

**Pages Missing**

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

## CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.	THINGS IN GENERAL.
IS GOVERNMENT CURRENCY THE MOST SECURE?	POETRY.
THE LAND QUESTION.	DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
MOTHS.	CORRESPONDENCE.
BANK CLERKS.	CURRENT LITERATURE.
THE COURAGE OF ONE'S OPINIONS.	TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
ABSENCE OF MIND.	MUSICAL.
	CHESS.

## THE TIMES.

Even the *Globe* is compelled to acknowledge that, if Canadian High Commissioner in London there must be, Sir Alexander Galt is the best possible man for the important office. It says: "His manners are more than agreeable—they are charming, familiar without inducing to familiarity, dignified without a trace of restraint. His qualities are indeed such that Canada may be proud of her representative." So far so good. It is a comfort to know that the appointment is so fortunate, for undoubtedly the position to be held will be a most trying one, and will require all the tact and patience Sir Alexander can use. For my own part, I think it will require a little more even to make it bearable. Hitherto our representatives in London have been well treated by the commercial aristocracy of London because there was money in it. When great loans had to be negotiated it was worth while for those who had a tender regard for commissions to make an effort in order to stand well with those who had business to give their friends. Money is a great power in England—even in political circles, and is able at any time to secure a friendly recognition for a friend of bankers and brokers. But now that we are going to transact our own business and give fat commissions no longer, the friendship of mammon will, to a large extent at least, cease from our representative. The fact that he has to hand over interest to those who have lent us money will not give him much social recognition, and there is every evidence that Canadian loans will not be very popular in England for some time to come.

After the merely financial matter is disposed of, it is not easy to understand exactly what our High Commissioner is to do or attempt. Sir Alexander's speech at the dinner given to him in Montreal contained some considerable contradictions, and opened up some rather startling possibilities. Sir Alexander announced that Canada intends to negotiate directly with foreign countries whenever anything has to be done in which the Dominion is interested. That taken alone would be practically a declaration of independence; but of course it cannot be, taken alone, for it was subsequently modified and almost explained away. On the whole it may be looked upon as a bit of highfalutin' talk, not at all ill adapted to the occasion. Sir Alexander must know perfectly well—no man better—that while England may be content to allow the colonies to manage their own internal affairs as to politics and commerce, England will not consent that they shall make their own treaties with foreign countries without the will and consent of the Home Government. Under our present colonial system it is difficult to see what change Sir Alexander Galt is going to effect in the matter of Canada's commercial relations with other countries. Nothing can be done in London that could not as well be done at Ottawa.

But a still more important subject was broached by Sir Alexander at the dinner. He gave us to understand that as the Government undertook the colonization of the North-West, at the request of the Imperial Parliament, and with the express condition that Great

Britain would give practical support to the policy; and as the construction of the Imperial Pacific Railway is rushing the Dominion into bankruptcy, Great Britain must pay its share in this enormous expenditure. Sir Alexander distinctly affirmed—speaking, it must be supposed, with the full authority of the Government—that the building of the Pacific Railway is an Imperial policy, and was commenced, if not at the dictation, by the earnest request and approval of the Home Government. He ventured to go so far as to say that this projected railway is no more to the Atlantic Provinces than to the farmers of Tipperary and Lancashire, and that it would be unjust to expect that Canada shall, at her sole cost, open up the North-West Territories for the benefit of the Empire. Now, this is no small matter, and has in it the germs of serious differences and complications. If the scheme was first suggested, or even encouraged with promises of help, by the Home Government, the condition of things is vastly changed with us since those promises were given. Then we had Free Trade, and England looked to Canada for an ever-increasing market for her manufactured goods; now, England has the same rights in New York or Boston as in Montreal. May not British statesmen very reasonably tell Sir Alexander that we, on our side, have so changed the mutual relations as to make the carrying out of those promises impossible. In what way will our High Commissioner meet that? So far as present appearances go we have had all the money we are likely to get guaranteed by the Imperial Government, and English investors will be very chary in putting money into a concern which everybody knows will not pay anything for half a century to come. Will Sir Alexander quarrel with the Home Government if he cannot get help to build the Pacific Railway? then let us make up our minds for the worst, for the disagreement is inevitable.

Sir Alexander Galt's scheme for an Imperial Zollverein—that is, free-trade between the mother country and all the colonies—is, to say the least of it, a bit humorous. In face of the newly-fledged National Policy how could such a thing be soberly said? To carry out such a policy would be to ask us to sacrifice our latest darling, and Great Britain to renounce the creed which Whig and Tory hold in common. This, along with the suggestion that from henceforth we are to assume our share of the military defence of the Empire, including a naval reserve, war ships, and all the other adjuncts of a powerful military organization, sounds uncommonly like a well digested after-dinner joke. The only foreshadowing it gives is, that Sir Alexander will be much disappointed, and is certain to take it all kindly.

When the Pacific Railway question comes up for debate in the House we may expect to have some lively and interesting scenes. A good many members of both parties are persuading themselves that party allegiance ought not to be carried to the extent of ruining the country. Some of the Conservatives are anxious to make it an independent question, so that they may vote according to their judgment, and do no harm to the Government if it should find itself in a minority on this one division. If Sir John A. Macdonald would consent to such an arrangement, I am certain that the Pacific Railway scheme would be postponed *sine die*. The people have been awake to the fact for years that this railroad is likely to run the country into bankruptcy, but what could they do? The daily press is in the hands of the politicians, with but few exceptions, and as both parties were pledged to the mad policy they could only haggle and fume over contracts and routes. But latterly the people have been agitating this matter, not loudly, perhaps, but with earnestness, and many members of Parliament find that it is not only safe, but needful to make a firm and decided stand against any further wholesale waste of money. It is

quite possible that Sir Alexander Galt's reference to the obligations of Great Britain to bear a part of the expense was intended by Sir John for the ear of that portion of his followers who are disposed to be restless about it, but I am very much mistaken if it will answer any such purpose, and the best thing the members can do is to vote this Imperial policy down and out of existence.

Government is contemplating a change affecting the banks, which, it seems to me, is fraught with great danger. It is proposed that notes issued by any bank shall be constituted a first charge upon the bank—that is, the holders of notes shall be privileged creditors. This, at first sight, may appear harmless enough; the banks have entered no protest against it, and the press has allowed it to pass unnoticed. Probably the banks will not protest, for the strong ones need not, and the weak are afraid to draw attention to themselves; but they must know that such a law would place banks at the mercy of "bulls" and "bears." Suppose some talk on the stock exchange or on the street, that such and such a bank is weak! Those who hold the bills of that bank rush off to convert them into money, and a panic is created, perhaps at the very time when the bank is least able to stand it. Even those who might have the most absolute confidence in the solvency of the institution would be no less in a hurry to get rid of its notes, for they would know that a scare often ruins sound concerns. The Bank of Montreal ought to move in this matter first, for it can best protest against the measure.

An American military critic has been kind enough to lift us into considerable importance as a first-class fighting power. He told the people of the United States that if any difficulty should arise between them and Great Britain, which would necessitate war, Canada alone would be almost, if not quite able, to overrun and ruin their country before they could gather together, and train, an effective army for defence. He told them Canada has six hundred thousand fighting men—soldiers by law—and forty thousand volunteers. As to numbers, a very respectable army, even in these days of big battalions. When I read that statement in the *American Review* two things occurred to me to wonder at:—First, why did not the Earl of Dufferin dilate in one or more of his speeches upon this matter? He praised us for our commerce, and industry, and arts, and sciences; for our great country, and great people, and great past, and great present, and great future; he did not overlook our volunteers, but I think he never said anything about this great army of six hundred thousand men. Perhaps he didn't know this important fact. The second thing: Does that military critic contemplate bringing an American regiment to Montreal next Queen's Birthday? or was he covertly poking fun at us?

That we have forty thousand volunteers, good men and true, is a fact, but the six hundred thousand statement is not quite so substantial. We have that number on the books somewhere, for every male member of the community between the ages of 16 and 60 is a soldier by law—but only by law, for probably not one in a thousand outside of the volunteers and militia is even aware of the fact that he has any military obligations whatever. The United States need not be afraid of us; we won't do them any harm, if we can help it, and we devoutly hope that nothing will arise to call the six hundred thousand of us into the field against any Christian community.

SIR,—Thanking your correspondent in last SPECTATOR for reminding me of an element I had disregarded, I have culled the following statement, which may satisfy the enquiries of readers on the point in question:—

"In the issue department of the Bank of England, its sole business is to give out notes to the public. Before the separation of the departments (banking and issue) the Government owed the Bank £11,015,000 (eleven millions odd, sterling). This sum was declared to be now a debt due to the issue department, and for the issue of notes to that amount no gold requires to be held by it. The Bank was also allowed to issue additional notes on securities—that is, to lend them to a limit which at present amounts to £3,459,900, and this also without holding gold. The amount of notes which may thus be issued without gold being held in reserve is £14,475,000 (fourteen millions odd). The profit the Bank draws from its issue department is the interest received on the £14,000,000 of Government debt and securities, which at three per cent. is £420,000 (four hundred and twenty thousand, sterling) yearly. But out of this the Bank pays to Government for its banking privileges and in lieu of stamp duties, £180,000 (one hundred and eighty thousand pounds), the expense of the issue department being £160,000 (one hundred and sixty thousand pounds). The net yearly profit upon it to the Bank is thus £80,000 (eighty-thousand pounds)."

To revert to Government issues and affairs nearer home, I may mention, as forming part of our currency question in Canada, an interesting problem which has now presented itself, as yet but little discussed in the commercial and financial press, and that is, whether it will be possible for the proposed four dollar (\$4) Government notes to be maintained in circulation in the face of the competition of the bankers' fives—if the banks are, as it is said, to be allowed the fives. As time advances so will our monetary experience and knowledge of social development; but there is one fact about which there is no question, namely, that the return of Government notes to the offices of issue, and consequent reduction of the Government bullion, to which we have thus far been subjected, has been almost entirely the fruit of the exigencies or current demands of the banks, and has not arisen from the desires or apprehensions of the citizen note-holder, who has at all times hitherto been just as willing to hold Government notes as gold, with the single exception of the occasions when he has had to realize in coin for the purpose of leaving home for places where our notes would not be a current tender. And this fact may throw some light upon the contest of the fives and the fours.

The people of Toronto are outraged by the brutal sports of cock-fighters, carried on, as they are, under the very nose of the police. Montreal suffers from the same disgrace. Only a few days ago a large party of respectables! from Montreal met at St. Vincent de Paul to see a number of cocks mutilate and kill each other. I hear that another display is contemplated in a short time, but, of course, the police will know nothing about it until it is over. Why young men seek out for themselves such utterly barbarous amusements is to me a mystery. Dog-fighting and cock-fighting are among the lowest and most brutal games ever invented by the devil for the demoralization of men. They are far more revolting than a Spanish bull-fight can possibly be, and they are cowardly in the extreme. A young man who has a sense of self-respect had better eschew all such things, or he will become utterly animalized.

M. Chapleau has made some appointments since taking office which can better be discussed by and by, but if for the sake of rewarding a partizan, he should make M. Thibault Recorder of Montreal, he will certainly lose more than he will gain. The thing is a simple outrage upon right and decency. The manner in which M. Thibault has sought to secure the place; the petty tricks to which he has resorted, are proof more than enough that he is quite unworthy to fill such an honourable and responsible office. By putting such a man in such an office, in my opinion, at least, M. Chapleau would add that proverbial "last straw which breaks the camel's back."

Why should the Recorder, of necessity, be a French-Canadian or an Irish Catholic? The office has nothing whatever to do with religious questions, and *all* who have to submit themselves to his Honour during the year are not French-Canadians or Irish Catholics; even if they were, it is not easy to see that judge and criminal should be of the same creed. In such a position we want first of all things in a man, that he is sound in judgment and well versed in law. But those are about the last qualifications sought for. First comes the political party, and then the Church, and other considerations any where and at any time.

But what is to be said of the twenty-one aldermen who gave M. Thibault a good character and testified to his fitness for the office? Their reason for doing it is apparent—they wanted to rid the Council of M. Thibault's presence, and imagined it could be done without the chance of public note or comment upon the part they had taken in the transaction. But they reckoned without their host, and now repent at leisure what they did in haste. It was not a very edifying spectacle, that Aldermanic meeting on Wednesday, when gentlemen first denied having signed the paper and then were compelled to own that they had done so, and then sought for excuse after excuse for the silly thing they had been guilty of. They are men from whom we have a right to expect more straightforward dealing. Surely business men—men entrusted with the conduct of our municipal affairs—do not put their names to papers without knowing what they are signing! If they did it in this case, have they done it in any other case? Let us hope they have not, and that from this very evident blunder they will learn a lesson in prudence.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal is poor—so poor that an appeal has had to be made from every parish pulpit on his behalf for funds. I am glad to hear that a cheerful response has been given; for the Bishop is in no way to blame for the poverty of his exchequer. His predecessor in office was good and easy-going, and entrusted his affairs to those who were subsequently found to be dishonest. He was cheated and robbed, and left an empty purse and many obligations to his successor. But the strange part of it is that while the Bishop is compelled to make public appeals for assistance, the Sulpicians are sending over some \$40,000 per year to their order in Paris. This is surely an anomaly, and hardly looks like that unity of thought and action which we have been taught obtains in the Roman Catholic Church. I should have thought that the Bishop had a prior claim upon the Sulpicians of Montreal to that of the Seminary in Paris.

Our loyalty is evidently about to be put to a severe test. Sir Stafford Northcote in his Budget Speech informed the much-amused House that he expected to recover some substantial amount of the £6,160,000 deficit, incurred by South African war, from the colonies. He told his laughing audience that "to a certain extent the colonies have acknowledged their liability (cheers) and no doubt it is right and proper that the colonies should bear a fair proportion of the war expenses." That seems reasonable enough. It is quite true that we had nothing whatever to do with the peculiar conduct of Sir Bartle Frere, or the appointment of Lord Chelmsford, and we have not seen Cetewayo or any of his numerous family; but we have acknowledged our liability, and when the bill is presented to our High Commissioner in London, of course he will draw upon the Canadian Government for its "fair proportion of the war expenses." I for one will heartily vote for that, and shall expect to see the *Globe* supporting it *con amore*.

I see that not only is the Grand Trunk Railway having increased traffic receipts over the corresponding period last year, but that there is an increase of the net revenue in the month of January of £9,893 sterling. The increase in the last week's traffic receipts was \$62,895, and in the thirteen weeks of this half-year \$320,486. If the thirteen weeks to come in the half-year give \$40,000 a week increase, it will be sufficient to pay the first and a portion, if not the whole, of the second preference dividends, which I believe has never been done before. This speaks well for the management. Six years ago the receipts were as large as they are now, rates were higher, half the work secured as much money; but the economies which have been instituted have resulted in large savings, which will give dividends to the proprietors.

The cricketers of Canada have been ill advised about this matter of sending a team over to England. The lacrosse men did well to go; they interested the English people, and showed the game to great advantage; but Canadian batsmen and bowlers will not have a chance in England.

Poor Parnell! It must have cost him a great effort to possess his soul in patience when the very men for whom he had been wrestling with ruthless tyrants in the hot arena of the British House of Parliament—and then had carried the case across the Atlantic to make an appeal to the great American people in the matter of making better the Irish land laws and Mr. Parnell's personal position—submitting to unasked-for advice, and cruel exposures, and torch-light processions, and all sorts of strange company; when the men for whom he so nobly sacrificed himself, basely tore his trousers and besmeared his face with a rotten egg. When Parnell left this continent he must have carried with him the conviction that he had not understood the art of agitating for Ireland in America; and when he went home from the meeting of free and independent electors to get his trousers mended, he must have felt sure that his fellow-countrymen are not quite ready for Home Rule.

Great Britain is once more stirred from end to end by the battle of the politicians. Personal abuse, mis-representation, the resurrection of dead scandals, social influence, political power, and every other

thing that can be of use are freely laid under contribution. Which party will win? is a question no one can answer as yet. The Liberals are not well organized, as usual; they have not yet formally declared Mr. Gladstone to be their chief man in name as well as in reality, and they have not yet put forth an intelligible policy; but they have this enormous advantage—there are plenty of weak points in their enemy's armour. What, after all, have the Conservatives to show as the result of their spirited foreign policy? £10,000,000 have been spent in foreign "enterprise"; taxation has increased; revenue has diminished, and the future is yet more heavily mortgaged. England engaged to defend Turkey against Russia, but Turkey has been dismembered notwithstanding, and now the Turks hate England more than they do Russia. Territory has been annexed in Africa at the cost of much blood and five millions of money, and is worth less than nothing. The Indian frontier was protected by a nation of warrior patriots who were secure in their mountain fastnesses, but the war forced upon them has turned those Afghans into England's bitterest foes. Our soldiers have carried butchery and fire through the land, but the country is not conquered; and when it is, the question will be what to do with it. The war has been a blunder. British ascendancy in Europe has not yet asserted itself in any practical manner, in spite of the great Earl's pretty proclamation of "peace with honour."

Mr. Gladstone is leading the attack with great energy, and, apparently, with great success. Every week the prospects of his party brighten, and it seems as if he is going to turn the tables upon his opponents and compel fortune to act as it did at the last general elections. Then, when the dissolution of Parliament was announced, the Liberals were fairly jubilant, for they expected to go back with an increased majority. Gradually it dawned upon them that the country had somewhat changed its mind, and they decided that they would be able to command a bare working majority. Then it appeared as if the parties would be about evenly balanced, and the cry was raised that the work of Parliament would be brought to a standstill; and then, the Liberals were beaten out of all shape. I should not be surprised to see that process repeated. When Parliament was dissolved the Tories were triumphant, but every week since they have reduced the number of their majority; now it looks as if parties are almost evenly balanced. If the Liberals are sent back with a big majority it will show that fortune is fairly dividing her favours.

The Earl of Beaconsfield poses before the English public as a Jingo, pure and simple. He declares still that he is the man whose mission it is to put down Home Rule in particular, and the whole world in general—that the momentous hour has come when they must decide whether England shall be everything or nothing in the Councils of Europe. The English masses are excitable, enthusiastic, and patriotic, and it may be that the Earl knows his public and will be able to play his game awhile longer. We shall know soon.

The French rulers are dealing with the Jesuits and other unauthorized congregations in a rough and ready manner, but the opposition to their schemes is likely to prove troublesome. *Le Journal Official* says:—

"The decrees are explicit in language, and leave no loophole of escape for the societies in question. The clerical organizations threaten a legal resistance against the enforcement of the decrees. The regular clergy, formerly opposed to the Jesuits, take sides with them now, because it is said this conflict offers the last chance to the Roman Catholic Church to resist with any degree of success the supremacy of the State. The revival of the enforcement of the old and almost forgotten laws against the Jesuits does not receive the unanimous approval of the thoughtful people. Some are inclined to designate the spirit that prompts the decrees as contrary to the true principles of republicanism, and as antagonistic to the ideas of an enlightened and progressive age. They maintain that such repressive decrees evidence inherent weakness in the structure of the Republican Government, which is supposed to be founded upon broad and liberal principles, and would be better adapted for nations governed by an autocracy or the institutions of a by-gone and an intolerant age."

EDITOR.

### IS GOVERNMENT CURRENCY THE MOST SECURE ?

If the voice of the country trader, farmer and mechanic, were permitted to be heard regarding banking and currency legislation it is more than probable that the wings of Governmental extravagance would find themselves suddenly clipped. Those wings would then be less able to soar amid the ether of a forced loan in Government currency to those lofty heights of indebtedness of hundreds of millions to which their ascending efforts are now directed.

The greatest difficulty is however experienced by the middle classes in making their voice heard. There seems an irresistible tendency on the part of the daily press of all shades of political opinion to roost peacefully on the fence. Now and then when the east wind of public opinion or the west wind of political wooing threatens to disturb that position there is a slight cackle and a perceptible flap or two of the off wing, just as it were to keep up the interest of both and demonstrate that all power of motion is not lost, that it is still possible for the press to descend upon one side or other. But the final flight is never taken till the battle is decided, and from their vantage ground—the fence aforesaid—they can see clearly on which side the prey lies. So long as the press struggles successfully to maintain this attitude it is not marvellous that we find so little straight common sense on practical matters either in editorials or correspondence, for these would unpleasantly disturb its equipoise. Financial journals still insist that currency is a financial problem. They fail to see that common-sense views the currency only as one of the practical matters of business.

Trade and finance are alike based on uses. It is the use which a special trade or a special form of currency serves which decides the value of one or the other. This test of usefulness shows at once the "rag baby" to be only a child's doll, and a poor one at that; for it has no value to anyone outside of those who choose by law to condemn themselves constantly to play with it. Universal dominion for this Dominion is our only chance of making rag-money of the slightest use to any other nation; and according to its use will be its value to those other nations, and thereby to us.

It may be a startling proposition, but it is a true one, that a government cannot—simply *can not*—either manufacture currency nor force its issue permanently. Men will not take its issue in exchange for value unless it is real value. If a government be autocratic enough to be able to compel them to take it—this is, to seize their property and give them in exchange only its "promises to pay"—the process cannot long continue; for the currency so issued being of no use to the world at large will produce no further value, and there would soon be nothing further to seize. "Out of nothing, nothing can be made."

The true "money" of a country is its industry and ability. These produce from the gifts of nature things of universal value. These are exchanged for other articles which can be again used to produce more value even should these be only material food required to maintain these faculties of usefulness, industry and ability in working order. A standard of value by which to measure the relative worth of these products of our powers does not require to be invented. It exists—is found ready in the world from time immemorial—and that standard universally accepted o'er the world, from Japan to San Francisco, is Gold.

Currency of modern times is—must be—a paper promise to pay in gold. There might be, and there is, a currency that promises to pay in gold or house property. Such currency is called a mortgage; but it does not promise to pay a house—but a house of gold. There is another currency afloat in the form of bank, mining or railway share certificates, but that "scrip" promises to pay in gold or in a share of the genuine assets of that company equably proportioned to the standard of gold value represented by the amount of the share. We cannot, therefore, either restrict or expand currency of any kind except by restricting or expanding values relatively to gold, or to those commodities which are universally accepted in exchange for gold.

If our Government were to become suddenly less spend-thrift and more penurious—a thing so improbable as to baffle the stretch of the most wildly imaginative mind—and were to restrict its issue of currency to one million, then, if our present currency is real, useful, necessary, based on gold held, or on real value exchangeable for gold, a naturally evolved currency would immediately become current. Bankers' drafts and private drafts from one upon another, promising to pay in gold held, would at once take its place. Cheques would be drawn for small sums, marked "good" at the bank on which they were drawn, and circulate from hand to hand for months and years till in rags, just as "currency" does now, if the public had cause to know they represented real value. Valueless in themselves they would acquire value as representing and commanding the gold stored in the vaults of corporate or private bankers. A failure to meet these in gold when wanted would cause a sudden peremptory and continued demand for the gold they represented, exactly as it does now.

In the same way, if a Government issues currency more than is required it will return rapidly for redemption. It cannot prevent this except by paying

it out again for new Government works it may undertake. When thus paid out it will most certainly come back for redemption—all of it, that is, which is not earned in the way of profits by contractors. Thus it would seem actually as though public works cost money, real money, gold, after all. The "rag baby" says it is not so; but what can that limp, inanimate, mis-shapen imitation of a live baby be expected to know about it? It follows, then, that the only possible real use which a Government can perform either for itself or its people with regard to money is to establish a coinage ratified by a mint stamp which shall guarantee the purity of the metal contained in it. A Government has nothing to do with promises to pay in gold except to see that the conditions on which these promises are issued are faithfully carried out, or if not, are punished as fraud. The public individually, or collectively as corporate banks, will supply all the currency which the gold held by them will enable them safely to do. This freedom of trade in money is the only safety. Yet a Government, while permitting free trade in money, has every right to enact such laws as shall make it next to impossible to commit a fraud upon the public in issuing as "money" that which is not "money." For that reason it should issue no paper currency itself. It should pay only in gold or in notes for the redemption of which it holds dollar for dollar. And this because Government has literally no resources to fall back upon to redeem any over-issue except by taxation, or, worse still, forced loans, upon the people, if its credit with other nations be gone. It has no other means of supporting its credit. In times of financial stringency or panic, Government cannot borrow gold reserves from the banks, for then these dare not lend it without imperilling their own safety. With a system of free banking, such as now exists among us, the case is wholly different. If law has fixed and enforced for these banks, by charter, a certain fixed amount of gold to be held against notes issued, no financial stringency can possibly affect all of them at once. A drain of gold upon the one will very probably find its way into the others, and these by lending their surplus gold upon the good securities held by the bank on which the "run" is made can support its credit and probably carry it through. Free banking also will always, by necessity of trade, have transactions with foreign countries from whom it can collect payment in gold and so turn part of its assets into gold rapidly if required to meet its issue. This pre-supposes a sound position as regards the nature of banking assets: and as already hinted at, all banks are not likely to be unsound at any one time. Government, on the other hand, if it has over-issued its currency has almost inevitably done so from necessity; for a Government has no temptation to over-issue for the sake of profit on loans made, but rather from its inability, by weakened credit, to obtain further loans itself; and thus precisely at the moment when it requires to redeem that over-issue its ability to do so legitimately is gone almost beyond recall. It can only fall back upon the resources of its own people for support by forced loans or taxation. It then inflicts upon them not only that evil but the further one of a currency depreciated in value for all purposes of use outside of its own domains. Every imported article, money inclusive, will then cost exactly the added amount of depreciation.

The day is rapidly approaching when such a state of things will become history in this country if the continued over-issue of Government currency and the reckless career of extravagance in useless public works so long carried on by our Governments be not stopped. It might be well for voters, Grit, Conservative and Liberal alike, to give these facts their consideration. If so, they will ere long conclude that it is safer, wiser, more practically prudent to trust to our free trade banking system to supply us with the needed currency for use in our transactions rather than to that "collective wisdom" which has not displayed itself so very practically in the spending and borrowing of money that it is likely, even though it be "conservative" in name, to conserve or preserve to us the "money" as a reality. Direful visions of the sickly complexioned and altogether hideous "rag baby" already begin to inflict themselves, in the witching hours of night, upon the already sufficiently harassed trader.

### THE LAND QUESTION.

Persistent and laborious perusal of what "H. B. S." would probably describe as his article at length results in a partial comprehension of some of its statements; but there are portions of that singular performance which come not within the scope of an humble capacity.

The first puzzle presented is to discover a parallel said to exist between certain negotiations concerning the Victoria Bridge at Montreal and competition for farms in the British islands,—an idea somewhat far-fetched and largely incongruous. The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, it appears, demanded from "a railroad corporation wishing to send cars through the Bridge" fifty dollars per car for that privilege; whilst another railway, in order to monopolize "the traffic" (of the Bridge it is presumed), offered seventy-five dollars per car. "H. B. S." not having said anything to shew whether in the one case the demand was complied with, or whether in the other case the offer was accepted, the manner in which "these two railways" came to "fix the rent practically" is not understood. That for a partial use of the Bridge something like an



exorbitant rate was demanded, and that for a monopoly of "the traffic" a still larger sum was offered seems sufficiently clear; but which of the two cases is supposed to furnish the parallel alluded to, or whether analogy could be gleaned from both of them, is not even dimly discernible.

Everyone knows or ought to know that across the St. Lawrence there is only one Victoria Bridge, but nobody would think of asserting that in the United Kingdom there was only one farm. If in that part of the Empire the farms were few and the applicants therefor were many, there was some field for selection however restricted, and land elsewhere was cheap and abundant if they had chosen to go to it. Such argument could not apply to the Bridge. Vacant farms "at home" are offered to the public, from whom tenders are received. These tenders—rightly regarded as the opinions of the many respecting the value of the land—usually determine its rent.

The apparent liability of so vast a number as three millions of people to arbitrary eviction in Ireland is a serious matter indeed, but the test of a system should be looked for in its practice and results, and not in its theory. Tenancy at will seemingly places in the hands of the landlords a power incompatible with sound principles of economy. To shew, however, that they have not "had everything their own way," it may suffice to mention Mr. Gladstone's Land Act with its Bright clauses specially designed as a check upon the above-mentioned power. Nothing herein written should be understood as advocating or favourable to tenure of so uncertain a character, nor assuming that it has not its faults; but with all the evils so freely ascribed to it, and however unpleasant its aspect from a distance it does not seem to have worked so badly in Ireland as some people would make us believe. When there is the authority of Mr. Edward Stanley Robertson, a native of the island, for the statement that "there are few facts in modern history better worthy of notice than the advance in material wealth which has taken place in Ireland during the thirty years between 1846 and 1876," the land system in that country cannot be accurately described as "pernicious." Mr. Robertson says that "from 1877 down to the present year a reaction has been going on which is largely connected with a general depression all over the world," but he does not hold "that the reaction is likely to be permanent." A country which during a period of thirty consecutive years has had such a marked increase in its wealth and prosperity arising from its almost sole occupation; a country that has stood the strain of two bad seasons in succession, and which but very partially yielded to the pressure of a third season, disastrous in its effects, aggravated by general depression and by the growing and formidable competition from the American continent cannot be so helplessly nor so hopelessly steeped in poverty as to stand in need of revolutionary change.

The landlords not only possess the right to evict, but they exercise it; they give their land to the labourers or not just as they list, and when labourers "are starving around" them, food, and not "land," is the right thing to give them, the opinion of "H. B. S." in these particulars to the contrary notwithstanding. When "H. B. S." shews how Canadian loyalty can be a "bug-bear" and "a very pretty figure" at the same time, it cannot be said that his surprises are exhausted. Although it is an hundred years old, he thinks it needs nursing. It would be easy to point out what it is that seems really to require the tender process. Letting that pass we are, for the sake of effect, invited to make a law affecting the million of Roman Catholics in Lower Canada. The probable consequences of an insane attempt to restrict the religious freedom of the Lower Canadians, even if not guaranteed by treaty, are not pleasant to contemplate.

Those who might "try it on" would not take long to find out that even the "pretty bug-bear" Canadian loyalty has its limits. Christian forbearance is undoubtedly a virtue, but when men are smitten on one cheek they are not in the habit of meekly presenting the other for similar treatment. Certes no one imagines that the "pretty figure" would blaze if the air from Penetanguishene to Gaspé were deprived of its oxygen. Such a chemical feat would be as feasible as an attempt on the ancient faith of our compatriots. It is not at all difficult to say what might happen were the Queen or her ministers to violate the constitution. Ere now crowned heads have been cut off, and sovereigns have fled from their subjects; yet loyalty survives and is not a blind and unreasoning adherence to right or wrong as it may happen.

The cheat of the "fifteen millions" is too disgraceful to discuss, and is a new element in this writing. "H. B. S." has his idea of chivalry, and is welcome to it; but he might find a more fitting comparison for the heroic deeds of Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and Stuart, than the defence of "his hole" by "the veriest rat," which, by the way, defends itself and not its hole. A writer who treats the public to a discourse on brain-power should not require to be told that to belittle the conquered is to rob the conqueror of half his glory. As to the Irish, their seditious discontent grows out of their sore distress, aggravated by designing demagogues: they are not in open rebellion, nor are they likely to be. On the representation of "H. B. S." I do not object to call Joseph Kay, Q.C., an authority; but when the former speaks of primogeniture as "one blot on the land laws," it must be repeated that theory does not furnish the test of a system, and it is to be hoped "H. B. S." will not be offended when it is again ventured to be suggested that there may

be some things he has yet to find out. Primogeniture has its faults, like everything human. The eldest son of an intestate should not have more than a superior share of the estate. If "H. B. S." were the eldest son in the case of many an entailed property that could be named, he would have ample reason to modify his opinion touching the exaltation.

Saxon.

### "MOTHS."

There is one writer whose books are a passion. People read them with feverish avidity, and it is half the business of society to rave about them. You hear of "Ouida" as you hear of "absinthe," as something at once fascinating and unwholesome. The critics have all sorts of things to say against "Ouida's" novels, yet are glad to get the veriest earliest copy of every new one for their own enjoyment. Now, these novels one and all depict modern life in colours so warm, and with details so startling, that it becomes a duty to the student of life to ask—"Is what this gifted woman describes *all* imagination, or is it based on actual existence? Are the cynical men and heartless women fancy creations, or are they drawn from real life?" Again, is society as utterly rotten to the core as "Ouida" represents it? or does a morbid cynicism distort what it sees into these ghastly experiences? A general impression is that these books are exaggerations of what goes on in the world, and this is no doubt the case; but then comes the question, to what extent does she exaggerate? It may be taken for granted that if the terrible things we read about were *mere* creations of the "heat-oppressed brain," society would take no interest in them. The unlikeness would rob them of all charm. We are driven, then, to the conclusion that there must be some truth—some reflection, however distorted,—some element of reality strong enough to seize upon and hold the interest of those addressed, and who for the most part move in the circles supposed to be described, and the only question left for us is one of quantity.

The question I am raising is not a literary one. I do not refer to "Ouida" with a view of expressing any opinions on her claims as a writer. My position is that here we have the most popular writer of the day bringing out book after book in which she undertakes to depict high life, and in these books presenting it as something so mean, so base, so hollow, and so wanting in every noble or gracious quality, that the mere picture of it tends to inspire only feelings of loathing and disgust. It is right to inquire, then, is this ghastly phantasmagoria of vice and degradation a reality or a creation, and if there is any reality in it—how much?

Let us glance at one or two points in the last outcome of this writer's pen—the story called "Moths." Here is a picture of childhood in fashionable life: "Those who are little children now will have little left to learn when they reach womanhood. They are miniature women already. They know the meaning of many a dubious phrase; they know the relative value of social positions; they know much of the science of flirtation which society has substituted for passion; they understand very thoroughly the shades of intimacy, the suggestions of a smile, the degrees of hot and cold that may be marked by a bow or emphasized by a 'Good-day.' When they are women they will, at least, never have Eve's excuse for sin; they will know everything that any tempter could tell them. Perhaps this knowledge may prove their safeguard, perhaps not. At all events, they will be spared the pang of disillusion when they shall be out in a world which they already know with cynical thoroughness—baby La Bruyères, and girl Rochefoucaulds in frills and sashes." It is painful to be compelled to acknowledge that there is as much truth as there is bitterness in this passage. In society, the age of children is past. As a substitute, we have in society little men and women who respect nothing, are surprised at nothing, and with the charm of innocence have lost their chief claims to endearment.

Let us take next a description of "society"—that world which these premature men and women contrive to understand, even before they are big enough to figure in it. "It is a world of moths. Half the moths are burning themselves in feverish frailty; the other half are corroding and consuming all that they touch. . . . You will be surrounded with the most invidious sort of evil—namely, that which does not look like evil one whit more than the belladonna berry looks like death. The women of your time are not perhaps the worst the world has seen, but they are certainly the most contemptible. They have dethroned grace, they have driven out honour, they have succeeded in making men ashamed of the sex of their mothers, and they have set up nothing instead of all they have destroyed, except a feverish frenzy for amusement, and an idiotic imitation of vice."

These are hard sayings, but are they too hard? What are we to say? When we see the idle, frivolous lives that women lead; the time, and thought, and money they squander over their dress, often in a vain attempt to rival some leader of the *demi-monde*, whose name they would affect to shudder at were it breathed in their presence; when we find how little interest they take in anything that is earnest, helpful, or elevating, and more especially when we study the details of the marriage market and the levity with which divorce is regarded,

the impression can hardly fail to be forced upon us that here is very little exaggeration. Of course there are noble exceptions. There are women who preserve the true nobility of nature, and who are as deserving of respect and admiration as any who have ever lived. But these are not found among the herd of painted, bedizened, over-dressed, and under-bred creatures who have gained a fatal ascendancy of late years, and whose existence is in itself an answer to the often propounded query, "Why do men speak so lightly of women, and why they are so slow to marry now-a-days?" Not that the men in society are so superior to the women. They are too often either horsey or effeminate. Either loud and slangy, without a thought beyond "odds," cards, billiards, drink, and loose associations; or drawing idiots, vain of themselves and their surroundings, who dawdle through life as if it were a quadrille, and effect as much good as usually results from indulging in that species of exercise.

It is quite of a piece with circles made up of these creatures, male and female, that all the higher aims and impulses of humanity should languish, if indeed they are not wholly stifled. Religion is "the mode" now, having supplanted the fashion of atheism; but what reality or salutary influence is there in it? Charity! That is also "the mode," according to a pattern well described by this pet authoress. "When these pretty women had sold china and flowers at a fancy fair for a hospital, or subscribed to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, they had really done all that they thought was required of them, and could dismiss all human and animal pains from their minds, and bring their riding-horses home, saddle-galled and spur-torn, without any compunction."

Of course, as we know, it is the fashion to affect "taste." The lazy classes find a resource in picture galleries and bric-à-brac sales, and even find their way into museums sometimes, but not often. It is necessary, therefore, to have a smattering of Art—just enough to talk about it; to recognize a Millais by the help of a catalogue, and so on. Even the most frivolous people, too, must have read something beyond "The Rules of Whist." They must know the name of the book of the hour, so as to recognize it when it is mentioned, and be able to go into raptures during a quadrille over the last new poet whom they have not read; how true is the following description of the relation of society to arts and letters! "The world"—that is, the glorified world we are speaking of—"has grown apathetic and purblind. Critics still rave and quarrel before a canvas; but the nations do not care. Quarries of marble are hewn into various shapes; and the throng gape before them and are indifferent. Writers are so many that their writings blend in the public mind in a confused phantasmagoria, where the colours have run into one another, and the lines are all waved and indistinct." To some extent perhaps this is true beyond the butterfly crowd, whose lives are absorbed in the distractions of dressing and dining, visiting and flirting, betting and play; but where there are not the opportunities, and there is no affection of refinement, so much cannot be expected. It is high life which is specially degraded by low tastes.

The point naturally arises, How comes it that there is so general a tendency to drift into this vortex of heartless immorality and luxurious vice? All these peoples are not bad in grain. How, then, do we find them living as we do? "Ouida" has something to say on this also. "She"—that is, her heroine—"did not know that from the swamps of flattery, intrigue, envy, rivalry, and emulation there rises a miasma which scarcely the healthiest lungs can withstand. She did not know that though many may be indifferent to the tempting of men, few indeed are impenetrable to the sneer and the smile of woman; that to live your own life in the midst of the world is a harder thing than it was of old to withdraw to the Thebaid; that to risk 'looking strange' requires a courage perhaps cooler and higher than the soldier's or the saint's; and that to stand away from the contact and the customs of your 'set' is a harder and a sterner work than it was of old to go into the sanctuary of La Trappe or Port Royal." This we must all feel to be true, and, as I have said, though "Ouida" writes with a glowing impetuous pen, which can hardly fail to over-colour, the interest she inspires in society shows that her pictures of it must have a certain likeness—how much likeness it is not easy to determine; and making all deductions, very sad—not to say appalling—these pictures are.

"Moths" is a book which will be read only by the persistent novel-reader; for besides its meretriciousness, it is horribly tiresome.

*Quevedo Redivivus.*

### BANK CLERKS.

The society sketches by Du Maurier, in *Punch*, are familiar to everyone; they attack nin-compoopiana in such a masterly way that they are unequalled. They are drawn, however, to caricature or satirize one certain feature of fashionable life, and the scene is the reception-room of some great mansion of "Sir Gorgius Midas," or of "Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins." If this clever, and at the same time pleasant, caricaturist should happen to visit the metropolis of Canada, the same opportunities would not be presented to him, or at least not to the same degree, but he would certainly find a desirable field in a certain

phase of our commercial life upon which he would exercise his talents with pleasure to himself and with instruction to us.

I am satisfied that this field of caricature to which I refer does not come under his observation in London or we would have seen it long ere this portrayed by his pencil. I refer to those arch-nincompoops, the Bank Clerks. For inane simplicity, affectation, and diffuse vapourings, this class, *as a class*, is unexcelled. It may be said to belong to a genus of *nil admirari*; it belongs to this genus, not because we have nothing in this country to admire, but because it requires intellect and a well-stored mind to appreciate knowledge, and to follow a rational mode of existence. It is an accepted axiom that the bank clerk converses entirely about "social nothings," and passes the hours not devoted to business in promenading the streets and in "tripping the light fantastic toe." Never a thought enters his poor brain regarding the exercise of his mind (it is proper to allow that he may have one) in intellectual study; on the contrary, his *sole* mental exercise consists in puzzling and torturing it as to how he is going to meet his tailor's bill. This tailor's bill is the *bête noire* of his existence, and he looks upon the dunning tailor as an inferior sort of being, and one who should not come between "the wind and his Majesty." He looks upon himself as a leader of fashion for all men, and is possessed with the idea that he, by wearing any peculiar or particular article of dress, stamps it with authority and gives it an air of *ton*; therefore, all his weak efforts of intellect have this object in view, and when he succeeds, as he frequently does, in securing a word of approval from some silly fair one, the height of his ambition is reached, and he is very happy. He is easily pleased.

I have met with them at some of those fashionable "five-o'clock teas" with which we have been latterly so much favoured. Now, as some of the kind hostesses and other ladies have been cultivating a taste for old China and Japanese *objets de vertu* (in which, through want of knowledge, I am sorry to say, they are frequently deceived), the poor bank clerk has been obliged to affect an interest therein, and to make an attempt to show an æsthetic knowledge thereof, in which he has miserably failed. I do not blame him in the least for his want of interest, but I have the right to correct him for his hypocrisy and want of knowledge. His criticisms have been, and still are most amusing; that is to say, when he has been obliged to go beyond the common-place remarks of "very pretty," "where did you get it?" or "sweetest thing I ever saw." His manner of pronouncing some of the technical terms or styles of art have actually very nearly made some of the Japanese figures themselves smile.

At assemblies and dancing parties he shines to more advantage as there is not so much required of him in the way of rational conversation, but he unfortunately shines at the wrong extremity. The fact of dancing from nine or ten in the evening until two or three in the morning is sufficient evidence of stupidity, and is equal to the senseless fashion of sitting at a dinner for five or six hours—in both cases an indulgence and an evidence of want of common sense or of a stupid observance of conventionality.

It is very easy, it may be said, to find fault and to criticise, but when my purpose is a good one, this is no answer. I wish to advise bank clerks to give up their aimless, hypocritical sort of existence, to avoid following empty, meaningless forms of fashion, to learn to converse about rational matters and not to fritter away an hour in an argument whether colonial tailors are equal to Poole, or whether Monopole is equal to Geisler, and so on. Be *useful* in society, as you are in your places of business, and avoid that sin of extravagance to which you are so prone. Believe and *act* as if there was more in your heads than in your feet, and it will give you more real pleasure and be of more benefit to others than placing a glass in your eye and walking the streets with a supercilious air. In fact, all advice may be summed up in the following words:—*Use your common sense instead of allowing it to lie dormant.*

*George Rothwell.*

### THE COURAGE OF ONE'S OPINIONS.

Few things are more insisted on both in private and theoretically than the necessity of having the courage of one's opinions. Publicly and practically nothing pays so badly. It is all very well to be courageous and high-minded, to snap one's fingers in the face of prejudice, to speak the truth in the teeth of superstition; doubtless this is one's bounden duty; but if so, then one must learn to be content with duty, *per se*, and courage, like virtue, must be its own reward. It is useless to expect public support if one says or does things contrary to the current feeling of society. Friends in private will pat one on the back warmly enough, laud one's courage, admire one's pluck, uphold one's views, carry the torch of glorification all round one's action and not leave a square inch unilluminated; they will even make a whole lapful of pellets for future shooting, and urge one on one's grand career with all the power there is in praise, all the strength there is in sympathy. But those very people will shrink from one in public, and deny both the banner they have bowed to, and the friend they have just encouraged. The best of them will confess to the inimical that a great deal of fine feeling, of honourable intention, has been shown in such-and-such a matter, but it was imprudent, mistimed, unnecessary,

a blunder—and they are sorry for it. They will not condemn, but they cannot commend; and if their advice had been asked it would never have been done at all. This is the utmost length to which they will go in public, after they have patted one's back and said "bravo" and "go on" in private. And these are only the best, remember; the picked and trusty ones among the crowd. The rank and file do not even go so far as this, and decline to endorse even one's good intentions.

It disturbs people to have protesters and iconoclasts knocking around. What the world wants is rest, and to let things slide—that is, the world which has and does not need, the world which has and wants to keep. As for the lower half of disreputable strugglers, of dissatisfied grumblers, of pokers and pryers into the truth and causes of things, they are unmitigated nuisances and ought to be suppressed. The ideal of Heaven itself is a state of absolute rest; and it is our duty to try and realise that ideal here on earth. Do not talk to them, they say, of the beauty of truth and having the courage of your opinions! You have no right to opinions which the rest of the world does not share, and if you are unfortunate enough to think at cross-angles with the majority, why be so foolish as to proclaim your dissent? Wisdom they say, is patient and silent, and trusts to the benign operations of time. She does not go about the streets with trumpets and a drum, offering nostrums to cure all moral ills, like an ethical Dulcamara who has found the true elixir. Wisdom is modest, and her best emblem is that of Harpocrates with his finger on his lip. Why give up cherished superstitions—yes, they grant they are superstitions—but, why give them a shock that will topple them over into the sand of the desert, and leave nothing standing in their place? What harm does it do if simple folks do believe in this bit of spiritual thaumaturgy? if that small remnant of feudal oppression still obtains and is submitted to? We cannot hope to come to the reign of justice and truth pure and simple. We must go cautiously, take what we can get, and put up with the remainder. You are brave, and you have the courage of your convictions; doubtless you are right as well, but you are unwise. Let these evils of which you complain cure themselves by time; all things do. As if we had not always to create public opinion by insistence and reiteration!—as if we were nothing but plants growing according to fixed rules, and our minds incapable of either advancement or retardation by what we are taught and believe! Perhaps, of all the arguments urged against those who, believing that life has truths which we have not yet fully compassed, strive to give them as a possession to their kind, that of "Wait, let things accomplish themselves," is the most futile, the most barren. If we want temples and palaces wherein the soul of man may dwell in beauty and holiness, we must build them. They will not fashion themselves by mere accretion, like crystals or the silted shores of rivers. They must be worked for, wept for, died for, now as in the past. But to some among us the life of martyrdom, like that of miracles, is at an end; and now we must go delicately without knocking our own heads against the brazen wall of falsehood, not hurting sensitive consciences by uncovering the clay feet of idols and showing them in their true baseness and deformity. The dead pioneers by whose labours we now live have left names which every man venerates, and memories which every man respects; but the past is to be no pattern for the present, according to these timid conservatives, these contented heirs of time and unwilling workers for futurity. What was is not; and, if they are to be believed, ethics change like water, and the virtues of one age are rococo and out of fashion the next.

Another set of friends will uphold you on the ground-work of principle, and say "Yes, you are quite right *au fond*; it is an abuse that you have attacked, it is a falsehood that you have unmasked." And yet they cannot stand by you shoulder to shoulder in public. They question to begin with, whether the times are ripe. To some people the times are never ripe, and the fruit of the tree of knowledge is always too green for public digestion. They acknowledge the fruit and the tree whereon it grew; they make no question about that; but the fitness of period and the ripeness of condition perplex them sorely. They will applaud your courage, your sincerity, your enthusiasm; but they will qualify it all by that one word premature, and you may think yourself lucky if they do not add excess. What you have said is quite true; that they confess, but you have not said it properly! You have gone too far; you have indeed! Courage does not mean aggressiveness, and honesty is not rashness. If you had been more temperate—if you had softened your expressions and allowed falsehood a glimmer of truth, baseness a *soupcou* of magnanimity; if you had run with the hare over this field and hunted with the hounds over that, your work would have been so much better! As it is they cannot hold with you. They are very sorry not to be able to range themselves openly on your side. You have outstepped the bounds of discretion too far for them to follow you, and so they bid you sorrowfully God-speed, and leave you to your fate. And if that fate flings you beneath the wheels of the great car of Establishment, which crushes all who would add to or take away from that which is, so much the worse for you. You courted your own ruin, and must abide by it; and, after all, the Mammon of Unrighteousness has a claim to be heard!

Add to these the rank and file of "Ministerialists," who always vote with

the party in power—the crowd that waits on the bank watching which way the cat jumps before they will bet on her chances. Establish your position with these people as a recognised teacher—no matter what your theme—have a following, make a noise in the world, force a hearing, be quoted as the celebrated So-and-So who holds such-and-such an opinion, teaches such-and-such a philosophy, and they will applaud you to the echo in all societies where you receive honour. If you teach the doctrine of human degradation and canine nobility, or that of human God-likeness and the absolute severance between man and the rest of creation, it will be all the same to them. The world listens to you, Mrs. Grundy thinks there is something in you; your philosophy has struck a chord in the floating harmonies of thought, and you are consequently so far safe and so far respectable. It was very nice of you to have the courage of your convictions and say out boldly what you thought, and the conformists applaud you to the echo. But if the Duchess had not adopted you—if society had cold-shouldered you, and Mrs. Grundy had pulled out her ferule and her fool's cap in place of her Ribbon and Order, where then would you have stood with that obedient crowd of Ministerialists—those worshippers of majorities? About where you stand with your personal friends who pat you on the back privately as a Great-Heart and repudiate you publicly as a Quixote.

If courage and conscience had no firmer basis than the approbation of one's friends and the world at large, Truth would be in a poor plight enough, and the prescriptive rights of falsehood would be well-nigh inalienable. Now as heretofore, the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church," and none of us ought to descend into the arena who hopes to bring back his life, or its equivalent, out of the struggle. We are not shot, or burnt, or broken alive on the wheel now as in days bygone, but we suffer all the same. We who believe other than does the world at large—we who speak strange truths in a new language—we suffer by misrepresentation, by isolation, by ridicule, by blame. We pay for our truth by our happiness, and we have only the consciousness that it is truth to uphold us. If once we let ourselves doubt the absolute necessity of our testimony we are lost. Left without extraneous support, the fervour of our own convictions is our only shield-bearer, and courage is our main virtue. But let no one think that courage excludes suffering—that conviction means callousness. If we consecrate ourselves to the priesthood we go through the pain of the initiation, and the sacrifice that we offer is the living blood of our own hearts. So let it be. It would be a drear day for the world if we measured our actions by their effect on our lives, and if convenience overmastered conviction. But it is not everyone who has the courage of his opinions; and those who have this courage pay for those who have not.—*Truth.*

#### ABSENCE OF MIND.

Absence of mind is a mental infirmity more often ridiculed than pitied, yet one that is frequently seriously inconvenient to its possessor. From the philosopher of antiquity, who walked absently star-gazing till he fell into a well and was drowned, down to the absent man of our own day, who loses some important appointment by forgetting to change trains at the proper junction, absent persons have suffered from their unfortunate propensity for abstracting themselves from things present. It is curious that this failing is more common to clever persons than to foolish ones. People whose heads are comparatively empty cannot, perhaps, lose themselves in a train of thought so engrossing as to blot out other objects. Absence of mind generally proceeds from pre-occupation. Sir Isaac Newton, when pondering on his great discoveries, had to rely on his servant to inform him whether he had dined or not. St. Thomas Aquinas fell into a theological reverie at the Royal table, and startled Louis IX. and his courtiers by suddenly exclaiming, "That argument is unanswerable against the Manichees." A long list might be collected of great men who were remarkable for this failing, commencing with the worst specimens, like St. Thomas, who became utterly oblivious of their surroundings, down to the minor offenders, who only forgot some circumstance which made their remarks ill-timed. It is well known that Racine lost the favour of Madame de Maintenon, and consequently that of Louis XIV., by inadvertently alluding to "those wretched plays of Scarron's," oblivious that he was speaking to the poet's widow. According to Walpole, the Duchess of Marlborough never forgave Bishop Burnet for an unlucky speech to her husband, who remarked that he was "surprised at so great a general as Belisarius being so abandoned." "Consider what a brimstone of a wife he had," rejoined the good prelate, with unconscious satire.

Few examples of this forgetfulness are more amusing than a modern instance related by the late Archdeacon Sinclair, who speaks of an eccentric Scotch nobleman of the beginning of this century, who, dining at a house where the dinner was extremely bad, forgot that he was not at home, and gravely apologized to his fellow-guests for the badness of the repast, remarking that "he supposed the cook was drunk again, and that the kitchen wench had dressed the dinner." Equally delightful is the story of the lady who called at a house about two o'clock, expecting to share the midday meal, and, obliged to go without receiving the desired invitation, betrayed the current of her



thoughts by taking leave of her friend as "dear Mrs. Luncheon." It must be extremely inconvenient to be thus liable to betray what one thinks. Absent people are perpetually affronting their friends, who do not always believe that their unfortunate speeches are purely accidental, and not sarcastic. As a rule, absent men are the kindest-hearted creatures in the world, and most averse to giving annoyance to any one; yet they will say the most terrible things in society, and tread on the tender feelings of their neighbours in a manner distressing to witness. Who cannot recall seeing an absent person complacently and persistently dwelling on some subject of conversation which every one but himself knows is peculiarly distasteful to his hearer; enlarging on the duty of strict honesty in all commercial transactions to some man whose name has not always been free from reproach, or expecting a husband whose domestic unhappiness has been proclaimed in the newspapers to enjoy the details of some other divorce case. To inquire cheerfully after deceased friends, whose funeral he has perhaps attended, is a very common occurrence for an absent man, and is a slight offence compared to passing disparaging comments on distant acquaintances to their nearest relatives, as many modern Racines do. It must be a terrible shock to the innocent offender when the full understanding of his enormities dawns upon him, when the coldness with which his amusing stories are received, or his remarks answered, awakens him to a remembrance of the circumstances of the friend he is addressing. To apologize is to make matters worse; he can only trust that his known infirmity may plead his excuse. Absent men should keep some confidential companion, like the Scotch laird of the last century, who retained a faithful valet to whom his friends always sent the invitations designed for his master, and who was responsible to produce him in due time and properly arrayed at their hospitable boards. Absent people are sadly at the mercy of practical jokers. Conscious of their infirmity, it is difficult for them to be certain how much of their thoughts they may have inadvertently uttered aloud. It was easy for Goldsmith's friends to persuade him that when everyone was looking with admiration at some beautiful woman in the park, he had the egregious vanity to say aloud, "Here am I with my talents standing unnoticed in the crowd, while everyone runs to admire these painted creatures." "I believe I did think something of the sort, but I had no idea that I uttered it aloud," was the meek reply of the unfortunate poet, who had, in fact, been perfectly silent.

Sometimes absence of mind is questionable, as in the case of William III.'s eating up the whole (and only) dish of forced peas, at supper with the Queen and Princess Anne, an act described as the result of "gluttony," or "pre-occupation with affairs of State," according to the bias of his biographer. A still more doubtful instance of an accidentally unfortunate speech is that of Sydney Smith; when, dining in company with the Prince Regent, and being asked whom he considered the worst historical character of the eighteenth century, he immediately replied, "that for his part he had always considered the Abbe Dubois—a priest, Mr. Smith—worse than his Royal master." As for the Scotch sixteenth century nobleman, who, pressed by the Queen Regent to yield some lands to the Crown, absently (?) apostrophized the hawk he was feeding with "a greedy gled, will she never have enough?" This case is one where the affectation of accident is hardly attempted, and the real meaning is plain to the dullest comprehension. As the fools and jesters of the Middle Ages frequently appear to have been clever men, who assumed the motley as a license for freedom of speech, so feigned absence of mind has often been made the excuse for the utterance of words impossible to be spoken under other circumstances. Like the American-Indian chief, who was always extracting presents from the governor of a Canadian fort by announcing that he "had dreamed" such articles were bestowed upon him—a hint difficult to evade politely—the feigned absent-minded ones gain great liberty of speech. In the American chief's case, the English governor was a match for him, for he in turn began to be visited by visions that large tracts of country were being ceded by his friend, upon which the Indian plaintively remarked, "you dream too hard for me," and gave up the contest. Undoubtedly there are really absent people as there are really shortsighted ones, but in both cases so many imitators have arisen that the real sufferers are often suspected of imposture.—*London Globe*.

### THINGS IN GENERAL.

#### SIGNIFICANT NAMES.

You will often be able to glean knowledge from the names of things. What a record of inventions is preserved in the names which so many articles bear, of the place from which they first came, or the person by whom they were first invented! The "magnet" has its name from Magnesia. The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "worsted" that it was first spun at a village of the same name in the neighbourhood of Norwich; "cambric" that they reached us from Cambray; "damask" from Damascus; the "damson" also is the "damascene," or Damascus plum; "dimity" from Damiatta; "cordwain," or "cordovan," from Cordova; "currants" from Corinth; "indigo" (indicum) from India; "agates" from a Sicilian river, Achates; "ja'ap" from Xalapa, a town in Mexico; "parchment" from Bergamum; the "guinea," that it was originally coined (in the year 1663) of

gold brought from the African coast, so called "camlet" that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair. The fashion of the cravat was borrowed from the Croats, "Crobats," as they used in the sixteenth century to be called. Such has been the manufacturing process of England, that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the East; yet the words give standing witness that we once imported from thence, for "calico" is from Calicut, and "muslin" from Maussul, a city in Asiatic Turkey. "Ermine" is the spoil of the Armenian rat.—*Trench's Study of Words*.

It is claimed that a man never loses anything by politeness, but this has proved to be a mistake. As an old Philadelphian lifted his hat to a young lady the wind carried away his wig.

A LONDON TOURIST met a young woman going to the kirk, and, as was not unusual, she was carrying her boots in her hand, and trudging along barefoot. "My girl," said he, "is it customary for all the people in these parts to go barefoot?" "Partly they do, and partly they mind their own business."

THE boast of independence is a trait of vulgarity and sometimes of insincerity, since professors are not always performers. In reality we are all more independent than is generally imagined, for the whole world can neither take from us what nature has given, nor give us what nature denied.

THE *New York Times* thus deals with one phase of protection:—Which is the most deserving of protection, the fractional industry employed in the protected manufactures, or the rest of the workingmen of the country? Any one who will glance at the statistical atlas of the United States compiled by the Census Bureau will see that the green band, representing agricultural labour, covers more than one-half of every State, and nearly four-fifths of every Southern State, while the blue band, representing manufactures, nowhere reaches one-fourth. It is perfectly reasonable to argue that a very small portion of the latter cannot claim to be, in itself and exclusively, "American industry," for the benefit of which all the remainder of whatever class must be taxed.

#### NOVA SCOTIA MINES.

The following summary shows the extent of the mineral production of Nova Scotia during the past twelve months:—

Gold,	Ounces,	13,801	†Building Stone	Tons,	5,562
Iron Ore,	Tons,	29,889	†Barytes,	"	480
Manganese Ore,	"	145	†Limestone,	"	9,444
Coal raised,	"	*738,273	Fireclay,	"	50
Coke made,	"	9,646	Grindstones, etc.,	"	1,675
†Gypsum,	"	95,126			

\* Ton of 2,240 lbs. † Quantities shipped, amounts used in Nova Scotia unknown. ‡ For Iron smelting.

The total sales of coal for the year 1879, amount to 688,624 tons being a decrease over the sales of 1878, of 4,883 tons. The shipments to New Brunswick, have decreased slightly. The sales in Newfoundland and P. E. Island are about the same as in the preceding year. The amount sold in the United States, was 51,641, the smallest sales recorded since 1850. The sales to the West Indies fell off from 16,999 tons, in 1878, to 10,124 tons, in 1879. The total yield of Gold during 1879 was 13,801 ozs. 8dwts. 10 grs. against 12557 ozs. 1 dwt. 22 grs. in 1878. The yield per ton has also averaged 4 dwt. higher than in the preceding year from a lessened tonnage of quartz crushed. The yield per man has been \$234 per day.

### THE GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.

O God! beneath Thy guiding hand  
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,  
And when they trod the wintry strand,  
With prayer and praise they worshipped Thee.

Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer—  
Thy blessing came, and still its power  
Shall onward to all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

What change! Through pathless wilds no more  
The fierce and naked savage roams;  
Sweet praise, along the cultured shore,  
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

We are in communication with many ladies who express great interest in the establishment of cookery training schools, and who are quite willing to assist in getting one up next Autumn. It would take too much space to give extracts from all the letters, especially as most of them express the same views, or allude to details that have already been discussed in this column. We shall give extracts from one very sensibly written letter which is a fair specimen of the general feeling on this subject.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—In your issue of the 20th inst. appeared an excellent article under the head of Domestic Economy which I perused with much interest. That there is great need for reform in every branch of domestic work is, and has long been seriously felt by all classes of house-keepers in this community; and it has been to myself, and others a matter of surprise that no determined action has been entered upon with a view to bringing about some permanent means of improvement. I have, Mr. Editor, had fully half a century's experience under varied and favourable circumstances for judging in these matters, and should I think know something of what I profess, and especially so during the past ten years of my sojourn in Montreal. . . . There are no doubt many well disposed good girls who would do their work in a satisfactory manner if they only knew how, but their means of knowing *the how* are so poor and scant without any befitting training, that it is a chance if they perform their work to the satisfaction of their employers. . . . Surely there is, Mr. Editor, sufficient wealth, influence, and ability available in Montreal for the formation of an institution of such paramount utility as a training school for servants. I believe such an establishment could in a short time be made self supporting, and its permanency placed on a solid foundation, if all who can afford to subscribe five dollars per annum would do so, I suppose of course that good and sufficient material for its management would be forthcoming, and at a moderate cost. Montreal has already many valuable institutions but I am of opinion that a more useful one could not be brought into existence, or one calculated to be of so wide-spread a benefit both to employers and employed. I have already trespassed too largely on your valuable space, or I would go into details which I will be very happy to communicate to any one or more ladies who may be willing to aid in this proposed new field of benevolence.

Experienced.

The portions of the above letter which have been omitted are those which allude to the training schools of other cities, of which we have already given detailed accounts in former papers, which this lady has not noticed. We shall be well pleased to hear further from her as doubtless the views of one who has had so great experience would be of good service in this matter. A number of gentlemen have signified their willingness to take stock in the institution should we succeed in forming a committee of reliable ladies to undertake the superintendence. About this there will be no difficulty, as our Montreal ladies are always ready to give their time and money to the furtherance of every good object, and will be especially so in this where they not only hope to do good to others, but may expect to eventually reap good fruit for themselves. A meeting of ladies to discuss the matter will be held some time in May, and rules will then be formed as to privileges of shareholders and subscribers. It is intended to make the school self-supporting almost from the first; and supporters will be allowed to send servants to be trained, or members of their families to the demonstration classes for ladies at reduced rates, so that they may feel the benefit of the enterprise from the first. Ladies who intend visiting the large American cities during the summer holidays have promised to visit and enquire into the working of their training schools; and one lady who is going to England will visit the South Kensington school, thus we shall have much valuable information to start with in the autumn. Meantime we shall endeavour to give information in this column on every point connected with domestic economy; and as some ladies still seem to place too narrow a construction upon this term we must again explain that it does not merely pertain to the saving, or decreasing of house-hold expenses—although such results must eventually follow the study of the subject, since there can be nothing so extravagant and wasteful as ignorance and incompetency. The term really embraces a knowledge of every subject which affects the health, and happiness of our families and our homes. This column will be devoted to giving information on all these points, and we trust that those of our readers, who may know as much, or more, of some matters discussed, than we do ourselves, will perhaps give us their assistance; by writing articles on subjects which they may have made a speciality.

We shall now give some extracts from a letter with which we have been kindly favoured by Miss Juliet Corson, secretary and superintendent of the New York Cooking School Miss Corson says:—

"In the matter of training schools I can give you some points relating to an institution of which I was one of the founders, and which was successful so long as it was well managed. It comprised a restaurant where girls were taught the work of the dining-room; a kitchen for scullery work and cookery, the dormitories for chamber-work, and the laundry for washing and ironing; also a sewing-room where all kinds of sewing were taught and the offices where girls were placed at service. . . . We are about enlarging our cooking school to cover all these departments; the work will be begun with our next session, the 1st. of September. There is no reason that such a training school should not be successful anywhere. There is always a demand for good servants, and domestic service is the best and safest work for the majority of working-women. A similar school is projected in Washington, which will be under the direct inspection of the Commissioner of Education, who heartily favours the scheme. . . . The work of organizing such a school should be in the hands of a small committee of energetic ladies and the departments should be in charge of practical workers, all amenable to a general superintendent, resident at the school, for the

conduct of their several branches of work. Some of the departments, notably the restaurant and laundry would soon begin to yield a good income. If I can serve you further please advise me. Meantime I remain,

Very truly yours,

Juliet Corson.

We owe Miss Corson many thanks for the information so courteously given. She is the lady who last year gave the demonstration course of cookery under the auspices of the Ladies Educational Association, and many Montreal ladies remember her with feelings of warm friendship. She is not only a clever well-educated lady, but also a very charming one; who leads her pupils to fall in love with the work, through admiration of the deft manner in which she performs it.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—The writer of "Brain-Power and the Irish," in last week's SPECTATOR, seems to take exception to "fallacious nonsense," and yet speaks quite confidently of "grammatical blunders." From the use of what "favorite food," I wonder, does this arise? I should like very much to know, so as to be on my guard.

If "Saxon" wishes to quote from one of my letters again, I hope he will do so correctly, and not give a sentence a twist, and add a word to suit himself. But, after all, he seems to be not a bad sort of a fellow, and possessed of some Hibernian wit which renders him a better punster than critic.

F. H. T.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—From my scrap book I cull the following as specimens of continued obstinacy on the part of editors and contributors to newspapers in spite of the well meant warnings of critics, one of whom in your last issue has been dubbed "terrible":—

"Who is he to treat with?" "Who does he represent?"—*Witness*, Nov. 1879.

In re Letellier—"It is not too much to say that he *laid* in wait," read *lay*.—*Toronto Mail*, Oct., 1879.

"He sustained injuries which *leaves* him in a helpless condition," read *leave*.—*Hamilton Spectator*, Dec., 1879.

"Frozen hose *lays* around in every direction," read *lies* or *lay*.—*Star*, Dec., 1879.

"The earthquake (in Cuba) caused a scene of terror. The *denisons* of the thieves' quarter and the sailors on dock knelt in prayer," read *denizens*.

Here liberty is taken with a respectable name. Denison is the name of the Police Magistrate in Toronto, and in such capacity is a *denizen* of that city. It is all but libellous to associate Denisons with thieves. The official alluded to is paid for his efforts to put them down.

As in a manuscript of this sort I am not necessitated to write textually, I feel myself at liberty to introduce a rare specimen of mental culture, by no less a personage than a mayor who presides over a Township Council in the County of Huntingdon. "Would you *plese* attend the *meetin* of *counsil* *nex* *Mondy* and I'll settle with you." "A general quarrel between *he* and Farrell was the result." "In that time column after column *have* been written." "Many and various were the accounts published." "Various" here detracts from the pith and number of many.—*Globe*, March, 1879.

"I am sure, sir, that every one will join heartily in the very just remarks made by the hon. gentleman opposite, and especially those who have long felt Mr. Holton's influence and *knew* his excellent qualities." For "knew" read "have known."—*Star*, March 16, 1879. (*Sic* in H. N.'s MS.)

Now let the SPECTATOR supply the want of a peroration.

"Nor can it possibly be connected by railway with all the East in time to avoid several season's communication." That is the communication of a several season. "Mr. Theodore Martin has much honest and laborious work in writing the life of the Prince Consort." Add "had," as the work is finished. In the SPECTATOR of last week "Quevedo Redivivus" thus exclaims, "*proh pudor!* when M.P.'s descend to become common scolds." Be persuaded, friend, to refrain from disfiguring your able critiques by indifference to the claims of the singular number and possessive case.

Yet another sentence from your own pen, Mr. Editor, and I have done meanwhile, "There and those which you opened in some hour of solemn sadness, when you bound yourself to some duty, forged the link, and welded it, and cooled and hardened it, with hot tears that smoked from your burning brain."

How hot tears from a burning brain can cool and harden is a problem which I am unable to solve.

Hugh Niven.

- [1. A simple typographical error. The word "done" was omitted.
2. M.P.'s has been adopted very generally by all the best literary men—except Mr. Niven, of course.
3. The simile is absolutely correct. Get some friend to explain the fact that water does cool and harden at the same time, Mr. Niven. You are hyper-critical.—EDITOR.]

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Week Mar. 27	\$57,904	\$151,978	\$209,882	\$151,187	\$58,695	.....	13 wks	\$266,686	.....
Great Western.....	" 19	34,570	76,085	110,667	82,469	28,192	.....	11 "	91,869	.....
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 22	6,354	13,446	19,800	15,345	4,455	.....	11 "	22,646	.....
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 20	1,224	2,497	3,821	3,219	562	.....	11 "	6,773	.....
Midland.....	" 14	1,649	3,160	4,809	3,756	1,053	.....	10 "	6,566	.....
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 20	1,403	1,361	2,764	3,093	.....	329 fm Jan. 1	.....	1,665	.....
Whitby, Fr. Perry & I.	" 20	469	1,301	1,770	1,353	417	.....	.....	4,231	.....
Canada Central.....	" 21	2,162	2,298	5,060	5,001	59	.....	11 wks	6,277	.....
Toronto Grey & Bruce	" 14	2,427	3,442	5,869	5,635	234	.....	10 "	9,151	.....
Q. M. O. & O. West. D.	" 15	3,586	3,163	6,749	6,379	370	.....	10 "	6,223	.....
East. D.	" 7	3,173	4,218	7,391	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Intercolonial.....	Month Feb.	9,000	23,559	32,559	19,535	.....	.....	2 m'ths	46,071	.....

\*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$62,895, aggregate increase \$329,486 for 13 weeks.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Reserve	Price per \$100 March 31, 1880.	Price per \$100 March 31, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$139	\$139 1/2	10	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	77 1/2	62	6	7 1/2
Molson's.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	78	74	6	7 1/2
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	123	114	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	69 1/2	31	5 1/2	8
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,511,040	475,000	94 1/2	81 1/2	6	6 1/2
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	97	92 1/2	7	7
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	.....	.....	6	6
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	118 1/2	103 1/2	8	6 1/2
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
MISCELLANEOUS								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	93 1/2	144 1/2	7	7 1/2
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	.....	42 1/2	40 1/2	4 1/2	10 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	.....	600,000	163,000	93	76	5	5 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	.....	119	109	10	8 1/2

\*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

MONTH OF JANUARY.

	1880.	1879.	Increase.	Decrease.
Receipts.....	£162,243	£153,661	£8,582	.....
Expenses.....	119,835	121,146	.....	£1,311
	£42,408	£32,515	Net Increase.....	£9,893

\*THE FARMERS' DELIVERIES of home-grown Grain in the 150 towns in England and Wales for the week ended March 6th, 1880, and for the corresponding weeks of the previous nine years and the weekly average prices:—

	WHEAT		BARLEY		OATS	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1880.....	29,530	44s 7d	39,343	34s 2d	5,740	22s 4d
1879.....	44,491	39s 1d	31,727	34s 4d	4,363	26s 5d
1878.....	35,748	50s 2d	36,176	43s 2d	6,659	24s 2d
1877.....	42,371	51s 4d	41,315	40s 8d	6,389	25s 11d
1876.....	36,677	42s 11d	37,429	32s 6d	3,484	24s 1d
1875.....	60,720	41s 4d	35,432	42s 5d	3,351	29s 8d
1874.....	42,565	60s 8d	33,703	48s 4d	4,536	28s 10d
1873.....	46,343	55s 5d	33,100	49s 4d	7,600	22s 2d
1872.....	49,829	55s 8d	43,649	37s 11d	7,322	23s 2d
1871.....	71,159	53s 8d	37,340	36s 0d	8,411	24s 10d
Average 10 years.....	45,943	49s 5d	36,221	38s 10d	5,781	24s 7d

\*Summary of exports for week ending March 20th, 1880:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York.....	60,470	1,256,992	586,755	1,236	4,116	10,421
Boston.....	18,079	156,641	222,413	.....	.....	.....
Portland.....	3,321	54,491	30,000	.....	.....	8,000
Montreal.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Philadelphia.....	2,928	57,265	467,274	1,218	.....	.....
Baltimore.....	11,033	474,220	965,234	.....	.....	.....
Total per week.....	95,811	1,999,609	1,271,676	2,454	4,116	18,421
Corresponding week of '79.....	116,812	1,820,029	1,867,748	4,345	22,915	26,436

\*9,235 bushels Barley. †2,500 bushels Barley.

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

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
March 22.....	13,035	222	2,000	25,976	32,596
March 15.....	13,829	227	1,341	29,237	32,057
March 8.....	10,965	265	1,000	25,366	32,465
March 1.....	9,564	158	822	22,302	29,522
Total 4 weeks.....	47,393	872	5,163	102,881	126,640
Corresponding 4 weeks 1879.....	31,286	363	5,109	84,891	104,817
Corresponding week 1879.....	9,492	70	1,900	24,390	29,931
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,933	142	2,008	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	10,443	78	1,260	17,723	24,798

\*From New York Produce Exchange.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

JOHN BUNYAN. By James Anthony Froude.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER. By Adolphus W. Ward. (Men of Letters Series.) New York: Harper Brothers.

We have received the above from Messrs. Dawson Brothers. The sterling value of this interesting series is well sustained in the present works. Two more thoroughly representative men could scarcely have been selected.

Occasionally there appears a man who cares nothing about distinction, who is conscious of no special talent for literature, but who writes because his mind is burdened with thoughts that he feels constrained to communicate. The intense earnestness of his nature develops in him an eloquence independent of rhetorical taste. His habitual concentration of his inner life upon his message gives him a thorough comprehension of it, and qualifies him to present it in the most striking and effective, if not in the most precise and elegant shape. He thus attains a remarkable eminence in letters, without any ambition in that direction. Such a man was John Bunyan, the subject of Mr. Froude's interesting little volume. The opening chapter casts some doubt upon the common idea of the extreme degradation of Bunyan's early life. He fell, as he says, into all kinds of vice and ungodliness without check. The expression is very strong; but when we look for particulars we can find only that he was fond of games which Puritan strictness condemned. Neither before nor after his marriage was he destitute of worldly thrift. From first to last he laboured skilfully and industriously at his business, and was a prudent, careful and, according to his station, a prosperous man. To his contemporaries Bunyan was known as the nonconformist martyr and the greatest living Protestant preacher. To us he is chiefly interesting through his writings, and especially through the "Pilgrim's Progress." Respecting this allegory Mr. Froude remarks:—

"To every human soul the central questions are the same—What am I? What is this world in which I appear and disappear like a bubble? Who made me, and what am I to do? Some answer the mind of man demands and insists on receiving. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is, and will remain, unique of its kind, an imperishable monument of the form in which the problem presented itself to a person of singular truthfulness, simplicity, and piety, who, after many struggles, accepted the Puritan creed as the adequate solution of it."

Mr. Froude's work gives a very clear and rational account of Bunyan's remarkable life. He has just enough of sympathy with him to do him justice. He is neither carried away by a blind and indiscriminating admiration, nor does he incline in the least to coldness and flippancy. Besides narrating the incidents of his life, and commenting fully and pointedly upon his writing, he enters into brief and summary discussions of the nature of religion and its various developments in communities and individuals, which are kindred to the subject and suited to interest all readers who are fond of such inquiries. The style is simple, concise and direct, indicating an honest desire to furnish full and pertinent information.

Mr. Ward opens his work with a chapter on "Chaucer's Times." The poet's life spans rather more than the latter half of the fourteenth century, in the last year of which occurred his death. The total number of the population of England was two and a half millions. The charm of Chaucer's poetry, notwithstanding all the artificialities with which it is overlaid, lies in its simplicity and truth to nature. One of the very pleasing characteristics of Chaucer was his modesty, which is evinced in the opinion he incidentally shows himself to entertain concerning his own rank, and claims as an author. He again and again disclaims pretensions to eminence.

In readiness of descriptive power, in brightness and variety of imagery, and in flow of diction, Chaucer remained unequalled by any poet until he was surpassed by Spenser. The vividness with which he describes scenes and events as if he had them before his own eyes, was, no doubt, the result of his own imaginative temperament; and there is a music in his verse which at times sounds as sweet as that of any English poet who has followed him.

The readers of Mr. Ward's interesting work may regret that he has not adopted a more systematic arrangement; but after divining the somewhat concealed course of his thoughts, they will be repaid by their richness and solidity. The book is written in the spirit of modern investigation, with a view of eliciting whatever facts may be attainable, and of setting forth their most rational explanations.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Eugene Lawrence.

This is a recent addition to Harpers' Half Hour Series. Letters flourished on American soil at an early period, for the earliest immigrants into New England had among them intelligent, accomplished men trained in the Universities of the Old World, or self-taught and fond of the pen; Harvard University planted in the wilderness, educated the children of the State. Literature flourished while the savages still threatened the isolated towns of the Puritans. The Revolution brought into notice a new order of men. They were learned, intelligent, and laborious.

In the new century, Irving was the master of an incomparable style. His delicacy, generosity, refinement, span like a rainbow the whole course of modern literature. Cooper was the prose poet of the silent woods and stormy seas. Among the numerous writers of verse, Bryant fulfilled the conception of the American poet. Longfellow's lyrics have made their way through Europe and America, and are familiar to every household—the solace of youth and age.

Of the American historians, Bancroft excels in condensation, Prescott in vivid imagination, Motley in the care and extent of his researches. Mr. Lawrence has succeeded in producing a true primer, which, by its simplicity, liveliness, and pointed freshness, will meet the needs of those who are seeking to cultivate a taste for literature, as well as to obtain such general information as will stimulate their ardour, and guide them in the earliest steps of their progress.

We are also in receipt from Messrs. Dawson Brothers of some of the latest additions to the Franklin Square Library; the novels are carefully selected, are free from the taint of the sensational novel of the day, and are readable enough, e. g. "A Sylvan Queen," "Tom Singleton," "The Return of the Princess," and "A Wayward Woman," whilst a more solid style is well sustained by "The 19th Century" by Robert Mackenzie; and "Russia before and after the War," by Edward Fairfax Taylor.

THE ONE HUNDRED PRIZE QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

We have to congratulate Mr. Henry Miles on the creditable manner in which he has produced, in book-form, his replies to the 100 questions which appeared in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. It will be remembered that Mr. Miles was announced as having answered 97

questions correctly; it may be said that, virtually, he furnished correct replies to 99—for his answers to questions Nos. 63 and 87 were also within the meaning of the original propounder of the questions, but subsequent information furnished earlier dates for the events referred to. A copious Appendix, containing many illustrative notes and comments, renders Mr. Miles's pamphlet more generally useful and interesting. In his preface the writer disclaims all pretension to having finally disposed of some debateable points in connection with the questions; "on the contrary, several of them are of a nature which do not admit of being thus disposed of, and to which, it is hoped, those writers and lovers of Canadian history who have heretofore interested themselves in endeavouring to elucidate them will continue to devote attention for the purpose of throwing a clearer light upon them."

With reference to Mr. Miles's own labours in the matter, they have been most painstaking and are beyond all praise, and in now producing the replies in pamphlet form, we would add "*fnis coronat opus.*"

**Musical.**

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

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—In reading the correspondence and criticisms, week after week, in the column of the SPECTATOR under your able management, I have often been pleased to notice that you deplore the want in this city of good concerts, at an admission fee within the means of the masses of our population. This popular recreation has certainly long been needed, but instead of waiting the demand for it by the adult portion of our community, it would, in my opinion, be the best and most natural step to begin with the children. Educate them in the elements of, and taste for, vocal music of an elevating as well as of an entertaining character—free from the vulgar Negro Minstrel and sentimental kind—and in a few years a spontaneous desire will be created and a demand arise for music of a pure and elevating nature, without any outside influence or pressure.

Although not a practical musician, I speak from some slight knowledge of the matter, having taught in this city during the last forty years several thousands of the youth of both sexes and all classes, and always made it a point to devote a small portion of the time to the elements of vocal music. I know well with what pleasure the children looked forward to our regular Friday musical entertainments, and with what avidity they applied themselves to the work of preparation for this pleasing performance, when many parents and others would be in attendance to listen to and enjoy the fruits of this effort.

The result of the concert that I gave in the old Crystal Palace on St. Catherine Street, in 1866, with the five hundred pupils of the British and Canadian School, is a sufficient proof of the popularity of such entertainments, and the influence they have on the common people, in producing a love for a simple but pleasing and elevating kind. No fewer than three thousand people of all classes were in attendance, and the dozens of congratulatory letters that I afterwards received, many of them containing requests to repeat the concert, or have them at regular intervals, show that a chord was struck that only needed proper tuning and management to produce, in our midst that which you have so often and ably advocated, viz., a desire for good music of a popular kind and at a cheap rate.

During my many visits to London, I have had the pleasure of attending several monster concerts of this sort in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, when as many as ten thousand children from the schools of the city took part, and the immense number of people present, with the enthusiasm displayed on those occasions, are unmistakable evidences of their great popularity.

I beg to refer you to the enclosed circular, printed and circulated in 1869, to show the effort that was then about to be made to still further advance the knowledge of this class of music amongst the children generally in the City of Montreal. The burning down of St. Patrick's Hall a few weeks after, the only building suitable for the purpose, caused me to suspend the scheme.

You are at liberty, my dear sir, to make use of this letter and printed circular in any way you may think proper, should you consider them worth the trouble and of sufficient interest to the many readers of the excellent column so ably edited in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

Its publicity may induce a younger and an abler man to carry out the plan I was obliged most reluctantly to abandon.

Yours, most respectfully,  
H. Arnold.

[Space will not permit us to print extracts from Mr. Arnold's circular this week. We will endeavour to set forth the plan pursued by him in our next issue.—MUS. ED.]

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Knowing your interest in the progress of music in Montreal, I write to complain of a grievance, which, though apparently a personal matter, has considerable bearing on the advancement of music in this city.

Some months ago I, with others, was engaged to play in the orchestra of the Academy of Music at the rate of \$9.50 per week. As I expected steady employment, I was satisfied with this remuneration, and agreed not to accept any outside engagements; but, when the Academy was closed I received nothing at all, and so my pay on the average did not exceed \$5 a week. As I saw that the rule respecting substitutes was a dead letter, and that many of the leader's best men took engagements at parties and concerts, sending inferior players as substitutes, I accepted an engagement for the Philharmonic Concert (the Academy being closed during the Society's rehearsals); and when I found that the Academy was open before the concert took place, I explained the matter to the leader, and sent a first-class substitute. In spite of all this I have been dismissed, and the leader tells me that unless I gave him half of my earnings he will not re-instate me in my position. Now I suppose that legally I have no redress, but I appeal to you and ask you is it fair (unless constant employment be guaranteed) to prevent a musician from earning all he can without detriment to the Academy? The result of this policy is that all good players will leave the city and go elsewhere. The Bass player at the Academy has already left for this cause, and others will soon follow, so that instead of having more musicians in Montreal, you will soon have less. The Philharmonic orchestra was seriously crippled at the recent concert, the principal Viola and Bass players being compelled to give up the engagement by Mr. Grönewald; had I also neglected the concert, they would have been without a 1st Clarinet. Believe me that while leaders give way to their petty jealousies so far as to place unnecessary restrictions on their men, you will have little chance of having a complete orchestra in Montreal.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,  
J. Bruce.

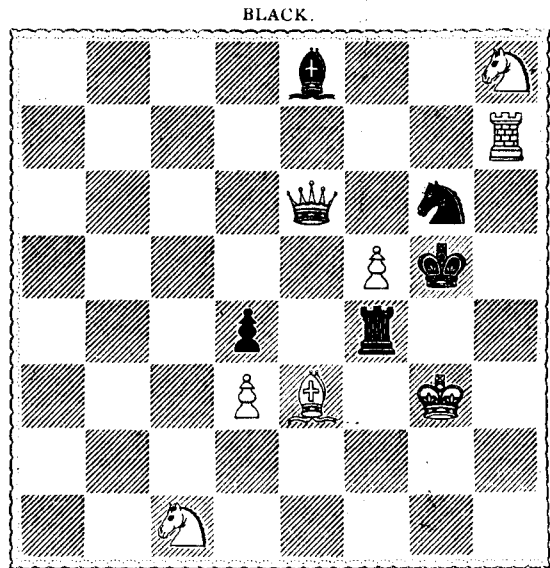
**Chess.**

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

Montreal, April 3rd, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LXV.

By Mr. F. A. Knapp. For the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.



WHITE.  
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LXII. By Mr. H. Jackson. Q to K Kt sq. Correct solution received from F.A.K., J.W.S., ALPHA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—Will the author of the set with motto "Ginx's Baby" kindly comply with the requisitions and send the solutions?

GAME NO. LXI.

Played in Berlin in 1868, between Mr. J. H. Zukertort and Dr. Schmidt.

From *The Chess Monthly*.

FROM'S GAMBIT.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K B 4	P to K 4	11 Q to Kt 3 (ch)	K to R sq	22 P to K R 4	P to R 4
2 P takes P	P to Q 3	12 P to K 5	Kt to B 3 (a)	23 Q R to Kt sq	Q to R sq (e)
3 P takes P	B takes P	13 Castles (b)	B to Kt 5	24 R takes B	Q takes R
4 Kt to K B 3	Kt to K R 3	14 P to K R 3	Kt to R 3 (c)	25 R to Kt sq	Q to R 3
5 P to Q 4	P to Kt 5	15 P to B 3	B to R 3	26 Q to B 2 (f)	R to Kt sq
6 B to Kt 5	P to K B 3	16 P to Kt 4	B to K Kt 3	27 R to Kt 6	Q to K 6
7 B to R 4	Q to K 2	17 P to Kt 5	Kt to K Kt sq (d)	28 Kt to Kt 5	Q to K 8 (ch)
8 Q to Q 3	Castles	18 Kt P takes P	P takes P	29 Q to Q sq	Q takes Q
9 P to K 4	R to K sq	19 B to B 4	Q to Q 2	30 K takes Q	R to K B sq (g)
10 Q Kt to Q 2	B to K B 4	20 B takes Kt	R takes B		White mates in two moves.
		21 B takes P (ch)	R to Kt 2		

NOTES.—(a) The best continuation. If 12 P to Q B 4, White proceeds with 13 P to K R 3—Kt to K R 3, 14 Castles. (b) If 13 P to K R 3, Black would obtain a winning attack with 13 Kt takes Q P, 14 Kt takes Kt—Q takes P (ch), 15 Kt to K 2—Kt to K 6. (c) Black gains nought by: 14 Kt to R 4, 15 Q to R 4—Kt to K 6, 16 P to B 3—B to B 7, 17 Q takes K B, &c. (d) White has now the superiority of numbers and position, whatever Black may play. 17 P takes Kt P was a little better. (e) If 23 Kt to K 2, White can win a piece with 24 Q to R 3. (f) White could force the game with 26 Q to B 7—R to K Kt sq, 27 R to Kt 5. (g) If 30 R anywhere else, then 31 R takes R, &c.

**CHESS INTELLIGENCE.**

CHESS BOARD AND MEN EXTRAORDINARY.—We have seen a handsome set of chess men and board made in Toronto by Mr. F. W. Shaw, a son of our esteemed friend and contributor Mr. J. W. Shaw of Montreal. The board consists of three inch squares of bird's-eye maple and rosewood, and being of so large a size is made to fold in four. The workmanship is so excellent that when open the folds are all but invisible. The men, very leviathans, are of box wood and lignum vitæ. The Kings stand seven inches high, and smile down upon their queen consorts of six inches, while the lower officers of the state share the intermediate height between them and the Pawns, who assert their dignity at the no mean stature of three inches. The Rooks are perfectly safe, we believe, even before the vigorous *coups* of Mr. Alph. Delannoy. It is the only set of men we have ever seen, to play with which we would choose the black men, the weight being all on that side. We congratulate Mr. F. W. Shaw on his superb workmanship, and his father on the possession of a very handsome set of men at once unique and curious. This set of chess men and board have been on view in the window of Messrs. Drysdale, St. James Street, for the last two or three days.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—The regular Quarterly Meeting of this Club will be held this evening, Saturday, April 3rd, at eight o'clock, in the Club Room, Mansfield Street. A handsomely illuminated Notice Board which we saw in Messrs. Drysdale's window in St. James Street, will be presented to the Club. It is executed in gold and colours by Mr. C. S. Baker, one of the members. The board consists of forty-six small squares representing chess boards, half of which contain as many of the finest problems by different composers, and the other half the various moves of the celebrated Immortal Game between Anderssen and Kieseritzky. The interior of the device is divided into panels for the display of the Club Rules and notices. The whole is an elegant piece of work, and we doubt if any club in the Kingdom has a handsomer device for their Notice Board.

MR. R. H. SEYMOUR, editor of the *Chess Budget* in the Holyoke Transcript, in addition to his set of rubber chess type has introduced a rubber diagram printer, with which chess players can print off any number of diagrams they may require. The size is 2 3/4 inches, and the price \$2, which includes green ink powders and inking pads. With red and blue type the whole forms a very handsome diagram. The diagram printer and type, with necessary inks and pads, can be supplied for \$2.50. We have seen them, and strongly recommend chess players to obtain a complete set.

ITEMS.—The index of the *Chess Players' Chronicle* has not yet appeared, though promised in the February number.—Mrs. Gilbert was presented with a gold watch one day last week by a few friends who wished to testify their appreciation of her chess skill in defeating Mr. Gossip.—The *Nordiske Skaktidende* notices the CANADIAN SPECTATOR Problem Tourney. In addition to other matter, two highly interesting correspondence games between Copenhagen and Glasgow and Copenhagen and Christiania are published.





**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY**

**Tenders for Rolling Stock.**

TENDERS are invited for furnishing the Rolling Stock required to be delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway within the next four years, comprising the delivery in each year of about the following, viz.:-

- 20 Locomotive Engines,
- 16 First-class Cars (a proportion being sleepers),
- 20 Second-class Cars, do
- 3 Express and Baggage Cars,
- 3 Postal and Smoking Cars,
- 240 Box Freight Cars,
- 100 Flat Cars,
- 2 Wing Ploughs,
- 2 Snow Ploughs,
- 2 Flangers,
- 40 Hand Cars,

THE WHOLE TO BE MANUFACTURED IN THE DOMINION OF CANADA and delivered on the Canadian Pacific Railway, at Fort William, or in the Province of Manitoba.

Drawings, specifications and other information may be had on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, at Ottawa, on and after the 15th day of MARCH next.

Tenders will be received by the undersigned up to noon of THURSDAY, the FIRST day of JULY next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, February 7th, 1880.



**PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.**

**PARLIAMENT HOUSE.**

**PRIVATE BILLS.**

Parties intending to make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for Private or Local Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, for regulating surveys or boundaries, or for doing anything tending to affect the rights or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively (which are published in full in the *Quebec Official Gazette*), to give ONE MONTH'S NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object) in the *Quebec Official Gazette*, in the French and English languages, and also in a French and English newspaper, published in the District affected, and to comply with the requirements therein mentioned, sending copies of the first and last of such notices, to the Private Bill Office of each House, and any persons who shall make application, shall, within one week from the first publication of such notice in the *Official Gazette*, forward a copy of his Bill, with the sum of one hundred dollars, to the Clerk of the Committee on Private Bills.

All petitions for Private Bills must be presented within the first two weeks of the Session.

L. DELORME,  
Clerk Legislative Assembly.  
Quebec, 16th February, 1880.



**Canadian Pacific Railway.**

TENDERS for a second 100 miles section WEST OF RED RIVER will be received by the undersigned until Noon on MONDAY, the 29th of March next.

The section will extend from the end of the 48th Contract—near the western boundary in Manitoba—to a point on the west side of the valley of Bird-tail Creek.

Tenders must be on the printed form, which, with all other information, may be had at the Pacific Railway Engineer's Offices, in Ottawa and Winnipeg, on and after the 1st day of March next.

By Order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 11th Feb., 1880.

The reception of the above Tenders is postponed until Noon, on FRIDAY, 9th April next.

By order, **F. BRAUN,**  
Secretary.

DEPT. RAILWAYS AND CANALS,  
OTTAWA, 22nd March, 1880.



**Quebec Government Railways.**

**IRON SUPERSTRUCTURE**

FOR

**CHAUDIÈRE BRIDGE.**

**TENDERS WANTED.**

TENDERS, addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works of the Province of Quebec, at Quebec, and endorsed, "Tender for Superstructure of Chaudière Bridge," will be received at the Department of Public Works up to Noon of

**THURSDAY, 1st April next,**

or the construction, delivery and erection of the Iron Superstructure required for the Chaudière Bridge, which is to consist of 10 Spans, each 150 feet in length, one Span of 135 feet, one of 160 feet, and one of 225 feet

Specifications and all other information may be obtained upon application to Mr. P. A. PETERSON, Chief Engineer, 16 St. James street, Montreal.

No tender will be received unless made upon the printed form attached to the Specification, nor unless accompanied with a certified cheque for One Thousand Dollars, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rate and on the terms stated in his tender. Cheques will be remitted to those whose tender shall not be accepted; and for the full execution of the contract satisfactory security will be required to an amount of Four Thousand Dollars.

The Government does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, **E. MOREAU,**  
Secretary.

Quebec, 12th February, 1880.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

**Summer 1880, Suburban Trains.**

The Local Trains between Montreal and St. Hyacinthe, and Ste. Annes and Vaudreuil, will run the same as last year, commencing about the 1st MAY.

**LACHINE BRANCH.**

The Morning and Evening Trains will run as at present, and additional Trains will be put on to accommodate families desirous of taking up their residence at Lachine, full particulars of which will be announced in due time.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.



**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

**NOTICE.**

IMPROVED TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN MONTREAL & LACHINE.

COMMENCING ABOUT THE 1st MAY NEXT, Trains will be run as follows:—

LEAVE LACHINE.	LEAVE MONTREAL.
6.15 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
8.20 "	9.15 "
10.00 "	12.00 noon
1.00 p.m.	3.15 p.m.
4.00 "	5.00 "
5.30 "	6.15 "
7.00 "	7.35 "
11.00 "	11.30 "

The latter Train The latter Train Tri-Weekly.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

Montreal, February 9th, 1880.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**

Important to Shippers of Manitoba Goods.

COMMENCING IMMEDIATELY, a SPECIAL FAST FREIGHT TRAIN will be despatched weekly from Montreal with through cars for Manitoba. Goods intended for this train should be delivered at Bonaventure Freight Station on FRIDAY, if possible, and at latest before Noon on SATURDAY, each week.

**JOSEPH HICKSON,**  
General Manager.

THE **STANDARD**

**LIFE ASSURANCE CO.**

(Established - - - 1825.)

HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Total Risks, over - - - - \$90,000,000  
Invested Funds, over - - - - 26,000,000  
Annual Income, over - - - - 3,750,000  
Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - - 1,200,000  
Investments in Canada, over - - - - 900,000

This well known Company having **REDUCED THEIR RATES**

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

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

**W. M. RAMSAY,**  
Manager, Canada.

THE **ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.,**  
160 St. James Street,  
MONTREAL.

This Company having closed its Fire Agencies in the United States, will now give special attention to Canadian business, which will continue to be taken on the most favourable terms.

**JAMES DAVISON,**  
Manager.

**GRAY'S CASTOR-FLUID.**

(REGISTERED.)

An elegant preparation for the hair. Just the thing for people who take daily baths. Keeps the head free from Dandruff; promotes the growth of Hair; does not alter its natural colour. For daily use in the family.

Sole Manufacturer:

**HENRY R. GRAY, CHEMIST,**  
144 ST. LAWRENCE MAIN ST.,  
MONTREAL.

(Established 1859.) **25c. per Bottle.**

**George Brush,**

Manufacturer of

STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, AND ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.

**BOSTON FLORAL MART.**

New designs in FLORAL, STRAW, WILLOW and WIRE BASKETS, suitable for presents. BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS, SMILAX and LYCOPODIUM WREATHS and DESIGNS made to order.

**GEO. MOORE,**  
1369 ST. CATHERINE STREET,  
MONTREAL.

**NOTMAN & SANDHAM,**  
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,  
17 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX, ALSO AT BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST. JOHN, N.B.

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

**ELOCUTION.**

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street. Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. Private Lessons if preferred. Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

**ALL SHOULD READ**

**CANADIAN**

**SPECTATOR**

A HIGH-CLASS LITERARY WEEKLY JOURNAL

EDITED BY

THE REV. ALFRED J. BRAY.

NON-PARTISAN—NON-SECTARIAN,  
DISCUSSING THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTIONS OF THE DAY WITH AN UNBIASED AND UNPREJUDICED JUDGMENT.

Annual Subscription - - Two Dollars.  
Including postage.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

THIS PAPER IS

A VALUABLE MEDIUM FOR ADVERTISING.

**JOB PRINTING**

Of every description executed with care and dispatch.

**Canadian Spectator Co.,**  
(LIMITED)

162 ST. JAMES STREET,  
MONTREAL.

The CANADIAN SPECTATOR has lived through two years of hard and difficult times, and ventures now to appeal to its many friends for a renewal of the expression of their confidence. When the journal was started it was said on all hands that an independent paper could not live in Canada; and when it was seen that the SPECTATOR intended to give the public articles fair as to politics and first-class as to literary merit, the sapient shook their heads and said: "The thing cannot last; there is no market for such wares." But the supply has created the demand, and now the SPECTATOR has a recognised place and power in the Dominion. The topics of the day have been discussed with frankness and fearlessness; those who have an opinion and are able to express it have had a hearing, and no phase of religious or political faith has been denied freedom of speech in its columns.

Additional departments have been opened from those first contemplated; e.g., the Trade and Finance article, which is conducted in an able and trustworthy manner, so that commercial men may confidently rely upon the figures they find under that heading.

Then there is space devoted to a review and criticism of what is done in the musical world generally; the editor of which understands his work thoroughly and is left free from all limitations and restrictions imposed by managerial considerations of job printing or advertising.

Last of all comes the Chess, the conduct of which is most clever, say the chess players; in fact those chess players are so delighted with what they find in the Chess Column of the SPECTATOR that they have sent a numerous signed requisition that the chess editor be allowed two columns per week instead of one.

The SPECTATOR has now passed into the hands of a Joint Stock Company, Limited, with a largely increased capital, so that friends need entertain no fear, and enemies may put away all hope, that it will come to an abrupt and speedy termination. Already it is demonstrated that an independent and high-class literary paper can live in Canada, and now it is intended that demonstration shall be given to the effect that said paper can command prosperity. No effort will be spared to make the journal better and more useful than it has ever yet been. Reviews will be thorough and searching; criticism will be fair and candid; researches after right and truth will be conducted fearlessly, and every endeavour will be made to put down cant and foul hypocrisy, and to promote the cause of real morality and religion among men.