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THE TIMES.

I owe an apology to the gentlemen, past and present, forming the "Board of Arts and Manufactures" in the Province of Quebec. It is herewith tendered. My sin, however, lies not so much in what I said as to the general ability of the gentlemen to decide upon the merits of pictures, but as to the nature of the work they are called upon to do in order to the fulfilment of their office. I was under the impression that they had to do with galleries and pictures and artists, and such like things requiring fine taste and sound judgment. But I was wrong altogether. It stands thus—and I am sure many will be glad to get the information. The Quebec Government gives a grant of \$10,000 per year for the encouragement and promotion of Art industry, in the form of Models, Designing, Decorative and Technical Art, &c. There are thirteen schools in different parts of the Province, most of them night schools. To those schools young men can go for education in any particular branch of Art or Manufactures. The Board of Management is quite properly appointed by the Government. And seeing that the Board has nothing whatever to do with Art, in the sense of painting, for example, but has to do with designs for manufacturing and technical art, business men have always been appointed to the honourable and honorary position.

The appointments to the Board used to be permanent, the Government merely filling up vacancies as they occurred; but M. Joly, eager probably to satisfy his over jubilant followers, was persuaded to regard this as the legitimate spoils of office. So the old members were ousted to a man. It would have been better, more dignified and commendable if M. Chapleau had refused to follow the bad example of his predecessor in office; but a politician is generally human, and M. Chapleau entered upon a policy of reprisals by turning out M. Joly's nominees and replacing the old members of the Board, adding Messrs. Dawson and Quinn. On the whole the business of the Board is well conducted. The next generation but one may see some of the good resulting from it; meantime it only costs us \$10,000 per year, and the gentlemen having charge of the expenditure of that amount and the future of decorative and technical art in their keeping have an honourable post and an occasional most enjoyable jaunt.

I had written thus far in general clearance of my soul when the *Montreal Gazette* gave us a leader on the SPECTATOR, the Editor's peculiar failings and the functions of the Council of Arts and Manufactures. Concerning the latter we are all enlightened, and it is only to be regretted that the *Gazette* did not do this needful work of giving information before. Concerning the former, that is, the SPECTATOR and its Editor, the *Gazette* has also given some important scraps of information. The use of the first personal pronoun "is more than an eccentricity," it appears, "it is the embodiment of the principle which governs his whole life and being." Whether this is intended as a lecture, or a figure of speech, or a metaphysical analysis of my poor personality, I cannot tell. Of course, I have a "being" outside of my "life," if the *Gazette* says so, but I was profoundly ignorant of the

embodied fact, until last Wednesday. The "principle" in the use of "the capital I" is not defined by the *Gazette*, unless it be as the writer suggests, the use of that error into which I have fallen, of supposing myself "Omniscient," All-Knowing, All-Searching, All-Beholding. No—that is an error I certainly have not fallen into. How could I when I have been a constant reader of the *Gazette*? No man would do that who thought himself omniscient.

The report has gone the rounds of a good many English papers that the Princess Louise returned to Canada very reluctantly, on account of the utterly isolated life she is compelled to lead here. They say that outside of her immediate circle of English friends she has no society whatever. And they are probably correct. This is a colony, not a country, and a Court is impossible, even the semblance of it. Professor Fanning, teacher of Court etiquette and fine manners generally, has not been able to make much impression upon the mind of the Canadians, and when they have a show at Ottawa they think more of their cattle and implements for farming than of the kind of dress usual in polite circles when royalty is about. There may be a change for the better during this Session of Parliament, for M.P.'s and Senators are bringing their wives and daughters to the Capital, and the Princess Louise may find a kind of Society which will bring to her, at least, an occasional remembrance of life and pleasure in England.

The appointment of the Hon. D. L. Macpherson to the chair of the Senate and a seat in the Cabinet is a happy one, and is certain to be popular. Mr. Macpherson has been a party man, a supporter of Sir John A. Macdonald for many years, but more than once he has made it plain that he cares first of all, and most of all, for the welfare of the public. He has not sought political life as a game that pays well, but has devoted himself to public interest *con amore*. He has deserved the honour which is conferred upon him, and his presence in the Cabinet will give it increased strength.

It was hardly a surprise when tidings came from Colorado that Mr. B. Devlin was dead. Those who saw him leave Montreal felt that the time had gone by when a change of climate could be expected to effect a cure. And now that he is dead, what can be said of Mr. Devlin? "De mortuis nil nisi bonum," of course; but if I am rightly informed a good deal could be said of him and for him that his friends would care to remember. It always appeared to me and many others that Mr. Devlin never showed the best side of himself to more than a very select circle of friends. His public life was calculated to bring out all that was keen, critical, rasping in his nature. There was about his face a look of wild desolation, as if sorrow had kindled a great fire in his soul which was reducing the man to ashes. He was a man of considerable ability, a clear thinker, a fluent speaker with the power of putting heart into his speech, an adversary whom none could afford to despise; in politics, a man upon whom his party could depend; in private life they say he was loved for his tenderness of heart and constancy of friendship. Requiescat in pace.

Mr. Dowall has introduced a very sensible and much-needed bill for approval to the Ontario Legislature about exemptions from taxation. It proposes to do away with the four hundred dollars exemption in incomes when they exceed a certain amount; to assess real and personal property belonging to incorporated companies; to abolish entirely the present partial exemption of paddocks and lawns; and what is quite, if not more important, to assess church property for the payment of local improvements. The bill is a good one in every

way, but so far as church property is concerned, Mr. Dowall is evidently afraid to speak out all he thinks. The bill provides for only a partial assessment of church property, when what is needed, in all justice to the community, is a sweeping measure for the abolition of the old superstition, which teaches that property used for ecclesiastical purposes shall be exempt from taxation. If there was ever a good and sound argument in favour of this exemption, it is no longer in force. At one time church buildings were centres of education and morals, and the object with which they were set up was to effect some moral and spiritual improvement in the immediate neighbourhood. But will any one say that such is the primary purpose for which churches are built now? Those fine structures, which so often have heavy mortgages upon them, and which fathers hand down to sons—which are shut six days in the week, sacred to bad air and damp, are too often but monuments to unchristian quarrels and pique and pride. It would be in the interest of the whole community, so far as its peace and morals and spirituality are concerned, if heavy assessments were made upon them—so heavy as to compel the sale of many of the over-weighted and little needed.

When will the trouble of the poor Oka Indians come to an end? Three times they have been tried for the same offence, and three times the jurors have been unable to agree. At the last trial, counsel for the prosecution delivered a most inflammatory harangue to the jury, dragging in everything but law and logic—the judge summed up the case against the accused as, thank heaven, judges rarely do in this Dominion—but, after prolonged consideration, the jury declared they could not agree. If public sentiment can bring no influence to bear upon the authorities at the Seminary to put an end to proceedings which look very much like persecution, Government should interfere. I hope some member of Parliament will be found who is manly enough, and sufficiently a lover of justice to ask the Minister of the Interior, who has charge of the interests of the Indians, what steps he intends to take in fulfilling his duties toward them.

Charity moves but slowly in Montreal. In this, as in most other matters, we have not much enthusiasm. Up to date, the Mayor's list shows less than \$1,000 for the Irish relief fund. This is bad indeed. We have had much fine talk on platforms and in the papers—wealthy men who love public place and honour have spoken a most emphatic sympathy with the poor Irish—but among them all charity has found but a meagre response to her call. What is to be done? Mr. Parnell's visit will not open the purses of those who can afford to give—the chances are that he will stop the poor dribble that is now coming in. What can we do? Nothing, only wait until it shall please heaven to give us a conscience.

By the terms of the Queen's Speech the Earl of Beaconsfield has secured the power to roam at large in search of accidents and opportunities for recovering the goodwill of the electors. Her Majesty was induced to leave her retirement in order to say nothing that the country expected to hear. The Treaty of Berlin, the Turks, and European Powers were received and dismissed with the barest nod of recognition. It may be that the Government has a policy with regard to Afghanistan, but it is carefully kept out of sight, excepting the one declaration that while the Queen is anxious for peace it is deemed by her advisers necessary to carry the war some lengths further, in order that the problem may be solved during the present Session. The domestic legislation promised is of the meagrest kind, and gives evidence that the Prime Minister is by no means anxious to try issues with the Opposition on some important measures. To meet the exigency in Ireland it is proposed to recommend promiscuous almsgiving and the appropriation of some portion of what yet remains of the Disendowment Fund.

The Earl is evidently going to put his trust in the chapter of accidents. Just after the Treaty of Berlin an appeal to the country would have been answered by the confidence of an overwhelming majority of votes; but the golden opportunity was allowed to slip by, and ever since the Jingoës have been rapidly dying off and the Con-

servative party losing its holds upon the general public. Every fresh revelation of what the Berlin Treaty really was told against the Government. Affairs in Zululand and Afghanistan and India have brought anything but credit upon the chief actors, and now the Earl can only wait for some stroke of luck abroad or at home to galvanize the enthusiasm of his party into life once more.

But Providence often fails to come to the help of expectant politicians. Already the Irish Home Rulers have made an assault upon the Government for the half-hearted manner in which it has proposed to meet the wants of the famine-stricken districts of Ireland. Lord Beaconsfield has much, probably most, to fear from the trouble which has arisen in Ireland; for a large portion of the Liberal party has declared that Government should in all equity devote some time to the consideration of Irish affairs. This, of course, is a "party move," for no politician worth counting believes or hopes that Irish discontent can be healed. For centuries past Ireland has been nursing its grievances, and making loud complaints over them, as if doomed to be the most persecuted of all nations. It cannot be denied that there has been, at times, ample cause for this. The story of the conquest of Ireland is one long record of an attempt, not merely to conquer, but to exterminate a people. Cromwell's inhuman policy was not improved upon by the Stuarts. Cruelty could go no further and do no more than that suffered by the Irish at the hands of their Anglo-Saxon conquerors. But the case of Ireland is not solitary. Many classes of the English people were compelled to suffer just as brutal atrocities. It was a time of cruelty and wrong. While in England, however, those black days are forgotten in the better and freer times now enjoyed, they are remembered by the Irish at home and abroad as if they had occurred a generation ago, and no effort at beneficent legislation had since been made.

But the truth is that Ireland has received more than her full share of legislative attention. The religious difficulty was made a *casus belli* between Irish M.P.s and every Government; they declared that justice would never be done to Ireland until the Church was disestablished. At last, the gigantic work was undertaken and completed by Mr. Gladstone. The religious grievance swept away discovered a land grievance behind it; that in turn was dealt with in the interests of justice to Ireland and peace. And then came the education question, over which there was just as much abuse heaped upon the British Government as if every Prime Minister in turn had been obstinately refusing to recognize the need for mending matters in the Emerald Isle.

As to Parliamentary representation, Ireland is better off than any other portion of Great Britain. With its five and a-half millions of population, it has 123 Members of Parliament; while Scotland, with its more than four and a-half millions of people—who are richer in every way than the Irish—have only 60 Members of Parliament. The rateable value of Kensington, a part of the city of London, is several times larger than that of all Ireland; but the whole city of London has only 22 Members of Parliament. Instead of the Irish having a genuine grievance against England, all Great Britain has a grievance against Irish M.P.s. They not only secure the acceptance of any measures upon which they may decide, but are constantly exerting all their force of numbers and will to shape legislation which is purely English.

It speaks volumes for English generosity that such large sums of money are being lavished on most determined malcontents. Mr. Parnell vilifies the people and Parliament of England; speaks of his fellow-countrymen as if they were oppressed by a most grinding despotism, and declares that they will never rest until the grip of the tyrant is shaken; and all the time they are asking for a most generous charity. That charity is being granted from the private and public purse of England, as well as from the overflowing benevolence of America; but English charity must be deep-rooted in the soil of national life when it can grow and flourish notwithstanding the cold winds of Irish discontent.

EDITOR.

TRUTH: A WORD TO POLITICIANS.

On the eve of the opening of the Parliament at Ottawa a talk about truth may not be untimely. Not, of course, about that quality in the abstract, such as was raised by jesting Pilate's question—"What is truth?" Men are too busy to indulge in speculations of that sort.

In England there has appeared a remarkable correspondence in which an inferior member of the Government has charged a great statesman with having taken certain unpatriotic steps—the charge having no support but cuttings from foreign journals—and then, when the statements were emphatically denied as untruths, having failed to offer any apology for the wrong done.

Upon the correspondence referred to I do not propose to comment. The facts are before the public, and an opportunity is afforded for forming a judgment upon them. But in a day when loose statements and unveracious allegations abound—when, as we have been told, "there is a lying spirit abroad"—it does seem most desirable to consider seriously the value to a nation of the quality of Truth. It is not going too far to say that Englishmen owe their greatness to being a nation of truth-speakers, and some of the greatest troubles which have happened, have come through want of truthfulness. This may not be clear at the first blush, but I hope to make it abundantly obvious.

I have said that the national characteristic is veracity. The highest praise we bestow on a man is that "his word is his bond." It has been well said, "The English Government strictly performs its engagements." The subjects do not understand trifling on its part. Private men keep their promises, ever so trivial. Down goes the flying word on the tablet, and it is as indelible as Domesday Book. Alfred, whom the affection of the nation makes the type of their race, was called by his people, "The Truth-Speaker." This is in harmony with the tradition that the Northman Guthrom said to King Olaf, "It is royal work to fulfil royal words." A thousand years later the nation had not lost its character for veracity. It was said, but a few years ago, at a public dinner in this city, that "wherever you meet an Englishman, you meet a man who would speak the truth."

A proud distinction this for a nation, but there is no rule without an exception, and England has had notorious liars. It has had, too, several royal ones, and has suffered through their want of veracity to an extent which makes the study of their reigns edifying, as pointing the moral of the infinite importance of truth-telling. King John was the champion liar of his time, and we all know what the creature who actually offered to yield up his kingdom to the Turks, and did give up his crown to the Pope,—who broke his oath to the Barons, and kept faith with no living creature,—brought the miserable nation to, Quite of a piece with John was the "long-faced promise-breaker," Charles I, who lost not only his crown but his head solely from the want of the prime English virtue,—solely because, as it seemed, he was constitutionally incapable of speaking the truth or keeping his word. Thus having assented to the Petition of Right, he broke his word and honour over and over again. He plotted with Scotland, he plotted with Ireland, he shuffled and prevaricated at every turn, so that no man would believe in him or trust him, and in the end the only security for the country lay in his death. "I believe," says a modern historian, "that if at almost any period of his life this king could have been trusted by any man not out of his senses, he might have saved himself and kept his throne." That expresses the simple fact of the case.

Unfortunately for the country, the Second Charles had very little more of the kingly virtue. The Merry Pensioner of the King of France dared not own the truth even in respect of his religion. But his mendacity was as nothing compared with that of his brother and successor, James II. Yet it was on his "truthfulness" that the supporters of this wretched creature relied for his popularity with the nation when he first came to the throne. This is shown by the following passage from Charles James Fox's historical fragment: "After the reproach, as well as alarm, which the notoriety of Charles's treacherous character must so often have caused them, the very circumstances of having at their head a Prince of whom they could with any colour hold out to their adherents that his word was to be depended upon, was in itself a matter of triumph and exultation. Accordingly, the watchword of the party (the Tories) was everywhere: 'We have the word of a king, and a word never yet broken!' Imagine the low ebb to which monarchy had fallen when the fact that the word of a monarch was to be depended upon was regarded as a royal virtue so supreme that it was relied on with exultation as the most popular "cry" with which a party could rally a truth-loving people! What a miserable sham it all was, how base and treacherous a scandal this Prince proved himself, and how the people he had cajoled rose in their indignation and drove him into exile are matters of history.

In these examples we see the calamities and the degradation brought upon a country by the departure from the rigid standard of veracity by those in power. These examples are naturally impressive to a people in whom veracity is an instinct. That instinct has asserted itself, happily, in every stage of England's history, and is still the guiding principle with the great masses of our countrymen. But it must be borne in mind, when we speak of national

characteristics, that they do not belong to every person in a nation. There are always plenty of individual exceptions to a general rule. Thus, while we say the French are vivacious, we tacitly admit that many Frenchmen have no vivacity. The Dutch, who are popularly held to be dull and lethargic, have among them the sprightliest of men. Italians are not all subtle, nor are Spaniards all vindictive and treacherous; and it is certain that we have among us many in whom our national virtue is utterly extinct. There are Englishmen who would stoop to any subterfuge, make any statement, or circulate any slander to serve their own interests. Men of this stamp embarking in trade, or devoting themselves to manufactures, have done all they could to lose their name for fair dealing and honest production. They have set up a theory that the plea of "business" justifies even a gentleman in playing the part of a scoundrel, and in its relations with foreign countries the nation suffers from their tergiversation and double-dealing.

But it is chiefly in politics that men of this stamp find a congenial sphere. Party-spirit, which has been aptly termed the dry-rot in the Constitution, eating into and destroying all that is of most worth and nobility, is pernicious in its effects even among the highest-minded politicians; but to the meaner sort it is absolutely degrading. They "to party give up" their manliness, their probity, their independence—everything which should make them honoured and respected. The influence exercised upon the baser natures is like that which Circe exercised on her lovers whom she converted into swine. One indication of this is their readiness to make any assertion, to resort to any falsehood, and to circulate any imputation which may serve their party ends or drag opponents down to their level so as to have "an equal baseness." Nor is this always done with a consciousness of its degradation. Party is blinding.

The historian to whom I have already referred, remarks that among the dreadful circumstances attending party conflicts, "perhaps there are few more revolting to a good mind than the wicked calumnies with which, in the heat of contention, men, *otherwise men of honour*, have in all ages and countries been permitted to load their adversaries."

Sometimes these calumnies take the form of open but baseless accusations; more often they are of the nature of "a lie which is half a truth," and which is ever "the blackest of lies," because "a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright, but a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight." Hence this half truth has always been a favourite weapon in low political scuffles, and is of course the most degrading to those who stoop to it. That so many do in these our days is to be regretted on many grounds, but on none more so than on that of the indelible stain it fixes on those who should be our foremost men, who should uphold the national character, and put in every fibre of their souls, the force of King Arthur's indignant utterance:—

"This is a shameful thing, that men should lie!"

Quevedo Redivivus.

THE INSOLVENCY PUZZLE.

Business men err, and err greatly, when they cease to give their attention to political conduct. They err still more grievously when they omit to pour the light of their practical knowledge and experience upon questions of trade legislation before they are mooted in Parliament. It is well nigh hopeless to leave such matters to Parliamentary Committees. Such committees are too often inspired by the desire to make their reports sound well—to ring out, sharp, clear and incisive—and so satisfy constituencies that they have been struck by the people's needs. Full of that innate tendency to shirk personal responsibility which lurks peculiarly in the Canadian political character, these committees consult a few well-known names, summon a representation or two of prominent Boards of Trade, sift no facts, take no broad view of cause and effect, but act promptly in the direct line of advice received secure of safety from censure behind the opinion of so-called "experts."

It can hardly be too much insisted upon that trade is the genius—the inherited genius—of a large section of native Canadians and Canadians by adoption. Liberal and enlightened legislation, therefore, ought to permit the fullest possible freedom to trade, the least possible hindrance to enterprise, if it would further our national prosperity; and it behoves trade also to make its voice heard.

This Session a most important business issue is certain to come up for discussion—the Insolvent Act. The annulling of this Act will probably be again attempted, because a partial expression of opinion, of the kind already described, justifies our enlightened representatives in the hope that such a measure would, for a time at least, secure influential favour and afford high authority behind which to screen themselves and regain popularity should the wind blow adversely by shifting sail and running before the breeze towards a new Act. It is to be fervently hoped such principles do not actuate our representatives. That no one will dispute. But the question remains, Is this a true description or is it not?

To business men this perpetual tinkering with the Insolvent Act is a weariness of the spirit—a constant source of worry and loss. It is one cause,

if not the chief cause of the clamour for its repeal. Yet there is another cause and a deeper one. It is this: that no Insolvent Act we have yet had has been founded on absolute justice and equity towards both debtor and creditor. Both the Act of 1865, amended in 1869, and the Act of 1875 and its amendments, were class legislation in an aggravated form. The former pandered to the debtor and his legal advisers. The latter revolted to the other side, cut the lawyers adrift, elevated the assignees in number, comfort and affluence, and gave almost absolute control to the creditor. Thus both Acts have been turned into engines of destruction in the hands of the respective parties for whose behoof they were framed. Is such an assertion too sweeping? Truth is always apt to be a little forcible. For proof, see public opinion. Class legislation always stirs up strife, leads to anarchy, and a desire for the abrogation of law.

Now it is just that men should be relieved from debt which it is out of their power to pay. It is part of that very law of love which is the essence and the out-come of Christianity. To annul all legal means of obtaining freedom from hopeless involvements is to take a step backwards towards the Middle Ages. In a land that has any claims to civilization, the question is not, how best shall we add power to the successful to crush out all opposition, by first ruining and then refusing to discharge all lesser fellow-traders? but rather, how shall we justly, lovingly, inflict no injury to the strong and still protect and preserve to usefulness the weak, the unfortunate, or those who have misjudged their natural capacity for the business they have undertaken? In a new and rapidly developing country like ours we cannot afford to lose the independent hopeful energy of even one man among us. Brotherly care may be needed to re-direct misdirected energies. The (to some) hard discipline of labour for others may be the only course by which to develop powers of usefulness on an extended scale in the man who has failed or fallen; yet he ought to be left free to rise again. It is the province of an Insolvent Act to accomplish this for him.

Insolvents are not all fools, nor are they all rascals. Here is a case in point. A certain firm a year ago found themselves worth only thirty cents in the dollar. Yet they dared to continue business in view of an actual improvement in the conditions of their special trade. They recently stopped payment, but show still thirty cents in the dollar. Can such insolvents be said to lack energy, industry, pluck, ability or tact? Can they be described as altogether fools? Can they be considered knaves when the fact is known that the personal expenses of both partners for that year did not exceed \$1,400, and only slightly exceeded that amount in previous years? This is not a fancy sketch, but a fact—and one of many. It is impossible to defend such a course of action as either wise or just. But the courage, energy and enterprise which every business man knows is needed to carry on a manufacturing business in such circumstances of down-draught without deteriorating the estate, are valuable qualities, which, better directed, must prove useful. The commercial extinction of such men is a loss to the community if re-direction can be rendered possible.

The requirements in an Insolvent Act are few and simple. Insolvency is a crime against the business community. Treat it as such, and grant legal discharge only if proof be given that *all* the assets are given up. The burden of proof of this should rest on the insolvent. It is not the creditor who should need to prove fraud, in order to prevent discharge, but the debtor who should refuse to prove absence of fraud in order to obtain the right to trade again. Discharge should be absolute and prompt when such proof is given. Law can fix no definite rate of dividend entitling to discharge. That is a matter too intricate for law to decide, dependent as it is so much on the nature of the business engaged in. The 50 cent clause in the present Act has resulted in an increase, and not a decrease, of five and ten cent dividends. When an estate comes under the Insolvent Act, it should be compulsory to sell it by auction to the highest bidder, with due provision for advertising, so as to make concealment or fraudulent sale well nigh impossible. It would then be safe to leave the power of issuing a writ in the hands of any creditors holding an overdue claim. Sales under the Insolvent Act should be always for cash. Official Assignees for each county and district are needless. The principal trade centres only should be blessed with these useful, but far too numerous officials. In cities or large towns only can the estates committed to their care be rapidly realized in cash. Local bidders need not thus be excluded. Advertisement in at least one local or county paper might be made compulsory. Immediate distribution of all monies realized should be insisted on. Claims not filed within one month should lapse.

These constitute the main provisions requisite in an Insolvent Act. They secure immediate relief and freedom to the honest insolvent, the best market for the assets, rapid realization of the same, slight cost in time and money, and but little encouragement either to creditor or debtor to initiate insolvency proceedings. Common law will be found to provide sufficiently for special difficulties in the matter of disputed assets.

But business men are waking to the fact that "honour" is the true safeguard in trade—not Insolvent Acts. Experience of misplaced trust in the slow and complicated machinery of the law has at last enforced that lesson.

Already, in the West, several estates have been handled by the creditors themselves. A voluntary assignment of the whole estate and effects is made by the insolvent in trust to one of the creditors and consented to by all, the deed embodying in its terms a full discharge to the insolvent, and vesting in the trustee full power to sell or dispose of the assets, distributing the receipts pro rata. This is the best Insolvent Act we could have. Where confidence in the integrity of the bankrupt is still retained, it will be the course most generally adopted in the future whether our legislators stultify themselves by repealing the Insolvent Act or not. Trained accountants as trustees, men able to give guarantees for their intrusions are wanted to carry it out effectively. Creditors are not always willing to undertake the work, even though paid for it. Time is more than money to a business man, and is sometimes a gift that is impossible, with due regard to duty towards his own creditors.

Such is the trade solution of the question. But it does not apply in all cases. Law must step in where private efforts fail—but only then. Not every set of creditors are intelligent and just enough to confide in each other, and agree to combine in the interests of all. Nor should the insolvent be left helpless in the hands of unjust enmity or narrow-mindedness. He has a right to a discharge, if he can prove that he gives up all in satisfaction of his debt, whether that all be little or much comparatively to his indebtedness. Therefore, an Insolvent Act is a necessity to the just government of a country. Insolvency is an outgrowth of our credit system. Credit—belief in each other—is the very life of trade. Till all men become worthy of credit, and wise in their use of it there will be need of an Insolvent Act. That there should be an Act, embodying the provisions named, is alike essential to the whole community and to every merchant.

SOME THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY THE FORMATION OF A CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

In this year of our Lord, 1880, on the initiation of what may prove to be a very important step in our intellectual progress, a few thoughts crop up on the present state of Art here, a subject little understood and less cared for by the mass of Canadians.

Why this ignorance and indifference on a matter that is, and always has been, in civilized countries, considered to be of great importance should exist, seems hard to understand, for Canada possessing an intelligent and energetic population, an unsurpassed educational system, the finest political institutions, and much distributed wealth, might naturally be expected to shew a proper interest in those Arts which most distinctly mark the intellectual strength of a people, viz., the Fine Arts.

Many must have read with interest the correspondence and articles which have appeared recently in our journals on the subject of Art, and in spite of the varying and vigorous opinions, pro and con., it seems to be generally conceded that a properly directed pursuit and liberal patronage of the fine Arts is not likely, at least for some time to come, to exercise an enervating influence on our people, but the solicitude, fear and anxiety expressed by many generous and fair-minded people in Montreal especially, lest the action of the Governor-General and the artists is premature, must provoke many a smile from those whose lot being cast neither in the Metropolis or the Capital can judge calmly as to how much is due to disappointment at the scheme having been born outside of the chief city, and how much is the result of sincere interest, but either way it is satisfactory that a matter that has hitherto been considered so unimportant should have engaged the earnest attention of so many able and thoughtful people, and they who know best have no doubt that the warmest friends of the new institution and the artists, will be found amongst the cultured and refined, of whom there are many, in Montreal.

Nothing a stranger sojourning here misses more than the evidences of good taste, those objects of beauty that he is accustomed to in the old land. On all sides he is impressed with evidences of prosperity, material comfort and external elegance, almost magnificence, which really compare well with other countries, but, with the exception of a few homes in the chief commercial city, it seems anomalous that dwellings which externally give promise of culture and refinement on the part of their owners should, on better acquaintance, remind him of the famous Dead Sea apples. If he should hint at his surprise at the paucity of works of Art, such as cultivated people love to surround themselves with, he is almost invariably met with the stereotyped statement that we are a young people; we have not had time to attend to these matters, but it will all come duly as wealth increases. This means in plain, unornamented English, that we are just ignorant barbarians, and that we rather glory in the fact. This is not as it should be, nor is it exactly true; we are not younger, as a people, than the United States; we have had plenty of time to devote to the cultivation of æsthetic tastes, and we have more wealth than some other communities that are much more advanced in intellectual culture.

It is only natural to suppose that, with the facilities now within our reach, some evidences would be shown of a desire to rise above the aboriginal condition, if indeed such a statement is not in some sort an insult to the red Indian,

for in his rude way he displays much more innate perception of the harmony and contrast of colour than many of the millionaire merchants, wealthy bankers and others who compose our upper and middle-class, who give grand entertainments in splendid mansions, the whole of the "Art treasures," in which, including the pictures (save the mark) more often than not have no other value than a very few paltry dollars. It is a humiliating fact that we are, as a people, much given to display of a cheap and nasty order, and shoddy, sham and cheapness satisfy and please us as a rule.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that those who persist in pursuing Art as a profession and a means of subsistence should be regarded as a species of semi-lunatics, of whom the best that can be said is that they are harmless, but from a long acquaintance with many of them, and exceptionally good opportunities for comparison, it is not too much to claim that in general intelligence, good breeding, knowledge of the world, and that honest desire to do with all their might whatever their hand findeth to do, they are at least on a par with our lawyers, politicians, doctors and professors of education.

In connection herewith two errors are common: 1st. That because a man chooses to make a living by his pencil in the creation of objects of beauty, he must needs be ignorant of values and those obligations between man and man known generally as business; 2nd. That Canadian artists are less clever relatively than the classes of men before mentioned. Can a comparison be made between the average Canadian artist and the average Canadian lawyer of necessity to the disadvantage of the former? The writer cannot admit any, though no doubt both might suffer by comparison with their European competitors. The proof that this is fairly put can be found in the number of talented artists who, being unable or unwilling to struggle here under the want of support or recognition of their abilities, have left us, finding remunerative employment, and in some instances achieving reputation, in other countries.

It is unfortunately "the thing" to sneer at Canadian artists—as if art instinct and ability were matters of geographical fixity. Genius is cosmopolitan—belonging to no particular country, climate, or class of society. Giotto, the ignorant, unlettered shepherd, found a vent for his genius by drawing with rude implements on the rocks and stones in the fields, but he became the founder of the most glorious school of painting the world has ever seen; and the vague, untaught groping after the beautiful, born of the rocks and streams and skies of his mountain home, bore immortal fruit in the works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Guido, Correggio and the Carracci; and as if to prove that climate does not restrict or control genius, in these latter days a school of artists of great original talent and power has grown up amidst the bleak winds and the fogs and snows of the little Kingdom of Norway—a native school of art that is everywhere respected has found substantial recognition in a country very much poorer than Canada, who then shall say that we have not the men or the means. Pride may justly be felt in such painters as Jacobi, Fowler, Fraser, Sandham, Millard, O'Brien and others, men whose works always contain a thought either subjective or objective, and that thought well expressed; men whose presence and labours cannot but benefit the community.

Surely it will not be disputed that he who with slight materials at his command can create things of beauty which delight, teach, and elevate, is worthy as much respect as he who by mere plodding along on the beaten track has learned enough of law to confound, or he who sits on the Bench to deliver judgments which are habitually disputed by his peers, or he who while experimenting kills instead of cures his patients. It would be hard to convince the writer that Landseer, who amassed a fortune of nearly a million sterling, or Turner, whose personality was sworn at something less at his death, or Millais, whose magnificence is to-day the talk of England, can be accused of less shrewdness than the bankers and speculators who affect and appear to glory in ignorance of, and indifference to, art as something beneath their notice. Take Frith, for example, who not many years ago obtained eight thousand pounds for a single picture, or Millais whose price for a bust portrait (the work of a few hours) is five hundred pounds, and say ye who dare, that the money king Vanderbilt, who by sharp "transactions" which, while enriching him, wreck and ruin the homes of hundreds of his fellow speculators, is a greater or better man than these who honestly get rich by the production of works which for ages will live for the admiration, pride and benefit of millions of their fellow beings. "Every dog has his day," and brighter days are in store for art and artists in this Canada of ours. The time is not remote when in this "wooden country" a gentleman will be known, not by his fine house, his horses or his balance at his bankers, but by his culture, by the fittings and surroundings of his home,—in a word, by "the gentle life" when none may afford to speak of art slightly unless he wishes to publish himself as low and grovelling and sordid, of the earth earthy. No doubt, in the mean-time, much will have to be suffered by those who bear the standard, but as hitherto they will bear it uncomplainingly; they do not hope, they cannot look for any great reward in their own day, but they will be satisfied if they can be certain that the feet which in the future travel the road they have made may not be bruised and broken in the journey; they have faith in the good time coming, though they wait a little longer.

Toronto.

THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO,

WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

No. II.

I received a gratuitous suggestion to-day from one of our numerous musical prodigies, to the effect that I would have the goodness to confine my attention more to institutions and manners than to so personally point at particular classes, such as our musicians, painters and poets. My musical marionette blushingly admitted that—"Eh! I am not, eh! what you might call a regular full fledged musician, you know." This was said in such a way as to leave no doubt on my mind but that he was a second "Blind Tom." However, I thanked him for his candour and pocketed his suggestion; acting upon which, I would humbly, very humbly, discover to an unsuspecting public a few of our glaring local conceits. I will deal gently with the delicate subject, for indeed I am nervous myself and do not wish to irritate a sore spot in anybody else's nerves.

When some one requested me to decide a dispute as to which was the higher, our St. James' Cathedral or that of Cologne Cathedral, I laughed, and explained that the summit of the weather-cock on St. James' Cathedral would not reach the ridge of the roof of Cologne Cathedral by forty feet. "But what has this to do with the conceit of Toronto? We do not suppose our edifices are as fine as those of the Continent!" Do we not? I rather think we do. Our numerous guides and directories for each succeeding year inform us that our architectural triumphs are unequalled. Any loyal Torontonian will claim for our white (?) brick Cathedral—with its neatly covered galvanized-iron spire and three or four hundred crockets (the iron is slightly buckled but still durable), four coats of excellent linseed oil paint (the last coat an extra on the contract), and disilluminated clock showing four faces (one of them cracked)—the palm over all churches of this occidental hemisphere. "There's nothing can touch it in the whole of the United States of America." Now this is very consoling to know that our little mixed early English and decorated Cathedral stands pre-eminent. The more modest of Canucks occasionally make an exception in favour of the Fifth Avenue Cathedral of New York City.

Strangers to Toronto are astonished at the vastness of our resources, our wealth, our enterprise, our great knowledge of ourselves, our excellent harbour (?), our smokestacks and especially our inexhaustible supply of mud for the streets.

Take a page of one of our guide-books and you will find that we have a park which, for beauty and simplicity, compares favourably with anything Canada can produce, or even the vast North American Continent—aye, or the whole world. If I appear to use a sort of hyperbole, it is but to show the absurdity of the thing, which is an outrage on common sense. The beauties of the park are: A shabby monument in a ridiculous position, fast falling into decay, although scarcely yet ten years old; a disgusting frog-pond; a flag-staff, the cost of which was \$200—it stands 100 feet high, and is six inches out of perpendicular; a laughable flower-yard 100 feet or so, surrounded by a picket-fence painted imperial green (this garden is occasionally mistaken by visitors to the park in the fall and spring for a sort of meadow for collecting stubble for horses); something that goes by the name of a fountain; two guns taken at the Crimea; and a few clumps of trees, interspersed at irregular intervals in this picturesque field of husbandry, sculpture, flowers and things, complete the total of the most agreeable park above the torrid zone. A civic appropriation some time ago was not permitted to be sufficient to fence this field in. The only redeeming feature about the place is the villas erected there. The park itself is a laughing-stock and disgrace; and yet there are people who have the courage to tell us to our face that our park is really lovely—it is beautiful—so refreshing in summer, and O —; but I have not a good memory, and I really cannot remember what they say, except that one gentleman had the temerity to inform us at a public lecture (after the manner of the magnesians, light) that he had travelled through Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati, and San Francisco and the Yosemite Valley, but he actually saw nothing to equal our own Queen's Park (fact). Great Cæsar! what have we poor Torontonians done? Our civic imperfections are our pride. We do not see them as imperfections, but through a glass darkly imagine them the great institutions of a rising and popular city. What is most to be deplored is the fact that we believe all that is flatteringly said of us; we take it all in; we are the most credulous people in existence in regard to ourselves; we have much to be proud of, and 't' faith we live up to our privilege.

I think it is not sufficiently understood that we were very successful last year over our great Industrial Exhibition. The affair has been hushed a little, more so than an affair of its magnitude demanded; but we rejoice to know that next to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, the Industrial Exposition (better known as "the fair") of Toronto for 1879 was the most unsuccessful rehash of its great prototype of 1851 that America has seen; of course we have been naturally jubilant.

The guide-book says of the old *Crystal Palace* (the present building is the

same modified) that it is a good copy of the original building of that name at Sydenham.*

We take great pleasure in announcing (this is a sort of advertisement) that our educational advantages are very select, and vastly superior to anything of the sort ever contemplated before or since. We took the gold medal over all competitors at the great Centennial Exposition, but who the competitors were the bulletin neglected to say. Without any sort of question the Department and Council of Public Instruction on Victoria Square are the most elaborate and finished on the Continent of America, and it is to be doubted if anything equal is to be found in the more advanced countries of that semi-barbarous Continent of Europe. The Museum of this institution is very good. The Egyptian-Etruscan-Grecian-Roman-Gothic room is considered to be peculiarly instructive, I believe, though in what respect does not appear. The statuary room is replete with some very good chalk casts of ancient sculpture, but is closed to the public on account of the weakness of the floor. The model and apparatus room is—well, it is rather suggestive of acoustics. The Art Galleries (I will call them galleries, if you please, to define the location) have a southern light and suffer very much in consequence.†

All these minor defects must be overlooked in the general perfection of the whole. Our numerous public schools throughout the city are a pattern to all the cities of America, and are unparalleled in the annals of education. But, soberly, what under the sun is there so perfect in our school system over other cities in Canada or the United States, or England, or France?

The praise of our benevolent school management is in everybody's mouth like a craze. It is treason to hint at the possibility of the schools of Great Britain being equal to our own, and as for being superior, he is indeed a bold man who would think of such a thing. Treason! sedition! heresy! Did we not get the gold medal? Did we not receive honourable mention? Did not the Japanese—those strange, inquiring people, longing for the enlightenment of a liberal education—make it a special matter of duty to visit our Educational Department? Were they not delighted? Were they not astounded, spell-bound, speechless? Infidel, did they not leave their autograph? Yes, it is all true; they left behind them a souvenir of their visit in the shape of a little model of a Japanese schoolhouse, and they took back with them a model of a Canadian backwoods primary schoolhouse, for which they paid \$400. But we are not likely to copy their establishment; neither are they going to imitate the institution of the barbarians. I know I shall offend some of our worshippers of the great intellect of Toronto; nevertheless, the sorrowful fact remains to our shame that Torontonians are Toronto mad. We see our follies staring us in the face in every direction, and yet our mouths are full of our own praise. To such an extent has the disease advanced that we are callous to it; and when anyone takes the trouble to show us our conceit he is considered an upstart and an interloper, and the storm that is raised about his ears, unless he is a brave man, generally deters him from the like again; like a troop of vultures society pounces down upon him to destroy him. Englishmen and foreigners are verily astounded at our impudence in pushing our greatness before their eyes, to the exclusion of their own knowledge of the advanced cities of the Old World and old-time institutions a thousand times more perfect than our own. Our achievements and ourselves are so young and immatured that our eyes have grown to see these defects in the light of perfection, which we must hope time and the removal of our conceit will remedy. And indeed our intellectual progress must necessarily be slow until such time as we are prepared to admit that we are very far behind the advancement of cities of the Old World not yet half our size, but having the wisdom of age without the conceit of colonial youth. We appear to have forgotten that we are not yet half-fledged, that we are but commencing to breathe freely; we have as yet had no time to look about us, but when our leisure comes and we begin to see our egotism, then the conceit so much to be deprecated will be lost in humility.

For, you must understand, we have secured a patent for egotism; this grandiloquent conceit is purely local; there are several reasons for it, which, perhaps, extenuate the heinousness of the crime somewhat, but a knowledge of the cause does not remove the effect. Toronto has developed rapidly, and being the capital of a young but important Province, she feels proud, like a child who has cut its teeth. The old settlers and their children believe muddy York metamorphosed in Toronto to be a perfect Paradise, and being humored in the belief, we have at last arrived at the conclusion that there is no place in the world like Toronto. Our warehouses are the best, the most modern and extensive in Canada. Our churches are our glory and our pride—no city in the Union is so devout as we. We are wise in our own conceit, for proof witness our schools.

Our streets are elegantly laid out (so we are told) and in very many instances are nearly straight, and are supposed to be at right angles one with another.‡

* This is very modest, as our *Crystal Palace* was as black as a coal, and about one-fourth the size of one of the transepts of the great Exhibition building.

† If the local government were to hire a man to remove the worthless pictures and rehang those of value, a great saving would ensue in wall space, and the clerks could hang their hats there.

‡ We should very much like to see our City Engineer or his satellite provided with a theodolite, chains and poles for surveying our thoroughfares, &c.

Our Custom House is something extraordinary, the most elaborate work of its kind in America, the carving on the stone fronts is simply superb, the building is perfection itself, except the south and west fronts which are of brick, but we are satisfied, and no one blames us for going into raptures over the miracle. We have the largest lunatic asylum on the continent—thank Heaven—its management is second to none, and if we appear to be extravagantly proud, it is because most of our friends are there (or in Toronto.) Our beautiful (?) opera house, lately the scene of a frightful holocaust, except for its being built substantially like a paste-board box is only to be rivalled by the Grand Opera House at Paris, of which M. Garnier is the architect (the edifice of the same name of Toronto was re-erected in a space of two months and a half.) Our countless terraces are very pleasing to the eye—see speculators little pamphlets—with their 4½ inches of brick wall and their wooden sides. We are perfect in both political and domestic economy, and have not the slightest need for such a society as the one that has given rise to the most absurd criticisms of Montreal. Above all, we are steady, we do not rise too fast, we don't build our houses on paper, O! no. Our business is carried on safely and surely, and when our new fine Parliament Buildings are erected, we rather flatter ourselves that next to the metropolis of Great Britain, that city to which the eager eyes of the people of the nineteenth century will turn with wonder and surprise will be the "Queen City of the West."

Herbert G. Paull.

PRINCIPAL DAWSON AND THE EVOLUTION THEORY.

In his lecture on "Spiritual Teachings from Nature" on Monday evening, Principal Dawson, according to the brief report in Tuesday's *Witness*, took occasion to refer to what is now known as the Evolution Theory. As the latest explanation of the infinite variety of existing living forms, that theory has been received by the most distinguished Naturalists and other scientific investigators of the present age. The learned Principal, however, views it with disfavour: sets it entirely aside, if one may judge from the tenor of his lecture. The theory of Darwin was no new conception he told his audience, "since the old Egyptian and Greek writers had long ago conceived the idea of a connecting link between man and the lower animals." But Darwin's theory indicates more than the fact of a connecting link between man and the lower animals. The doctrine of the Descent of Man is based upon and only arrived at after an induction of facts which a long series of the most carefully conducted scientific investigation have brought to light: viz., that all the existing varieties of species and genera, if not also of living forms, self-conscious, sentient, or plant, have in the course of countless ages been gradually evolved from one original type. And as such, the doctrine was unknown to the ancient pantheistic systems.

Principal Dawson may set himself against the prevailing thought of the time, backed as it is by the most eminent authorities. A minority is not always wrong: in the case of serious departure from established usage and ideas, has often been in the right. But the ground on which his opposition rests must be firm and solid, and such as shall commend itself to the average intelligence. In the present case it is neither. "The lecturer impressed upon his audience the fact that Moses was thoroughly acquainted with this view of the case, but his inspired writings give no countenance to the views of the evolutionist." Granting even (what modern criticism makes it difficult to do) that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch, and without entering upon the somewhat abstruse question as to whether he was a distinguished savant in the domain of the Physical Sciences, or had passed in review and rejected theories which have only arisen after centuries of patient thinking and research, it is surely too late in the day to adduce the Bible as an infallible authority in scientific questions. Nature is a divine revelation, a transparent veil which half reveals and half conceals that mysterious "Presence which disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." The Hebrew Bible—like all other Bibles, ancient or modern—is the outward form or clothing of divine thoughts coming to the souls of men from the Hidden Source of all things "true and beautiful and good." But surely the time has now gone past when rational beings must be asked to receive it as a text-book of physical science. It is surely absurd to take the opinions of Hebrew writers centuries ago, and insist upon their acceptance, even when conflicting with the results of scientific investigation and experiment. It is not the proper function of the Bible to teach science: its supreme value and importance lie altogether in another region. It does not teach the doctrine of evolution; it propounds a theory opposite to and irreconcilable with it. But the doctrine is not therefore false, nor must it therefore be rejected. The cosmogony of the Hebrews was implicitly received till the dawn of modern scientific method and observation. With the era of emancipated intellect the old notions of the antiquity of the world, a six-days' creation, the earth's place in the solar system and its relation to the universe, had all to be abandoned. In the face of the most determined opposition by the church it is true, which was constantly opposing the Bible and its poetic representations in the way of carefully thought out scientific results. It was no doubt the Catholic church that proved the barrier in the way of progress in the Middle Ages. But dogmatic

Protestantism occupies a no better position in this respect. For an infallible Church, it has substituted a *literally* infallible Book, whose teaching it constantly opposes to results and theories built up from an induction of the particular facts of observation; branding their advocates with such odious terms as *infidels, atheists, sceptics, &c.* The times have now gone past when scientific laws may be arbitrarily determined by a reference to the teaching of the Bible on the subject, and opposition to the Evolution Theory must justify itself in some more satisfactory manner.

That Principal Dawson's strict orthodoxy is beyond suspicion, and that he is proof against the Time Spirit which is making such havoc of old ideas and worn-out creeds, is fully evident from the cool assumption he makes in passing, of the impossibility of *the heathen* "learning salvation" (!) by the teachings of Nature. That he is in direct antagonism to the ideas prevailing in regard to evolution among those most competent to judge as to the facts will be further apparent from the following extracts from an article contributed by Mr. Wallace, the distinguished Naturalist, to the *Nineteenth Century* for January last. In regard to the doctrine of evolution, Mr. Wallace writes: "At the present day there is perhaps no single naturalist of reputation who upholds that doctrine of the independent origin of each species of animal and plant, which was a very few years ago either tacitly accepted or openly maintained by the great majority of naturalists.

And again: "Now all these objections in so far as they refer to the origin of the different *species* of one *genus* from a common ancestral species or even of all the *species* and *genera* of one *family* from some still more remote ancestor, may I think be shown to be invalid: because we have direct evidence, almost amounting to demonstration, that changes to this extent are producible by the known laws of variation and the admitted action of natural selection. But when we go further back and propose to account for the origin of distinct *families, orders, and classes* of animals by the same process, the evidence becomes far less clear and decisive. We find groups with organs of which no rudiment exists in other groups; we find classes differing radically in structure from other classes, and we have no direct evidence that changes of this nature are now in progress, as we have that the lesser changes—resulting in new *species* and new *genera*—are in progress.

"Yet the evidence that those deeper and more important changes in the structure of organic beings have taken place by gradual steps through the ordinary processes of generation is overwhelming. The numerous intermediate links that have been discovered both among living and extinct animals, and especially the wonderful community perceptible in the embryological development of the most diverse living types, force upon us the conclusion that the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms owe the wonderfully diversified forms they now exhibit to one unbroken process of 'descent with modification' from a few primeval types."

MONTREAL SOCIETY.

MRS. SHODDY'S PARTY.

Not long since Mrs. Shoddy gave a party, to which we were invited. Now, Mrs. Shoddy's house is perfect, her manners imperfect, and her purse pluperfect; and of course the tenses of her house and purse atone for that of her manners. This is the first grand party given by the Shoddys since they moved into their fine house; their old friends were not good enough for the new house, and it took some time to make fashionable acquaintances. In fact, when one becomes suddenly rich he must be content to live for some years in solitary splendour, and do penance for his past sins of vulgarity by giving largely to benevolent purposes, particularly towards paying off the debt on some fashionable church, ere he can win his way into society. However, the Shoddys have at last paid their footing, made acquaintance with some fine folk, and, by adding a large number of the school friends of their children, have mustered what we may call a swell party. Of course it is quite an honour for my wife and I to be invited, we being poor folk, and living in a house which would about represent the square root of the Shoddy mansion. What did Prof. Johnson tell the ladies in the astronomy lectures about the relative weights of a man on the earth and a man on the moon? I think he stated that a man's weight varied according to the square root of the two planets. I know my daughter came to me to find out the square roots of the earth and the moon, but I told her that I was so puzzled trying to find round roots of the earth—potatoes and other tubers—for family use, that I really could do nothing in square roots. However, she figured it out for herself, and found that a man's weight on the earth was preponderous to what it would be on the moon. Now, I find that a man's weight in society varies in a direct ratio to the square root of his house; consequently, my weight in this small house, when compared to Mr. Shoddy's in his, would be about in the proportion of the man on the moon to the man on the earth. Therefore, the Shoddys being of such weight in society, it was quite a condescension for them to invite us to their party. Euphrosyne was delighted. She is my second venture in the matrimonial market, a charming little Frenchwoman not many years older than my daughter. She is devoted to me, but adores large

parties, while I am rather a crusty old fellow, who would prefer sitting at home smoking and writing heavy articles on light subjects for the SPECTATOR; but I must not disappoint Phrosie, and I mutter dejectedly: "I wonder why they asked us?" "Oh, because we are literary people, of course," Phrosie replies with dignity. My wife writes the fashion articles for a country paper, and considers herself quite an authoress. "Ah, literary people!" I echo; "I read an article on them the other day, by Payn. He says he has discovered their position in the social scale. In a book of precedence, after a long list of the nobility and gentry, he found at the very bottom inscribed 'burgesses, literary persons, &c.' As Payn remarks, 'it is something to take precedence even of an et cetera,' and as Mrs. Shoddy's guests will be mostly et ceteras, we may hope to take precedence of almost every one." "What is the use of talking about precedence when it isn't a dinner party?" asks my practical wife, "and if it were, I wouldn't mind walking behind all the et ceteras in Montreal if I could only have an elegant new dress."

"The Editress of the *Snobtown Trumpet* will be sure to look well in anything," I replied, finding it easier to pay my wife compliments than bank checks. And truly, when the night of the party arrived, Euphrosyne looked lovely in an artistic combination costume—that is what she called it—which she had skilfully evolved from her own inner consciousness and two old evening silks with the aid of a sewing girl by the day.

But, good gracious! we shall be late. Where can my light gloves and neck-tie be? "Euphrosyne! Eu-phros-yne! Eupros-y-yne!" Where can the woman be? You're back to that inf—in—in—infatigable dressmaker, I suppose, to have some more artistic touches put on. Wish she wouldn't mix her fal-lals up in the drawer with my things. These artistic women who write for the papers are so untidy—"Eu-phro-s-y-ne!" Ah, here she comes. "Where did you put my gloves and tie? I left them in this drawer after Jones' party last Friday, and now they are gone." How you do mix up things, Ninns." Phrosie never calls me Ninns unless she is vexed, at other times it is Nin, or dear old Ninny. "See, here is your tie in the collar-box, where you put it, and your gloves are in your pocket, I expect." Sure enough, so they were, and I felt rather sheepish after being so bearish. It is well Euphrosyne did not hear me apostrophizing her as untidy. Ah, there goes the bell, and I am glad to change the subject by exclaiming—"Hurry up, Phrosie, dear, else we shall have to pay an extra quarter if we keep the sleigh waiting." But Phrosie has a soul above quarters, and goes on with her dressing in dignified silence. Off at last, and soon we are driving up what Mrs. Shoddy calls the "turpentine avenue." From the very portals our reception is awkward. We ring and wait, ring again, and then a maid rushes down one stair and a man up another, but they snigger and squabble until a boy in buttons runs forward and admits us. The boy has been detailed to this post, but having many other duties delegated to him he is seldom ready when the bell rings. (Of course the Shoddys do not know that it should not be allowed to ring at all.) Mrs. Shoddy cannot make up her mind to keep a sufficient staff of servants, and on great occasions a number of raw recruits are enlisted, who having no one to direct them only render confusion worse confounded. Upstairs we are left to find our dressing-rooms as best we may, and oh, horrors! I come within an ace of landing in among the ladies, while Phrosie pushes open the door of the card-room, and retreats so precipitately that she stumbles over her artistic train, and lands with her head in my bosom, much to the detriment of the same—I mean shirt bosom. Just at this moment some people reach the head of the stairs and look virtuously shocked and surprised to see my wife in my arms, of course they do not think she is my wife, and Phrosie blushes deeply as she follows meekly into the dressing-room. When we meet again on the landing, Phrosie had a list of grievances. "Just fancy, Nin, there was not a hair-pin to be had, (you know, I spoiled my hair when I stumbled,) and when I asked a maid to get me some hair-pins, she offered a few out of her own greasy hair! Then I was obliged to ask three times before any of them would take off my overshoes. Some ladies took off their own, but you know I daren't stoop, my skirt is so tight. If I dance much I fear my hair will come down, and I am just in the humor for dancing," she added, as we reach the drawing-room, which we find already well filled, and a number of couples floating gracefully around to the soft strains of "Sweet Hearts." But no hostess stands ready to receive us. "Where can Mrs. Shoddy be?" asks Phrosie. "How odd! See, Nin, there is Miss Startup who came down after us, she has gone off to dance without being received by anyone." "Very strange, indeed," I replied, "and we are not late." People were coming in every moment, and soon we are surrounded by enquiries—"Where is Mrs. Shoddy?" "Where can Mrs. Shoddy be?" Finally our hostess is discovered gorgeously dressed in a far corner of the spacious rooms. We make our way to her, but she does not rise to welcome us. Even Royalty receives standing, but not so Mrs. Shoddy. She offers a large, limp hand in an ill-fitting glove, murmurs a few words and turns to continue her chat with Mrs. Goodstyle, who is seated beside her; but it happens that Mrs. Goodstyle is an old friend of ours and she makes room for Phrosie, while I slip into a chair behind. We are somewhat chilled by our reception, but soon see that Mrs. Shoddy is no respecter of persons. All are treated in the same manner, and I hear Mrs. Goodstyle whisper to

Phrosie, "She thinks she need not rise because I do not." Miss Startup now appears after her waltz, exclaiming—"You must excuse me, Mrs. Shoddy. I could not find you, and that *valse* was so *delicious*." Miss Startup does not always use appropriate adjectives, but she atones for the inelegance of her English by sprinkling it liberally with French. Mrs. Shoddy is very gracious to Miss Startup (who is the daughter of a bran new millionaire) enquiring anxiously—"Did ye see Allfred yit?" Alfred is the eldest hope of the house, and his mother would willingly give him a double portion of all things, including double P's in his name, while Mr. Shoddy, still more liberal with the alphabet, prefixes an H to the name of each of the elder children, which, with a sort of poetic justice, he deducts from those of the younger ones. Thus we have Hallfred, Hella and Heva, and then little 'Arry and 'Orace and 'Attie. Phrosie was very angry when Mr. Shoddy once remarked "Hugh-froze-in was a hodd name."

(To be continued.)

SERVICE AND WORK.

The article by "Quevedo Redivivus" on "Domestic Servants" I read with pleasure. The subject is deep-rooted, wide-spread, and generally interesting, but one, I fear, whose evils must be cured by individual advice in all cases. To put oneself in the place of another is perhaps the most difficult task any one can set about, but if success attends the effort, it should broaden the sympathies, enlarge the perceptions, and set at liberty from selfishness. What are some of the things the position of a servant involve? For one thing, an amount of self-denial that few in a higher social station can boast of. The daily stroll in the invigorating open air is not for them, and if there is an afternoon out at a time, all that is possible to be done must be got through before they go out, and on their return they find that much has been left for them to do up, even if they feel tired, which, being mortal, they sometimes must. No doubt, too, a servant has as keen a relish for the good things of life as others have, but we all know that the best of all the food goes to the family table, and she thus has to practise a daily denial in what may be a very trying way. Of course a servant can't expect to have the best of everything, but could at least some mistresses not try to make it easier for them even in this matter? Now, what are some of the qualities that go to make up a good general servant? Summer and winter she rises like clock-work (a great punishment to some of us), has the rooms warm, and a good breakfast ready by—say 8 a.m. All day long she is quick, quiet and orderly—ready to be put out of her own way to suit the wishes or caprices of her mistress. Cooks without waste, is always punctual, obliging, patient, civil, honest, sober; never grumbles or makes objections; does not *gad* nor have company come in to see her; and instead of shirking work, tries to do any extra thing she can to relieve her mistress. In short, she gives up her life in service. Such are some of the perfections we demand in a good servant; is it wonderful if we sometimes fail to find them? And when found, are not our whole-hearted thanks, constant, kindly courtesy—nay, rather veneration—due to such an individual? and do we not then realise what these words mean, "He that would be great among you, let him be your servant."

But we say "only a servant," and look down on what we find we can't do without. If for any reason whatever we do not or cannot cook our own food, attend to the thousand-and-one things the household work involves, is it not a clear case of obligation to get any one to do these things for us, even for money? Physical food is quite as necessary for us as mental food, and sometimes costs quite as much time in the preparation. It may seem absurd to some, but there is a close connection between the disposition of the cook and the state in which the meal is served, so that the more patient, generous, and refined our cook's nature has become, the more inviting and perfect the food will be. There is such a thing as *genius* in cooking, and in all branches of household work. We ought to respect genius in all its forms and treat those who have it, or strive to attain it, with consideration, even as regards those dreaded things "followers." If our daughters are allowed male friends, surely it can't be very wrong for our servants to desire such. The royal rule of life is the best to follow, even towards servants: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." If we want never to receive thanks, encouragement or appreciation, let us withhold these from others. If we want to be treated as beneath notice, let us look down on others; if we want to be ground, grind others; if we do not want love, let us keep back love from others; but, if we want to be considered, consider others; if we want to be respected, respect others; if we want civility, be civil to others; and if we want others to do their conscientious duty to us, let us do ours to them. And it is wonderful how this law works out in life its inevitable and certain results.

At the root of the whole question lies a wrong view of life and work. Genuine, good honest work, elevates both men and women, and it is a twisted state of society that makes men and women have any idea of looking down on labour of any kind that is done in the service of others and for the good of the world generally. There is nothing really more degrading than to eat the bread

of idleness. Work is Nature's law—is God's law. To work for the good of others is absolutely necessary to true spiritual existence, and forms us into genuine men and women; it is not what we *are*, but what we *do*, that makes the individual. J. A. Froude has a very striking allegory in *Fraser's Magazine* for November. It is entitled "A Siding at a Railway Station." The train is suddenly brought to a stand, by running into a siding. First, second and third-class passengers quickly find themselves outside and all on a level. By and by the station-master comes along, and there is an examination of baggage, but when the lids are taken off, the boxes are found to contain, not money, clothing or jewels, but samples of the work each man has done in his life, &c. The first examination is confined to the literal work done for the general good. Those only who have done real work are allowed to pass on, all others are rejected. It is the leading thought, that good honest work is necessary to genuine spiritual life. That is invaluable to all of us, for on our work depends the future state of our existence. Thus, what a man *does* is what he *is*, and so we see somewhat of how a man is judged by his works, and how his works do follow him. Work then of a useful sort should be the aim and joy of our lives, not the least we can do, but the most. If we can afford help for some of our household purposes, there are still many ways of employing willing hands.

In everyone's life there are abundant opportunities of doing kindnesses, giving ease and comfort; and if each individual, in their several conditions of life, did nothing but loving and wise actions, all the evil that is in the world would be conquered by good, and this can be done. Will we do it? To lose, by laziness, or unwillingness, or any cause, the chance that comes to us of doing kindness in any way to rich or poor, is really of more vital consequence to us than the loss of money or lands. All the good and beautiful things in our life are not ours to claim as a right and say, "This is *mine*," when the truth is, nothing is ours, but is given us for the use of others. The happiness ages have sought after lies at our very door, and we will not see it; it is to forget self and selfish ends in usefulness to others. This is the only true road to happiness, not to try to possess but to give, not to make ourselves happy but to make others so, and this is to be usefully and actively employed in the world's work. God Himself, the Creator and sustainer of the universe, calls Himself the "Former" and the "Workman"—even the "Potter"—and we are the work of His hands. This work is not for self but for others, incessantly, day and night, for He slumbereth not and fainteth not, neither is weary; while we drag out a miserable existence of working for self, and complain if we have no time to ourselves and no time for pleasure, and grumble still more because with it all we are not happy! Having proved man's way to happiness to be most unsatisfactory, let us try God's way, and prove that it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

A TRIP TO CUBA.

No. III.

Christmas eve, with all its time-hallowed associations, but robbed of its northern accessories of snow and frost, found me borne along through the streets of Havana by the irresistible force of a dense crowd of rather dirty humanity. I was beginning to get used to Cuban disorder and want of cleanliness. A visit to the Chinese theatre—or rather to one of them, for there are two—had proved sufficient to fortify my nerves against any further display of outside filth. At best I must describe it as no more than fit for a first-class cattle-market, and the occupants, principally Chinese, as were all the actors, showed a very decided and unpleasant neglect, amounting often to a total absence of those customary articles of human attire, shoes and stockings. The slight acquaintance thus made with the West Indian representatives of the Celestial Land, I determined to more fully cultivate, and for this purpose I visited the quarter of the city known as the Chinese quarter. The influx of this nationality is most surprising, when we consider that it is estimated that there are to-day in Havana upwards of 70,000 persons of Asiatic origin. I saw some 2,000 of them, and succeeded in eliciting much valuable information from one of their number, a very superior man, a long way above the ordinary standard of Mongolian intelligence. Until very recently, when a representative of their government has been accredited at Havana, the Chinese, said my informant, were treated a little worse than dogs. While the value of their labour was readily appreciated, they were subjected to insults, abuse and ill-treatment of every description. On learning that I hailed from the dominions of the Queen of England, this gentleman unreservedly spoke in highly eulogistic terms of Her Majesty, and a group of yellow brethren, for whom he acted as interpreter, appeared to cordially agree with him on this as on most other points. A stay of two or three hours among these most interesting people, during which time they favoured me with a delicious cup of tea, convinced me that there is much more beneath the surface of the Chinese people than we have ever yet been disposed to admit. It is impossible to foresee what social and political revolutions may in the coming ages be effected by their increased emigration to this continent.

I think it was the contemplation of the crowded streets on Christmas eve that led me into this digression about Chinamen. But pigtailed are not plentiful

at midnight mass, and the Christian religion, as exemplified in Cuba, can hardly be favourable to the conversion of the worshippers of Confucius. Religion in Havana is a mockery, a conglomeration of dead forms, with a complete absence of the living reality and power. Mass over, the play commences, and Sunday and week-day are to a great extent alike. Gross superstition and slavish veneration prevails in a proportionate degree to the black ignorance and mind-subjection of the people. Even to the most intelligent a gossip on the entrancing subject of the great Lottery forms about the most spiritual theme for conversation, as loafers and soldiers, government officials and civilians, crowd around the hotels and the Louvre, drinking and gambling away the time.

There are fine singers among the native Cubans. On New Year's eve I went to bed late and tired. As I lay with wave upon wave of thought of all that I had seen rushing incessantly through my wrought-up brain,—suddenly every other emotion was stilled, giving place to a sensation of the most entrancing rapture. A flood of melody such as I had never listened to before, burst upon my delighted ears. I have enjoyed Nillsson, Lucca and Patti, but these renowned prima donnas were nowhere compared with the Cuban amateurs whose voices were now filling the listening realms of a superb West Indian night, I strained my ears lest I should miss one note. Who were they? The soprano was evidently cultivated, and magnificent in tone. The tenor was thrilling, bewitching. Nor was instrumental music wanting to complete the charm. Harp and violin were superbly executed. I rushed to my—I had almost said window,—my hole-in-the-wall, but alas this commodious though unromantic opening was above instead of under the eaves of the roof of the hotel. My ardent curiosity had to be restrained. The house was so quiet that I dared not venture downstairs, and when next morning the proprietor informed me that it was useless to attempt to discover the identity of any serenaders, I felt that a joy had vanished for ever from my existence. It is customary on such occasions as New Year's eve, he said, for people to come in from the surrounding country, and sing for an hour or two in the market place, and then as quickly disappear. I am of opinion that Mapleson might make some undoubted catches if he cared to search this island for embryo operatic stars.

The girls too, are decidedly pretty, with good figures, small feet and perfect teeth. On New Year's eve they flit round in hundreds, with no head dress, in the calm, delightful air, and clad in plain muslin dresses. A mixed multitude thronged the Park; at 12 o'clock the band plays the National Anthem, and those who do not wish to altogether lose the midnight mass hurry off to church. Such a holiday is this season that I hardly believe many young people went to bed at all that night. The morning broke in tropical glory and the streets continued just as full as they were the previous evening. A number of negro women passed me with their little ones, wishing me, in Spanish, a very happy New Year. This class seems tolerably well cared for and happy. They bless you as you enter their humble dwelling, and tell old-fashioned tales of life in the plantations. An exploration of the neighbouring plantations, I am sure, would be both pleasing and profitable.

On the 6th of January the negroes' Emancipation Day, some 30,000 of them assemble in the streets, painted in the most fantastic manner, blue and red. The women, too, are most gorgeously attired, and thus they saunter along, singing and dancing. With this appearance of content, however, they combine a considerable amount of business begging, cleverly introducing the delicate subject by means of the following rhyme, headed "Aguinaldo," or "New Year's Present," taken from a poem entitled "El Cocinero," "the Cook," an excellent work to study when travelling in a section where you cannot find a dinner. The darkies hereby intimate that although free, the poor niggers' stomach is not less grateful for a good repast than in the old slavery days gone by:—

AGUINALDO.

Lidiando con la candela
Al estilo de Vulcano,
Te proporciona mi mano
Pasteles y panetela;
Pues ya que así se desvela

Tu criado singular
Por darle a tu paladar
Lo mas fino y delicado,
Da generoso al criado
El aguinaldo pascual.

El Cocinero.

The charitable impulses of the populace are still further stimulated by the negro performance of a strange species of music evolved from olive barrels with bladders and curiously shaped sticks. Altogether I must confess to a feeling of relief when the 6th of January was over. It can scarcely be matter for great surprise that 30,000 beggars in one day proved a little too much for my constitution. That government must be a rotten one under which such corruption exists as is so painfully apparent in a social survey of Havana. Though the sanguinary and protracted insurrection is ostensibly at an end, there is a smouldering under-current of rebellion, which, I was privately assured by influential malcontents, needs only a little further abuse of power, on the part of Spain, to burst into a flame.

The constant and odious presence and expense of the military must be unbearable to the residents of Cuba. And such miserable looking specimens of soldiers! I passed down Obispo Street, and saw whole companies of them.

A thousand live Yankees, I think, could give a good account of themselves against twenty full regiments of these representatives of the Spanish army.

Cuba should undoubtedly have the absolute right to choose its own Governor and State officials. It has been treated worse than a conquered country. Such tyranny will probably ere long defeat itself by bringing down the strong arm of the United States or some other nation in vindication of the people's rights. Will Cuba be annexed, or will she ever become entire mistress of her own affairs? These are problems for the future. We must wait and see.

D. A. Ansell.

IN THE DARK.

GEORGE ARNOLD'S LAST POEM.

All moveless stand the ancient cedar-trees
Along the drifted sand-hills where they grow;
And from the dark west comes a wandering breeze,
And waves them to and fro.

A murky darkness lies along the sand,
Where bright the sunbeams of the morning shone;
And the eye vainly seeks, by sea and land,
Some light to rest upon.

No large, pale star its glimmering vigil keeps;
An inky sea reflects an inky sky;
And the dark river, like a serpent creeps
To where its black piers lie.

Strange, salty odours through the darkness steal,
And through the dark the ocean-thunders roll.
Thick darkness gathers, stifling, till I feel
Its weight upon my soul.

I stretch my hands out into the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! Father, hear my prayer—
Grant me to see the light.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

COTEAU BRIDGE.

Col. Gzowski's report on the the Coteau bridge is published in full. The report is against a drawbridge, and states that no other than a high-level bridge should be permitted. His objections to a drawbridge are several, but the principal one is that it will be a great source of danger to vessels, and, in consequence, will be a serious impediment to the navigation not only of to-day but of the future. The report concludes by the statement that "after having given all these subjects separately and collectively my best consideration, I fail to discover any engineering difficulty that exists to prevent a high-level bridge being built across the steamboat channel of a height to equal that of the Victoria bridge above the ordinary summer level of the water, and crossing the Beauharnois canal with a draw in a locality not far distant from the one selected, and answering all the requirements, for about the same cost as the proposed low-level bridge, taking into account the additional cost of the two draws over the cost of fixed spans in their stead, and the cost of working and maintenance of the two draws.

SPECIMEN BRICKS FROM THE DICTIONARY OF THE FUTURE.—Accordeon: a pair of bellows which have accidentally swallowed a Jew's harp. Auctioneer: man of mor-bid temperament. Eccentricity: regular irregularities. Genius: a lunatic—more or less sane. Knack: the art of using genius. Love: an archer who never uses a cross beau. Prudery: the parody of modesty. Plagiarism: the discovery that our ideas have been stolen by our predecessors. Peace: war taking a nap. Part songs: (German) a game of follow my Lied. Quadrille: a silent protest against the immorality of dancing. Selfishness: a preference misplaced. University: academies in winter, of scholarship, and in summer, of sculler-ship.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE Bishop of Manchester in a recent sermon in his Cathedral, remarked that in national and political affairs the past year was not marked by much of which as a nation we could be justly proud. He said the question must force itself on Englishmen, "What business had we with our armies either in Zululand or Afghanistan? Could it be pretended that either of them was just or necessary?" He added that "unless we were to abandon all pretence to justify a recourse to arms, he, as a Christian Bishop, must distinctly say, if he was to be faithful to his message, that as a nation we had misdoings to repent of for having been the first to draw the sword in those two wars." We fear there is some foundation for the Bishop's complaint.

THE Maine comedy, according to the Lowell *Courier*, was in three acts: First, fusion; second, con-fusion; third, dif-fusion.

THE following lines from a recent number of *Punch*, referring to the establishing of a Dramatic School in London, with a very slight change seem applicable to our much-vexed question of an Academy of Art:—

“Start an Academy? ’Tis well;
We’ve waited for it a long spell—
Fevos mollire mores!
Then, Artists, think not we are rude
If one grave question we intrude—
Docbit quis Doctores?”

EPIGRAM.

To suspend relations with his friend the Turk,
Has been Sir Henry Layard’s latest work.
We wish, in common with the Western nations,
He could suspend the Turk with his relations.

—English Paper.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

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

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I would solicit a short space in which to say a few words to Mr. Gray. I am truly sorry to see that he takes this matter so seriously, and considers himself attacked as to his professional capacity. So far as I am concerned nothing could be further from my thoughts. I certainly have never said or intended to say one word in disparagement of his artistic abilities. I considered, and do still consider that the letter of “J. W. G.” was unjustifiably personal and ill-natured, and I merely answered showing how easily one could be paid back in their own coin. He has shown that he does not like “a little ridicule” when applied to himself, or rather to his letter, for I said nothing personal—and I think we may all learn a little lesson from our silly squabble, since it plainly proves that what measure we mete will be measured to us again even in this world. If we use ridicule, ridicule returns to us, while if we treat people politely, politeness will be our portion. I trust Mr. Gray will pardon me if I presume to prove that it is no term of reproach to be called a teacher. Have not the greatest men the world has known been teachers? Men so high in music and art that it is a distinction to be called their pupils. Are not all our great preachers and professors teachers, and can there be a more noble profession than that which gives to others a heritage of knowledge to make the world better, or more beautiful? We might go even further and speak of the great Teacher of mankind, but, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, is not our good Princess, herself, a teacher of etiquette, since she proclaims that we cannot attend her receptions except in low-necked dresses? It is all very well for “Oday” and others to tell us that such high folk have a right to say how much dressed, or undressed those whom they receive must be; but I am an ugly old woman who would dearly love to see our sweet Princess, yet dare not display my scraggy shoulders.

Pray pardon this digression, Mr. Editor. In conclusion I must say that so far from doing Mr. Gray any harm, he will surely find that this discussion has been a benefit to him, since it has given us an opportunity of knowing what he has done and can do, and how highly he is held in the estimation of others. I truly trust that he may meet in Canada the success and appreciation which he doubtless deserves, and which no one can wish him more heartily than

Yours respectfully,
Euphrosyne.

WE direct the attention of our readers to a pamphlet of 50 pages just published, entitled “Canada, Past, Present and Future,” as it can scarcely be read without profit. The writer, Mr. Hans W. Müller, reviews our national position in a sharp incisive manner, and in no party political spirit gives his views of public men and things amongst us. His exposure of our system of immigration is probably the most valuable part of the work, showing its utter uselessness; the writer’s long experience in this department, and his connection for several years with the Immigrant’s Home in this city, entitle him to speak with authority on this subject, and if a change in our present system (which appears to be grossly mismanaged, and singularly unfitted for its object) should be brought about, Mr. Müller will not have written in vain. Without endorsing the writer’s views in all the details, we regard it as a work which should be extensively read, and the peculiar language, terse, forcible and vigorous, may furnish food for reflection. The author’s English is of unmistakably Saxon origin, and is rendered occasionally in a ludicrously-humorous style, but the man’s heart is in the entire work, and it contains thoughts that lie too deep for laughter.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.			Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk.....	Feb. 7	40,340	134,101	174,441	171,797	2,644	...	6 w'ks	44,703	...
Great Western.....	Jan. 30	27,681	51,778	79,459	89,023	9,564	...	5 "	68,468	...
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 31	8,631	11,665	20,296	20,094	202	...	4 "	3,785	...
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 31	1,752	2,992	4,744	4,343	401	...	4 "	8,267	...
Midland.....	" 31	2,289	2,701	4,990	4,230	760	...	4 "	2,599	...
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 31	933	1,118	2,111	2,027	84	...	(in Jan. 1)	2,050	...
Whitby, Pt Perry & L.	Feb. 7	474	945	1,419	1,735	316	...	" "	1,647	...
Canada Central.....	" 31	2,836	3,566	6,402	5,888	514	...	4 w'ks	3,463	...
Toronto Grey & Bruce	" 24	2,245	2,108	4,353	6,134	1,781	...	4 "	4,157	...
Gd Jc & B'ville & NH	Feb. 7	334	612	946	18 "	116,243	...
Q. M. O. & O.....	Jan. 23	2,589	2,572	5,161	5,137	24	...	3 "	596	...
Intercolonial.....	Month	46,571	74,052	120,623	121,413	790	...	5 m'nths	53,964	...

*The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$6,844; aggregate increase \$69,923 for 6 weeks.
†Total receipts from Oct. 1, 1879; no corresponding figures for last year.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Feb. 11, 1880.	Price per \$100 Feb. 11, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$137	\$134	10	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	70	62 1/4	6	8 1/2
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,905	75	82	6	8
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	...	122	114	7	5 1/4
Jacques Cartier.....	25	5,000,000	5,000,000	5,000,000	58	26 1/2	5 1/2	9 1/2
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,506,166	475,000	88 1/2	78 1/4	6	6 1/4
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	7	...
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	6	...
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	115 1/2	100	8	7
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	90 3/4	104 3/4	7	7 1/4
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	...	37 3/4	45 3/4	4 1/2	12
City Passenger Railway.....	50	...	600,000	163,000	80	70 3/4	5	6 1/4
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	...	117	117	10	8 1/2

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

The New York *Tribune* says the annual report of the Delaware & Hudson Company shows a net deficit of \$630,000, of which \$316,000 was on leased lines. The deficit in 1878 was only \$57,000.

From April 1st to the 17th January the Exchequer receipts of Great Britain were £58,341,673, as compared with £59,011,012 in the corresponding period of the previous twelve months. The expenditure has been £67,575,055.

*THE FARMERS' DELIVERIES of home-grown Grain in the 150 towns in England and Wales for the week ended January 17th, 1880, and for the corresponding weeks of the previous nine years and the weekly average prices:—

	WHEAT.		BARLEY.		OATS.	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1880.....	32,871	45s 11d	66,497	37s 2d	4,616	21s 1d
1879.....	52,141	38s 11d	66,095	36s 11d	4,422	19s 8d
1878.....	39,425	52s 11d	77,849	44s 8d	4,887	23s 9d
1877.....	40,796	51s 11d	67,444	39s 7d	5,436	24s 11d
1876.....	46,536	44s 9d	71,084	34s 2d	4,246	23s 10d
1875.....	62,785	43s 9d	66,227	45s 3d	4,065	29s 8d
1874.....	60,882	63s 3d	65,947	46s 5d	5,075	27s 10d
1873.....	51,186	55s 9d	57,836	40s 5d	5,191	22s 8d
1872.....	56,892	55s 5d	67,448	37s 2d	5,608	22s 6d
1871.....	71,132	52s 9d	75,130	35s 8d	6,285	22s 9d
Average 10 years.....	51,459	50s 5d	68,156	39s 9d	4,983	23s 11d

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

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
February 2.....	12,462	169	1,138	36,580	32,715
January 26.....	12,774	169	910	25,343	32,451
January 19.....	14,192	228	1,000	38,587	34,849
January 12.....	9,110	243	1,016	26,826	38,418
Total 4 weeks.....	48,538	809	4,064	127,336	138,433
Corresponding 4 weeks 1879.....	40,295	324	2,925	86,667	246,433
Corresponding week 1879.....	10,377	74	741	23,642	30,349
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,933	142	2,998	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	9,135	89	722	22,689	34,317

*Summary of exports for week ending January 31st, 1880:—

From—	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Oats, bush.	Rye, bush.	Pease, bush.
New York.....	75,824	734,858	413,268	10,219	107,911	6,659
Boston.....	12,788	59,572	112,122
Portland.....	925	9,800	11,547
Montreal.....
Philadelphia.....	2,250	79,640	171,281
Baltimore.....	3,335	435,505	153,128
Total per week.....	95,132	1,369,376	249,799	1,219	107,911	1,226
Corresponding week of '79.....	99,997	1,623,669	1,548,604	4,203	21,683	1,276

*10,034 bushels Barley. †59,269 bushels Barley.

*From New York Produce Exchange.

Musical.

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

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—I am glad to see that "A Lover of Truth" fully corroborates what I said about the mistake in "Pinafore." He says—"Sir Joseph Porter omitted a solo; the Conductor signed to Buttercup to continue. The orchestra, who were not aware of such change, commenced the accompaniment to Sir Joseph's solo in place of Buttercup's, and nothing but the lady's presence of mind saved a regular fizzle." Now, if the Conductor signed to Buttercup to continue, it is evident that it was the Conductor's "presence of mind that saved a regular fizzle," to use "A Lover of Truth's" ornate diction. At all events, it is admitted that the solo was sung out of place, and that the orchestra was not aware of the change, therefore, we of the audience were not to blame in stating that the singer and not the orchestra was wrong; and it is strange that "A Lover of Truth" should consider the lady grossly insulted by a statement which he, himself, acknowledges to be true. If it is an insult to the singer for any one to say that she was wrong, was it not a much greater insult for her to accuse the Conductor of giving her the wrong note? For my part, I do not see how the Conductor could give her a note at all, as he had not any instrument—unless he could give a note off his stick. How is it that a "A Lover of Truth" did not feel impelled by his veracity to exonerate the Conductor and the orchestra, when some of the daily papers made such a song of the circumstance? He now freely admits that the fault lay among the singers, and "that is the idea that I intended to convey."

I merely quoted the incident in agreeing with you, Mr. Editor, as to the inclination of singers to blame their mistakes upon others, and how apt ignorant persons are to suppose that "a man or woman with a voice" must know more than any mere musician. "A Lover of Truth" says that I might just as well have given the lady's name, and there is no reason that I should not have done so, as it has already been mentioned repeatedly by the papers in connection with this occurrence. He must remember that when people pay for tickets to a public performance they have a perfect right to discuss its merits or demerits. He concludes by saying: "If this is an example of her (Euphrosyne's) experiences, the least said is the better." Doubtless if less had been said it would be better—for the singers; but "A Lover of Truth" must rejoice that truth should prevail, and ought to be thankful for this opportunity to place the blame upon his sisters or his cousins, but not upon his aunt

Euphrosyne.

MENDELSSOHN CHOIR.

The concert given by the above organization was one of the finest performances ever given in this city. The omission of the concerto (Max Bruch's) which was to have been played by Mr. Prume, seriously interfered with the completeness of the programme, but such a grand bill had been prepared, that even without it we were treated to an excellent and varied programme. The feature of the concert was the performance of Mendelssohn's "Lorely," this being the first occasion on which the choir has presented a work with complete orchestral accompaniment. Miss Hubbell, of New York, sang the solo part efficiently and the choruses were exceedingly well rendered, the "Vintage Song" being worthy of special notice. The orchestra was selected from amongst the best of our local professionals, and the accompaniments were, generally speaking, well played; it is almost impossible, however, for an orchestra to accompany artistically when its members are unacquainted with the work. The part songs by the choir showed an amount of careful training on the part of the conductor, and were evidently selected with great care, some of them being greatly in advance of the average part song.

Mr. Prume did not play, having dropped his violin from a sleigh under the feet of a passing horse, and the only exponent of the highest order of music (*i. e.*, instrumental) was Madame Rivé-King. This lady played the "Sonata Appassionata" of Beethoven in a thoroughly artistic manner, also Chopin's Nocturne in E flat, and Prelude in D flat. The finale of the sonata called forth the great executive powers of the fair artiste, and we have seldom heard it more powerfully and evenly played; we thought the Nocturne was taken too fast to be expressive, but the exquisite chromatic runs were played with great delicacy and refinement. We owe a debt of gratitude to the choir for giving us an opportunity of hearing such a thorough artist.

Mr. Gould conducted with skill and tact. He was certainly not unnecessarily demonstrative, nor did he signal conspicuously to singers and players to come in with their parts. But it is not the man who makes the most fuss and ostentation who is the most accomplished conductor, and if we may be permitted to judge by results, we give Mr. Gould great credit for the manner in which the pieces were performed on Friday evening.

It is a threadbare subject,—that of *encores*; and the question whether or not the auditor has a right to receive his shilling's worth of music twice over is likely to remain an open one, at least with the auditor, who with calloused hands, ponderous boot-heels, and stout cane or umbrella, is prepared to present the loudest argument; but it is gratifying to see that Signor Arditi reduces the business to the minimum. In the opera especially is the *encore* an utter absurdity. The "honour" of being called upon to repeat a song is doubtless relished by the soprano, if it so happens that the contralto is not thus distinguished, or *vice versa*; but the unities of the scene are destroyed. And, come to think of it, what is more completely idiotic than the spectacle of "Maurico" letting himself out of prison to lead "Leonora" down to acknowledge the applause of the audience, after which he incarcerates himself again, and the agonized yet smiling pair proceed to warble their sorrows afresh? We see that, at a recent London concert, Mr. Sims Reeves refused point blank to respond to any *encores*, and to that effect his audience was informed in advance.—*Musical Herald*.

Herr Wilhelm Ganz, a London conductor—or non-conductor, as the case may be—has sued the *World*, of that city, for libel. The offensive language was contained in a criticism of a performance of a Berlioz symphony, and was to the effect that Herr Ganz was incompetent to conduct, that he could not read the score, and that the orchestra knew more about orchestral music than he did. Edmund Yates is the editor of the *World*; and Louis C. Engel, formerly of New York, is said to have written the criticism. Several eminent musicians, Von Bulow being of the number, have been summoned to testify on Mr. Yates' side of the question.

Chess.

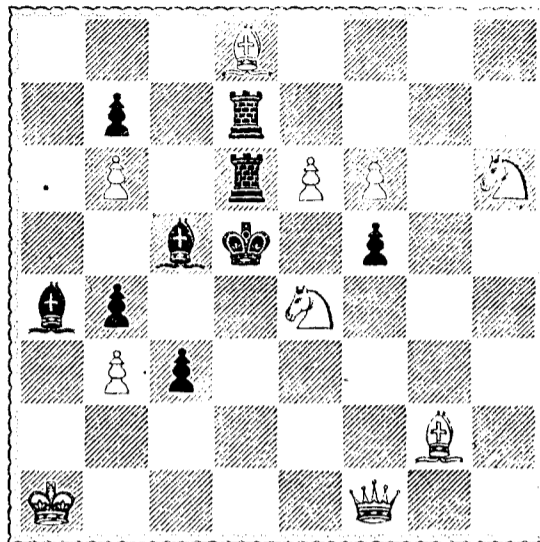
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, Feb. 14th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LIX.

First Prize Problem in *The Chess Player's Chronicle* Tonnrey, 1879.
Motto: "Ingenium vires superat."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LV. By Mr. Boardman.

This Problem admits of two solutions, commencing Kt to K B 3 or Kt to K 2. Correct solutions have been received from G.P.B., W.G.B., G.J.A.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LVI. By Mr. W. Geary. Q to K Kt sq.

Correct solution received from G.P.B.; J.W.S., "A subtle stratagem."

GAME NO. LV.

Played some time ago in New York, between Mr. DeVaux and Mr. Mason.

GIUOCO PIANO.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. DeVaux	Mr. Mason.	6 B to Kt 3 (b)	Q to Q 2	12 B to R 4	K Kt to Q 5
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	7 P to Q 3	K Kt to K 2	13 Kt takes P	Q to Q 4
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	8 B to K 3	Castles	14 Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt P
3 B to B 4	B to B 4	9 Kt to K 2	P to K B 4	15 Kt to K 7 (ch)	K to R sq
4 Kt to Q B 3 (a)	P to Q 3	10 P takes P	Kt takes P	Resigns.	
5 P to K R 3	B to K 3	11 Q B takes B	P takes B		

NOTES.—(a) Not so good as the regular P to Q B 3.
(b) Inferior to P to Q 3. Even now the attack rests with Black.
(c) White does ill in seeking to gain the Pawn at the expense of so many moves, which might be better employed in developing his game.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER AND "P ON 8" vs. THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR.—The Chess Editor of the *D. A.* takes exception to our charges of incompetence and mismanagement against the Committee of the Congress of 1862, who inaugurated the "dummy pawn" and seeks to impale us on the point of his gall-tipped pen by a long list of most honourable names and famous chess-players, with many of whom we were well acquainted, and who formed the *personnel* of that memorable conclave. We would at once hasten to withdraw any expression which could be deemed discourteous or inaccurate, but in turning to the periodical chess literature of that time, of an independent and influential character, we are met by these charges against the Committee of Management quite as definitely, if not so succinctly, expressed, *passim*. The "Book of the Congress," issued by that Committee, has never commended itself as a valuable addition to chess literature. The introductory portion has been characterized as "a strange mixture of borrowed matter, with partly flippant and partly unwise criticism"; the Games, edited by Lowenthal, are incomplete, many by Anderssen, Steinitz and Dubois being omitted; the Problem Tourney was botched, and a writer of that day says of it: "The collection (of Problems) deserved better than to fall into the hands of adjudicators of so rare aptitude for mismanagement. But unfortunately they have committed more serious errors than mistakes of judgment. They have been guilty of gross carelessness—of most reprehensible neglect." In fact, the Problem Committee itself acknowledged its own *incompetency* to deal with the Problems in that Tourney, and had afterwards to summon to their aid Messrs. Healey and Deacon. But the climax of bungles was reached in their New Code of Chess Laws. That Code was then, is now, and no doubt will continue to be received with dissatisfaction and condemnation by all influential chess circles, and we cannot but express surprise that the *Derbyshire Advertiser* should persist in championing its "new-fangled absurdity" of the Dummy Pawn. Every department of that Congress was mismanaged, and therefrom we argue the incompetence, rendered notorious by its publicity. The *Derbyshire Advertiser* wishes us also to believe that the amount of money, collected on that occasion, some \$3,800, is a token, we presume, of the good management and competency of the Committee. It is altogether beside the question, and is only an indication of the public confidence in the list of highly honourable names which formed the Managing Committee, but can be no assurance that their work was well done, for it is fair to conclude that the whole of it was paid or promised before the results of their labours were made public. We have neither leisure, space, inclination, nor are the interests of our readers consulted in engaging in any penny tilt with the Chess Editor of the *Derbyshire Advertiser* or any other Chess Editor, and heartily wish this discussion on the Dummy Pawn were dead and buried. We shall not again recur to it, and, while we are all entitled to our opinions, rest content in the knowledge that the supporters of the innovation are in a miserable minority.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—We have pleasure in announcing that Mr. C. A. Gilberg, of New York, Treasurer of the American Congress, whose name as a finished problemist is so well known, and whose character as an able and impartial adjudicator admits of no question, has kindly consented to act as judge in our Problem Tourney. We feel sure that this announcement will be a source of gratification and of confidence to the composers. As stated in the conditions, issued in our number of January 3rd, no appeal will be allowed from Mr. Gilberg's award.

MR. JOHN HENDERSON wishes us to correct an item which appeared in our columns, to the effect that the words and music of his song, sung at the Congress Banquet, in New York, were both of his own composition. Mr. Henderson informs us that the song, which was composed by him, was simply adapted to the music of an "old air."



TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked "Indian Tenders," will be received at this office until noon of the FIRST of MARCH, 1880, for supplying the following articles, or any of them, at the undiminished places, or any of them by the 1st JULY next, in such quantities as may be required; also for supplying any of the same articles or others described in Schedules obtainable at this office, at any of the places in the Northern or Southern districts of the North West Territories, and at any date or dates between the 1st JUNE, 1880, and the 30th MAY, 1881, and in such quantities as may be ordered:—

MANITOBA.

St. Peters, Fort Alexander, Broken Head River, Roseau River, Swan Lake, Sandy Bay, Long Plain.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, LAKE MANITOBA AND THE WEST OF IT.

Manitoba House, Ebb and Flow Lake, Lake St. Martin, Little Saskatchewan, Water Hen Lake, Riding Mountain.

LAKE WINNIPEG.

Black River, Berens River, Fishers River, Grand Rapids, The Pas 'Pas Mountains, Norway House, Cross Lake, Dog Head, Blood Vein River, Big Island, Sandy Bar, Jack Fish Head, Moose Lake, Cumberland.

LAKE OF THE WOODS AND EAST OF IT.

Shoal Lake, Coucheeching, Lac Seul, Rat Portage, Mattawan, Islington, Assabasking.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, NORTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Ellice, Touchwood Hills, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

NORTH WEST TERRITORIES, SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Fort Walsh, Fort McLeod.

Table listing various goods and their quantities for different locations. Includes items like Flour, Tea, Sugar, Tobacco, Bacon, Beef, Pork, Woolen Shirts, Stout Trousers, Canvas Shirts, Do. Trousers, Moccasins, Ploughs, Harrows, Scythes, Snaiths, Hay Forks, Axes, Hoes, Spades, Grindstones, Cross Cut Saw Files, Hand Saw Files, Carts, Cart Harness, Light Waggon, Double Harness, Plough Harness, Do. Pony, Sweat Collars, Ploughs, breaking, Plough Points, extra, Hand Saws, Rip, Jack Planes, Steel Squares, Sets Augers, Drawing Knives, Cast Steel Hunch Axes, Adzes, Solid Steel Claw Hammers, Chisels (socket firmer), Chisels (socket, cast steel handles), Oil Stones, Oil Cans, Scratch Awls, Gimlets, C. S. Compasses or Dividers, Foot Rules, Shoeing Pincers.

Forms of Tender and Schedules containing full particulars may be obtained on application at this office, whereat, as well as at the Indian Office, Winnipeg, samples of some of the articles can be seen and descriptions of the other articles can be obtained. Each party or firm tendering must submit the names of two responsible persons who will consent to act as sureties, and the signatures of the proposed sureties must be appended to a statement at the foot of the tender to the effect that they agree to become surety for the due fulfilment of the contract if awarded to the maker or makers of the tender.

By order, L. VANKOUGHNET, Deputy Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. Department of the Interior, Indian Branch, Ottawa, 28th January, 1880.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS. Ale and Porter Brewers, NO. 286 ST. MARY STREET, MONTREAL. Have always on hand the various kinds of ALE & PORTER, IN WOOD AND BOTTLE. Families Regularly Supplied.



SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Supplies," and addressed to the Right Hon. the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, will be received up to Noon on MONDAY, the EIGHTH day of MARCH next, for the following supplies, viz:—

Table listing various supplies and their quantities. Includes items like Beef, Bacon, Flour, Tea, Coffee, Sugar, Apples, Rice, Vegetables, Hops, Salt, Pepper, Potatoes, Biscuits, Oatmeal, Candles, Coal Oil, Oats, Hay.

Table listing prices for various supplies at different locations: Headquarters, Fort Walsh, Fort Macleod, Wood Mountain, Ft. Saskatchewan, and Battleford.

At any post at which not less than fifty men are stationed, the Beef to be delivered on foot, animal by animal as required, to be slaughtered by the Police, the head, feet and hide to be returned to the Contractor, the Department paying for the four quarters of meat only. Samples of all accepted articles will be lodged at the several Police posts, and payment of accounts will be made on receipt at Ottawa of certificates of the officers commanding, that the articles charged for have been correctly delivered, both as to quantity and quality. No payment on account will be made to the Contractor while supplies are in transit to the place at which delivery is to be made. No allowance for weight will be made for shrinkage of supplies while in transit, nor yet for tins, packing cases or sacks. Payment will be made only for the net weight of articles delivered. The Department reserves the right to increase or diminish the quantities of any of the articles, without any increase in the prices, provided notice thereof is given to the Contractor before the 1st JUNE next. Delivery of one-fourth of the supplies for Forts Macleod, Walsh, Wood Mountain, and the Headquarters, to be made not later than the 1st JULY, and delivery of the remaining three-fourths to be made not later than the 15th AUGUST. Delivery of the supplies for Battleford and Fort Saskatchewan to be made not later than the 15th JULY. Supplies for the Headquarters to be delivered at such place as may be fixed by the Department, not exceeding 120 miles West, North-west, or North of Fort Ellice. Any customs duties payable on the above supplies to be paid by the Contractor.

Printed forms of tender may be had on application to the undersigned. Samples to accompany tenders. Tenders may be for the whole or any of the above articles. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained. J. S. DENNIS, Deputy Minister of the Interior. FRED. WHITE, Chief Clerk. Ottawa, February 6th, 1880.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Tenders for Rolling Stock.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon of MONDAY, TWENTY-THIRD FEBRUARY instant, for the immediate supply of the following Rolling Stock:— 4 First class Cars, 2 Postal and Baggage Cars, 60 Box Cars, 60 Platform Cars. Drawings and specifications may be seen, and other information obtained, on application at the office of the Engineer-in-Chief, Pacific Railway, Ottawa, and at the Engineer's Office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B. The Rolling Stock to be delivered on the Pembina Branch, Canadian Pacific Railway, on or before the 15th of May next. By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. DEPT. RAILWAYS AND CANALS, OTTAWA, 7th Feb., 1880.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES, FISHERIES BRANCH, Ottawa, 31st Dec., 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to FIRST APRIL next, for the ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:— River Kegashka (North Shore). "Washeschooi do "Washecootai do "Romaine do "Musquarro do "Pashashabeebo do "Cornelle do "Agwanus do "Magpie do "Trout do "St. Marguerite do "Pentecost do "Mistassini do "Beccie do "Little Cascapedia (Baie des Chateaux). "Nouvelle do "Eucemenac do "Malbaie (near Perce). "Magdalen (South Shore). "Montlouis do "Nobique (New Brunswick). "Nashwaak do "Jacquet do "Charlo do "Jupiter (Anticosti Island). "Salmon do. Rent per annum to be stated: payable in advance. Leases to run for from one to five years. Lessees to employ guardians at private cost. By Order, W. F. WHITCHER, Commissioner of Fisheries.

WILLIAM DOW & CO Brewers and Maltsters.

SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT, India Pale and Other Ales, Extra Double and Single Stout, in wood and bottle.

FAMILIES SUPPLIED. The following Bottlers only are authorized to use our labels, viz:— Thos. J. Howard - 173 St. Peter street. Jas. Virtue - 19 Aylmer street. Thos. Ferguson - 289 St. Constant street. James Rowan - 152 St. Urbain street. Wm. Bishop - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street. Thos. Kinsella - 144 Ottawa street. C. Maisonneuve - 588 St. Dominique street.

DAWES & CO., BREWERS AND MALTSTERS.

INDIA PALE AND XX MILD ALE. EXTRA AND XXX STOUT PORTER. (In Wood and Bottle.) FAMILIES SUPPLIED. Office, 215 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSURANCE CO.

160 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

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

RELIANCE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of LONDON, Eng.

ESTABLISHED 1840. CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, 196 St. James St., Montreal. FREDERICK STANCLIFFE, RESIDENT SECRETARY. The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from this Office. The important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders. F. C. IRELAND, CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established 1825.) HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Table showing financial statistics: Total Risks, over \$90,000,000; Invested Funds, over 26,000,000; Annual Income, over 3,750,000; Claims Paid in Canada, over 1,200,000; Investments in Canada, over 900,000.

This well-known Company having REDUCED THEIR RATES for Life Assurance in the Dominion, which has been accomplished by the investment of a portion of their funds at the higher rates of interest to be obtained here than in Britain, beg to direct the attention of the public to the fact that these rates now compare favourably with those charged by other First-class Companies. Prospectuses with full information may be obtained at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the Company's Agencies. W. M. RAMSAY, Manager, Canada.

THE ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA.

Head Office, 260 St. James Street, Montreal. PRESIDENT: SIR A. T. GALT. VICE-PRESIDENT: JOHN RANKIN, Esq.

THE ACCIDENT is the only Purely Accident Insurance Company in Canada; its business is more than twice that transacted by all the other Canadian Companies combined; it has never contested a claim at law and is the only Canadian Company which has made the Special Deposit with Government for the transaction of Accident Insurance in the Dominion. EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.

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