

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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Published every Friday at 162 St. James Street,
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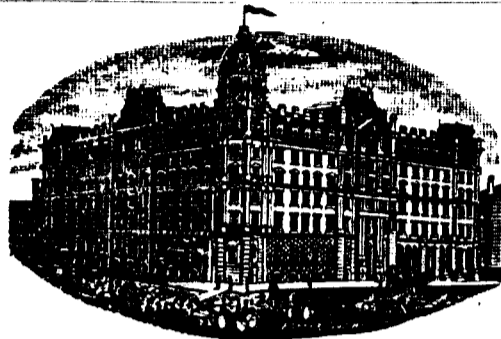
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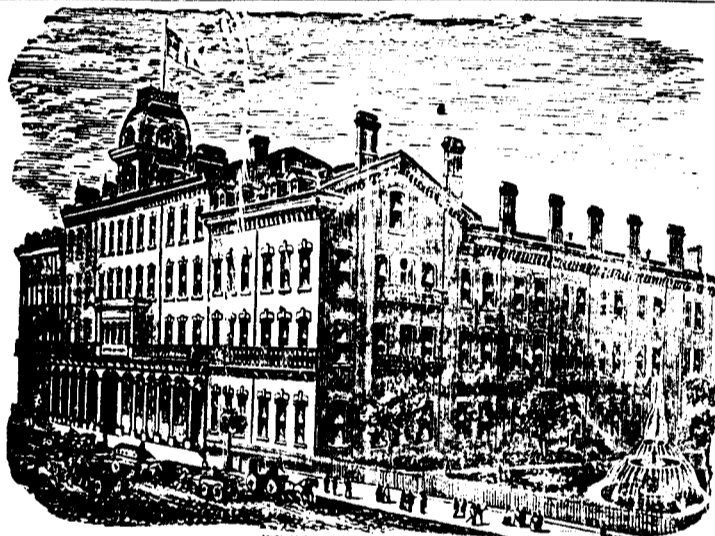


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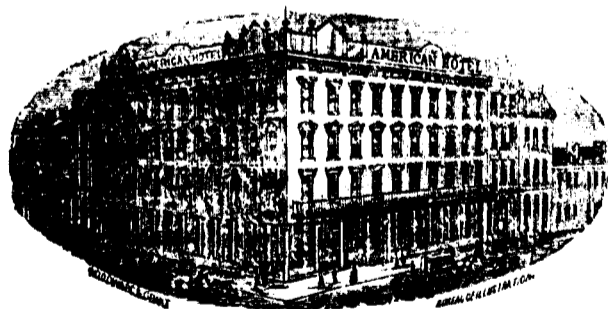
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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., NO. 29.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

During the summer months THE SPECTATOR will be delivered free to Subscribers residing in the country, if the address be sent to the Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE TIMES.

The Quebec Legislature has come to the end of its labours. They have been exciting and somewhat arduous—speaking with reference to both sides of the House. The Government was weak to begin, and the Opposition was strong and determined to do all it could to show that M. Joly was not able to carry on the political business of the Province. This was no more than all had reason to expect—for M. Chapleau and his friends had been irritated by the ill-timed and high-handed action of the Lieutenant-Governor—and by their subsequent defeat when appealing to the electors. But M. Joly has done well—accepting the situation, and making the best of it. He has carried through the supplies, which gave evidence of an honest effort to bring down expenditure—passed a bill to abolish the Legislative Council, which is simply an expensive nuisance—another for the abolition of District Magistrates, which Magistrates the Province can well afford to lose. The Legislature has also passed a Party Processions Bill, which is aimed directly at the Orangemen, and will be worth nothing at all, if approved; just because there are twenty ways of evading it.

The Bill for paying the Volunteers who were called in to suppress the Quebec riots has been criticised and strongly opposed. And there was room for the criticism and reason for the opposition. Why should the Province pay the volunteers for going to the City of Quebec? If that city could not manage its rowdies, and had to call in military help, it seems hard that those who had neither part nor lot in the matter should have to pay for it. At any rate—if the Provincial Parliament is to pay the volunteers for going to Quebec—what is there in law to hinder its paying the bill the City of Montreal now owes to the military for having gone there to keep the peace on the twelfth? Our politicians must not make fish of one and flesh of the other.

It was quite refreshing to see how certain leaders of public opinion in Montreal kept the law as laid down by the Mayor anent gatherings in the streets. They had talked much and loudly, and showed their courage in a general way—but when the supreme day had come, instead of multiplying the mob by their presence, they took what the Mayor declared was "the birthright of every citizen," viz., "the right to remain in their own homes." There was no business doing in the town—and it was very hot—and it was a good opportunity for taking a holiday—and there was a chance of meeting stray bullets in the streets—and—discretion is always the better part of valour. So those who were so conspicuous by their absence had good reason on their side.

Seriously, the non-appearance of many of the city Aldermen and Magistrates was a pity and a serious blunder. The moral effect of their presence would have been great. For the rowdies were not all of one party, and certain it is that Mr. McNamee and some other Magistrates, who are Catholics, did very much to suppress mob violence, and Protestant leaders should have been alongside of them. But for Mr. M. H. Gault—who did good and brave work—and some two or three others—not forgetting Mr. Mercer—things would have been worse than they were.

The signs of the times, both positive and negative, are for peace. Britain countermands an order for forty millions of cartridges—which, if every bullet has its billet, must be the better for a good many poor fellows—and all the nations are crowding round the British money-bags to get a dip in. Russia wants to borrow forty million pounds (better for her than the same number of cartridges); Greece has a little affair on hand that needs money; Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, and even France, are asking for more—or for much, which is about the same thing. Meanwhile Canada, in the person of the Grand Trunk Manager, has been beforehand and secured a few millions for railway extension in the west, where an attempt is to be made to block

Vanderbilt's game with the Michigan Central; and the Hamilton and North-Western has also placed a loan of half a million on the London market.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has been making a speech in Mississippi which has caused some angry comment from Republican papers. He laid great stress on the fact that, having struck for independence and been unsuccessful, the Southerners agreed to return to the Union and abide by the Constitution and laws made in conformity with it. So far all is right, but Mr. Davis immediately proceeded to point out that he did not consider a great many existing laws to be in conformity with the Constitution, and to assert that the promises of the reconstructed did not extend to obeying the unconstitutional laws. For instance, he did not believe in the shipping laws by which registration of foreign vessels under the American flag was prohibited, nor in the policy which levied such duties as to interfere with shipbuilding. Mr. Davis took the opportunity of expressing his joy at the virtual re-establishment of the doctrine of State rights as exemplified in the proceedings of Congress since the last election.

The President of the University of Vermont preached a good sermon at the opening a few days ago, containing sound things as to principle and practice; inculcating the duty of personal right living and obedience to God's commands. For instance: Truth-telling is well if I tell the truth in order to escape the evil consequences of telling a falsehood; but it does not become a moral act until I tell the truth out of regard for truth itself. Honesty as the best policy is a poor thing compared with honesty as the best principle. If thou wilt enter into life—the moral law—thou must keep the moral law, which is not "Thou shalt not steal, because thou wouldst suffer for it," but, "Thou shalt not steal, even though there were no suffering for it, because—because thou shalt not steal; because the moral law forbids it, and thou art loyal to that law." That is good preaching; and if the students take heed, America will be the better for it.

Some more dirt is being flung at the Fisheries' Commission. An American correspondent makes M. Delfosse say that he did not go to Halifax to listen to a parcel of fishermen, but to settle a great international question; in other words, that he deliberately dishonoured himself by disregarding the evidence. But this farce will soon be acted out, now that England has time and attention to bestow on the matter! American objections will not probably be pushed much farther.

The Treaty has been signed at Berlin, and Europe begins to breathe again and hope for a term of peace. Most of the English papers are jubilant, the *Times* leading off the shouting thus, speaking of the Congress: "It has made changes which transform an empire; has removed long-standing causes of discontent; has pacified, we may hope, provinces torn by dissension and misrule, and placed barriers between rival forms of implacable bigotry; has stopped many avenues of foreign intrigue, and if it has abridged the power of the Porte, it has given peace to Europe." Certainly the power of the Porte has been abridged, which is good as far as it goes; but it remains to be proved whether Europe has found a permanent basis of peace. England in possession of Cyprus and in alliance with Turkey seems heaping up obligations which it will be difficult if not dangerous to fulfil. Still, we may rejoice in things as they are, and hope for yet better.

Of course the Earl of Beaconsfield wins all the honour. He went in to do that, and has done it. An admiring people bow down before him; they welcome him home from the scene of his triumph with true British enthusiasm. He is the great Englishman, the one man of the time, who has restored Britain's lost glory. He has vindicated the sacred cause of right, and done well unto himself. The people are filled with the lofty sentiment of patriotism, and do rejoice accordingly. The great Earl may now make his appeal to the country confident of returning to Parliament with a large majority. But we are not yet sure of this Earl; he has given us some surprises lately, a few telling against him, the rest telling for him, and we shall get some more yet. We never shall be sure of him until he has passed into history.

A DAY IN BEDLAM.

The day was the twelfth of July, of course—a day on which certain mortals have deemed it their duty to do and say things which have a tendency to drive certain other mortals mad. They are all Irishmen, and all in a way proud of the "Green Isle;" but among them there are differences of faith; and they fight over them, holding that blood is not half so thick as water, and that it is of more importance to wrangle over the past than to have a prosperous peace in the present and a confident hope of the future.

The scene of all the mad manoeuvres I am going to describe was, of course, the city of Montreal; for nowhere else, in all the world, is there such bigoted devildom baptized by the name of "religious feeling,"—nowhere else are there such examples of "Christian communities" being mutually exclusive—nowhere else are there such instances of men, in the sacred name of piety and principle, insisting on stirring up evil passions which lead to strife and bloodshed, for ends that have no practical use in them.

THE INMATES OF BEDLAM.

First must be reckoned the Orangemen—some of them good, respectable members of society, who say Orangeism is not here what it is in the Old Country—is not meant to stir up ill-feeling, or promote discord,—but is a good and useful institution, working well for Protestantism; some of them indifferent, having joined the order they scarce know why, and never taking an active part in its affairs; and some of them bad, having no purpose of good, but only of mischief. Notably the Orange Young Britons—mere boys, who can neither reflect nor reason; who could hardly distinguish between the written creeds of the two opposing religious bodies, but who have got hold of the tail end of an idea, and think they have the right to walk through a menagerie of wild beasts with raw meat in their hands—the right to flaunt it in the eyes and before the noses of tigers—and all for the purpose of demonstrating before all mankind that they are not afraid of the tigers, but that man can vindicate his manhood when "protected" by iron bars and keepers. That is to say, they have the right to forget the rights of all others; the right to excite and offend a large portion of their fellow-countrymen; the right to paralyse trade, send peace-loving citizens out of the city, make it necessary to call in the military, at a cost to the city of from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars, and otherwise hold the city up to the shame and contempt of the civilized world. For opponents they have Irishmen—as wild as Irishmen can be. They hate Orangeism with anger that is deep and furious. They have ceased to reason about it—have refused to treat it with a wholesome contempt—but have lashed themselves into a passion over the very thought of it. They trouble themselves little about matters of religion—for the priests have no control over them; and still less do they concern themselves about politics—they are bound to hate Orangeism—there it begins and there it ends. On the twelfth these currents of electricity were flashing through the streets of Montreal; defiance, hate—anger outlawed—anger made legal—anger drunk—anger mad—anger delirious and thirsting for blood. Was ever Bedlam in more dangerous mood? All felt the peril—stores were closed, and those who had valuables on sale armed themselves to meet an emergency—banks were well guarded—in truth, Bedlam was a dry tinder waiting for a spark to set it all in a blaze—which spark the Mayor tried hard to strike.

THE LAWS OF BEDLAM.

But there was law even in Bedlam on the twelfth of July. It had been for long time held that a body of men called by any name, wearing any colours, commemorating any event in the past, might walk in peaceful procession through the streets; in truth, that a man might walk through a menagerie of wild beasts with raw meat in his hands if he would, and that it was the duty of the keeper to see that no harm came of it. But the keeper was on the side of the tigers, and said to the man: "You must not carry out your purpose—if you do—well—you shall not." A law was found which the keeper's, that is the Mayor's friends told him bore upon the question,—a law which was made to suppress certain disloyal Societies after the Rebellion in 1837. The legal opinion given was perhaps as startling as legal opinion ever was or can be; for it is plain, to most of the laity at least, that if the Act, 10th chap. C. S of L. C., applies to the Orangemen, so might it also to the Jesuits. What a mercy if it should be found that the opinion is sound in law; for we shall have done with Orangeism and Jesuitry. But on that opinion the Mayor issued a proclamation which seemed to make for peace—for it was against all gatherings in crowds. The Mayor felt himself quite equal to the occasion, and declared in effect that he would protect everybody and arrest everybody, and generally do things on a grand scale. The Mayor made it evident from the beginning that he was first of all a Catholic, and as such opposed to Orangeism—then, that he had some clever schemers at his elbow who were supplying his own unfortunate lack of brains—and then, that he needed no one to help him to play the part of a demagogue. The Orangemen were

allowed to assemble in their Hall to the tune of some two or three hundred, and they were caught like a rat in a trap. They could only come into the street two and two—and there was the Mayor with his Special Constables ready, and more than willing, to cudgel any man who wore the yellow into better manners.

HOW THE LAW WAS CARRIED OUT.

The proclamation was to the effect that no crowds would be allowed to gather "in the streets or elsewhere in the city,"—"elsewhere" being made to mean the Orange Hall, evidently, for many peaceful citizens were, by the police, forbidden entrance to the hall. But the rowdies of the city knew their man, and were sure that the Mayor would not be hard upon his friends. Nor was he. From early morning angry crowds began to gather in the streets, some threatening death to the Orangemen if they should attempt to walk, and others threatening war upon the whole Protestant community in general. For hours not an effort was made to disperse the mobs. The Mayor professed to be sublimely ignorant that any crowd had gathered; when told the fact, lifted up his eyes, and said, "That is in defiance of my proclamation." But the Mayor knew well enough that a mad mob had gathered, and he wanted them there, and did not want to disperse them; they suited his purpose of intimidating the Orangemen; else why did he mount the steps to the Orange Hall, and tell them if they would go "individually" to church—without a procession, without regalia of any kind—he would at once disperse the mob? The Mayor was not only allowing an illegal gathering in the streets, but was using that to coerce the Orangemen.

But the Special Constables were the feature that attracted most attention in the whole affair. They were five hundred in all, and were taken from the lowest and worst ranks of the citizens. Some were Irish Catholic Union men, who yet swore roundly that they did not belong to a secret society; they say a few were Orangemen; and it is certain that some of them not long ago were unwilling servants of the State, dressing and eating at the public expense. But they were Special Constables, and made much of the office. As a band of Volunteers was passing, a Special struck one of them over the head with his baton; he was arrested, and at once dismissed by the civil authorities.

The Specials were stationed in front of the Orange Hall—not to keep the peace, but to break it. They understood that no Orangeman should be allowed on the streets wearing regalia, and if any should attempt to break that peculiar law, their duty was, not to restrain the mob from acts of violence, and not to arrest the offending wearers of yellow, but to beat those same with their batons until they gave up the yellow, or life. A youth was foolish enough to leave the hall and walk out into the street with his rosette on, and he was set upon at once and clubbed—by the mob? oh no! by the Special Constables, and this under the eyes of the Mayor. They didn't arrest him—made no effort at that—only smashed him in a general and indiscriminating way.

An attempt was made to clear the crowd on St. James Street: the Specials came on, led by Mr. McNamee, a Magistrate. Some of the Specials were drunk—one of them struck an unoffending citizen—he was seized by the regular police and marched to Mr. McNamee, who put him to work on the other side of the street. He repeated the offence, striking another citizen—was seized again and brought to Mr. McNamee, who sent him to the lock-up, of course? Oh, no—only home, or off into the crowd to do the same kind of work—less the Special. And so it went on—a demonstration that the Mayor, with a lawless mob at his back, was ruling the city. But for the presence of the military there would have been wild riot and murder. The Mayor tried to ignore the military,—sneered at their presence. When addressing the crowd, declared that he had not brought them; but all who watched the proceedings of the day must be sure that to the soldiers we owe our safety. The Orangemen were intimidated by the mob, and the mob was kept under by the soldiers. As for the Mayor, every action of his was marked by intolerance and knavery. All that he understood of the situation was that he was Mayor, and that for those others—well, as he said in his address to the mob: they might keep the peace "by remaining at home, which is the birth-right of every citizen." The Orangemen were prevented from walking by sheer brute force. They were shut up in the hall and threatened—not with arrest—not with legal proceedings—but with maltreatment at the hands of a mob, led by the Mayor and his rascally Specials. That is how the law was kept in Bedlam on the twelfth.

THE SITUATION NOW.

The trouble is begun but not ended. The Mayor succeeded in making it a question of Catholic against Protestant—for everything was done in the interest of one and in defiance of the other. The meeting of the Magistrates—the Mayor's proclamation—the class of men sworn in as special constables—the mob, and the use the Mayor made of them, all declared, in a way not to be mistaken, that the majority had entered upon a war against the minority. It is

evident that the dream of years ago has come back, and that the Roman Catholic Church will try again, and try hard, to make the Province of Quebec altogether Catholic. The Roman Catholic Church is only tolerant where she must be, and only patient when it suits her policy of ultimate aggression. The Protestants of the city of Montreal are in a minority; but they have the intelligence, the wealth, and the industry which are so much needed to develop the natural resources of the place. But if this ecclesiastical tyranny is to go on—if men after the order of Mayor Beaudry are to govern the city in the interests of the Church—then those who want to live under law and the just administration of it will go elsewhere. Montreal has enough to contend with without being burdened with a despotic ecclesiasticism and unscrupulous municipal authorities.

For the past twenty years the Protestants have been gradually losing ground in Quebec; and for the past twenty years that city has been gradually losing its vitality. The same thing will happen to Montreal unless matters are mended by justice being insisted on. We talk much about liberty, but are concerned most of all to hold it as a theory, for the majority may take it from us at their will. Protests are made, of course—one or two from the pulpits of the city, one or two from the press, and there it seems likely to end. Mayor Beaudry and his mob are exultant because they are triumphant. They have beaten down law and destroyed order, and are happy. Where is the remedy? Not in Orange processions—not in Orangeism at all; not in an appeal to public sentiment, for the Mayor's mob govern that; and not in tame yielding—but in an immediate indictment of the Mayor—if that is possible—and then vigorous measures for the improvement of the jury system—the municipal government—the educational institutions—and above all—of ecclesiasticism. Let it be understood that the people do not exist for any Church—that Government can be in the interest of no party, and that men, like Mayor Beaudry, cannot be official fools or knaves for long together.

THE BUSINESS SITUATION!

That's the question! If the principles upon which business is conducted are radically wrong, a fig for the politics of the country! The question of industry includes the politics. If the business legislation is corrupt, party politics are without interest to all save the gang of eager and greedy office seekers.

"Omega" again brings to the front his noble example of a merchant diligently increasing his liabilities. We thought the argument had been disposed of, but now he presents it in another shape. The merchant is supposed at one period to be owing \$10,000 with \$1.70 assets to the dollar, and at another as having \$20,000 liabilities with \$1.85 assets per dollar, and leaves us to say whether or not his position is improved? We unhesitatingly affirm it is not improved; unless, indeed, the assets be available, which is contrary to the supposition. For in the latter case the risks are increased a hundred per cent., whereas the assets are only supposed to be increased nine per cent. And we think our judgment would be sustained were the estates put to the hammer.

But carry the illustration a little further. Let the first case be Canada at the advent of Confederation, and the latter represent the present condition of the country, and let "Omega" refresh his memory with the history of trade during the past three years and observe the dangers and disasters incident to increased debts where the assets in "stock and store and sown broadcast" are not available and very difficult to estimate.

The adverse balance of trade caused the banks early in 1875 to stop discounting and to call in their loans, withdrawing from business 29 millions of dollars facilities, in the short space of twelve months, and forcing 30 millions business capital into the Court of Bankruptcy! In 1876—25½ millions, and in 1877—25½ millions, and 9½ millions in the first quarter of the present year. Allowing that 25c. per dollar was realized, still 68 millions business capital was completely wiped out. Does not that brief but eventful history indicate the direction the trade of the country is travelling?

Our advice to a merchant in debt would be to apply his available assets to reduce liabilities; save interest and keep his credit good; and to a nation, see that your capital is all accessible to the market, then you need not fear coming to grief.

"Omega" affirms, that the question whether Canada has successfully traded or not, cannot be decided by the balance of trade; that, says he, "merely shows what a nation owes, but gives no idea as to her power of paying it." We beg materially to differ from this dictum. A formal statement of the balance of trade is never required of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, because the industry of Great Britain is so bountifully supplied with all needful capital. To the British manufacturer in that case, the balance of trade question is not worth a pinch of snuff. With Canada it is very different. The scarcity of capital calls for an explicit statement of the foreign trade relations at the hands of the Finance Minister, to show whether or not his policy has been justified. It is surely of the first importance to the country to know, first the fact, and secondly the reason why, active capital is *constantly being converted into an unavailable shape*. The balance of trade clearly establishes the fact; and the cause or reason why is arrived at by careful investigation.

Sound political economists admit that all the products of labor should be given a bearing on the market. The commodities and capital in the personal property are thus favorably situated, but the investment in the real estate has little or no bearing on the money market, which in our estimation fully accounts for the exorbitant rate of interest usually prevailing in this country. When the

principles of banking are extended to mortgages, then, but not till then, will commercial legislation have accomplished its mission. And here let us explain how "credit is made by law the rule, and cash the exception."

A \$1,000 promissory note is discounted by the maker, and becomes, by law, a basis of issue in the hands of the banker. Gold is not the basis of bank issues, as is usually imagined, but promissory notes form that basis, with a circulation payable in gold. The note is therefore given a lending power, equal to its borrowing power. Not so with a mortgage. But is not a mortgage equally entitled to banking privileges? It is the better security, and more convertible into gold; then why not place it on the same level with the note? When that is done then shall industry have the use of all the capital it is entitled to, and credit shall no longer be the rule, and cash the exception. True the loan societies discount mortgages, but that property is not used in the country, but tied up as security for the payment of debentures circulating in a foreign country. But are not these very debentures equivalent to an issue? an issue abroad which is illegal at home? A truly wonderful piece of economy! It must now be obvious to every one but "Omega," that credit is not only necessitated by law, but that Canadian industry is mocked by legislation forbidding an economical use of mortgages, that is, capital.

Our critic manifests a degree of audacity which is difficult to reconcile with his intelligence and professed honesty, when he boldly insinuates that such a bank as has been proposed, "however sound it may be, would find great difficulty even if granted a charter to do so, in gaining currency to any great extent for their own issue payable in gold on demand, for the simple and self-evident reason that they do not possess the gold wherewith to meet such issue if suddenly returned to them." That, we think, is presuming a little too much. We beg in reply to inquire, in case the balance of trade is against the country, a case very likely to happen while industry is left to the tender mercies of the banker. What is the alternative in the case when the circulation returns for a redemption in specie or exchange, where there is a liability of the metal to run dry? and there is seldom ever on hand more than about 10 cents to the dollar. Remembering also that the banks deal but very partially in assets which purchase gold? "Omega" would counsel to stop discounting and call in loans. But the difficulty would be, the metal would not be forthcoming to meet a run, which might increase as its scarcity became more apparent. In such a crisis securities, that is mortgages only, are available by hypothecation to borrow abroad. If the bank has not actually succumbed, the loan societies accept bank notes for their exchange, and the pulse of business, temporarily interrupted, begins to throb with life again. We put it squarely to our critic, if what we say is not the likely truth? Then why insinuate, that a bank dealing in mortgages and gold in convenient quantities, might not do for itself what it is capable of doing for the existing institutions in the dark hour of need? Let "Omega" say where the difficulty can possibly occur. A run upon such a bank as we suggest, need not, nay cannot be a success; for, when the gold was exhausted, the outstanding circulation might be secured at any moment by placing into the hands of a third party—say the Government—an equal amount of securities, and simply announcing the fact. For what more is wanted by a creditor than to have his claim secured by mortgage, and bearing interest from the day of protest? This is what the existing banks cannot pretend to do. Indeed were it not for the property our bank proposes dealing in, the existing concerns would be laid on their beam-ends, to use a nautical phrase, in less than six months in the emergency assumed. Hence the startling corollary:—*That the amount of paid-up bank stock, in this country, which may be made available, is equal to the sum of the good mortgages!*

"Omega" claims being a "free trader in banking as well as in other matters," but we fear his principles are like those of the Government, a *one-sided free trade*. As we cannot see the propriety of what he advocates, of discriminating between one sort of capital and another for the purposes of a circulation, and far less of his favoring credit to the exclusion of capital, for the purpose of furnishing facilities for the development of the vast natural resources of this Canada. Is it not a perfect farce to imagine that justice can be done to this great country by consigning the greater part of its capital to inaction, thereby necessitating a dependence on other nations to do for her what she might very easily do for herself?

If the banks manufacture circulation for two per cent., and only by turning round on their high stools may sell it at ten per cent., then is there not a grand opening for an enterprising mortgage bank to successfully compete for a share of such a lucrative business, and at the same time serve, as never has been done before, the general interests of industry? A discerning but necessitous public will hardly agree with "Omega" in ranking the most oppressive of monopolies under the banner of Free Trade. "Omega" catches at our maxim, "When money is at 10 per cent., it means very little money; at five, double the capital is at command," and insists the cart is put before the horse. We fail to see it. We purposely render it thus to waken up those blundering reporters of the money market, who so frequently instruct the public that there is plenty of money to lend at 8 or 10 per cent., when they would be nearer the truth in reporting, *hardly any money in the country!* We are commonly blamed for putting money matters in a different, if not a new and interesting light than is usually done, but are we not fully justified in doing so? If "Omega" therefore "charitably assumes" what is not true, we hope he does so on his own account, as certainly no one else is implicated in his criticisms on our money ideas. Finally, our critic again refers to the margin he says we propose doing business upon. Let us say, once for all, that we never proposed any scale of prices at which notes and securities should be dealt in. Never proposed interfering with the broker nor any other business. If a banker imagines that by doubling the signatures on a piece of paper it doubles the security, he is "free to maintain it," as we have nothing to say in the matter, and are sure his customers will not be the first to complain. What we do claim is having suggested a practical plan, by which the capital of the country may be doubled, if not quadrupled—redeemable in gold; and if that is not welcome news, alike to Free Traders and Protectionists and the manufacturing interests generally, then we may humbly confess that either we or our critics have entirely misunderstood the wants of this country and of this age.

A PLEA FOR THE TURKS.

I have read the articles on "The Turks and the Eastern Question" with a good deal of interest, but with less of satisfaction. As an epitome of history they are probably truthful enough, as far as they go; but they are manifestly one-sided. Their author has taken a brief against the Turks, and opposition to them is manifestly a labour of love. This animus against them takes distinct and striking form in the concluding words of the last article. He says, in effect there, "the Turks are devils, to the Devil with them."

Now, partizanship of this decided kind has ever, and rightly, been deemed aside from the calm, impartial judgment which should govern the true historian. Not only what can be said against, but also what can be said for, a people, or an individual, should be equally borne in mind by the man who would write history. I look in vain for this impartiality in Mr. Bray's articles.

I am not a worshipper of the Turk. In common with Mr. Bray, I have a hearty detestation of the many abominable qualities which he undoubtedly possesses. He is brutal, and fanatical, and lazy. But this does not exhaust his description, and notwithstanding my abhorrence of the evil side of him, I have a not unfounded confidence that he is capable of better things. Let us not forget that we cannot with absolute impunity cast stones even at the Turk. Our house, too, is of a somewhat transparent texture. There are transactions in the history of John Bull, and qualities in him, which could be singled out and pilloried as worthy of the most violent indignation. Nevertheless, he would hardly like to be coupled with the Devil.

These articles, in dealing with the past history of the Turks, fail to give that prominence to the really admirable qualities they have displayed, which a fair criticism demands. A short sentence in the paragraph relating to the time of the great Malek Shah gives scanty admission to the fact that good government and real human advancement were possible even under the Turk; and that all his time was not spent in the sacking of conquered cities, and the devastating of prostrate countries. The fact is, the historical expanse which lies before the student in this department of history has not only its rugged and painful aspects, but also its flowering valleys, its lofty eminences, and its glory-crowned summits. At the time of the Crusades, Christian Europe compared very unfavourably with Mohammedan Turkey. Having all the fanaticism and cruelty of the Ottomans, the Christians lacked the splendid civilization, the profound learning and polished manners of the followers of Mahomet; and while Christian Europe was torn in pieces by the ferocious contests of feudal robbers, there were order, and peace, and impartial justice throughout the dominions of the Sultan. And no fair-minded student of history can deny that Europe came away from its contact with the East deeply indebted for an impetus to its own civilization and refinement, the value of which cannot easily be computed. The tables, it is true, are somewhat turned now, but why deny to the Turk the possibility of a revival of former virtues, a return to his ancient manhood?

Then, with regard to his more recent history, I very much question the correctness of Mr. Bray's estimate. Here, again, he has borne in mind too prominently that he is the plaintiff's attorney, and has given too much emphasis to the partisan accounts which have from time to time reached us of Turkish misrule. I do not deny the fact of misrule; but it is impossible that it can have been of the unexceptionally abominable character which Mr. Bray would imply. Every now and then there has leaked out, even from anti-Turkish sources, evidence that matters have been very much exaggerated. The Russians themselves, when they got into Bulgaria, were fain to confess that they found the Bulgarians much better off than they expected. They were fairly prosperous, and even wealthy. They had their schools and freedom of worship, and were by no means in the desperate condition they had been represented to be in. And as to the now famous, or, I suppose I should say, infamous atrocities, people of Mr. Bray's way of thinking seem to forget that it is not the Turks alone who will do terribly harsh and bloody things in suppression of insurrection. In his article in the last issue of the SPECTATOR on "The Irish and Orangeism," Mr. Bray tells us a harrowing tale of long-continued English misrule in Ireland. We can bring nothing worse than this against the Turk. England, however, has eventually mended her ways.—why say that the Turk has not, and never will? He has done better in times past, and may do better again.

Once more, as to the question of slavery, the continuance of which Mr. Bray lays entirely at the door of Turkey. Is it so very long ago that Christian England and Christian America removed this stain from their escutcheon? Besides, slavery in the East, notwithstanding its abuses, is far from being an unmitigated evil. It partakes largely of the patriarchal spirit, the slave being more an humble member of the family, than simply the property of his master. And, after all, it is quite a question which is the most a slave, the servant who is the lifelong property and care of his master, or the servant whose connection with his employer continues only during the prime of his strength and skill, and is then of the most artificial and heartless nature.

Mr. Bray, while admitting that he is altogether anti-Turk, denies that he is altogether pro-Russian. As to this, one cannot help feeling that if the Russians never have a more indifferent friend than he, they will do well.

I am afraid (to make a reference to an admirable article of Mr. Bray's of some week or two since) his views on this Eastern question are decidedly "lopsided," and since the SPECTATOR disclaims party spirit, and professes to view all matters under the sun from an impartial and independent point of view, he will, I hope, pardon my presuming to differ from him, and venturing to submit to his paper some proportion of the difference.

He as good as says, then, that England, and England alone, is responsible for the late war, with all its horrors, and that but for England Christian wrongs in Turkey would long since have been righted. And this, because she would not join in the Berlin note. Now, I do not wish to defend in toto the policy of the Beaconsfield government in this Eastern matter. Mistakes were possible, and no doubt have been committed. But I do repudiate, most strongly, the monstrous assumption that England, as represented by its present government, had otherwise than deeply at heart the interests of the Christian subjects of Turkey. She refrained, however, from playing into the hands of Turkey's

great enemy. Prussia would have been only too glad to have had England's heavy hand with her in the grateful work of demolition. And then we should have seen played over again the Austro-Prussian tragical farce over plundered Denmark, and the probability is that deluded England would in the end have found herself shelved entirely out of Turkey, and the laughing-stock of Europe.

Mr. Gladstone, with all his great qualities, is no match for the astute and unprincipled diplomats of continental Europe. They would have worked upon his impetuously generous nature, and plunged him and England into the veriest pickle that ever nation became immersed in.

So the English people as a whole have judged, and it will be found that their instinct was a true one.

We see how pure and sincere were Russia's motives in the cool manner in which she proposed to wipe out Turkey altogether, in the sole interest of Russia.

It is very easy for detractors of Lord Beaconsfield to decry him as "Mystic" and "Adventurer," but under his management of her foreign affairs, England has been spared the contempt and sneers which were showered upon her during Mr. Gladstone's *regime*. She has more than regained her former position as one of the foremost of civilized powers, and what she says is listened to and regarded. For this, thanks to Lord Beaconsfield.

And now a concluding word as to the Turks. Mr. Bray, much as he hates them, was compelled to admit that the late contest showed them to be possessed of a stamina which no one gave them credit for. Surely a people who could shew the splendid patriotism and bravery which they displayed in that unequal fight are by no means played out.

Then, and only then, have a people arrived at the end of their tether when they have lost all love of country, and have not the heart and pluck to fight for themselves. To wish the destruction of Turkey, simply because of her non-Christian religion, is utterly unworthy of any rational Christian. In proportion to her light, Turkey may be just as far advanced as Russia, or as England herself.

The Turks have proved themselves men, in God's name give them a man's chance.

TURK.

DISRAELI—BEACONSFIELD.

A contemporary has published a verbatim report of the close of Mr. Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons; here it is. It was made in 1837, in reply to an attack of O'Connell upon Sir F. Burdett for deserting the Liberal cause:—

"I stand here to-night, sir—(here the noise in the House became so general that the hon. gentleman could not proceed for some time; when the confusion had somewhat subsided, he said:) I stand here to-night, sir, not formally, but in some degree virtually, the representative of a considerable number of members of Parliament. (Bursts of laughter.) Now, why smile? (Continued laughter.) Why envy me? (Here the laughter became general.) Why should I not have a tale to unfold to-night? (Roars of laughter.) Do you forget that band of 158—those ingenuous and inexperienced youths to whose unsophisticated minds the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in those tones of winning pathos—(excessive laughter, and loud cries of "Question")—Now, a considerable misconception exists in the minds of many members on this side of the House as to the conduct of Her Majesty's Government with regard to these elections, and I wish to remove it. I will not twit the noble lord opposite with opinions which are not ascribable to him, or to his more immediate supporters, but which were expressed by the more popular section of his party some few months back. (Question, question.) About that time, sir, when the bell of our cathedral announced the death of the monarch—(Oh, oh! and much laughter)—we all read then, sir—(groans and cries of "Oh!")—we all read—laughter and great interruption)—I know nothing which to me is more delightful than to show courtesy to a new member, particularly if he happens to appeal to me from the party opposed to myself. (Hear, hear.) At that time we read that it was the death-knell of Toryism, that the doom of that party was sealed, that their funeral obsequies were about to be consummated. (Laughter.) We were told that, with the dissolution of that much-vilified Parliament which the right hon. baronet had called together, the hopes and prospects of the Tories would be thrown for ever to the winds—(laughter)—and that affairs were again brought exactly to what they were at the period when the hurried Mr. Hudson rushed into the chambers of the Vatican. (Immense laughter.) I do not impute these sanguine hopes to the noble lord himself particularly, because I remember that, shortly afterwards, the noble lord, as if to check the new and sanguine expectations of his followers, came forward with a manifesto informing them that the Tories could not expire in a moment, but the Ministry in a reform parliament might depend upon having a working majority of 100, which was to be extended upon great occasions to 125 and 130. Now, Sir—(Question, question)—this is the question, and I am going to ask the noble lord for our instruction. (Oh, oh! and great interruption.) We only wish to know this simple fact, whether the great occasion on which the working majority was to increase from 100 to 125 or 130, is upon the question of an election ballot?—(cheers and groans)—and whether the Grenville Act has not been given forth to the people that it is impossible that an impartial tribunal can be obtained in this House? (Oh, oh! Question question.) If hon. members think it is fair thus to interrupt me, I will submit. (Great laughter.) I would not act so to anyone, that is all I can say. (Laughter, and cries of "Go on.") But I beg simply to ask—(Oh! and loud laughter.) Nothing is so easy as to laugh. (Roars of laughter.) I really wish to place before the House what is our position. When we remember all this—when we remember all that, in spite of the support of the hon. gentleman, the member for Dublin, and his well-disciplined phalanx of patriots, and, in spite of all this, we remember the amatory eclogue—(roars of laughter)—the old loves and new loves that took place between the noble lord, the Tityrus of the Treasury Bench, and the learned Daphne of Liskeard—(loud laughter, and cries of "Question")—which appeared as a fresh instance of the *amoris redintegratio*—(excessive laughter)—when we remember at the same time that, with emancipated Ireland and enslaved England, on the one hand a triumphant nation, on the other a groaning people, and notwithstanding the noble lord, secure on the pedestal of power, may wield in one hand the keys of St. Peter,

and— (Here the hon. member was interrupted with such loud and incessant bursts of laughter that it was impossible to know whether he really closed his sentence or not.) The hon. member concluded in these words:—Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of man. (Laughter and cheers.) I respect cheers even when they come from the lips of political opponents. (Renewed laughter.) I think, sir—(Hear, hear, and repeated cries of "Question, question.") I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception which I have received. (Continued laughter.) I have begun several times many things—(laughter)—and I have succeeded at last. (Fresh cries of "Question.") Ay, sir, and though I sit down now, the time will come when you will hear me. The hon. member delivered the last sentence in a very loud tone, and resumed his seat amidst cheers from the Opposition, and much laughter from the Ministerial benches.

LIBERTY OR LICENSE.

The Orange question is becoming almost a serious one. It is not that the life or death of Orangeism is a matter of great moment to this or any other country. But the fact that the Orange view of religion cannot be tolerated by others of another religion, suggests to the timid mind visions of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, or the struggles of the Covenanters at a later date, and compels the query: Is this young Dominion also to undergo the baptism of repentance by fire and sword ere she turns from her evil worship of the devil of self and selfishness embodied in party spirit, and yields her heart with a yearning love to the Goddess of Liberty? Must the scenes of the past be repeated here, and innocent blood and ill-gotten treasure be wasted, before this country can learn by that bitter experience, that the golden rule of liberty, contained in that one thought, which is the very essence of all true religion,— "as ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them,"—is the only road that leads to liberty, equality, and the rights of man?

The Truth in this matter must and will come out—is undoubtedly now in process of development. And as sure as there is a God—one God—whose very essential being is Love shining forth in Wisdom, so surely only by our receiving and shedding forth that Love till it takes form in Wisdom, can we attain a condition of society in which liberty is possible. Religion is Life, or—it is nothing. Show us a man's life, and we will show you his religion. What a man loves is to him his life. If he loves himself, and himself only, he cannot bear that his neighbour should have money, houses, lands, thoughts, religion, or *any thing* which is not under his control; for only when such control is attained, that the neighbour aforesaid cannot call his life his own, does he feel that self is properly ministered to. Such is party spirit. It means the control by one of many, through a unity of aim in some given direction. Each has the same aim, and each hopes secretly to be *that one* who shall attain control. On the other hand, if a man loves his neighbour as much as he does himself, there can be no party spirit; for each longs that the other should be as much an individual as himself, knowing that in that way only can he best serve the cause of all. Party spirit is then lost in an enthusiasm for *all* humanity.

Party spirit embodied in action is—the Roman Catholic *Hierarchy*—wheresoever we find it, here or elsewhere. Not the Roman Catholic *Church*, but the Roman Catholic *Hierarchy*. Then religion is indeed a life, but it is one which cannot brook the life of others to be their own. Liberty with it is an unknown quantity. Love of control is its only life. Yet men here live alongside of it for years and do not see this. And why? It seems so natural to them, because the same quality, a little less intense, is their own quality of life. So at least it has been for many years in the Province of Quebec. Men have sought wealth and power and place for *themselves*, have met this Hierarchy with its own weapons, and are being beaten in the struggle. The very wealth and power and place for which they selfishly strove are being swept from their grasp by a still greater selfishness.

It is time to turn. You who have aught that is good and true left in your composition, struggle now for the triumph of Goodness and Truth—for Life and Light for your fellow-men. With a life-power of will which you never yet put forth for material wealth for self, resolve once and for all, that, come what may, you yourself shall be yourself, and will free your fellow-man from every fetter that hinders his individuality. This, not for one of a class—your own class only—but for all. Help the Catholic to enjoy his procession if he sees it well to indulge in that luxury. Let none make him afraid. Help Orangemen, Young Britons, or any other Society, to find free vent for their peculiar idiosyncrasy, and see to it that neither one nor the other shall, for their own good, be allowed to interfere with their neighbour's development of his own life so long as he hinders not a like liberty in others. That is the true and proper function of Government, and if individuals will not do it, Government *must*, or—cease to govern. Twenty thousand honest, earnest, resolute men in the Province of Quebec have only to express such life principles in word and deed, regardless of consequences to themselves, and the thing is done—aye, or ever it gets beyond the stage of *words* and finds further development in *deeds*. And this because it is *Right*, it is *Liberty*, it is *Light*. Once there were found seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to Baal—that Sun of self and selfishness which is ever shedding its lurid beams around humanity. Are there not even *seven* thousand here and now? One man's earnest protest brought these seven thousand to the Light. One man's protest can do it again, if there be the material to work on. If not, alas! poor Canada! She must and will go to her own place, and rejoicing in the protection and support of a Government which fears the loss of the Catholic vote to support self and selfish power more than it cares for either God or man, must reap the fruits, and live in darkness and disorder because it loves the darkness, lest by coming to the light its deeds should be reproved.

Need more be said? Till men can walk in procession with *any* badge, in *any* colour of dress or ornament, in perfect freedom by day or night, Law is a mockery, Liberty a bye-word, and a God of Love has no place even in the dreams of this domain of real and actual "HEATHENDOM."

Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within that withers and bursts the husk.—George Macdonald.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Whate'er I am, whatever sign I wear upon my sleeve,
Whatever creed my inmost heart may prompt me to believe;
Whatever right I recognize, whatever wrong endure,
I ne'er can yield my honest love for freedom and the poor.

The lowly and the suffering, the life-blood of the earth,
I'm one of them,—to one of them I owe my children's birth;
And in my after years of life, whate'er may be my state,
I never can forget to feel for their unhappy fate.

It hath a voice, a stirring voice, sent from a thousand tongues,
From hearts that wish for all its rights, and feel for all its wrongs;
'Tis not the voice of fierce complaint, loud insolence and threat,
But that of calm persuasive power, the best and surest yet.

And mine, too,—feeble though it be, and of a fitful sound,
But still the echo of a heart, of sympathies profound,—
Shall sometimes mingle with the rest, in pain or peril's hour,
To warn, cheer, teach, and elevate, if such may be its power.

A little song of cheerfulness, to make their labours light,
A strain to open out their souls, and make them think aright;
A lesson which may lead them on toward their common weal;—
But not the stern anathema of false and fiery zeal.

There's good in all things, and 'tis ours to seek it everywhere,
And when 'tis found to honour it, and foster it with care;
There's good in all the various forms of still and stirring life;
For all the boundless universe with excellence is rife.

For freedom, did I say! Ah, yes—for freedom just and true;
But not the lawless monster of the rancour-breathing few,
Who glide like serpents into hearts by toil and sorrow torn,—
On them, and their unholy deeds, I fling my proudest scorn.

The poetry that clothes alike the cottage and the throne,
And speaks from all her classic haunts with high majestic tone;—
These have my deepest reverence,—in these my thoughts rejoice;
But "the poetry of Poverty should have a fitting voice."

And man hath always something good, or be he high or low,
In intellect or circumstance, in happiness or woe;
His errors pity and remove, with mild and manly will,
And be his higher gifts your care and admiration, still.

MY BADGE—is that which singles me from out the lower clay;
MY MOTTO—hope and thankfulness for blessings day by day;
MY CREED—that holy creed of love which CHRIST Himself has given;
MY PARTY—all who walk on earth anticipating Heaven!

PLEBS.

THE BEWILDERED HINDOO.

A SUPPOSITION WITH TOO MUCH TRUTH IN IT.

Suppose an intelligent, devout and truth loving and seeking Hindoo should come to these shores and desire to learn of us what our religion is, and what it may be able to do for him and his people. What answer would he be able to get? Of course that would depend on what particular sect he should chance to fall amongst. Should he first meet our brethren of the Roman Catholic faith, of course he would learn much of the infallibility of the Church and the wisdom of trusting to her authority; the confessional, and penance, and absolution, and all the wonderful machinery of the Church by which she seeks to give peace and safety to human souls would be explained to him. I suppose the average Catholic, even if tolerably well informed, would be a little astonished to have the Hindoo tell him that all this is marvellously like the practices of his own people.

But suppose he should, instead, fall into the hands of the Protestants. Would they not be very likely to warn him against the superstitions of Rome, and ply him industriously with such a digest of doctrine as the Westminster Confession of Faith? Most assuredly, if he fell into the hands of a good Presbyterian. An Episcopalian would give him the Thirty-nine Articles and the Book of Common Prayer, and bid him thank God and be happy. The Baptist would give him the Bible and bid him search for himself, give him what help he might require about the correct volume of water for baptism, and who *not* to commune with. Should he meet with a Methodist believer, he would be told he must not expect to escape the eternal torments of the pit unless he be converted; the day, and hour, and manner of that conversion, though perhaps not essential to know to a certainty, yet that will be very assuring.

If the man should be so mentally organized, or so circumstanced as to be tempted to go the rounds of all these, you can readily imagine what a medley he will be led to suppose Christianity is. Would it be at all strange if he should say he finds inharmonies, and contradictions, between the different accounts he has received of what Christianity really is. He finds the Catholic assuring him there can be no peace or safety for his soul, or prosperity for his people, unless the faith and practice of the Church which has descended from St. Peter be accepted and followed. The various Protestants are a unit in denouncing as an unfounded superstition the claims of Rome, and are each equally earnest and persistent in presenting the claims of their particular body. They are willing he should carry back with him either the one or the other rather than Popery, but the Bible with their special interpretation of its teachings will be best.

But suppose this stranger (naturally enough somewhat distracted in his

mind by conflicting councils) should say, "Before I adopt and recommend to my countrymen this religion which you call Christianity, I would see something of its practical working and effect. I will look around your cities and towns, see your institutions, and your social and political life, and from these be better able to draw conclusions as to the value of your religion for our purposes." He starts out, first having been assured that the fundamental moral code of Christianity is to "love your neighbour as yourself," its doctrinal idea being that God is the Common Father, and all mankind are brethren. Suppose, like a shrewd observer, instead of allowing himself to be taken possession of by the ministers and carried round by the leading men of the churches, he goes about by night and by day among the people with his eyes and ears open to learn what he can of the *life* of the people, and see the influence and effect of their religion on them. Suppose he should first make a tour among the churches and see the magnificence and grandeur there, would he not be awed and impressed, if not with the glory and magnificence of the architecture, yet with the devotion and self-sacrifice of the people, who have voluntarily taxed themselves for the honour and glory of the God whom they worship? Perhaps; yet he well knows that in his own country all this was done ages ago, and in much greater magnificence. He is too much of a philosopher, however, not to give full credit to the well-meaning devotion of the people (due deduction having been made for the mortgages yet unpaid). But he goes from the churches to the homes of some of the worshippers. If the church was gorgeous, the home was more gorgeous still. He is entertained in princely style, and is profoundly impressed with the advantages of Christianity and Christian civilization. As he retires at night, in the quiet of his hotel he has visions of what this religion will do for his country. Next morning he falls in with some pleasant acquaintances he has made, to whom he pours out his heart touching the revelations being made to him day by day concerning the religion whose practical social influences he is seeking to discover. The friends listen to his story of the luxurious and hospitable home he has visited, but, with an ill-concealed leer, tell him it is all very fine for such a man to be hospitable to strangers and display his wealth, for every dollar of it he has filched from the public treasury in one way or another, or acquired in rather disreputable ways. The Hindoo says nothing, but quietly makes a note of the alleged fact. He next makes an effort to see the inside of some of the houses of the humbler citizens, and accompanies the Health Officer in his rounds of inspection. This officer's duty calls him where filth is suspected, and of course the stranger is appalled. He himself, from natural taste and from long habit, is scrupulously clean. Indeed, it has hitherto been a part of his religious creed to be cleanly in his person and in his habits, and is astonished that Christianity, if so much superior to his *old* faith, as he has frequently been told,—astonished that it can tolerate so much festering, disease-breeding filth. "Are not these people Christians?" he asks the officer. "Oh, yes; I suppose we have no right to question it." "Do they own these miserable hovels where they burrow and breed disease?" "Own them? no." "Then why do not the authorities pull them down, and purify the air and save the city from pestilence?" "Oh, they have no right to destroy private property; these houses are valuable, they bring in quite a large rental." "Rental? Do these people pay anything for so doubtful a privilege as living in these places?" "Pay? Why, yes, of course they do, and *have* to." "To whom?" "To the owner." "To the owner? And who may he be—does he call himself a Christian?" "Why, they are owned by Mr. So-and-so, and he is one of the leading men in one of our most fashionable churches." "Mr. So-and-so! why, he is the gentleman at whose house I have been so handsomely entertained! And he believes, and wants me to believe, that God is the Father of all, and that all mankind are brethren. I have some doubt about his belief; I fear he only thinks he *ought* to believe this, instead of *really* believing it—for if he really believed, he could not think of exacting pay for such death-traps as these." The health officer, who is a practical man, says, "My friend, you are too theoretical; you Orientals are apt to be, I believe; we Occidentals are practical—*eminently* practical, sir, in our social and in our religious life. Just look at our hospitals, sir, and our House of Refuge and Industry." "Practical; yes, I see. One class of the people make money out of these health-destroying dens, and when disease overtakes the poor people, they are put into the hospital to be cared for by another class—*very* practical. My friend who entertained me so handsomely the other day, is a much more practical man than I had suspected."

Next morning finds the enquiring Hindoo in the Recorder's Court, to see something of *that* side of our Christian civilization. A motley crowd is there—men and women, old and young—and one after another they each receive their sentence of more or less of fine or imprisonment, and they each pay down and are released, or trudge off to be boarded at the expense of the public. "But," he inquires, "who are these women whose fines are \$40, or a week in prison?" "Oh, these," he is informed, "are the keepers of houses of bad repute." "But I have just observed that some of these men, for being simply intoxicated, have received long sentences in prison. Is that because intoxication is a more heinous offence in Christian eyes than the keeping of such houses?" The person he is now in conversation with is a good deal of a fanatic, and so tells him that these women can easily pay the large fine, because they have many wealthy friends, and this is one of the easy ways to replenish a wasted treasury. "We, Sir, are a practical people, and feel proud of it." "So I observe," said the meditative Hindoo, and made a note of it.

He found no difficulty in arranging (for a golden consideration) with an officer of the law to have himself conducted on a tour of observation among these houses which seemed to be such a source of revenue to the Court of this eminently practical Christian people. It was not difficult for him to recognize the faces of some of the women he saw in the Court. "But," he observed, "these are fine houses, and finely furnished. Do these women own them?" "Oh, no; they only lease them, and a heavy rent they have to pay for them; they could not get them for such purposes except they paid a large rent." "But who can be willing to let them have them for such purposes?" "Various parties. Three of these houses are owned by Mr. So-and-so." "Mr. So-and-so! Why, that is the gentleman at whose house I have been entertained in such princely style." "Like enough." "But," pursued the Hindoo, "is it in accordance with your religion to encourage such places?" The

officer could only shrug his shoulders and say "We are an eminently practical people, and Mr. So-and-so is highly esteemed for his practical sagacity. With a perplexed air he returned to his hotel, took from his satchel his newly-acquired text-book of Christianity, read over the sermon on the Mount, and felt more puzzled than ever how to harmonize the practices of the people with their theories. He felt somehow that the solution of the problem was in the generally acknowledged fact that we are a *practical people*, but he fell asleep at last, vainly attempting to discover how it could all be. No wonder that his sleep was disturbed with troublous and perplexed dreams, nor that early he was waked by unwonted noises on the streets, for multitudes of armed men had invaded the city. After a hurried breakfast he enquired what all this could mean. "Mean, why this is a precaution of the authorities for the preservation of the public peace and the protection of property." "But, pray, who intends to disturb the peace or destroy property?" "And his companion now, being an ardent supporter of the *Catholic* side of the question, and editor of an evening paper, and, of course, well informed, tells him "that certain blood-thirsty Protestants, having taken a vow to destroy all Catholics, or, at least, destroy Catholic domination, intend to seek an opportunity to carry out their sworn and infamous intentions." "But these armed men, will they not endeavour to restrain the savagery of these wicked murderers?" "Well, that is not so clear." "But are they not brought here to preserve the peace and protect property?" "Well, theoretically, yes; practically, no. They are brought here to sustain these insulting assassins." "But will they do it—will they stand calmly by and allow them to injure persons or destroy property?" "Theoretically, no; practically, yes. Our people, sir, feel insulted and enraged, and we cannot be responsible for the result if these cut-throats march our streets."

The wily Hindoo suspected there might be another side to this question—these Christian questions, he found, had so many sides, that he determined to find out. He had no difficulty in discovering a man who looked at the matter from a slightly different point of view, a man who said the time had fully come when peace-loving and law-abiding citizens ought to be able to find out whether they can proceed to church through these streets without being murderously assaulted by emissaries of the Pope, tools of the priests—"time that we had found out whether Protestants have any civil rights that Catholics are bound to respect. These armed men are here to-day to keep back the blood-thirsty mob from interference with a peaceable procession of Christian men on their way to church." "But what do these men want to go to church for?" "For! they desire there to thank God that He delivered them from the enthrallment of a degrading superstition, and there to renew their vows to Him to be faithful and true to the light which He has given to them." "But can you imagine why these others should seek to interfere with them?" "They imagine it is an insult to their religion, they are taught to believe so, and thus the feud of centuries is kept alive and the hatred of the fathers is handed down to the sons." "An insult to their religion? Am I then mistaken in supposing that the religion of both parties is the Christian religion? I have been told by authorities on both sides that Christianity is their religion. I merely ask for information." "Theoretically it is the same; practically it is not." "Do not both parties claim to worship the same God? Do they not both call Him Father? Do they not both acknowledge the precepts of His alleged Messenger, Jesus of Nazareth, to be their rule in practice?" "Theoretically, yes; practically, no." "Shall I, then, have to conclude, notwithstanding the assurances I have had that you are a *practical* people, that it is only an illusion, and that you are *not* really so? or shall I have to conclude that in the matter of money-making only you are practical, but in your religion only theoretical?"

Your religion, as I have heard of it from your missionaries to my country, looks fairly enough, aside from some metaphysical puzzles and theological conundrums, but they told us nothing of how it worked in practice, and I have come here to find out—but I must say my impressions of it are not very favourable. When I examine your theories and seek to understand them, you tell me you are a *practical* people, and when I look at your practice it is certainly a very poor recommendation of your theories. Is it not pretty evident that much of your pretension to superiority and advancement is empty and misleading. You affect to take a Prince of Peace for your leader and guide, but you murder each other and fancy you are doing him a service. Is it possible that this can be the natural and legitimate outcome of the teaching of this Nazarene." "Sirs, "I would see Jesus," "where is he to be found?"

The prying Hindoo is supposed to have gone West to further prosecute his enquiries.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Clean Cellars.—Cellars in hot weather, as well as cold, should be thoroughly cleaned. Every particle of decaying animal or vegetable matter should be removed. The walls and ceilings should be whitewashed. To each bucket of wash made with lime add one-quarter of a pound of glue, dissolved in hot water; also one-quarter of a pound of carbolic acid. This will drive off flies and keep away foul odors. Every cellar should be looked after. Diphtheria or scarlet fever are often the first warning of a foul cellar.

STAINS.—**Fruit Stains** upon compound colours are difficult to remove. If acid, a little ammonia will sometimes restore the colour, but never to its original brightness. From linen and white material, fruit and wine stains may be removed by a weak solution of chloride of lime or sulphurous acid, or solution of hypo-sulphate of soda, and after washing out with a solution of muriatic acid, 1 part to 12. The latter bleaches sponges and feathers.

Stains of Paint may be removed, however hard and old, by a sulphide of carbon. The clothes should be exposed to the air to allow the smell to evaporate.

Oil Stains may be removed in the same manner as paint stains with sulphide of carbon or strong liquor of ammonia. The latter should be kept in every family to use in washing clothes that are much greased or soiled. When removing stains from carpets, always put a cloth under the stain to prevent the dust from the floor being taken up.

Varnish Stains, even if very old, may be removed by sulphide of carbon. Several applications may be necessary.

Ice Cream Stains.—First apply warm water to remove the sugar, then when dry use sulphide of carbon or ammonia if the color of the material is white.

Coffee Stains must be treated in the same way.

Stains of Ink.—To remove stains of ink from the hands and from white clothes, use a solution of tartaric acid, then washing out the acid in water.

The most powerful bleaching liquid is the binoxide of hydrogen. This will remove almost all kinds of stains. It is simple and may be easily used. The same liquid is used to give the golden or butter colour to the hair, and is the favourite of actresses and others who affect the Lydia Thompson blonde style.

Indelible Ink and Nitrate of Silver Stains.—Apply tincture of Iodine and water, and wash with ammonia or solution of hypophosphate of soda. To remove hair dye of nitrate of silver, use $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. iodide of potassium, 10 grs. iodine, and 1 pint of water: wash the hair well with this, and after a few minutes wash with 1 oz. hyposulphate of soda in 1 pint of water. The same process will remove nitrate of silver stains from the skin.

MUCILAGE.—Eight ounces of gum arabic, of water sufficient to dissolve by gentle heat, add 15 grains of salicylic acid dissolved in a teaspoonful of alcohol, and five drops of oil of cloves or lavender. This will keep for a long time. To make labels adhere to tin, wash the tin with weak muriatic, sulphuric or tartaric acid, or sprinkle a little resin on the label when gummed.

DEATH IN THE COSMETIC.—The London *Lancet* gives two or three instances of death from the use of violet powder for the skin, and chemical analysis has shown that the poison producing these fatal results was due to the presence of arsenic, with which it is alleged the powder was adulterated. The consternation of ladies in beautifying themselves at the risk of their lives, and mothers applying to the innocent babes death-dealing powders was terrific. A moment's reflection would show that arsenic in a cosmetic, used for such purposes as violet powder, would be of no service whatever, but rather impair its qualities. The use of violet powder is to allay irritation, to render the skin smooth and of uniform color. Arsenic would produce an opposite effect. If arsenic has been found in violet powder, it is there by accident, as the powder consists of the finest starch with the addition of orris and perfumes. So ladies and nurses may still use violet powder without fear of death in the cosmetic.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE FUTURE LIFE."

SIR,—I confess "Senex" is too metaphysical for me. To my common understanding "Eternal" embraces the *present* and the *future* life, but he says, "no such thing; it is something quite different!"

He asks too much, I think, that I should give "proof and explanation" where the mansions the Saviour alludes to are, and what they are? I will quote the rest of the passage, and as it was *Christ's teaching* it appears to have been quite sufficient for the faith of the disciples excepting *Thomas*, whose sceptical mind must have proof and explanation! "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." One thing I can tell "Senex," that the mansions spoken of, wherever they may be, will not be surrounded as are the *material mansions in Montreal*, of which I wrote; by bad drainage, dusty roads, low groggeries, and unsightly half-ruined houses in polluted localities, where filth, degradation, crime, and every sensual vice revel unmolested. The poet, "Dante," (if I remember right) places "these mansions" in the *moon*, *Saturn*, and the *other planets*, and in his *wonderful and sublime imagination* carries us to these planets and tells us what he saw and did in them. I do not expect "Dante" will be conclusive evidence to "Senex." On the other hand, if we are to find proof in Scripture of every thing we find in the Bible, what need of Faith which our Lord so imperatively demands and all the Apostles teach, as the first requisite to Divine wisdom?

In the Book of Revelation xxi. chap. and 2nd verse, we read, "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband." This I take it may be the city "Abraham looked for, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. 11., and where, not only Abraham but all the Patriarchs, Prophets and Church militant will be found. Possibly, the mansions spoken of by our Saviour will be in "That City." J. F. K.

THE TEMPORALITIES' FUND AND THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA.

SIR,—In the SPECTATOR of the 13th instant, amid other articles of the usual literary excellence, I find, what is probably the last of a series of able letters on the Temporalities' Fund from the pen of my friend Mr. D. Brymner, my name introduced as having lodged "a solitary protest" against "the appointment of a committee to confer on union."

On the occasion alluded to I remember taking exception to the unconstitutional mode of procedure on the part of the union-mongers.

I maintained, that instead of an ukase from the Rev. Dr. Ormiston to the Rev. Dr. Jenkins (to neither of whom was I disposed to entrust the interests of the Church of Scotland), there should have been laid on the table, for our deliberation, something official,—a document expressing the mind of the Canada Presbyterian Church, signed by the Moderator and Clerk.

After the above letter had been read, I rose and asked, through the Moderator (the reader of the letter), whether he had replied to the letter he had just read. He replied that he had. I asked, out of respect to the Court, and agreeably to use and wont, that he should lay a copy of the reply on the table; with this he was unable to comply, but would endeavour to favour the Court with the substance of its contents. It was now that I entered my "unrecorded protest" noticed by Mr. Brymner. I maintained that we had no evidence that Dr. Ormiston represented the mind of his church in the aggregate, and that it was more than probable that he might be censured by the General Assembly which met at Toronto the following week. I was pleased to find that my conjecture became a fact. Dr. Ormiston narrowly escaped censure, and was

told by the Rev. Dr. Waters and others that he had no right to arrogate to himself such high prerogatives.

Though unable to stem the torrent of Unionism, I felt warranted to let the outside world know, through the columns of the *Globe*, that I was entitled to some credit for guessing correctly.

These were the days of overwhelming majorities, harmonious discussion in committee meetings, exuberant displays of Christian feeling and Christian forbearance. While I, afflicted with rheumatism and severe attack of bronchitis, was compelled to retire from the scene, not caring to bear along with me the sympathy of the promoters of Union, whose united efforts were now put forth for the extinction of the Church of Scotland in Canada.

In my seclusion I was not an unconcerned spectator of the sayings and doings of the Union contracting parties. At the very outset of the Union Committees' deliberations the suppression of our distinguishing characteristic "in connection with the Church of Scotland" must cease and determine. On that committee sat clericals who had been licensed by the Church of Scotland, and who had vowed not to "pursue decisive courses," and who might have been expected to ask the question, In what way does connection with the Church of Scotland interfere with the advancement of Christianity in Canada? "Obstet principis" ought to have been their rule of conduct. But the crisis approached and Union was to be consummated in 1875. Having been relieved of bronchitis by the kind and disinterested interposition of Dr. Campbell, of McGill College, I made an effort to visit Montreal, with the resolve to address my seceding brethren for the last time. Being *emeritus*, I was virtually without a status in the Court.—I had no uneasiness because of this, inasmuch as the invariable practice had been to invite retired ministers to sit and deliberate. Dr. Ormiston one day exhibited his stalwart form in the passage, and being recognized by the Moderator, was cordially invited to take a seat and to give the Court the benefit of his counsel. No recognition for me, and when the Moderator (Principal Snodgrass) had his attention directed to the circumstance, he uttered these words: "It is not desirable that Niven's tongue should be heard wagging on the present solemn occasion." HUGH NIVEN.

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Mademoiselle de St. Hilaire's mind was about this time engrossed by far more important personages than her absent lover, or her youthful friend. The present occupants, herself (no *new* one truly), and a certain Marquis d'Arval, who would probably have been her first choice, if he had not been the selected of her parents. Not that she had by any means decided on the rupture of her engagement with Walter (if indeed such a contingency had ever formed the subject of her private musings); neither, at any rate, would she have dissolved it, till his return should compel her to a decision. For his letters were too agreeable, too spiritual—too full of that sweet incense that never satiated her vanity, to be voluntarily relinquished.

But in the mean time, the correspondence, piquant as it was—a charming *passe-temps*—could not be expected to engross her wholly. Many vacant hours still hung upon her hands, wonderful to say, in spite of those intellectual and elegant pursuits, the late discovery of which had so engrossed the unsophisticated Walter. Who so proper as the Marquis d'Arval, then on a visit at the Chateau,—her cousin too—besides being the especial favourite of her parents—(dutiful Adrienne!)—to be the confidential friend of la belle *délaissée*?—to be in fact the substitute of the absent lover, in all those *petits soins* that so agreeably divert the ennui of a fine lady's life, and for which the most sentimental correspondence can furnish no equivalent? In the article of *petits soins* indeed (the phrase is perfectly untranslatable), the merits of d'Arval were decidedly superior to those of his English competitor, whose English feelings and education certainly disqualified him for evincing that peculiar tact and nicety of judgment in all matters relating to female decoration and occupation, so essential in the *cavalier servente* of a French beauty. Though an excellent French scholar, Walter never could compass the nomenclature of shades and colours, so familiar and expressive to French tongues and tastes. He blundered perpetually between "rose tendre," and "rose foncée"; and was quite at fault if referred to as arbitrator between the respective merits of "Boue de Paris," or "Crapeau mort d'amour."

Achilles, in his female weeds, was never more awkward at his task than poor Walter, when appointed by especial favour, to the office of arranging the ribbon collar, or combing the silken mane and ruffled paws of Silvie, Adrienne's little *chien lion*. And though ready enough (as we have seen) to importune his mistress with worthless offerings of wild-flowers, it never entered his simple fancy to present her with small, compact bouquets, sentimentally and scientifically combined (the *pensée* never omitted, if in season), the stems wound together with silk of appropriate hue, or wrapped round with a motto, or well-turned couplet. In these, and all accomplishments of a similar nature, Walter Barnard's genius was immeasurably distanced by that of the Marquis d'Arval.

The latter was also peculiarly interesting in his character of a despairing lover; and his attentions were particularly well-timed, at a season when the absence of the happy lover had made a vacuum in the life (of course not in the heart) of Adrienne, who on her part was actuated by motives of pure humanity in consoling d'Arval (as far as circumstances permitted) for the success of his rival, by proofs of her warmest friendship and tenderest commiseration.

Since the Marquis's arrival at St. Hilaire, his universal genius had in great measure superseded la petite Madelaine in her office of exorcist to the demon of ennui, her fair cousin's relentless persecutor. She was therefore less frequently, or rather less constantly, at the Chateau—though still summoned to secret conference in Adrienne's boudoir, and often detained there for hours by consultations or occupations of that private and confidential nature, so interesting to the generality of young ladies who have lovers in their hearts or heads, though the details might be insipid to the general reader, if it were even allowable to reveal mysteries little less sacred than the Eleusinian.

It might have been inferred, however, that la petite Madelaine was but an unwilling sharer of those secret conferences; for she often retired from them

with looks of more grave and even careful expression, than were well in character with the youthful countenance, and an air of dejection that ill suited the recent listener to a happy love-tale. And when her services (whatever were their nature) were no longer required, Adrienne evinced no inclination to detain her at St. Hilaire.

She was still, however, politely and even kindly welcomed by the owners of the Chateau; but when no longer necessary to the contentment of their idolised daughter, the absence or presence of la petite Madelaine became to them a matter of the utmost indifference, and by degrees she became painfully sensible that there is a wide difference in being accounted *nobody* with respect to our individual consequence, or in relation to our capabilities for contributing, however humbly, to the comfort and happiness of others. To the first species of insignificance Madelaine had been early accustomed, and easily reconciled; but the second pressed heavily on her young heart—and perhaps the more so, at St. Hilaire, for the perpetually recurring thoughts of a time still recent—"the happy time," as that poor girl accounted it in her scant experience of happiness—when she had a friend there who, however his heart was devoted to her cousin, had never missed an occasion of showing kindness to herself, and of evincing to her, by those attentions which pass unnoticed when accepted as a due, but are so precious to persons situated as was la petite Madelaine, that to him at least her pains and pleasures, her tastes, her feelings, and her welfare, were by no means indifferent or unimportant. The dew of kindness never falls on any soil so grateful as the young heart unaccustomed to its genial influence. After-benefits, more weighty and important, fail not in noble natures to inspire commensurate gratitude—but they cannot call forth that burst of enthusiastic feeling, awakened by the first experienced kindness, like the sudden verdure of a dry seed-bed called into life and luxuriance by the first warm shower of spring.

La petite Madelaine's natural home was at no time, as has been observed, a very happy one to her. And now that it was more her home than for some years it had been, time had wrought no favourable change in her circumstances there. Time had not infused more tenderness towards her into the maternal feelings of Madame du Résnel—though it had worked its usual effect of increasing the worldliness, and hardening the hardness, of her nature. Time had not dulcified the tempers of the three elder Mademoiselles du Résnel, by providing with husbands the two cadettes between them and Madelaine. And time had cruelly curtailed the few home joys of the poor Madelaine, by sending le petit frère to college, and by delivering up to his great receiver, Death—her only other friend—the faithful and affectionate Jeannette. Of the few that had once loved her in her father's house, only the old dog was left to welcome her more permanent abode there; and one would have thought he was sensible of the added responsibilities death and absence had devolved upon him. Forsaking his long-accustomed place on the sunny pavement of the south stone courtyard, he established himself at the door of the salon if she was within it, himself not being privileged to enter there—or with his young mistress in her own little turret-chamber, where he had all *entrées*—or even to her favourite arbour in the garden he contrived to creep with her, though his old limbs were too feeble to accompany her beyond that short distance. And when they were alone together, he would look up in her face with such a "human meaning" in his dim eyes, as spoke to Madelaine's heart, as plainly and more affectingly than words could have spoken—"I only am left to love my master's daughter, and who but she cares for old Roland?"

In the mean time, Walter's year of probation was fast drawing to a close; and his return to St. Hilaire, and all thereon depending, was looked forward to with very different feelings by himself (the happy expectant!) by the inhabitants of the Chateau, and by its still occasional inmate, the little Maiden of the Manoir, whose meditations on the subject were not the less frequent and profound, because to her it was obviously one of little personal interest. Monsieur and Madame de St. Hilaire had watched with intense anxiety the fancied progress of the Marquis d'Arval in supplanting the absent Walter in the affections of their daughter. But experience had taught them that the surest means of effecting their wishes was to refrain from expressing them to the dutiful Adrienne. So they looked on, and kept silence, with hopes that became fainter as the decisive period approached, and they observed that the lovers' correspondence was unslackened, and the Marquis made no interesting communication to them of that success on his part which, he was well aware, they would receive as most gratifying intelligence. On the contrary, he found it necessary, about this time, to make a journey to Paris, and to his estates in Languedoc; but as he still seemed devoted to Adrienne, and his devotions were evidently accepted with the sweetest complacency, the bewildered parents still cherished a belief that the young people mutually understood each other—that d'Arval's temporary absence had been concerted between them, from motives of prudence and delicacy with respect to Walter, and that when the latter arrived, their daughter would either require him to release her from her rash engagement, or empower them to acquaint him with her change of sentiments.

Nothing could be farther from truth, however, than this fancied arrangement of the worthy elders. Whatever were d'Arval's ultimate views and hopes, he had contented himself during his visit with playing the favourite lover *pro tempore*. Perhaps he was too honourable to take further advantage of his rival's absence—perhaps too delicate, too romantic, to owe his mistress's hand to any but her cool after-decision, unbiassed by his fascinating presence. In short, whatever was the reason, he was *au désespoir*—*accablé*—*anéanti*! But he departed, leaving la belle Adrienne very much in doubt whether his departure was desirable or otherwise. It certainly demolished a pretty little airy fabric she had amused herself with constructing at odd idle moments of tender reverie; such as a meeting of the rivals—jealousy—reproaches—an interesting dilemma—desperation on one side (she had not settled which)—rapture on the other—defiance to mortal combat—bloodshed, perhaps. But these feelings drew a veil over the imaginary picture, and passed on to the sweet anticipation of rewarding the survivor. If the marrying of so ingenious a fancy sketch were somewhat vexatious, on the other hand it would be agreeable enough to be quite at liberty (for a time at least), after Walter's return, to resume her former relations with him. And as to the result, whatever was

his impatience, that might still be delayed, and the Marquis would return. She was sure of him, if after all she should decide in his favour; and then, who could tell—the fancy sketch might be completed at last. La petite Madelaine was not of course made the depositary of her fair cousin's private cogitations; but she had her own, as has been observed, and she saw, and thought, and drew her inferences—devoutly hated Le Marquis d'Arval—could not love her cousin—and pitied—Oh! how she pitied le bon Walter!

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL.

The annual examination of the Academy of Music of this Province was held on Thursday 4th inst., in the Victoria Hall, Quebec. In the absence of Mr. Prume, Mr. Gagnon, of Quebec, presided. Many of the principal musicians of the Province were present, and the hall and gallery were filled with the friends of the candidates.

Piano-playing was the first branch taken into consideration, the judges being Messrs. Letondal, Maclagan, Lavallee, Smith and Saucier. Four ladies entered for the second class, the piece selected being Dussek's Sonata in B flat. Their playing was uniformly good, and, as they succeeded fairly in reading a piece at sight, they received diplomas. The fortunate graduates were Miss Hallée, Miss Harrison, Miss Power and Mrs. Jackson. For the first class there were three entries, but the judges did not consider that any of the candidates came up to the standard necessary for this degree, and consequently none were given. Mr. Day, however, received honorable mention.

Notwithstanding the very high standard required for the degree of Laureate, and the difficulty of the piece selected (Chopin's Scherzo, Opus 31), Mdlle. Demartigny was awarded a diploma and gold medal, her playing being much superior to that of any of those we have yet heard at any of these examinations.

The candidates for diplomas in singing were next examined, the judges being Messrs. Couture, Letondal, Smith, Maclagan and Gagnon. Five candidates entered, viz., two soprani, two contralti and one basso. All of these entered for the first degree, and as the judges did not consider them sufficiently advanced to receive this distinction no diplomas were given. Examinations in Harmony, Organ, Violin, &c., were commenced, but as there were no entries in these branches the *concours* came to an end after the pupils had sung.

As the next examination will be in Montreal, we will take this opportunity of informing our readers, so far as we know and can do in a brief space, of the history and aims of this Society.

Several years ago it was considered desirable to found an institution of this kind, in order that pupils might be able to know their exact status, and the progress they made from time to time in the art; moreover, it was intended as a means of checking imposition in the teaching of music, and of regulating the style of music taught in the Province. Examinations were held, and diplomas conferred; but there was a lack of energy in its management, and the old-world musicians took little interest in it, or ignored it altogether. After a time even neglect. Mr. Letondal, who took a deep interest in the advancement of the art, invited the musicians of Montreal to his house to consider the matter, and to endeavour to found a Conservatory of Music in Montreal. Subsequently, meetings were held at different times and places, a president and officers were elected and rules framed, &c. We thought then that we were to be happy at last, and that Montreal was about to become the musical centre of the universe. But, alas for human hopes and aspirations! as soon as the officers were elected, and their names printed in the papers, their enthusiastic love of art, like Bob Acres' courage, seemed to ooze out at their finger-ends, and we heard no more of the Montreal Conservatory of Music.

Mr. Letondal and his confreres then returned to their old love, and, instead of forming a new Association, invited those desirous of doing so to join the old one, offering to them all an equal voice in its management, merit only being required in order to attain to the highest office. We are sorry that some few musicians here still hold themselves aloof from the Academy; if there be anything wrong in its management, let them rather join and set it right, and by sending in their pupils for examination, shew that they are not afraid to submit their work to honest criticism, and that they really deserve to be entrusted with the education of our future musicians.

It is rumored that Gilmore will soon return to America, as the financial result of his European trip does not equal his anticipations. With the exception of a few soloists, the members of the band receive an equal share of the profits, and their first week's salary amounted only to fifteen dollars; the second week the division yielded forty dollars, and the third week twenty-three dollars for each one.

A Leipsic paper records a number of superstitions of artists, some of which are curious. Tietjens, for instance, believed that the person would speedily die that shook hands with her over the threshold at parting; Rachel and Mars thought they gained their greatest success immediately after meeting a funeral; Bellini would not permit a work to go out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and "Somnambula" was several times postponed; Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an overture.

SIR,—I notice that we have had a great dearth of good music this season; *not one concert* (except our local efforts) having been given in Montreal for the past three months. As the executive musicians of Boston and New York are certainly not overworked at present, I cannot account for this in any way but by ascribing it to the want of a proper Music Hall. Can you inform me if anything is being done in the matter? I will be happy to do my share to effect this desirable object.

IGNORAMUS.

SIR,—I hear there is to be another "Jubilee,"—if so, I intend to enter a band which I am sure will take first prize; that is, if the same style of marking as before is adhered to. The composition of my band is as follows:—7 tin whistles, 2 bagpipes, 3 barrel-organs, 20 tin cans, and 12 tea-trays,—in all, 44 performers. Their tone is execrable, and no two are tuned alike; but as their "attack" is perfect, and their style and tempo cannot be beaten, I do not see how the judges can refuse them the first prize. I estimate the marking as follows: Style, 20; tempo, 10; attack, 10; instrumentalism, 10; and reading, 20. Their tone I hardly think will obtain more than 1 point, but still they will have 61 out of 70; and as the other bands have only one feature (tone) on which to catch up, and 10 points only are allowed for that, I think my band will in future rank as the "best band in the Dominion."

Yours, &c.

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Sarmatian	3600	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Hibernian	3434	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. Richardson.
Prussian	3000	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Austrian	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	3650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian	2800	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland	1500	Capt. Mylins.

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

FROM QUEBEC:

Peruvian	Saturday, July 13
Sardinian	Saturday, July 20
Polynesian	Saturday, July 27
Sarmatian	Saturday, Aug. 3
Circassian	Saturday, Aug. 10

Rates of Passage from Quebec:

Cabin	\$70 or \$80
Intermediate	\$40.00
Steerage via Halifax	25.00

(According to accommodation.)

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday:

Waldensian	Thursday, June 27
Phoenician	Thursday, July 4
Corinthian	Thursday, July 11

The steamers of the Halifax Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, N.F., and Liverpool as follows:

Hibernian	July 23
Caspian	Aug. 6
Nova Scotian	Aug. 20
Hibernian	Sept. 3
Caspian	Sept. 17
Nova Scotian	Oct. 1
Hibernian	Oct. 15

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada via Halifax and the Intercolonial Railway.

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

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

NEW PIANO WAREROOM ON ST. JAMES STREET.

Having leased the beautifully fitted Rooms, No. 183 St. James Street, Montreal, near the Methodist Church, formerly occupied as a Piano Room by Alderman Hood, we opened a new PIANO AND ORGAN STORE there

On SATURDAY, the 6th Instant.

None but the best and most perfect Instruments will be kept, including those of ALBERT WARR, New York; CHICKERING & SONS, Boston; J. P. HALE and Voss & Sons, &c., and these will be sold at a small advance on the cost of manufacturing, and fully warranted. We will also allow full value for old Pianos in exchange for new, or will purchase them for cash, as the parties may desire.

Having fine storage on the first flat of our new premises, we will store and insure Pianos for parties requiring it at a small cost, and will hire out, by the month or quarter, Pianos or Organs to responsible parties, or strangers giving security. We will also sell on the instalment plan, giving parties unable to pay all cash, an opportunity to procure a good instrument on easy terms. We respectfully invite an examination of the Instruments and comparison of the prices.

NEW YORK PIANO COMPANY, 183 ST. JAMES STREET.

TO RETAIL PURCHASERS.

FRENCH CHINA DINNER, TEA AND BREAKFAST SETS. Crystal, Table and Fancy Glassware, Finger Bowls, Flower Tubes, Goblets; Majolica Ware in Flower Pots, Jugs, Dessert Services, Garden Seats, Flower Baskets, &c., &c. Wedgwood Teapots, Jugs, Cheese Stands and Covers; handsome Flower Pots in Turquoise; Malachite Flower Vases and Trinket-holders in great variety; Bohemian Vases, &c., &c.; handsome decorated Dinner Sets in Ironstone China, and the commoner goods in endless variety.

PRICES VERY MODERATE.

ADAM DARLING, 417 St. Paul St.

ABSORPTION NATURE'S OWN LAW.

Be your own Doctor, practising under the Diploma of the Faculty of Common Sense.

THE HOLMAN PAD!

THE CHEAPEST, THE PLEASANTEST, MOST CONVENIENT, THE SUREST, AND THE MOST SATISFACTORY CURATIVE, PREVENTATIVE, AND THOROUGH SYSTEM REGULATOR IN THE WORLD.

OVER HALF A MILLION EARNEST, INTELLIGENT, LIVING WITNESSES BEAR TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH OF THIS STATEMENT.

There is no disease that can be kept in subjection, or that can be modified by the use of medicine, but that can be acted upon in a far more satisfactory manner by the HOLMAN PAD AND PLASTER, and medical salt-water foot-baths as auxiliaries. There is no disease that medicine will cure but what can be cured more promptly and effectually by this treatment. Times without number diseases universally acknowledged to be beyond the reach of medicine have melted away under the action of the Holman remedies, and the work was done so quietly, with so little inconvenience to the patient, that in many cases the pain was gone almost ere he was aware.

SUCCESS IS BETTER THAN THEORY.

Read carefully the following testimonials from well-known gentlemen living in our midst:—

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

GENTLEMEN,—With feelings of gratitude and pleasure I add my testimonial to the many you have already received, as to the wonderful effects produced by your valuable Liver Pad. I commenced wearing the Pad five weeks ago. Previous to that time I suffered from indigestion, bilious headache and diarrhoea. When I had worn the Pad two weeks my health began to improve. My general health is now good, and I consider myself cured.

Yours truly,

REV. WM. LOCHHEAD.

FENELON FALLS, Ont., April 26th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,

GENTLEMEN,—Having from several years been a sufferer from biliousness, and having tried a great many kinds of medicine, all of which failed even to relieve me, I was induced by a friend to procure one of Holman's Liver Pads and wear it. I did so, with gratifying results. I have worn it for over two months, and feel a different man; I have no doubt but a second Pad will effect a permanent cure. I have advised others to procure and wear a Pad, all of whom are satisfied with its results. It is a pity that the Pad is not offered for sale in every town and city in the Dominion, instead of having to order a Pad when needed, and wait until it comes. Were they kept on hand in the drug stores, more would be sold. I am addressing every bilious person with whom I come in contact to do as I have done.

Yours truly,

REV. JAMES G. CALDER, Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church.

GANANOQUE, Nov. 6th, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,

DEAR SIRS,—After wearing the Pad for two weeks I felt like another man. It is now four weeks since I put it on, and I am now enjoying good health. I shall, with pleasure recommend Holman's Pad to all parties suffering from liver complaints, &c.

Yours respectfully,

REV. WM. J. JOLIFFE.

CLIFTON, May 24th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,

GENTLEMEN,—Having tried one of Holman's Pads for Constipation and Torpid Liver, after being two years under medical treatment, and one year that I was compelled to use drugs every night, I find the Pad has effect is magical; also in cases of cold extremities and partial paralysis. They stimulate and equalize the circulation, producing the most satisfactory and even astonishing results. Combining the two, and following the directions, the patient can feel but little doubt of being absolute master in the severest chronic difficulties.

Yours very truly,

JAMES C. ROSS, Clifton, Susp. Bridge, Ont.

MONTREAL, April 16th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO., 301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Holman Fever and Ague Liver Pad I bought from you, and wore during two weeks has produced very good results. I believe it to be all that you claim, and that it has been greatly instrumental in curing me of acute exsima and blood poisoning from which I have been suffering for some months.

Believe me, Dear Sirs, yours gratefully,

RUDOLPHE BETANCOURT, Traveller for J. Rattray & Co.

We cannot too strongly urge the use of OUR Absorptive Medicinal Foot and Body Plasters as an auxiliary to the Pad in extreme cases of Typhoid, Bilious or other Fevers, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, and acute pains in any part of the body, especially in the small of the back and shoulders. The effect is magical; also in cases of cold extremities and partial paralysis. They stimulate and equalize the circulation, producing the most satisfactory and even astonishing results. Combining the two, and following the directions, the patient can feel but little doubt of being absolute master in the severest chronic difficulties.

Price of Foot Plasters by the pair, 50c. Large Body Plasters, 50c each.

ABSORPTION SALT!

The medicated properties of Absorption Salt (prepared only by this Company) render it invaluable for bathing the feet and legs. That it fills a want long needed is already acknowledged by its present general use in communities wherever tried.

Its effect is wonderful as an assistant in removing obstructions and inflammations; as in colds, cold extremities, fevers of every form, pains, numbness, rheumatism, and neuralgia, and in creating perfect circulation.

The baths of this Salt are usually taken before retiring to rest, and are superior to any others known. The properties contained in the salt makes the baths delightful in their use and thorough disinfectors, and so medicinal that whilst they open the pores of the skin, yet it is impossible to take cold from them, as is often the case with other baths.

If it happens that your druggists or merchants do not keep it, send your order to any of the Company's offices, with price enclosed, and it will be sent you by express, at your expense. Our Pad and Plasters only are sent by mail at our expense.

Price of Absorption Salt, 1 package, 25c.; 6 packages, \$1.25.

The Pad costs but \$2.50 and \$3.50, the latter only used in old complicated cases.

Consultations and explanations free of charge at the Company's Offices.

Send for descriptive treatise. Free.

Holman Liver Pad Company,

301 Notre Dame-st., Montreal; and 119 Hollis-st., Halifax, N.S.; Lymans, Clare & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

All live retail Druggists keep them.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1875, AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the matter of THE OIL CABINET AND NOVELTY COMPANY, of the City of Montreal, Insolvent.

I, the undersigned, Arthur M. Perkins, of the City of Montreal, have been appointed Assignee in this matter. Creditors who have not already done so, are requested to file their claims before me, within one month.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS, Assignee.

Office of PERKINS, BEAUSOLEIL & PERKINS, 60 St. James Street. Montreal, 13th July, 1878.

ENGLISH PATTERN IRON BEDSTEADS IN GREAT VARIETY.

Warranted Strong and Perfect Fitting. Handsomely Decorated.

FOLDING BEDSTEADS, CRIBS, &c.

Manufactured by

H. R. IVES & CO., QUEEN STREET.

COOLING! In this warm weather one is agreeably cooled by Labatt's London Ales & Porter.

J. B. RICHES, Sole Agt., Corner L'Esplanade & St. Charles B. Streets.

"THE FRUIT OF THE VINE."

(Trade Mark.) Unfermented Wine, made from Canada Grapes. Contains no Alcohol. For Medical and Sacramental purposes. It forms a refreshing and nutritious beverage. It may be largely diluted with water. For sale by leading Druggists and Grocers. Lymans Brothers, Toronto; Thos. Crathern, Montreal; Kerry, Watson & Co., Montreal; S. J. Lyman, 230 St. James Street.

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OLDEST SEWING-MACHINE HOUSE IN THE CITY.

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J. D. LAWLOR, MANUFACTURER OF

LAWLOR'S SINGER AND HOWE SEWING-MACHINES.

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A call before purchasing elsewhere is respectfully solicited.