applied to the other. I will avoid that as far as I can, and speak to and for your life here and now.

And to begin at the beginning—your life and work in the world. For that is first. "That is not first which is spiritual," said the Apostle, "but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." The first need of which we are conscious is the need for food. When I speak to young men my intention is to apply myself to those who have taken possession of themselves—have emerged from childhood and broken away from leading-strings—have entered the world's great arena of conflict—in a word, have undertaken for themselves, yet who do not allow that their ways are irrevocably settled—that their calling in life has been pre-determined, and that they have only to follow on the blind impulses of each day. In childhood and early youth, of course, we are mere creatures of circumstances—a handful of driftweed thrown out on the flowing river of time. The young life breaks forth like a spring that bursts up in a field and says: Here I am, what can you do with me? where shall I run and what shall I do? quench some traveller's thirst, nourish some bit of moss, or destroy some creeping thing? And in those days the stream of life must run into whatever channel it can find, irresponsible as to the way, undetermined as to the end. But there comes a time when youth breaks into manhood; when each one stands on the crest of a hill, looks back on the winding ways he has been led, and on upon the ways he must travel. What has been done by him and for him cannot be undone—the past must stand; but from that point he may choose for himself how and where he will walk. Sometimes a certain path seems marked out of necessity for a young man. Outside influences are brought to bear upon him; the pressing need for providing life with ways and means condemn spirits to undertake most irksome and unwelcome tasks. Very often that continues, and men find themselves through life doing that for which they have nor mind nor heart. But that is owing to personal weakness—to a lack of force of character and decision of will. It seems to me that one may bring himself to a deciding point in this important matter of work for bread and comfort; he may take the measure of his own capacities, the power of his own personality, and then undertake the work for which he is best fitted. The Lord never intended, I presume, to have anything like a failure in life. There is work suited for every kind of capacity. There is no work lying undone for lack of a worker, and there is no worker who need starve and die for want of work. The world is adjusted to humanity, and humanity is adapted to the world. No pair of hands need be idle; no brain need give up thinking; no inventor need imagine the world is not ripe for his inventions; no poet need curb his fancy for song; no artist need sigh and say, "The world will not have fine art productions." The world will have whatever is worth the having; and the matter of real importance for a man is to find what kind of work he can do, and then do it. To a young man it is not too late for him to mend his ways, and I would say to each one of you: If you have no sort of mind and heart for the work you are doing, make a desperate effort to change the nature of it. But to you who are just starting life, just launching yourself upon the work and care and trouble of the world,

see to it that your choice of a career lies in the direction of your capacity. If it does not, all work will be a drudgery to you—it will be a mere turning of the mill to grind corn into bread with weary hands and feet and a dulled brain, and takes all the beauty out of every landscape and sucks the sunlight out of all existence.

It is no small and unimportant thing, this that I am urging, for your delight, or no-delight in the ordinary bread-making work of life must affect every other part of your life. When we are doing the kind of work for which we are fitted it comes easy; there is joy in it; there is a deep satisfaction in it; the temper is kept in cheerfulness, and the spirit in peace; affection for the work impels to industry in the work, and industry well administered, the world over, commands success.

And failure here affects every other phase to which life lends itself. It deadens the heart; it embitters the mind; it sours the affections; it dulls the light of reason, and distorts the vision whenever the eye looks upon anything. You rarely meet with a man who is a failure in his calling but that he is socially a pest and a nuisance. He is a bad workman and complains of his tools; he grumbles at the world and everything in it, and generally talks as if he holds it as a grievance that he was not consulted when the world was made. The unsuccessful merchant—what a grinding task his work is? The lawyer, whom no discontented, or quarrelsome, or ill-used will employ—what a dry, dull workaday thing life is to him? The doctor, who cannot get patients, and the minister who cannot keep an interested audience, but has to beat out his little homily Sunday by Sunday, a mere clatter of wood upon wood—what a tame, and cold, and cheerless thing their professional life is? So, I would say, weigh well and choose deliberately what you will set your hand or brain to do in the world. By far too many among us are content to live just for the day. They do not calculate the chances of the future; they do not enquire: Is this the kind of work to which I should like to devote myself as my calling in the world? but they allow circumstance to play a game of shuttlecock with them, tossing them to and fro from pillar to post, as if they were simply things to be played with. It is a good and commendable thing when a young man says: I am willing to do anything to get for myself a living—but that is a mere expediency; and life is a science—not only a science of self-sustenance, but the main idea is the doing of most needful work; contributing to the general good of the whole; working in with Providence and blessing all the world.

But, I would say, don't aim at too much. It seems to me a great mistake that almost every man who goes into business should be haunted with feverish dreams of making a fortune; that almost every doctor should want to be a consulting physician; that almost every lawyer should decide that a judgeship is the only thing worth living for, and that almost every politician should desire a seat in the Cabinet. Ambition is a good thing—a great sentiment—a mighty impelling force; but it is plain that ambition may be a false guide and lead to false issues. Success has its drawbacks. Those who achieve most, enjoy most, perhaps, and suffer most. When wild tempests are sweeping the earth, the tops of trees feel it most and rock most. When men stand on great heights, the head is liable to become giddy, and the feet fail when the head gives way. A man finds real contentment, not from the success he has won, but from his inward sense of duty done. The man who is desirous of using his powers well—to their utmost and to their best—with an eye to the welfare of others; the man who wants above all things to discharge his obligations to God and man, is the man of true, sublime ambition, and who gets the most positive reward out of life. This widespread desire for distinction; for much wealth—for much honour—for much power is a curse, and the sooner we can put it away the better. If men would be content to do their duty and achieve a moderate success, we should have less sin in the world and more happiness. There was sound philosophy, as well as true piety, in the old prayer—"Give me neither riches nor poverty." In either extreme there is danger; safety lies between.

The next point for you to consider is your place in the social life of the world. Just as you have to choose your way of bread-winning have you to choose your society, and your friends. Circumstance will in some part decide this for you. Children are thrown together by what looks like accident; youthful loves ripen into mature friendships, and each seeks the society of the other. Similarity of tastes will also be a powerful factor in determining what kind of people should meet and mingle. But so far as I can see, in the life of every thoughtful young man there comes a time when he may choose for himself what and with whom he will be socially. He can maintain his exact rights and company with his equals; he can go below himself, and so take great destructive forces into his life; or he may aspire successfully to walk and talk and commune with those who occupy spheres higher in the social scale than that to which he properly belongs. I mean that one is not circumscribed as to the circle of friends he may have; he may extend the sphere of his acquaintance almost indefinitely.

And I hold that a young man should set it before himself as a joyous and imperative duty to make friends—he should take pains to make himself agreeable and pleasant. I meet with many who will not do that—I have been afflicted with the disease myself in those hours when the devil succeeded in

cheating me out of my common sense—but a great many young men cultivate the malady and are proud of it. They are weary of life before they have done a morning's work—they are disappointed in love or friendship, and straightway declare that everything mortals can have or desire is a fraud; and they whine, or sneer, and drive away those who would be their friends. That is a disaster whenever it happens to a man—because it dooms him to the belief of a falsehood for the time, and to the loss of many friends perhaps for all time. And we cannot afford to lose friends—we cannot afford to scoff at the tender joys of social life—they are a necessary, and real and important part of our existence—they act and react upon our mind and heart all through life—they are formative forces, building up character—they are educational forces which must result in personal good or harm, and on all these counts it is your duty to yourself—to your own future, as well as to society, that you should make yourself, not simply known, but worth the knowing. But when I say, make yourselves agreeable, I beseech you not to imagine that I would have you copy one of those animated bits of Blanc-mange you so often meet in society—I mean those who always wear a simper on the face, and who manage to throw a soft, silly, boneless, bloodless, soulless affection into the eyes, and talk nonsense to ladies, and always cast about for a chance of paying a compliment. It is refreshing now and again, because it is amusing, to read of the old days of courtzanship when men vied with each other in offering speeches of compliment in a gallant way—but generally there was some wit in what they said, if not much wisdom—it was a fine art and well cultivated, and gave polish to society if it failed to give any permanent profit. But the cooing done in many instances now—the constant effort to say complimentary things—is simply detestable. A few silly people may like it, and say: "O, that Mr. Butter-and-honey is a nice young man"; but people of honest mind and heart will say that Butter-and-honey is a fool. If you would make yourself agreeable and worth having in social life, treat men as men—believe that they may differ from you in politics and not be completely idiotic—and may be your rivals in business and not be much more dishonest than yourself; and treat women as in every way equal to men, believe that they have minds, and can judge of things—that they don't want stupid little prettinesses dinned in their ears constantly; and don't treat them as if they can talk nothing and want to hear nothing but gossip. They *can* talk of other things, and want to hear of other things, and they will honour the men who honour the mind in woman, and do not treat her as an over-grown baby. But, I would say, choose your friends discreetly, with a keen eye for your own character and your own future. There is one rule which every one may adopt and follow with absolute safety—it is this: to put all friendship to the test and know—does it not simply entertain me, or amuse me—but does it *help* me? does it improve my mind, and cultivate in me what is good and true and manly? That is to say, analyse the results of evenings spent in company—find out what is the tendency your friends give to your minds. If it is to debauch your mind, or lower your standard of duty, or your esteem for virtue, or your admiration for noble manhood—then call that a friendship of evil, and a thing to be eschewed. Whatever is helpful, cultivate—whatever is hurtful, flee from. Try and get real mental and moral bracing from society—insist on healthy talk, on healthy amusements—a game may be perfectly harmless, and it may be turned into a means of ruin—enjoyments may be used as a healthy change, a real and true recreation—or they may be corrupted and cause the man to run to waste. We are blessed with judgments—we may know ourselves and what will suit our mental and moral constitution, and we ought to have strength of will that shall decide what we may or may not accept as the pleasures of life. Judge your acquaintances by the effect their company produces upon you, and you will find that although the numbers of your friends may be limited, social life will be well worth the living. The work of analysis is not difficult, for the great evils to life are well known and tabulated. Avoid the drunkard, or the man who would lead you that way—avoid dishonesty under any form—avoid those who indulge in loose immoral talk—avoid a tattling, gossiping, scandal-loving man—and still more, as a far worse plague, a tattling, gossiping, scandal-loving woman.

I wanted to speak, too, on the need and importance of mental culture, but I can only dwell on it in passing. For myself, I do not understand how men can let their mental faculties run to waste with such unconcern. In the vast majority of cases men do not care to inform the mind upon anything but business and politics; they know nothing of the great men who have made history and built up literature, and consolidated scattered tribes into nations. Work during the day, a glance at the papers over dinner, and then talk, talk, and nothing else. Why the truth is that we are losing great and real pleasures here and now. You like to be with great men, great minds, surely; well, you may have intercourse with the master minds of the race. Get into the light of living sinners if and where you can. A little may be learned from almost any man; but the teaching of the small and the weak will be of a negative kind, while the teaching of superior minds is always positive and good. There are not many geniuses alive—nature does not seem capable of producing many at a time; and those that do live are separated from most of us, their circles and ours do not cut each other anywhere. And yet we have access to them; we can hear them; we can see them; we can feel them; for, thank God, they

write books. I hold it as a sign of God's goodness to the race, that the master minds of every age have been compelled—constrained by an inward power, to write their thoughts in books. By the book instead of the living man, we lose something; we lose the glow that shone upon his face, the sparkle of the eye as if a star shot glory through the veil, the impassioned tones, the quivering lip, the eloquent tear; those no printer's type can give you. But we also have great gain. I am afraid of the orator, the impassioned speaker: the eloquent look and phrase take my reason captive—hold me in a spell; but the book I can read calmly, and calmly reason about—master of myself and ready to consider the thoughts and judgments laid before me. Thank God for books; they make the world a great democracy, and put all men on a level. There we have access to the most precious thoughts of the greatest minds; they give the same to labourer and to sage; they give to us all the spiritual presence of the greatest of the race. No matter how poor I may be, or how obscure, the greatest and noblest of present and past enter into my humble home and dwell with me. Milton sings to me his mighty epic which tells of Paradise lost; Shakspeare lays open before me the worlds of imagination and the strange workings of the human heart. I hear ancient Cicero and modern John Bright; I talk with Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Locke, Hamilton and Stuart Mill; I read the Lives of Plutarch, and seem to live among them; I watch the fall of Greece and the rise of Rome; I follow the fortunes of that imperial power through civil strife and foreign war, and through gradual but sure decay—Gibbon all the time my pleasant guide; I compel the brilliant Lord Macaulay to take me through some English history. They speak as royally to me as to any king; their epigrams, their arguments, their deductions, their simple records, all of them are mine—I live among the aristocracy of intellect. And to be with men with those minds, and to know those facts of history, is surely better—better as entertainment—than the average evening party, or the average play.

But there are still stronger considerations. Why is it that so many homes are so dull and dreary? how is it that in so many cases a few months of married life bring about a fearful disenchantment? Because there is so little in common; because they have no resources by which they can interest each other; because he can only talk politics and business, and he thinks that she can talk neither, and they grow weary of dullness. But think of it as reaching farther still, while the soul lives the mind must live. It is as much a sin to neglect the mind as it is to starve the soul, and the man who does it must answer for the iniquity. You have time, you have opportunity, and for the waste of those precious talents God will bring you to judgment.

In connection with this, it is quite natural that I should say a word or two as to the attitude you should, as I think, hold toward controverted questions in theology. For you cannot read much—you cannot be in any way a student of past or present, without seeing that thinking, honest men differ in opinion on many questions and answers. Should a young man go into those controversies? Should he mix in the fray? By all means, since you are a man, go. Since you have a mind, yes. Let me ask you to lay down a rule for your guidance which shall be absolute—that the search after knowledge shall be disinterested. Don't seek knowledge in order that you may prop up some preconceived opinion, but let opinion spring from knowledge gained. Too often men start with notions, and then all knowledge that comes to them is perverted, biased, warped, to fit in with the old orthodoxy. Gentlemen, seek to gain truth through knowledge, and wherever that truth would lead you, go; boldly and fearlessly, go. If it should lead away from your old creeds and theories, go after it. Follow it, no matter where it leads, what interests it opposes, to what party it allies you, from whom it may sever you; follow it through loss, through suffering, through calumny, to the cross. Don't be afraid of that vile old bugbear they call orthodoxy. If it stands in the way, knock it over, trample it down, and follow after truth. For want of that disinterestedness many a great religious genius has flamed with uncertain light; many a great intellect has been warped, and distorted, and finally destroyed. They have cared more for preconceived theories than for real truth. I hold it as true manliness and a sign of mental power when a man can give up a theory when he finds it false, and can cast away an old creed when he has found it wrong. Be sure that the new light is light, not a phantom, but a fact; be sure that you are not actuated by a mischievous love for heresies, but when you know the truth follow it to any whither.

Follow the truth! What can I say to you better than that? Follow truth as to matters of opinion and belief; follow truth as to matters of conduct and daily life. For need I remind you that all the rest is worth nothing without this last—without religion which binds the soul to God, and blesses and beautifies all the work of life? The mind must be fed with facts, and the soul can only live by union with the Father of all spirits, and the God of all love. You may get wealth; you may get honour; you may get position; you may get friendship in abundance; you may become distinguished for wisdom, and either, or all, will be worth nothing except strengthened, purified, and beautified by religion. It is only by faith in God that the real good, the real value of these things can be saved to a man. Gentlemen, let me say to you, that if you are going to accomplish anything in the world, you must have an ideal; for business, you must know what you want to do and the pro-

bable way to the end; for political life, if you wish to lead, if you wish to bring about some real results, you must have an ideal, an end and an aim. So it is in science, and so it is in art. In religion, too, you must have an ideal; something to copy; something to mould your character after; something into the likeness of which you can grow. You want a picture which shall show, not merely in general outline, but in complete array of detail what life must become. Your choice is limited to one; there is but one; the man Christ Jesus. Do you want to have in your mind principles of life and conduct that shall guide you wisely? Do you want to entertain affections that are pure and purifying? Do you want to live the life of a great, beautiful, noble man? Then you must take the principles of Christ for your mind, and the love of Christ for your heart—Christ as your ideal, your example, your Redeemer. I can imagine a young man looking out with fear upon the world. He wants to save his manhood; but he sees how thick strewn temptations are—how the ways of the world wind—how many are being sucked down in the eddies and swirls of passion—and says to his own soul: "How can I escape all that—how avoid the snares and pitfalls—how pass that way to heaven?" And the only possible answer rings in upon his ears—assuring his soul of strength and ultimate triumph: "In business, in politics, in social life, in joy, in sorrow, in wealth, in poverty, in living, in dying, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A CHALLENGE.

A French journalist fonder of fun than of fighting, on being challenged, accepted the cartel with: "Of course, I claim the choice of weapons. You wish to kill me; I will do my best to kill you. Good, I have in my house 20 loaves of siege-bread, which I have kept for souvenirs. We will sit down and eat against each other. One of us is sure to die." Knowing by experience the nature of siege-bread, the challenger, did not care to run the risk involved in such a contest, and, like a sensible fellow, laughed, and shook hands.—*Chambers's Journal.*

CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN MORALITY COMPARED.

It is said that the Chinese are untruthful; but Mrs. Opie, in her classical book on lying, did not have to go to China for the illustrations either of the nice gradations or the great popularity of this practice. She dealt with it entirely as the phenomenon of a religious country. Moreover, as we are just fresh from a political campaign, perhaps the less we say about veracity the better, even in comparison with the pagans. An intelligent gentleman, many years a resident of China, and accustomed to large business transactions with their merchants, informs us that among these merchants in the great centres of commerce the standard of mercantile honour is higher than anywhere else in the world. The tea and silk sent us from China are no doubt often adulterated, which is, of course, very immoral; but the highest English authority, Dr. Hassall, declared, in his big book upon the subject, that in his country every article under heaven that can be adulterated is adulterated.

"But they are such dreadful opium smokers!" ejaculates the complacent tobacco chewing deacon, as he seeks the spittoon. Very true; and we are not bringing forward these godless heathens as models of all the virtues. But speaking of opium recalls another passage in Chinese history, which throws light on this comparison of Christian and pagan morality. The Chinese Government undertook to suppress the opium traffic, so as to cut off the foreign supply and arrest the demoralizing influence of its use among the people. Profoundly impressed by the dreadful evils of this increasing habit, the authorities did their utmost to stop the smuggling of the article; but, when its virgorous measures began to be effective, the great Christian nation which was embarked in the traffic, made war upon the country, and forced the accursed drug upon it at the cannon's mouth. The conduct of England in this "opium war" will be infamous through all time; but its policy was as deliberate as its motives were execrable.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

THE AMERICAN CAREER OF THE SPARROW.

The first attempt, as far as is known, to introduce the common house sparrow of Europe to our country was made by a gentleman named Desblois, in Portland, Maine, during the autumn of 1858; he brought over a few birds from the Continent, and liberated them in a large garden which was situated within the central part of the city. They remained there sheltered and secure under the eaves of a neighbouring church throughout the winter, and in the following spring settled down happily enough to the labour of nest building and rearing their young. Two years later the first pair of these finches were set at liberty near Madison Square, New York City; the importation was steadily repeated, the birds being released in the Central Park and at Jersey City. They were first introduced to Boston in 1868 by the city government, and to Philadelphia by the municipal authorities in 1869, and from these small beginnings the house-sparrow has been spread all over this Northern country.

wherever we have a city east of the Rocky Mountains, and the fluttering flocks of the robust, noisy little foreigner enliven the streets thereof in every direction. Their numbers are nearly countless.

The object at first for the introduction of the house-sparrow does not seem to have been one of a practical suggestion, but rather one in the nature of sentiment. Since, however, the attention of the citizens was called to the great nuisance of the existence of canker and measure worms in the shade trees of the old cities of the Union, the fact that the house-sparrow would remain with us all winter, and feed as energetically upon the worms as any of our own birds—which always, without exception, left for warmer climes every season—the thought of practical application took life in encouraging the introduction of the English sparrow as a means of relief more certain than that afforded by any or all of our indigenous finches. As soon as this became generally understood, the little John Bull was distributed with great industry all over the country for this purpose; but as sure as it became numerous in any town or city, a spirited opposition sprang up to it, and exists to-day with more or less vitality in every section where the bird is fairly settled. Whole books have been written *pro* and *con*, and naturalists have waged unrelenting war upon one another, as they differed in estimating the value and the services of *Pyrgita domestica*; but in the judgment of the writer, the entire practical bearing of the controversy has not been fully presented by either the friends or the foes of the little finch, for it must seem clear enough to those who will follow the line of argument in this article that while the house-sparrow is eminently fit and wonderfully well constituted for life in northern cities, yet it is a sad rowdy and nuisance in the country; while in the former case it renders admirable services in destroying insect pests that disfigure the shady avenues of city forestry, yet in the latter field it cannot compete with our native birds in entomological service to man, and having given good reason for dislike on the part of the growers of fruit, they are doubly incensed because the law will not allow them to shoot, trap, or destroy the enemy.—*Prof. H. W. Elliott.*

A NEW YORK engraver recently made this mistake: "Mr. and Mrs. — respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter."

APPEARANCES.—Hairdresser: "Tremendous 'ed of 'air, sir. Better let me cut the 'ole of it horf!" Eminent violinist: "Why?" Hairdresser: "Well, you'll excuse my saying so, but it makes you look like one of them fiddler chaps, you know."—*Punch.*

An English paper offered a prize for the best parody of a nursery rhyme, having for its subject the present position of political affairs; the prize was adjudged to the following lines:—

Sing a song of gladness—	Budget day's approaching --
"Dissolution" nigh—	Don't know what to do!
All the Tory party	Hatfield's lord, and Stanley,
Eating humble pie,	Cranbrook, too, and Cross,
When the pie was opened	"Bag and Faggage," clear out—
What a mess beneath!—	What a dreadful loss!
"Peace with honour" stewed with	Ducal Richmond, also,
Turnerelli's wreath,	Country's cup's <i>too</i> full,
Dizzy, down at Hughenden,	With Ireland and Afghan,
Scowling at his fate—	Zulu and Cabul.
"Imperium et Libertas"	Ere another Christmas
Just a little late;	Brings its frost and snows,
Staffy at the 'Chequer	In comes "People's William!"
Looking very blue—	Heals the nation's woes!

The following is given by *Whitaker's Almanac*, as the extent and population of the British Empire at the beginning of 1880:—

	Area in sq. mls.	Population.
Great Britain and Ireland.....	121,115	33,500,000
Indian Possessions, &c.....	1,558,254	241,000,000
Other Eastern Possessions.....	30,000	3,200,000
Australasia.....	3,173,310	2,500,000
North America.....	3,620,500	4,000,000
Guiana, &c.....	100,000	200,000
Africa.....	270,000	1,500,000
West Indies, &c.....	12,707	1,140,000
European Possessions.....	120	160,000
Various Settlements.....	96,171	200,000
	8,982,177	287,400,000

The same authority says:—"This table, short as it is, presents a result unparalleled in this world's history. The British Empire is grander than those of Greece or Rome, or any other country, and it may be safely asserted that its rule is more beneficent. Wherever the flag of England floats there is freedom.—Justice is impartially administered, and no man can be punished except for infringements of the law. Religion also is free. With all its anomalies the British Empire, under its present Sovereign, presents the nearest approach to a true Commonwealth that the world has yet seen."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

THE CLIMATUM OF INTERVIEWING.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—In the SPECTATOR of December 20th, one of your correspondents, speaking of the pestilent system of interviewing, said—

"It was playfully said of Smithfield, as a live cattle market in the heart of the city of London, that it would never be abolished until an alderman had been tossed by a bullock, so the interviewer may exit until some indignant Englishman who refuses to accept the system kindly, shows the pestiferous creature the door, or possibly a more speedy means of exit through the window."

By a singular coincidence the *Gazette* of January 8th, in an editorial under the heading "Unfair Controversy," says:—

"Let public men generally act upon the same principle, and show interviewers the door whenever they present themselves, and we shall at least escape a repetition of the disagreeable discussion to which recent events have given rise."

Whose cow was gored this time? I remember that the abolition of the property qualification for a member of Parliament in England (one of the points of the People's Charter) was carried by the Tory party, when one of their own men (Mr. Auchmuty Glover, I think, was his name) found himself in gaol for furnishing a fraudulent qualification. *Verbum sap.*

Plebs.

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ART.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—To treat Mr. Popham's senseless twaddle in a serious manner would be a waste of time. We can the more profitably employ it in letting our deepest sympathy go out for the benighted ignorance of His Excellency. How sad it is to reflect that opportunities were never afforded him to converse with eminent artists or to see good art. How greatly the Governor-General must feel this misfortune. There is this consolation that in coming to Canada he can avail himself of, and profit by, the superior wisdom and instruction of Mr. John Popham, one in every way so able to guide and lead him into the pleasant paths of Art-knowledge. How can His Excellency be sufficiently grateful? And we in all humility advise him to send for Mr. Popham immediately upon the arrival of Her Royal Highness that she too may profit by his extensive experience in Art matters.

And to the good people of Ottawa, whose want of taste Mr. Popham so sadly deploras, we have a suggestion to make which is worthy of their serious consideration. For some time past they have wanted to deprive us of the Geological Survey and Museum. Cannot we compromise the matter by giving them Mr. Popham and let the Museum stay where it is? Will the good people of Ottawa think of the great advantage to be derived from such an exchange? We of Montreal having enjoyed his elevated culture so long, however loath we may be, still for such a consideration will spare him.

What can we say for the poor artists of Canada? Could not Mr. Popham have been a little more lenient? Why crush and almost annihilate them? How sad it is to contemplate their condition. There is nothing for them but to bow before the superior wisdom and attainments of King Popham. His extensive travels; his keen insight into the philosophy of, and love for, Art; his happy choice of the English language; his large range of thought; his fine sense of the beautiful; his brilliant wit, and his biting sarcasm, have impressed upon us a deep sense of our unworthiness and complete incapacity for anything pertaining to Art. For who can stand before a man invested with the power of bestowing upon men the gift of longevity? For according to the late keeper of the National Gallery of England, Ralph N. Wornum, the Royal Academy of Berlin was established in 1669 by Frederick the First; so, under the circumstance, some of those German painters mentioned by Mr. Popham, and now living, must have attained a riper age than any artist of the Dominion can ever expect under the withering scorn of John Popham.

Yours truly,

J. W. G.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Would you allow me to ask a question with reference to part of an article entitled "Vulgarity—an Experience," in this week's SPECTATOR? "Oday," the writer, is evidently a well-bred, clever and observing man, and it is not strange that he should feel disgusted by the vulgarity, arrogance and either lack of good manners so often displayed by office bearers of Societies and other public men; but we must remember these men are not altogether to blame for this. They are, as a rule self-made men, *i. e.*, they have made the money which places them in their present positions, and while making money

have had neither leisure nor opportunity to acquire manners; nor do they as a rule feel their lack of manners. With them money makes the man, and the politeness they may meet with from better bred people is supposed to be proper homage to their wealth. But the question I wish to ask is this:—Did the presentation of medals take place in the afternoon, or in the evening? If in the afternoon, I think the morning costume was proper according to present fashion. Yet, even if I am right "Oday" is not wrong; since it is of late years this fashion has been brought in, by the Prince of Wales, and although it is now generally adopted for all daylight receptions and ceremonies, we must remember that the Queen still insists on full dress for both ladies and gentlemen attending her receptions. But even the Queen cannot stem the tide of progress, and most people now-a-days consider low-necked dresses and dress-coats only proper for evening wear, while some go further and do not think low dresses proper at any time. The Queen is often dubbed old-fogyish for so rigidly enforcing this old court rule and American ladies, unless very young and possessed of lovely shoulders, generally evade it by a doctor's certificate which procures them permission to be properly clothed. However "Oday" erred—if he erred at all—on the right side by going in dress-clothes; and the persons who dubbed him "bad form" merely showed their own ignorance of conservative customs. I trust that "Oday" will not feel annoyed by my remarks, if he can prove me to be wrong, I shall be greatly obliged to him for doing so, as I prefer being shown my error to remaining in ignorance and even should we again disagree I hope we may do so politely.

Yours respectfully, *Euphrosyne.*

RONDEAU.

When Finis comes the book we close,
And somewhat sadly fancy goes
With backward step from stage to stage
Of that accomplished pilgrimage.
The thorn lies thicker than the rose!
There is so much that no one knows,
So much unreach'd that none suppose;
What flaws! what faults! on every page,
When Finis comes.

Still they must pass! The swift tide flows,
Though not for all the laurel grows,
Perchance in this be-slandered age,
The worker, mainly, wins his wage;
And Time will sweep both friends and foes,
When Finis comes.

Austin Dobson "Proverbs in Porcelain."

GRADATION.

Tell me not of insulations, of affinities distinct,
For all things with one another are indissolubly link'd;
Nature's work is in gradations, from the life-blood to the stone;
Oh! the infinite commingling! Nothing, nothing stands alone.

Know ye when the gates of morning close against the twilight gray,
And the setting sun's wet purple flushes out the glare of day?
Can ye mark the point of time when the star, before unseen,
Took its place in the high Heav'n's, trembling into light serene?
Noted ye with due exactness how it paled before the dawn,
Fainting back into the vault, beneath the steady eye of morn,
To carry on its burning, viewless, till another night be born?
Can ye tell when the small seedling push'd aside its parent flower,
And the beech-boughs intermingled in the wondrous leafy shower?
When the throistlecock sang loudest, and the fern was in its pride,
And the first flush of the heather crept o'er all the mountain side?
Did ye watch the dewdrop forming? Did ye see the snowdrop rise?
The up-breaking of the Seasons—is that done before your eyes?

Has thy mem'ry served thee truly? hast thou certainly defined
When the first ray of intelligence illumed thy crescent mind?
When thy childish thoughts went from thee; when thy boyhood ceased
to be;

And the red sun of thy manhood rose in glory o'er the sea?
Canst thou tell when Love first whispered, low and softly at thine ear,
Thrilling all thy sense with rapture, and a faint delicious fear?
If thou canst not read this closely, how much less the outward sphere?

In this world can no beginning, nor end of aught be shown;
All things blend in one another; only GOD can stand alone.

Household Words.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
Grand Trunk.....	Jan. 10	43,751	130,791	174,542	162,008	12,534	2 w'ks	31,848
Great Western.....	" 2	30,182	61,284	91,466	70,149	21,317	1 "	23,317
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 8	6,161	7,439	13,600	10,493	3,107	1 "	3,107
Toronto & Nipissing..	Dec. 31	2,078	2,630	4,708	3,663	1,045	25 "	4,786
Midland.....	" 31	3,033	1,999	5,032	3,413	1,619	26 "	24,859
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	Jan. 3	1,022	966	1,988	1,453	535	fm Jan. 1	535
Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay.....	" 7	524	683	1,207	767	440	" "	440
Carada Central.....	Dec. 21	1,725	2,550	4,275	4,393	118	25 w'ks	20,051
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Jan. 3	2,253	3,430	5,683	3,090	2,593	1 "	2,593
Q. M. O. & O.....	" 8	4,287	1,493	5,780	5,354	426	24 "	*141,910
Intercolonial.....	Month Nov. 29	46,571	74,052	120,623	121,413	[Month]	Month 790	5 m'ths	53,964

* This is the aggregate earnings for 1879; 1878 figures not given.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Jan. 4, 1880.	Price per \$100 Jan. 14, 1879.	Two last 1/2 yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$137 3/4	\$137 1/2	10	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	70 3/4	63	6	8 1/2
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,905	76	81	6	8
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	121 1/2	116	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	5,000,000	5,000,000	55,000	59	30	5 1/2	9 1/2
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,506,166	475,000	86	77 1/2	6	7
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	96	7	7 1/2
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	6
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	114 1/2	100 1/2	8	7
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	91 1/2	102 3/4	7	7 1/2
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	39 1/2	42 1/2	4 1/2	11 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	163,000	73	70	5	6 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	114	107 1/2	10	8 1/2

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

The following table shows the imports (exclusive of specie) at the port of New York for the week ended January 9th, 1880:—

	1880.	1879.	1878.
	\$.	\$.	\$.
Dry Goods.....	2,113,912	642,278	1,852,420
General Merchandise.....	4,801,687	1,586,204	4,390,357
Total for week.....	6,915,599	2,228,482	6,242,767
Since January 1st.....	6,915,599	5,738,482	11,220,560

*THE FARMERS' DELIVERIES of home-grown Grain in the 150 towns in England and Wales for the week ended December 20th, 1879, and for the corresponding weeks of the previous nine years and the weekly average prices:—

	WHEAT		BARLEY		OATS	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1879.....	41,787	46s 6d	80,701	38s 7d	5,904	20s 11d
1878.....	51,419	40s 8d	69,306	39s 4d	4,299	21s 1d
1877.....	42,759	51s 4d	83,677	43s 3d	5,241	23s 11d
1876.....	41,546	50s 8d	76,938	38s 7d	4,919	25s 2d
1875.....	49,125	45s 9d	84,101	34s 9d	4,671	23s 4d
1874.....	61,664	44s 8d	84,862	44s 5d	4,247	29s 4d
1873.....	61,158	61s 8d	86,470	44s 6d	6,414	26s 0d
1872.....	53,276	56s 3d	71,277	41s 2d	5,759	23s 2d
1871.....	69,214	55s 8d	87,823	36s 9d	6,612	23s 6d
1870.....	67,066	52s 7d	69,179	34s 11d	5,833	23s 6d
Average 10 years.....	53,895	50s 6d	79,408	39s 5d	5,390	23s 11d

*Summary of exports for week ending January 3rd, 1880:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York.....	78,402	498,236	558,101	491	16,363	3245
Boston.....	32,198	76,299	105,809
Portland.....	2,235	33,258	26,784	22,350
Montreal.....
Philadelphia.....	1,250	128,631	71,942
Baltimore.....	2,492	119,161	646,315
Total per week.....	116,877	855,585	1,381,667	491	43,047	25,595
Corresponding week of '78.....	78,568	1,612,241	820,900	29,377	183,534	24,027

13,560 bushels Barley.

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

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
January 5.....	11,068	102	1,050	23,223	26,241
December 29.....	10,619	160	1,135	21,330	23,235
December 22.....	11,590	289	1,250	29,845	33,874
December 15.....	10,301	329	1,590	28,890	32,273
Total 4 weeks.....	43,578	940	5,025	103,288	115,683
Corresponding 4 weeks 1878.....	39,797	393	3,695	136,539	174,171
Corresponding week 1878.....	9,160	35	509	15,181	40,445
Weekly average, 1878.....	10,933	142	2,098	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1877.....	8,560	76	925	23,557	37,537

*Live Hogs quoted \$4.75 to \$5.00 per 100 lbs.
*From New York Produce Exchange.

Musical.

A NATIONAL HYMN FOR AMERICA.

Mr. Gilmore (of Boston Jubilee fame) has undertaken to compose a hymn for America, which is intended to supersede "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other airs which have for some time past done duty on all state occasions. He is reported to have stated that the angels sang it to him as he lay on his couch, but we are inclined to think, judging from the composition itself, that what he imagined was a choir of angels, was in reality a band of Sunday-school children rehearsing "Rule Britannia" at a very slow tempo. We consider the music superior to the words, in which "prayer and awe" is made to rhyme with "America," and the Deity is besought to bless and "save," not the President, nor the people, but the country!

The hymn was publicly performed in New York by an immense choir and orchestra, Miss Thursby singing one verse as a solo, and the entire audience joining in the last verse. It is not every city in which thousands could be made to spend an entire evening and pay an admission fee in order to hear sixteen bars of commonplace music sung to words which are not only meaningless, but totally devoid of rhyme. However, as Mr. Elijah Pogram used to say, "we are a great people, and a mighty nation!"

THE NEW OPERETTA BY MESSRS. SULLIVAN AND GILBERT.

The Pirates of Penzance were the most ruthless and accomplished cut-throats who ever scuttled a White Star steamer. Their lair was a rocky place on the coast of Cornwall, remote enough for quiet and yet convenient business. With equal ease they could swoop from their hiding upon the Liverpool and New-York mail-packets, or cut out the full freighted argosies which ply between Boulogne and Folkestone in connection with the tidal trains of the South-Eastern Railway. Yet, as their Chief mournfully observed, somehow they never could make piracy pay. This unfortunate failure was due to the tenderness of their hearts. They were far too ready to spare the weak; and when they attacked the strong they always got thrashed. It was their rule to have mercy upon orphans. "Though we are Pirates," said the Chief, "we are not insensible to the promptings of humanity; we are orphans ourselves, and we know how it feels." The trouble was, it got about that they always spared orphans, and as a consequence every ship they captured was found (if the captives told the truth) to be manned and officered entirely by that interesting and afflicted class. Yet, as one of the Pirates remarked, it is certain that the British mercantile marine is not recruited exclusively from orphans.

It is with the picturesque ruffians of Penzance that the new comic opera by Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert has to do. The hero of the piece is a young man named Frederic, who was intrusted to a nurse in early childhood to be apprenticed to a Pilot. The good woman made a slight mistake, and the boy was firmly indentured to the band of Pirates—an error for which the nurse could hardly be blamed, since the words are so much alike.

The opera is in two acts. The first takes place in the Pirates' Lair, and when the action begins Frederic is within a few hours of the end of his apprenticeship. At 12 o'clock he will be twenty-one years of age. He informs the band that he is about to leave them forever. He loves, admires, reveres them as comrades; he detests them as Pirates, and it is his purpose to devote the remainder of his existence to their extermination. Of this resolve, since it is prompted by a sense of duty, the Pirates find it unreasonable to complain, and at the end of the act the separation accordingly takes place. Not, however, until there have been some stirring scenes. A bevy of charming girls, looking, in their high-waisted and short-skirted gowns, and their broad-hats, as pretty as a picture by Gainsborough, come tripping over the rocks, and prepare to amuse themselves by paddling in the water. They are caught with one shoe off, and their alarm is piquantly expressed in a hopping chorus, to which the Pirates contribute, being determined to get married immediately through the instrumentality of

A doctor of divinity
Located in the vicinity.

The discovery that all these girls are "Wards in Chancery and the daughters of a Major General" is quickly followed by the appearance of their military papa. This personage has been supplied with a rattling "patter-song" which can hardly fail of a great effect. Studded thick with scientific terms of tremendous length and difficulty, it recounts the accomplishments of the distinguished officer who seems to be thoroughly versed in astronomy, mathematics, natural history, and nearly all branches of science except, indeed, in military affairs. The rapid delivery of this song is occasionally interrupted in a highly, ludicrous manner by the General's hesitation for a rhyme. We shall not take the edge off the public enjoyment by disclosing the denouement of the first act; it is excessively droll; the music is brisk and taking; and we shall be surprised if the curtain does not fall amidst roars of laughter.

The second act, which passes in a Ruined Chapel by Moonlight, is full of surprises and of ludicrous incidents. The Nurse, Ruth (represented by the lady who has recently been playing *Little Buttercup*) divulges a dreadful secret, which places Frederic in the most deplorable of dilemmas. Far be it from us to tell the distressing story prematurely, or to describe the behaviour of the most excellent young man when a stern sense of duty suddenly obliges him to dash the cup of happiness from his lips. Without indiscretion, however, we may call attention to one or two scenes which are likely to provoke a great deal of amusement. There is a chorus of policemen, dressed in the uniform of the British "Bobby," and armed with clubs, upon which, being drawn up in line across the stage, they perform, as a refrain to a song, a sort of taran-tara, a trumpet-call before marching to battle with the Pirates. The song itself is excessively funny, and the tooting business ought to be a great addition to the effect. There is an admirable burlesque upon serious opera in a scene where the Pirates are hidden in one aisle of the chapel and the policemen in another, while the Major-General with his daughters occupy the nave. An elaborate concerted number is sung here, strophe and antistrophe alternating in strict order, and the music presumably (we have not heard this portion of it) proceeding by an intricate interweaving of parts, although the separate groups of personages are supposed to be unaware of one another's presence, and deaf to one another's swelling voices. The perfect solemnity of this performance blinds you at first to the wild impossibility of the situation. You must stop and think a moment before the full absurdity of it strikes you.

The characteristic charm of the work of these two English gentlemen is the preternaturally sober countenance with which they utter the rankest absurdities and show us the most ludicrous situations. The personages of their dramas are little exaggerated. They are familiar types, using familiar language and wearing a familiar dress. The music follows the familiar forms, and copies the devices of grand opera with conscientious care. Of course the contrast between the comicality of what is done and the serious manner of doing it immeasurably heightens the spectator's enjoyment. The essence of wit lies here. "Pinafore" is spoken of as amusing nonsense. It has always seemed to us something of a much more valuable quality than that. With "The Sorcerer," "The Pirates of Penzance," and other productions from the same accomplished pens, it constitutes a class of operetta entirely unique in English, and unknown in French. No writers for the musical stage understand so well as Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert how to combine a graceful and pleasant wit, and a delicate good-natured satire, with the spirit of pure fun and the humour of incongruity. It is notoriously unsafe to predict from the reading of a piece how it will act; but if Mr. Sullivan has been as fortunate with his score as Mr. Gilbert has been with his text, "The Pirates of Penzance" ought to give us many a delightful evening.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Chess.

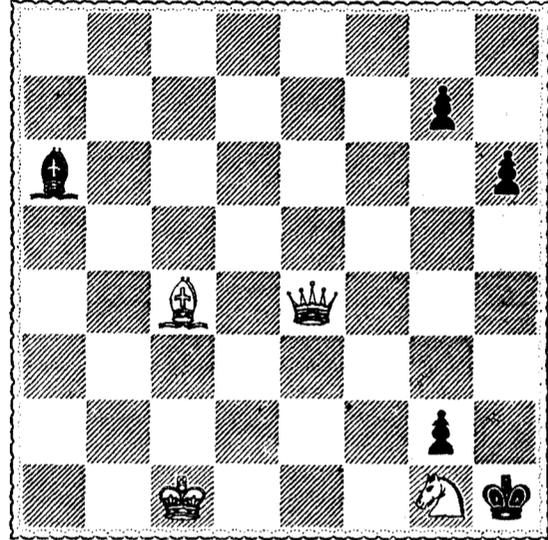
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, Jan. 17th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LV.

By Mr. Harry Boardman, Melrose, Mass. From *The Era*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LII.—British Chess Problem Association. Motto: *Chess is the Monarch, &c.* Kt to R 5.

Correct solution received from G.P.B., J.W.S.; "Black's helpless situation is rather suggestive of the first move."

GAME NO. I.

The first game in the Fifth American Chess Congress, played January 5th, 1880, by Messrs. Judd, Sellman and Ware in consultation against Messrs. Delmar, Mohle and Grundy. From *Turf, Field and Farm*.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Judd and allies.	Mr. Delmar and allies.	13 R to Q B sq	P to Q R 3	27 R P takes P	P takes P
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 P to Q R 3	B to Q 3 (d)	28 P takes P	Q to K B 6 (l)
2 K Kt to B 3	K Kt to B 3	15 Q to Q 2	Kt to K 2	29 B to K Kt 3	B takes Kt
3 Kt takes P	P to Q 3	16 P to K R 3 (e)	B to K B 4	30 B takes B (m)	Q takes P
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt takes P	17 P to K Kt 4	Kt to K 5	31 R to K 3	B to B 6
5 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	18 Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	32 B to R 7 (ch) (n)	K takes B
6 K B to Q 3	Kt to K B 3 (a)	19 Kt to K 5	Kt to Q 4	33 Q to Q 3 (ch)	K to Kt sq
7 Castles	B to K 2 (b)	20 P to K B 4 (f)	Q to K R 5 (g)	34 R takes B	R to K sq
8 P to Q B 4	P takes P (c)	21 K to R 2	Q R to Q sq (h)	35 R to K Kt sq	Q to K 3
9 B takes P	Castles	22 B to B 2	Q to K 2 (i)	36 B to B 6	Q to Q 3 (ch)
10 Kt to Q B 3	B to K Kt 5	23 B to B 4 (j)	Kt to Kt 3	37 K to Kt 2	Kt to Q 4
11 B to K 3	Q Kt to B 3	24 K R to K sq	B to Q 4	38 Q to K R 7 (ch)	K takes Q
12 B to K 2	P to K R 3	25 B to Q 3 (k)	Q to B 3	39 R to K R sq (ch)	Resigns.
		26 P to K R 4	P to K Kt 4		

NOTES, by Ch. Ed. Can. Spec.—(a) There is no occasion for this retreat, nor is it usual. It appears to leave the field open for White's advance, and B to K 2 or Q 3 at once keeps up the spirit of the opening.
(b) B to Q 3 is to our thinking quite as good, though not so orthodox. See *Wormald's Openings*.
(c) Castling seems to us better, for if P takes P, Kt or Q may take P, and White's isolated Q P can only be a source of weakness; and if P to Q B 5, though Black's K B may thereby be confined in its range, White's is almost equally so. The move made brings White's K B into powerful action.
(d) See note b.
(e) We believe White had a thoroughly sound game here by B takes K R P, for if P takes B, 17 Q takes P, and if Black capture the Kt, Kt P takes B, and the K R on Kt file must prove disastrous. The variations are instructive.
(f) A fine move and much better than P to B 3, though his game is thereby rendered hazardingly open.
(g) This was to be expected, but little can result from it. Black scarcely appears to feel the strength of White's Bs and Kt. If 20 Kt takes B, 21 Q takes Kt—B takes Kt, 22 B P takes B—B to Q 4, and, though White's game may be deemed preferable, Black's position is secure.
(h) This loses much valuable time. If either R is to be moved, would not K R to K sq be better?
(i) If Q to K B 3, B to K Kt 5 would render White's position unassailable.
(j) A very subtle move. If Black reply with P to Q B 3, White plays 24 K R to K sq, and if B move, White uncovers on the Q by Kt to Kt 6.
(k) The ramifications of this position are extremely beautiful, but we would certainly have played Kt to Kt 6 instead of the move in the text.
(l) Putting their hands on the cockatrice's den.
(m) Best, still keeping their K B P pegged down.
(n) From this point the termination is exceedingly interesting, and the mate beautifully conceived. The whole game is very instructive.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

WE HAVE received the *Huddersfield College Magazine* for January, and its contents are of a very interesting character. The leading article is from the pen of the veteran Alphonse Delannoy, on "The Literature of Chess," and it should commend itself to all chess players whose brains are not sodden with games and problems. The two sketches of himself and Arnous de Riviere are wittily and gracefully drawn, and are introduced as samples of how chess magazines may be made more attractive to general readers—which seems to be the object of the article. Mr. Delannoy admits "that to speak of others with impartiality and yet without wounding their self-esteem, is a very delicate task; but the very difficulty of it is a test of the talents of the author, and it is from this difficulty, successfully overcome, that his work acquires its value. * * * 'Life is a game of chess,' says Cervantes—an admirable saying which opens up alike to the philosopher and the moralist an unlimited sphere of observation and reflection. It affords the writer an opportunity of displaying the exactness of his insight, and of employing for its development and illustration all the resources of his mind, all the ornaments of which his style is capable, and all the poetical ideas which his inspirations may suggest. Addressing himself chiefly to lovers of the game, he will be sure to please them by skillfully touching those sensitive chords which vibrate in unison amongst them all. Records of the past, narratives, recollections, and fiction, ought all alike to turn in some way upon chess. The framework should have relation to some interesting game, some problem or scientific details, calculated to captivate the attention of the reader. At the same time due consideration must be had not only for the tastes and habits of the honourable fraternity of chess-players in general, but also for the variations in these which depend on the nationality of those immediately addressed in any particular composition."

FIFTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.—The play in the Grand Tourney is proceeding rapidly, and has created much excitement and interest by the success of Mr. Grundy of Manchester, who has defeated Mackenzie, Judd and Delmar. The score on Wednesday morning stood: Cohnfield, won 0, lost 7; Congdon, won 1½, lost 5½; Grundy, won 6, lost 1; Delmar, won 3½, lost 3½; Judd, won 5½, lost 1½; Mackenzie, won 5, lost 2; Mohle, won 5½, lost 1½; Ryan, won 1, lost 6; Sellman, won 5½, lost 1½; Ware, won 1½, lost 5½.



SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, will be received up to NOON on TUESDAY the TWENTY-SECOND day of JANUARY next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Grey Military Flannel, 36 inches wide, 5 oz. to the yard.	2,200 yds.
Brown Duck, 12 oz.	2,500 "
Woolen undershirts, full fashioned, (double breasted).	750 "
Woolen Drawers, full fashioned, (double seated by extra third of yam).	750 pairs.
Woolen Socks, long leg.	1,500 "
" Stockings, long leg.	750 "
" Mitts, long wrist.	500 "
Blue Artillery Cloth (shrink) 34 inches wide.	1,200 yds.
Scarlet Serge (shrink) 34 inches wide.	600 "
Scarlet Cloth (shrink) 34 "	600 "
White Serge lining.	500 "
Yellow Overall Lace.	2,000 "
Yellow Russia Braid.	2,000 "
Helmets, with spikes and chinstraps complete.	300 "
Forage Caps.	450 "
Buffalo Coats made from No. 1 Summer robes.	150 "
Waterproof Sheets, 4 ft. by 6 ft.	200 "
Moccasins, all Moose, large sizes, 6 inches high in leg.	500 pairs.
Kit bags.	100 "
Mosquito bars.	400 "
Gauntlets, Buckskin, unlined.	350 pairs.
" Teamsters, Deer skin, unlined.	100 "
Blankets, 10 lbs.	300 "
Towels, large, linen.	300 "
" small.	500 "
Nose Bags.	200 "
Curry Combs, Web handles.	300 "

MATERIAL FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS.
 Grained Leather, 18 to 22 feet each side. 285 sides.
 No. 1 Canadian Kip Skins, 10 to 12 lbs. each. 1,450 lbs.
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The skins must be neatly trimmed, have a good spread, and be free from holes.
 Patterns of all Articles, except Leather, may be seen at the Department.
 The Flannel, Brown Duck, Leather, Red and Blue Cloth, Red and White Serge, and Yellow Lace and Braid, to be delivered at the Penitentiary, Kingston, within six weeks of acceptance of contract.
 The other Articles to be delivered at Ottawa, not later than 1st April.
 Every article will be subject to examination and rejection if not fully equal to sample.
 Freight charges to Kingston or Ottawa, as the case may be, to be paid by the Contractor.
 Any Customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.
 Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned.
 Samples to accompany tenders.
 Tendere may be for the whole or any of the above Articles.
 The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.
 Payment for these supplies will be made on the 3rd July next.
 No payment will be made to newspapers inserting the above advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

J. S. DENNIS,
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.
 FRED. WHITE,
 Chief Clerk.
 OTTAWA, Dec. 22nd, 1879.

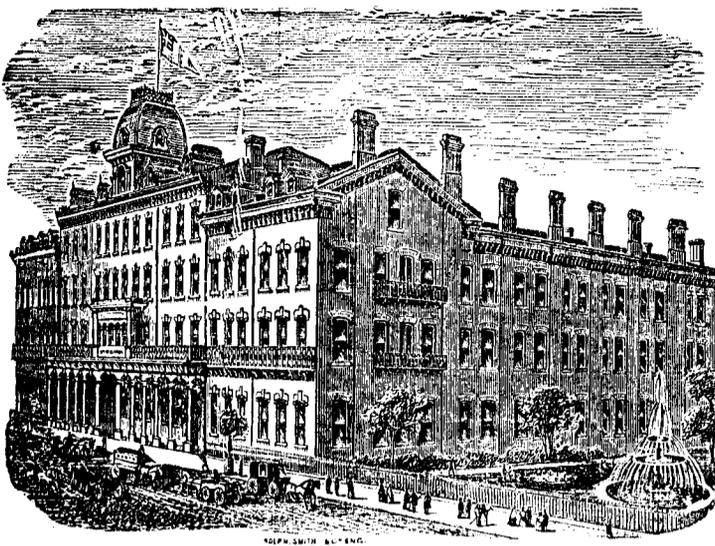


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- " Washeecootai do
- " Romaine do
- " Musquarro do
- " Pashasheeboo do
- " Corneille do
- " Agwanus do
- " Magpie do
- " Trout do
- " St. Marguerite do
- " Pentecost do
- " Mistassini do
- " Becscie do
- " Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- " Nouvelle do
- " Escumenac do
- " Malbaie (near Perce). do
- " Magdalen (South Shore). do
- " Montlouis do
- " Tobique (New Brunswick). do
- " Nashwaak do
- " Jacquet do
- " Charlo do
- " Jupiter (Anticosti Island). do
- " Salmon do

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 Tenders to state the price asked for the double voyage from Victoria to San Francisco and back, or vice versa, and payment will be made at Victoria quarterly.
 Stipulations of proposed contracts may be had at the Post Offices of Victoria, British Columbia, and Montreal, and at the offices of Messrs. Allan Brothers, Liverpool, and the Agent-General for Canada, 31 Queen Victoria Street, City of London.
 WILLIAM WHITE,
 Secretary.
 Post Office Department, Canada,
 Ottawa, 13th Nov., 1879.

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 C. J. BRYDGES,
 Land Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Co.
 Montreal, November, 1879.

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 FREDERICK STANCLIFFE,
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The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from this Office.
 The important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.
 F. C. IRELAND,
 CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

THE
STANDARD
LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
 (Established - - - 1825.)
 HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
 and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Total Risks, over - - - -	\$90,000,000
Invested Funds, over - - - -	25,000,000
Annual Income, over - - - -	3,750,000
Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - -	1,200,000
Investments in Canada, over - - - -	900,000

This well-known Company having
REDUCED THEIR RATES
 for Life Assurance in the Dominion, which has been accomplished by the investment of a portion of their funds at the higher rates of interest to be obtained here than in Britain, beg to direct the attention of the public to the fact that these rates now compare favourably with those charged by other First-class Companies.
 Prospectuses with full information may be obtained at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the Company's Agencies.
W. M. RAMSAY,
 Manager, Canada.

THE ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
 OF CANADA.
 Head Office, 260 St. James Street, Montreal.
 PRESIDENT: SIR A. T. GALT.
 VICE-PRESIDENT: JOHN RANKIN, Esq.

THE ACCIDENT is the only Purely Accident Insurance Company in Canada; its business is more than twice that transacted by all the other Canadian Companies combined; it has never contested a claim at law and is the only Canadian Company which has made the **Special Deposit with Government** for the transaction of Accident Insurance in the Dominion.
EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.

ELOCUTION.
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 Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.
 Private Lessons if preferred.
 Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.