

**Pages Missing**

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—No. 37.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.  
TORONTO AND ABOUT.  
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.  
CERAMICS.  
THE CULTIVATION OF FORESTS.

ANOTHER WORD ON A WORN QUESTION.  
BORES.  
A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY, by Felton Lea.  
CHESS.  
POETRY.

## THE TIMES.

It is getting to be commonly believed in England that the Princess Louise does not at all enjoy life in Canada, and is not sorry to find out an excuse for a trip to the old country. It is strange how such strange things get about.

The news that the Toronto *Globe* contemplated exorcising its old, fierce, partizan spirit—which for many years now has done a most evil work in the country—and taking to independent ways was too good to be true. Of course, the impossible is always happening, and theologians to the contrary notwithstanding, it may happen that a miracle be done at this remote period from the miracle age, and so, when this thing was said of the *Globe* prudent mortals could but remember their own shortsightedness, and refrain from giving it denial until they could see whether such a radical change in the *Globe* would pay the *Globe* proprietors. Evidently it would not, and independent journalism must not reckon upon the friendship of the Toronto *Globe* just yet.

I was glad to see that the Rev. Mr. Carmichael took for the text of his sermon before the Episcopal Synod at Montreal "That they may be one, &c." A good text for the time, and Mr. Carmichael took the opportunity to say many true and charitable things of other churches, while not failing—as he could not be expected to do—to expatiate upon the gifts and graces of the church of which he is an ornament and pillar. But reading the report of the sermon one could hardly help thinking of Bishop Sweatman and his refusal to enter a Presbyterian church, and of general Episcopal laws, which forbid any interchange of pulpits with clergymen of another denomination, and Episcopal practices which tend in the direction of exclusiveness. If Mr. Carmichael sees the error of this and can persuade his brethren to be like-minded with himself, he will have done a good and necessary work.

There has been a great "boom" in stocks, first in American railroads and then in Canadian securities of almost every description—banks, steamboat, telegraph, gas and manufacturing companies—have caught the infection, and many of them are now selling at an advance of fifty to eighty per cent. on what they were a few months ago. Increased revenue in some cases may justify it, but blind speculation and a plethora of money, with a dearth of good secure investments, are at the bottom of the present rush to the Board. For years past money has been easily invested in good real estate mortgages, paying 7, and even 8 per cent., but now it is hard to get such investments, with sufficient margin to ensure safety, at 6 per cent., and banks who have taken money on deposit, at four and five per cent., are refusing to pay interest at all on deposits, while they will lend freely at call on stocks at a low rate of interest. Such a state of things has helped the brokers, and brought out speculators, who may yet see a rebound which will bring many to grief.

There is a great deal of perplexity in newspaper circles, from the Toronto *Globe* to smaller fry nearer home, about the Toronto and Ottawa charter, and what Mr. Gooderham is going to do with it—

whether he is a conspirator with the Grand Trunk to rob the country of its benefits, as a lever for competition, and is besides going to gobble up the Q., M., O. & O. line too. There are two sides to every question, and it would not be an unmixed evil if such a course were to be adopted. The Grand Trunk has made amazing strides in meeting the requirements of traffic, but if they had a double track—their present one and the Toronto & Ottawa—speed would be accelerated, and the trade of the country vastly benefitted—but, of course, what may happen is simply a matter for conjecture, as no matter for whom Mr. Gooderham may be working, he manages to keep it to himself.

I have not seen any allusion to Mr. Gibson's visit to Montreal. He lives at the terminus of the New Brunswick Railway, opposite Fredericton, of which line he is President. This line runs about 120 miles to Edmunton, which is 16 miles from the frontier line of Quebec and New Brunswick Provinces. It requires to be continued about 80 miles to River du Loup, and then the distance from Montreal to St. John will be reduced about 160 miles. The guage would have to be changed from 3 feet 6 inches to the standard guage of the continent. It is said that Mr. George Stephen and Mr. Burpee are in negotiation for the purchase of the railway. At present the only way of getting through this route is by the highway road from River du Loup downwards—which is as fine a road as one could desire to drive on—as good as any outside Montreal, and a great deal better than any inside the city.

Whether Sir John A. Macdonald and his *confères* have carried out their Pacific Railway scheme in its original entirety, or have had to modify it a little, or even a great deal, remains yet to be made known, but at this date it is certain that they have succeeded in arranging terms with an English syndicate for the building of the road. Of course the patriotic *Globe* and lesser lights of its colour will flare and fizzle against this—they will try to show plainly that the country is being robbed of much of its valuable lands—that a higher price should have been put upon it—that the country should have kept its lands and built its own railway, and such like things—but all this will be taken for what it is worth by the main portion of the people. For we are quite sure that Canada considered, this is the best and only way in which the road can be constructed. We could never have borne the burden of expense the building of the road must entail, and had it been attempted bankruptcy must have followed. The Liberals would have attempted it of course, and of course they would have ruined the country. Sir John has gone back to his first idea about the matter—only he has sought money in another market—and if he really has managed to sell land enough to save the country much or any additional expense he deserves the thanks of all the people.

All on this side of the Atlantic know that a trip to Europe in these days is not a very serious business, and the opinion is gradually gaining ground that the passage is not only bracing and entirely healthy—except for those unfortunate mortals who for some cause or other are sea-sick most of the time—but may be, and ought to be, made pleasant. The demand for increased speed and more comfort is becoming urgent. The White Star and one or two other lines to New York are making effort to meet the popular idea. Fortunately our own Allan line is moving in the same direction. The magnificent "Parisian," now in course of construction, and to be launched next spring, will be opportune. Some of the Allan ships are good, very good, and the captains have a care for the comfort, as well as the safety of their passengers, but some of them are

not very good, and while no carefulness needful to safety is ever spared, parties travelling by them feel that a good deal more might be done to increase their enjoyment.

The Grand Trunk traffic receipts for the last week shew an increase of \$40,403. The interest on the bonds held by the Grand Trunk Railway in the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway is not shewn in the traffic earnings of the former. Some writers would appear to think that they were included, as they have stated that the traffic receipts of the Grand Trunk contain the receipts of the Chicago and Grand Trunk. These lines are worked as separate undertakings, independent of each other. The increase in the Grand Trunk traffic this year is mainly derived from the business interchanged with the new line, but the earnings published for the Grand Trunk are for an actually decreased mileage; that is, minus the River du Loup line, which was transferred to the Government on the 12th August last year, so that the receipts at present published do not shew the River du Loup line traffic in either this year or the corresponding period. The receipts for thirty weeks this year (for 1273½ miles) have been..... \$6,967,465  
Last year, including River du Loup line to 13th August..... 5,751,922

Increase in 1880.....	1,215,543
Included for River du Loup for 32 weeks in 1879.....	137,400
Actual increase in 1880.....	\$1,352,943

One thing, at any rate, should be settled for those ocean-going steamers—the kind of religious service to be held on Sundays. I can scarcely remember having made a passage when there was not some trouble about this. If there should be two or three Episcopalian clergymen on board, they generally contrive to get it into their own hands and keep it there, treating the clergy of all other churches as “laymen” and “schismatics,” and as worthy of at best a light and scornful pity. As a rule, the Episcopalians are in a minority among the passengers of any ship, but they have no scruple in forcing their form of service upon the whole, loftily disdaining the fact that while some of them may be quite pleased and well edified with the recital of printed prayers and ancient collects, followed by a ten minutes ramble through the dogmas, others are accustomed to, and need, the spontaneous prayer of a man who from the sinful, suffering heart of him talks into the heart of the Infinite charity, and a sermon which shall quicken hope, and root life stronger in a patient trust. This gratuitous assumption on the part of the clergy of one church—this putting on of ecclesiastical airs is painfully ludicrous to all thoughtful men everywhere, and is fast driving them from all churches; but foolish as it may be on land, the folly of it becomes bitterness when experienced at sea, and I am sure that it would be far better if those who own the ocean steamers would have a religious service compiled of a non-sectarian cast and character, but suited to the time and place, and to be read by the captain of the ship—no sermon being allowed except when it shall appear that a majority of the passengers desire either of the clergymen who may be present to perform that service, at such a time and in such a part of the ship as shall not interfere with the general comfort of those travelling. This would give satisfaction to all parties, and put an end to some most disagreeable difficulties.

Mr. Tom Hughes has earned for himself the admiration of all who love manliness in boys and men. For years he has been regarded as almost the *beau ideal* of a truth-telling and straight-forward man; but something must have happened to our Tom turning his notions and ideas topsy-turvy. They have put him at the head of an American Land Company, and in pursuance of his duties he visited New York where at a dinner he was betrayed into making a most astounding assertion—to the effect that he had taken up the American scheme because the British colonies are either too remote or too unhealthy for the British emigrant. “Remote” must apply to Australia and New Zealand, and “unhealthy” to Canada. Now, what can have given Mr. Hughes the peculiar mental twist which made such a statement possible? Was it the new position he had found? or was it the air of New York? or was it only zeal for the new enterprise? Probably a good many different elements entered into the thing, but certain it is that Mr. Hughes spoke from a most culpable ignorance, or a wilful intention to pervert the truth. That an American emigration agent should make such a statement is quite believable, but that an English-

man, with a reputation for common sense and patriotism should make it is to this writer and many others incomprehensible. Canada unhealthy! That is news to those of us who have exchanged life in England for life in Canada and do enjoy the climatic difference. It can hardly be believed that any country in the world is more healthy than Canada, or that any assertion could be more foolish and discreditable than that made by Mr. Hughes at New York.

Here is the way American phrenologists read of the character of General Garfield:—

“James A. Garfield is a man of very strong physical constitution, with broad shoulders, deep chest, and a good nutritive system, which served to sustain with ample vigour his uncommonly large brain; standing fully 6 feet high, and weighing 220 lbs. Perhaps there are not two men in a hundred thousand who are intelligent and educated, who will see as much and take into account so many of the principles involved in what he sees as the subject before us. Nothing escapes his attention; he remembers things in their elements, their qualities, and peculiarities, such as form, size, and colour. He would make an excellent judge of the size of articles, and also of their weight, by simple observation. He has a talent for natural science, especially chemistry and natural philosophy. His memory, indicated by the fulness in the middle of the forehead, is enormously developed, aiding him in retaining vividly all the impressions that are worth recalling. The superior portion of the forehead is developed more prominently in the analogical than in the logical. His chief intellectual force is in the power to elucidate and make subjects clear, hence he is able to teach to others whatever he knows himself. He has the talent for reading character, hence he addresses himself to each individual according to his peculiar characteristics, and reaches results in the readiest and best way. His language is rather largely indicated; he would be known more for specific compactness than for an ornate and elaborate style, because he goes as directly as possible from the premises to the conclusion, and never seems to forget the point at issue. He is able to compel himself to be thorough, and to hold his mind and his efforts in the direction required, until he has made himself master of the subject. Industry is one of his strong traits. He is firm, positive, determined, and the middle of the forehead indicates strong religious tendency. We seldom see so large veneration; he is devout, respectful toward whatever he thinks sacred, whether it relates to religion or to subordinate topics; he would reverence ancient places made memorable in story and song; he is respectful to the aged; polite to his equals, and especially generous and friendly toward those who are his inferiors in age or culture. Thus young men and even children have ready access to him by his invitation and permission. His strong social affection makes his face and his voice a standing invitation toward confidence, and he has great familiarity in his treatment of the young. His method of studying subjects is instinctive; he considers all the facts, every condition that will be brought into question, and combining these by means of his logical force, his conclusions seem clear, are vigorously stated and influential. He has a strong physiognomy; that broad and high cheek-bone indicates vital power; that strong nose indicates determination, courage and positiveness; the fulness of the lips shows warmth of affection and of sympathy.”

Recurring to the question of the Timber Lands which was raised in last SPECTATOR, it might seem to many that thinning-out trees must be a very simple operation—and it is so, if you are only engaged in forming an ornamental park. It is, at least, so far simple in that case, as only to be dependent upon the possession of artistic taste. That is, however, quite a different matter from the case of a timber forest; and the science of forestry (without pruning) has more branches than one. When trees have to be prepared for timber cutting at a later stage of their lives, there will probably be two or three thinnings-out necessary, with intervals of years between. But the grand point is, that not one of these thinnings must be excessive, for the excellent reason that you do not want the side-branches to grow—the essence of a timber tree being that it should not have them—and it is only by sufficient crowding together of the trees that this growth of branches can be prevented. Room for growth of stem is most essentially needed, but none for branches, until a great height is reached. And so the whole matter is reduced to rather strict limits by the sheer necessity of the case. Forests left in the way in which the Canadian ones have hitherto been made tall and branchless trees, but only one stem of many that there might be of the best dimensions or girth. There is money in this, as our readers will see, whether they be of the mammonite persuasion or not; and it is all a matter of such vital concern to our general prosperity as a people that the enquiring minds amongst our young men will not be doing badly to search out

good treatises and experienced authorities upon the subject, and then give the public the results of their reading and enquiry in the columns of this journal.

In pursuing such a course of study they may haply learn something of the classification of trees—their species and genera and localities; of the organization of a forester's staff, and their annual duties; of all the exactnesses of thinning out; of the prevention of fires in the woods, and their extinction by water and sand-belts and trenching and axe-work; of the system and mode of life of timber-making parties and purveying for the same; of restrictions upon the use of the forest by outsiders to avoid fires; of relations with Indian tribes; of new and profitable applications for timber, including small timber and culls. And so, not to weary the reader, we leave this question for the present.

The New York *Times* is asking whether we should say "Railway" or "Railroad." "Railway," beyond a doubt! In the matter of the sense of the root-words, the question seems scarcely worth a thought or a quibble, and this, if so concluded, will relegate the entire query to one of sound. But there is really no question here. "Railway" is incomparably superior, as avoiding the duplicate ripple. Ask our "exquisite" friend, and he will declare that it is "vewy pwefwable."

To ventilate sewage pipes through openings on the surface of the streets is doubtless a great error, and there can be no good reason for it in any case, for the ventilating pipes can be carried above the houses as high as we wish, unless we desire to have them put to a double service and made to perform the part of drainage shafts for the rain-water. We are not at all bound to do this, and it seems that consideration ought to be conclusive as to the importance of adopting the high-escape system in our Canadian cities.

A correspondent writes:—

It was a generous thought of the founder of the SPECTATOR that opportunity should be provided for every citizen to express himself in the columns of the paper over his own designation, but he had been then hardly long enough amongst us to be aware that it is one of the peculiar attributes of a new society that no man can be said to be valued for what he is, in mind or disposition, unless his powers be enhanced by money or position, or a European or continental recognition, or a political or society office, or a clerical or college diploma, which are doubtless all good things in themselves, but not intended to have quite so much exclusive power connected with them. We are a young society. We do not presume to judge for ourselves. But better times are perhaps coming to the Dominion, and even now the unknown or little known can sometimes reckon up the partial fruits of their labours for the people, and be enabled to despise the machinations of his contemptible foes.

SIR,—As my name has been made the subject of considerable comment lately, and as my scheme has been ridiculed during the late Toronto election, and as you have seen fit in your independent journal to discuss the proposed canal, I would desire in self-defence to enlighten your readers upon the point in question. As far as the question of twenty years hence is concerned being time enough to think of constructing the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, I would call attention to the report of the *Globe* of the 28th June, 1848, of a public meeting held in Toronto for the construction of the now called Northern Railroad. Mr. C. S. Gzowski in his speech on that occasion stated that plank and macadamized roads would be sufficient for Canada for the next 30 years, and that it was insanity and weakness in any one to think of railroads. I would like to mention, in extenuation of the scheme, that over 200,000 petitioners petitioned for the construction of the canal. To my mind it is now neither more nor less than a question of location is concerned, Belleville versus Toronto. Either we are to have a ditch for barges, to all intent and purposes practically worthless, or we are to have one of the finest water communications in the world improved by art.

Respectfully yours,

Toronto, Sept. 7th, 1880.

Fred. C. Capriol.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has had the decency to fall sick at last, and the marriage with her juvenile friend is postponed in consequence. It is to be hoped that the sober reflection of a sick bed

will bring the aged lady to a sound mind. In her normal mental condition she is a most estimable woman, who has lived a long life of great usefulness, and it would be a pity for that career to end in a craze—a pity for the old lady herself and a pity for young Mr. Bartlett.

It is very entertaining to hear the remarks of the London swell-mob on the iniquity of being kept in the town during August—sacred to holidays by the sea, or the lofty enjoyment of grouse shooting. Mr. Gladstone and his Government could hardly have perpetrated a worse crime—it is much more execrated than the abused and abolished Irish disturbance Bill, and will probably be remembered against him as one of the crowning sins of a life already weighed down with sins innumerable. Say the dainty politicians—who have more concern for partridges and grouse than for those popular emergencies which come be it summer or winter, never consulting the almanac—"why should we be robbed of our shooting, or our month by the sea? This is monstrous and ought to be put down by act of parliament."

But to serious minded men this governmental determination to accomplish a fair and urgently necessary portion of its original programme, undeterred by the too frequent babblings of half serious and wholly stupid obstructionists, is magnificent. It marks a new era in political life, and warns present politicians, and politicians expectant, that when they give themselves to the service of the country it may actually be *service*—working hard and late in heat and moisture when less self-sacrificing men are plodding the moors after sport.

But while the Government have been working with a will to deserve the respect and confidence of the country, bringing forward wholesome measures of reform, the Lords who hold dignified council in the Upper House have been doing the kind of work which was certain to provoke the question: "Is the House of Lords of any real service to the country?" Whether the Government acted with due caution in introducing Mr. Forster's measure for preventing useless and cruel evictions in Ireland during the period of the present distress, may be fairly questioned; but when it had passed the House of Commons it should have been allowed to become law. All the mischief that could possibly arise from it was then done, while the good it was calculated to achieve was effectually hindered. Irish agitators found it easy to raise the cry once more: "Ireland cannot get justice from England by fair means, and had better resort to foul." Every treasonable speech and every agrarian outrage in Ireland now will be charged upon the House of Lords by all those who wish to bring charges against them, and the fact that when called upon to pass a measure affecting their own landlord class they talked and voted entirely in their own interests will be remembered in the not far-off days when the question of abolishing their House altogether will become a subject for popular discussion. Add to that the unseemly manner in which the Voters' Registration Bill was kicked by lordly boots out of existence, and the sum total is clearly one the Lords have no reason to be proud of.

A sigh of relief was the first welcome given to the tidings that General Roberts had defeated Ayooob Khan and broken up his army. For months the country had been kept in a state of profound anxiety. We were engaged in a struggle with a fierce and warlike people, led by a man not at all unskilful in the ruder science of war. The Jingoism in England and India, who howled so fiercely for a bloody revenge when Major Cavagnari was murdered, were almost silenced when tidings of the defeat of General Burrows were received. The situation was grave and perplexing in the extreme; the trouble was self-inflicted; all began to wish that the war had never been entered upon, but none denied that retreat after such a disaster was impossible. General Roberts has changed the situation, vindicated the honour and glory of British arms in the East, and made it possible for England to cease residence and interference in Afghanistan. The war was unrighteous, it has been carried on in great part in a manner creditable neither to the generosity nor courage of the army, and the victory just won by General Roberts is welcome, not only because the battle was fought in true British style, but because it leaves no need for any more of the sort.

EDITOR.

## TORONTO AND ABOUT.

The desecration of the Sabbath is becoming a matter of course, despite the indignant comments to the contrary of our excellent weeklies. Five years ago such a thing as a Sunday excursion was not tolerated; now the boats are thronged Sunday after Sunday with both young and old. York street on a Sabbath evening is a mass of moving humanity returning from some advertized excursion perhaps with a sermon thrown in. People of every class, rich and poor, high and low, male and female patronize these religious evils. The boast of the city churches of the quietness of our streets is gone. Toronto can vie now with Chicago, as we are but little removed from horse racing on the Sabbath. One half of the clergy cry down these excursions, the other half uphold them. The clergy set the example, and the laity follow suit. Although we purpose having one of the best exhibitions in Toronto Canada has yet seen, it is no reason that in open defiance of God's law, men should be hired on the Sabbath to roll grass and generally look after things at the exhibition grounds preparatory to opening the Fair. If the clergy and civil authorities persist in their loose system of observing the holiness of God's day how long will it be before our children become wiser than their fathers, and with the sanction of their religious teachers, and the example of those in authority hasten us on to a continual desecration of God's holy day. Shall we break out in open rebellion against the dread command given in Mount Sinai: "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work?" There is not the slightest necessity to work at the exhibition on the Sabbath neither is there any good end to be gained by patronizing Sunday excursions. If we denounce Sunday concerts, to be consistent we should also discountenance Sunday excursions and such like. But so long as civil bodies are permitted to hire and labour on the Sabbath there is little hope that the sanctity of the day will continue to be observed.

Truly the City Council is in a deplorable condition. We have no engineer yet, nor is there any one likely to be appointed for some time to come. We have no one authorised to grant certificates for putting in drains, nor is there any one authorised to sign the pay sheets of the workmen. As I hinted some time ago, there is a clique of aldermen in the Council who desire generally to have things their own way, but who do not appear to have the real interest of the city at heart. I believe half-a-dozen practical men would accomplish more real good for the city than our twenty-seven aldermen with all their wisdom and sagacity.

The Great International Exhibition is open, and is said to surpass the expectations of the Committee. What with the extensive additions to the main building, and large improvements to the other attractions, the present exhibition may confidently be said to take a foremost rank amongst the exhibitions of the country. Nevertheless there is always a very considerable degree of dissatisfaction felt and expressed after the termination of our most successful fairs, and I think this arises from the fact of there being such a large number of so-called first-class fairs in the Dominion at one time. A healthy rivalry is beneficial, but a superfluity of awards and medals is conducive of distrust, and is an advocate of deceit. There is probably no organ or piano, made in Canada, that has not received a first prize at some Provincial fair, while the number of sewing-machines to which medals have been awarded is countless. And this undoubtedly is owing to the fact of there being such a large number of exhibitions to which manufacturers can send their goods, when failing to receive an award at one place they can succeed in another. Industrial exhibitions are very excellent institutions, but it would appear as though a limit should be placed upon the number of such fairs being held at one time within a given section of country.

Without a question the *World* is a spicy little paper; it contains abundance of news; its printing is good, and its reading matter passable; but what could induce the proprietors to start such a daily in the face of such opposition? The enemies of the *Globe* say the *World* is a part of that influential journal, published upon their capital and with their type, for the sole purpose, if possible, of cutting out the

*Telegram* and *Mail*, which papers are fast taking the lead amongst the Ontario circulation of daily journals. The above report is current in private circles, for, say the wise ones, the *Globe* is losing power, and the *Mail* is gaining ground, but the *Globe*, not to be beaten, is going to drown the *Telegram* out of existence. We shall see.

The *Globe* publishes with peculiar glee from time to time deprecatory reports relating to the efforts being made to form a syndicate to build the Canadian Pacific R. R. It seems to me that there is nothing particularly humourous in the failure even if this should happen to be the case, but that the failure would be a matter for sincere regret, as it would leave us in a heavy financial predicaments and from which their appears to be no escape except by effecting the shouldering of the responsibility by other parties, who can, most probably, better develop wild lands than any governmental departments, while ridding the country of a probable source of political corruption.

With respect to the report of John W. Langmuir, the Inspector of Prisons and Hospitals, it appears that \$65,829 is the revenue derived from paying patients at the Asylum and Central Prison, when with the deduction upon the annual expenditure the net charge upon the Provincial Treasury for the maintenance of asylums, prisons and hospitals is \$499,174. However large or small the amount may seem, there certainly appears to be a great waste in labour somewhere, when with so many competent prisoners and able lunatics so little return is made. The authorities of the Penitentiary at Sing Sing would have us know that that prison is self-sustaining. Now, although it is a doubtful boast for a country to say its prisons are self-sustaining, for if they are self-sustaining they necessarily must interfere with honest labour, yet the men should be made to do some useful work, instead of idling their time in foolish drilling, as is the case in the Central Prison at Toronto. The two hundred or so half-time-employed men at the Toronto prison might be very lucratively employed in reclaiming the harbour and preventing the washing away of the island. The men at Kingston could be very readily accommodated with some large public improvement that would help to bring a return in revenue indirectly. This is the true way of making these houses of correction self-sustaining, and without interfering with legitimate employment.

The Sovereign Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. meets in Toronto next week. Addresses of welcome are to be presented by His Worship the Mayor and John Withrow, President of the Exhibition Association. It is expected that the largest congregation of Odd Fellows ever brought together in Canada will meet here next week. However grand their processions may be, and however great their numbers may be, it strikes me as being a very peculiar proceeding on the part of the Government officials to grant the use of the Parliament Buildings for a week to such a body of men. It is adopting a bad precedent to alienate the Government Buildings, for however short a time, to any incorporated body of private individuals for whatever purpose. The excuse that the international change of courtesies warrants the loan is insufficient. The buildings in which the government of the country is carried on should be used solely for Government or Parliamentary purposes, and to loan such buildings, or use them for any other purpose than the object for which they were designed, is to violate a principle that should be recognised amongst us as law.

I have attempted from time to time to give a cursory glance at the irregular proceedings of the Toronto City Council, and the manner of conducting municipal works. At last the citizens appear to be awakening to the fact that falsification, defalcation and mismanagement are the order of the day. The *Telegram*, the lively exposé of such proceedings, is waxing hot over the scandal, for a serious scandal it is, and has opened its columns to attempt the exposure of the fraud. In an elaborate article last Monday it appears that certain appropriations for sewers were made by the Committee on Works, but the actual expenditure did not reach the amounts by some hundreds of dollars, and in order that no balance should appear, the overplus of the cost of the sewer was said to have gone in constructing culverts, &c., which said culverts &c. were never constructed. The question is, where is the balance?

Queen City





## CERAMICS.

## PART I.

From the earliest period the potter's productions have been in constant demand and held in the highest estimation, and in none of the industrial arts can there be found one holding a more prominent place, or that combines in itself so much of the primary element of beauty we call form. As we lift the cup to our lips to quaff its fragrant contents of tea or coffee, seldom do we pause and reflect, that this now beautiful semi-transparent object was once simply a lump of clay, having scarcely any intrinsic value. But, through the power of science and skill, it has been converted into an article of the greatest utility and beauty.

Whether we look at the art of the potter from an economical or a sanitary point of view, we must be impressed with its wonderful importance. It adds to our daily comfort, cleanliness and health. Its utility has been recognized from the first dawn of civilization, and in itself it exhibits one of the most marked triumphs of scientific industry, from the very cheapness of the material upon which that industry is exercised, for it bestows a value upon the very dust beneath our feet. The plastic power of clay eminently fits it in the hands of the skilful artizan to be converted into the most graceful forms, and when to this we add that delicate semi-transparency and the beauty of the metallic colours it is capable of receiving, can we wonder that it causes us to acknowledge its claims to a foremost rank among the industrial arts. By the ancients it was held in the highest estimation, for we find representations upon the walls of the Catacombs of Beni-Hassan, and Thebes, which are supposed to have been executed nineteen centuries before the Christian era, where the various processes of the manufacture of pottery are detailed. There is the preliminary kneading of the clay, the formation of the article upon the wheel, the oven for firing, and the position of the hands, the peculiar rounding of the right arm of the men represented fabricating the ware, being in a great measure identical with the position assumed by the workmen of the present day.

We find frequent mention of the art of pottery in Horace, Homer, and the Sacred Writings, in Ezekiel this passage occurs: "Thou also son of man take thee a tile, and lay it before thee, and pourtray upon it the city, even Jerusalem." And long before Phidias created his wonderful types of beauty, or Apellés and the rest of his illustrious compeers had attained to that pinnacle of art, which has cast a glory over their names more lasting than the works they executed, was the potter's art, honoured in an eminent degree. The Athenians assigned a portion of their city to the manufacture of it. Nor was Athens alone in its production. The cities of Corinth, Ægina, and Samos were equally renowned, and executed works of surpassing beauty, which all the skill and appliances of the nineteenth century cannot improve upon, and barely succeed in imperfectly imitating.

From Greece the potter's art spread through Europe. But writers differ as to the exact people who were the first to introduce it into England, some asserting that they are indebted to the Romans for it, and as a proof of this point to the records to be found of the remains of a Roman pottery in the neighbourhood of Leeds, near which there is a village supposed to be built upon the site, and named Potter Newton; others again contend it was introduced by the Phœnicians in their trade with the early Britons, exchanging earthen-vessels for metals. Whoever introduced it into England, this fact in connection with it is very evident, that for a long time the potter's art remained in a rude state, and met with very little encouragement. This was not the case on the Continent of Europe, for there it became a princely pastime to encourage it. Its greatest triumphs in England were due to individual enterprise. Nor do we find scarcely any mention of it till the year 1671; then a monopoly for manufacturing earthenware, commonly known by the name of Porcelain of China, was granted to John Dwight, and shortly after this the pottery of Bow was established in 1730; those of Chelsea about 1745; and Derby, 1751. And in the history of Staffordshire, that at Burslem in the year 1688, when the two brothers, John and Phillip Eilers (Germans), manufactured a perfect white salt-glazed stoneware; but their secret being stolen by one Astbury, a potter, they left England in disgust, returning to Fatherland.

Often in the industrial arts some apparently trivial circumstance may escape the observation of the great mass, but some one keener than the rest will see a gain or advantage which they can turn to their own profit. Such was the case in the anecdote related of Astbury. For it is said that something being wrong with an eye of his horse he applied to an ostler at Dunstable for a cure. The man heating some flint in the fire, and reducing it to a powder, applied it to the horse's eye, which it is said to have cured. Astbury being an observant man, bethought him to try calcined flint with the clay used in the manufacture of his wares. The experiment proved a success.

After this we find the art rapidly improving, and the Bow Potteries advancing to a foremost rank, and those of Chelsea patronized by George the Second, which were ultimately removed to Derby. Then we find Plymouth coming forward claiming its place, and with it the name of Cookworthy is associated. These works were afterwards removed to Worcester. This pottery was noted as one of the earliest manufactories of porcelain. But the honour is accorded to Champion, of Bristol, for producing the finest kind made in

England about this period, and which is so highly prized by collectors. These and others were followed by the Worcester Porcelain Works, which claim the honour of producing the well-known willow pattern. These works received the first Royal patent in 1789. At this period it turned out many fine specimens of the potter's art, but after a time its usefulness declined. But at the present day the productions of this Pottery are noted for their novelty, taste and originality. But, wherever the works of the English potter have penetrated, there are but few people to be found who have not heard of that name so famous in the annals of pottery, Josiah Wedgwood,—a man whose life was so full of a gentle simplicity, always desirous of carrying his productions to the highest degree of perfection; who sought out and employed the best talent he could procure to attain this desired object. And with the name of Wedgwood will be ever linked that of Flaxman, the good and gentle, whose great genius and loving art spirit infused beauty, and beauty of no common order, into whatever he touched. The classic elegance imparted to the forms of the Wedgwood ware, and their advancement to a foremost rank, not surpassed by any time or period, are mainly due to the taste and skill of the gifted sculptor. Flaxman did not slavishly copy the Greek forms, but revived and worked in the same spirit which animated them; and no surer test of the enduring beauty imparted by the artists of Greece to all they touched can be found than in the oft revival, and the success attending it, of those glorious forms they have left for the admiration and study of succeeding generations. It has been truly said, "What is inherently beautiful is for all time." We may seek out novelty and be ruled by fashion and conventionalism, yet in spite of all this we must turn back and acknowledge the pre-eminence of Greek forms, whether displayed in their architecture and sculpture, or in those skilled productions of the potter's art.

The tendency of the decorative arts in America to day is, to produce without study or labour. Among the masses its desire is novelty, and it is a morbid taste to hunt after novelty, purely for novelty's sake. The search should be after the beautiful, and how to ally that beauty with the useful. It is an error to suppose these two can be found and blended together without earnest study and labour. Recollect the saying of the ancients: "Labour is the price the Gods have put upon everything truly valuable." Do not listen to that false dictum "that after all such things are a mere matter of taste." Beauty of form and good ornamentation is a matter of taste, but not of mere whim and caprice; they are as clearly defined and regulated as any other matter of art or science by well understood laws.

It is not requisite that we should dwell upon the many productions of the present day, emanating from the justly celebrated houses of Copeland, Minton, and Doulton, &c. &c., from whose manufactories the skilled hands and busy brains of England's workmen are yearly and daily sending out into the world forms of surpassing beauty, which are calculated to disseminate a taste in the palatial palaces of the wealthy, and repeat in commoner wares those same forms placing them within the reach of people of more limited means, for it by no means follows that because an article is cheap, it must necessarily be ugly. And you will perceive we have avoided any mention of the great potteries of Europe—Italian, German, Austrian and French—their very history appears like a romance. The struggles and privations of Pallisey, the discoveries and secrets of others, and the interest taken in the Potter's art by princes and nobles, can be found in the history of the art, and are not adapted to a short paper like this.

In the manufacture of pottery a large amount of capital is necessary. This combined with scientific skill in the mixing of the clays, glazes, and colours, to which we may add a thorough knowledge of design and artistic skill, upon this the beauty and ready sale of the wares greatly depend.

For the benefit of those who may never have seen a Pottery, we shall endeavour to convey some idea of its working. For what is considered a complete pottery, seven kilns are required,—three for the bisque, and four for the gloss. The component parts of the clay being mixed and properly pulverized, it is then placed in the hands of the dexterous modeller or turner, whose mechanical skill causes it to assume those various forms of beauty which delight us by their graceful proportion. It is next placed in the bisque ovens and there subjected to an intense heat from nineteen to twenty-three hours; this will vary according to the state of the atmosphere, &c. After this the wares undergo the process of dipping; the contents of the dipping-tub consist of a mixture of lead, borax, and flint, which are ground in water. Having passed through this stage they are removed to the gloss ovens. The value of the ware in the ovens generally consists of about \$1,000 worth; and the gloss ovens take on the average from fifteen to eighteen hours to fire. The man in charge of these ovens must possess nerve and experience, as any failure would entail heavy loss. It is true he is provided with tests, yet much judgement and experience are required upon his part to insure success. After the wares are glossed, the ovens must be allowed to cool, as any sudden entrance of cold air striking upon the goods would immediately destroy them. In the preparation and care of the ovens the utmost attention must be paid, as the least admission of sulphur or dust would render the wares valueless. After they are glossed, those intended for decoration are passed into the hands of the decorator,

provided they have not been previously decorated upon the Bisque; if so, they would be finished in the gloss ovens. If this is not the case the design is placed upon the glaze and again subjected to fire, causing the colours to blend with said glaze. The time for firing this kiln varies according to its size. After these various processes they are now ready for the trade—a trade so beneficial to us all, for who can estimate its utility and the comforts we derive from it.

J. W. Gray.

P. S.—For much of the latter information I am indebted to Mr. Benjamin Bloor, of this city, a skilful decorator and a man of large experience in pottery.  
—J. W. G.

### THE CULTIVATION OF FORESTS.

The cultivation of forest trees is beginning to attract the attention of the farmers on the Pacific coast. They are being led to understand that there are profits to be derived from the cultivation of good forest trees, in the effect exercised on the climate lessening the probabilities of drought and decreasing the expenses of irrigation. This has also been the subject of much attention in the Eastern States, particularly in the more heavily-populated ones, where lands once covered with fine trees have been literally laid bare. On taking up a farm the first thought and act of the farmer was to cut down every tree growing on it; and he never seemed quite happy until the last one had fallen. In travelling through Canada I observed that the same erroneous idea prevailed, but possibly to a less extent. The governing idea in the mind of the farmer was, no doubt, to make every square inch of his land productive. The results of late years have proved to them how great was the mistake they made, one that has told very materially against the profits of the farm. They now see that this "clearing away" has also pretty well "cleared" away the climate, in reducing the number of rainy days and having a bad effect on the crops. A writer on the subject very correctly says, "Every foreign scientific man who comes to this country is impressed with the great waste of forest. Accustomed as Europeans are to the culture of woodland, the reckless methods of American farmers strike them with astonishment. The trouble has been that the boundless forests of the North-west promised to endure for ever, and there seemed no incentive to any care of the original growth of timber. Now a more sensible idea begins to prevail. It is seen that east of the Appalachian range the forest has almost disappeared; while in many parts of the west, the wholesale waste of timber carried on for years has had a sensible effect upon the face of the country. In the Southern States the system of exhausting land with cotton and tobacco, and then throwing it into old fields, has resulted in a thick growth of worthless scrub pine on the abandoned lands. To the tourist these fields at a short distance have the look of a good pine forest, but one who has had any experience in southern agriculture knows their utter worthlessness. The fine old forests of the south have been more shamefully ill-used than those of the north; the negro has so little regard for trees that he never fails to cut down the young saplings because they yield firewood with less trouble than other trees."

In the State of New York, where this error of a total clearing away was first observed, the replanting of forest trees has been attended with very good results. In one belt of country where replanting was general, the rainfall has largely increased, and the rain is more evenly distributed throughout the season than in a neighbouring district almost completely denuded of timber. On the prairies of Kansas and Nebraska, where a good natural growth of wood is lacking, the results obtained from the planting of forest trees were even more strikingly illustrated. The planted forest serves as a good windbreak, and the influence of the wood's growth was seen in lessened periods of drought and an increase in crops. What is demanded, however, is accurate information about the varieties of trees adapted to particular localities, and to provide this the Government has set apart an appropriation, and placed in charge of the work Charles Sargent, professor of arboriculture in Harvard College. Among the peculiar trees of Oregon is one known as the Port Orford cedar. It is used for building and other purposes, also in making buckets, tubs, and such like. The trees when tapped emit a liquid corresponding to turpentine, but which possesses the colour and flavour of the cedar wood, and is called oil of cedar. Fresh water put in a new bucket made of this wood will in a few minutes become so tainted as to be unfit to drink. From the captain of a merchant vessel who had brought down several cargoes of this wood I learned that fish placed in tubs made from it and filled with water would die in a very short time. From experiments made by him he found that crabs placed in one of these tubs filled with salt water died in two hours. Smelts only lived twenty minutes. A tree that has been found to do well in the State of California is eucalyptus, or blue gum tree, so well known in Australia. The rapidity of its growth is something remarkable, and for this reason many persons in the vicinity of San Francisco are cultivating them for the sole purpose of firewood. The scarcity of large trees in this immediate neighbourhood will always make wood for fuel valuable. The cultivation of the almond tree has also been attended with success. In the country near San José there are about 350 acres planted this year in almond trees. The growers claim that it is the best paying industry in that part of the country, the profits derived being larger than are obtained from any other enterprise.—*Land and Water.*

### ANOTHER WORD ON A WORN QUESTION.

We sometimes wonder whether it has ever occurred to the *Witness* that its own advertisers are much more fond of referring to the cost of production of the articles they sell as determining the prices at which they offer them to the public, than to any competition of opponents. They constantly assure us that they are selling at cost—or a little above cost—or sometimes, for supposed convenience through a disordered trade, somewhat below cost. They are enabled to sell cheaply because they have paid cash for all their purchases at wholesale, and have so avoided interest charges on value of goods. But when we turn to the leading columns in the same paper, we get quite a different presentation of the question. There we are asked to believe that everything in the way of price is regulated by competition on the great scale by the competition of foreign countries, and we may fairly ask which view we are to accept. We may take another look at this question. Competition is competition, and home competition might be just as coercive as the foreign. If we do not yet enjoy a sufficiency of the former influence in Canada, it will be sure to come when any home manufacture becomes established and prosperous. Indeed, so much was made of this point, at first, in the many-sided minds of the free-traders, that we were told all successful manufactures would be sure to be ruined by such home competition.

Now our manufacturers always claim that the great object of the National Policy is to secure not so much great prices as the home market for their goods, and they have sometimes said if they could be favoured with this they would take care that their prices should continue as low as the outside rates. The extent of the market in which he is able to operate is certainly a very strong consideration to the manufacturer of means and skill. Give him a wider market and he can lower his prices at once. If these points were admitted there would only seem to remain for the reasoners of the *Witness* school the argument of superior natural facilities for production in certain countries. We ought to look a little more closely than we have commonly done into the merits of this argument. The superior facilities dwelt upon will be found to consist generally of larger capital and greater skill and experience. A new and enterprising country like Canada, thinking the time has come for it, will wish to have some of this capital, skill and experience introduced upon its own field of operations, and to ascertain in what branches its facilities duly cherished will be likely in time to compare with those of other countries. To cherish the early growth of the manufactures here concerned, the advantage of a secured home-market is very important. If in spite of all probable or possible effort on our part there are branches of production in which we can never hope to excel, it should be shown clearly which those are; and it is not at all likely that any one will want to force them upon the country, or would succeed if he tried to do so. A new country could certainly afford to make some concessions for the sake of keeping its people at home,—the mind and muscle of the land. Such keeping at home is also a question of consumption of agricultural and other home produce, and of the home market generally, but it is a great deal more than that, for the people are the nation. Though urging these points, we are of course both willing and desirous to admit articles which we cannot produce ourselves, and specially articles embodying the fruits of special and localized taste and genius, such as books, pictures, objects of beauty and high-class manufactures generally. These we should like to see admitted at the most moderate rates possible, partly as specialties, and partly as productions for which our own time is not yet come.

The great destroyers of healthy organization in trade and commerce are just those which the economists and advocates of the *laissez aller* are disposed to overlook, and these are over-production and vicious credits. They are elements subversive of business prosperity and national happiness. The mischief they do enters into all relations of life. They create those cruel ebbs and flows of activity and means which tend to make of our modern civilizations a by-word to the ages. Add to these, trade adulterations in the quality of goods, and the picture is complete. Our great object is to set a good example in this respect, and to preserve the even flow of our operations and the solid basis of our credits. If we could suppose a branch of home manufactures carried on as it should be, say, after a model fashion as to charges and quality of goods, to which might, we will suppose, be added a system of time-bargains for production and sale. In such an imagined case what room would there be for outside competition? What purpose could be served by a glut of goods coming upon such a market from the outside? Do not such considerations induce us to look upon competition in the light of a powerful whip-thong? And to recognize such good scholars as there may be, capable of co-operation and of mutual agreement of capital and labour claims, as not needing the application of such a thong?

The general object to be sought is to establish neither a high nor a low price, but a true and just price, this latter being the outcome of many forces and thoughts and conclusions of reason. That we see is not a game of grab. For it a moderate competition may be sometimes needed, but it would seem more in concert with the general high purpose of the *Witness* newspaper that it should be engaged in promoting the development of this true price and this



excellent quality than in strengthening the sway of that excessive competition which has so often in the past presented the Anglo-Saxon race and civilization in unfortunate aspects.

*Civis.*

### BORES.

There are many kinds of bores in the world. One of the worst kind is the would-be learned bore. He is so full of the idea that he knows a great deal more than other people, and is so thoroughly convinced of his superior *status* in consequence, and of the inestimable advantages the world would derive from a more general diffusion of his knowledge, that he rarely neglects an opportunity to impart some of it to those whom he considers less fortunate in this respect; in fact he is constantly cramming it down your throat. His conversation is didactic in the extreme; and the persistence with which he speaks of one subject, and returns to it again and again, to prove to you his thorough mastery of it, is very annoying. In vain you introduce a new subject, with which you hope he is unacquainted; he either adroitly evades the change, or, if there is no escape, he boldly ventures his own opinions as though they were based on well-known facts which could be proved, if necessary, at any moment. Though you may be satisfied that he is entirely wrong in his views, yet, if you are well-bred, you do not like to wound his vanity by an appeal to authorities which would expose his ignorance of the whole subject. You prefer to be considered an inferior being, rather than violate the instincts of your generous nature by placing him in such a disagreeable position. But your reward must be sought in the approval of your own conscience. *He* does not understand or appreciate your kindly forbearance; but accepts your silence as evidence of your deference to his superior intellectual power. In course of time you learn to submit to his lectures, and allow all his valuable information to flow in at one ear and quietly depart by the other. You are now his best friend, for he has arrived at the conclusion that he is properly appreciated; and he pours out the treasures of his mind without stint.

Now this kind of person is sometimes well-informed, and his knowledge would be really valuable to others if they did not equally enjoy its possession. His mistake is in supposing that he alone has had the opportunities or the ability to acquire it. He is usually self-educated, or he may have passed the greater part of his early life in some small town or village, where the standard of education is not generally high, and by constantly measuring his mind with narrower ones, he is naturally led to exaggerate the extent of his acquirements. A little more intercourse with the world would teach him that he does not by any means lead in the race after knowledge; and that there is a large number who keep pace with him, and not a few who are a long distance in advance. But he shuns his superiors, and even his equals, and fastens on those who are either too weak or too good-natured to resent his impertinent lectures.

It is a curious fact in regard to this kind of bore, that as sure as a time comes when you really desire information on some particular subject, you are surprised and disappointed to find that he positively knows no more about it than you; and stranger still, that he is willing to admit as much, though generally with some remark about its comparative unimportance,—as though what he did not know was not worth knowing. After dinning into your ear for months and years information on all possible subjects, with most of which you were perfectly acquainted, he fails you in your hour of need. You go to him, confident that he can supply the information you require,—quite willing to forgive (and forget, if possible) all his former assumptions of superiority, and ready to give him a new lease of your friendship for what you seek,—and you find him wanting when most you relied on him. If his former patronizing manner was annoying, his cool indifference now is simply exasperating. And there is no remedy, unless you cut his acquaintance altogether; but this is an act foreign to the instincts of a true gentleman. The only thing you can do is to avoid him as much as possible, without appearing to do so.

There is a species of the learned bore who seems to review his store of information (as a merchant takes stock of his goods) for his own satisfaction rather than for your edification. He is quite innocent of any intention to instruct you. He is perhaps only seeking your sympathy in the pleasures arising from the possession or the pursuit of knowledge. This is a comparatively harmless specimen of the genus, and may often be humoured into a less egotistical vein of thought and speech. He may even be an agreeable companion, if you are not too often thrown into his society.

Yet another variety is the individual who, in order to increase his store of information, is constantly asking questions which you are unable to answer. These questions often demand information far beyond his knowledge of the subject; and while they tend to expose your ignorance, they seem to indicate on his part a greater knowledge of the subject than he really possesses. Thus he contrives to make you appear small, when he only seems to be asking for information. This is adding insult to injury; and yet you can neither resent the former nor demand reparation for the latter.

Let us hope that society will yet devise some means to protect itself from this class of offenders. While criminals and lunatics are safely confined within stone walls, these semi-lunatics are allowed to roam at liberty, and prey upon their unfortunate fellow-beings.

### A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

(Continued.)

It was an anxious group gathered around the couch of Miss Fairfax; never had one there seen her so distressed, so unlike her gentle, placid self. The semblance of opposition to anyone was a pain. Her life was passed in ministering to the joys and sorrows of others—never causing aught but a truer estimate of the better qualities of all who came within her sphere, and holding these up to the view of those who too readily seized upon what was unlovely.

"Aunt Mary, Uncle Ralph says he does not see why Violet should hesitate about becoming my wife. I was to say this for him; he will say it for himself later," and Brandon, spite of his pale face, spoke with a firmness that betokened he was not going to give up Violet without doing battle for her.

Violet sat very still, with a face rivalling that of his in whiteness; she felt like giving away there and then. To none had she disclosed the tempest of soul that had surged within ever since Brandon had asked her to travel life's journey with him. Her heart pleaded so loudly for him—every pleading of his had been weakening the fortress at first so strong, so resolute not to succumb. She sat on a low stool beside the truest friend girl ever had, and as Miss Fitzroy mechanically kept smoothing her hair from her brow, Violet pressed closer and closer to her.

"Brandon dear, you know we all love you; that your happiness and welfare is as our own. Are you settled as to your own future? If not, how can you help Violet in hers?"

"Auntie," pleaded Brandon, "I seem all of a sudden to have turned into a leper, and every one of you dreading contamination. No man living ever would, ever could do more than I will to make Violet happy. Whatever she wishes it shall be my one study to realise for her. What can I say to melt your heart?"

"Brandon, Brandon," was the tearful answer, "you never will know what it is costing me to follow what I believe to be my duty. There are more spiritual shipwrecks from marriage than one ever knows of. It is so common a thing for the professor to mate with the non-professor that a thought is scarcely ever raised upon the subject;—whilst position, suitability of disposition undergo a continual inspection, the *oneness* that ought to be the chief thing is not allowed to see the light, and so long as this is passed over, the churches may well complain of deadness and lack of life. *Where there is not co-operation, too often there is defeat.*"

"Aunt Mary, do you count me a heathen, and suppose I shall exercise some potent spell to win Violet from her allegiance—rather should you think of her as what she would be, my guardian angel, and her helpful presence will keep me right, though really I cannot for the life of me see where I am wrong. Do I not attend church as regularly as any? and am I not as anxious for myself as you are for me to live uprightly and do the right?"

"Oh, my boy," wailed Miss Fitzroy with such a pathetic love shining from her tear-dimmed eyes,—“You do not understand what the still small voice means; it is as if one were talking in foreign language—you may know enough to catch a meaning here and there, but the drift of the conversation is wholly unintelligible, and ‘this voice’ you do not understand. *Unless you look within, never will you hear it.*”

Noel looked nearly as distressed as Miss Fitzroy, and Beatrice scarcely less so, both wondering how this painful scene was to close.

"Brandon, are you a believer in the Bible or not?" queried Miss Barbara in her most decisive tone.

"Aunt Barbara," he answered with a nervous laugh, "you ought to have been a female detective. Now, if you are going to be my confessor, you know I am; but that does not prevent one getting into troubled waters studying it."

"How so?" she demanded.

"Well, one meets with such various expositions and contradictory suppositions from others doing the same thing, that it gets bewildering to know who, or what is right."

"Brandon," said Miss Fitzroy gently, "do not mistake and turn from the revealed truth to the unsatisfying ever changing counterfeits offered by poor sighted mortals, I have nothing to say about creeds. *It is the source of a river the explorer seeks;* the tributaries but lead to its direction, and so the many forms of belief are not the object upon which to fix our attention, but upon what foundation these are based. If upon that St. Paul told the Corinthians in his third chapter was the only sure one, then you must not look away from that, if you are to build up a structure that shall endure to the end.

"Auntie, what a pity all have not your trust," said Noel with a moistened eye. "What a laying down of burdens if the wise heads puzzling over that old Book trusted to being led, *instead of wanting to lead.*"

"Yes, indeed," said Miss Barbara promptly "and in their wisdom lose themselves, and drag others astray. For myself, if I am going into a strange place, and want to get information about the way, I prefer to get it from some one who has travelled in that direction; and if we believe the voice in the cloud said 'This is my beloved son, hear ye Him' is a command not to be disregarded, and Brandon, such as cannot do that and believe in Him must be of the same stock St. Paul tells the Philippians in his third chapter he wept over. You read that, my boy, and take heed to the last four words of the 19th verse, and I think you will find the key to many a disturbed peace."

"Instead of questioning the truth," said Miss Fitzroy looking with a yearning love upon the little group, "it were far wiser for each to commune with his own heart and be still. I well remember how the need of this impressed me when listening to a conversation among some farmers. They were discussing their crops of wheat; some were rejoicing in the unusual harvest in store; a few bemoaning that never had their fields looked so unpromising. Then began a general discussion upon the tilling of the soil; *not one questioned the seed,* and if the seed of God's truth were discussed less, and the attention turned to the cultivation of the heart more, there would be an end of possibilities and probabilities, for the ground would be ready for the seed, and once let that take root, *there need be no fears as to its quality.*"

"Why cannot we believe without doubts?" said Brandon impetuously.

"From pride, I think," she returned gently. "Many do not like, do not believe in becoming as a little child. You know how trusting one such is, how sweetly dependant, because sure of the care surrounding its young life; how spontaneously love answers love and 'Except ye become as this little child'—you remember who said it, and how. Man says it is too hard a saying, and in asserting his manhood loves his birthright."

Brandon made no answer. Going up to Violet, he said "I want you just one moment," and unresistingly she took his offered hand and went with him.

"O Auntie! O Auntie!" sobbed Beatrice, throwing her arms around her neck, "Do you not think it would come right in the end? I am so miserable to see how unhappy Violet is. Comfort her, Auntie, and let her lead Brandon. I feel sure she is afraid she might turn him aside altogether."

"That is one of the subtle arguments Beatrice ever urged in the doing of wrong, *that good may come*. My child, my child. I feel you all think me too severe, but when either of you as children so often craved for what was certain injury, was the refusal to heed the cry a proof of a want of love? Was it not the sure testimony how precious you were? Not the less so is it now. Violet must either decide one way or other," said the decisive Miss Barbara; no good comes of dilly-dallying. Fitzroy will be far on in the race, while Brandon is looking out for a starting point. Pity she had not chosen otherwise," she muttered, but not loud enough to be heard.

"Oh, Barbara, when I look on Violet and see the longing to find assurance that to follow the craving of her heart might be justifiable, I fear for her. It ever seems to me the most terrible of calamities possible to befall human nature to have that really come to pass. *'He gave them their desire, but sent leanness into their souls.'*"

"Mary, not another word," said her sister. "You have spoken as you believe in the course of right, and now to bed you go. If you do not suffer for this excitement it will be a matter for surprise."

"I hope not," said Mr. Ralph Brandon who had entered unobserved.

"Mary, do you not think you may be stretching a point too far? I honour your adherence to what you believe right. But do you consider adherence there should be the same veto upon a young man such as Brandon, as upon one whose habits preclude a thought respecting him? Were he guilty of breaking any moral law or society's rules, never would I give my child to his keeping."

"Ralph dear friend," said Miss Fitzroy raising herself with painful effort, and looking at him with tender pathetic pleading. "What say you. The Father of all says: 'Give me thy heart.' Violet has obeyed the call. Has Brandon?"

"But, my dear Mary, think you such as he need such as she. Let Violet keep her hold on the helm, with her help she may turn him in any direction."

"She is but mortal, Ralph. *Ought she to run the risk of losing her hold?* Love of the creature becomes a fatal anodyne in the hands of the enemy of souls. What if Brandon leads and she follows? *She is but mortal.*"

"True, true," returned the old man gravely. "Mary, we must leave it. I cannot believe harm will come to Violet's child," he added in a low tone.

"I pray not. Ralph, I am sorry to have said anything contrary to your wishes, but her mother left me to be in her place, and the child is dear as if my own."

"Need you say that?" he asked, quickly. "I know it is from love you have spoken. But go to bed, I see Barbara is getting impatient and will not restrain herself much longer." Then turning to that lady, asked if he should stay till she came down, to vent it upon him.

"Well, unless I do entertain you in some way you run a chance of being compelled to do it for yourself, as Noel with Beatrice seem lost to any interest outside themselves."

"Aunt Barbara," exclaimed the latter, with a crimson cheek, "Noel and I were not going to leave Uncle Ralph to himself, so—"

"Make haste back," interrupted that gentleman, nodding to Miss Barbara, with a hearty laugh, "and release them from duty. Now, to begin it," he said, taking Beatrice on his knee, "give me a kiss, young lady. Only one, only one," he said, laughing. Now, Noel, he added, turning to him, "you are too big to get on the other, but you can come this side, and for once, while we have a chat, can spare this little minikin to Uncle Ralph."

The motherly element to be found in every true womanly nature was strong in that of Violet. There was a tender yearning over Brandon, and there seemed a greater need for some protecting care to be ever thrown around him, and for one to hesitate when a stern conscience says, "This is the way, walk ye in it," is to choose the one inclination leans towards, and cheat oneself into the belief that it is after all the one chosen for you.

Upon leaving the room Brandon put his arm round her defiantly, hurrying her to one across the hall; almost before closing the door, he said, "Violet, you have heard all auntie has urged; you know I love her as I have since a boy, but I want you to overcome prejudice. She, dear sufferer, has nothing to rouse her from. You have been surrounded by her influence so long that you really know nothing of other lives, and will narrow your thoughts so completely as to lose your individuality. You are becoming as morbidly sick of soul, by continually keeping your hand on your spiritual pulse, as one is who does this physically. See how cruelly this is making you serve me. My darling, do not be shocked, but instead of drawing me towards what you want it makes me almost hate the thought of it, for if I have to give you up, never will I look on your face again, but become, like one of your Bible heroes, a fugitive on the face of the earth, and may be," he added, bitterly—"a vagabond."

"Brandon! Brandon!" she said, reproachfully, trying to draw herself from the painful pressure of his strong grasp. "Let us wait awhile. Because there is no open acknowledgement of a tie between us, need you resort to such measures? It is you who are cruel," she added, with quivering lips.

"Violet, I am not one of your cool, smooth sort; with me, is to be all or nothing. I must have you for my own, or go away. As for this division, ask yourself are you wise to let me go forth a hard, embittered man, when a word from you would give you the love no woman ever had before, and make me a willing sharer of your every aspirations. My wee one once, you will with

more general thought be less exacting. When I go to the rector and see the same profession, without the terrible exaction some require, then look around and see hosts of people living lives of, to themselves unquestioning certainty as to their way being right, it amounts, to my mind, to a constitutional state of feeling in every one, and I love you the more for your pretty Puritan ways, and depend upon it, once you belong to me, I shall never rest till I outstrip you."

"O Brandon," she exclaimed with a great crimson spot on each cheek, and tightly pressing her hands to still the heart's tempest, "I must think over it."

Brandon saw how spent she was in the conflict, and knew her power of resistance becoming less and less strong, and determined she should not leave that room till she might do so—not to think over what to do, but to face her future as belonging to him. With a tenderness of manner he shared with Noel, he drew her beside him and pleaded till he won. "My wife at last," he whispered. "Have you a fear about my making you happy?" he asked exultingly.

There was not the same fearless assurance mingling with the love in her eyes as she gave the answer as there had been in those of Beatrice when that question had been asked of her by Noel, but she gave herself up to that wondrous, nameless, thrilling happiness, only known to those who take their walk in Eden's garden. Ah! if only mankind's foe might not disturb its sweetness; but so it is, the serpents trail follows every son and daughter of that first pair, as surely as it did them. It needed but a look at Brandon's face, as he returned some hour afterwards to the anxious hearts awaiting what his conference with Violet would result in, to know he had been successful.

"I am so happy," he cried triumphantly, "you might any of you ask what you liked. I could not refuse. I declare I would be a parson, Noel, if that would convince you I am not quite unregenerate, though you say business is my idol."

"Your father does enough mischief in that line without you being asked to do more," said Miss Barbara, "and conquerors in the first flush of victory are apt to promise more than they would perform when the fever has worn off. But come here, boy, I suppose I must give you a kiss. Mind, I do not alter my opinion that you might be a better helpmate as a husband."

"I really think I am right, Auntie," said Violet next day when she tearfully knelt beside her with a yearning to have her conviction a fact. "You will see Brandon no longer questions, he needs but a helping hand, and I must have you join in our happiness."

"Nothing will keep me from rejoicing with those I love," she answered so tenderly as she held the young girl in her loving arms. "Hear one word, my child, the only one I will say about this again. You must now be more than ever watchful to keep your armour bright. You *have chosen the battle field*, and must not droop because of incessant warfare. Ever remember it is your own deliberate choice, and when pressed in the fight forbear to murmur."

From that moment Miss Fitzroy never by look or word evinced other than the liveliest interest in the preparations for the wedding. Her painful duty over, she felt her mission henceforth was to stimulate to right doing—*To help keeping the armour from tarnishing.*

"Are you girls deciding to make the milliner the most important personage at your wedding?"

There was no questioning from whom the inquiry came. The same group had just come from lecture which had had a divided attention, and were now gathered round Beatrice and Violet like bees round a hive.

"Miss Barbara, now really do you think one ought to outrage the common usages of society at weddings?" asked one from the group remonstratingly.

"I do not exempt weddings from being governed by common sense whether the usages of society permit it in their actions or not," was the prompt reply.

"Aunt Barbara," laughed Violet, "we have—that is, Beatrice and I—come to the conclusion not to allow society to dictate as to how we shall be married, and have horrified these young ladies by telling them we both think marriage too solemn a thing to make dress and entertaining the chief object."

"As indeed it is," said Barbara, "and instead of the customary display, the bond would have a deeper meaning if freed from the overwhelming array brought to bear upon it. Whatever party-giving may be necessary for innocent recreation, to my way of thinking it is not the time for it then. That tie is best bound in simple surroundings and with few on-lookers."

"Why, Miss Barbara, you would sweep away half the events of life people take most interest in."

"I am only speaking my own thoughts, Ellen, on the subject, not legislating for the world, and I say the show and display now so general, the indecent rivalry of one bride out-doing the other with her fabulous laces and all the rest of it, is more like a well got up act in a drama than the solemn plighting of two lives for weal or woe. I have seen weddings high and low, but shall ever remember one in its rich simplicity, its quiet unostentatious display—that of a sweet, gentle looking Quakeress. Nothing ever touched me so much as that quaint simple service. Since then I never stood in the throng of a fashionable wedding without contrasting it unfavourably with the one at the old meeting-house."

"Miss Barbara would turn the world upside down had she her own way," said one, as that lady left them to finish their debate on the subject, "and you and Beatrice are just as bad."

"I do not mean to care a bit what you say," replied Beatrice laughing. "Violet and I have settled to be married in the chapel —" A perfect babel prevented the hearing of another word.

"Violet! Beatrice! You are joking. Married in that old dismal den. You must be crazy!" and when these exclamations subsided a little, Beatrice went on quite unmoved.

"Wait and see, then say if we have not decided well. We are counting upon your assistance, and if you will give it, as we want no hired work where flowers have to be arranged, you will see how the miserable old den, as you so politely call it, looks. I love that chapel; from childhood Violet and I used to play going to church in it, and I do believe if I had to go before a crowded

congregation, as would be sure to be the case however quietly we might try to keep it, I should either faint from fright or run away."

"And if they married me to the sexton," added Violet laughing, "it would be all the same, for I should have but one thought to escape from so many eyes."

So as the months rolled round, the one came that was to witness the double marriage, and not one who had scoffed at the way of its celebration but were loud in praise of its success, as the young brides in their simple white robes adorned only with the priceless jewels of modesty and simplicity, looking to the eye as pure and sweet as the roses that were playing in the sunbeams of the sombre old chapel, now transformed into a very Eden of flowers. Few perhaps would have deemed the simple wedding (with guests only, who were there from real love, and interest, so were few in number) one to compete with those of modern usage, but not one there would have altered a single feature of it to have had, it one of these.

At this period in the history of lives it seems to be universally considered that interest is at a standstill, and it is up to this point volumes are written, and only such by the many read. Young lives are thus trained to centre all thought upon romantic situations, rarely ever realized in actual life, and their imaginations ever strained to follow with hopeful anticipation hair-breadth escapes of wondrous pathos on paper, but which in practical trial are cruelly stripped of the fascinating colouring. The facts of every-day reality are not made for weeping heroines—they require the woman meant to battle with them, to be victorious first over self, and then to conquer them. If the lesson were learned *before* engaging in the contest, instead of believing the fight over before begun, many a pang would be saved, many a disappointment never felt, but which this fatally pleasant—ah! how pleasant!—on-look into life has created as its goal, and which is so willingly believed to be what existence is for. To know whether character is strong to overcome, you must watch to the end. It may have shoots of promise, develop purest buds of hopefulness, but lack the fruit anticipated. So the bright anticipations promising so much concerning Beatrice Fitzroy now Beatrice Brandon, and Violet Brandon now Violet Travis, could alone be developed or dwarfed in the new duties now devolving upon them. They had not the change of home surroundings usually following a change of name, for both were placed in exceptional circumstances.

The Holt was so large, that many families might have been parcelled off beneath its roof without let or hindrance to the comfort of any. So Noel was domiciled with Beatrice in one of its pleasantest quarters, and while one home, there were two households, and what a happy thankfulness was in the heart of Miss Fitzroy at not being bereft of her children, as she loved to call them, for Noel and Violet merely exchanged places, and as Uncle Ralph reminded Miss Barbara, he had got Violet after all her far-sightedness, though she as quickly threw back the ball, not without losing Noel. But Mr. Ralph Brandon was not going to exchange a son for a daughter, and lose the boy who was as the apple of his eye, for he alternated between the two homes, till it became the literal fact, Miss Barbara predicted, that to find him would be one continued game at hide and seek. So time went on, the world rolled round, people ate, drank, slept, had sorrows, had joys, disappointments, successes, just as they have had from creation, and will down to the end. These lives had nothing more startling, less matter-of-fact than those in every land and clime, yet to each how full of momentous doings. To look at such practically, with all the colouring possible to bring to bear artistically upon it, what can be said original or wonderful about young birds nestling in the once silent nest? The incidents common to childhood; the enlarging or narrowing of acquaintances; the busy round of domestic life; the bargaining, gaining, losing all, all over and over again; the perpetual treadmill always revolving; *the only difference is the exchange in the workers*. But though outside life goes on with so little variation, what untold inward changes take place in each and all! There must be either progress or declension—*no standing still*; nobler or more ignoble; more gentle and loving, or more selfish and callous; a ripper judgment from thought, or a loss of it from decay; a firmer faith in the unseen, or oblivion of what once was possessed.

That the tendency for the progress that stretches beyond time was a growing one in Noel and Beatrice their lives testified, words were superfluous to confirm. They had their sorrows, their trials, just as surely as those who had no higher aspirations than earth affords; indeed more often the disciple is called upon to witness "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," but the world, looking wonderingly off and asking, "What sin have these committed to be so corrected," know not the secret love-messages to the soul—such are like the angels going up and down the ladder Jacob saw.

Amidst her happiness, Violet felt a want, an undefined uneasiness. True to her soul's yearnings she clung to her Lord, but there was not the same consciousness of nearness once felt. She was realizing what leanness to the soul meant. Her discipline had begun.

The world looking on would have seen very little difference between the young men. Both were equally scrupulous in all outward attentions and devotions to the requirements of what is called religious life. To have detected any, one had to note down "principle" governed every act of Noel. He had but one chart to steer his course by; it was not *is this or that expedient*, but *is it right*. Never flinching, never temporising he stuck true to the answer, whether it demanded sacrifice of time, money, or self. Being a consistent follower of what he professed did not make Noel Brandon a dull man of business; not Brandon could excel him in clear-sighted bargains, in cool efficient dealings with his fellow men. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord," and business he considered came under the "Whatsoever"

They were all spending one of many happy days together, but this one especially so, and as Miss Fitzroy gazed upon each face, her own grew sweetly sympathetic with the admiring pride of the young mothers over their little folk.

"Aunt Barbara," exclaimed Violet, "does it seem possible we have been married four years to-day?"

"It is not the first four I have thought pass so quickly as scarcely to be possible, and every four, Violet, will go more quickly."

"We shall be Grandmama's, Violet," laughed Beatrice, "before we have realized the fact we have done with girlhood, at Aunt Barbara's reckoning. I

should like, though, before then to have done some of the good she has. I never now seem to have a moment beyond our home."

"Violet was troubling the other day, until I laughed her out of it, that she was a cumberer on the earth, or something as suggestive, and lamenting over things in general," began Brandon, "but—"

"You would not have shown much sense if you had," said Miss Barbara dryly. "If you go weeding your neighbours's gardens, leaving your own to be choked with weeds, you have a philanthropic spirit I never wish to emulate."

A hearty appreciative laugh from Noel showed he did not need to make the enquiry his wife did when she said "I should not mind if I had weeded a quarter your number, though I am sure neither Violet nor I credit the need of attention to your own. What made you suggest such a supposition, Aunt Barbara? I was not alluding to myself; but when two mothers take to lamenting that their field of usefulness is not larger, I think they need to be reminded, to be sure that what is already under their care has the cultivation it demands. If I had been a wife and mother I should have considered the duties required at my hands demanded all the time I had. *It is not an occasional precept dropped here and there that constitutes home training, it needs an ever constant watchful supervision never to be delegated to another*, and there are plenty of women without such ties to whom this outside work is their mission, as I consider it mine."

"What pictures you call up, Aunt Barbara," said Brandon. "All single women have not the love for mission work, and I am sure it is too often a thankless office."

"Ah, Brandon, when there is other spirit than working for their Lord it may be so, but 'His' servants work for love not for pay; they do not look for gratitude, though it is gratefully appreciated when given; 'well done' will be their reward," said Miss Fitzroy with kindling eyes.

"Granted, Aunt Mary, but there are so few really good people, though plenty of religious ones, that but for one here and there doing what they profess, I am sure it is hard to distinguish where the difference lies between the men of the world and the men of the church. You want to be in business to find this out. I know if Noel were to confess the truth he would say, with me, the so-called worldly man would be ashamed to do the dishonourable actions these pious folks are so continually doing, and it injures the cause they advocate more than all the profanity in existence."

"Brandon, does the different attempts of the many copyists of Michael Angelo reflect their failure upon him, or upon their own want of artistic conception and want of study?" asked Miss Fitzroy quietly.

"Not upon him, certainly, Aunt Mary."

"Then, my dear, when you see poor humanity professing to imitate their Lord, and betray how unlike they are, do not blame the Master and say religion is a sham. Where there is the genius of the true artist, time and practice enables him to copy so faithfully that the mantle of the dead seems to have fallen upon him; and judge fairly, Brandon. Where there is the *genuine* spirit of heavenly aspirations, *the evil in every nature has to be softened*, and the good grows until the heavenly likeness is stamped on every act."

"Oh, Auntie," he answered, gently patting the slender hand he held, "you only need a pair of wings to be ready for flight. But what do you think of that fellow's conscientiousness?" he asked, squaring his fists in pugilistic attitude towards Noel. "Only yesterday came a proof his bump is too largely developed for action amongst the children of this world."

"You will convince Aunt Mary about as much as you did me I was wrong," laughed Noel, shying the sofa pillow dexterously at the fists.

"Come, come," interposed Miss Brandon, "none of that sort of business where there are breakables about. What has Noel been doing?"

"Doing!" echoed Brandon. "Let the finest opportunity slip through our fingers that was ever offered to a business man, and all through one of those scruples that infect every one of you, not excepting this wife of mine," he continued, coming behind her chair and taking her head in his hands kissed the upturned half-sad face, saying as he did so, "You do not deserve it for siding with him."

"What has he done, Brandon?" inquired Beatrice anxiously looking towards her husband, who returned her pleading look with one of mischievous mystery.

"Nothing more than put £10,000 into another man's pocket instead of his own, all through a practice I have condemned ever since Uncle Ralph gave over the supervision of affairs to him."

"Bless the boy," said Miss Barbara impatiently, "why do you not speak plainly instead of dealing in enigmas? What is it you have condemned?"

"Nothing more nor less than an absurd notion Noel has of not having business letters delivered on a Sunday. Now he sees his mistake, or rather will not see it, for had he done so he could have secured an offer not brooking delay."

"But surely," demanded Beatrice, "the sender of the offer must have known it would not be attended to on Sunday. Noel cannot be blamed for what he could not help."

"It really is laughable to see how Beatrice is up in arms if one speaks—nay, looks at her husband," Brandon said teasingly, "but you cannot defend him against the charge, or put it on the shoulders of others. The letter had been delayed or we should have got it on the Saturday, still there was time to have secured the bargain, seeing twenty-four hours were given for reply, which, if not received, gave the offer to another. Now, did he act as most sane people do, he would have his letters Sunday as well as any other day, and if there could have been any great evil in telegraphing the simple word 'Accepted,' I give up."

"I do not pretend to say I do not regret the mishap, or whatever you like to call it," said Noel good humouredly "but I do not regret I made the stand to leave everything relating to business out of Sunday. The simple reading of letters necessarily causes one to plan and arrange, and taking the body to church while you are in spirit in your counting-house is, to my mind, more dishonouring to God than to be there in the body. You are free from hypocrisy in the one case—in the other guilty of the act so solemnly rebuked by Isaiah when he said 'Forasmuch as this people draw near me with their



mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart from me and their fear toward me is taught by the precept of men.' The Saviour repeated this to those, He called hypocrites. So Brandon, I think it better to put aside the temptation, as I told you, than run the risk of becoming one of these."

"My lad! my lad!" said his Uncle who had seemingly been dozing by the fireside. "You rebuke me for what was our custom. He is right, Brandon; when you get to my age you will find making money has not satisfied a craving we all have more or less; it leaves us in fancied peace for a time, only to return with redoubled strength, and the soul's hunger never yet was appeased by anything this world offers, though I have been long in finding it out."

A great hush fell upon the little group, for this was the first open declaration on the part of Mr. Ralph Brandon: he had yielded to the mysterious drawings towards the answer, but for sometime each had felt a wondrous change in the old man, and excepting Brandon experienced no astonishment. The conflict between love for Brandon and duty towards her Heavenly Father was telling upon Violet. For a time there seemed as if the fear Miss Fitzroy had foreseen would be realised, and her hold on the Helm be loosed. It looked so easy from the far-off view of what her married life was to be, to be counsellor through it. *Never to be helped or guided was of little importance.* That her own steps might falter from want of this, love gilded over. But all too soon was her need and weakness made apparent to herself. There were almost daily struggles of like nature with the one between he and Noel which had to be met and faced, and none but the Unseen knew what it was costing to come into collision so constantly. It was wearing out body and spirit alike. If only she could have carried her burden to one other of the dear ones, she felt it would be lighter. How the last words of counsel from Aunt Mary came to startle her back into the silence she was often tempted to break for one word of loving sympathy and encouragement, but distinctly came the reminder "You must not droop because of incessant warfare; ever remember it is your own deliberate choice; when pressed in the fight, forbear to murmur." What had become of all the hopeful anticipations concerning him who never became dear? She found it hard to counsel, when a good humoured laugh and loving caress were the only results of the attempt. When she saw, as the years rolled by he grew impatient at being cropped in wishes he had set his heart upon attaining, but from some scruple on her part denied to him, then her love would bid conscience be still, while she at the expense of it laboured to give him what he craved. This continual conflict told its tale to those to whom never had she been as dear as now. Miss Fitzroy missed the joyous ring in the laugh, saw with pain the shadow settling on the pure sweet face, but too well she knew no human hand could heal what needed Infinite power. The long struggle, combined with nature's throes, brought her very near to the border-land. But for unflagging love to help the highest skill, she must have followed the wee blossom, only given to bestow the kiss of ownership, and then return it to the Giver. So long she lay in her weakness, making no progress towards returning health, that something like despair began to settle upon the two households. Violet had a strange yearning to know something of her mother's early life; often had she framed the words of inquiry: had that mother married knowing her father was not one concerning the things for which only life is given, but how ask the question that would own to conviction of some motive connected with herself in the asking? The desire to inquire grew, but the knowledge seemed no nearer, until Aunt Jane, now transformed into Grandma, came to relieve the worn-out watchers in nursing. Between Violet and the inmates of the Rectory there could be little affinity, but Aunt Jane was still the same placid individual, who, in greeting her niece as daughter, only thought she ought to consider herself a very fortunate girl in getting so devoted a husband. Now that she was with her, Violet was feverishly anxious to gain the information she now could obtain without raising any suspicions as to her object. She felt a wild impatience to have the room and Aunt Jane to herself, for in moments of excitement the old familiar title rose to her lips, and as that lady very comfortably sat with screen in hand rocking to and fro before the fire, Violet asked, with throbbing pulse, all sorts of questions irrelevant to the one she was clearing the way for. At last, with faltering words she managed to ask Aunt Jane to tell her something about her mother's early life.

"My dear, you are the exact image of her. Uncle Ralph does nothing but inquire if I am not struck with the resemblance."

"So Auntie says. I am so glad," said Violet a little impatiently, "but I want to know what she was. O, Aunt Jane, was she always a Christian?"

"My dear child," was the horrified exclamation "Whatever do you mean? Did you think she was a heathen?"

"No no, but how did she and papa agree?" and as soon as the words were out, Violet felt she had made another blunder.

"Why, Violet, has anyone been telling you idle tales of your own father and mother?" asked the scandalized lady. "I wonder Miss Fitzroy has not saved you from such ideas. I loved your mother as did everyone; she was the brightest, most lovable girl I ever knew."

"O, I know," almost groaned Violet. "Did she think the same before she married about—about the hereafter?"

"Well, you fairly astonish me," was the reply. "If you mean had she the same peculiar ideas as Mary Fitzroy, she had not when I first knew her; but I believe the terrible bereavement and affliction of her friend brought a change in her sentiments, though as I often told her I thought such were quite unneeded, as did your father. I know he had many reasonings with her to show she was too strict, but he failed to convince her, and that is the only fault I have to find in you, dear, if you will not feel hurt at my saying so. I think you if were less exacting about trifles, you would run along smoother in your life, but of course dear, it is only an opinion. Papa (her usual designation of the Rector) would have come with me now, but he really quite dreads coming into collision with Miss Barbara. She is shockingly abrupt in her remarks."

Violet heard the smooth, even tones, but as to the meaning of the words she failed to comprehend them. One hope now had gone for ever, that in her marriage she had only followed where her mother had led.

(To be continued.)

Chess.

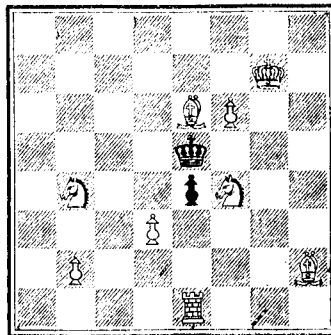
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, September 11th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET NO. 15. MOTTO: "Ars est cedere artem."

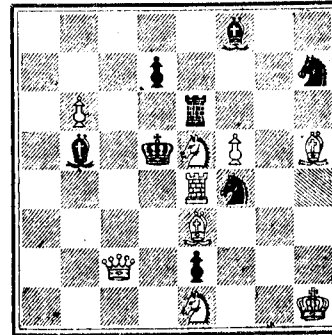
PROBLEM No. CVI.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CVII.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 12.—MOTTO: "Gemini."

PROBLEM No. 99.—B to K 5.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S. "Difficult, with interesting and abundant variations."

PROBLEM No. 98.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 B to K B 5	Kt to Q Kt 8	2 Kt takes K P	Kt takes Q	3 B to Q 7 mate
	Kt to Q B 5	2 Q to Q B 5 (ch)	P takes Q	3 Kt to B 3 mate
	Kt takes Kt	2 B takes Kt	Anything	3 Q to Kt 4 mate
	Kt to Q Kt 6	2 Kt takes K P	Kt takes R P	3 Q takes Kt mate
	K takes Kt	2 Q to Q B 5 (ch)	K to Kt 2	3 Q to Q 5 mate
	R takes R P	2 B to Q 7	R takes Kt	3 K takes K P mate

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 100. By Dr. S. Gold.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1 R to Q 5 (ch)	P takes R	3 P to Q 4 (ch)	P takes P en passant
2 R to Q B 4 (ch)	P takes R	4 Q to B 2 (ch)	P takes Q mate

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. P., NAPANEE.—Your solution to No. 104 is not quite correct; in the defence, 1 B to Q 2; 2 R to B 8 (ch)—K to B 2; 3 P queens, will not mate. 3 Kt to Kt 5 mate, is the proper play. In other variations your solution is correct, and shall be acknowledged. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

PAX.—Have not heard from you lately. Why?

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

BRENTANO'S MONTHLY.—The *Holyoke Transcript* says: "This excellent magazine for August is a great improvement on previous numbers. An article entitled 'Are Problems End-games?' gives overwhelming arguments that such is the fact."

Now, while we agree with the *Transcript* that the August No. is an excellent one, and are convinced that succeeding numbers will be quite equal, if not superior, we are not ready to acknowledge that the article "Are Problems End-games" finally disposes of the question. There is a good deal to be said on the other side.

Mr. Allen remarks: "Problems had their origin, or course, from the game; that is, it was observation of the fact that complicated and ingenious mates could be given in actual play that suggested to the first problem composer the idea of inventing curious end positions without the formality of making the antecedent moves in the game." True; but this was only the birth of a new art. Was it always to remain in the condition in which it first saw the light? Is not the tendency of all forms of art towards development? The answer to both these questions may be found in the fact that problems, as now composed, bear very little resemblance to end-games. Many of the conditions which obtain in the end-game are rarely found in modern problems. In the end-game the opposing forces are usually nearly equal in number and kind; and for the simple reason that the pieces are generally changed off for others of equal power. It may happen that a Knight is opposed to a Bishop, or a Queen contends against two Rooks, or more rarely, against three minor pieces; but any change more unequal than this leaves one of the players with an inferior force, when he very sensibly resigns the game, without waiting until his adversary has acquired such a preponderance of force as we so often see given to the white pieces in problems of our day. The object of a game, even of an end-game, is to gain such an advantage of position or power as will enable one of the players to checkmate the other; but neither player thinks of continuing the game until the final mate is actually given. The necessary force for this being gained by one of the players, the other abandons the game. But in problems we often see six or eight white pieces glorying in their ability to checkmate a solitary black king. Would any player, however hopeful, protract a game to such a degree? Again, the position in many problems is such as would not be allowed to occur in the game; for Black by simply capturing one of your nicely arranged pieces, on the move which preceded your announcement, would destroy the whole combination. Your success, in fact, depends upon his last move having been one of the worst on the board. The conditions of a problem presuppose a marvellous degree of skill on your part, and little or none on his, before the position, as constructed, could be brought about.

Mr. Allen further says that problems were at first constructed to resemble positions occurring in play; but the desire to make them look natural gradually gave way to the more refined notions of the modern school. But this was only one of many signs that problem composing was beginning to develop into an art itself, and was no longer regarded merely as a branch of the game.

In end-games there are nearly always more pawns than officers left on the board; and the object is to queen a pawn, so as to gain a winning advantage in force over the adversary. The general appearance of an end-game is well known, and is easily recognized by a player. In problems there are generally more pieces than pawns employed, because they lead to more interesting positions than the latter, and the object is to give mate in a certain way, and in no other, in a stipulated number of moves. If a problem can be solved by any other key-move than that intended, it is unsound; and even if there are two or more ways of proceeding on any move but the first, the problem is, at least, faulty. Now, suppose in an end-game you announced mate in three moves, and your adversary were to declare your announcement null and void, because he could prove that the mate might be given by



another line of play, what would you say? Or, suppose he objected to it, because there was a bad dual in one of the variations, what could you do? Nothing; if problems and end-games are one and the same thing, for the rules governing problems would declare your position to be faulty in the one case, and actually unsound in the other. Suppose you announced mate in three moves, and it proved to be impossible in less than four, would you forfeit your game? No; but as a problem it would be condemned.

Again, can problems be called end-games when so many of them have such a number of pieces and pawns on the board that they bear a closer resemblance to the middle-game than to the end-game? Indeed, we have seen some problems which looked more like the beginning than any part of a game, so many pieces and pawns had they. Lastly, how can they be called end-games when they never had a beginning as a game?

Mr. Allen seems to fear that if too much latitude be given to composers, there is danger that they will wander into the realms of puzzeldom, and, perhaps, find an abiding place there. We have no fears of such a calamity. Chess strategy is so much more intricate, beautiful and varied than that of any other kind of game whatever that there is not the least danger of problems degenerating into mere puzzles. On the contrary, they are constantly rising to a higher grade of excellence. The problems of to-day are much superior to those of a century ago, and there are many excellences still undiscovered to reward the ingenuity of future composers. When we see cultured readers abandon the classics for the perusal of dime novels, then we shall tremble for the fate of problems.—[CHESS EDITOR *pro tem.*]

## LOVELY SUNBEAMS—A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

O lovely sunbeams through the meadows dancing  
On golden pinions all the livelong day,  
Kissing your leaves, on crystal streamlets glancing,  
Changing to living gold their silver spray;  
Wee amorous elves, coquetting with the roses,  
Wooing the daisy in her grassy bed  
Till the shy flower unconsciously uncloses  
Her dew-gemmed leaves and blushes rosy red.

O lovely sunbeams, like blest angels gliding  
Through courts of squalor, sickness, want, and gloom,  
Telling of clouds like golden chariots riding  
Proudly majestic o'er a world of bloom;  
Of winding lanes, and milk-white homesteads peeping  
Like modest virgins from secluded bowers;  
Of shallow pools, and baby streamlets leaping  
In giddy gladness 'neath down-drooping flowers.

On the poor children playing in the gutter,  
Nursed amid hardship, bitter tears, and sighs,  
Kissing their rags, like loving friends ye flutter,  
Warming their limbs and sparkling in their eyes,  
When from the dust they raise their beaming faces,  
Once pinched and wan, now radiant with delight;  
Ye love to show a thousand fairy graces  
That want and squalor have no power to blight.

Dance, lovely sunbeams, through fair country meadows,  
Bathe hall and cottage in your holy light,  
From city slums go chase the mournful shadows  
That fill poor homesteads with eternal night;  
To those who pine in ignorance and sorrow  
May all your tenderest holy gifts be given,  
That sorrowing hearts one ray of hope may borrow  
In the sweet knowledge that ye come from Heaven.

## THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

I built me a vessel long years ago,  
And I fitted it out like the galleys of old;  
Its sails were as white as the fresh-fallen snow,  
And its bows were resplendent with crimson and gold.  
Its bulwarks were firm, and its masts strong and tall,  
And a gay-coloured pennon on high was spread;  
The beauty of Youth lent a charm to it all,  
And an image of Hope was its proud figure-head.

I launched it one morn in the spring of the year,  
When the breezes were low, and the sunbeams were bright;  
And I, in the pride of my youth, had no fear  
Of the strength of the waves, or the gloom of the night.  
So I dreamed of the riches my galley would bring  
From the lands where no bark had been ever before;  
But the summer passed by, and spring wore round to spring,  
And my vessel returned not, alas, to the shore!

At length one dark autumn it came back to me,  
But its masts were all broken, its bows were bare;  
Its bulwarks were covered with growth of the sea,  
And the figure of Hope was no longer there.  
While it brought me for freight but the drift of the wave,  
The sea-foam and weeds that had laid in it long;  
And I mournfully sighed as I gazed on the grave  
Of the dreams that were bright when Life's heart-beat was strong.

Graphic.

## Ottawa River Navigation Company.



### MAIL LINE DAY STEAMERS, BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Passengers for Ottawa and all intermediate ports take 7.15 a.m. train for Lachine to connect with steamer.

First-class Fare to Ottawa..... \$2.50  
Do return do..... 4.00  
Second-class Fare to Ottawa..... 1.50

For the CALEDONIA SPRINGS, Excursion Tickets at reduced rates.  
Baggage checked through to all ports at Bonaventure Depot.

#### DAILY EXCURSION FROM THE CITY.

All Day Trip to Carillon and back (passing St. Anne's, Lake of Two Mountains, Oka, Como, Rigaud, North River, &c.) Nice Grove near the wharf at Carillon. Steamer remains there about one hour and a half. Returns to Montreal *via* Rapids, reaching the city at 6.30 p.m.

Fare for Round Trip from Montreal, \$1.25.  
On Saturdays, fare \$1.

#### DOWN THE RAPIDS EVERY AFTERNOON

Take 5 p.m. train for Lachine. Fare for Round Trip, 50c.

#### Saturday Afternoon Excursions to St. Anne's.

Leave Bonaventure Depot by 2 p.m. train (or an earlier train) for St. Anne's, returning home by steamer "Prince of Wales" *via* Rapids.  
Fare for Round Trip, 80c from Montreal  
Tickets at Company's Office, 13 Bonaventure street, or the Grand Trunk Railway Offices and Depot

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.

## GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY,

Will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of indiscretion, excess, or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one.

The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,

TORONTO, ONT., Canada.

Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists in Canada and the United States.

## HOPE FOR THE DEAF Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums

PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. Address: JOHN GARMORE & CO., S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

## SPERMATORINE

The new French Medicine cures Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, resulting in Loss of Memory, Serious Impediments to Marriage, Great Depression, etc., 75c per box; three for \$2. Sold by druggists everywhere. Wholesale—LYMAN BROS. & CO., Toronto. Sent by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price. Address Imperial Medicine Agency, Toronto.

## FITS EPILEPSY, OR FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Celebrated Infallible Fit Powders. To convince sufferers that these Powders will do all we claim for them we will send them by mail, post-paid, a free Trial box. As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our knowledge thousands have been permanently cured by the use of these Powders, we will guarantee a permanent cure in every case, or refund all money expended.

Price, for large box, \$3, or four boxes for \$10, sent by mail to any part of the United States or Canada on receipt of price, or by express, C.O.D.

## CONSUMPTION POSITIVELY CURED.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try Dr. Kisser's Celebrated Consumptive Powders. These Powders are the only preparation known that will cure Consumption and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs—indeed, so strong is our faith in them—and also to convince that they are no humbug—we will forward to every sufferer, by mail, post paid, a free Trial box.

We don't want your money until you are perfectly satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth saving, don't delay in giving these Powders a trial, as they will surely cure you.  
Price, for large box, \$3, sent to any part of the United States or Canada, by mail, on receipt of price. Address

ASH & ROBBINS,

360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

## CANADA'S GREATEST EXHIBITION.

A MAMMOTH FAIR

—OF—

Surpassing Magnitude & Grandeur!

IN THE

CITY OF MONTREAL,  
SEPTEMBER

14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th,  
20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd  
and 24th.

A Programme never before excelled on the Continent. A Fortnight of Exciting Spectacles and Delightful Amusements.

Eight Magnificent Exhibition Buildings, making one of the most complete Fair Grounds in America.

The Exhibition proper will embrace a Grand Display of Ingenious Machinery in motion, showing the Process of Manufacture, together with the various Agricultural, Horticultural, Industrial and Mineral Products of the Dominion, and Contributions from the Outside World.

The Incidental Attractions are on a magnificent scale, and embrace a combination of sights which may not be witnessed again in a lifetime.

### A Lacrosse Tournament,

Consisting of a series of exciting matches amongst the crack Clubs of the world, showing the National Game in all its perfection, and presenting the finest opportunity to witness Lacrosse ever given in this or any other country.

### Torpedo Explosions

In the harbor, showing the modes of torpedo warfare with their thrilling spectacular effects.

### A Superb Display of Fireworks,

With the illumination of the Mountain by Bengal fires and magnificent aerial pyrotechnic exhibitions, including the discharge of two hundred bombshells of the largest size, bursting in mid-air and filling the heavens with showers of gorgeous stars.

### Balloon Ascensions.

### Mammoth Musical Festivals.

### Grand Athletic Fetes.

### Electric Light Exhibitions.

Music by three Military Bands in the Public Gardens every night.

Exciting and edifying fun for the million.

Cheap Excursions to and from the city.

SEE PROGRAMME.