

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 30.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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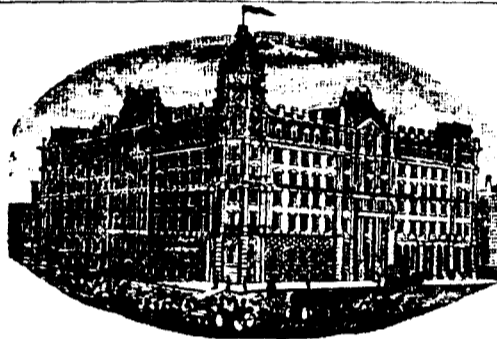
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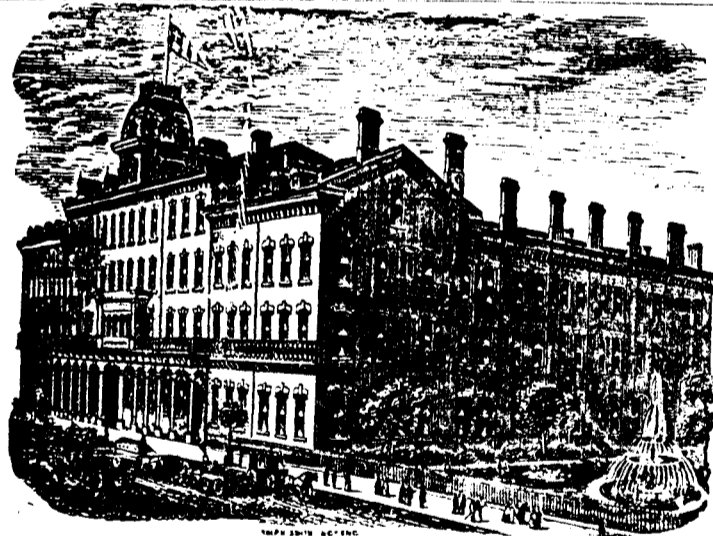


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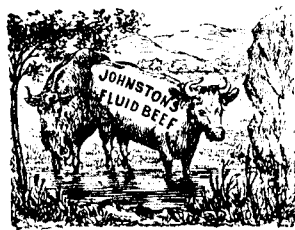
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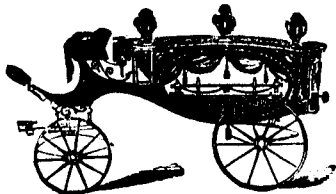
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

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It is pleasurable to report that our circulation increases steadily and surely, and we believe we are not over sanguine in anticipating that before the completion of Vol. II. the circulation with which we commenced the volume will have been doubled. Nor is it alone in Montreal and vicinity that the paper has a growing *clientèle*; we have readers in every section of the Dominion, for whose flattering encomiums we are indeed grateful. Being so widely read in the family, and circulating chiefly amongst householders of means, our columns offer a medium for advertisers which cannot be excelled, and of which they will doubtless be prompt to take advantage.

Our constant aim and endeavour will be to make the paper, in matter, manner and typography, attractive to the intelligent amongst our families, and to continue its acknowledged usefulness as a healthy, vigorous and high-class publication—ever active and anxious for the reform of abuses, yet courteous and forbearing; "with malice toward none and charity for all."

MANAGER.

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CAN'T OR WON'T.	MUSICAL.
	CHESS.

N.B.—During the summer months the SPECTATOR will be delivered free to subscribers residing in the country, who, as well as city subscribers who have changed their residence, are requested to send their new address to the Office, No. 162 St. James Street, to prevent irregularity in delivery.

THE TIMES.

THERE is not much of political interest going on in Canada just now. The Letellier matter hangs fire, and we can do no more than speculate as to what and when the end will be. Some say M. Letellier will be dismissed and Sir A. T. Galt appointed to the vacated place; but by the time we have half turned that over, the announcement is made that Sir John A. Macdonald is about to start for England, and intends taking Sir A. T. Galt along with him to assist in the negotiations for—nobody can tell what. Leading Conservatives on the streets, when asked what it is all about, wink mysteriously, as if to suggest a secret expedition to the North Pole, or the conquest of the United States, or the freedom of Ottawa to Mr. Amor de Cosmos. Conservative Editors throw out tantalizing hints of stern decisions and startling developments in the near future, while the general ruck and run of politicians and newspaper writers can only sigh and say, with a modest writer in the *Star*, "Behold we know not anything." It is a trying position to be in, for I, for one, would like to speak with authority on this question, and say what all this going to England means, and what is to happen to M. Letellier. But it is of no use to argue or speculate any further. Patience is the virtue to be cultivated in these days.

THE *Gazette* has announced that M. Letellier has been notified to quit office, and M. Robitaille to assume the same; but, although the tidings are probable enough, they have not been confirmed from headquarters. That they will be confirmed I have no doubt; there is nothing else for it. M. Letellier must lose his head. But it should be borne in mind that it is purely and simply the action of the Dominion Government. The Constitution was never involved in any way by the summary dismissal of M. DeBoucherville, and the dismissal of M. Letellier from the Lieut.-Governorship of the Province is not at the instance of the Home Government, but by the Ottawa Cabinet.

It is quite within the power of M. Letellier's successor to repeat M. Letellier's blunder. He is competent to dismiss M. Joly and demand that an appeal be made to the electors. It would be about as unwise a thing as he could do, for in all probability M. Joly would come back with an increased majority, and the *Bleus* would have to eat all their fine words about the glorious Constitution, and the whole Dominion would be kept in hot water, and if there should be a change of Government at Ottawa, the Lieut.-Governor of Quebec would have to suffer the loss of his official head, and other evils would crowd along with these named; so that while the Hon. M. Robitaille will have the power to repeat his predecessor's ill-advised *coup*, he had better let M. Joly and his colleagues alone.

AT last the financial statement for the Province of Quebec has been made, and we begin to see where we are. Had any private business been conducted in the way our governments have been conducting our financial affairs, there would be no two opinions as to the advisability of liquidations, but as Parliament can spend and borrow, according to their own sweet will, there is no question as to our solvency and credit. M. Langelier can hardly be called a success as a Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has put down some important items as "ordinary revenue," which clearly should have come under the head of extraordinary revenue. Some items of increase are just as plainly over-estimated. But the sins of M. Langelier are venial when it is considered upon what a heritage of iniquity the Joly Government was called upon to enter. The De Boucherville party had involved the Provinces in railway enterprises which had to be carried out, and made promises which had to be redeemed at enormous expense. The *Gazette* talks of M. Langelier's "impudent cooking of the Public Accounts," and "the climax of brazen-faced impudence," &c., but if the *Gazette* has forgotten, some others have not, the manner in which the De Boucherville party used to announce its new schemes and growing deficits. Was it to be expected that M. Joly could take hold of affairs which had been mal-administered in the interest of a "ring" for years, and make the needed reformatations in just a session? It was promised, I know; but in the heat of excitement, and the first flush of political triumph, promises are often made which cannot be afterward redeemed. There is an actual deficit of nearly \$700,000, but while M. Langelier has put down as ordinary revenue some important items which should not have appeared there, so has he had to put on the expenditure side large sums of money as railway expenses which cannot occur again.

TIDINGS from England are of a most depressing character. Sober-minded men are beginning to feel and say that there is something more serious to be done than the mere effort to retain or to get into power, and to look beyond the exigencies of the next political contest. The whole country is suffering from extreme commercial depression, and there is no appearance of returning prosperity. Even if a change should take place in British commerce, the rapid development of the import trade in meat must bring about a crisis in the condition of the agricultural population. While farmers could get a good price for beef and mutton, they could look calmly upon the low price of corn; but this compensation they are fast losing. The difficulty cannot be met by any moderate reduction of rents; and landlords can only afford a very moderate reduction if they are to live. Bankruptcy stares farmers and landholders alike in the face.

TO make bad worse and the outlook more hopeless, a series of rain-storms have been raging over Europe, destroying all hope of even half a good crop. While the British Isles seem to have suffered most from the deluge, reports show that devastating storms have swept away the crops in large portions of France and Germany. There cannot be a famine in England, for the country is yet enormously wealthy; but it is quite certain that the poor have entered upon a period of deep distress. Everywhere markets are dull, money is idle and enterprise is stopped.

THE best work the British Government could turn its hand to just now would be the promotion of emigration to this continent. While there is not much scope for commercial men to push their fortunes among us, and not much inducement for persons with money to invest in real estate, it is certain that farmers and general labourers have a better chance here than they can have in Great Britain. The workingman here has advantages denied to the workingman at home, and farmers who are wearied with the struggle against high rents and other disadvantages in England would do well unto themselves by transferring not only their capital but their labourers also to this country. There is plenty of room here for all who can work, especially for all who can till the soil; and it is to be earnestly hoped that Sir John A. Macdonald will get the ear of the British Government and get them to co-operate with the Government of this Dominion in promoting emigration.

THE state of British finances is by no means cheering. The first quarter of the fiscal year has passed, and it is found that there has been a reduction in the yield of Customs and Excise of £625,000 as compared with the corresponding quarter last year. Although it is not likely that the drop will continue so severe through the rest of the year as it has been in the first quarter, it is evident that Sir Stafford Northcote's Budget estimate cannot be realized. I O U's have been floated in the blindest faith that something would turn up in favour of the Chancellor, but at present there is no prospect of coming good fortune—only the certainty that expenditure is growing.

AND so our brothers who love liberty and equality and Jack-is-as-good-as-his-masterism so much are going to persecute the Jews out of the fashionable society wishing to congregate at Coney Island. Mr. Corbin, president of the Manhattan Beach Company has discovered that the Jews "are a pretentious class who expect three times as much for their money as other people," and "that they are driving away the class of people who are beginning to make Coney Island the most fashionable and magnificent watering-place in the world." But it is evident that the president has some personal pique which he intends to gratify, for he announces that he would rather "sink" the two millions invested in the railway and hotel than have a single Israelite enjoy the advantage of its attractions. In fact, Mr. Corbin has mixed up business and revenge in a most bewildering way. But the general result is eminently unsatisfactory when considered from the point of view of liberalism. If the Jews expect "three times as much," &c., they should be dealt with individually. Mr. Corbin has only to fix his tariff for travel or board, and stick to it. Evidently cads have become numerous as a class in New York, and Mr. Corbin is making a bid for their patronage. Speaking off-hand, I would rather mix with the Jews of Coney Island than with Mr. Corbin and his "fashionables."

Napoleonism has never invented anything since *Le Petit Corporal* invented the Emperor. He began his career as an ardent admirer of the Republican form of Government; when commanding in Egypt, he caused the Republican New Year's Day to be celebrated, and wrote to the Directory in jubilant style of the glorious fête; when Consul, he wrote to the Council of Five Hundred:—"Citizen representatives,—Two great epochs have existed in the Revolution—the 14th of July triumph of liberty and the first Vendémiaire. This last date consecrates the souvenir of the 10th of August. These imperishable dates are received by all Frenchmen with unanimous transports, and awaken no recollections to excite division among the friends of the Republic." But the man who gloried in the 14th of July taking of the Bastille, and the 10th of August storming of the Tuileries, lived to say:—"I was born a Republican, but destiny and the opposition of Europe made me an Emperor." Although it was on the whole the worst piece of work destiny and opposition ever accomplished, and although those two are no longer in alliance for the benefit of Napoleonism, it is evident enough that the new representative of the house and its fortunes intends to pursue the old policy. With ease and skill Prince Jerome Napoleon has broken with his own political and social creeds and manners to wait upon destiny and the capricious temper of his countrymen.

WILL there be a fusion of interests between the Orleanists and the Bonapartists? It seems not at all unlikely. Prince Napoleon has declared himself a Republican so long as France may desire to have a Republic, but whenever there is a chance for a king, Prince Napoleon will step forward. The Orleanists are not so tractable, and have no such faith in popular judgment. They prefer a Monarchy, even a Bonapartist, to the Republic, and would sacrifice themselves to the Imperial cause. The educational bill which M. Jules Ferry is trying to get through the Houses will rally the clericals to the help of the Bonapartists. But MM. Grevy and Gambetta are vigilant watchdogs—they know the tactics of those Imperialists, and may be trusted to preserve the Republic from the enemies of popular liberties.

M. ROUHER will not find it difficult to carry out his announced intention of retiring from public life. His relations with Prince Napoleon are none of the happiest, nor are they likely to improve. Four or five

years ago he succeeded in excommunicating the Prince from the Councils at Chiselhurst, and since then, as was to be expected, Jerome and the ex Vice-Emperor have had no friendly feelings towards each other. Unless the Prince shall astonish his friends by an exhibition of the Christian grace of forgiveness, M. Rouher will be allowed an opportunity for seeking the rest he so eagerly desires.

HERE is a wonderful specimen of fine cool writing. It occurred in a despatch to the *Witness*, telling of the sad disaster to the S. S. "State of Virginia." "Leaving Halifax at 3:30 on Friday, she reached the Island at 3 on Saturday without any loss of time. All the passengers and a part of the crew, making a total of seventy-nine, embarked. Among the number was Quarter-Master John Stewart, who had his hand smashed between two boats. This was the *only mishap beyond the sad loss of nine lives, resulting from the capsizing of the surf boat.*"

To my untrained but interested eyes the game of Lacrosse played last Saturday between the Montreal and Shamrock teams was a brilliant affair. The skill and endurance of all the players were simply wonderful. But there were some faults very apparent. First of all, the members of the Montreal Club seemed—with one or two exceptions—to be afraid of their opponents. Probably they have not yet forgotten the old days of Shamrock roughness, and expected to encounter it again; but all that is changed. The Shamrocks play a fair game, and they should have credit for it. After the second game the Montrealers shook off their nervousness, and showed that they had a right to expect the Championship. On the whole, they seemed to me the best men at the game. Another fault—I still speak as one who knows but a little of the game—the Montrealers seemed to lack that confidence in each other which must be needful to success. The Shamrocks trusted each other, and played into each other's hands; but their opponents appeared to trust each to himself alone, and the team was consequently weakened.

But why need certain gentlemen mar the general harmony and enjoyment by offensive displays of bad taste and worse temper? The game of lacrosse is among the most interesting of our athletic sports, and is well countenanced by the peaceful and respectable in the community. But that will soon cease to be the case if we are subjected to many such disgraceful proceedings as those thrust upon our eyes and ears last Saturday. I am not questioning the decision of the referee in the dispute which occurred during the last game, for I am not competent to give so much as an opinion; and I am bound to accept Mr. Barney's statement that he was not financially interested in the success of the Shamrocks; but when an official places himself before the grand stand, and talks loudly and offensively of his "solid wealth," and shakes his bank-notes in the faces of the spectators, with vulgar offers to bet on the result of the play, it is not too much to say that such conduct can only bring the game into disrepute, and keep away those who are interested in such displays of athletic skill, but will not pay the price incurred by mixing with such questionable characters. Still worse was it when the captain of the Shamrock Club so far lost control of himself as to use disgraceful language, and to challenge a general crowd to step down and fight him. The Shamrocks need no such championship as that, and it can only breed bad blood and violence. Why should this villainous betting come into it at all? The game is a fine and manly one—many of us are glad of the excitement and relaxation the sight of it affords; but why should this devil of gambling be allowed to shadow us all the time? Any official offering to back his side with money should be dismissed by the Committee of the Club, and the members and the public should persistently frown the evil custom down.

The Shamrocks must redeem themselves from the imputations under which they suffer on account of the habit their umpires seem to have contracted of disputing the game. I would suggest that in future championship matches there be two umpires and a referee at each end, and a general or deciding referee as now. That would certainly simplify matters and give confidence to the players and the public.

The Court of Enquiry into the circumstances of the death of Prince Louis Napoleon has concluded its work, and says:—

"The Court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey did not understand the position in which he stood to the Prince, and in consequence failed to estimate aright the responsibility which fell to his lot. Quartermaster-General Harrison states in evidence that Lieutenant Carey was in charge of the escort, while Lieutenant Carey, alluding to the escort, says: 'I do not consider that I had any authority over it after the precise and careful instructions of Lord Chelmsford, stating, as he did, the position the Prince held, and that he was invariably to be accompanied by an escort in charge of an officer.' The Court considers that such difference of opinion should not have existed between officers of the same department.

"Secondly, the Court is of opinion that Lieutenant Carey is much to blame in having proceeded on duty with part of the escort detailed by the Quartermaster-General. The Court cannot admit the plea of irresponsibility on Lieutenant Carey's part, inasmuch as he himself took steps to obtain the escort, and failed. Moreover, the fact that the Quartermaster-General was present on Itelezi Ridge gave Lieutenant Carey the opportunity of consulting him on the matter, of which he failed to avail himself.

"Thirdly, the Court is of opinion that the selection of the kraal where the halt was made, surrounded as it was by a cover for the enemy, and the adjacent difficult ground, showed lamentable want of military prudence.

"Fourthly, the Court deeply regrets that no effort was made to rally the escort and show a front to the enemy, where, by possibly aiding those who had failed to make good their retreat, the enemy might have been ascertained."

I do verily believe that a more imbecile "finding" was never published by a court-martial. Quartermaster General Harrison considered that Lieut. Carey was in charge of the escort; while Carey considered himself as under the command of the Prince. The reports of the sad event come in there as evidence; who actually commanded? Clearly the Prince Imperial. He commanded the halt, having selected the kraal; he gave the word to saddle the horses—prepare to mount, and was in fact the officer in charge of the reconnoitring party. Common sense and fair play will acquit Lieut. Carey of any direct responsibility for a disaster which all deplore, but which will be in no way lessened by bringing false and preposterous charges against an innocent man.

Telegrams say that Dr. Talmage will remain in England if he can get a call, for he has discovered that Mr. Spurgeon is growing feeble, and is losing power with the masses, and in consequence England is *ripe* for such a preacher as Dr. Talmage. Change the word *ripe* into the word *rotten* and I could believe the statement.

EDMUND YATES, of the *World*, is not very exact in the manner in which he communicates news to his readers—for Sir John is still in Canada—but Edmund is a man of a fine fancy, as my readers will see from the following:—

"Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Prime Minister, who has just arrived in town, is likely to create a good deal of sensation in society, for reasons other than any connected with his mission. The Canadian Premier supplies a likeness to Lord Beaconsfield which is almost bewildering in its exactitude. If Sir John, having nearly observed our Premier's dress, were to possess himself of a costume of the same make, and were to walk into the House of Lords, none of the doorkeepers would think of stopping him, whilst the Marquis of Salisbury might be expected gently to press the hand of his dear friend and enquire after the gout. Consciously or unconsciously, Sir John assists nature with a few touches of art. He wears his hair precisely as Lord Beaconsfield wears his, or rather as the Premier wore his when he was about eight years younger. His face is closely shaven, and its whole shape, colour, and expression are phenomenally like Lord Beaconsfield. Nor is the similitude confined to physical features. Sir John Macdonald has many of the social and political qualities of Lord Beaconsfield. He is witty and graceful in conversation, epigrammatic in Parliament, and audacious in politics."

AT last we have some cheerful news from the Cape. Lord Chelmsford has found his way to King Cetewayo's principal kraal, killed a thousand of his braves at the expense of a dozen Europeans, and sent fourteen thousand Zulus flying. By all accounts it was a great fight, and will cover Lord Chelmsford with glory. It looks as if the Zulus had lost their hearts and their assegais, still—it was a great fight, and King Cetewayo has paid the penalty of daring to defend his territory against the sacred cause of British aggression. Now for a general election, and glory to the Earl of Beaconsfield. EDITOR.

BRITISH CONNECTION AND CANADIAN POLICY.

No. III.

Is Protection in Canada something so opposed to the interests of England that we are guilty of treason to the Empire in adopting it? Admitting it to be good for Canadian interests, is it bad for British interests, say to such an extent as to warrant the rise of an unfriendly feeling at home towards the colony? That is the question which I propose to answer.

It is an old proverb that "two of a trade can never agree," and the nearer alike the trades of any two are, the more competition and the less agreement will there be between them. The blacksmith and the waggon-maker work to each other's hands when together, but when we have two blacksmiths side by side, or two waggon-makers, then there is competition and rivalry. Now, it so happens that, owing to natural circumstances, and the fact of this being a new country, our manufactures are mostly *like* those of the United States, and *unlike* those of England. The various branches of production which Canadians "take to" and develop, are all, or nearly all, such as have already been developed in the States. We cannot lay much claim to originality; we start here the same industries that have before been started over the border, and we either buy or copy American machines to work with; except in the case of cotton and woollen machinery, which we get mostly from England. But, even with English machinery, we make cotton cloth as they do in Massachusetts, and not as they do in Lancashire. Our boot and shoe factories are simply copies of the great establishments at Lynn and Haverhill; and in making agricultural machinery we take our models from the States of New York, Ohio, and Illinois. Our patterns of stoves we get from Troy, the birth-place of the base-burner, perhaps from Buffalo or New York city. The scythes, hoes, and hayforks that we make are of American design, the clumsy English articles would not be used by any Canadian, except on compulsion. The sewing-machine industry, having been started in the States, was quickly begun here too, though its introduction into England is very slow, and not particularly successful. We build our river and lake steamers on the American, and not on the English model. In the domain of morals, manners and politics, we are largely under English influences, but our material civilization is American, not European. We follow English precedents in law, but we build and work our railways on the American plan. We have almost a slavish respect for English opinion, and we import our opinions from the old land almost as we do our books, but we either copy or buy American machines for the greater part of our manufacturing operations. And out of all these circumstances grows the remarkable case in which we find ourselves.

Our material conditions, and the requirements peculiar to a new country, as is this region of the North American Continent, make us fall into the same industrial grooves as our neighbours—our only actual *neighbours*, as we may call them. The things that we produce and have to sell are in great part the same as the productions and wares of the States nearest to our border. These States on one hand, and the Provinces on the other, are emphatically "two of a trade." We are making the same articles, and working on the same industrial lines as the Americans. Hence we are competitors of theirs rather than customers; or, let us say, we were customers of theirs under semi-Free Trade, but will become competitors under Protection. We can remain customers of theirs only through failure to improve our opportunities, and to develop our own resources. That we should continue their customers presupposes that Canada is to stand still and to make no progress; surely not the proper destiny of the Dominion. By so much as we progress in arts, manufactures, and production generally, do we become less dependent upon our neighbours, and more self-sustaining as a people. The most extraordinary folly is talked about the extension of our trade with the United States as something desirable. Imagine that the genii of an Aladdin's lamp were some fine morning to show us all our factories and foundries, with the entire population sustained by them, taken hence and set down over the border. Our imports from the States would be vastly increased, because we would have to buy there what we are now making at home. So also would be our exports thither of farm produce, because, our town and village population being reduced, we would have the more food to dispose of. There would be an enormous increase in our foreign *trade*, more imports and more exports, though the Dominion would be demonstrably poorer by millions upon millions. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the foolish idea that foreign trade, or the mere

carrying backward and forward of commodities, is necessarily a means of wealth. Say that we imported each year a million dollars' worth of goods from the State of New York, and sent thither the same value of farm produce. In this large exchange there would be profit more or less for individuals; but the Dominion would be much better off if the capital owners and the actual producers of the goods were added to our own population, and if their requirements absorbed the million dollars' worth of produce which before we had exported. Wherein lies the benefit of our buying American wheat and flour, when we have a surplus of our own? The fall wheat of Ontario is exactly like that of Michigan and New York, and the spring wheat of Manitoba is exactly like that of Minnesota. The cotton goods made at Montreal and Cornwall are exactly like *some* of those made at Lowell or Fall River; we say "some," because the Americans make some lines which we have not yet begun upon. There is reason in our import of raw cotton from the South, because we cannot grow it in Canada, and the exchange of our lumber and fish for tropical products is proper and natural. But for grain-growing Canada to have a grain trade with Illinois, except for transportation to European markets, or for Montreal to import from Massachusetts cotton goods that we can make here as well as the down-easters can make them there, is carrying commodities long distances to no purpose. With as much reason might two blacksmiths make horse-shoes for each other; the *trade* thus carried on would bring no real profit. We should have but little trade, comparatively, with the border States, for the reason simply that we are producing and making the same articles that they are. And, as before remarked, to the extent that we advance and progress, our purchases from these States, relatively to wealth and population, must diminish. There is not much opening for trade between two fishing villages, for instance, or between two villages both sustained by the milling and flouring business. But between one of the former and one of the latter there is an opening for trade, because each has to sell what the other wants. In other words, they are not competitors, but natural customers to each other.

Now, it would not be correct to say that there is no natural basis of trade between these Provinces and the Northern States; that would be too sweeping. Canadian fish are wanted in New York, and even grain-producing Ontario might find some advantage in the importation of Illinois corn. But in a general way it is true that, working mostly on the same lines, and producing the same articles, we and our neighbours are naturally competitors, and not customers of each other. What opening, for instance, is there for a sugar trade between Cuba and Demerara, or for a fish trade between Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and Gloucester, in Massachusetts? Or can we imagine Preston and Blackburn, in Lancashire, doing a profitable cotton trade with each other? These instances may help to bring home to the mind the fact that diversity of production is the true basis of trade and exchange. Where the diversity of production is founded on *natural* causes, as between Quebec and Jamaica, it is permanent; but where founded merely on circumstances of man's creation, as on the development of the cotton manufacture earlier in the States than in Canada, it is temporary only, and liable at any time to disappear through the progress of the country that was behind at the start. The fundamental error of the Free Traders is that they confound differences of production merely accidental and temporary with those which are natural, and therefore permanent. Hence a clever Frenchman, Bastiat, has left us pages upon pages of the merest twaddle, written to prove what nobody denies, that division of labour is profitable, that the tailor should make coats for the shoemaker, while the latter should make shoes for the tailor. Bastiat deserves to be called stupid for having missed the fact that though the individual cannot be Jack-of-all-trades—baker and candlestick-maker all at once, the nation furnishes individuals for each separate trade all through. There is just as complete a division of labour in a cotton factory in Montreal as in a Lancashire factory, and the same remark holds good in many other lines of manufacture. What the Canadian Bastiat has to do, if he can, is to show that because the Americans did in some branches get the start of us in point of time, we are therefore to fold our hands and let them keep that much ahead of us as long as grass grows and water runs. But it is not enough to say that these Provinces and the States nearest them are now very much alike in industry and production. We must realise the further and *very* significant fact that the likeness in *manufacturing* production is increasing every year. It *must* increase all the time, or else we are driven to the alternative that Canada is not to progress at all. Our new National Policy must inevitably give a great impetus to the process of increasing likeness, by starting

in Canada many industries before unknown here, and expanding others already established. Our competition with the States is as nothing yet to what it must inevitably be in the future. There is absolutely no escape from the conclusion that we are destined to become less customers to our neighbours, and more competitors with them. But what has all this to do with our commercial relations to England? We shall see.

Argus.

"IF THE N. P. SHOULD FAIL, WHAT THEN?"

A very reasonable and exceedingly opportune question that you have asked. Why should it not be answered? One great cause of our dwarfed nationality to-day is this backwardness to discuss public questions. Till we learn to do this, there can be no healthy public sentiment to influence public men. Our party leaders initiate a policy and the people chime in by intuition, and thus take no part in a Government which claims popular responsibility and nothing less. I blame our Press very much for this; and think it a matter for congratulation that the SPECTATOR has opened a channel for discussion which most of our papers have declined.

When the last important event in our history (Confederation) was first broached, I can recall very little public discussion on the matter. The necessity for some great change pressed itself upon our public men, and the thing became a fact, and the country gave a passive acquiescence without bothering themselves about details, willing to give it a trial. No one will pretend to say that it has proved a success, and every reflecting mind feels to-day that things are not as they should be; but, like good citizens, are waiting to see *if the N. P. fail, what then?* We all look to the manufacturing interests for the surest indication of prosperity. Supposing we have touched "hard pan," what have we got to build much expectation on for the future? Have not the last four years of shrinkage cleaned out the bulk of the capital invested in manufactories? and where is the fresh capital to come from to start the new ones? What sane man with \$50,000 in cash would invest in manufactories in Canada to-day, and take his chances of the present tariff remaining intact for five years? The changes in the fiscal policy of the country have been very great, and the success of the N. P. still to be proven. *If it fail, what then?*

Even the sugar interest, which is the largest and best fostered under the new order of things, think it prudent to protect themselves under a joint stock organization with limited liability in case of a new shuffle. So with the cotton manufacturers, who, having so manfully struggled in the past, are now bound to such enlargement, that before five years are over they will be eating each other up.

In seeking for the cause of our difficulties, I find it in our faulty geography. Our condition is an anomalous one. Shut out from the seaboard six months in the year, with a long attenuated strip extending East and West 2000 miles, we have as great variability of interests as of climate. If this strip of country ran North and South, how changed would be our destiny, and it therefore seems to me preposterous that the laws of trade applicable to other countries should have any appropriateness to Canada with our peculiar territorial conformation. Free-trade may be good for Britain, but quite the reverse for the United States, which produce everything a nation requires, and could flourish if a Chinese wall was built around their entire seaboard. Such a condition in Britain would be instant starvation to her millions; and applied to Canada, although we would not starve, many would have to eat oatmeal and maple sugar. "Canada for Canadians" would be our motto, and in a very few years our aspirations would become as Lilliputian as our resources. But is it right or desirable that the energies of our people should be stunted in this way? It is the spirit of emulation amongst nations, as amongst individuals, which spurs to great achievements that better the world, and be assured Canadians will never submit to such subordinate nationality.

Now, it is patent to all that our country is heavily in debt, and getting more so every year. Is it not wise to ask ourselves whether there is a relative increase in our ability to pay? Why not apply the same rule to our condition as a nation that a sensible merchant does in reviewing his business? If he keeps piling up his liabilities, he must have resources to draw upon, or cave in; it is merely a question of time. Now, just glance at Canada's prospects. We have given away our only really available asset,—the Fisheries. Our greatest staple (lumber) is conceded to be pretty well used up; our really valuable mineral deposits are unavailable for want of a market; our petroleum and phosphates would be valuable anywhere out of Canada; so that I don't see a single source of revenue which can be made available to meet our accumulating expenditure. As to our cereals, the surplus that Ontario sells, Quebec and the Lower Provinces have to buy. With these facts before us, while we are willing to give the N. P. a fair trial, we are not over sanguine that it will relieve us, and why not ask ourselves—*What then?*

If my premises are correct, it is evident we must get the United States market. It is simply madness to think of seeking outlets in foreign countries where our products would have to compete with the natural obstacles of increased freight, &c. &c., to say nothing of the artificial ones, while we have a

kindred people at our very doors who will take everything we can give them. Nature is not responsible for the barriers to free intercourse; Governments are. These facts all our public men know and feel, but seemingly shrink from promulgating them. It is their interest, and perhaps an excusable dignity which restrains the public acknowledgment of our helplessness; but rest assured that the time has come when an observing and suffering people will no longer burke the question, and it remains for an intelligent Press to lead and control public opinion, rather than follow it.

I look upon the N. P. as a step in the right direction, indicating our right to protect ourselves as the first consideration in any policy, and as it will, in the very nature of things, assuredly fail of its object, why, *What then?* We will have to take another step forward, and thus gradually, but surely, accomplish our destiny, be it a commercial union, independence, or anything else that will give our people scope for their pent-up energies, release us from our present tutelage, and make us a great and prosperous nation. Who will say there is disloyalty in such a wish? It is only the shakings of a Hanlan, throwing off his encumbrances—winning the race and receiving the world's plaudits of his prowess. So Canada would imitate her worthy son, and true to her destiny, asks but a fair field and no favour.

Progress.

THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

It must be a matter of regret to every right-minded man that unseemly discussion has already arisen to imperil the existence of this new adventure. I am an Episcopalian, and have always regarded the movement with an apprehension that it would come to grief. Without doubt there are many estimable and conscientious men among the promoters of the scheme in Montreal and elsewhere; but, from observation of their public utterances and private conversations, in which I hoped I might at least find some solid reasoning, I had come to the conclusion that it was more a fight about little words than anything else. Moreover, it seemed that those who seceded from the old teachings, and attempted to found this (apparently) ill-starred movement, were the crotchety, recalcitrant members of their congregations, corresponding, as nearly as may be, with that party in the French Chamber of Deputies, which for want of a better name was called "The Irreconcilables." Another trouble has been (as was clearly demonstrated in the SPECTATOR of July 5th) that the ministers of the new church were also discontented men who had not proved over-loyal to their respective banners. It was scarcely possible that such an ill-assorted piece of machinery should get far on its journey without running off the track; but, as I have said, it cannot but be regarded as an unfortunate circumstance that the body in this city should have set about washing their dirty linen in public.

I am not quite sure that the young barque has not been over-officered; anyhow, judging from an announcement in Bishop Fallows' paper, *The Appeal* (a copy of which occasionally reaches me), I can scarcely conclude that the Bishops are over-modest men:—

"Portraits of the Bishops of the Reformed Episcopal Church, cabinet size, sent (post paid) to any address on receipt of 50 cents each, or \$2.50 for the eight. In order that *The Appeal* may be put into the hands of every member of our Church, we give photographs to every subscriber, who designates his selection, *The Appeal* for one year, with the eight portraits, for \$2.50."

I am, however, forced to the conclusion that as "submission to authority" was one of the points in the old order of things which the *Reformers* objected to, so, true to their text, this is still a bone of contention with them. In these days of talk of annexation to the United States, it is cheering to find that our fellow citizens, the congregation of St. Bartholomew's Church, "almost unanimously have withdrawn from the American jurisdiction of Bishop Fallows, and placed ourselves under Bishop Gregg, as the most natural course for us as British subjects," &c. &c., thus pursuing a "National Policy" in ecclesiastical matters.

A Pastoral letter has been promulgated by the Presiding Bishop (Nicholson), calling a Convention to assemble at Ottawa on the 30th instant, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the formation of a Synod, and also (such Synod having been formed) of proceeding to nominate to the General Council the man of their choice as Bishop"; and in opposition to this, a singularly ungrammatical and ill-constructed Circular has been issued, "in behalf of the Vestry and Congregation of St. Bartholomew's R. E. C. of Montreal, in accordance with the Resolution unanimously passed by the congregation and vestry." Without expressing an opinion on the matters in dispute, it may be said that the circular (however loyal it may be) exhibits the most unfortunate and determined disregard for the Queen's English, Christian modesty, and common sense.

The following extract from this document, with reference to the proposed election of a Bishop, may be taken as a specimen of the whole:—

"It is truly lamentable to behold two Bishops (from the United States) come to Canada and try to stir up in a very unchristian manner, animosity against a brother Bishop—not because of doctrinal teaching, or any disagreement as to his mode of Episcopal work, but because of a simple jurisdiction, and England's title of Primate in the United Kingdom, and against our worthy Pastor, because he happens to be a British subject and an *Irishman* who, like ourselves, glories in the *highest principles of Equity above all things*. Finding that their prejudice has carried them to the length of requesting a meeting of delegates for the 30th instant at Ottawa, to consider the propriety of electing a Bishop for Canada. This step being taken so hastily on their part naturally implies a fear that Bishop Gregg might send a

delegate or come himself to Canada to place before us his side of the case, and so they desire to forestall such a possibility. Therefore, we, as Christian brothers, do wish from our hearts to simply caution you in season on this point, and say, as you must desire fair play, pause a little before you decide in this matter, lest we all fall into a similar position as did Bishop Gregg and his followers at the hands of the same American Bishops.

"No serious inconvenience can possibly arise by being most careful, and in that light we simply suggest that you should delay the time for electing a Bishop until you have more positive knowledge of our true position and requirements, and know something of the person that may be presented to us for such an important and lasting position, and that he be in every respect well qualified in all the essentials that should adorn a worthy Christian Bishop. For it certainly is of the first importance for the welfare of our Church, that we make a judicious selection at the start; consequently we think that it is not too much to say that we can continue for six or twelve months longer without a Bishop, rather than jeopardise our true interests by a too hasty election, as by such delay personal intercourse may prove of the greatest importance in securing the proper person, and also the peace and prosperity of our Church as a whole, which was so happily organized by the late Reverend Bishop Cummins. Remember that union is strength—also that most of our pastors have been sent here from the United States, while the congregations are British subjects. Therefore, there will be a natural divergence of interests between pastors and congregations under existing circumstances. While we contemplate the position, we feel it our duty and privilege to place these facts before our fellow-laymen in order to secure united action on their part, because, after all, they are most concerned, and should be most careful.

"It would be a sad spectacle to see our Church divided up in Canada; some claiming the jurisdiction of Great Britain, others that of the United States and, possibly, others that of Canada—pure and simple. As British subjects we most naturally prefer that authority whence all that governs us emanates; and as we are credibly informed that Bishop Gregg intends to establish a R. E. C. in every city in this Dominion, we hail the announcement with great pleasure, and earnestly hope that you will seriously consider all these facts.

It is a sad spectacle to see a church "divided up" anywhere; but when division is based upon such trivial ground as that of "jurisdiction," and when it is accompanied with the use of such strong language and damaging charges against the personal character of some of its leaders, it becomes a source of pain and shame. Since Athanasius roused the worst passions of those within the church, and the fierce scorn of those without, by his theological invectives, members of the Christian community have manifested an unvarying aptitude for promoting internal differences; and the Reformed Episcopalians of these latter days promise to be no whit behind their forefathers. It can hardly be that disputations are needful to church life; nor can it be to the spiritual advantage of any body of believers to make pompous pretensions to be the purest and most ancient of churches. Such pretensions call for no arguments in rebuttal, only for a word of gentle remonstrance. The gentlemen who issued the circular would have done well in consulting a writer of English, and still better in cultivating a spirit of modesty.

I have expressed no opinion on the question in dispute between the Bishops and the congregation of St. Bartholomew's, simply because it has somehow been made a little obscure to outsiders; but as to religious controversy, I will set an example worthy of all imitation, by saying nothing about it, further than to refer the curious in such matters to the tomb of Sir Henry Wotton, in the chapel at Eton, whereon is the following inscription:—"Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus auctor: *Disputandi pruritus Ecclesiæ scabies.*" Here lies the first author of this sentence: "*The itch of disputation is the scab of the Church.*"

Laticus.

"CONVENTIONALITY vs. INDIVIDUALITY."

It is a very fascinating and instructive amusement, no doubt, to search into,—nay, revel in the follies which women commit through their slavery to Fashion. But are men much in advance of them? Certainly dress is to man, not so much of a passion. But there are other phases of masculine life in which conventionalism almost completely kills individuality.

Just as women have so little confidence in their own individuality that they prefer to trust to "Fashion" in the matter of dress, so men, doubtful of the Truth which is in them, if wrought out into life, would find shape in anything either useful or beautiful, take refuge in conventionalities. Hence result what are called business "cliques," social "clubs," and political "parties." In these what is individual and natural to the leader becomes merely fashion in most of the followers. Men clothe themselves with a form of thought which is not their own, but an imitation of some real thinker who could hardly repress his individuality from finding expression, even if he longed to do so.

Such fashions, peculiar to the "lords of creation," exercise a very powerful lordship over them. Look at business cliques, for instance. To enter any of these a man must look business-like. In England he must be careful that in externals he is respectable, but not foppish. He must look grave, as if wholly occupied with weighty transactions. His place of business must have the regulation musty, grave, oppressed, and oppressive look; and he and his employees must be conventional and precise in their hours of attendance. He must lunch or dine at conventional hours—must look calm and dignified externally, though internally hurried and worried to the verge of distraction. He must, in fact, sink the individual and become one of a class.

This form varies according to nationality. Take the neighbouring nation, for instance. No doubt the original American merchant took a humorous view of trade, liked his business, enjoyed it, and felt like a schoolboy at play, and so now his follower *has to be* funny on 'Change, whether he feels like it or no. He must be always animated, festive, and in a hurry. Even his conventional drinks at the bar he must bolt hurriedly, drop his sarcastic joke like a leaden bullet, and then be off like a shot, as though a man with a big cheque were waiting for him round the corner.

Canada is not without its business conventionalities either. Here the business man must rejoice in much and long continued hard work. He must positively gloat over it, in itself considered, without regard to any usefulness there may be in, or through, or by it. He must partake of the Englishman's gravity during the hours of labour, and of the Yankee's grim jocularity during recess. He must talk large of his power of work and his triumphs over competitors, or his clique will think he is ashamed of himself and is not succeeding; and then said clique will "go back on him," dropping hints of warning to each other which will affect his credit. He must never "cave in," but run it to the very last, and then be a nine-days wonder, when the smash comes, to all but his Bank Manager—sometimes even to him. But if he has done all this, and done it well, his estate may go, but *he* will be accounted a smart fellow, hard working and full of "energy"; and his clique will take him to their arms once more—that is, if he have money, influence, or backing enough to make it "worth their while."

Professional life is only another phase of the same underlying principles; for some professions at least are but meaner forms of trade. Business "chique" (which is a nicer way to spell it than "cheek") can be seen in its fulness in our Law courts. There it carries all before it, because it is the fashion, revered by all. As "professional confidence" it takes its place beside the Doctor in his consulting room, and sits complacently alongside of him on his "buggy." While as "modest assurance" it is neither rare nor unfashionable even in the pulpit.

And then in Political life where shall we look for anything but "Fashion"? We are *all* conservatives. Progress must not only be individual. It must only be progress along certain well defined lines. These have been probably really individually thought out and adopted by the leader, because through these he finds he can best express *his* individuality; but to the "party" these become only a "fashion" which they follow.

In men as in women this devotion to Fashion is the outcome of lack of individuality. Somebody has said somewhere in the past ages that "Union is Strength"; and men have taken it as their creed. To him who said it, it was the expression of a truth given to him to perceive; that union of *will*, or motive *is* strength. For union in mere externals, without the union of the internal will or motive, is a most potent source of weakness. Tie a dozen men firmly together with a rope, and then tell them to leap over a wall to reach something valued by all on the other side, and you will *see* union of externals hindering union of motive from free exercise. The tie becomes a bond. Grand freedom with the same union of motive, and, while some may crawl over, some leap at one bound, and some will have to help each other, *all* will reach the other side.

Fashion in dress, manners, trade or politics hold men together by external ties only. These hinder advancement. Union of motive—a unity of longing to be useful each to each, and all to all, causes immense diversity in externals; yet such a union is the only one that gives strength. Where it does exist it cannot but work itself out through individuals according to their individuality. External bonds are soon broken. A. cares not a jot to know or study how B. conducts his business. He entertains no doubt that B., like himself, is trying to do the best he can for the community with the powers and means at his disposal and it does not make him look ashamed at B. that he finds him in a shabby hat or coat, or with a cigar in his mouth at mid-day instead of at 7.30 P.M., as by business law established. He charitably supposes B. finds the weed most nourishing at that hour of the day and works better for it.

Oh! that men would but have the courage of their individuality, and having first permitted Life from above to make them pure in motive within, choose just the best and most appropriate means they can find by which to let that purity of motive find natural exit into life. Then, as a nation we would have *character*, distinctive and natural, and plenty of variety of it, instead of feeble and wearisome "copies from the master." We would no longer have fashion in Politics—parrots copying a meaningless party cry adapted neatly to their imitative powers—but real live men, each a "party" in himself, driving onwards the rulers of our nation. Government by the people is a reality among us, and on the people rests the responsibility. If they are fooled and led astray, it is their own fault. If they *will* not become individuals, they must cease to be men, and sink to the level of fashion-worshippers, and mere members of a "party."

Now, men, what do you think of it? If women lack individuality, it is because you do. Is there one among you who in dress, trade, profession, social life or politics, will dare to become as free from the fetters of fashion as in this 19th century, here and now, to set public opinion at defiance and live the life that is in you as fearlessly and grandly as would the woman who would dare to become individualized as to the outward apparel?

If you are possessed of some slight will towards Goodness, and some faint glimmerings of Truth, why don't you clothe your outward and visible life with these and let them shine in the light of day? Never mind "use and wont." Don't be conservative as to method, but by every and *any* method let the Light that has been given you so shine before men that seeing your *good works* they may glorify God who enables you to do them. Become a real live unit in the universe—not a mere copy and imitation of a man.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. III.

"Here leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."—Milton.

The Saguenay at its mouth is about three quarters of a mile wide from Ilot Point on the right across to Noire Point. About half a mile above Ilot Point, to the right, is a deep and natural *crevasse* or lateral gorge, in area about three quarters of an acre, which forms the unique harbour called l'Anse a l'Eau. On its left is a very high wall of granitic gneiss, at the base of which is a rudely constructed pier, and platform upon which stands the Post office and Custom House and chief store,—*Tria juncta in uno*. In front is a salmon breeding establishment or "hatchery," over it is a Museum, in which there is a collection of the numerous sea fowl frequenting the shores and islands of the lower St. Lawrence. In this curious *crevasse* or haven the Saguenay steamers stop for a few hours before proceeding on their night passage up the river, which one tourist compares to the boldest of the fiords of Norway, another declares it is fit to take rank with Styx and Acheron, and another affirms that Lethe and the Styx must have been purling brooks compared with it,—nevertheless it exercises a fascination, which is irresistible, upon every soul capable of betraying emotion. At the pier or wharf will be found carriages for the conveyance of passengers to the hotel, which is situated in a very beautiful bay about a half mile wide and a third of a mile deep between Ilot Point to the right and Rouge Point to the left. In shape it is a deep crescent, it has lofty shores of rock on either side, while at its concave is a fine sandy beach with a green terrace, upon which formerly stood the Hudson's Bay Company's Factory, but now stands Fennell's Hotel and the old Chapel of Ste. Croix. The bay is backed by steep, high and rugged hills of granite interspersed with terraces of sand rising one above the other resembling in the distance the tiers of a fortress. From l'Anse a l'Eau there is a ravine or cleft between the rocks, through which a pathway has been made which leads to a grove, beautiful in the wildness of Nature. The visitor having passed through it is brought to a little rivulet, fed from a lake in the top of an adjacent mountain, which supplies the hamlet of Tadousac with clear, cool drinking water. Crossing it, the Hotel is reached, and from its front is seen one of the finest natural harbours in the St. Lawrence, being very deep quite close to the rocky shores. It is much frequented by vessels and craft, of every description. Schooners, yachts, fishing boats, and batteaux lie calmly at anchor close into the shore, while outside when there is a north easterly breeze and the ebb tide is setting out of the River others may be seen beating about at the mouth of the harbour attempting to enter, and in the offing may be seen large inward and outward bound ships whose white sails glimmer on the horizon as they proceed on their course for England or Quebec. This magnificent living panorama, on a bright clear day, is closed by the hills of the opposite shore more than twenty miles distant blending with the blue sky.

Tadousac is intimately associated with the early history of Canada. Jacques Cartier landed in its bay in September, 1535; Chauvin made it a fishing port as early as 1599; and Champlain found ships therein in 1610, four years before New York was founded, and ten years before the English colony was established at Plymouth, New England. Whether Cartier planted the cross, as he was wont to do, upon his landing on a *terra incognita*, at the head of this bay or not, history is silent—the "Chronicles" are mute—nevertheless, there is a tradition that on the site of the little chapel of *Ste. Croix de Tadousac* he did so. Let us believe the tradition, and let us embrace the fact that as early as 1642 the Indians received with joy Father Jean Deguen, S.J., and built on the same spot a "cabane," part of which was dedicated to *Le Seigneur et Sauveur*, and hymns in honour of *La Ste. Vierge* were chanted. From the facts already narrated, we may term Tadousac the cradle not only of Canadian History, commerce and civilization, but of the evangelization of the Indian tribes. Near where the hotel now stands was a fort, which with the dwelling quarters of the early settlers and the cabane dignified to a *Church*, was burnt in 1665. In 1668 this "Eglise des Sauvages de Tadousac" was rebuilt with great acclamations and grand ceremonies. Without following the architectural history of the chapel, it was rebuilt again in 1747, Father Claude Godefroi Coquart, S.J., laying the foundations, the history of which is engraved upon a plate of lead, and may be seen at the house of the Curé, immediately in the rear of the chapel. It possesses some curious old paintings, and a bell, rich in tone, presented to the Mission in the reign of Louis XIV. of France. These old pioneers came not as conquerors, neither did they appropriate to themselves the wealth of others, they came to subdue a wilderness; and plenty, good fellowship, and civilization mark their footsteps. In the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated News* I have made an appeal to Christians of all denominations for the *rehabilitation* of the "*Chapel of Ste. Croix de Tadousac*," which I hope will not be in vain, and I fervently trust that every transient visitor to Fennell's Hotel will contribute his or her "silver mite" towards such a laudable object.

Now for the Saguenay, which in a nautical point of view was but imperfectly known before Bayfield's survey in 1829, who then dissipated all the wild and extravagant notions and exaggerated statements respecting the rapidity of its currents, its whirlpools and unfathomable depths. In the same year the only permanent inhabitants were the residents at the Hudson's Bay Company's trading post. Now in addition there are a number of summer residences, and a Protestant Church whose ministrations are served by clergymen who happen to be visitors—in their absence the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England is read by some layman every Sunday morning. Though there is no resident minister to attend to the spiritual wants of those out of the communion of the Roman Catholic Church, there is a doctor of medicine, a graduate of the McGill School, resident at the Hotel, but I believe he has little to do more than to amuse his patients—Nature, the pure air, the quietude, the loveliness of the spot, which may be called the "Valley of Seclusion," doing more for health and sound sleep than "poppy, mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world."

The Saguenay has been described in every guide-book, so that little can be said of it that will be new. The following descriptions are new as far as guide-books and chronicles are concerned. The first is simply descriptive, and is from the pen of Admiral Bayfield:—

"The Saguenary is a very remarkable and extraordinary river, if that indeed can be called a river which more nearly resembles a mountain loch for the first fifty miles up from its confluence with the St. Lawrence. In this distance the Saguenay is from two-thirds of a mile to two miles wide, filling up a deep transverse valley through mountains of sienitic granite and gneiss. These mountains rise everywhere more or less abruptly from the water, forming, in some parts, precipitous headlands more than a thousand feet in height, and these, when seen one beyond the other up magnificent reaches of many miles in length, give rise to scenery which, although wild and barren, is yet full of grandeur and beauty. Within the same part of the Saguenay the water is almost as deep as the mountains are high. It is this enormous depth, its mountainous shores, and its impetuous stream, that have rendered the Saguenay so celebrated. The bed of the Saguenay, for many miles, is sunk more than one hundred fathoms below the St. Lawrence at their point of juncture."

Another writer thus expresses the feelings aroused within him at the contemplation of this "Nature's sarcophagus, where life and sound seem never to have entered":—

"The feelings which filled my breast, and the thoughts which oppressed my brain, as I paddled by these places in my canoe, were allied to those which almost overwhelmed me when I first looked upward from below the fall to the mighty flood of Niagara. Awful beyond expression is the sensation which one experiences in sailing along the Saguenay; to raise his eye heavenward and behold hanging directly over his head a mass of granite apparently ready to totter and fall, and weighing, perhaps, a million tons. Terrible and sublime, beyond the imagery of the most daring poet, [and, I may add, beyond the pencil of any living artist] are these cliffs; and while they proclaim the omnipotent power of God, they at the same time whisper into the ear of man that he is but as the moth which flutters in the noon-tide air. O yes, beautiful and beyond compare are the charms of the Saguenay."

Before proceeding on the voyage below in the Gulf Ports steamer *Miramichi*, I shall rest at Tadousac, which I would recommend every tourist to do, and explore the neighbourhood and examine its natural features. Though it may not consist of cultivated fields, pretty villages, luxuriant forests, rich pastures and well-tended flocks, yet the hills and valleys will unfold scenery which for grandeur and physical beauty cannot be surpassed on the continent of North America.

Thos. D. King.

CAN'T OR WON'T.

"Every word has its own spirit,
True or false, that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

The use or misuse of these two words, "can't" and "won't," is a very important matter for consideration. "Cannot" does not mean "will not." The first means it is impossible to do such and such a thing: the second means that we have not the *will* to do such and such a thing. In most cases it is the *will* that is wanting and not the ability; but as we do not care to confess this, we prefer to say this thing "can't" be done—it's impossible. Now we comfort ourselves with such statements, and try to cover up a sinful will that *will not* exert itself; but it is only a subterfuge after all, and a false balm to a sleeping conscience. See the evil this faith in "cannot" has worked, and is working amongst all men. We have, for instance, "a beautiful abstract theory" of right doing laid before us. It's all very pretty, but we *can't* do it, and the man is a fool who tries. Is he? Then "let him become a fool that he may be counted wise." If we remove the "can't" and say we "won't," then we arrive more nearly at the truth; it is the *will* to do right that is wanting, and not the ability. It is a most pernicious teaching, that what is seen to be beautiful and good *can't* be done by men. At all events, teach them to try, and more, tell them it is absolutely necessary to try; that it is their duty, and no less. Their party, their position, business, family, friends, or daily food, are nothing to their highest life, it is true: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." A beautiful *abstract theory*, but it is men who abstract it from being a living force in the

world, and thus defy the command of Divine wisdom. Men will not starve in doing right; the promise is as sure they will be fed as that the sun will rise. One of the heart-stirring lines of an old song is—

“Whatever men *dare* they *can* do,”

and Paul says: “I *can* do *all* things through Christ, who strengtheneth me,” and Christ says: “Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.” The catechism, which some so earnestly desire to have their children taught, says, in answer to the question, “Is any man able to keep the commandments of God?” “No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word and deed.” But Christ says: “If ye love me, keep my commandments.” *He* surely did not say these words in mockery; surely it *is* possible to keep His commandments. Then if we do not, it must be because we do not love Him, which in plain words is, we have not the *will* to keep them; in fact, we won't,” not “can't,” for the Word says: “His commandments are not grievous.”

The commandments are generally contained in what are known as the ten commandments. Now, let us see. The first is supposed to be kept by all the Christian world, who, as a rule, would be shocked to be thought to worship more Gods than one. The second, too, is respected, or expected to be kept. These are personal matters, which are not much talked of or interfered with, but are generally understood to be accepted. Public opinion frowns down the breaking of the third, and so in respectable society we don't hear much literal swearing by God's name. The fifth, society demands at least a semblance of, though it might call for more with advantage. To break the sixth is to forfeit our life, though to break the seventh does not now involve the death penalty as in Jewish law, but metes out loss of position in all social life to women, while “society” condones the sin in men, and stamps its *false* “cannot” with a terrible rigour on even the aim to live a chaste life. If the eighth is broken, there is imprisonment, and the violation of the ninth is followed by fine or imprisonment, while the tenth, being more internal than external, man leaves to man's honour to keep. Now we see in this brief glance that men think it possible to keep all the commands (but the seventh), and so attaches penalties of one sort or other to the breaking of some of these laws. If they can be kept for men, why will we not keep them all in their highest, purest sense for God?

Very many men seem to have no fixed principle to guide them through life. There is one rule, we used to call “the golden rule,” which points out a right and sure way in all difficulties: “Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.” To do honestly as we would be done by would soon stop all evil doing; for no man, however bad, really wants anything but good to himself, and so if he keeps this law he will not do aught but good to his neighbour. To have the *will* to *do* this is to bring the beautiful abstraction into a living force; it is to keep all the commandments from love or will; it is to have the Kingdom of Heaven within us.

Now, some one leans o'er the ice-cold *douche* and shakes the head and smiles mournfully, and says “we *can't*.” Then if we can't, the Bible is false, and there is no use even to strive after what is *right*, but only what is *pleasant* to the sensual man. But the truth is, we *can* if we *will*. Will power is what moves the world; for the will is the life, and if we will we can be full of the energy and vital fire that overcomes all evils, and so leave far behind us the feeble cry we “can't,” as one of those words—

“Bearing endless desolation on its blighting wings.”

In our first endeavours after right doing we will not see the fullest meaning of even the simplest command; but as our experience of life widens, every command has a deeper meaning for us, and involves a more thorough obedience, till depths and heights of love and wisdom open before us, more sublime than the fondest imagination ever pictured, and we hasten on our way, entranced with the beauty contained in what looked at first outwardly but a form of morals. Instead, then, of this death-breathing pestilence of “we can't” (because we won't), let us have the soul-stirring, heaven-inspiring, life-giving words as our motto: “We can,” and in God's strength we *will*.

“Words are mighty, words are living,
Serpents, with their venomous sting;
Or bright angels crowding round us,
With Heaven's light upon their wing.”

Simplicia.

BIGOTRY.

This vice may be defined as an inordinate attachment to any sect or party denomination or creed. This attachment may be also irrational. Our reason will, no doubt, often condemn us for taking the position we have taken, yet we continue thus to act in spite of her warnings. These illiterate feelings proceed very often from ignorance—culpable ignorance. A knowledge of the views or acts of another man, or body of men, can be always obtained with more or less completeness, and a man's remaining in ignorance of the views of others cannot excuse unkind or bigoted feelings towards them.

Bigotry proceeds also from natural hatred of truth. Men seem to prefer falsehood, at least partial falsehood. “A little untruthfulness,” say they, “perfect honesty in opinion and action is unattainable.” This is true, but while imperfection is the unhappy lot of man on this side of heaven, yet that imperfect state should always be improved. *Excelsior* should ever be man's motto. This state of mind is to be found in those who refuse to be convinced of the falsity of any ideas which they hold to be true, or the truth of any which they hold to be false. This absurd mental conservatism is often to be found.

Bigotry shews itself, too, in an unscrupulous use of means to advance men's views. The end—the party or personal platform of doctrine or action—justifies the employment of all means, good or bad, good if possible, but bad if necessary, to bring about the success of that platform. Persecution of a weak opponent, and detraction of a strong one, are means not to be despised by your bigot. This fearful evil carries with it many accompanying ills. Its effects are to be seen in the destruction of peace in families, communities and States. The imperious obligation of every man to do the greatest good to *all* his fellow-men is neglected by your bigot, who only thinks of the greatest advantage of himself or party.

Bigotry is the offspring of pride; liberality, of humility.

Bigoted feelings are found in ignorant men; liberal thoughts in wise heads.

The bigot spurns the counsels of others, while the liberal man is always ready to receive advice from every good and proper source. Bigotry is founded on hatred; liberality, on love.

The approach of bigotry may be likened to that of a terrible thunder and hail storm. The fields of golden grain, ripened and ready for the sickle, seem, as the dark clouds close around them, to be vocal with fear and apprehension, and then the clouds rush against each other, and the roaring thunder is heard, and the brilliant lightning is seen, and the pouring rain and destroying hail descend, the latter levelling to the earth the farmers' prospective wealth. Such a metaphor but poorly depicts the advent and effects of bigotry upon families and communities.

Liberalis.

LEAVES.

Deep among forest-quietudes of green
My steps have wandered, and about me now,
In soft complexities of shade and sheen,
On many a lavish-clad midsummer bough,
The innumerable breezy leaves, above, around,
Move with melodious and aerial sound.

I pause to look, in meditative mood,
Where all their murmurous myriads richly throng,
And think what touches of similitude,
What dark or bright analogies belong
(As bonds that Nature's mystic shuttle weaves)
Between the lives of men and lives of leaves!

Some in the loftiest places burst their buds,
And get the sun's gold kiss while they uncurl;
They front the stars and the proud moon that floods
Pure domes of limpid heaven with airy pearl.
They see the damask of cool dawns; they gaze
On smiles that light the lips of dying days!

And some in lowlier places must abide,
And gain but glimpses, perishably dear,
Of altering cloud and meadow glimmering wide,
And the large lovely world beyond their sphere!
And some have rare dews thrill each thirsty stem,
Or rarelier yet, a bird's wing brushes them!

And some amid their perfect emerald prime
Are torn from nurturing bough at storm's caprice,
And some turn old and sere before their time,
And flutter down as if in glad release.
And all to Autumn's bleak dismantling blast,
Even all, inevitably yield at last!

But when I mark how some that once were fair,
From edge to edge in flawless gloss arrayed,
Must feel the worm's fang gnaw them through, like care,
I seem to have dimly guessed why God has made
So many tremulous leaves, for their frail parts,
Wear, as they throb, the shapes of human hearts!

Edgar Fawcett.

A MISGIVING.

Past praise, past blame, past joys, and past regrets,
 At length thou sleepest cold in thy green grave,
 Where the close dew the mourning cypress wets,
 And the wind sobbeth low, or frenziedly doth rave.
 Is, then, the strife all done?
 Is, then, the rest all won
 For which the weary hearts of toil-worn mortals crave?

Thrice, oh! thrice blessed thou if this be so!
 Soft is the covering of the green, green earth;
 Sweet is the sleep that knows not joy or woe,
 Remote alike from tears, and feverish, restless mirth!
 Is, then, the strife all done?—
 Or but new strife begun?
 Vain quest! The dead are silent. Knowledge hath its girth.

T. F.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

ANOTHER PROPOSED SUBMARINE TUNNEL.

A project has been mooted for connecting Spain with the African Continent by means of a tunnel beneath the Straits of Gibraltar, running from Algeiras on the Spanish side, to a point between Tangiers and Ceuta. The distance across the sea bed is nine miles, with an incline of 1 in 100 at each end, and a level bottom in the intermediate six or seven miles. The greatest depth of water at any point in the course is 3000 feet; and, as it is proposed to leave a thickness of 300 feet of roof in the vault of the tunnel, the deepest point of the latter would be 3000 feet below the level of the sea.

SOME GOOD LESSONS.

I once dined at a strange house, in a strange country, among strangers; and listened with admiration to a young gentleman who laid down the law about tides and currents, and "sat upon"—rather too heavily, I thought—a gray-haired, thoughtful-looking person, who ventured now and then to differ with him. During these passages an expression of amusement played around the mouth of our host for which I was unable to account until after dinner, when the "sat upon" one left us. Then quoth mine host to our instructor, "Well, you've made a nice idiot of yourself; that was Maury!" In the days of my golden youth I was present in a sporting tavern, (at which in those days a gentleman might be seen,) and there was a fuss about something, which a clerical-looking man came forward to stop. "Mind your own business," shouted an angry disputant, "or I'll punch your head." "I'm Owen Swift, Sir," replied the peacemaker with the utmost politeness.—*Temple Bar.*

A PRESBYTERIAN ON THE JEWS.

At a banquet given by the New York members of the Jewish Council to their visiting brethren, the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby was one of the invited guests, and responded to the toast, "Our Seats of Learning." He said that "among the Jews he was perfectly at home. There was a time when every man was bound to persecute any other man who disagreed with him in religion. There has come a time, blessed be God, when this feeling has passed away. To Jews, of all men, has belonged the prerogative to be called the people of God. They established the first republic 3,000 years ago. They first inaugurated a merciful legislation and equal rights to all. Through all their marvellous history they have preserved the culture of the intellect in spite of the inroads of materialism. They have preserved their culture and dignity amid such persecution as would have crushed any other people. No other element brings such strength to our Republic as the Jewish, and no other element, thank God, is so augmenting itself. These sentiments are sincere and warm in my heart. The interests of sound education are safe with the Jews, who are against the atheistic or materialistic tendencies of the age, and recognize the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob."

A JEWISH SABBATH.

Mr. A. L. Green, a Jewish gentleman, writes to the *London Express* to correct a very common mistake regarding the observance of the Sabbath. He says:—"According to Jewish law and practice, intelligent recreation and even amusements which carry with them nothing vicious or degrading are not only permissible but are enjoined for the due observance of the Sabbath. Our reading rooms are open on the Sabbath, and the most pious Jews take pleasure, as well they may, in visiting art galleries and museums on the Sabbath day. We are punctilious in regard to servile work. We would not, for instance, permit our servants to remain outside the church listening to the neighing of carriage horses while the devout congregation inside were listening to the Bishop eloquently reminding his absorbed listeners that the blessing of a Sabbath day must extend to all men alike, even if they are servants, and to all beasts, even

if they are carriage horses; and that the prohibition against servile work should in Mosaism be associated with what, to us, may appear untold rigour, is perfectly natural when we reflect that the inhibitions were primarily addressed to a nation just emancipated from a cruel and long-continued bondage, and who, on the one hand, had to be elevated to a knowledge of the dignity of labour, and to the appreciation of intellectual culture on the other hand. One visit to the house of an observant Jew on the Sabbath day would do more to give Christians a clear and comprehensive notion of the serene and happy social influence of the Sabbath and the true religious character of Jewish home life, and how important a place the Sabbath occupies in Judaism, than the most graphic delineation in word painting."

THE HIDDEN SAINT.

Vernet, the grandfather of the late famous French painter of the same name, relates that he was once employed to paint a landscape with a cave and St. Jerome in it. He accordingly painted the landscape with St. Jerome at the entrance of the cave. When he delivered the picture, the purchaser, who knew nothing of perspective, said, "The landscape and the cave are well made; but the saint is not in the cave." "I understand you, sir," replied Vernet; "I will alter it." He therefore took the painting and made it a shade darker, so that the saint seemed to sit further in. The purchaser took the painting; but it again appeared to him that the figure was not in the cave. Vernet then obliterated the figure and gave the picture to the purchaser, who now at last seemed perfectly satisfied. Whenever he showed the picture to strangers he said, "Here you have a picture by Vernet, with St. Jerome in the cave." "But we cannot see the saint," the visitors would reply. "Excuse me, gentlemen," the possessor would answer; "he is there, for I have seen him standing at the entrance, and afterwards further back, and am therefore quite sure that he is in it!"

A PAPISTICAL DOG.

As a general proposition the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, though sometimes given to dogma, are not great connoisseurs in dogs. We do not recall the names of any prelate or priest as the winner of a prize at the recent great dog show at Gilmore's Garden. The one of "high degree" mentioned in the following anecdote, from the other side, would certainly have taken a medal if his judges had been selected from the clergy. Monsignor Capel, of London, the eminent Roman Catholic immortalized by Disraeli in "Lothair," is not only fond of dogs, but is the master of a noble hound which is Catholic to the backbone. "Beppo, give three cheers for the Pope!" and Beppo utters three short, decisive barks of approval at the sound of the Holy Father's name. "Beppo, are you a Protestant?" No answer. "Are you a Ritualist?" Gloom on the dog's face. "Are you a Catholic?" "Bow-wow-wow!" If the questions are put in French, it is the same. Beppo is fond of sweet biscuits. Throw him one, and say it comes from Bismarck; he will not stir to take it. Say it comes from the Pope, and Beppo "goes for it."—*Harper's Magazine for August.*

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

The Spanish West Indies, Cuba, and Porto Rico together, have a population of a little over two millions. Cuba itself is seven hundred miles long, with an average breadth of eighty miles, and possesses resources which, if they were developed, would sustain a population of twelve millions. Its surface, though for the most part very slightly undulating and covered with dense forests, is finely diversified. A mountain range runs through its whole length near the centre, the highest elevations, naked and rocky, being eight thousand feet above the sea. It has numerous rivers well stocked with fish, and many beautiful and fertile valleys. One of its cascades is remarkable for beauty. Its hill sides and defiles are clothed with a variety of hard wood trees of the evergreen species, of which the more valuable are the mahogany, which grows there to a huge size, the *lignum vitæ*, and the ebony. The palm, "queen of the Cuban forests," with its deep green plumage; the giant leaved and prolific banana and plantain, resembling tall Indian corn; the cocoa, with its weeping foliage; and the "prim orange," are abundant. Two hundred sorts of birds are native to the Island. Marble of fine quality is found in the mountains, and there are valuable mines of copper. Coffee has been cultivated on the lower hill slopes with success, and its production could be largely extended. The Cuban tobacco has peculiar value, and is sought for the world over, the Americans alone being purchasers of over two million dollars' worth of cigars from there every year. Cuba's principal crop however, is sugar, which amounts in value to over one hundred million dollars every year. Her advantage in its production over Louisiana, for example, is that in Cuba there is a space of four or five months, when all the mechanical work must be done, between the time when enough cane is ripe to justify starting the mills and the time when the cane begins to spoil; whereas in Louisiana this period is only about two months. Though some of Cuba's coast lands are subject to overflow, she is uncommonly well supplied with fine harbours. Of her cities, Havana, the capital, has a population of two hundred and thirty five thousand, Santiago de Cuba forty thousand, and Matanzas thirty-seven thousand. The

sumptuous marble mansions of its capital, with their lofty porticoes and long colonnades, indicate something of its tropical wealth and luxury. Its cafés and restaurants are said to be but little inferior to those of Paris.—*July Atlantic.*

Grace Greenwood, in speaking of the grief of the ex-Empress, wrote: "Not one word has yet been said of the mothers of the two brave English troopers who fell with the French Prince; no one has even asked if they had mothers; yet some heart-broken woman may be weeping for each of these faithful fellows, and perhaps resolutely keeping back the tears lest they should hinder needle and thread."

The "Theosophic Society," consisting of two or three New York pagans, have gone on a tour of India, to study Hinduism, and induce some learned Pagans to come to America to convert Christians to the faith of the Hindus. In India these pilgrims declare that hundreds of thousands belong to their society in America. The New York *Observer* has authority that including all the States and Canada they number no more than *fifteen!*

"A few evenings ago," says London *Vanity Fair* "Lord Sydney, Lord Salisbury, Lord Dufferin and Lord Hartington were assembled together, when they were asked by a lady which of them had told the most lies in their life. Lord Sydney at once replied that he had never told any, upon which Lord Salisbury remarked reflectively that it was his and Dufferin's trade to tell lies. The lady then said, 'Count Schouvaloff declares that he never told a lie in his life.' Upon this Lord Hartington observed, solemnly, 'Ah! he has not yet grasped the meaning of the word.'"

The Florentine sculptor, Signor Cesare Fantocchiotti, has just completed a bronze statuette of Girolamo Savonarola. The Savonarola is extremely spirited and represents the ruler of Florence in the act of preaching. The right arm is raised, with fingers pointing impressively to the Bible clasped in his left hand. The face is instinct with pious fervour, the lips parted in earnest utterance. This seems to us a very happy inspiration on the sculptor's part, and enables us for the first time to realize what was said of Savonarola by his contemporaries, "that the fulness of his under lip gave a most pleasing expression to his countenance."

One of the Spanish provincial papers recently published a remarkably comprehensive notice in its obituary column. It said: "This morning was summoned away the jeweller, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the former is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, VERONIQUE ILLMAGA." "P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from 3 Tessedes des Teinturies to 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent."

The concluding volume of Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua has been published in London. His conclusions respecting these six books are of a most sweeping character. He denies that Moses was the author of any of the five books which bear his name, or even that he had anything to do with the decalogue. In fact, he goes further, and says the least said about the "activity of Moses" the better. His name is merely that of the imaginary leader of Israel, and he is as mythical and unhistorical as Æneas or King Arthur. The Bishop accepts the documentary hypothesis, and thinks it probable that Samuel wrote the Elohist narrative, which embraces the Book of Genesis and five chapters and five verses of Exodus. The Book of Leviticus was produced by priests between 600 and 420 B. C.

Lord Dunraven thinks Canada has a glorious future. In a recent article he says:—

"Even from the point of view of a traveller who cares not for field sports, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and in fact all Canada, is a country full of interest. It is interesting for many reasons which I have not space to enter into now, but especially so as showing the development of what in the future will be a great nation. For whether in connection with this country, or as independent, or as joined to the United States or any portion of them, that vast region which is now called British North America will assuredly some day support the strongest, most powerful and most masterful population on the continent of America."

For the relief of pain we firmly believe "Brown's Household Panacea" will more surely quicken the blood, and heal, whether taken internally or applied externally, and thereby more certainly relieve pain, whether chronic or acute, than any other pain alleviator. It is warranted double the strength of any other medicine for similar uses. Sold by all dealers in medicine. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A single trial of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething never yet failed to relieve the baby, and overcome the prejudices of the mother. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It not only frees the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, corrects acidity and cures dysentery and diarrhoea. Gives rest and health to the child, and comforts the mother.

DUNHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

The closing exercises of this excellent institution took place recently under the auspices of the Bishop of Montreal, Rev. Canon Henderson, Rev. J. P. Dumoulin, and many clergy of the Eastern Townships.

The Henderson silver medal, for general proficiency, was won by Miss Abigail Baker, and the mathematical prize (presented by the Rev. R. D. Mills) by Miss Clara Hall. The Lady Principal presented sundry prizes to the senior, first junior, second junior, and preparatory classes, and both she, her assistants, and the Rev. Canon Henderson, received many warm congratulations on the success which had attended the initial year of Dunham collegiate life.

An extended musical programme was efficiently rendered by the pupils, and at a late hour the assemblage broke up.

This College owes its existence to the unwearied efforts of the Rev. Mr. Henderson while Rector of Dunham, his idea being to build a college which would supply education at a cost of \$200 per annum for each pupil, of which \$100 was to be supplied out of a fund, and the remaining \$100 by parents, so that the daughters of clergymen and well-to-do farmers might receive a liberal education at a low price. The College was built by subscription, but was left bare and unfurnished, in which condition it was last year handed over to Mrs. Oakley with the consent of the Corporation. It was not possible to obtain a fund, so that education costs from \$175 to \$200 per annum.

The Lady Principal has spared neither time, money, pains nor teachers to elevate the standard of the College, and with gratifying results. Fifty-eight pupils have been educated throughout the year, and from 25 to 28 pupils have constantly been boarders.

Mrs. Oakley is eminently qualified to form a home in which religion, morals, manners and deportment shall receive due attention, having been carefully instructed by the best of teachers, and accustomed for years to the refinements of a society for which she was educated by her father, the Hon. W. Brandford-Griffith, member of the Legislative Council and Auditor-General of the Island of Barbadoes, W.I.

The College is beautifully situated; disease is rare, and epidemics are unknown. The house is large, and is pleasantly furnished and appointed, while all who visit it are pleased with its general appearance.

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.

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

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In your issue of July 12th is an article headed "The Religion of Free Trade," the writer of which appears to be not quite clear upon a point on which I can throw some light.

After referring to the opinion held by "Argus" and the Rev. H. W. Beecher upon the subject of self-love (*sic*) the writer who signs himself "Eusebius" goes on to say: "The starting-point of such an argument is false." Is he sure that he knows the starting-point? What is it? What is the great and simple element in all the three combinations—love of self, love of our neighbour, and love of God? Is it not simply love? I cannot understand different kinds of love. I can, however, understand love being mixed up with other things to such an extent as to apparently change it into something else. A thing must be either love or something else. If it's *love* it's *love*, and if it's *not* love it's *something else*. This, I think, is clear. Some, I believe, think of love as a thing over which they have control, instead of a vast power to which they have to submit. I believe this is the point which has puzzled so many.

Let us then take love, pure and simple, as the starting-point, and see how it applies to the case under discussion. The great commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, &c., and thy neighbour as thyself. (The italics are mine). Now if we are to love our neighbour *as* ourself, we must love ourself; and the more we shall love ourself, the more we shall love our neighbour; and the more we shall love our neighbour, the more we shall ourself. We cannot separate the two; for if we could it would be making love one thing one time and something else another. To my mind it is not a question of loving *number one* first, and then others after; but a submission altogether to the influences of love. What is love? God is love.

Yours truly,

W. R. L.

We have received an interesting letter on the History of Lacrosse from our correspondent "Wimbel," which we are reluctantly compelled to carry forward to our next week's issue.

Musical.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender. All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR: SIR,—Can you inform me if the annual meeting of the Philharmonic Society has been held yet, and if so, who are the officers for the present year? There are many members besides myself who would like to have a report from the committee, of last year's expenditure and receipts. Yours, &c., A Member of the Society.

[We have been repeatedly asked the same question by members of the Philharmonic Society. The Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. M. Perkins, will, doubtless, give all the information desired.—ED. MUS. COL.]

ORCHESTRAL PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The second of these pleasing entertainments was given in the Skating Rink on Thursday evening. The selections were of a popular character, and were, on the whole, very creditably performed. The orchestra has improved immensely since the last concert, and, with regular practice, may be expected to give some really good performances during the coming winter. The programme included the overture to "Guy Mannering," waltzes by Gung and Strauss, and the Andante from Haydn's Symphony in E flat. The waltzes were well played, the parts being properly balanced, and the instruments played well in tune; in the Symphony and Overture there was a certain amount of unsteadiness as regards time, and we thought the second violins a little weak; we would have preferred, too, a trombone to the B flat Saxhorn employed for the bass of the brass instruments. Notwithstanding these little imperfections, we enjoyed the instrumental music very much, and hope that within a short time we may have unfolded to us the beauties of the multitude of orchestral compositions which for a long time have been to us a sealed book.

Miss Gertrude Franklin was again the vocal soloist; she has made quite a reputation in Montreal already, and was recalled after each selection, being enthusiastically applauded; her vocalization is almost perfect, and she trills apparently without the slightest effort. We hope this is not the last time we shall have the pleasure of hearing her in this city. The attendance was a little better than at the first concert; still, considering the calibre of the entertainment, and the reasonable admission fee, we think many more might have attended. We had a great deal of talk some time ago about importing musicians to form an orchestra; let us support those we have here already, and, if they do not give us satisfaction, we can readily import sufficient performers to fill the places of the careless and incompetent.

We understand that Dr. MacLagan intends forming a second, or amateur, orchestra for the study of the simpler compositions of the masters, and that only those capable of performing the highest class of orchestral music will be admitted as members of the winter band, which will be in every sense a professional organization. This will reduce the strength to about thirty members, but, as the winter series of concerts will be given in a smaller room, we think the orchestra will be sufficiently large for all practical purposes.

MR. FRED. E. LUCY-BARNES, R.A.M., late Organist of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, informs the public that, notwithstanding his appointment as Organist to Trinity Church, New York, he has made arrangements to continue teaching in Montreal on and after September 16th, on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays in each week.

Terms and references may be had on application to Mr. Barnes, at Mr. Gould's Piano-forte Rooms, 1 Beaver Hall Square.

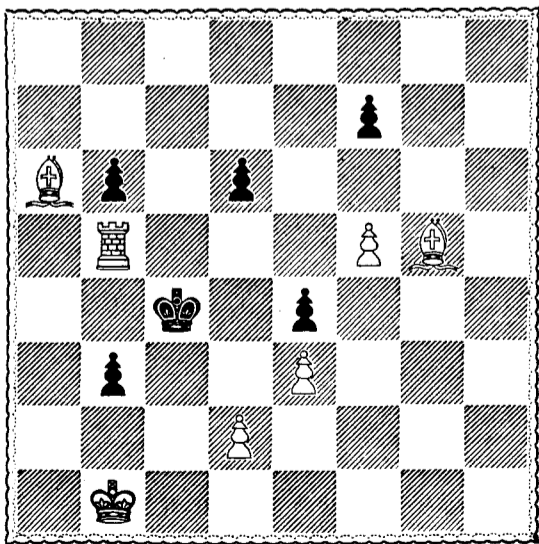
Chess.

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

Montreal, July 26th, 1879. PROBLEM No. XXXI.

By Mr. G. J. Slater, of Bolton, England. Contributed to THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR by Mr. J. Watkinson, of Huddersfield, England.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. XXVIII.—Q to Q 5.

Correct solution received from J.W.S., PAX, J.J., USBORNE.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT TO THE SECOND CANTO.—The gods take their places. Apollo commands the white army, and Mercury the black. They cast lots for the first move; Apollo begins. A white soldier advances, and is opposed by a black one. Being upon opposite squares, they cannot attack each other. The troops advance on both sides. The black soldier that first stepped from the lines kills his man, and is slain in his turn. The black King moves to the left wing. The cavalry on both sides come into the engagement. A dreadful slaughter follows. Mercury moves one of his horse to an advantageous post, from which check is given to the white King, and an elephant is at the same time in danger. Apollo saves his King. The elephant falls. The white army is covered with consternation. The black trooper is slain by the white Queen. The elephant is still lamented. A simile. Mercury is resolved to work by stratagem. A black archer threatens destruction to the white Queen. Apollo overlooks her situation, and is going to move. Venus favours the white army; she makes signs to Apollo; the Queen is saved. Mercury complains of foul play. Apollo justifies himself: he had a right to change his mind before his hand was off. A new law is made; and for the future the rule is, touch man and go. Jupiter reproves Venus by an angry frown. Mercury is enraged: he is tempted to throw the board in their faces. He endeavours to cheat by a false move; Apollo sees the fraud; the man is recalled. A hearty laugh among the gods. Apollo watches Mercury's tricks. A black horseman attacks the white Queen. A white archer interposes. The black King and Queen are both in danger from an archer. The archer is killed; and the black one who gave the mortal wound falls in his turn. A dreadful combat ensues. Both sides retreat alternately, and return to the charge. The Canto ends with a simile.

Th' immortals take their seats; around them stand Of lesser deities a duteous band. The white battalions to Apollo's sway Submit, and Mercury the Moors obey. The compact settled, that no power shall show To either side the meditated blow. By lot they try which state shall claim the right (A point of moment!) to begin the fight. To the white nation this the Fates assign.— Their chief conceives a deep, well-laid design. He bids a soldier tempt the Moorish host. Before the queen, who took his faithful post. The soldier marches forth; two paces makes;— The sable warrior the same measure takes. Now front to front each other they defy, And seem in wood to roll a threat'ning eye. Vain menacing the laws restrain their rage, Nor let foot soldiers on one tract engage. Auxiliars aid straight joins each adverse band, Pour forth their camp, and people all the land. Nor yet the horror of the day is seen, And Mars but preludes to the swelling scene. At length, the warrior of the sable crew, Forth from the lines who first to combat flew, On his left side directs a deadly wound, And plants his standard on the hostile ground, Unhappy youth! he little saw the foe With vengeful malice aim the sidelong blow; Prostrate the hero falls—untimely slain— And leaves his laurels on the crimson plain. This from his rank beheld the Moorish king, And mov'd his sacred person to the wing. There deep surrounded, and from danger far, He eyes the quick vicissitudes of war.

And now, the cavalry, in all their pride, From the left wing descend on either side, Furious they rush alternate on the foe, And scatter round destruction, death, and woe. From all retreat the laws of war debar The Foot, who fall whole hecatombs of war, O'er the wide ranks the fiery trooper bounds, And the drench'd field with pawing steeds resounds. But while Apollo guides his horse along, And wreaks his vengeance on th' ignoble throng, In Hermes' breast designs far deeper roll— Lodge in each thought, and settle in his soul. He bids his cavalry remit their sway, And unperforming through the battle stray. Th' obedient steed flies guiltless o'er the plain— Bounds o'er the ranks, nor hear the sounding rein, Till all his wiles, and all his doublings past, He gains the meditated post at last. There the bold enterprise confess'd to view, Proudly he halts before the hostile crew; Threatens destruction to the regal state, Or dooms an elephant to instant fate— A tow'ring elephant on the right-hand side, That march'd in all his formidable pride.

Apollo, now what anxious thoughts possess Thy troubled soul? while in the last distress A monarch calls for aid; or, doom'd to die, An elephant, with mute imploring eye, Sues for relief in vain! The monarch's life Claims his first care. Amidst the dangerous strife The elephant remains. The fatal blow At length is dealt them by the sable foe. Oh, dire disaster to the milk-white train! The huge, vast beast down drops upon the plain. "The time shall come," incensed Apollo cries, "When thou shalt sorely rue that dear-bought prize; When thou shalt wish thee guiltless of the life Of my brave warrior, noble in the strife." He said: his infantry sweep o'er the land, And round the victor close embodied stand. The trooper sees th' impending danger nigh: He falters, looks aghast, attempts to fly. Vain his attempt! Here the white Queen commands, And there the foot a dreadful phalanx stands. At length, enraged, the fair one gives the wound, And lays him breathless on the chequer'd ground. Who would not be that youth? no more to rise, Slain by a female hand, the hero lies, His comfort e'en in death! and clos'd his willing eyes.

But the white nation still their loss bemoan; A mingled cry bursts forth—an army's groan! Rage and despair rise in each breast by turns, And the whole host with mix'd emotions burns. As when a bull enraged, with furious might Provokes the war, and rushes to the fight: 'Gainst his right horn if Fortune's blow hath sped, And shatter'd half the honours of his head, With strength renew'd he kindles all his ire, And from his eye-ball flashes living fire: His huge, broad chest, his limbs, he bathes in gore, And hills and woods re-bellow to the roar. Revenge, revenge! exclaims the god of day, And animates his cohorts to the fray. On the black troops, enraged, his cohorts fall, Careless of life, and prompt at honour's call. In Moorish blood the crimson fields are drown'd, And shrieks and agonising groans resound. But Mercury meantime with deep intent Views all the war, and on destruction bent, Observes each motion, where the warriors glow, And plans the future slaughter of the foe. The snowy Amazon he views from far, As on she rushes through the ranks of war. Her to ensnare his bold brigades he led, And ruin nods o'er her devoted head. The infantry, to hide the bold design, A man detach to tempt the hostile line. The man advances; with well-feign'd surprise, The leader seems to mark where danger lies; Blames his rash conduct; with delusion sly Starts, looks aghast, and heaves a treacherous sigh,

Meantime, a sable archer shifts his place, And from the right moves on with ardent pace: 'Gainst the white Amazon with dextrous art He draws his arrow, level'd at her heart. Apollo saw it not: with hopes elate, Unconscious of the scheme, and blind to fate, To the left wing he rolls a pensive eye, Resolved from thence an ambushade to try; There on a warrior's shoulder lays his hand: The warrior felt him, eager for command. But the soft Queen of Love, who took her seat Before Apollo, saw the near defeat. To her own lov'd white warriors still a friend, And griev'd to see unnumber'd woes impend, She nods, she smiles, she rolls a melting eye, And winks intelligence of danger nigh. Scar'd at the sight, Apollo checks his aim, And once again reviews the lists of fame; Sees the black archer in close ambush wait, And from his queen averts the feather'd fate. "She's mine! she's mine!" enraptur'd Hermes cries; "What, ho! Apollo, yield the radiant prize! The queen is mine!" he shouts, and rends the sky:—"The queen is mine!" the echoing shores reply.

But strong affections, through the host divine, Invade each breast, and different ways incline. Phœbus, who knew all parties and their ends, Their views and wishes, thus his cause defends: "What law forbids me, provident and slow, While yet I meditate the future blow— What law forbids me to retract my hand? Ere yet alone the untouch'd warrior stand, Wouldst thou enact, that when our fingers light On a man's head, that man shall stand the fight Without retreat from danger or surprise? If such thy will—" "We will it," Hermes cries. The warriors hear: the law both nations choose; The gods approve, and loud applause ensues. Meantime, of heaven the cloud-compelling sire Awful beholds the queen of soft desire; Not with that look which sends the storm aloof, But nods his sable brow, and frowns reproof. Cyllenius saw it not, but sore with pain, And still his wrath unable to restrain, In rage well nigh o'erthrew the mimic world, And both the camps in one confusion hurl'd. With art he now resolves the foe to meet, Train'd up in fraud and practis'd in deceit; He bids an archer in the deathful scene, Of a brave trooper counterfeit the mien. Too plain the cheat Apollo to beguile; To the celestial synod with a mile, "What though," he said, "Cyllenius boasts the art To practise wiles, and play the impostor's part, And though, thou cunning deity, I find Fraud is the ruling bias of thy mind, Yet here no more thy stratagems perform; Call back your archer, and his pace reform." He said: with joy the glad spectators roar, And unextinguish'd laughter fills the shore. Hermes with vain excuse his man withdraws, And through the ranks proclaims the martial laws.

But not less vigilant Apollo's mind; He dreads a foe to perfidy inclin'd; Watches each movement with observant eye, And marks the nimble fingers where they fly: The nimble fingers as they move along Th' alternate soldier through the embattled throng, Might else a second, ambush'd in his hand, Instruct to march, and gain his silent stand. A sable trooper, now in martial state, On the white queen denounces instant fate: But soon the Moor is check'd—the wily foe An archer sends to ward the impending blow; Meantime an elephant in swowy pride Is seen from far o'er all the ranks to ride. Now a white trooper, from his fatal post, Aims at both sov'reigns of the Moorish host. Mistaken youth! smit with the love of fame, His breast high beating with the patriot's flame, He takes his stand where fiercest valour shines, And fears no danger 'midst the hostile lines; In fancy, sees the swarthy Memnon yield, And deems his own the laurels of the field. To check his rage see the black archer fly, Proud, self-devoted, for his king to die. What though too near a snowy soldier stand, In act to stretch him on the crimson strand, Dauntless he draws the bow; the unerring dart Pierces the foe, and quivers in his heart. The snowy troop falls, and bites the ground, Th' indignant spirit issues at the wound. Nor long the Moor rejoices: on the board Prostrate he falls, by white soldier's sword; Soon the white soldier dyes the crimson plain, "And the gor'd battle bleeds in every vein." The tow'ring elephants with fury rage, Archer meets archer, horse with horse engage. The fiery troopers swell the purple flood, "Spur their proud coursers hard, and ride in blood." The ranks condense; with rage the battle burns; Plebeians, heroes, kings and queens, by turns, Mix in the strife: arms clash, and bucklers ring; The fierce battalions throng around their king. Slaughter ensues; blood streams; the nations yield, And valour now—now fortune rules the field. The Moor retreats; enraged, the milk-white train Pursue the swarthy legions o'er the plain. The white troops halt; they fly: the Moor pursues, Hangs on the rear, and the fierce fight renews, As when th' Ionian wave fierce tempests sweep, Or where th' Atlantic heaves the rolling deep; If burst from adverse quarters of the sky, The winds their high-engender'd battle try; Now o'er the land the swelling billows roar, Now back recoil, and foam along the shore.

(To be continued.)



REGULATIONS

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

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

"Public notice is hereby given that the following regulations are promulgated as governing the mode of disposing of the Dominion Lands situate within 120 (one hundred and ten) miles on each side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



TENDERS

FOR STEEL RAILS.

TENDERS addressed to the Honourable the Minister of Railways and Canals will be received at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E. C., London, England, until JULY 15th, next, for Steel Rails and Fastenings, to be delivered at MONTREAL, as follows:—

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1879.

5,000 tons by June 1st, 1880.

5,000 tons by October 1st, 1880.

Specifications, Conditions, Forms of Tender and all other information will be furnished on application at this office, or at the Canadian Emigration Office, 31 Queen Victoria Street, E. C., London, England.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA, 13th June, 1879.

PACIFIC RAILWAY TENDERS.

TENDERS for the construction of about one hundred miles of Railway, west of Red River, in the Province of Manitoba, will be received by the undersigned until noon on Friday, 1st August next.

The Railway will commence at Winnipeg, and run north-westerly to connect with the main line in the neighbourhood of the fourth base line, and thence westerly between Prairie la Portage and Lake Manitoba.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices in Ottawa and Winnipeg.

F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
OTTAWA, 16th June, 1879.

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PIANOS.

LETTER

FROM

WEBER of NEW YORK

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE DOMINION
OF CANADA.

I see by the Canadian papers that I am reported as about to "establish a piano manufactory in Kingston, Ontario, to employ 250 hands," &c., and this is given as a result of the recent advance in the Canadian tariff. I thought that the Canadian people would have known there was already a "Weber" piano manufactory in Kingston. Why should they require two in the same town? This Canadian manufactory, now turning out Weber pianos at Kingston by adopting my name, has done me and my agents in the Dominion great injury, and I now appeal to the good sense and honesty of the Canadian people against it.

Some years ago a piano factory was started in the town of Kingston, which turned out several pianos under the name of "Fox." It would appear that these pianos were not very popular with the people of Canada, as the demand for the "Fox Piano" was very limited. The directors of the concern, however, got a new manager, who, it appears, was equal to the occasion, and to build up the reputation of their pianos adopted the name of Weber, procuring, as I am informed, a person of that name to work in the factory as a pretext for the great injustice of using my name on their instruments.

I do not insinuate that this Kingston piano is not a fair instrument. It is probably too good to continue any longer to sail under false colours, or to push itself on the public by adopting another maker's name. It is hardly in place here that I should tell the public how much time, capital and labour it has cost me to perfect an instrument that is now the favourite piano of every great musician, every leading prima donna, and noted pianist in both hemispheres. It is very hard to have my good name filched from me in your Dominion. I will not venture to quote the Holy Scriptures; you are an earnestly religious people, and know the great precepts probably better than I, but I will refer you to that great bible of humanity, Shakspeare. Othello, Act III, Scene 3, "Who steals my purse, &c. Shakspeare knew that stealing of a man's good name is a greater crime than highway robbery. I hope you read your Shakspeare—we Germans do.

I am informed that in the Dominion there were several Weber pianos advertised and sold by auction in private houses recently, not one of which were made by me, but all of them from this Kingston factory. In some instances the word Kingston had been rubbed off, in others it was placed below the keys, so as not to be easily legible, and I notice the style of their advertisements is intended to mislead the public and confound the two pianos. Even the grand piano, furnished by me to the Windsor Hotel, at Montreal, has been claimed as a Kingston instrument.

You are now launching out as a manufacturing people, and I have no doubt will succeed, but depend upon it your manufacturers cannot succeed by fraud, or "filching my good name," as Shakspeare has it, or "building on another man's foundation," as the Bible has it.

You belong to a nation pre-eminently honest and independent, detesting all spurious imitations and shams, slow to adopt even the good that is peculiar to other nations. It was long after America and every nation in Europe acknowledged my superiority that the great heart of England was opened to me, and now, in the language of their leading musical papers, they "place me in the front rank of all the great manufacturers."

I must remind you that no amount of capital, musical inspiration, or mechanical skill applied to the piano, could accomplish these results had I adopted for my piano dishonestly the name of any other well-known maker.

I hope the Kingston people will change the name of their piano; it will be better in the end. My piano was widely known by the musical world before their "Fox" became a "Weber." If they make a good instrument the honour will be all their own; if they do not why should my name be used any longer to palm off their instruments on the public? One thing the Canadian people may rest assured of, no good article was ever manufactured when the foundation was dishonour or fraud.

I cannot start a manufactory in the Dominion; the capital and time and labour required is too great. My agents in Montreal and Toronto are instructed to sell my pianos at the lowest possible price to meet your demands. Meantime your people should understand that there is no connection or much resemblance between the Weber piano of Kingston and those of

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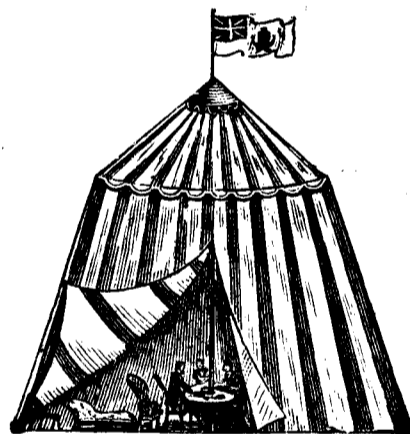
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8 00	2 45	Ottawa by Railway	8 15	5 00-8	
8 00		Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba & B. C.	8 15	8 00	
		Ottawa River Route up to Carrillon	6 45		
QUEBEC & EASTERN PROVINCES.					
8 00		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier and Sorel, by Q., M., O. & O. Ry.	2 50		
		Ditto by Steamer	6 00		
9 15		Quebec, by G. T. R.	8 00		
9 15		Eastern Towns, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup Ry.	8 00		
	2 45	Occidental R. R. Main Line to Ottawa	8 00		
9 15		Do. St Jerome and St Lin Branches	4 30		
11 00		St Remi and Hemmingford R.R.	2 00		
9 15	12 45	St Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, &c.	6 00	2 30-8	
8 00		Acton & Sorel Railway	6 00		
10 00		St Johns, Stanbridge & St Armand Station	6 00		
10 00		St Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways	3 00		
10 00		South Eastern Railway	4 30		
9 15		New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P. E. I.	8 00		
		Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet.	8 00		
LOCAL MAILS.					
11 30		Beauharnois Route	6 00		
11 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Varennes and Vercheres	1 45		
10 00		Cote St Paul	6 00		
11 30		Tanneries West	6 00	2 00	
	6 30	Cote St Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	12 45		
11 30		St Cunegonde	6 00		
11 30		Huntingdon	6 00	2 00	
10 00	6 00	Lachine	6 00	2 00	
8 00		Longueuil	6 00	2 00	
10 00		St Lambert	2 30		
10 00		Laprairie	10 30	2 30	
11 00		Pont Viau, Sault-au-Reculet	4 00		
8 00		Terrebonne and St Vincent	2 50		
8 30	5 00	Point St Charles	8 00	1 15-5	
	1 30	St Laurent, St Eustache and Belle Riviere	7 00		
10 00		North Shore Land Route to Three Rivers	1 15		
9 00	5 00	Hochelaga	8 00	1 15-5	
UNITED STATES.					
8 & 10		Boston & New England States, except Maine	6 00	3 00	
8 & 10		New York and Southern States	6 00	3 00	
8 00	12 45	Island Pond, Portland and Maine	2 30-8		
8 00		(A) Western and Pacific States	8 15	8 00	
GREAT BRITAIN, &c.					
		By Canadian Line (Fridays)	7 30		
		By Canadian Line (Germany) Fridays	7 30		
		By Cunard, Mondays	3 00		
		Supplementary, see P.O. weekly notice.	3 00		
		By Packet from New York for England, Wednesdays	3 00		
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesdays	3 00		
WEST INDIES.					
		Letters, &c., prepared in New York are forwarded daily on New York, whence mails are despatched			
		For Havana and West Indies via Havana, every Thursday p.m.	3 00		

*Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.
† Do. 8.15 p.m.

The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

Registered Letters should be posted 15 minutes before the hour of closing ordinary Mails, and 30 min. before closing of English Mails.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

J. H. WALKER,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
17 Place d'Armes Hill,
Near Craig street.



Having dispensed with all assistance, I beg to intimate that I will now devote my entire attention to the artistic production of the better class of work. Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

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Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal.

Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.

Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.

Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1310.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

FARE REDUCED.

CHANGE OF TIME.

EASTERN DIVISION.

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

	EXPRESS.	MIXED.
Leave Hochelaga	4.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	8.00 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec	10.45 p.m.	9.00 a.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Quebec	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	5.25 p.m.	3.15 a.m.
Arrive Hochelaga	8.40 p.m.	8.30 a.m.

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

J. T. PRINCE,
Gen'l. Pass. Agent.

February 7th, 1879.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

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

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

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

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m. Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.

Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m. Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.

Train for St. Jerome at 5.30 p.m.
Train from St. Jerome at 7.00 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.

STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,
Ticket Agents.

Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent,

Western Division.

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



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

WESTERN DIVISION.

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

SPECIAL SATURDAY EXCURSION.

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

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

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

C. A. SCOTT,
General Superintendent.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

LOCAL TRAIN SERVICE—SUMMER 1879.

The Local Train Service to Lachine, Vaudreuil, St. Anne's, St. Hyacinthe, St. Johns, and other places,

DURING THE ENSUING SEASON, will be the same as last year.

The 5.00 p.m. Train to Lachine will be continued through the Autumn and Winter.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.



The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and OCCIDENTAL RAILWAY.

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

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

Montreal, March 7th, 1879.

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

E. LEF. DEBELLEFEUILLE,
Attorney.



BOSTON AND MONTREAL AIR LINE.

Shortest Route via Central Vermont R. R. Line.

Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 4 p.m. for New York and Boston

Two Express Trains daily, equipped with Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake Sleeping Cars are attached to Night Trains between Montreal and Boston and Springfield, and New York via Troy; and Parlour Cars to Day Express between Montreal and Boston.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

7.15 a.m., Day Express, for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg, also for New York via Springfield or Troy.

For Waterloo, 4 p.m.
4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, arrive New York 7.15 a.m. next morning.

4 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and New York via Springfield.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., via Fitchburg at 8.00 a.m., Troy at 7.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.40 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5.35 p.m. via Lowell, and 6 p.m. via Fitchburg, and New York at 3 p.m. via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 4.00 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.
For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central Vermont Railroad Office, 136 St. James Street.

Boston Office, 322 Washington Street.

G. W. BENTLEY, Gen'l Manager. J. W. HOBART, General Supt.

S. W. CUMMINGS,
General Passenger Agent.

St. Albans, Vt., June 2, 1879.

Ottawa River Nav. COMPANY.



MAIL STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

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

First-class Fare \$2.50 from Montreal.
Do Return 4 00 do
Second-class 1.50 do

For DAY TRIP through LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS to CARILLON, returning OVER RAPIDS in evening, take 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to connect with steamer. Fare for round trip, \$1.25.

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

EXCURSION TICKETS for the CELEBRATED CALEDONIA SPRINGS, at Reduced Rates.

Tickets at Principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE:

13 Bonaventure Street.

Freight forwarded daily at Low Rates, from Freight Office, 87 Common street, Canal Basin.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
President.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.



THE STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY

BETWEEN

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

Run regularly as under:

The QUEBEC on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the MONTREAL on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at SEVEN o'clock p.m., from Montreal.

Steamers from Montreal to Hamilton, connecting at Toronto with Steamers for Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and with Railways for all points West, will for the present, leave daily (Sundays excepted) from the Canal Basin, at NINE o'clock a.m., and Lachine on the arrival of the train leaving Bonaventure Station at Noon. And Coteau Landing on arrival of train leaving Montreal at FIVE o'clock p.m.

Steamer BOHEMIAN, Captain J. Rankin, for Cornwall, every Tuesday and Friday, at NOON, from Canal Basin, and Lachine on the arrival of the Three o'clock train.

Steamer TROIS RIVIERES, Captain J. Duval, leaves for Three Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Sorel with Steamer SOREL, for St. Francois and Yamaska.

Steamer BERTHIER, Captain L. H. Roy, leaves for Berthier every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., and on Thursdays and Saturdays at THREE p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with Railway for Joliette.

Steamer CHAMBLAY, Captain Frs. Lamoureux, leaves for Chambly every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with the cars for Joliette.

Steamer TERREBONNE, Captain E. Laforce, leaves Daily (Sundays excepted) for L'Assomption, at FOUR p.m.

TICKET OFFICES—State Rooms can be secured from R. A. DICKSON, Ticket Agent, at 133 St. James Street, and at the Ticket Office, Richelieu Pier, foot of Jacques Cartier Square, and at the Freight Office, Canal Basin.

J. B. LAMERE, Gen. Manager. ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager.

General Offices—228 St. Paul Street.

Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's RAILROADS

TO

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

Trains leave Montreal:

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

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

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

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

143 St. James Street, Montreal.

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

Sales of Furniture AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

W. E. SHAW, GENERAL AUCTIONEER,

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195 ST. JAMES ST.,
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Best stand in the city for the sale of General Merchandise and Household Effects.

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

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THE

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Beq to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING, ELECTROTYPING, STEREOTYPING, LITHOGRAPHING and TYPE PRINTING,

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IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

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GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH!!

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

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