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The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—No. 30.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

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

During the absence of Rev. A. J. Bray "The Times" will be discontinued. Letters, etc., for insertion are to be addressed as usual to the Editor, and those on business matters to the Manager.

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

I must confess I am at a loss to understand the meaning of the insulting language of the *Toronto National* in its comments on the SPECTATOR'S remarks concerning the Roman Catholic convents of Toronto. I have not troubled myself to take notice of every trumpety insult the SPECTATOR receives at the hands of Toronto editors, but when, without the slightest provocation, it is given the lie direct from a rag baby organ, claiming to have at least some pretension to decency and politeness, I think I am warranted in reiterating the statements which appeared to call forth such insult, and enlarging upon the same. I should be glad to know what part of the offensive article was vulgar. I should be pleased if the *National* would point out the falsehood on "its very face," and prove it. I should also like to know what facilities the *National* has for learning the truth of my statements. Is it vulgar to make known such a shocking scandal as I attempted to show, and which I am prepared to prove? If these ladies, who, as the *National* says, devote their whole lives to the education of the young, would not shrink from winking at it, then, I think the sooner the public are made aware of it the better; to offer a premium for deceit is to encourage fraud, and surely no educational or other establishment should be encouraged in such nefarious practices, no matter who may be interested. If these ladies devote their whole time to the education of the young, so much the worse for this example of the looseness of their employment.

It appears we are not to have peace, or be exempt from party processions. The tremendous excitement at Hamilton proved annoying to some of our Catholic friends, and very foolishly they have determined to have a grand parade in about a month. Because the Orangemen did not have a grand demonstration in Toronto this year, they are of opinion the Papists should not walk either. Very little is said just yet, but there is a suspicion that the Orangemen are grievously put out. I am sorry the Hibernian societies have agreed to "walk," and I am sorry the Orangemen had such a monster turn-out. What right has Canada to these party processions? Should they not be made illegal, and the penalty of breaking the law enforced?

At least one-half of the Toronto architects have decided not to compete for the proposed new Parliament buildings, on account of the way Mr. Fraser has worded his instructions to architects. I have heard considerable speculation lately about these same proposed buildings,

as the time draws near when the plans are to be submitted for approval. It is not too late to express again a hope that the proposed buildings may not be erected just now, for, from what I am able to learn outside of Toronto, the proposal does not meet with such approval as one would be led to expect.

Will some one please congratulate us upon our advancement in the progress of education? Not only is Toronto the seat of learning whence emanates all that appertains to the far-famed school of education, but she is also becoming a second Oxford, as far as the building of colleges is concerned. First, there is the University with its college, a famous building; then comes Trinity College, of second fame; next in preference comes Knox's College; and lastly, St. Basil's (Catholic). But still another is to be added to the list, and a Baptist College soon will adorn the precincts of this enlightened capital. I sincerely hope that with all the learning in our midst, and our great facilities for acquiring learning, including the Blake Scholarship for Political Economy, we may ultimately discover a means whereby we can put into practice some few of the excellent hints thrown out by Professor Goldwin Smith for the better government of this much-governed Dominion. We have D.D.'s and M.A.'s by the score, while LL.D.'s and Q.C.'s are as little thought of as silver in the days of Solomon; but all these capital letters attached to men's names somehow or other do not appear to make them wiser or improve our political or social distresses. We are truly rejoiced to see so many colleges and universities in our land; we would also be rejoiced to see a college and university in our midst for conferring degrees for proficiency in practical common sense.

As the action of water wears away stones, so a constant zeal in any object is sure of ultimate success. The Toronto island for the last fifteen years has been a source of much vexation to the citizens and City Fathers; but by constant reminders of the local journals for the last few years, we have at last arrived to that position when we may be fairly said to be ready for a start in the way of improvement. It is very gratifying, therefore, to be able to say that there is every chance of the island becoming at no very distant date, instead of a nuisance, a very great benefit to the city. To restore the island is not only advisable, but is absolutely necessary, as the island is becoming every year more useless as a breakwater. This island is of so much importance to Toronto, that Torontonians generally would rather see its restoration than give fifty cents to the construction of the Huron and Ottawa Ship Canal; and this not on account of opposition to the canal, but because the restoration of the island is of such immediate importance.

The *Globe's* zeal in its advocacy of the abolition of the Senate calls forth considerable comment in Toronto; the capital of the Province being the home of several of the members of that body Torontonians therefore appear to consider the abolition of the Senate of local importance and look at it from a local standpoint. Popular opinion appear however to run in two grooves, at present widely apart but converging towards the same point; ultimately I presume those in favour of the abolition of the Senate and those in favour of a change in its constitution must meet on the same platform when, I trust as far as Toronto is concerned, the Senate will be abolished.

Again the bonus business is about to breed trouble in Toronto. At a late meeting of influential citizens Mr. Davis moved, seconded by Mr. Boswell—"That the council of the city of Toronto be petitioned to pass a resolution offering inducements to new manufacturers to establish their works here, by exempting such new institutions from

taxes and rent, and especially to pass such resolutions as they deem advisable to encourage the establishment of car and locomotive works in Toronto; and also that such inducement may be made known by advertisement." I am slow to fully appreciate anything that may tend to the prosperity of the Queen City of the West, but I can see in the above resolution the harbinger of much mischief. Why should we offer a bonus to start manufacturers? Why should we offer a special bonus to locomotive manufactures? If Belleville is a better place than Toronto for the manufacture of locomotives, then, by all means, let the proposed manufactory be started in Belleville. It is this sort of selfishness that complains that our streets are bad, our taxes high and all that sort of thing; and our streets will continue to be bad and our taxes continue to be high so long as we advocate and indulge the vicious practice of exemption from taxation and granting bonuses to every Tom, Dick or Harry who happens to have peculiar facilities for turning out some special article. If Toronto is the best place for the establishment of locomotive works, certainly let Toronto have the benefit, but grant no exemption or bonus. If Toronto ought to be the seat of the Dominion Parliament—let the seat of Dominion Parliament be located in Toronto. If the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal is better than the Trent Valley Canal and does not interfere with the Welland Canal and can be constructed economically, and be advantageous to Toronto and all interested, then let the Huron and Ontario Canal be proceeded with, but be careful that no bonus be given unwisely.

The Toronto *Globe* advertises a notice to bricklayers that the Buffalo masons are going to strike on July the 25th for \$2.50 a day, the same as Toronto bricklayers are receiving. Evidently the Buffalo men are labouring under the delusion that Toronto men are receiving but \$2.00 a day, and that there is considerable building in Toronto. The masters of Buffalo, I understand, are not likely to grant the men's request. The Toronto market will then be flooded with bricklayers, and the bricklayers wages will again come down here to \$2.00. Can any one tell me the benefit of trades' unions, either to the unionists or the public generally?

Queen City.

SUBURBAN RETREATS.

One night as Mr. Smyth (Smyth with a *y*) pondered weary and weak, a week ago, he dreamed a dream; he did not dream that he "dwelt in marble halls with vassals and serfs at his side"; he dreamt that he dwelt in a suburban retreat with the mosquitoes singing outside. Moved by a love for the country he had moved out of the city, intending to pass the summer in a truly rural manner. You will hear how, before the summer left, he left summarily.

Mr. Smyth was a very meek, gentle, kind young man, and smiled very sweetly. If you have ever seen his photograph you must have remarked the beauty of his smile—breaking across his face like a ray of sunlight and arrested by his collar at the back of his neck—it has been called a neck-straordinary smile. Well, he had the worthy desire to be a great rower, and having heard of the splendid athletes in the Suburban Retreat Rowing Club, he joined it. In this there was no difficulty, as the only requisites were to part your hair in the middle, also your beard, if you had one; to keep a stiff upper lip, even if it had a tendency to grow down; and lastly, to put President, Secretary or some title or other before your name. All the members have these titles. Mr. Smyth joined, and was elected 9th Vice-President, his duty being to smoke in the boat-house and thus develop his muscle. Some of the rowers row with spoon-oars, whilst the lady friends spoon with the rowers;—in this latter division our friend nearly always was found. He also went fishing, and had been engaged in the interesting occupation of holding a rod for two hours without getting a bite, when he heard two Frenchmen who had been out all day remark: "Anytings bite you dare?" "No, notings at all." "Vell, notings bite me too." He gave up fishing, evidently seeing that the fish were not to be hooked, as they doubtless had hooked it. His landlady had asked him before he went fishing to send up a man to do about six hours' work. Well, he looked and looked without success; finally he met a lady of uncertain age, of whom he asked: "Can you tell me where I can get a man?" "No," she replied, "I have been looking for fifteen years and have not been able to find one." Mr. Smyth gave up looking.

Of his landlady he had inquired on making terms if she could "put him up." The answer had been in the affirmative, and he had a good deal to "put up with." He would often undress by the light of a match, and would gaze in matchless wonder at his bed, which looked like the crater of a volcano. Of course the "hired cratur" had so much to do that she only succeeded in

making it up once a week. He had a piece of soap about three inches long with which to perform his daily ablutions, and so hard (perhaps Castile) that it broke a tumbler one day when he dropped it. And he was very fond of perfumery, though, strange to say, the dry weather would affect even his perfume bottles, while the servant girl would scornfully walk past him beautifully scented, and Mr. Smyth would smile humorously and kindly as he said "it was not humorous but perfumerous." However, he innocently filled one of his scent bottles with mucilage, so that the servant assumed a rather gummy appearance. Mr. Smyth had to put up with the voracious boarder who had such an appetite that he bolted a door, devoured a whole story, took down a family portrait, threw a glance around the room, and positively took in all that was left, and strange to say, though he was very ill afterward, only threw up a window—it was certainly very painful. All these things Mr. Smyth endured; but he could not endure the puddings, so he resolved to enter a complaint, which he did in the following fashion: "My dear landlady, it's the puddings, they are too mysterious and too monotonous, and a Grand Trunk prize candy package does not equal them for surprises; they are more hashtonishing than hash itself, and when you fry what is left, it is not right and is fryghtful stuff—and sometimes they are very thin and watery, and the fashion is to use forks, so that one can hardly do justice to them. You know they are very like gruel; in fact, one of the boarders grew ill after eating some. And then you give us an old pudding with a new top, and it is by no means "tip-top." You might give us a change sometimes—say once a month. It is only fair to vary your bill of fare, so that these farefully and wonderfully made puddings may be known in all their variety; and then the Spring chickens may be spring, but it is a car-spring. I must say that you have been good enough not to uscoot hash upon us very often, though I feel confident that you once gave us coal hashes, inducing one of the boarders to make a stupid hash of himself, whilst another was led to commit an ass-hashination. I wish you would ask your daughter to cease thumping on the piano—it would make a cat sick; perhaps that is why she calls it mewsic. She says she has been taught by Signora Maccaroni, or some such name, one of those 'furners' who talk so 'infurnally.' I go into the room, and she is thumping away. She turns to me and says 'Would you like to hear me sing?' 'With pleasure,' I reply, hoping that it will soon be over. 'I will sing one of the Pinafore songs,' and when, Madam, I ask your daughter if it is new, she is quite indignant, saying it must be new, as there could not have pin-a-fore the time of No-ah. She begins to sing 'Ahem! ahem! ahem!'—she never gets beyond this hemming—perhaps it makes her songs sew-sew. I will tell you, my dear landlady, as a secret that I was deeply in love with your daughter and not in the usual way, that—

"Our love was like most other loves,
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud and a pair of gloves,
And 'Fly not yet' upon the river."

But I loved her madly, and told her I was going to get married and settle, looking at her as impressively as I could, but she only replied that I had better settle first and marry afterwards. And last night at the dance I proposed to her, saying that I trusted my hopes would not be nipped in the bud, and she laughed heartlessly, not artlessly; this morning I found out the reason of her laughter, instead of having been understood as saying, "nipped in the bud," she had understood, "dipped in the mud." To speak of more material things—I receive my collars from your laundress without a particle of starch in them, while, on the contrary, my handkerchiefs come back as stiff as a sheet of tin. This is not proper, and the laundress knows that I cannot blow my nose. Further, I am not at all satisfied with that new-fangled drink which you give us, called K.O.K. I am perfectly willing to admit that it is K. or Poliwha, but not O.K. at all—perhaps the inventor intended it for the O.K. Indians. Why do you give us this stuff and say that it is healthier than tea and coffee? It tastes like boiled sawdust or extract of soapsuds, and—however appropriate it may sound—it is not exactly the thing to do, to wash one's food down with extract of soapsuds; you may talk of your K.O.K. as much as you please, madam, but honest tea is the best policy. Again, one of the principal reasons which led me to come here was, that I expected to get fresh and pure milk; what I have had has surely come from the bottom of a well, and I wish you would ask the milkman to leave well alone. Your children are a great nuisance, they are so numerous; you call them cherubs—they are cherubim and seraphim—as they "continually do cry." I also like to sit on the verandah and enjoy the view; I read in your advertisement that the house was surrounded with shade-trees, but all I can see is that your husband has planted a few sunflowers, and you must agree with me that sunflowers, as shade-trees, are failures. Your husband, I presume, gets his horticultural knowledge from the columns of a daily newspaper, from which I have taken the following extract:—"The first thing to do in a garden is to prepare it; after this is done it is advisable to repair the fence so as to afford a roost for chickens; Paris greens are not to be planted this year until late in the season; cow-cumbers are not profitable, therefore see that your neighbour's cow cumbers not your garden; and sow on," etc. Mr. Smyth would have said more but the landlady interrupted him, saying, that he could leave immediately. "Take your trunk and pack," she

said. So he packed his trunk and left, pack and package. He returned to town and may be seen by the curious wandering up and down the corridor of the Windsor, a sadder and a wiser man. The above is a true description of how the Suburban Retreat lost one of its boarders, and is related as a warning to those who entrap innocent citizens by exaggerated accounts of the comforts of a home in the country.

Geo. Rothwell.

TRADE FINANCE—STATISTICS.

The outlook in business circles is not at present very favourable, and all those who are carrying large stocks will doubtless find that the profits will be smaller than they were during the preceding six months. The demand for all goods is at present limited to what is desired for immediate consumption, and there is but little prospect of speculative advances, so that any profits realized will result from legitimate trade. However those who are carrying large stocks will necessarily have to be strong in capital in order to partake of the general prosperity when it comes. As we are to a great extent dependent as regards commercial affairs upon the prosperity or otherwise of our neighbours, it is interesting to watch the tide of affairs there. The *N. Y. Economist* has the following:—

“Another element of uncertainty exists with regard to the prospects of the agricultural class, on whose continued prosperity the whole commercial fabric more or less depends. The magnificent wheat crops harvested last year, and the high prices realized in consequence of the general failure of the crops in Europe, were the most important contribution to the prosperity of the country and the revival of trade. Close observers view with considerable anxiety the possibility of a great decrease in the amount of money to be realized in the coming year from exportations. A good harvest in Europe would result in a changed condition of affairs, so that instead of exporting 175 millions bushels of grain, the amount might dwindle to 75 millions. An unsalable surplus of 100 millions of bushels of wheat is a possibility not to be ignored. The business of the country in its present shape is largely predicated upon high prices for agricultural products and the receipt of large sums from other countries. Should these conditions be interfered with, the results to the agriculturists and the numerous classes dependent upon them would be to largely lessen the demand for goods, decrease the debt-paying power, and intensify the somewhat uncertain feeling with regard to prices generally for merchandise. A lessened foreign demand would of course seriously interfere with the earning power of all means of transportation, and generally put out of gear the machinery of business in its present expansive shape. On the other hand, cheapened food for the manufacturing classes of this country would be a compensating advantage, but whether this would overbalance the disturbance to business generally remains to be seen. The strength of the position which this country occupies, however, in comparison with all other nations of the globe, is the infinite variety of its resources in addition to breadstuffs. In the single article of cotton alone the magnitude of the production now promised, and the high price which still prevails for it will maintain the volume of exports at a high point, especially supplemented as these are by the enormous sums realized from abroad for tobacco, provisions, petroleum, etc., etc. The ability of the country to produce and export articles which no other country can yield in such abundance, and the demand for which is constantly increasing, will always, under ordinary circumstances, enable us to largely regulate the balance of trade in our favour.”

The French Ministry of Commerce has, for the first time, published statistics on the imports of cattle and pigs into that country. The returns apply to the first four months of the present year, and shows that during that period in all 87,000 head of horned cattle, 575,000 sheep and 95,000 pigs have been imported; that of these only 131 oxen, 1,405 sheep, and 26 pigs were brought from America; and that the principal exporter of oxen to France is Italy, which sends nearly two-thirds of the total imported. Algeria sends no fewer than 62,000 sheep.

It is worthy of attention that as stated above only 131 oxen were shipped from America and also that a mountainous country like Italy should be able to export over 50,000 head during the first four months of this year. The French market would seem to be worthy of more attention from cattle exporters.

According to official returns from Washington, the internal revenue of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30 amounts to \$128,000,000. This sum exceeds the previous year's revenue by \$10,000,000, and is \$3,000,000 in excess of the estimates.

I have seen lately the U. S. immigration returns for June 1880, for the ports of Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Huron, Key West, New Orleans, New York and other ports, which give a total of 72,567 immigrants. Of these 12,323 were from the Dominion of Canada. The arrivals at the port of New York during the year ending June 30th, 1879, were as follows:—

In 1880..... 263,726
In 1879..... 99,224

The report of the Hudson's Bay Company, just issued, shows that the profits on the fur trade accounts of outfit, for 1878, amount to £55,803, as compared with £53,852, in the outfit for 1877, and that the share of profits falling to the officers of the Company amount to £6,015, a sum which yields £67.11s. 9d. per share. The net profits of the Company, as shown in profit and loss account amount to £46,286, to which must be added the amount

carried forward from last year £22,037, making a total undivided balance of £68,323. The committee now recommend a dividend of nine shillings per share amounting to £45,000, which would leave £23,323 to be carried forward to next account.

The meeting of railway magnates of July 20th, at Saratoga, was thus spoken of by the *Chicago Tribune*:—“This meeting is to decide whether the Grand Trunk is to become a party to the East-bound pool from Chicago or not. The Grand Trunk consented a few weeks ago to join the pool, provided it is accorded a fair share of the business; the managers demanded 20 per cent., but the other lines were not willing to give more than 7 per cent. Of course, the G. T. R. would not accept the offer, and consequently it was agreed to refer the matter to the Arbitrators. Pending the arbitration, certain concessions were made to the Grand Trunk which, it claims, were violated. For instance, it was agreed that from June 1st until the meeting at Saratoga, the G. T. R. should receive 80 car-loads of live stock a week. But up to about a week ago it had received but 12 car-loads. Then suddenly 83 car-loads were given, but again shipments have entirely ceased. Now, the managers aver that unless a better disposition is shown hereafter to give it fair treatment they will not abide by the award of the arbitrators. Again, both the G. T. R. and Wabash say they will not act with the trunk lines unless Vanderbilt withdraws his opposition to their coming into this city. If Vanderbilt had not enjoined the Western Indiana from crossing the tracks of the Lake Shore, those roads would have been enabled to go into competition with the other Chicago roads months ago. As it is, the Grand Trunk has only been able to do a small business by the courtesy of the Burlington, which allowed it to use its tracks for freight traffic to Sixteenth and Canal streets; and the Wabash, which has been ready to open its Chicago line for several months, is yet entirely shut out.”

The export clearances for Europe from the ports of New York, Montreal, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans for the undermentioned weeks were:—

	Flour, bush.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Rye, bush.	Peas, bush.	Oats, bush.
July 14.....	101,505	2,350,492	3,244,785	43,248	122,582
July 7.....	103,177	2,612,511	3,024,081	12,334	112,213
June 30.....	51,399	3,381,176	4,838,275	3,794	59,215	350,016
June 23.....	74,146	3,265,358	3,449,718	16,659	8,313	126,671
Total 4 weeks.....	330,128	13,109,447	14,547,859	20,453	123,110	711,482
Previous 4 weeks.....	343,090	9,773,111	11,110,286	322,935	532,282	609,369
Total 8 weeks.....	673,157	21,882,558	25,658,145	343,388	655,392	1,320,851
Corresponding 8 weeks 1879.....	553,545	15,505,817	19,535,666	1,323,556	431,292	91,412
Increase.....	119,612	6,376,741	6,122,479	224,100	1,229,439
Decrease.....	980,168

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 July 21, 1880.	Price per \$100 July 21, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$140½	\$136	4	5.69
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	84	61½	3	7.14
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	92	72½	3	6.52
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	129	108½	3½	5.43
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	75	58	2½	6.66
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	98½	74	3	6.09
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,409,600	1,382,037	200,000	3½	..
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	..
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	121½	104	4	6.58
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	..	42½	32
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	110	90½	4	7.27
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	41½	42½
City Passenger Railway.....	50	..	600,000	763,000	104	82	15	4.81
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	129½	115	5	7.74

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund. ‡Per annum.

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 July 17	\$ 66,104	\$ 132,017	\$ 198,431	\$ 149,431	\$ 48,690	3 w'ks	\$ 134,927
Great Western.....	" 9	37,929	55,446	93,375	77,925	15,450	2 "	38,372
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 15	9,028	17,182	26,210	21,717	4,493	2 "	12,466
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 14	1,433	2,043	3,476	3,446	30	2 "	..	25
Midland.....	" 14	2,216	4,887	7,103	6,049	1,054	2 "	2,597
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 10	1,851	999	2,850	2,370	480	fm Jan. 1	2,810
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 14	844	955	1,799	1,252	547	"	10,836
Canada Central.....	" 7	3,920	4,350	8,250	6,102	2,148	1 w'ks	2,148
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	June 19	2,196	4,810	7,006	6,731	275	25 "	20,316
†Q., M., O. & O.....	July 8	10,760	4,903	15,663	6,128	9,535	26 "
Intercolonial.....	Month May 31	\$9,449	\$9,432	\$19,881	\$105,683	\$34,198	5 m'nths	\$187,141

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$52,890. Aggregate increase is \$147,527 for three weeks.

†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

THE GOSPEL OF LAISSEZ FAIRE.

A Sermon preached by Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

Ecclesiastes, iv. 22.

I have called my subject for this evening "The gospel of letting things go," which is the best phrase I can find in the English tongue for expressing the thought I have in my mind. I do not exactly mean indifference, nor impotence, nor what we understand by chance, but what the French would call *laissez faire*—or meaning it a little more strongly, would call *laissez aller*—that is, you may as well have no plan, you had even better make no effort that shall be direct and have an aim; the world is going on very well, and everything will keep going very well, and end very well, if only everything is left alone; the machinery will work smoothly, if you do not interfere by flinging the bones of your body of mortality into the cogs of the wheels. You will recognize that sentiment, I am sure; it is common and quite popular. If the present condition of general mind and life would calmly enquire into itself, and then truthfully express itself, words very near like the ones I have used would be generally uttered. Men neither affirm nor deny the being of God; they do not even trouble themselves enough to be in any serious way sceptical about it. If pressed, they would say—well, in all probability there is a Supreme Being to whom there can be objection to apply the term God—but if you ask me what I mean by that, I must answer, I am not certain. I do not accept the conception Moses and David had of God as being complete and final, and if you ask me to take the Christian portraiture, I must ask which of them? for it has been changed with the years, and different bodies of Christians hold, or seem to hold different ideas. Thus there is God as taught in the Scriptures of science, and God as taught by the cultured sentimentalists of the day. But never mind, I am content that either conception shall live and prevail—or all of them—for all are in some way good, perhaps each has some phase of the truth, and perhaps all of them are needed to convey the full idea. That state of mind I believe to be very prevalent. Even among church-going folk—those most careful to hold and observe the outward decencies of Christian life—it holds. We preach and write books about the infinite Justice by which all men shall be judged and rewarded or condemned, a Justice which is infinitely wise and almighty; we demand that men think right thoughts and speak right words and do just, even charitable acts, and gain peace of conscience now and eternal joy, or be doomed to everlasting misery, but how many of those who hear us heed what we say so as to believe with the mind and heart? Not many. For if they did, congregations would be driven to a frenzy of penitent prayer, just as the colliers were when they swayed, and moaned, and cried to the heavens when Whitefield preached in his great fervid way. Sermons are just as powerfully conceived and delivered now as they were then; if hell is described less vividly, it is declared as a place of unutterable torment; preaching has changed a little, but congregations have changed enormously. They do not quake and fear as they once did; they do not accept our dicta as a direct revelation from heaven as they once did; the thought and sound of our sermons hardly pass the limits of the four walls of the church. The strong denunciations we utter against crime in commerce, crime in politics do not prevail by noon on Monday. Men are not much afraid of God; still less are they afraid of hell, and to no appreciable extent can they be said to desire heaven. They have an interest in this present life, and the earth in which it is rooted, which nothing we say can destroy, or even much weaken. When we ask that they "lay not up for themselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust do corrupt, and thieves break through and steal, but lay up treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," if they arouse themselves sufficiently to regard it as anything more than a platitude, they will smile, as if to say—that is hardly practical, not at all a good speculation; possession is better than promise, and if we could only get that same treasure of the earth it would not be impossible to keep off thieves and rust. It is not that they have absolutely no faith in the treasures of heaven, but they are absolutely certain as to the present, and they are practical men. And it is partly because they are practical men that our teachings have less hold upon them. The intellect has been developed, and the emotions have been put under subjection; they are not so much under the influence of powerful imagery as they once were; their temperament as well as their occupations are against what is merely beautiful and glittering; they are not well able to live for an ideal; that is to say, they are not poetic.

Along with that you will find that mystery has almost completely lost its hold upon the general mind. Time was when if it could be shown that a certain doctrine was beyond the grasp of human reason; too big for argument; too subtle for analysis; too divine for what is merely finite to comprehend, it was enough to command faith. It is not too much to say that the greater the mystery; the more impossible it was for the mind to penetrate it with its strongest thought, the more eagerly was it believed. But all that is changed. Men are tired and can no longer do with mere vagueness and vision and dogmatic assertions based on them. They find themselves in a world of tremendous forces and boundless opportunities, where sometimes the whole energy is needed to barely sustain the life, and sometimes the appetites have unlimited

gratification, and where always the mind finds vast fields of activity awaiting conquest; and they say, explain this puzzle, or tell us how to do it; show us how to master the present, and for the future, with all your great words and noise about it, let it go.

I believe that a great deal of this was inevitable from the first. Men could hardly have a fixed, settled, restful belief unless they could be sure that it was firmly and securely based. See how the idea of God has been gradually changing, and it may be said, surely refining; the conception of God has been broadening and ever becoming more just. Of course science has done that. When Moses wrote the history of the Creation, he wrote of a time of no science, and he tells us that Adam's conception of God was just a child's idea. He heard his voice while walking in the garden; held communion with Him by word of mouth; accepted commands when they were issued; was driven out of Paradise by force—but when Moses speaks of Abraham it is different. To Abraham, God is a great invisible Leader and Judge, to whom he prays, and from whom he asks blessings. Moses makes it manifest that the thought is larger and juster in his mind than it was in the mind of Abraham; follow the writings of David, the great psalms he sang to the Shepherd of Israel and the Father of Spirits, and you will find another stage of progress; read the sermons of Jesus Christ, and you will see that a mighty revolution took place in men's ideas of God, even though they could but half understand the sublimity of His teachings.

Never did Science work upon Theology and compel such changes in it as it is doing now. For the last five centuries the conflict has been going on, and there has never been a battle where theology did not lose some ground. The reign of law has been established. The poetry of the Orientals—when they sang how the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth His handiwork—has lost its sentiment since Kepler, Galileo and Newton taught us astronomy. We do not tremble and crouch down in fear when the thunders roll and the lightnings gleam in the sky, for we know that these are not the fearful tokens of Jehovah's anger—only the result of electric currents meeting. When famine or disease afflicts us, we do not call for general fasting and humiliation and prayer to appease the wrath of a vengeful God, for we know that they are due to preventible causes, and we look to better methods of agriculture, or to our drains. Throughout the array of human discoveries, through the field of human industry and labour, scientific laws and practical achievement have marched, producing such tangible, such undeniable results that theology must be modified and changed if it would command any reasonable respect at all. Moses could not hold his belief and a reputation for sanity in these days—Milton could not write his *Paradise Lost* now—theology of half a century ago is impossible in these times when Science has brought such incontrovertible facts to the light—the result is, that Theology is the vaguest of all vague theories. Try and reduce the general run of our teaching to common sense and understandableness and tell us the result. It is not a positive science, and has nothing to say to positive science. It was not always so. Time was when theology was in theory and practice coextensive with men's lives. Great as the sphere of thought and action might be, the circle of obligations imposed by God was greater still. It sought to harmonise the diversified in man and in society—to explain the mystery of being and sin and holiness, and man's relation to the world around him. Then there was something positive and practical in religion—something which caused great thoughts to move in men's minds, and great emotions to sway in their hearts. Although we can now see that the idea was crude, and the expression poor, it was well defined—it was an ideal—it was the source whence man found inspiration to live as saints and die as heroes; then religion was the controlling force of every phase of individual and commercial life—the king ruled in the name of heaven and not by the will of the people—the men who sat in the high places of authority were the people's *councillors*, and not merely representatives of passionate, avaricious, debauched majorities. But all that is changed—we have exchanged a living force for an indefinite hypothesis. Theology has nothing to do with science, politics, industry, culture and beauty—it belongs to a world of its own, and its glory is no more real to us than the stream of light we call the "Milky Way"—it is a neutral thing, and must not be dragged into any conflict with science—it is too ethereal to be brought down to gild and soften the hard facts of actual experience—too delicate to be brought into the arena of man's real life and external activity. What is there to give an earnest practical man with an interest in this life—with too much knowledge of human nature to trust over-much to unsafe emotions—but who asks that his life may have some centre and some aim—a religion that shall be commensurate with a life that is not mean and distorted, but with a life great in thought, in feeling and in conduct? What have we for him? Roman Catholicism comes with a Syllabus for science and society—a calendar of saints and a missal—most unsubstantial fare for a man who holds that he cannot live on fancy and feeling acting and reacting on each other. Calvinism still puts on savage airs, declaring that all science and all society are only worldly at the best, and to be shunned as contaminating things. There is something offered by both these. They have a word to say—a rule to give—a command to utter about life—practical life, thought, conduct, happiness. It is not enough, however. Roman

Catholicism does not commend itself to the intellect, and Calvinism smites the heart into defiant rebellion. The day for both is gone. They still exist as forms—they have their temples, and their anthems, and their altars, and their creeds, and their hosts of worshippers—each has truth enough in it to keep it alive for a century more—but they do not exercise an influence as they once did. Roman Catholicism is the home of multitudes of women and children, and a few men who dream—and a few more who want to look after the present and let the priest see to the rest; but, as if conscious of its own weakness, it forbids its members to seek for a field for increase of light and knowledge. Calvinism has had to relax much of its harshness, coldness, in order to live in peaceful times, and now its logic is attacked in its strongest holds, and point after point of obstinate defence has been yielded. And when the earnest practical man has turned from these, what can he find? where can he find a religion that shall control head and heart, and eyes, and hands and feet? I confess to you that I know not where he can go. There is the Unitarian formula, which seeks to escape from logical contradictions by discarding the Athanasian creed—there is pro-Christianity, which seeks to escape from historical criticism by giving up the Bible as the word of God, and the scheme of redemption as the basis of its creed—and then come survivals of the bare old Deism—hypotheses of a divine abstraction—vague vapourings of the “eternals that make for righteousness”—a gospel of sweetness and light—a series of beatitudes for culture—a kingdom of heaven that has no king, no conscious willing subjects, no government, and no law—all a beautiful sentiment; and then come philosophical conundrums which veil theology in an impenetrable cloudland. But not one of these, and not all of these have a word to say to human nature—to practical thought and energy—to science and industrial life. And that is what has popularized this gospel of *laissez faire*. We can do nothing in these matters—we understand bread-winning—we understand domestic and political economy—we understand getting rich, or getting honours, or the gratification of the lower senses; but those other matters which are called higher we do not understand at all—let them alone. Things come bringing good or evil, peace or misery, and then go—let them come—let them go.

Is that a mere fatalism? a craven surrender to chance, sheer and blank and cowering atheism? Oh, no. It is not that at all. It is a sort of faith in God, even in a beneficent God. Christian teaching during the many ages past has succeeded in making a general belief in God a very part of the mind. It has become a factor in all education; it has given to society its code of courtesy and laws of honour; it has diffused itself abroad, a subtle essence penetrating everywhere, impregnating the very air—so that the gospel of *laissez aller* (the idea that things had better be let alone) is the outcome of old faith, broken, pounded fine, and mixed with compounds from modern science and philosophies and follies.

That is the position of things as I see it. I am not speaking of men who live in cloistered contemplation, nor am I speaking of the few in our churches who devote their best gifts of thought and feeling and power to work to the upholding of their own character in the faith and righteousness of the Gospel of Christ. I am speaking of people as I find them in general—as they live and move and breathe in the work-a-day life of the world. What can we do then? Is there anything practical upon which we can lay our hand, any work of salvation to be done? Let us face and own the fact, that in spite of all we say men will take the direction of their lives in their own hands; they will order the working of their own energies, and they will maintain an interest, a supreme interest in the life that now is, under the condition that now is. And you cannot hinder each man from holding the belief that he himself is the centre of that interest; but he is sure, when in his right mind, that his personality is not to be at once the centre and circumference of his thought and work. He has an intellect ever at work to try and discover the hidden laws and relations of things; he has two sets of instincts, the one urging him to devote his energy to what is great, ennobled and ennobling; the other urging him to devote himself to what is low and debasing. The intellect will be just as willing to serve the mean instincts as the other and higher; the energy may be wasted in vain efforts or bad, destructive actions. All serious men, whatever their creed, are convinced that man's powers must be brought into truer relations with each other, and when they are harmonized the personal endeavour must be for the good of the whole. Politicians, thinkers, moralists, social economists—all profess to be working with that end in view. The conviction has been forced upon us that we must direct human energy, not stop it; we must cultivate the intellect, not crush it; we must accept truths of science and philosophy without minding our orthodox creeds over-much; we must recognize man's care for the earth, and his life upon it, and give him a religion that shall not make such tremendous demands upon his credulity, that if he confess a belief of it with his lips his reason is ashamed of the surrender—a religion that does not begin and end with the worship of a vague idea, exercising no influence upon the life—a theology which can give strong life to science, and inspiration to the search for knowledge—a theology for true life and a kingdom of heaven here. Yes; a kingdom of heaven here—nothing less; the exercise and administration of laws which shall bring men's varied

capacities and energies into working order; the operation of a force which shall make things go in the right way—a force which shall enable man himself to be an energy—a controlling, influencing energy. That is what men want and must have, and what we must give them, if Christianity is to maintain any hold upon the practical common sense of an educated world. It is a frenzy of insurrection against our vagueness, our unreality, the utter impracticability of nearly all our creeds that has taken for its watchword, “Let everything go its own way.” The old ideas of God, of Providence, of the Incarnation, of atonement, of eternities and absolute goodness and endless hell, have been slipping away from men in spite of all that we can do. After nineteen centuries of change and new adaptation the truth is borne in upon us with overwhelming force, that these things have been wholly unable to organize the intellectual and practical life of man; they have been gradually but surely growing more distinctly separate from human life, and men are now, for the most part, convinced that the theology of the churches cannot be brought into line with science and industry, and what they understand by worldly life. What does the ordinary individual make of all our teachings? Is he distinctly kind and generous to an enemy for love of Christ; does the precept of Sunday's psalm, and prayer, and sermon influence his dealings on Monday? Whoever heard of politicians demanding that right may be done though parties go to the wall? When Mr. Gladstone, awhile ago, appealed to the moral laws of the universe against what he deemed an evil policy, the half of Europe broke out in laughter. No one can tell, and few care to predict, what the end of all this is to be. Now and then some Cassandra comes forth to tell us of rocks ahead, but the prophet of evil, at any rate, has no honour in his own country and among his own kin. Politics are bad and getting worse—but, what will you? let things go. Commerce is immoral—but, let it alone. The popular mind has broken with theology—but, let things go. Keep on in the old humdrum way; you can't alter matters by fretting over them. And we are to blame for that, you and I, the church. The Protestants have had their syllabus and expurgatorium just as surely as the Vatican; we have basely hindered the free uprising of thought; we have tried to seal up the great fountains of knowledge; we have divorced religion from actual life, and made it a thing of inelastic beliefs and elastic emotions; we have banished heaven and hell away into the far-off future; we have filled them with flimsiest unrealities and most grotesque absurdities, and what wonder that the people say to us now: We don't wish to have a controversy with you; we have no desire to quarrel with you, or to insult you; you represent an ancient institution and most venerable traditions; we are quite willing to sign a contract of non-intervention with you; keep to your tracts and your churches and we will quietly let things take their chance. But let me ask in the name of God and humanity if we are going to rest satisfied with this gospel of *laissez faire*? Is there inspiration for a true life in that standing-off in puzzled, dazed impotence? Is life to glide on undirected, and all work to be aimless? No—that sleep of indifference can only end in awaking to despair, deep and dark. Can it be that we poor mortals have no gospel of power unto salvation? I believe not. We have a gospel of life; of salvation; a gospel for plain, practical life upon the earth; precepts for great practice, and laws of right living.

INFANT MORTALITY—PUBLIC HEALTH AND SAFETY.

The mortality of children under one year during the present hot season in Montreal has been very great, and even greater still in the City of New York. I cannot believe that real indifference exists in the minds of philanthropic people in Canada in regard to this public evil, which, on a first view, would seem to form a great deduction from the merits of our Canadian climate; indeed, we are aware that the question has provoked a good deal of discussion at one time and another, and our late valued and public spirited citizen, Dr. Carpenter, gave much of his time and efforts to the endeavour to elucidate it, but our Social Reformers now seem to feel somewhat beaten in their endeavours. It is a pity the vital statistics of the Dominion, and especially of Montreal, are not more complete, so that the actual dimensions and localities of the mischief might be pointed out. Having but few figures that are of much service, we may at any rate fall back upon the general facts or what are commonly so regarded. And one is, that there is no very special mortality of the kind in Quebec City; another, that we do not find it in ordinarily healthy districts of Quebec Province,—the Eastern Townships for example. We have no means for a correct comparison of the status of all the cities of the Dominion in this respect, as we ought to have. It does seem that Montreal and New York have an unfortunate preëminence in this matter. In New York the heat in summer is more intense than in Canada, and of late the deaths of young children have amounted to about fifty a day in that city. There are remarkable electrical conditions in hot weather in Montreal, arising doubtless from the rocky elevation of the mountain in the midst of a great plain. The mountain also keeps off the northerly breezes which might refresh the city. To what extent we ought especially to attribute these deaths to the

sewerage, or rather its defects, is still an open inquiry. The question in its length and breadth is in a disgraceful condition of neglect, from the scientific point of view. Canadians unfortunately generally prefer to settle questions for themselves rather than appeal to experts; but they may yet be brought to see that there could be no worthier subject for a Royal Commission of doctors and matrons, although it will be quite necessary to renew this hint when our Ottawa rulers are more at home, and have less of "Canada Pacific" considerations weighing upon their minds. But the public health should never come second. When the "commission" becomes a fact, we shall want to have the entire question of baby-farming put on such a footing that the coroner shall be able to deal with all cases of wilful neglect as they arise, in the spirit of a Christian jurisprudence, which is certainly not the case at present. Even now the civic authorities could tabulate the infant mortality more effectually and distribute it correctly for the several wards. If the special mortality of children in summer could be proved to arise from the heat and nothing else, the problem would be immensely simplified, and we should only have to adopt such refrigerating arrangements for our dwellings, as would be quite feasible, to gently reduce it. But there seems no such hope. It is heat in combination with other material influences. It is quite the fashion to exercise our minds on the subject of population, and all the time we are allowing one of the best sources of population—that by natural increase—to run to waste, to the wounding of the tenderest affections of families. The class feelings that form so marked a characteristic of colonial life will doubtless some day be modified, so as to admit of social improvements—such, for example, as play-grounds as well as mere walking-grounds for the children of the poor, such as they are now getting in England, and to admit of the trouble being taken of keeping the people from destroying themselves from day to day under the wheels of the locomotives. Mr. Hickson and Mr. Senecal are probably already in possession of sufficient powers to prevent people from boarding or getting off trains while in motion, and from trespassing on the railway tracks. Both these gentlemen must wish to save life wherever it is possible to do so, and can have no sympathy with the reckless suicides. Our citizens as a body would be heartily glad to see such matters set right, and to get rid of the painful sense of powerlessness that now afflicts them.

Civis.

THE MODESTY OF LOW DRESSES.

In last week's SPECTATOR the writer of a short article on the custom of wearing low-neck dresses in the evening closes, I think I may presume, *her* article by asking why ladies should be ashamed of being seen with exposed necks and shoulders in the mornings but not in company in the evenings, and hopes for a reply from some candid woman or man.

Perhaps as a candid man I may be permitted to answer this question, and also incidentally to refer to some other kindred customs which are the not infrequent subjects of discussion. The puzzled querist comes very near the answer to the question in the article itself where reference is made to the fact that women in certain countries wear next to no clothes without any feeling of shame; but that the bearing of this fact on the question has been missed is shown by the anecdote which follows as an evidence of "the absurdity of where modesty begins and where it ends." The inference which we are to draw from this case of a lady who was in the habit of wearing low dresses in evening society, but felt dreadfully shocked at being found by a male acquaintance in an equally undressed condition in the daytime, must be, either that the lady was modest in the morning when her male visitor surprised her, and was immodest in the evening when an equal exposure was unblushingly presented to probably the same eyes, or that for a woman under any ordinary social occasions to expose her neck and shoulders is immodest, and she who does not appreciate the fact is guilty of, at least many think, no feeling on the subject. Now, I think it can be easily shown that both these too common inferences are wrong, and proceed from the assumption that a certain minimum of clothing is absolutely necessary to the preservation of female modesty. This, however, is by no means the case, for the kind of modesty in question is neither the presence nor the absence, nor the fashion of clothes, nor an intellectual conclusion, but a feeling which is excited by different conditions in different countries, periods and classes. In other words the modesty of an action is not to be determined by the action itself, but by the influence which the action has upon the minds of the actors and their associates. This will appear more clearly if we give some illustration of the manner in which modesty is shocked in different people in the same or different countries, and in the same people in different circumstances. In the first place, as has already been remarked, among many of the tropical peoples the absence of clothes conveys no shock to their modesty, because clothes being quite unnecessary the sense of personal decency is not outraged by their want; but it would be quite unjustifiable to therefore infer that these people had no true modesty. Another illustration from a higher stage of society is still more forcible. In the East I have often admired the graceful forms and motions of the Arab girls drawing and carrying

water from the wells, and have marked with interest the genuine modesty with which, when I was observed, they hastily drew part of their scanty garment over their faces, which according to their creed it was the height of immodesty to reveal, and at the same time exposed the greater part of their shapely figures without thought of indecency. Again, in European countries where peasant women do outdoor work, I have seen them working in the fields or trudging modestly enough on the roads with a shortness of skirts rivalling those of a ballet girl, while their lady fellow countrywomen blush at the accidental revelation of an inch or so of ankle, though perhaps at the same time exposing an amount of neck and bosom which would outrage the modesty of the peasant. And so the further we travel the more we find that, *not modesty*, but what is calculated to excite feelings of modesty, varies indefinitely among different peoples and classes of peoples, or as a most respectable and orthodox Anglo-Indian wife and mother once said to me: "Decency in England and decency in India are very different." To which I answered, I believe with truth, "Decency is very much an affair of climate." And now, if we return to the lady in the tale who was shocked to be seen with bare shoulders in the morning and not in the evening, we shall conclude that she was equally modest on both occasions, but that according to her ideas it was not decent to display so much of her person on the one occasion and was quite decent to do so on the other, and therefore her modesty was excited by the one but was not aroused by the other. Nor was there any greater contradiction in this difference of feeling in this instance than there would be if the same person felt no discomfort at men seeing her on the sands or in the water at the seaside, as they often do, in a costume which would be highly indecent and consequently uncomfortable in St. James Street.

Closely allied to this question of decency of attire and its action on modesty are the varying ideas of decency of conduct and its influence on modesty. To illustrate this let us consider the rules which regulate the conduct of young girls of good position in France, England and Canada. In the first a young girl is not allowed to hold any social intercourse with young men not very nearly related to her, in the second, girls may in company talk and enjoy the society of young men but to walk, drive, or receive visits alone is considered most improper, while in Canada a young girl may walk or drive with and receive visits alone from young men with perfect propriety. Now in all these cases the actions are themselves exactly the same, and argue neither modesty nor immodesty on the part of their actors, and yet we may safely say that the English girl could not associate with young men with the freedom which is harmless and innocent on the part of Canadian girls without taint, nor could a French girl emulate the moderate freedom of the English girl without a consciousness of impropriety. And thus in the case of conduct, as in that of attire, it is not necessarily the actions themselves but their effect on the minds of the actors and their associates which constitute their propriety or impropriety. Before concluding there is another question of modesty of conduct to which it may not be profitless to allude as it is the subject of much debate and more abuse. I refer to round-dancing in society. Is round dancing modest or not? The Puritan says it is highly immodest, at least provocative of, to put it mildly, immodesty. The men and women of the world, not necessarily worldly men and women, say it is not immodest. The latter argue from the facts of either their own or their friends' and relatives' average experience; the former from their ideas of what they think it would be in their own case or from cases where immodesty has confessed it could utilize round-dancing in its service. To dogmatize on the latter grounds is about as convincing and sound as it would be for a Turk, who knows or thinks he knows that he would be most immodest to shake hands with a woman, to argue that therefore the Puritan who shakes hands with his lady friends is a lewd fellow, or at least in danger of losing the fine edge of his purity. In short, the modesty of round-dancing like that of low-neck dresses is purely a question of the effects which it may have on the minds of the dancers.

I have now shortly endeavoured to answer the question originally proposed, and I trust that I have satisfied the proposer and other doubters that while modesty is itself a constant feeling, the circumstances which excite the feeling vary indefinitely in different people and the same people in different circumstances and that to wear low-neck dresses or short dresses, or for that matter no dresses, or to take solitary walks or drives, or to bathe with or to receive visits from or to dance with the other sex, are not themselves either modest or immodest actions, but the right or wrong of which depend altogether upon the effect which they produce on the individual or the society in which they occur.

In regard to the questions of the healthfulness or good or bad taste of wearing low-neck dresses, or of dancing, or on the various social effects of the varying rules of social intercourse between men and women, I do not propose to enter, further than to say in regard to the question of attire, it will I believe be a happy day for society when men and women will so dress as to minimize their personal deficiencies and enhance their personal advantages. In which case it would not be long before a fine and therefore healthy form would be an object of ambition and its more frequent attainment would not only please the artist but sensibly improve the coming race.

THE USE OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.

(Concluded.)

The reasoning of Dr. Bucke, in the pamphlet referred to, involves the same fallacy as that employed by Dr. Richardson, and mentioned in the *Times* editorial. Another extract from the same paper in regard to the medicinal use of stimulants will not be out of place here:—

"The point is precisely one on which the inadequate science and the practical ignorance of the physician who does not prescribe any form of alcohol, or who prescribes only pure alcohol, will lead him into grave errors, of a kind from which the physician who uses all forms when necessary will be preserved by his empirical knowledge."

Dr. Richardson, although he is considered as far advanced as any of the total-abstinence theorists, is not by any means in accord with the physicians of Great Britain. The British Medical Temperance Association, of which in its fourth year (1879) he became President, consisted then of only 94 members, (45 of whom identified themselves with the movement only when Dr. Richardson accepted the Presidency, and, it may be said, mainly because he did accept it) out of, in round numbers, 18,000 medical practitioners at that time in Great Britain.

To return to my subject, brandy is employed by physicians internally as an excitant for restoring patients from suspended animation, to relieve fainting symptoms during surgical operations, to check vomiting, as a stimulant and restorative in the last stages of fever, and as a general stomachic stimulant.

To repeat what has been said of wines would require more space than is at all necessary, as the facts are so generally admitted that a mere reference will be sufficient. Their principal ingredients are water, alcohol; sugar, gum, tartaric, malic, and other acids, various salts, an extractive flavoring matter from the grape, &c. Most of their essential dietetic and therapeutic properties depend upon the alcohol, sugar, and free acids contained in them. Port contains about 20 per cent. of alcohol; sherry, 15 to 24; madeira, about 19; champagne, about 14; Rhine wines, from 9 to 13; claret, about 10. Of the effect of alcohol enough has been said above and I need not refer to it again here. Port, madeira and champagne contain the most sugar—a substance which contributes materially to sustain the animal heat and is consequently valuable as an article of diet. Some of the salts contained in wine are found in bone, are constantly eliminated from the system in the course of nature, and to sustain the vigor of our system unimpaired, must be replaced by our food.

It is admitted by almost everyone who has had the least experience that as age increases and circulation becomes languid, wines are an essential, or at least a valuable article of food. Dr. Druitt, who experimented largely with the various wines and more especially with those that are within the reach of almost everyone's purse, says, "in prescribing wine, physicians do not do it for the sake of the alcohol alone, but rather for a compound liquid containing more salts than many mineral waters; the extractive matter of grape-juice and the powerful oils and ethers which give wines their peculiarly exhilarating qualities." He recommended and prescribed them throughout his practice to literary persons in place of tea or coffee as a breakfast drink, diluting them with about twice as much water. He found them admirably adapted for children with bad or capricious appetites, and for all whose occupations are carried on chiefly indoors, and which tax the brain rather than the muscle. In England they are used medicinally in so many cases that it is impossible to do more here than mention the most important. For example, in cases of extreme debility, nervous exhaustion, fevers, vomiting, want of appetite, &c. they could hardly be replaced by a more generally valued or effectual remedy.

And now let us speak briefly of ale, or beer, that, among English-speaking people, ever-popular drink. Its constituents are water, alcohol, sugar, gum, gluten, and the bitter extractive and flavoring matters of the hop. Without again referring to these substances apart from each other, I may simply say that malt, from which beer is made, is recognised and admitted to be a great aid to digestion; that it contains valuable food properties; and that the hop, which is now a principal ingredient of ale, is a good appetizer and tonic. I may also note the largely increasing use of preparations of malt, in both Great Britain and the United States, by dyspeptics and others with weak digestion, and the number of hop compounds which are daily creeping into greater favour as tonics and appetizers. "Considered dietetically," says Pereira, "beer possesses a three-fold property: it quenches thirst; it stimulates, cheers, and if taken in sufficient quantity, intoxicates; and lastly, it nourishes or strengthens." And, further on, "from these combined qualities, beer proves a refreshing and salubrious drink (if taken in moderation), and an agreeable and valuable stimulus and support to those who have to undergo much bodily fatigue." Now a few more expressions of opinion and I have done:—

COMMITTEE REPORT ON INTEMPERANCE, HOUSE OF LORDS.

"The committee called for the evidence of the most distinguished medical men of the day, including Sir William Gull, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Sir Henry Thompson, and Dr. Richardson; but the result is neutral. Although much valuable and interesting information has been provided by these gentlemen, 'it does not appear from their evidence,' in the opinion of the committee, 'that there is any theory as to the physiological properties or as to the dietetic or medicinal value of alcohol, which is as yet so generally accepted by the medical profession as would warrant its being adopted as a basis for legislation.' The committee concluded that, generally speaking, the evidence taken by them indicated that the

increase of intemperance was mainly due to the rapid rise of wages and the increased amount of leisure enjoyed by the manufacturing and mining classes. The committee say it appears from the evidence that drunkenness is less common than formerly among the more respectable portion of the working classes. In other words, the same process is at work which banished drunkenness from the upper and middle classes. As education increases the vice is felt more and more to be stupid and discreditable, and is put down by the force of class opinion."—*Times*, March 21, 1879.

The conclusion of the committee that there is as yet no fit basis for legislation, is quite refreshing during the present "Scott Act" agitation. Now read what the Lord Chancellor of England said in his opening address when presiding at one of J. B. Gough's lectures:—

"I myself have but little hope of making men sober or temperate by Act of Parliament, I look rather to the effect of other causes and influences. I look to the power and force of persuasion, of conviction, of example," &c.

While speaking of Parliamentary acts in this connection, we should not overlook the general results of past legislation. It has been found that enactments to prevent the consumption of liquors have caused respectable dealers to withdraw from the trade which becomes unprofitable through the high taxes; their places are supplied by the profligate and criminal classes who have no objection to breaking the law. It has been found that smuggling flourishes; that the officers of the law are assaulted and violently prevented from discharging their duty; that informers are hunted down as enemies to the community. A premium is thus placed on breaking the law, and the result might be, if such action was continued and general, a demoralization of the people and an antagonism between them and the law, which would very likely extend to other and less offensive matters of legislation. The histories of England, Ireland and Scotland all show the same effect of prohibitive taxation or rather the attempt to enforce such.

Of the use of alcohol as an article of diet, the *Times* says "the opinions of the medical profession are unmistakable. They have been expressed within the last few months in a series of articles in the *Contemporary Review*, written by some of the most eminent physicians and surgeons in London, and among which those of Sir James Paget and of Dr. Moxon were especially noteworthy. * * * The general effect of what they have written may be fairly stated somewhat in the following manner:—

They hold that the regular moderate use of alcoholic drinks as articles of diet, is certainly harmless, and probably as beneficial as it is agreeable to the great majority of the human race in temperate climates and in civilized countries; that such use is a matter of necessity to some, especially to brain workers of small appetite and weak digestion; and that total-abstinence is a mode of life which is conducive to the welfare of the few rather than of the many."

There is one thing more I would like to speak about. From the manner in which Dr. Bucke introduces into his pamphlet the result of his experiment in the London Asylum, it would appear as if it were an original scheme of his own to withhold stimulants from those who have regularly and continuously used them. This is not the case; as Dr. Peddie shows, in his work on the treatment of *delirium tremens*, they can be abruptly withdrawn without any bad effects; and it has been frequently observed in the large prison establishments of England and the Continent that none were noticeable in the sudden change from unlimited indulgence to plain prison fare occurring in the cases of fully three-fourths of the criminals.

Dr. Bucke says in another place that the inmates of a Lunatic Asylum "appear to need stimulants the most." This seems to me an absurd idea. I imagine that they are the last people in the world who should be allowed them. Their exhaustion is not physical, generally it is not exhaustion at all but rather an abnormal development of some portion of the brain. They have but very little physical exertion to undergo and never have any severe continued labour; so why do they need stimulants? Those people engaged in continuous mental work who use stimulants do so, not with the idea of increasing their mental activity or stimulating the brain, but to aid their digestive organs in assimilating the nutritive matter from their food and to encourage for such food a greater appetite, which through their want of physical exertion or healthy exercise has depreciated.

I may be altogether wrong in my conception of those systems that require stimulative food and drink, as I have no medical knowledge to aid me in the study: it is for this reason that I have not met Dr. Bucke's assertions point by point as I should have liked to have done: but until some one with accurate medical knowledge convinces me that I am wrong I shall continue to believe that lunatics and idiots are of all people the last who need stimulants.

I excerpt the following remarks from the recently published work on the "Voice," by Dr. Holmes, which is a fitting piece to close my paper, adding as it does a decided denial to Dr. Bucke's assertions:—

"Taken in moderation by a healthy person, spirituous liquors may be considered as a kind of agreeable stimulus of the nature of a luxury, which, if seldom beneficial, is still not absolutely harmful. It is difficult, however, to determine the precise amount that may be consumed habitually without injury, especially as it doubtless varies according to the fundamental constitutional strength of each individual. From some careful scientific observations Parkes (Dr.: author of "Manual of Practical Hygiene") has concluded that the average

male adult may take from one to one-and-a-half fluid ounces of alcohol daily without any resultant injury to health. * * * Hence we may decide that a man desiring strictly to avoid excess may drink in the twenty-four hours—

Of brandy.....	2½ ounces.
Of sherry or port.....	5 “
Of claret or hock.....	10 “
Of beer.....	20 “

* * * In addition to alcohol, wines and beer contain a small quantity of certain nutritive and tonic principles, which have an invigorating effect on the constitution. For general consumption or for invalids they possess, therefore, an important advantage over the various kinds of spirits.”

I might continue this article to almost any length by rehearsing the arguments for and against the use of alcoholic stimulants which have been before the public ever since the total-abstinence scheme was first promulgated. But that was not my intention, nor is it at all necessary: my readers can find them succinctly stated in any encyclopædia. I have placed before you some opinions that carry weight almost the world over, and which have convinced me that repressive legislation is not necessary, and that Scott Acts and Dunkin Bills, and such like enactments are opposed to the principles of any country claiming to be free.

I leave to everyone's judgment the decision of the question, whether it is *right* that the sale and manufacture of the stimulants I have herein referred to should be stopped on account of the injury which some would say they invariably cause to man, and to the country; and I leave the task of rebutting Dr. Bucke's metaphysical theories to some one who can comprehend them better than I can.

Observer.

PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

There are certain subjects about which both men and women seem to think themselves privileged to be untruthful, and they are not slow to exercise the privilege. One of the subjects, with men, is business, and what belongs to it, such as capital, credit, profits. The topic that women are most prone to exercise their fancy on, irrespective of any basis of fact, is proposals of marriage, which they may regard as their business, since, unhappily, most women, when young, have no other business worthy the name. Their highest intelligence, their greatest energy, their best thought, are devoted to wedlock. They are taught to believe that wedlock is their destiny, and it must be conceded that, as a rule, they take no pains to counteract it. Naturally, they want to make the best match they can. They hope to love their husbands; but they wish, very reasonably, to have something besides their heart to support love.

Marriage is to them an ideal state, a husband is an ideal creature, until they have been attained. They think that they can secure the most desirable husbands by making themselves appear in active demand, which, connubially not less than commercially, enhances the price of the thing in the market. Every time that they have an offer, and the offer is made known, their chances for a marital prize are bettered, and every woman, whatever her lack of endowment, has at least a latent hope of winning a prize. If they do not have as many offers as they believe they ought to have, why should they not imagine or invent some? This is the suggestion of their vanity—the most dangerous tempter to a woman—and the suggestion once made cannot be forgotten. It is likely that the suggestion may not come in so definite a shape. The wish to be sought as a wife being so strong in the feminine breast, may it not become the father of the belief? May not women deceive themselves into thinking that men have proposed who have never dreamed of proposing? May they not see what they want to see? May they not hear what they want to hear?

This is true of some women, probably, but the mass of them undoubtedly stretch their conscience and the truth when they speak of their offers. The fact that any woman will or can make such a revelation, except under most extraordinary circumstances, is sufficient ground to discredit her. She who has the largest number of offers is apt to be she who is absolutely silent on that point. Men, however foolish in matters matrimonial—and they are as foolish as their worst enemy could ask—show a degree of discretion in committing themselves to women manifestly without reserve. Still, it is surprising and painful to think how many women of the better sort, women ordinarily possessed of delicacy, refinement, and trustworthiness, will deliberately falsify concerning the conduct of men they are or have been on terms with. Apart from gratification to their vanity, they may have a feeling of anger toward men who, in their judgment, should have proposed, and have not. They may avenge themselves on the stupid or perverse fellows for their failure to do the proper thing by misrepresenting them. If they would have accepted an offer, had it been made, they may be, from a law of their sex, inappeasably inimical toward the non-makers.

Be the cause or motive what it may, the fact remains that no man can have any kind of associations with the other sex without figuring sometime as a defeated candidate for matrimony. Indeed, there is no way of escape for him. He will be put in the position of a refused lover in almost any circumstances. Men are often declared to have been rejected by women with whom they have never been alone for half a minute. Probably there has never been an anchorite whom rumour has not some time jilted. The feminine world is

unwilling to believe, it cannot be persuaded, that any masculine being averse to marriage on principle ever has existed or ever will exist. And to sustain their favourite theory, as well as to magnify their connubial value, women have recourse to invented proposals. Those inventions are very apt to be accepted as truth, for there is no improbability in any man wanting to marry any woman; and then the woman would not, it is commonly held, tell such a falsehood on any account. The mere circumstance of her telling it gives it weight, for it is so unmaidenly, so indelicate a thing to do, that she would not and could not do it were it not a positive fact.

This, like many popular opinions, has no basis. The very reverse is true. The woman who is inclined to talk of her offers may safely be distrusted. Her violation of what should be a sacred confidence proves her too deficient in moral sense to stop at what plain people would call downright lying. How she would regard a man who should say that this or that woman wanted him to marry her, it is easy to see. She would regard him as a contemptible coxcomb, an impertinent puppy, a sorry cur, even if she should believe him; and if she should disbelieve him, as she would surely have abundant reason for doing, she could hardly find words to convey her scorn and detestation.

Where is the wide difference between the offence, whether committed by one sex or the other? She would probably answer, "It would be shameful for a man to tell such a thing, even if it were true. But if a woman were to tell it, and it were untrue, its untruth would do no harm. If it were true, she would keep it to herself." This is a fair specimen of the average woman's logic and of her eccentric ethics. She would be pretty nearly right, though, in the last part of her utterance. As to a false report of a man's proposal doing him no harm, there may be diversity of opinion, and he would be likely to take the affirmative. A man of character, self-understanding, and judgment is not apt to offer marriage to a woman without excellent cause to believe that he will be accepted. His instinct ought to inform him so fully as to render an individual avowal superfluous. Men who are neither fops nor dullards are seldom refused. It is a reflection on their intelligence that they can be refused, and they have good reason for indignation when they hear that they have been discarded by women whom they could never esteem, much less love and seek as wives. Men bear this gross misrepresentation stoically, because, perhaps, they consider it inevitable, and if they are manly men they are silent, when a word might blast. Many women take a mean advantage of such men by confiding in their honour while devoid of honour themselves.—*N.Y. Times.*

A STORY WITHOUT A TAIL.

BY MORGAN O'DOHERTY.

—:O:—

CHAPTER I.—HOW WE WENT TO DINE AT JACK GINGER'S.

So it was finally agreed upon that we should dine at Jack Ginger's chambers in the Temple, seated in a lofty story in Essex Court. There was, besides our host, Tom Meggot, Joe Macgillicuddy, Humpy Harlow, Bob Burke, Antony Harrison, and myself. As Jack Ginger had little coin and no credit, we contributed each our share to the dinner. He himself provided room, fire, candles, tables, chairs, tablecloth, napkins—no, not napkins; on second thoughts we did not bother ourselves with napkins—plates, dishes, knives, forks, spoons, (which he borrowed from the wig-maker), tumblers, lemons, sugars, water, glasses, decanters—by the by, I am not sure that there were decanters—salt, pepper, vinegar, mustard, bread, butter, (plain and melted,) cheese, radishes, potatoes, and cookery. Tom Meggot was a cod's head and shoulders, and oysters to match—Joe Magillicuddy, a boiled leg of pork, with peas-pudding—Humpy Harlow, a sirloin of beef roast, with horse-radish—Bob Burke, a gallon of half-and-half, and four bottles of whiskey, of prime quality ("Potteen," wrote the whiskeyman, I say by Jupiter, but of which *many*—*He* alone knows")—Antony Harrison, half-a-dozen of Port, he having tick to that extent at some unfortunate wine-merchant's—and I supplied cigars à *discretion*, and a bottle of rum, which I borrowed from a West Indian friend of mine as I passed. So that on the whole, we were in no danger of suffering from any of the extremes of hunger and thirst for the course of that evening.

We met at five o'clock—sharp—and very sharp. Not a man was missing when the clock of the Inner Temple struck the last stroke. Jack Ginger had done every thing to admiration. Nothing could be more splendid than his turn-out. He had superintended the cooking himself of every individual dish with his own eyes—or rather eye—he having lost one, the other having been lost in a skirmish when he was a midshipman on board a pirate in the Brazillian service. "Ah!" said Jack, often and often, "these were my honest days—Gad—did I ever think when I was a pirate that I was at the end to turn rogue, and study the law."—All was accurate to the utmost degree. The table-cloth, to be sure, was not exactly white, but it had been washed last week, and the collection of the plates was miscellaneous, exhibiting several of the choicest patterns of Delf. We were not of the silver-fork school of poetry, but steel is not to be despised. If the table was somewhat rickety, the inequality in the

legs was supplied by clapping a volume of Vesey under the short one. As for the chairs—but why weary about details—chairs being made to be sat upon, it is sufficient to say that they answered their purposes, and whether they had backs or not—whether they were cane-bottomed, or hair-bottomed, or rush-bottomed, is nothing to the present enquiry.

Jack's habits of discipline made him punctual, and dinner was on the table in less than three minutes after five. Down we sate, hungry as hunters, and eager for the prey.

"Is there a parson in company?" said Jack Ginger, from the head of the table.

"No," responded I, from the foot.

"Then, give thanks," said Jack, and proceeded, after this pious grace, to distribute the cod's head and shoulders to the hungry multitude.

CHAPTER II.—HOW WE DINED AT DICK GINGER'S.

The history of that cod's head and shoulders would occupy but little space to write. Its flakes like the snow flakes on a river, were for one moment bright, then gone for ever; it perished unpitiously. "Bring hither," said Jack with a firm voice, "the leg of pork." It appeared, but soon to disappear again. Not a man of the company but showed his abhorrence of the Judaical practice of abstaining from the flesh of swine. Equally clear in a few moments was it that we were truly British in our devotion to beef. The sirloin was impartially destroyed on both sides, upper and under. Dire was the clatter of the knives, but deep the silence of the guests. Jerry Gallagher, Jack's valet-de-chambre, footman, cook, clerk, shoeblack, aid-de-camp, scout, confidant, dun-chaser, and many other offices *in commendam*, toiled like a hero. He covered himself with glory and gravy every moment. In a short time a vociferation arose for fluid, and the half-and-half—Whitebread quartered upon Chamytton—beautiful heraldry!—was inhaled with the most savage satisfaction.

"The pleasure of a glass of wine with you, Bob Burke," said Joe Macgillicuddy, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"With pleasure Joe," replied Bob.—"What wine do you choose? You may as well say port, for there is no other; but attention to manners always becomes a gentleman."

"Port, then, if you please," cried Joe, "as the ladies of Limerick say, when a man looks at them across the table."

"Hobnobbing wastes time," said Jack Ginger, laying down the pot out of which he had been drinking for the last few minutes; "and besides, it is not customary now in genteel society—so pass the bottle about."

[I here pause in my narrative to state, on more accurate recollection, that we had not decanters; we drank from the black bottle, which Jack declared was according to the fashion of the continent.]

So the port was passed round, and declared to be superb. Antony Harrison received the unanimous applause of the company; and, if he did not blush at all the fine things that were said in his favour, it was because his countenance was of that peculiar hue that no addition of red could be visible upon it. A blush of Antony's face would be like gilding refined gold.

Whether cheese is prohibited or not in the higher circles of the West End, I cannot tell; but I knew it was not prohibited in the very highest chambers of the Temple.

"Its double Gloucester," said Jack Ginger; "prime, bought at the corner—Heaven pay the cheesemonger, for I shan't—but, as he is a gentleman, I give you his health."

"I don't think," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "that I ought to demean myself to drink the health of a cheesemonger; but I'll not stop the bottle."

And, to do Joe justice, he did not.

With cheese came, and with cheese went, celery. It is unnecessary to repeat what a number of puns were made on that most pun-provoking of plants.

"Clear the decks," said Jack Ginger to Jerry Gallagher. "Gentlemen, I did not think of getting pastry, or puddings, or desserts, or ices, or jellies, or blancmange, or any think of the sort, for men of sense like you."

We all unanimously expressed our indignation at being supposed even for a moment guilty of any such weakness; but a general suspicion seemed to arise among us that a dram might not be rejected with the same marked scorn. Jack Ginger accordingly uncorked one of Bob Burke's bottles. Whop! went the cork, and the potteen was seen meandering round the table.

"For my part," said Antony Harrison, "I take this dram because I ate pork, and fear it might disagree with me."

"I take it," said Bob Burke, "chiefly by reason of the fish."

"I take it," said Macgillicuddy, "because the day was warm, and it is very close in these chambers."

"I take it," said Tom Meggot, "because I have been very chilly all the day."

"I take it," said Humpy Harlow, "because it is such strange weather that one does not know what to do."

"I take it," said Jack Ginger, "because the rest of the company takes it."

"And I take it," said I winding up the conversation, "because I like a dram."

So we all took it for one reason or another—and there was an end of that.

"Be off, Jerry Gallagher," said Jack—"I give to you, your heirs and assigns, all that and those which remains in the pots of half-and-half—item for your own dinners what is left of the solids—and when you have pared the bones clean, you may give them to the poor. Charity covers a multitude of sins. Brush away like a shoeblack—and levant."

"Why, thin, God bless your honour," said Jerry Gallagher, "it's a small liggacy he would have that would dippind for his daily bread for what is left behind any of ye in the way of the drink—and this blessed hour there's not as much as would blind the left eye of a midge in one of them pots—and may it do you all good, if it a'n't the blessing of heaven to see you eating. By my sowl, he that has to pick a bone after you, won't be much troubled with the mate. Howsomever"—

"No more prate," said Jack Ginger. "Here's twopence for you to buy some beer—but, no," he continued, drawing his empty hand from that breeches-pocket into which he had most needlessly put it—"no," said he, "Jerry—get it on credit whatever you can, and bid them score it to me."

"If they will"—said Jerry.

"Shut the door," said Jack Ginger, in a peremptory tone, and Jerry retreated.

"That Jerry," said Jack, "is an uncommonly honest fellow, only he is the greatest rogue in London. But all this is wasting time—and time is life. Dinner is over, and the business of the evening is about to begin. So, bumpers gentlemen, and get rid of this wine as fast as we can. Mr. Vice, look to your bottles."

And on this, Jack Ginger gave a bumper toast.

CHAPTER III.—HOW WE CONVERSED AT JACK GINGER'S.

This being done, every man pulled in his chair close to the table, and prepared for serious action. It was plain, that we all, like Nelson's sailors at Trafalgar, felt called upon to do our duty. The wine circulated with considerable rapidity; and there was no flinching on the part of any individual of the company. It was quite needless for our president to remind us of the necessity of bumpers, or the impropriety of leaving heel-taps. We were all too well trained to require the admonition, or to fall into the error. On the other hand, the chance of any man obtaining more than his share in the round was infinitesimally small. The Sergeant himself, celebrated as he is, could not have succeeded in obtaining a glass more than his neighbours. Just to our friends, we were also just to ourselves; and a more rigid circle of philosophers never surrounded a board.

The wine was really good, and its merits did not appear the less striking from the fact that we were not habitually wine-bibbers, our devotion generally being paid to fluids more potent or more heavy than the juice of the grape, and it soon excited our powers of conversation.

Then Antony Harrison told us all his campaigns in the Peninsula, and that capital story how he bilked the tavernkeeper in Portsmouth. Jack Ginger entertained us with an account of his transactions in the Brizils; and as Jack's imagination far outruns his attention to matters of fact, we had them considerably improved. Bob Burke gave us all the particulars of his duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th, and how he hit him on the waistcoat pocket, which fortunately for the Ensign, contained a five shilling piece, (how he got it was never accounted for,) which saved him from grim death. From Joe Macgillicuddy we heard multifarious narrations of steeple-chases in Tipperary, and of his hunting with the Blazers in Galway. Tom Meggot expatiated on his college adventures in Edinburgh, which he maintained to be a far superior city to London, and repeated sundry witty sayings of the advocates in the Parliament House, who seem to be gentlemen of great facetiousness. As for me, I emptied out all Joe Miller on the company; and if old Joe could have burst his cerements in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Clement Danes he would have been infinitely delighted with the reception which the contents of his agreeable miscellany met with. To tell the truth, my jokes were not more known to my companions than their stories were to me. Harrison's campaigns, Ginger's cruises, Burke's duel, Macgillicuddy's steeple-chases, and Tom Meggot's rows in the High Street, had been told over and over—so often indeed, that the several relators begin to believe that there is some foundation in fact for the wonders which they are continually repeating.

"I perceive this is the last bottle of port," said Jack Ginger; "so I suppose there cannot be any harm in drinking bad luck to Antony Harrison's wine-merchant, who did not make the dozer."

"Yes," said Harrison, "the skinflint thief would not stand more than the half, for which he merits the most infinite certainty of non-payment."

(You may depend upon it that Harrison was as good as his word, and treated the man of bottles according to his deserts.)

The port was gathered to its fathers, and potteen reigned in its stead. A most interesting discussion took place as to what was to be done with it. No doubt, indeed, existed as to its final destination; but various opinions were broached as to the manner in which it was to make its way to its appointed end. Some wished that every man should make it for himself; but that Jack Ginger strenuously opposed, because he said it would render the drinking unsteady. The company divided into two parties or the great question of

bowl or jug. The Irishmen maintained the cause of the latter. Tom Meggot, who had been reared in Glasgow, and Jack Ginger, who did not forget his sailor propensities, were in favour of the former. Much erudition was displayed on both sides, and I believe I may safely say, that every topic that either learning or experience could suggest, was exhausted. At length we called for a division, when there appeared—

For the jug—Bob Burke, Joe Macgillicuddy, Antony Harrison; Myself.
For the bowl—Jack Ginger, Humpy Harlow, Tom Meggot.

Majority 1, in favour of the jug. I was principally moved to vote as I did, because I deferred to the Irishmen, as persons who were best acquainted with the nature of potteen; and Antony Harrison was on the same side from former recollections of his quarrel in Ireland. Humpy Harlow said, that he made it a point always to side with the man of the house.

"It is settled," said Jack Ginger, "and, as we said of Parliamentary Reform, though we opposed it, it is now law, and must be obeyed. I'll clear away these marines, and do you, Bob Burke, make the punch. I think you will find the lemons good—the sugar superb—and the water of the Temple has been famous for centuries."

"And I'll back the potteen against any that ever came from the Island of Saints," said Bob, proceeding to his duty, which all who have the honour of his acquaintance will admit him to be well qualified to perform. He made it in a couple of big blue water-jugs, observing that making punch in small jugs was nearly as great bother as lading from a bowl—and as he tossed the steamy fluid from jug to jug to mix it kindly, he sang the pathetic ballad of Hugger-mofane.

"I wish I had a red herring's tail," &c.

It was an agreeable picture of continued use and ornament, and reminded us strongly of the Abyssinian maid of the Platonic poetry of Coleridge.

CHAPTER IV.—HOW HUMPY HARLOW BROKE SILENCE AT JACK GINGERS'S.

The punch being made, and the jug revolving, the conversation continued as before. But it may have been observed that I have not taken any notice of the share which one of the party, Humpy Harlow, took in it. The fact is, that he had been silent for almost all the evening, being outblazed and overborne by the brilliancy of the conversation of his companions. We were all acknowledged wits in our respective lines, whereas he had not been endowed with the same talents. How he came among us I forget; nor did any of us know well who or what he was. Some maintained he was a drysalter in the City; others surmised that he might be a pawnbroker at the West End. Certain it is that he had some money, which perhaps might have recommended him to us, for there was not a man in the company who had not occasionally borrowed from him a sum, too trifling in general, to permit any of us to think of repaying it. He was a broken-backed little fellow, as vain of his person as a peacock, and accordingly we always call him Humpy Harlow, with the spirit of gentlemanlike candour which characterized all our conversation. With a kind feeling towards him we in general permitted him to pay our bills for us whenever we dined together at tavern or chop-house, merely to gratify the little fellow's vanity, which I have already hinted to be excessive.

He had this evening made many effectual attempts to shine, but was at last obliged to content himself with opening his mouth for admission, not for the utterance, of good things. He was evidently unhappy, and a rightly-constituted mind could not avoid pitying his condition. As jug, however, succeeded jug, he began to recover his self-possession; and it was clear, about eleven o'clock, when the fourth bottle of potteen was converting into punch, that he had a desire to speak. We had been for some time busily employed in smoking cigars, when, all on a sudden, a shrill and sharp voice was heard from the midst of a cloud, exclaiming, in a high treble key,—

"*Humphries told me*"—

We all puffed our Havannahs with the utmost silence, as if we were so many Schems at a palaver, listening to the narration which issued from the misty tabernacle in which Humpy Harlow was enveloped. He unfolded a tale of wondrous length, which we never interrupted. No sound was heard save that of the voice of Harlow, narrating the story which had to him been confided by the unknown Humphries, or the gentle gliding of the jug, an occasional tingle of a glass, and the soft suspiration of the cigar. On moved the story in its length, breadth and thickness, for Harlow gave it to us in its full dimensions. He abated it not a jot. The firmness which we displayed was unequalled since the battle of Waterloo. We sat with determined countenances, exhaling smoke and inhaling punch, while the voice still rolled onward. At last Harlow came to an end; and a Babel of conversation burst from lips in which it had so long imprisoned. Harlow looked proud of his feat, and obtained the thanks of the company, grateful that he had come to a conclusion.

CHAP. V.—WHAT STORY IT WAS THAT HUMPY HARLOW TOLD AT JACK GINGERS'S.

At three o'clock on the day after the dinner, Antony Harrison and I found ourselves eating bread and cheese—part of the cheese—at Jack Ginger's. We recapitulated the events of the preceding evening, and expressed ourselves highly gratified with the entertainment. Most of the good things we had said were revived, served up again, and laughed at once more. We were perfectly satisfied with the parts which we had respectively played, and talked ourselves into excessive good humor. All on a sudden, Jack Ginger's countenance clouded. He was evidently puzzled; and sat for a moment in thoughtful silence. We asked him, with Oriental simplicity of sense, "Why art thou troubled?" and after a moment he answered—

"What *was* the story which Humpy Harlow told us about eleven o'clock last night, just as Bob Burke was teeming the last jug?"

"It began," said I, "with '*Humphries told me*.'"

"It did," said Antony Harrison, cutting a deep incision into the cheese.

"I know it did," said Jack Ginger; "but what was it that Humphries had told him? I cannot recollect it if I was to be made Lord Chancellor."

Antony Harrison and I mused in silence, and racked our brains, but to no

purpose. On the tablet of our memories no trace had been engraved, and the tale of Humphries, as reported by Harlow, was as if it were not, so far as we were concerned.

While we were in this perplexity, Joe Macgillicuddy and Bob Burke entered the room.

"We have been just taking a hair out of the same dog," said Joe. "It was a pleasant party we had last night. Do you know what Bob and I have been talking of for the last half hour?"

We professed our inability to conjecture.

"Why, then," continued Joe, "it was about the story that Harlow told last night."

"The story begins with '*Humphries told me*,'" said Bob.

"And," proceeded Joe, "for our lives we cannot recollect what it was."

"Wonderful!" we all exclaimed. "How inscrutable are the movements of the human mind!"

And we proceeded to reflect on the frailty of our memories, moralizing in a strain that would have done honour to Dr. Johnson.

"Perhaps," said I, "Tom Meggot may recollect it."

Idle hope! dispersed to the winds almost as soon as it was formed. For the words had scarcely passed "the bulwark of my teeth," when Tom appeared, looking excessively bloodshot in the eye. On enquiry, it turned out that he, like the rest of us, remembered only the cabalistic words which introduced the tale, but of the tale itself, nothing.

Tom had been educated in Edinburgh, and was strongly attached to what he calls *metaphesicks*; and, accordingly, after rubbing his forehead, he exclaimed—

"This is a psychological curiosity, which deserves to be developed. I happen to have half a sovereign about," (an assertion, which, I may remark, in passing, excited considerable surprise in his audience,) "and I'll ask Harlow to dine with me at the Rainbow. I'll get the story out of the humpy rascal—and no mistake."

We acquiesced in the propriety of this proceeding; and Antony Harrison, observing that he happened by chance to be disengaged, hooked himself on Tom, who seemed to have a sort of national antipathy to such a ceremony, with a talent and alacrity that proved him to be a veteran warrior, or what, in common parlance, is called an old soldier.

Tom succeeded in getting the Harlow to dinner, and Harrison succeeded in making him pay the bill, to the great relief of Meggot's half-sovereign, and they parted at an early hour in the morning. The two Irishmen and myself were at Ginger's shortly after breakfast; we had been part occupied in tossing halfpence to decide which of us was to send out for ale, when—Harrison and Meggot appeared. There was conscious confession written in their countenances. "Did Humpy Harlow tell you *that* story?" we all exclaimed at once.

"It cannot be denied that he did," said Meggot. "Precisely as the clock struck eleven, he commenced with '*Humphries told me*'—"

"Well—and what then?"

"Why, there it is," said Antony Harrison, "may I be drummed out if I can recollect another word."

"Nor I," said Meggot.

The strangeness of this singular adventure made a deep impression on us all. We were sunk in silence for some minutes, during which Jerry Gallagher made his appearance with the ale, which I omitted to mention had been lost by Joe Macgillicuddy. We sipped the British beverage, much abstracted in deep thought. The thing appeared to us perfectly inscrutable. At last I said "This will never do—we cannot exist much longer in this atmosphere of doubt and uncertainty. We must have it out of Harlow to-night, or there is an end of all the grounds and degrees of belief, opinion, and assent. I have credit, said I, "at the widow's in St. Martin's Lane. Suppose we will meet there to-night, and get Harlow there if we can?"

"That I can do," said Antony Harrison, "for I quartered myself to dine with him to-day, as I saw him home, poor little fellow, last night. I promise that he figures at the widow's to-night at nine o'clock."

So we separated. At nine every man of the party was in St. Martin's Lane seated in the little back parlour; and Harrison was as good as his word, for he brought Harlow with him. He ordered a sumptuous supper of mutton kidneys, interspersed with sausages, and set to. At eleven o'clock precisely, the eye of Harlow brightened, and putting his pipe down he commenced with a shrill voice—

"*Humphries told me*"

"Aye," said we all, with one accord, "here it is—now we shall have it—take care of it this time."

"What do you mean?" said Humpy Harlow, performing that feat, which by the illustrious Mr. John Reeve is called "flaring up."

"Nothing," we replied, "nothing, but we are anxious to hear that story."

"I understand you," said our broken-backed friend. "I now recollect that I did tell it once or so before in your company, but I shall not be a butt any longer for you or any body else."

"Don't be in a passion, Humpy," said Jack Ginger.

"Sir," replied Harlow, "I hate nicknames—it is a mark of a low mind to use them—and as I see I am brought here only to be insulted, I shall not trouble you any longer with my company."

Saying this, the little man seized his hat and umbrella, and strode out of the room.

"His back is up," said Joe Macgillicuddy, "and there's no use of trying to get it down. I am sorry he is gone, because I should have made him pay for another round."

But he is gone, not to return again—and the story remains unknown. Yes as undiscoverable as the hieroglyphical writings of the ancient Egyptians. It exists, to be sure, in the breast of Harlow; but there it is buried, never to emerge into the light of day. It is lost to the world—and means of recovering it, there, in my opinion, exist none. The world must go on without it, and states and empires must continue to flourish and to fade without the knowledge of what it was that Humphries told Harlow. Such is the inevitable course of events.

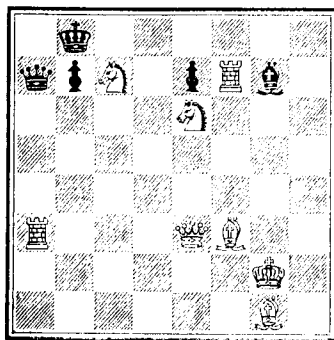
Chess.

Montreal, July 24th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET NO. 8. MOTTO: *Gladstone.*

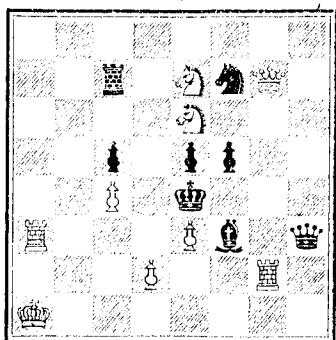
PROBLEM No. LXXXVIII.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. LXXXIX.
BLACK.



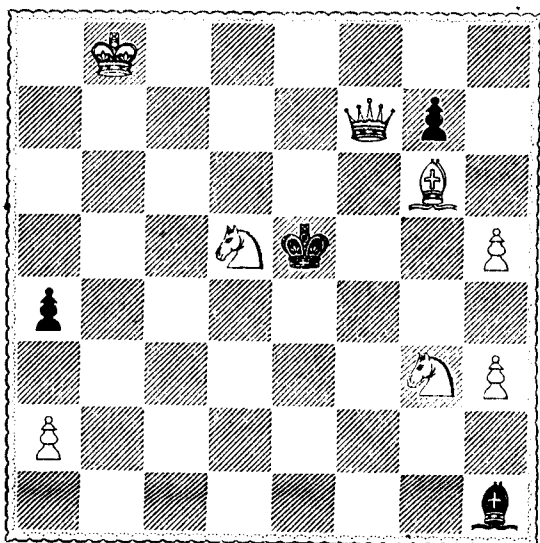
WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Best Problem American Congress Tourney. Motto: "Honour to Whom Honour is Due." *Turf, Field and Farm*, \$25 Prize.

PROBLEM No. XC.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 5.—*Muskoka.*

PROBLEM No. 82.—Q to B 3.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S., "Of more than average difficulty." Pax.

PROBLEM No. 83.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 Kt to Q B 3	Kt takes Kt	2 R to Q, ch	B takes R	3 Q takes B mate
	Kt takes Q	2 Kt to Q 5, ch	K to Kt 3	3 Kt to R 4 mate
	R takes R	2 Kt to K 4, ch	K to Kt 3	3 Kt to R 4 mate
	K to Kt 3	2 Kt to K 4, ch	K moves	3 Kt to Q 5 mate
	R takes P	2 R takes R, ch	K to Kt 3	3 Kt to Kt 7 mate
	B takes R	2 Q takes B, ch	K to Kt 3	3 Kt to R 4 mate

We have not received any correct solution to this fine problem.

THE FIFTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS PROBLEM TOURNEY.

The preliminary report of the judges of award in this Tourney reached us on Thursday last week, just too late for insertion in our last issue.

The first prize, \$100, for the best set is awarded to set "Per aspera ad astra;" the second prize, \$50, to set "Sub hoc signo vinces;" the third prize, \$25, to set "Varieties;" and the fourth prize, Mr. Sidney Herzberg's valuable collection of mineralogical specimens, to set "Summer is over."

A special prize of \$25, offered by the *Turf, Field and Farm*, for the best problem in the Tourney, has been awarded to No. 4 of set "Honour to whom honour is due."

PRELIMINARY REPORT.

JUNE 28, 1880.

Frederick Perrin, Esq., President of the Committee of Management of the Fifth American Chess Congress:—

DEAR SIR,—The Committee appointed to act as judges in the Problem Tourney of the Congress, have the honour to communicate to you their award.

As the programme issued by the Committee of Management states that the winning sets will be published in one or more of the chess periodicals, to be selected by the Committee, and that "thirty days thereafter, if no valid objection appears to the award, the Committee will publicly open the sealed envelopes and announce the names of the authors of all the sets." It seems proper, at first, to submit merely a preliminary report, reserving especial comment for the supplementary report to appear when the awards have been confirmed or rectified.

According to the record of the Secretary of the Committee of Management, fifty-five sets of problems were received by him. Of these, two sets, under the mottos, "Juxta," and "Yours truly," *alias* "Points," did not comply with the requirements for entry. Of the fifty-three sets duly entered in the tourney, thirty-four were found to contain absolutely unsound problems, and five more sets included positions riddled by doubles beyond allowance.

This left the following fourteen sets as survivors:—1. "Alia tentanda via est." 2. "Bête noir." 3. "Coming events cast their shadows before." 4. "Con amore." 5. "Honour to whom honour is due." 6. "Patience and will." 7. "Per aspera ad astra," B. 8. "Recreations." 9. "Sperare licet." 10. "Sub hoc signo vinces." 11. "Summer is over." 12. "Suum cuique." 13. "Varieties." 14. "Welcome."

From this list were eliminated the first, second, third, eighth and fourteenth sets, as being of a lower grade of merit than the others, leaving nine sets from which to choose.

The positions in the set "Con amore" are admirable as chess studies, but are not of a character suitable for tourney problems. In the set "Honour to whom honour is due" No. 1 is very closely based upon the two-move mate of the set "L'homme qui rit," which was a contestant in the Paris Tourney of 1878. Both may be, or may not be, by the same author. In the one case a heavy discount should be imposed, and in the other a still heavier discount. As the Committee have no knowledge in the matter, justice requires them to assign the weightier penalty.

In the set "Patience and will," No. 2 contains some very damaging doubles. No. 3 is somewhat after a composition by Cheney, and No. 4 recalls a well-known three-move mate by J. Brown of Bridport.

In No. 4, of "Sperare licet," an unfortunate double occurs in a branch of the *main leader*. In "Suum cuique," Nos. 2, 3 and 4 are somewhat marred by doubles. The remaining four sets are not entirely immaculate, but they seem to stand decidedly in the van. Of these it is the unanimous decision of the Committee of Award that "Per aspera ad astra," B, stands first; "Sub hoc signo vinces" stands second; "Varieties" stands third, and "Summer is over" stands fourth; and that the prizes should be given accordingly.

The "best single problem" had to be selected from all the positions entered in the tourney. Prominent at the close stood No. 4 of "Woven," No. 4 of "Honour," No. 3 of "Per aspera," B, and No. 3 of "Sub hoc signo." A rigid scrutiny of No. 4 of "Woven" revealed that, notwithstanding its great richness in ideas, it was sadly marred by numerous doubles. It then appeared that every member of the Committee accorded the highest place to No. 4 of "Honour to whom honour is due." Beauty and richness of idea, difficulty and artistic rendering, are all wonderfully united, and but a dozen pieces are required to produce the master-work.

The judges have devoted much time and attention to examining and comparing the contesting positions, and they hope that the problems selected as prize-bearers will be found fairly free from flaws. When the Secretary notifies the Committee of Award as to the result of the thirty days' publication of the problems, they will send in their supplementary and fuller report as soon thereafter as possible.

Respectfully submitted by

E. B. COOK,
C. H. WATERBURY,
GEO. E. CARPENTER, } Committee of Award.

Musical.

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

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

NOTICE.—The musical season being now fairly over, and the attention of most of our people being turned to out-door recreations, it has been deemed advisable to discontinue the column under this heading for a few weeks until (the mercury not ranging quite so high) our citizens return to town and turn their thoughts to matters of art and refinement.—MUS. ED.

PIANOFORTE RECITAL.

Having been invited to "Une heure de musique que le célèbre Pianiste Français, Henri Kowalski," we attended on Tuesday afternoon at Nordheimer's Hall, where we found Mr. Kowalski (*attired in evening dress*) performing a thoroughly French selection on a French pianoforte. We subsequently learned that the artist is engaged to exhibit "un Piano de Concert sortant des ateliers de la maison Philippe Herz, de Paris," and that for this purpose the performance was given. M. Philippe Herz, de Paris, evidently intends to trust to the French-speaking portion of the community for the sale of his instruments, as both the invitations and programmes were printed in French, and, with the exception of one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*, there was not a single German composition on the programme; most of the pieces were by M. Kowalski himself, and it was a matter of great interest to listen to such pieces as "Faust" and "Marche Hengroise," played by the composer. Of M. Kowalski's performance we must speak in terms of the highest praise; he performed Chopin's Polonaise in A flat with great power and expression, and in the Impromptu in C sharp minor, displayed a delicacy of touch seldom to be met with; a song of Mendelssohn and a waltz by Wienawski completed the programme.

The great drawback to our full enjoyment was that which we were invited specially to hear! The better M. Kowalski played, and the more he drew the tone from his instrument, the more did we perceive that it was thin and wiry, and entirely deficient in the qualities which go to make up a "Concert Grand," and we fancy that M. Philippe Herz has never heard a first-class American piano, or he would not pay M. Kowalski, and spend money in exhibiting it on this continent. We have much to learn from the old world, but they are a long way behind us in the manufacture of pianos.

In a recent number of *The Musical Times* we stated, in reviewing a book on the rudiments of music, that there are not four black notes in the key of A flat major; and we are by no means astonished at receiving a letter inquiring whether we "refer to the tempering of the pianoforte, so that the intervals on it are not quite correct." If we required anything to convince us that the pianoforte thoroughly rules the mind of the majority of amateurs, reference might be made to prospectuses of young ladies' academies where constantly we find that "Music" means the pianoforte, but that singing, harp, &c., are also taught. The intimation conveyed to us therefore by a school-girl a short time since that she had "left off music and taken to singing" can scarcely appear extraordinary, although it is certainly to be regretted that clearer ideas upon the art are not inculcated in the minds of students. For the information of our correspondent let us now take the opportunity of saying that there are no such things as "black notes" in music; but there are sounds upon keyed instruments which are played with pieces of ivory coloured black. Assuredly nobody who has the power of thinking away from the pianoforte can possibly imagine that a vocalist can sing a black note, or that a performer upon a stringed or wind instrument considers one sound to be a different colour from another. We earnestly look forward to the time when at the commencement of musical study all these truths shall be systematically taught. It must be remembered that the violin is now taking its place as a family instrument, and pushing forward the idea of abstract music, apart from any special method of producing it. When this shall have become more general, amateurs will be artists as well as performers; and then they will doubtless agree with us that "there are not four black notes in the key of A flat major."—*Musical Times*



Canadian Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR ROLLING STOCK.

THE TIME FOR RECEIVING TENDERS for Rolling Stock for the Canadian Pacific Railway, extending over four years, is extended to 2nd August,

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPT. OF RAILWAYS & CANALS,
Ottawa, 23rd June, 1880.



Department of Public Works.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Erection of Telegraph Lines," will be received at Ottawa, until noon of Saturday, the 24th inst., for the construction of Telegraph Lines on the Island of Anticosti and on the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Forms of Tender and Specifications can be had, on application at this office, on or after the 12th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, of a sum equal to 5 per cent. of the total amount of the tender which shall be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By Order,
S. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 9th July, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 28th, Trains will run as follows:—
For Gorham and Portland..... 7:30 a.m.
For Gorham, Portland Quebec and I.C.R. Points..... 10:00 p.m.
For Island Pond..... 3:15 "
For (Mixed)..... 7:00 a.m.
For St. Hyacinthe and Intermediate Stations..... 5:15 p.m.
For Boston and New York..... 6:30 "
For St. Johns and Points South..... 3:20 "
For St. Lambert..... 6:10 "

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 24th, 1880.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

THE SPECIAL TRAINS ADVERTISED to leave Cacouna on Mondays and Fridays will not be run after this date.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 25th, 1880.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

A DINING CAR

will be run on the Express Train, leaving Montreal for the West at 9:30 a.m., on and after **MONDAY NEXT**, the 14th instant, returning by the Day Express.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.
Montreal, June 10th, 1880.



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

CHANGE OF TIME.

COMMENCING ON

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23, 1880,

Trains will run as follows:

	Mixed.	Mail.	Express
Leave Hochelaga for Hull.	1.00 AM	8.30 AM	5.15 PM
Arrive at Hull.....	10.30 "	12.40 PM	9.25 "
Leave Hull for Hochelaga.	1.00 "	8.20 AM	5.05 "
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 "	12.30 PM	9.15 "
		Night Passenger	
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.	6.00 PM	10.00 PM	3.00 "
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 "	6.30 AM	9.25 "
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.	5.30 "	9.30 AM	10.10 AM
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 AM	6.30 AM	4.40 PM
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 PM	Mixed.	
Arrive at St. Jerome for	7.15 "		
Leave St. Jerome for		6.45 AM	
Hochelaga.....			
Arrive at Hochelaga.....		9.00 "	

(Local Trains between Hull and Aylmer.)

Trains leave Mile End Station *seven minutes later.*
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Passenger Trains, and Elegant Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.

Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 7 p.m. All Trains run by Montreal time.

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202 ST. JAMES STREET, }
OPPOSITE ST. LOUIS HOTEL, QUEBEC.

L. A. SENEAL,
Gen'l Supt.



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

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L. A. SENEAL,
General Superintendent.



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

NOTICE.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, MAY 16th, and on each succeeding SUNDAY, until further notice, an EXPRESS TRAIN, with PALACE CAR attached, will leave HOCHELAGA for QUEBEC at 4.00 p.m., and a similar train will leave QUEBEC for MONTREAL at same hour, arriving at destination at 10.30 p.m.

L. A. SENEAL,
General Superintendent.

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

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, the 15th MAY, SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued at

ONE SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE, good to return from HULL and all intermediate stations by first Train on MONDAY MORNING, and from QUEBEC and all intermediate stations by SUNDAY EVENING Train.

L. A. SENEAL,
General Superintendent.
Montreal, May 12th, 1880.

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

EXCURSIONS, taking 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine, daily.

ALL-DAY TRIP TO CARILLON AND BACK, passing through LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS, returning home by the Rapids. Fare for round trip, \$1.25.

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AFTERNOON TRIPS DOWN THE RAPIDS, take 5 p.m. Train daily for Lachine.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON EXCURSIONS TO ST. ANNE'S, take 2 p.m. Train for St. Anne's, returning home by steamer down the Rapids.

Tickets at the principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and Company's Office, 13 Bonaven ture street.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Commencing 1st May,

A Passenger Train will leave Montreal at 5.10 p.m. for Belzil, DeBoucherville Mountains and St. Hilaire. Returning, will leave the latter Stations at 8.15 a.m.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Midland Railway of Canada,

AND

WHITBY, PORT PERRY and LINDSAY R. R.

NOTICE TO SHIPPERS.

ALL FREIGHT FOR POINTS ON THE above roads should be shipped via the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY, when it will be forwarded by the shortest route without transhipment and at the cheapest rates.

FAST FREIGHT TRAINS RUN THROUGH TO Peterborough, Fenelon Falls, Kimmount, Minden, Orillia, Lindsay, Haliburton, Midland, and Wau-bashene, connecting with fast steamers for Parry Sound and Byng Inlet.

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Managing Director, M. R. of C.
JAS. HOLDEN,
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