

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. I., No. 43.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.
 SUNDAY, 27th OCT.,
 Pastor, REV. A. J. BRAY.
 Subject—Why do the people not go to Church?—II.
 ANTHEM—Life nor death shall us dis sever.
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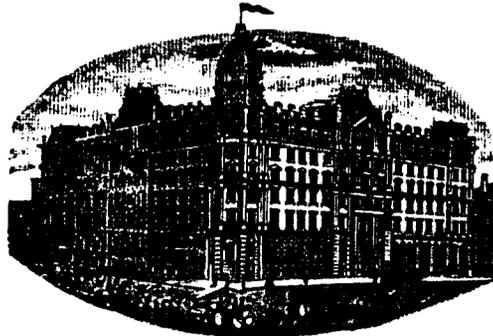
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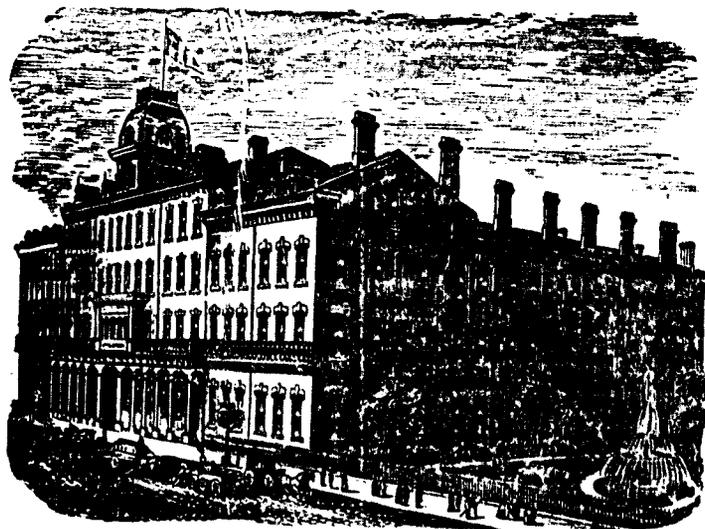
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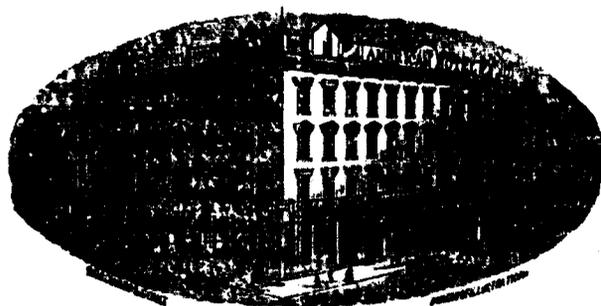
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The Canadian Spectator.

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THE GREAT EVANGELIST.
AGRI-HORTICULTURE.

POETRY.
SANITARY ENGINEERING.
WHY DO PEOPLE NOT GO TO CHURCH?
(A Sermon by Rev. A. J. Bray.)
CORRESPONDENCE.
MUSICAL, &c. &c.

THE TIMES.

Considerable criticism has been provoked by my use of the first personal pronoun in writing, but I had hoped that a discerning public would have discovered the reason for it without my having to explain. That has not happened, however, and so I here give that reason:—The CANADIAN SPECTATOR does not, and is not intended to, represent any party in politics, nor any church in ecclesiasticism. It will often be seen that the contributors are in controversy with the Editor—they hold different opinions in politics and theology, and have the opportunity of expressing them. If I used the ponderous *We*, who would it represent? Nobody but the Editor certainly; and not wishing to appear as in any way representative—or as bringing in some unknown persons to share the responsibility which is properly my own—or as asking my contributors to identify themselves with me—I use the first personal pronoun. There is another most excellent reason which I will ask my critics to guess at.

Humanum est errare, especially when that humanum has to form a Cabinet. Sir John has done it—and still the people are not happy. The mildest form of criticism puts it—"although the component parts are not all that we could have wished"—but others wax bold and say—It is only a patched up affair after all; M. Langevin is made Post-master-General, with a view of being laid on the shelf altogether in the Senate Chamber; then there is Mr. Mackenzie Bowel, the Orange Grand Master, who will have to work alongside of Mr. John O'Connor as President of the Council. The exclusion of Mr. M. P. Ryan and the inclusion of the Orange Grand Master have sent the Irish Catholics back to sniff again at the "Pacific Scandal" and they talk of its being "high." And then Sir John told a *flam*, they say, to a reporter—and the young man—not being accustomed to such wickedness—was shocked, and all the Press felt it.

But, in all seriousness, I think Sir John has done the best he could with the materials he had—I mean in the matter of the Cabinet, and not in the matter of the *flam*. With all the claims pressed upon him; every Province to respect and satisfy; every party to consider—what better could he have done? Mr. Tilley is Finance Minister, and a better, perhaps, with the exception of Sir A. T. Galt, who is not in the House—could not be found in the Dominion. Dr. Tupper is Minister of Public Works, and that, too, is good—for the doctor is a hard worker, an able speaker, and he will be able to draw upon his fertile imagination for figures with more confidence, and less fear of criticism when speaking of proposed public works. Then the new men—of whom there are six—give promise of doing some good and useful work; and although they cannot sketch a royal road to national prosperity, they can give a careful consideration to the present state of affairs, and try to give us improvement.

M. Chapleau is in heroic mood. He has been offered a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet, but has determined to sacrifice himself to the sacred task of ousting M. Joly and his colleagues from power at Quebec. But many of us who wish well to M. Chapleau would fain see him devoted to a worthier cause. M. Joly has done well for the Province—infinitely better than M. de Boucherville ever did, or ever was likely to do. He has administered our affairs in an able and honourable way; and considering all the circumstances, has succeeded well. And we are not going to tolerate the return of the old party to power. If the Dominion Conservatives determine to make the so-called Conservative party dominant in the Quebec Province they will play a losing game. They did that the last Provincial election, and lost it. If they try it again they will lose by it. M. Joly has done nothing to forfeit our good will and confidence, and M. Chapleau had better not make a martyr of himself.

Mr. Peter Mitchell threatens to attack the Snowball—that crushed him as it rolled—hotly and in a determined way. He may succeed, but the thing is doubtful.

The Montreal *Witness* has made a great discovery, of which it is justly proud. Here it is—"Men are really necessary in this world, and therefore they should be improved in every possible way."

In the same article, the same *Witness* enunciated a new gospel, in which we should rejoice, viz.:—"Man, alas, has but one stomach; his happiness, yea his mental and moral nature, depends greatly upon it." The grammar is a bit demoralized—but then, the writer was in an ecstasy.

The Rev. Mr. Massey of Montreal has celebrated his twenty-five years of life and labour in the city. Mr. Massey has done a good work in that time, making himself useful in many ways, and deserves well of the church and the people.

We have passed another stage of the Orange question in Montreal. The trial ended, as everybody knew it would end, in the acquittal of those charged with a criminal offence. But the result has given small satisfaction—beyond that we get from knowing that prejudice was not allowed to prevail against the prosecuted—for the accused were only acquitted on the ground that there was no evidence to prove that they were Orangemen. Judge Ramsay has distinctly declared the Orange Society to be illegal, and unless it can be shown that he has misinterpreted the Statutes of Lower Canada, the Orangemen are in a grave and serious position. The time spent in rejoicings on account of the acquittal would be much better used in conference, as to whether the law or the society shall be changed. One or the other it must be, and if the Orangemen could see it their duty to put away mere Orangeism while keeping firm hold of their Protestant faith—and demanding earnestly as ever all the civil and religious freedom they have ever professed to care for—they would remove a cause of irritation and an excuse for the exhibition of folly and madness—they would do good to the country, and win the respect of all respectable persons. If they in truth have a concern for Protestant principle, they will do this—if they care more for the badge than for the thing signified, they will not. We shall see.

The Toronto *Globe* has put forth a feeble criticism on Mr. Goldwin Smith's critique on Lord Dufferin. But the *Globe* can only speak of Mr. Smith's as "a communication to a Montreal paper"—passing over CANADIAN SPECTATOR. Now I have had some experience in the matter of newspaper work and courtesy, and have to say that of all the bigotry and vulgarity I have ever met, nothing is equal to that of which the *Globe* is capable. No fairly educated man would conduct himself as some writers in the *Globe* do. On the ground of ignorance I excuse the Editor of that paper and his staff.

I wish my friends in Toronto and elsewhere would try and distinguish between personalities and criticisms of the public work of public men. "The Toronto Pulpit" was, after all, only a review of preachers as preachers—and such a thing can never be rightly called personal. I am threatened with legal proceedings—which is nonsense.

Judge Ramsay's reading of the law was, doubtless, correct, but his interpretation of the Mayor's conduct was strange, and his laudation of the Mayor was stranger. The Judge ventured on a simile—always a dangerous thing for a lawyer—and said that the Mayor acted like the benevolent friend who prevents a madman from throwing himself into the river to test some life-saving powers. That was intended to illustrate that whereas there was a large crowd gathered in the streets to assault the Orangemen—and whereas the Mayor could not control or disperse that crowd, he shut up the Orangemen to keep them from being attacked. Now, the truth is, that when the Orangemen were made prisoners in their Hall there were not one thousand people on the streets—while the Mayor had the city police, five hundred specials, and three thousand military at his command. Not a serious effort was made from morning till night to

disperse that crowd. It increased, and was allowed to increase during the day—the Mayor concentrating his attention, and the force of the ordinary and special police, on the caged two hundred Orangemen. One regiment of soldiers would have cleared any street at any time in the day—but the Mayor refused all help from them. The Orangemen were not threatened with arrest if they attempted to walk with regalia, they were prevented by the brute force of the specials. And all this the Mayor not only permitted, but was accessory to. And yet Judge Ramsay says the conduct of the Mayor was discreet and wise.

I hope the Orangemen will prosecute Mayor Beaudry for false arrest, for it is time to teach that gentleman a little law and a good deal of manners; but I am afraid they will hardly get much by their case in Montreal. Judge Ramsay has whitewashed the Mayor; and I remember that in his charge to the Grand Jury the same Judge went out of his way to speak against Orange processions, and ridiculed the idea of putting them on a level with the Fete Dieu processions. It would be hard to make him unsay it all.

But when will the Orange weekly organ, *The Sentinel*, learn to be honest in criticism? It is just as I said it would be. My arguments against Orangeism were taken as being aimed against Protestantism. When I expostulated, the *Sentinel* said: Oh, I didn't mean that. But now it is going upon its own assumption as though it had spoken truth. Here is a sentence from the *Sentinel*: "To those who believe with the SPECTATOR that Protestants should be very tame in the presence of Romanism, for fear of offending the *always tolerant* and *ever conciliatory* Mother Church, we will presume to say that Protestant liberty, as it exists to-day, owes them nothing." Now I challenge the *Sentinel* to point to a single sentence of mine, spoken or written, that can warrant the use of such language. When have I been "very tame in the presence of Romanism"? On the contrary, I have spoken against it, and written against it over my own name, and in Montreal. Has the editor of the *Sentinel* done either the one or the other? Embosomed in the midst of an overwhelming Protestant majority in Ontario, he is safe, and can say what he likes; but will he come to Montreal and tell us his mind in the matter? He is a brave man, no doubt, and will come to explain and defend Orangeism. Come along, dear brother, you have no idea what good you can do. You at least will not be "tame in the presence of Romanism."

The *Presbyterian* is a representative and religious paper, and winding up a brief article on "High Class Journalism," in which it shows an unmistakable objection to the criticisms on the Toronto pulpit by "Quien Sabe," it says: "The editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR has a peculiar taste, and does not seem to be troubled when the popularity of his paper is concerned. Might he not engage 'Quien Sabe' to write a thrilling idyl on the Romance of the Lower Lachine Road?" Now, I lived on the "Lower Lachine Road" for a month, and have enquired what the "romance" could be, but no one can give me, answer. The nearest approach I can get to it is that a poor man drowned himself in the river there. But the editor of the *Presbyterian* means to insinuate something, and other papers have copied it, rolling the little thing under their tongue as a sweet morsel. Highly moral, of course, in the *Presbyterian*; although I have not the ghost of an idea as to what it means. But it is an insinuation, and the knowing are pleased. Well, although I do not know whether the editor of the *Presbyterian* is a man, or a woman, or a child, I could insinuate something about him, or her, or it, which would convey the impression to many that a little at least is wrong in that quarter. But the game is a very mean one, and I will not join the editor of the *Presbyterian* in playing it. He is welcome to have a monopoly of the trade.

No wonder that the City of Glasgow Bank failed, if reports are true that the Directors got advances made to them after this fashion:—To Mr. Director Wright, £500,000; Mr. Director Potter, £180,000; Mr. Director Salmond, £100,000; and Mr. Director Taylor, £170,000. Is there any lesson in this for the shareholders of bank stock in Canada. As far as I can hear it is a common thing for Directors to have advances from their banks, and an uncommon thing to have anything more than a general statement presented at the shareholder's half-yearly meetings. Surely the shareholders should plainly and distinctly know at each meeting what is the exact position of the bank. The Directors know, or ought to know, what bad paper they have got and the value of the discounted paper; but the shareholders never get informed on those points. They should seek and demand that information—also how their money is invested—or some morning they will find themselves in the position of the trustful shareholders of the Metropolitan and Jacques Cartier Banks.

The *London World* just to hand has an article on the Marquis of Lorne and his appointment as Governor-General of Canada, which is the truth told in much bitterness. It says of him that he is courteous,

not devoid of ambition, but endowed with a feeble order of mental talents, and regards his last appointment as likely to prove disastrous to the future policy and prosperity of Canada. The *World* may be, and probably is, right in its estimate of the position and ability of Lord Lorne; but it is wrong altogether in its calculation of the results of his rule here. The *World* thinks a Governor-General here has to guide, when in truth he has but to follow. Earl Dufferin gained his immense popularity by being pleasant to all parties. He never interfered with the working of our political machinery; not even attempting to decide the constitutional question raised and debated so eagerly when M. Letellier dismissed the Quebec Ministry. All that we want in a Governor-General is that he shall figure well and follow. If the Marquis of Lorne can consent to be the first and do the second, he will be popular.

I see from the English papers that our change of Government and commercial policy are taken as indicating a desire for closer union with the United States, if not for annexation; but nothing can be farther from the truth. Canada is intensely loyal to Great Britain, and only an insignificant minority—counting heads—in Canada ever indulge in the dream of being annexed. The National Policy became popular and carried the country at the election because it was held to be in opposition to the United States. There is less of the leaven of Republicanism in Canada than may be found in England to-day. We may, and do, discuss the readjustment of the commercial relations of the Dominion and the United States; we may even talk of the advisability of establishing a Zollverein for fair and mutual protection; but Canada is not in love with the political institutions of the United States, and will not at all, I think, ask for a share of the good things they have to give.

Some English magistrates appear to be no better informed as to matters of law than some of our own J. P.s; for a Mr. Rayner Wood, of Manchester, being a magistrate, thought it his duty to arrest two ladies dressed as Sisters of Mercy who importuned for alms at his door. He is strangely ignorant, and stupid withal. To imagine that the Vagrant Act was even intended to apply to such cases is a freak of the fancy not easily accounted for. But then magistrates there, as in this country, are not chosen for their legal knowledge, but for the service they have rendered the party.

Many of Mr. Ruskin's friends and admirers will be glad to learn that he has got well again, and has resolved to write no more on political economy, but to confine all his efforts to the promotion of the art he so much loves and so well understands. Mr. Ruskin has not been a success as a political economist; the subject nearly drove him mad, and he nearly drove the British public mad. They may look and hope for peace now.

The *London World*, speaking of the Glasgow failure, says:—

"If we escape a panic as by the skin of our teeth, it will be partly due to the promptitude with which the Scotch banks intimated simultaneously with the announcement of the collapse of the weaker member of their fraternity that they would go on taking the notes of the Glasgow Bank now in circulation in the ordinary way of business. Had they declined them, as they did the notes of the Western Bank of Scotland when that institution closed its doors in 1857, nothing could have prevented a panic run upon the Scotch banks, which would, in all likelihood, have made its way South. If the Scotch banks can also see their way to paying the depositors in the Glasgow Bank part of their deposits, they will not only confer an inestimable boon upon thousands, but will take a long step in assuring us against greater disasters. They may do this without dread of ultimate loss, seeing that the liability of the unhappy shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank is unlimited. Upon them, or those of the 1,249 who make up their number who have the wherewithal to meet the coming calls, must fall the full weight of this calamity; and the note-holders and depositors are secured at the cost of the ruin of hundreds of their countrymen—not a very brilliant result of the much-vaunted Scotch system of banking. As the £100 shares were selling at £236 the day before the disaster was made known, and are now far worse than worthless, in view of the liability of the holders, it may be safely averred that a nominal capital of from two to three millions has vanished literally in a night. The suddenness of the calamity is indeed its most impressive feature. A week ago we spoke of 'rumours of a scandalous nature with reference to a Scotch bank, for which no substantial ground could be discovered'; and though the stoppage announced on the very day our remarks appeared, and they were literally accurate when written. The stoppage was announced on Wednesday, and the rumours in question were (we quote the *Economist*) 'emphatically contradicted on Monday and Tuesday,' and were so utterly discredited that the bank shares were selling on the Tuesday—as we have noted—at a premium of £136! The 'categorical, precise, and authoritative' contradictions that were returned to all inquiries up to the last would have been full warrant for even a stronger statement than that 'no substantial ground could be discovered' for them. It is difficult to avoid being misled by what the *Spectator* is quite justified in designating as 'deliberate lying.' All the more heavy, however, must now be the burden of responsibility upon those who were guilty of the 'lying.' The record of the City of Glasgow Bank has not yet been fully brought to light; but what has been disclosed regarding its most culpable way of doing business is bad almost beyond credibility. The Directors sanctioned a dividend of 12 per cent. on the shares within two months of the stoppage. They boasted at the last annual meeting

of the shareholders in July of a profit of over £142,000 on the twelve months' business; and after congratulating those for whom they were acting on the prosperity of the past, suggested the expectation of yet greater things in the future. All this time the Directors either knew, or ought to have known, that the bank was insolvent; that its resources were locked up in unrealisable securities, or had been squandered and lost; that advances had been made on a colossal scale in bolstering up tottering firms, and that some of their own number were in this very black list. About a million sterling had been advanced in this way to four members of the Board, whose estates will not, it is feared, yield five shillings in the pound; and upwards of six millions had been given to ten firms, not one of which ought to have been trusted beyond a few thousands at most, if even that. Can those men be held guiltless who, through a system gambling ventures wholly alien from every principle of sound banking, have brought crushing disaster and grinding poverty upon the unhappy shareholders who put their simple faith in their honour and prudence? It is not our business to anticipate the courses of the law: but justice will not be satisfied until the misery and terrible suffering brought upon hundreds of formerly peaceful and contented Scottish households are avenged upon those who have been their real cause."

The Pope is in want of more money—not a new thing under the sun—not new even in the experience of popes. But this time it is not on account of personal extravagance, for Leo XIII. is by no means of luxurious tastes, but he feels bound to carry on the architectural works inaugurated by Pius IX. English Catholics promise to respond well to the appeal the Pope has made; but the American Catholics promise to respond much better, for an American prelate has written to Rome to say that the Catholics on this continent are willing and able to supply all the money His Holiness may need. There is money yet in the midst of us.

The Afghan difficulty is growing. The Ameer has said to England, "You may do your worst; the issue is in good hands." He seems to have no prudent regard for the future, that Ali Shere. For in any case, and whatever alliance he may have made, the fortune of war must be against him. The Ameer is rushing to his fate. But what is England likely to make out of it? The fact that she has an "Imperial policy"—that is all.

EDITOR.

"FACTS AND FANCIES" DRAWN FROM "THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK FAILURE."

The recent disastrous failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, though touching Canada lightly, if at all, strikes deep into many a Scottish heart, and will change the whole outward tenor and surroundings of many a life. Men's sympathies are deeply roused, and their whole being quivers with horror as they read some tale of shipwreck, railway accident, or mining explosion, and picture to themselves the direful scene of agony and despair. These appeals to our physical senses, any, even slight, injury to which we feel so keenly ourselves that we cannot but dread it for others. Yet death is but a momentary pang, and the God of Nature has not left her without a provision that deadens consciousness of suffering when the last hour has come. Even a death by violence almost invariably leaves the features stamped with no impress of pain or anguish. If, however, sympathy with the victims be somewhat modified by such a train of thought, let it not die too, but flow out all the more strongly to the survivors who need it, whose sole joy in life is perchance suddenly taken from them—who, alone and unaided, have to face the battle of *Life* without that strong hand whose one purpose and practice it was to defend them from all the roughnesses of life's pathway. It is by these that sympathy and help is needed, and, thank God, who has put it into the hearts of those who love Him to love His brethren also, it is readily afforded.

Viewed from this stand-point of results, such a financial crash as the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank does not largely differ from some overwhelming physical disaster. Life has become altogether changed—made undeniably bitter—to many a man, to many a household. There is perhaps none of the ills of life in this age so hard to bear as poverty to those who have been accustomed to affluence. Men—even Christians—sink almost into apathy and despair at the loss of loved ones taken away from them out of this present evil world into that other which they profess to believe is all happiness and peace. This at best is utter selfishness, or selfishness at least in its milder form of an inflated self-confidence which has more faith in its own power to make this world joyful, useful, and mirthful to them, than in God's power and willingness to make them even more so in His more immediate presence. This is folly or worse, and most *un-Christian*. But when a man has laboured long and suffered much to care for and protect from the hardships of life the family entrusted to him, suddenly finds the means of support on which he had trusted swept away from him, and stares, for the first time, ruin in the face, it tries his faith, his courage, and his manliness, as nothing else can do. This life, and the things of this for self and those he loved—perhaps more for those he loved than for self—were *all* he was consciously contending for. The sudden ruin of all his hopes is to him far worse than death. Even though, like Job, he resist the temptation to "curse God," yet unless he has confidence in God for *this* life as well as the next, and is able to perceive that the same laws of being apply to the man and his condition in *either* world, he can hardly stifle within himself the irrepressible longing "to die" and end it all in hope of peace for ever. Yet courage to live will come if he will but try. The burden of a delicately nurtured wife and gently reared children, thrown entirely on his own right hand or active brain for support, deprived as these are of all aid for the future, from capital or credit, which at first seemed greater than he could bear, will be lightened if he but struggle to carry it. It will bring with it an added love and sympathy from wife and children, and from many a friend besides whose

admiration of his courage will grow into love and ripen into helpful deeds. Even if he has to alter his position in life and go down among the lower masses of mankind, of whom he has perhaps hitherto known but little, he may find there how mistaken he has been in his estimate of them, how much purer, truer, grander their friendship is than any he had ever known before. His views of life, his sympathies with his fellows, may thereby be broadened and brightened till he finds that after all he has not *sunk*, but *risen* to a higher plane of being.

These are but words, however, and deeds are wanted. Let this Dominion wake up to the fact that new homes, new spheres of usefulness, are within her power to offer to several at least of these ruined householders, and do it practically. There is room enough in this vast territory for men who are prepared by experience to face and conquer hard facts, if only we can find the right niche for each. Individual effort is more effectual than Government emigration schemes. Let us put it forth wisely and well.

But do these remarks apply only to Scotland and the sufferers by the City of Glasgow Bank? Has Canada no such men in like circumstances to-day? If we have avoided Bank disasters here, we have not been able to prevent the outraged laws of trade from bringing forth their fruits in loss and ruin to many a home, and—the end is not yet.

Our Banking system, as a whole, is sound, as can be seen by the latest returns, which show about 28 per cent. of available assets, of which 14½ per cent. nearly is held in Gold and Provincial Notes. These resources are undoubtedly ample in the aggregate to meet and conquer any general attack on credit. There is some reason to believe, however, that in the case of individual banks there has been too much concentration, too little regard had to that judicious spreading of risks which is the greatest safeguard of a banker.

There is no occasion from this remark for any of the SPECTATOR readers to assume the position either of "alarmists" or "the alarmed." Still, there *are* some elements of danger. Folk point to the possibility of some stock to complete confidence in our banking institutions. This, if it does come to any, is likely to be only local, and not widespread in its effects on kindred institutions. It is in hope of allaying any unreasoning alarm which might ensue from some individual bank failure that it may be advisable to point out the causes which might lead to such possible disaster, and the nature of its effects.

The Lumber Trade has been in a very depressed condition for a series of years, and prospects even yet are not much brighter. Such transactions are large and largely dependent on banking facilities. From the very nature of the trade the securities dealt in cannot be readily transferred absolutely to the control of the bank advancing the capital. The securities held for advances, therefore, partake largely of the nature of one-named paper, and every banker knows that where such is the case it becomes almost impossible, and appears almost suicidal, to force sales. The temptation to carry over is strong, and that, of course, involves further loans. An idea of the magnitude of some of these transactions may be gathered from the fact that in one instance, more than a year ago, one bank had nearly three-fourths of its paid-up capital invested with one such firm. It is quite problematical whether the amount has decreased in the interim. Probabilities of the trade point rather to an increase. It is only fair, however, to state that any firm enjoying so large a share of banking facilities is likely to be able to show a strong position as regards assets. These may be greatly in excess of liabilities; still, from the very nature of the business, these assets will consist chiefly of timber-limits, mills, buildings, and the various kinds of "plant" needful to the trade, and are of a nature almost totally unrealizable during a general monetary stringency. It is in this "lock-up" of available funds that the element of danger lurks. Notes held for such advances, being simply one named paper, become quite unavailable for re-discounting with other banks. The mere fact of offering them at once shakes confidence in their intrinsic value.

In commercial circles also there exists a mitigated form of the same "locking-up" process. Adjoined to the other and more dangerous kind of advances above referred to, it might add seriously to the danger of any bank, though in itself not likely to produce sudden disaster. It is this, the granting of too large a line of credit on customers' paper to one firm, thus allowing its trade connections to develop abnormally. Any single firm with \$1,000,000 under discount is, in this country, simply a monstrosity. It implies that said firm does an annual turn-over of \$2,000,000 if the business is sound; and, in view of the fact that almost every description of goods purchased by such firm is bought on longer or shorter credit, this calculation allows six months on the average to realize on sales, the stock being carried on the credit from first hands, and the margin of capital, whatever that may be, remains over for extra accommodation to customers peculiarly situated as regards the necessity for long credit. Now, it is more than doubtful if *any* house in Canada does that amount of trade annually, yet it *is* the case that more than one has that amount under discount. The inference is plain—that there is considerable unsound business—that accounts are carried on from year to year, and *paper*—not *goods*—turned over, without a basis of anything but accumulated stock withering on the shelves of supply accounts. Nor need it surprise us much that in an amount so large as a million a Bank Manager should feel but slight anxiety at one or two \$30,000 amounts, one or two of \$20,000, and say half a dozen of \$10,000. Taking two of the first, two of the second, and six of the last, it would only aggregate about one-fourth of the total amount. Yet, should it suddenly become necessary for a bank carrying such an account to contract facilities, these items, thus suddenly strained by their supporters, might produce the evanishment of the capital to which such firm had made pretension, and at the liberal figure of 50c on the \$1 entail a net loss to the firm of \$110,000. If such large supply accounts do exist, there are likely to be smaller ones of the same kind which have escaped notice, from their comparative insignificance. It will be almost self-evident that securities of this kind held by a banker are neither readily re-discountable nor realizable in times of financial pressure.

The City of Glasgow Bank, it is true, has little or no direct connection with Canada. Indirectly, however, as the results begin to show, it might bring to pass further disasters among British bankers, which would check the drawing facilities of our lesser financial institutions here. This brings us to another complexion of the situation,—the Grain trade. Our exchanges are mainly

effected by means of grain and lumber, and in the grain trade at least the banks are actually, though nominally, the holders of the grain or other produce shipped, and of the acceptances granted against such shipments, in so far as from the magnitude of the transactions, the grain shippers' capital forms only an insignificant margin. Losses on such transactions are occasionally, if not frequently, carried over by bankers here in the hope of covering paper given by such shippers, by some more fortunate transaction. Should that consummation devoutly to be wished be long delayed, these are apt to become less valuable, although susceptible of sustaining an appearance of strength in the form of "notes discounted and current." The value, however, of this particular form of these is of a very speculative character.

The item of "overdue notes secured" is also an element of danger. These are secured for the most part by real estate, and therefore assist in slight degree in the "lock-up" of capital. It is better than "overdue notes unsecured," but no better as regards immediate use at a time of pressure.

As already shown, the position of our Banking institutions, viewed as a whole, is undoubtedly sound. In the event of the failure of any one of them from the causes named no serious alarm need be felt—no widespread panic would be likely to ensue. The public's deposits here bear no comparison whatever in relation to capital with the deposits held by the old country banks. The lending facilities of Bankers here is therefore very much narrowed in comparison to the margin of capital, which thus forms a much more reliable security against losses. There are also not the same facilities for rediscounting securities, so that if a bank's resources are once invested it must stand or fall by them, and cannot so largely use its credit to keep itself afloat. Thus errors in judgment, or gross mismanagement, come much sooner to the light, and prevent serious mischief being done to the public who are depositors or note holders.

Should some banking disaster occur, it is more than likely that the other banks would take a hint from the Scotch bankers, even although the City of Glasgow Bank failure has cast some slur on the proverbial wisdom of the Scotch banking system, and agree to take the notes in circulation at par. The depositors even would not be likely to suffer eventually, though they might be put to temporary inconvenience. The only sufferers would be the shareholders. Fortunately our system is entirely one of limited liability, and from the reasons detailed above, it is quite probable something might be saved from the wreck for them also through time.

If to write this seems to be to prophesy evil, still more evil surely must be the cause on which any such prophecy is based. That cause is selfishness—the unreasoning over-graspingness of men. There are men among us who seem to aspire to monopolise the whole of their respective trades, crushing out smaller trades entirely. This is neither wise nor right, and must inevitably produce misery. A country prospers most by the diffusion—not by the concentration—of wealth and power, or, what is unfortunately the equivalent here, credit. Bankers who make the mistake of too much concentration must reap the fruits. Some have learned the lesson already and are mending their way. Some have not, *All* must learn to judge the large borrower and the small one by the same standard relatively to their known resources, and to act accordingly, remembering that the laws of trade are framed by the same Divine Hand which guides the laws of nature, and therefore that any attempt to hinder the legitimate growth of the individual is bad for the community of which he forms a part. To foster the inordinate development of one firm at the expense of many is to pander to a love of personal aggrandizement and a love of power which will surely, sooner or later, overstep the boundaries of prudence and land itself, and those who aided it, in ultimate loss or ruin.

That these causes are at work among us is evident to any ordinary *Canadian Spectator*, and are the more perceptible in proportion to the absence of personal interest in the matter. If the natural result is to be avoided, the inner cause must be removed. Men must wake to the fact that they are each their brother's keeper—not sent into the world merely to "grab" all they can for self and to hold it till death parts them from it. Consideration for others is verily *not* "business," but it is religion; and that is the only short cut to "the greatest good of the greatest number." If "to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world" be "pure religion," it is certainly not a part of it to bring ruin on widows and orphans by supporting men with their means who use it only to oppress and injure others, not benefitting even themselves, but injuring the whole community by the nature, extent and recklessness of their transactions. Such men have not only spotted themselves with the world, but are a blot on its general usefulness, and must be wiped off sooner or later by a cleansing tide of suffering, in which, alas! they cannot suffer alone. It is sad to see them, or any human being, suffer, but alas! in this world at least, men will not permit themselves to be made perfect, except through suffering. To labour and to wait for that end which must speedily come to all and every form of robbery and oppression in business, banking and politics, is surely the truest, highest and best form of

"CHARITY."

RECOLLECTIONS OF FIJI.—KAVA DRINKING.

What Beer is to the Englishman and Lager to the German, Kava is to the Fijian or even more so, and in simpleness of manufacture the Kava maker beats the brewer hollow, the only machinery he or she requiring being two or three lusty pairs of human jaws. It is of my first experience in the manufacture and, finally, consumption of this delectable beverage that I now intend to write.

It was after a toilsome tramp of some thirty miles over hill and dale, through swamps, mudflats, cocoa-nut groves, and over, under, and in clouds of mosquitos, in the island of Viti Levu, one of the largest of the Fijian group, that I declared, for the last time, to my companion, who, at the rate he was going, seemed to be a descendant of the "Man with the Cork Leg," I would not go another mile, but would walk into the first native hut I came across. "Oh, nonsense," he replied; "you have got another ten miles to go yet, but we are just by a village, where we will slip in for an hour, and the Chief shall give us some Kava, and that will put you as right as a trivet." Now, up to this time I had religiously abstained from this beverage, never fancying the process

it had to go through before being ready for consumption; but now drink I must have, and Bass, the great benefactor of the human race, being also many miles away, his humble rival, the Kava chewer, I felt must be accepted as an inevitable fate. A turn in the road suddenly brought us upon the village, embowered in a belt of cocoa-nuts and hibiscus, and consisting of about twenty huts, into the largest of which my friend marched with quite the air of a "Ami de maison." Having introduced me to the Chief, a fine looking Fijian, and who was evidently endeavouring to solve the problem of how much clothing he could dispense with without being actually naked, and explained our wants, we were invited to take seats on the rush mats with which the mud-floor was strewn. After a few moments' silence, a fearful-looking old woman came in bearing the "Kava Bowl," a circular wooden vessel some three feet in diameter, with a depth of half a foot, standing on four stumpy little legs, the whole carved out of one solid piece of wood; two more old hags followed, who, with commendable modesty, sat down in a far corner of the hut; after these old ladies came four very pretty young girls, who turned out to be the Chief's daughters; they were dressed in long waistless, sleeveless cotton gowns, with strings of sweet-scented nuts round their necks and bunches of the scarlet hibiscus entwined in their jetty tresses. Smiling sweetly on us, and disclosing dazzling rows of pearly teeth, they seated themselves in a semicircle facing the Kava Bowl. So we were placed thus: the old hag with the bowl in the centre, myself, friend and the Chief on one side, and the four dusky Venuses on the other. The old lady of the Kava Bowl then presented each of the young chieftainesses with a piece of dried kava root about an inch and a half square, having much the appearance of dried ginger both in colour and shape, which pieces of root they popped in their mouths and commenced chewing. Well, I thought, after all, it is not so bad as I expected, and remarked the same to my friend, who, with a demoniacal smile, uttered the word "wait." Just at this moment the two old witches in the corner struck up a most unearthly kind of chant, something after this style: "Ou-la ou-la ou-ou-ou-ou," the last "ou" being very long-drawn indeed, accompanying themselves at the same time by beating the palms of their hands together. This chant they continued the whole time the Kava was being made. We were now surrounded by a large and admiring audience, consisting of nearly the whole village, and who, although the Chief's hut was pretty capacious, trenched very considerably on the confines of our select circles. Flattering though I felt it to be, I should have more appreciated their room to their company. Out of this audience stepped two of the ugliest and sat down in the family circle. Judge of my horror and astonishment when two of our little dears, evidently feeling tired about the jaws, deftly transferred their morsels into the expanded mouths of their two ugly admirers, who at once calmly carried on the masticating process. To make a long matter short, four pulpy-looking balls were soon ready and deposited in the Kava Bowl. Our old hag then took up the game, and filling the bowl with water took a handful of fibrous cloth and commenced to wring out the Kava, so to speak, a process by which all the sediment and little unmasticated portions of the root were gathered up, leaving behind a greyish, most unpleasant looking liquid. As the dread time approached, I began to wish myself out of the hut and away. I might have stood it if the dusky beauties had been the sole manufacturers, but the assistance afforded them by their two (anything but handsome) admirers was too much for me; but there was no help for it, drink it I would now have to, so, with bated breath, I awaited the finale. The Chief now went out and returned with a polished bowl made out of half a cocoa nut; this was handed to the old lady in the middle, who filled it to the brim and gave it back to the Fijian magnate. The chanting had ceased, and there was a dead silence. Our black entertainer took down the fell mixture at one long gulp, and on removing the bowl from his lips gave a long gasp indicative of intense enjoyment, which appeared to be a signal for the surrounding audience, who at once broke out into a prolonged hum, as if they fully participated in the delightful feelings of the tippler. I hummed my loudest, perhaps with a latent hope that this piece of politeness would have sufficed on my part, and that I might have got out of the drinking portion, but not a bit of it; the fatal bowl was filled to the brim and handed to me by the old witch, towards whom I was beginning to feel most savagely inclined, and whom I was certain, by the twinkle in her eyes, quite appreciated the agony of mind I was in. "You must swig it right off," whispered my friend with a chuckle. With close-shut eyes and a nervous shudder I raised the infernal decoction to my lips. Good gracious! was I never going to get to the bottom—down, down, down it went. I arrived at last at the bottom, and with savage energy swigged off the very dregs. Oh! what a taste! Rhubarb mixture, dashed with a flavour of stale beer, was the only thing I could liken it to. Hum, hum, hum-m-m, went the audience. I gave the gasp most feelingly, I assure you, summoned up a ghastly smile, and tried to look as if I never had tasted anything so nice in my life. My friend took his dose like an old stager, and the bowl continued round the circle. Suddenly I began to feel a warm and comforting glow extending, most naturally, from my stomach towards all parts of my frame; all feelings of weariness left me, and a delicious sensation of comfort was substituted, and before another half hour had expired, I discovered myself tossing off another bowlful and away again on my journey, feeling nearly as fresh as when I had started in the morning. Thus ended my first experience of Kava making and drinking.

As soon as you can get over the feeling of repulsion caused by the process it goes through before being ready for drinking, the taste for it is soon acquired, and Kava becomes a refreshing drink, and, as I view it, a valuable medicine. Some very fastidious people have their kava-root pounded, but I am told it never tastes so nice! nor has the effect produced by the other process. When taken in excess it deadens the senses and produces all the symptoms of helpless drunkenness. On the other hand, when administered to a person under the influence of alcohol it has the effect of sobering him. The root is the only portion used, but in some parts of the islands where it has become very scarce the natives endeavour to utilize the stem and stalks.

R. E. H.

A wag remarks that one can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once round the table. SCANDAL is said to be that which one half the world takes a pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

A GREAT EVANGELIST—THE SECOND ADVENT.

Our little corporate town has one or two things on which it plumes itself. One of these is its rather stately Young Men's Christian Association building, which juts out prominently on the corner of our High street. Here it is that we hold our revival meetings and special services. Here meets our Evangelical Alliance; the members of which—belonging to the different sects—meet once or twice a year, and manage to get through their session without eating one another. And here it is we receive the flotsam and jetsam of the religious world, which drifts to our shores from Britain, or is dropped overboard from the United States. We always give these strangers a warm welcome: forsaking often first-class men in our own pulpits, and crowding to hear second or third-class men on the platform of our Association Hall. One of these has just come and gone. His attractions were that he was author of a little religious book which has had an extensive circulation and is said to have done much good, and that he was brother to—his brother.

The professed *role* of this gentleman is that of the evangelist: the man who is supposed to have special power in impressing the truths of the Gospel of Christ upon the consciences of men, and of subduing them under its influence. But our visitor—like some others of his class—has also a special part, in which he only appears when circumstances are favorable, or "by particular request." This particular request having been given by an eccentric humorist of our town, the great revivalist was announced accordingly to lecture on the Second Advent. Coming out from hearing him I ran against Brown, whom I had noticed taking sly notes in the corner of the hall.

"Well, Brown," I cried, "what do you think of our new light?" "Don't," said he, "I must calm down before I can talk." "Come across to my office, and cool yourself by talking," said I.

We found our mutual friend Robinson waiting for me. I had not noticed him in the hall, but I was glad to see him, for we always look to Robinson as our walking concordance and Bible-dictionary. It being chilly, we soon gathered round the steam "radiator," at whose flat face and cheerful dimples Brown sat staring silently for a few moments, when he burst out, "I don't know what you fellows think of what we have been hearing, but for my part I am disgusted."

"Brown," said I, "you grieve and surprise me. Was not the speaker a man of great eloquence, of powerful voice, and attractive anecdotal style? Was he not full of matter which"—"Which never came to a head," said Brown, (who is a little coarse in some of his similes): "No, no; Smith, my boy," he continued; (I may say that my name is Smith, though I conceal it in signing this paper): "You are too good-natured: We were invited to hear about the Second Advent; but for an hour we only heard about the speaker; who only began to approach his subject after the hour of closing had arrived, telling us then that he wished he had twenty hours in which to discuss it. Possibly had he had them, we might have had some information and argument, instead of mere discursive and tangential allusions."

"I will admit," said I, "that the speaker was discursive, but surely he kept on holy ground in all his wanderings: and you must have had a new revelation of Grace and Truth in his wonderfully deep searchings after the inner meaning and deep philosophy of the Scriptures?" Says Brown, "I had a new revelation of Assurance and Egotism: I was astounded at the coolness with which he brought out old familiar commonplaces with the air of a new discoverer. It was delicious when he asked us if we had ever noticed that Abraham left off asking that Sodom might be spared, before God left off granting! Why, even old Matthew Henry might have taught him that. Oh! he has a fine eye for piercing a mill-stone!"

"But, surely," I said, "he told us nothing but truths, and told them with a fervid, free, impassioned utterance that struck into one's very soul?" "Yes, we had truths; but they were mostly truisms. It was very interesting, for instance, to learn that the earth moves round the sun, and that our solar system is but a part of the great universe, but that the ancients thought differently; and that it was highly important that a locomotive should be on the right line of rails; but it did not need a man to come three thousand miles and take twenty minutes to tell us these things, with a tone and manner as if he alone had the secret and held the copyright."

"Oh! but," I contended, "there were some things in which our visitor showed that he had made special discoveries in Biblical study: he told us repeatedly that he had found the key to the interpretation of the Scripture."

"I know," replied Brown; "he said, with a superior smile, that *ordinary* Christians interpreted thus and so, and could no more fit the teaching of different Scriptures together than his little boy could fit the countries in a dissected map; but that he, the *extra-ordinary*, could deftly fit every text into its place in his scheme of interpretation: yet we did not get the interpretation. He neither opened the door, nor did he shew us the key. And as to his impassioned utterances, it seemed to me that he thought that being away from home, everything he had to say would be new to us poor benighted colonists, and so he threw out whatever came first, whether it related to his subject, or to any other under the sun. Thus he used up his time without telling us much about the Second Advent."

Here Robinson quietly asked me if I could repeat what the lecturer had said about the Second Advent. I was compelled to confess that I had the faintest idea; except that I understood him to say that the Gospel was a failure; and that the world must wait for the Lord's coming, as that was the hope of the Church.

"Did he say that?" shouted Robinson; "the man must be mad: or blind." I begged him to keep quiet, as we all know that Robinson has some queer new notions himself on the Second Advent, and I did not care to have it all out just then.

But he burst out like fire. "The Gospel a failure? the man who says so is ignorant of all Scripture, and denies all history. Where on the face of God's earth is the country or the community into which the Gospel has been introduced, that is the worse for it? Is it not winning its way into every land? and is not every land eventually the better for its coming?"

"But," I argued, "you must allow that there is great evil and wickedness

everywhere, and that even the most Christian communities are continually being shocked by discoveries of crime, even in the churches"

"Yes," replied Robinson; "but formerly they were not shocked at such things. Where is the Christian church to-day that has a membership like that of Corinth in Paul's day? Where is the body of clergymen who resemble the Anglicans of the 18th century? Where the non-conformists who would repeat the errors and cruelties of the Round-head and the Puritan? And if our newspapers are filled with sad stories of sin, it is only because we *have* newspapers, and reporters; a telegraph and a police. Take any department of life and you will find amelioration. Some talk of political corruption, and it is bad enough; but what is it to the day when Pitt had the House of Commons in his breeches pocket? and what was that to the farther back days when kings and noblemen traded shamelessly in the national revenues? The Gospel a failure! Then is all Missionary work a blunder and a folly; and the Church, which has but just awakened to a sense of its responsibility and duty, may fold its hands and await another 'hope of the Church' which is to accomplish what the Gospel cannot."

Brown now broke in with the remark that Robinson had only partially stated the case. Instead of the world growing worse, and the Church being more corrupt, never was there a time when there were so many good men and women, and never a time when they were doing so much to show their love to God by love and goodwill to their neighbour. Said he, "When before have we heard of international charities and sympathies as we have done the past twenty years? The one old example of the collection in the Gentile churches for the relief of the starving Jewish Christians, was but the faint shadowing of the benevolence of these days of the Indian Famine Fund, and the Chinese Fund and the Yellow Fever Fund; of Christian Commissions to succour the wounded of both contending armies; of 'Nightingale' nurses and the Geneva Cross! and if centuries ago we had a Pascal and the Port-Royalists to exemplify a purer Christianity, have we not now these very men of the 'higher life' who, according to their own showing are the most wonderfully enlightened and the most spiritually minded men whom the world has ever seen since Apostolic days. 'The Gospel' has formed such men as the reverend lecturer we heard, and therefore surely there is some hope for the church, and for the world also! And if it be a failure, why does he continue to preach it, and to live by it?"

I ventured to agree with this: and coupled with it the name of Moody; to whom I thought our Second Adventist had a strong general resemblance. "Yes," said Brown, "he has the round Moody head, and the square Moody beard, and the limp Moody Bible. He has the Moody manner, and the Moody doctrine; but—he is not Moody."

"My objection," said Robinson, more calmly than before, "is not to this or that man, or this or that manner: neither is it to the general religious teaching of these good men: but simply to their inconsistency in this matter of the Second Advent. How dare any of the tribe call themselves 'evangelists'? What is their evangel? Is it any other than was given us by Christ, and continued by Paul? If so, 'let it be accursed': if not, then—'the hope of the church' is still that 'the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God and the Communion of the Holy Ghost' may accomplish the redemption of the world; without our helplessly waiting for a problematical bodily manifestation of the Lord Jesus to destroy His enemies by the lustre of His presence and the weight of His arm. My own thought is that perhaps it will be found on closer examination of New Testament prophecy that the 'Second Coming' of Christ was fulfilled in His virtual return to destroy Jerusalem; that now He is reigning as King of the new age, and gradually but surely destroying His enemies—that is, every form of evil—by the sword of His mouth or the power of His truth: that the redeemed earth is being regenerated, and that the ancient word which speaks of universal subjection to the blessed rule of the Son of God shall yet be fulfilled. I grant you that there is very much to be done in two ways: much territory still to be visited with Gospel light, and much to be done in Christian lands to extend the rule of Christ over the whole life of men. But never was there so much being done to spread the Gospel far and wide over the world: the work of this century exceeds that of sixteen previous. And never was Christian preaching so insisting and so practical as now. Never was the pulpit so little given over to theoretical controversy; and never was it so hotly engaged in the polemics of sin and righteousness. Antinomianism is dead and buried: the Lord deny it a resurrection evermore. And the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, will not be sheathed till victory is won. The Lord hasten it." So spoke Robinson: and so spoke Brown: and so said I. And our symposium adjourned. **QUISQUIS.**

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.—While visiting the city I was surprised to find so many flower-loving people who expressed regret that flowers would not thrive in their furnace-heated, gas-lighted houses. "The roses always drop their leaves and die," said one lady in a tone of deep regret, and another, who had made a specialty of colours in summer, lost them all before the holidays. The fancy hanging-baskets, so beautiful in their drooping grace, soon fade when they leave the greenhouse and become unsightly unless kept in a constant state of moisture that does not suit a parlour; and even the long-suffering geraniums become as if in the sere and yellow leaf, without foliage or flower to repay the labour of tending. There are, of course, exceptions where a moist air and magical fingers work wonders; but the greater part of those who love flowers have turned to Wardian cases for their greenery and decided to buy their winter blossoms. It is for these I am about to write an account of the flowers that thrive best in living rooms with ordinary care, and are likely to blossom through the winter. The plants first on my list for this purpose are carnations and Chinese primroses, the latter being sure to bloom, and continuous. The rose *bon se'ene* gives magnificent buds, and a *calla* is often satisfactory where plenty of water and air is given. But if one has tried these plants and failed, I can safely say that if you turn your attention to Holland bulbs, you will not be disappointed.

Hyacinths are easily grown in pots or glasses, but a prettier, more *garden-like* effect, is obtained by a box placed on, or in front of a window sill. In the

centre the hyacinth, and in each corner a cluster of crocus or snowdrop bulbs can be placed, with here and there, nearest the window, a jonquil or tulip. The soil is to be rich, but with a mixture of sand, and the bulbs are merely covered. After watering freely, it is well to place for a while in a dark, cool place about a week or two, to encourage a development of roots. When these are fully formed the plant will stand a great deal of bad treatment, preferring a cool atmosphere for long continued flowering, but doing fairly even with a high temperature. But some may say the perfume would be too strong if many flowered at once. Yet, I reply, how pleasant to have them in midwinter to give to a friend, or to gather to place in another room. Besides, the box gathers many a little treasure. A slip of some vine, a piece of moss, or a shell, finds place therein; some little cutting takes root, and we find our winter garden an object of interest. In order to avoid this, too, the bulbs are classed as "early" and "late," needing only a judicious mixing, while the enterprising seedsmen of McGill street are always glad to impart information; and, after years of experience, I can say that their Holland bulbs show good taste in selection, and have flowered more surely than some procured at a distance.

ANNIE L. JACK.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat,
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed did the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river:
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard, bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not the sign of a leaf, indeed,
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor, dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sate by the river.)
"The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed."
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, oh Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, oh great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds by the river.

—E. B. Browning.

SCIENTIFIC—SANITARY ENGINEERING.

Lectures by Professor H. T. Bovey, of McGill College.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN LECTURE No. III.

(1.) What influence has the physical outline of a district on the ventilation of sewers?

Ans. The physical outline of the district has a great effect on the ventilation of sewers, as sewers are always, if it be at all possible, inclined to a certain extent, which will depend upon the necessity of the case in question, and as it is natural for the gases and vapours formed from sewage matter to rise and seek an outlet in an upward direction, where the fall of the sewer is very great they will rush up to seek a vent at the top of the sewer in much the same way that smoke rises out of a chimney. Montreal itself may be taken as a very good example of the effect which the outline of the district has on the ventilation of the sewers and some of the inhabitants of the upper parts of the town have at times been able to testify to the fact in question. This operation will be very much accelerated by any obstruction in the sewers, or in the case of towns on the sea-side, or on tidal rivers where the outlets require to be closed during the times of high tide, and also by the rise in the level of the sewage which, by the increased pressure on the impure air, causes it to rush out.

Generally this difficulty is overcome by placing a series of ventilations, usually at regular intervals, which distributes the foul air more evenly, and it will then not have the same effect on any one locality, or if considered necessary it may, in its passage into the atmosphere, be deodorized by charcoal, chlorine gas, lime and other disinfectants and filterers.

T. DRUMMOND (2nd year.)

2. State the volume of sewage for which provision should be made, when laying down a system of sewers?

Ans. The engineer ought to provide for 5 cubic feet of sewage per head per day, in addition to the rainfall and subsoil water to be admitted, one-half flowing off in six hours and the remainder in 18 hours.

H. ARCHBALD (2nd year), and J. COLLINS (2nd year.)

The engineer when laying down a system of sewers must provide for 5 cubic feet of sewage per head per day, the half of which flows off in six hours; and, in addition to this, the sewers must be able to contain the subsoil drainage. It is found in ordinary dry weather that the subsoil drainage of a city almost equals the water used. In Liverpool the quantity supplied to the city was 12,750,000 gallons per day, and the amount of sewage that was discharged was 25,000,000 gallons per day. In another city the water used was 21,600,000 gallons per day and the sewage discharged 35,000,000 gallons per day. Extra space should be left in the sewers so that they will be able to contain the sewage that will arise from the increase of population. This is a material point, for in England the population has doubled itself in the last 50 years.

F. F. BUSTED (2nd year.)

3. What precautions should be taken in obtaining "water supply" in the proximity of dwellings?

Ans. The supply is obtained in such cases either from streams which in towns are likely to be impure from admitting sewage, &c., or from springs and wells which may become very injurious from being mixed with impure subsoil water, caused by garbage, cess-pools, and nuisances of all kinds which find their way into the water. Such is especially the case in pervious soils, as sand and gravel, and in obtaining this supply the source should be thoroughly examined, and if found to be impure from such causes as are here mentioned, should be purified by their removal if possible; if not, should be excluded as a source of water supply.

T. DRUMMOND (2nd year.)

4. What are the objections to the water-closet system? State your opinion as to these objections.

Ans. The introduction of water-closets has been opposed by the authorities in many towns, on the ground of the increased volume of water it would be necessary to procure if their use became general. Others have opposed their introduction on the ground that they are the sole cause of the pollution of the streams of the country. The result of investigation has shown that the sewage of those towns in which midden-steads are generally adopted, is, as a rule, quite as impure and nearly as great in volume as in districts where water-closets are universally used; while at the same time the sewage contains nearly as large an amount of putrescent organic matter as in water-closet towns. From a comparison of the composition of the sewage of these two different classes of towns, it appears that while the sewage of midden-stead towns contains 11.54 parts per 100,000 of chlorine, that of water-closet towns contains but 10.66. This excess of chlorine shows that there is a larger quantity of urine in a given volume of sewage of midden-stead towns than in a like volume of that of water-closet towns. It has been found that this increased consumption of water, where water-closets are used, is due chiefly to the imperfect fittings in connection with them, and that the introduction of the water-closet system with perfect water-waste preventing fittings will not materially increase the amount of sewage to be provided for, as the water used for this purpose forms but a small part of the whole of the water used for domestic and general purposes.

J. O'DWYER (3rd year.)

5. What is the best method of disposing of the sewage in "Inland Towns?"

Ans. In towns and villages, where it is possible, land should be obtained to which sewage can be conveyed and spread over the ground. The sewage immediately sinks into the earth, and by this process, called "intermittent filtration," is quickly rendered innocuous. In villages and towns where it is difficult to contain good manure, such earth, saturated with sewage matters, would be invaluable as a fertilizer. In large towns where it would be impossible to procure such a plot of ground, the sewage should be treated chemically, and in all cases should be cleansed from all foul matter; but where it is impossible, such treatment should be supplemented by "intermittent filtration," or "irrigation works."

H. ARCHBALD (2nd year.)

LECTURE IV.

COURSE OF SEWERS.

Whenever it is proposed to lay down a system of sewers, it should be first of all ascertained what nature and art have done for the drainage of the district.

Generally speaking, the "main lines" of sewers will run along the natural drainage valleys, which valleys will also give the lines in which the "storm overflows" are to be constructed.

These "main lines" are not necessarily laid in straight lines, but curves may be introduced.

All common sewers should:—(1) Be laid in perfectly straight lines; (2) Have even and true gradients from point to point; (3) Be laid, if possible, in the middle of the streets; (4) Have an extra fall if curves be unavoidable.

{ *Man-holes—shafts down which a man can descend to the level of a sewer.*
Lamp-holes—shafts down which a lamp can be suspended to the level of a sewer. }

A man-hole or lamp-hole should be placed:—(1) At junctions of one common sewer with another; (2) At the point of concentration of several sewers; (3) At angle points; (4) At suitable intervals. (The distances between the shafts should not exceed three hundred feet, and it is better to have too many than too few.)

No shaft is necessary at the junction of a private communicating sewer with the common sewer, which is effected by a curve in the direction of the flow.

BACK SEWERAGE, &c.—Many authorities are of the opinion that "back

drainage" is the best plan to adopt, while others maintain that the public sewers should be constructed in the public streets. The latter plan is the safer and more economical, allows the whole system of sewerage to be brought under perfect control, and does not entrench upon private property. It necessitates, however, the construction and laying of sewers underneath and through houses; but there can be no possible objection to this if the sewer-work be carefully and properly done.

Public sewers may, *very exceptionally*, be carried through private property.

The common sewers should be carried within one hundred feet of every house to be included in the sewerage scheme.

The natural streams should not be covered over and transformed into sewers.

To obtain a good outfall, it may sometimes prove advantageous to deviate from the lines of natural drainage and convey away the sewage by tunnels through hills, and by aqueducts and syphons across valleys.

SECTIONAL FORM OF SEWERS.

The forms of sewers must be such as to fulfil the conditions of strength and efficiency. Their construction must ensure their stability without an unnecessary expenditure of material, and they must convey away with a *maximum* velocity both the *maximum* and *minimum* flows.

The *external* forces on a sewer are the vertical and horizontal pressures due to the surrounding earth. (*The horizontal pressure will, of course, depend upon the angle of repose of the earth.*)

For purposes of construction, the *circular* form is doubtless the strongest.

Theoretically, as the greater pressure is vertical, the *elliptical* form would most effectually resist the crushing forces.

A certain minimum velocity must, however, be maintained in all sewers that are to be self-cleansing, and the velocity increases with the mean hydraulic depth.

$$\left(\text{The mean hydraulic depth} = \frac{\text{sectional area}}{\text{wetted perimeter}} \right)$$

Hence, a sewer with an intermittent flow, should be of such a form as to ensure the maximum velocity for the smallest volume flowing through it, and should therefore be *egg-shaped*.

Sewers with a pretty uniform flow, which convey a large volume of sewage, should be *circular*. They will be both cheaper and stronger.

In practice, for all ordinary purposes, sewers up to 18 inches internal diameter are best in earthenware or stoneware, and should be circular in section.

For greater diameters than 18 inches, and when the sewer is never less than *half* full (this being $\frac{1}{2}$ the maximum flow) the sewers may be made circular in section.

In all other cases, or when the fluctuation of flow is between greater limits, the sewer should be *egg-shaped* in section.

Questions.

- (1.) How would you dispose of the sewage of towns situated on estuaries and tidal rivers?
- (2.) Enumerate some of the principal points to be attended to, in the laying down of ordinary sewers?
- (3.) State the principles upon which the construction of sewers must depend?
- (4.) Compare the respective qualities of egg-shaped and circular sewers, and define the conditions which should determine the sectional form of a sewer?
- (5.) Describe the new form of oval sewer, state its advantages, and estimate its sectional area?

H. TAYLOR BOVEY.

24th October, 1878.

[In the last sentence of the paragraph relating to inland towns, in the Syllabus of Lecture III., it is written—"Hitherto it has proved ineffectual," &c. This is a printer's error, and should be—"Hitherto it has proved most effectual, &c.]"

WITTICISMS.

"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it; never in the tongue
Of him that makes it."—*Shakespeare*.

Hypocrisy is the homage paid to virtue by vice.

Seasonable: "What a fall is here, my countrymen!"—*Ex*.

The best cure for drunkenness is, while sober, to observe a drunken man.
—*Chinese Maxim*.

A sure cure for sleeplessness is to imagine you have got to get up.—*Danbury News*.

A Frenchman's politeness begins by his raising his hat, and frequently ends by his putting it on again.

One-half of the world don't know how the other half live—and its none of their business.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

There is *Melody* among the Fenians once more since the last prisoner's offence was *Condon-ed*.—*The Jester*.

"Doctor, you must really prescribe something for me." "My dear lady, you need no medicine—only a little rest, and then you'll be as well as ever."
"But, really, doctor, surely I ought to be given some medicine of some sort or

For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with *Brown's Household Panacea* and Family Liniment. For chills and fever it has proved very efficacious. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it. For internal and external use. Sold by all druggists.—*Advt.*

A single trial of *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* for children teething never yet failed to relieve the baby and overcome the prejudices of the mother. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. It not only frees the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, corrects acidity and cures dysentery and diarrhoea, gives ~~nut~~ health to the child, and comforts the mother.—*Advt.*

other. You've only felt my pulse; examine my tongue. (He does so.)
"Precisely, madam; your tongue needs rest, too."

A handsome youth, being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was an "adjuster of moveable alphabets." He was a printer.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.—Mistress: "Now, Mary, you will see that the work is all properly done in time." Mary: "Yes, ma'am, if nothing intervenes to impede."—*Fun*.

An eminent artist, celebrated for his love of discussion, paused in the middle of one of his speeches, then said—"I was thinking." "Thinking! impossible! I don't believe it," said Douglas Jerrold.

Theological student: "I think in every church there should be a pitcher of water near the minister so that he could drink if thirsty." Senior: "Yes, I have heard a good many dry preachers."—*Argosy*.

To be in the fashion you must wear a Hanlan scarf, Marquis of Lorne plaid pants, Beaconsfield coat, John A. shirt, Lava jewellery, and you need not have a cent in your pocket, nor brains in your head.

At Chinese military posts, the sentinels call out: "Twelve o'clock, and I am not worthy to kiss the ground my captain walks on." The captain sleeps much better after hearing the call.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Andrew Murphy's mother desires us to state to the public that her son Andrew was not the Joseph Murphy who was up for drunkenness at the Police Court the other day. Mrs. Murphy's request is thus complied with.

"Speaking of bathing," said Mrs. Partington, "some people can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and Africa's coral strand; but for my part I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

Douglas Jerrold said, speaking of a man who was said to be a "pattern of benevolence," "He is so benevolent, so merciful a man, that in his mistaken compassion, he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."

Student: "I think, Professor, the labials were only introduced into our alphabet for the purpose of giving the lips a chance to apply themselves." Prof. (smiling): "Yes, the lips should have a chance to apply themselves."—*Argosy*.

"It seems to me," said a customer to his barber, "that in these hard times you ought to lower your prices for shaving." "Can't do it," replied the barber. "Nowadays everybody wears such a long face that we have a great deal more surface to shave over."

A widower, when showing a friend the cinerary urn in which reposed the mortal remains of his dear departed, let it fall. It broke and scattered the ashes over the carpet. He rang for a servant, and when she appeared, said to her: "Jane, sweep up your mistress."

A husband who lately went to execute a few little commissions for his wife, gives it as his experience that there are two dozen different brands of lilac sewing silk so exactly alike that no male eye can tell the difference, and a wrong choice means ruin to a silk dress, and no pie in the house for a week.

A humorous old minister, near Peebles, who had strong feelings on the subject of matrimonial happiness, thus prefaced the marriage ceremony by an address to the parties who came to him:—"My friends, marriage is a blessing to a few, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty to all. Do ye venture?" After a pause, he repeated, with great emphasis, "Do ye venture?" No objection being made to the venture, he then said, "Let's proceed."—*Dean Ramsay*.

Be careful, Sir John, you'll find it no fun

To manage the team you have chosen:

And if you contrive to continue your drive,

We'll say you're a man of a dozen.

Fermes la Porte—Shut up Turkey.

WHY DO PEOPLE NOT GO TO CHURCH?—I.

A Discourse by the Rev. A. J. Bray at Zion Church, Montreal, October 30, 1878.

Having spoken last Sunday evening on the subject "Why do people go to Church?" it naturally suggested the topic of to-night's discourse "Why do people *not* go to Church?" For, as every one knows, a large proportion of the community take the Sabbath as a day of rest from labour for bread, a day for recreation and nothing more. They give the Church no thought—or if a thought, a scornful one. If they speak of it and the idea it embodies, the words are pitiful, or contemptuous. Among the Roman Catholics this prevails to a far less degree than among those who come under the general, and to me, bewildering denomination of Protestants. Of course there are large numbers in countries where the Roman Catholic form of faith and worship is recognized who do not hold the priesthood in reverence—nor believe that the Pope is infallible—nor tremble when the Church thunders out her condemnation—but who, like Gambetta and many more in France, and Garibaldi and many more in Italy, and Bismarck and many more in Germany, hold that the Church is the principal enemy to the public good—an institution that works against free thought, and free speech, and free life, and the wise working of politics—that its main idea is not to do good unto the State, but to strengthen and enrich itself—that its measures are not promotive of education, but of a blind, and ignorant, and enslaving belief. But as all those ideas and many more like them, are held by those who live on the ground covered by the Protestant form of faith and worship, and do not go to church—and, as I am preaching for Protestants, I shall speak only of those who, if they were anything, would be Protestants.

We speak truth when we say that the institution of Religion extends more widely than human statutes—claims the largest place in human affairs; takes a deeper hold on men than the glory of war, or the machinery of science, or the administration of comfort; is coeval and co-extensive with the human race—that is to say, Religion is not to be referred to a passing passion—or a fancy of the earlier times coming down to, and which this, or the next age, may outgrow



FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP OF HYPOPHOSPHITES.



THE PROMOTER AND PERFECTOR OF ASSIMILATION.
THE REFORMER AND VITALIZER OF THE BLOOD.
THE PRODUCER AND INVIGORATOR OF NERVE AND MUSCLE.
THE BUILDER AND SUPPORTER OF BRAIN POWER.

Fellows' Compound Syrup is composed of ingredients identical with those which constitute healthy blood, muscle and nerve, and brain substance, whilst life itself is directly dependent upon some of them.

By its union with the blood and its effect upon the muscles, re-establishing the one and toning the other, it is capable of effecting the following results:—

It will displace or wash out tuberculous matter, and thus cure consumption.

By increasing nervous and muscular vigor, it will cure dyspepsia, feeble or interrupted action of the heart and palpitation, weakness of intellect caused by grief, weary, overtax or irregular habits, bronchitis, acute or chronic, congestion of the lungs, even in the most alarming stages.

It cures asthma, loss of voice, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, epileptic fits, whooping cough, nervousness, and is a most wonderful adjunct to other remedies in sustaining life during the process of diphtheria.

Do not be deceived by remedies bearing a similar name. No other preparation is a substitute for this under any circumstances.

For the Effect Produced by Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites

In diseases of the lungs, the inventor is permitted to refer to the medical gentlemen of St. John, N.B., whose signatures are attached hereto.

WILLIAM BAYARD, M.D.
EDWIN BAYARD, M.D.
THOMAS WALKER, M.D.
JOHN BERRYMAN, M.D., Ed.
DR. JOHNSTON, L.R.C.S., Ed.
GEORGE KEATOR, M.D.
W. H. HANDING, M.R.C.S.
J. D. WHITE, M.D.
T. W. CARRITT, M.D.

I, AARON ALWARD, Mayor of the City of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, having examined the letters of Drs. Earle, Addy, Clay, Jacobs, and Chandler, and also the signatures attached to the foregoing permit of reference, hereby certify that I believe them all genuine. I can also testify to the high therapeutical value of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and consider it deserving of attention by the profession generally.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal of Mayoralty, at the City of St. John, this sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.

Dr. S. Jacobs on Aponia, or Loss of Voice.

ORANGE STREET, St. John, N.B., 1869.

MR. FELLOWS,

SIR,—I am bound to award the palm of merit to the preparation of Hypophosphites discovered by you. I had occasion to use it myself in a case of Aponia, which would not yield to regular treatment, and am happy to say it proved to be all you claimed for it, having acted with expedition and entire satisfaction. I feel called upon to publish the fact, that the profession may avail themselves of a remedy in your "Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites."

Yours very truly,
S. JACOBS, M.D.

Dr. Howe's Testimony.

PITTSFIELD, ME., March, 1872.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

DEAR SIR,—During the past two years I have given your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites a fair though somewhat severe trial in my practice, and am able to speak with confidence of its effects. In restoring persons suffering from emaciation and the debility following diphtheria, it has done wonders. I constantly recommend its use in all affections of the throat and lungs. In several cases considered hopeless it has given relief, and the patients are fast recovering. Among these are consumptive and old bronchial subjects, whose diseases have resisted the other modes of treatment. For impaired digestion, and in fact for debility from any cause, I know of nothing equal to it. Its direct effect in strengthening the nervous system renders it suitable for the majority of diseases. I am, sir, yours truly,

WM. S. HOWE, M.D.

Inflammation of the Lungs.

UPPER SOUTH RIVER, Antigonish, N.S.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

This is to certify that in February, 1873, I had a very severe and dangerous attack of Inflammation of the Lungs, accompanied with a copious expectoration of mucus and blood, exhausting my strength until I was scarcely able to breathe. My physician held out no hope of recovery, and the evidences were that Hasty Consumption would soon put an end to my sufferings, an opinion concurred in by my friends. My attendants were induced to administer Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites, and I am happy to testify that I experienced relief from the very first dose; the effects of the first bottle amazed me, and a very few bottles restored my health completely. I attribute my recovery (under God) to the use of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. I write and testify to the above, simply, that the proper party may receive due credit, and especially that others who suffer may have knowledge of a sure remedy for like diseases.

(Signed)

Mrs. JOHN MCPHEE.

We, the undersigned residents of Antigonish, do hereby certify the above correct, from the fact that we are acquainted with Mrs. McPhee and the circumstances attending her case.

HUGH K. SINCLAIR,
JOHN SINCLAIR, J.P.,
JAMES A. SINCLAIR,
Mrs. JAMES SINCLAIR,
SIMON SINCLAIR,
JOHN MCPHEE,
HUGH McNEILS, J.P.

Testimonial to Mr. Fellows.

We, the undersigned, Clergymen of the Methodist Church in Nova Scotia, having used the preparation known as Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, prepared by Mr. James I. Fellows, Chemist, St. John, N.B., or having known cases wherein its effects were beneficial, believe it to be a reliable remedy for the diseases for which it is recommended.

JAMES G. HENNIGAR,
Pres. of Conference.
JOHN McMURRAY,
Ex. Pres. of Conference.
WM. SARGENT,
JOHN A. MOSHER,
JOHN W. HOWIE,
STEPHEN F. HUESTIS,
RICH'D W. WEDDALL,
ALEX. W. NICHOLSON,
CRANSWICK JOST,
ROWLAND MORTON,
JOHN JOHNSON.

Letter from Rev. J. Salmon, M.D.

CHIPMAN, QUEEN'S CO., N.B.

MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS,

SIR,—In the practice of medicine I have recommended your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, and found invariably the following results:—

Greater freedom in the action of the Lungs, increased and more easy expectoration in cases indicated by dry cough, and decided augmentation of tone to the whole nervous system.

I can safely and consistently recommend your invaluable preparation in a variety of cases, especially for Chest diseases, having successfully prescribed it in Bronchitis, Asthma, Debility from Liver Complaint, Debility from Fevers, and Debility from Impoverished Blood.

I am, sir, yours truly,
JAMES SALMON,
Practising Physician and Surgeon.

GENERAL EFFECTS of FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP of HYPOPHOSPHITES.

"IT IS PERFECTLY SAFE AND THE TASTE PLEASANT."

The first apparent effect is to increase the appetite. It assists digestion, and causes the food to assimilate properly—thus the system is nourished. It also, by its tonic action on the digestive organs, induces more copious and regular evacuations. Its effect on the mucous membrane is such that easy expectoration is produced: not only are the air passages easily voided of the secretion already deposited, but its collection is carried on in a healthy manner, while the formation of tubercle is retarded. The rapidity with which patients take on flesh while under the influence of the Syrup, of itself indicates that no other preparation can be better adapted to help and nourish the constitution, and hence be more efficacious in all depression of spirits, shaking or trembling of the hands or body, cough, shortness of breath, or consumptive habit. The nerves and muscles become strengthened and the blood purified.

LOOK OUT FOR THE NAME AND ADDRESS,

JAMES I. FELLOWS, ST. JOHN, N. B.,

On the yellow wrapper in watermark, which is seen by holding the paper before the light.

Price \$1.50 per Bottle, Six for \$7.50. Sold by all Druggists.



—but is the result of a principle in us deep and lasting as man—far-reaching as the Eternal God. And the Church is the natural product of that natural Religion. The religious emotion struggles to express itself—the religious idea breaks out in some thing or some manner of speech—the element of worship demands the building of a house, or the consecration of some plot of ground—the consciousness of sin compels an altar and a sacrifice—the feelings of unity common in the breasts of many; a sense of brotherhood, and community of interest demands that they rally round one centre, animated by one hope, holding one faith, and driven by one impulse—and so you have the Church with its two-fold aspect, the one Godward, the other Manward. By the Church, now I mean the forms which Religion assumes to us, or the mode of worship we adopt. The doctrines of Religion go to make up what is called Theology—the practice of Religion is morality, or righteousness—and people may hold the doctrines and not be church-goers—and may practice Religion and not be church-goers—and, on the other hand, people may and do go to church without holding the doctrines or practicing the principles of Religion. And it seems strange that it should be so, for it seems natural that man should respond to that which is natural in him; should move in obedience to the emotions of religion, and go to church in obedience to his instinct of worship. But so it is not. Many have the banished from them the sense of God, and so have no desire to worship, the object being gone; and others who have still a sense of God will not go to the church to put themselves under a form, or to find help in a ritual. Why? The answer would be short and easy if we adopted the method of most theologians—that is—put all the fault upon that poor victim to his wife, and every age of sinners since then—Adam. To find the cause there and the inevitable effect in ourselves would be easy enough; but then most of us know that we, and not Adam, will be held responsible for our right or wrong doing. So I want to speak of those causes, which are now in operation among the people, keeping them away from church.

And, I would speak first of all of the *very poor*, as forming the major portion of non-church-goers. The masses of our cities, who live in the ill-lighted, ill-ventilated houses, that are crowded together in our back streets, never attend our services. They have no concern for the Church, and if they had—if they had a sense of their own soul and of sin, they would not enter the majority of our churches from a feeling that they would be out of place. They have a notion that the Church is only the place for those who live tolerably decent: lives and dress respectably, and not for the man whose morals and coat are shabby, or may be, is minus of both. They no more think of going to church than they do of going to an art exhibition, or a Governor's reception from a lack of the needful respectability. It is true that many of them are profoundly and painfully ignorant in all matters that pertain to spiritual life, because they are profoundly ignorant of everything that is above the range and reach of the brute; and it is a fact that you must civilize them, and teach them to have some sense of mind and heart, and right and wrong, and manhood, before you can bring them under the influence of spiritual teaching. A part of the fault lies in the poor themselves—for the Church is not so hard and coldly respectable as they imagine; but a part of it is to be laid at our church doors. It has always been that the poor have regarded the Church as a place for the respectable members of society, and for them only. When Christ came the Church was composed of the rich. Prophets had come, and teachers of wisdom, but the appeal had been always to the great and the learned. They had nothing for the hosts of men and women who were poor. Philosophy was for the sects. Religion was hid in mystery the unlearned could not penetrate—it was too subtle for their crude analysis, and too delicate for their rough use. There was not an ancient school that had a doctrine for the poor. There were fair and beautiful speculations, ingenious theories of virtue and strength, but they were for the refined and the educated, and not for the men who toiled in the fields or the vineyards under the hot sun—or watched the sheep on the hillsides, or fished on the stormy lakes; not for the bankrupt men and women, who went about with bodies bent by care, and eyes dulled by years of weeping. And, although Christ came preaching the Gospel to those poor, who were out-side of all sects and parties—although he gave a philosophy of life to them which should outshine and outlast all others—and a science of life which, if followed, should lead to salvation—and a truth of God which should fill the heart with a gladdening love, and the mind with a swelling thought, and the conscience with a divine law—although He gave *Himself* to them, worked with the workingmen—was a pauper among the poor—and although every great revolution in the Church, or revival of spiritual life has turned the attention of the Church toward the poor, and drawn from her heart and her lips words of welcome—nay, words of passionate entreaty—there is the dreary, painful fact, that the very poor are as thoroughly banished from our churches as if they lived in the malaria swamps of Africa; a hideous sore upon our body corporate—a maddening perplexity that has come into our life.

Yes, a maddening perplexity, for the Church has always known it, and the Church knows it now. The Roman Catholic Church has always been mindful of the poor, and has been of all Churches the most successful in reaching them with her influences. The Episcopal Church of England made a grand effort—to draw the poor within her pale that she might bless them; but the Episcopal Church gradually drew off into the separate zone of culture and respectability, and her mission character is for the most part gone. The Methodist Church at one time sent great living forces down to awaken and teach the crowds of the poor; but Methodism, too, in England is getting to be respectable. The Congregational Church has tried to reach the poor and gather them in, but has accomplished next to nothing, the very organisation being against it. And the ugly fact remains to trouble us that the poor—and they form the masses of our city population—do not go to church. They regard it as too high for them in the social scale; too cultured, too wealthy, and too respectable as to ideas and habits. That is the reason—may I propound to you what I conceive to be the remedy for that? We believe all of us that a remedy is needful, because we all of us believe in the utility of the church; we believe it to be a great educator—the friend of correct morals—of all that is good and beautiful in human life. We believe that the church is needful to the well being of general society, and of particular individuals; that it is calculated to help them in their endeavours after the true and complete manhood. I am not discussing the merits of any particular church,

but am speaking of simple church-going; it must be a benefit in less or greater degree. And we want the poor to partake of all the benefits church-going can give; but they will not. How shall we induce them? "Bring the church down to the people," is the common answer. "Go to them, not with scientific treatises or philosophical discussions, with learned language or poetic phrase; but with the simple gospel of peace and salvation: make no human effort, leave it all to God." Now that is very fine in theory, for it looks simple, and looks as if those who say it have a wonderful faith in God; but in practice the thing is worth very little. I have always found that those who talk so much about the simple gospel are the very men who use most frequently bewildering technical phrases in theology. The men who are most scornful of human wisdom are the men most given to showing off how much of that same wisdom they possess. And efforts have been made to bring the church down to the very poor. Christ was a workingman—was a poor man—preached his glorious gospel to the poor; His disciples were poor men; the first founders of the church were poor men—*poor*, but men of intelligence, of developed conscience. In them all a previous work had been done. The church remained upon the plane of intelligence. Methodism tried to dig under the level, and produced—superstition; a religion that had no ideas to govern it, no reason to balance it, and so it ran off into fanaticism. When Moody and Sankey began their work in England it was said, "Now the church will put away her formalism and her respectability, and the poor will flock to hear the gospel." But nothing of the kind happened. Respectability? Take every cushion out of every pew; take down the door of it; let all who come here be charged to dress plainly; let me stand and preach in ordinary dress; and do you think the people of whom I am speaking will come and continue to come? I do not. There is nothing here to keep the poor people away. They would be welcomed gladly to any church in the city. The fault is not in the church at all; it is in them, the people. And this gulf must be bridged from this side; not that the church may go to them, but that they may come to it. The foolish and injudicious sneers of some of our preachers at human efforts after civilising the people notwithstanding, it is a fact that we can only give religious impressions where there is some intellectual life to receive and hold them. The most successful missionaries to the heathen have been the men who went to work to civilise the people first, and to give them at least the rudiments of education. As well sow seed upon the flinty rock and look for a harvest, as preach the religion of Christ, the religion of justice and love, to the ignorant and barbarous, and look for justice and love from them. These people around you are savages in a civilised community. Make the drunkard sober, and then—he will go to your church. Some of them are totally ignorant; they have not been informed as to the value of the mind that is in them; they do not know that they are possessed of a mind; they know nothing of the past—care nothing for the present, but just to live in it—and have not even a dream of the future. Remove the ignorance, and then religion may enter. To bring about revivals is good; to establish mission churches in the midst of the dense non-church-going population is a good thing; but—you must do more if you are going to remove this barrier between the church and the masses of the poor; you must see that educational institutions are established and efficiently and zealously worked; you must see that the state, or the corporation, does its work; you must stand between the children and their brutal parents who would deny them all education; you must insist upon good clean streets, and good light, and good drainage; you must effectually protest against this demoralising overcrowding that goes on; you must thunder and lighten against the incompetency, or corruption, that by license lines the streets with those synagogues of the devil where men and women drink in madness and death. Instead of scoffing at human wisdom and human instrumentalities, I am sure it would be better if we took this work in hand with sober sense and no lack of zeal. We must not take Christianity down to mingle with their ignorance and superstition, but lift them up that they may have habits of thought, that they may have and entertain ideas, that they may be moved by true and tender emotions; so will the gospel come to men and women, and not to mere animals incapable of receiving it. The man sowed his seed, but some fell upon the rock, and *that* seed and the time he spent in sowing it were wasted. Better had he sown with more care, then all of it would have borne fruit. Sow the seed of faith, and hope, and love—of gospel truth and liberty—of holiness and heaven; but—first prepare the ground, I beseech you, that your labour may not be in vain in the Lord.

Now, I am going to notice a very different class of non-church-goers, and you will see that I have taken a long stride to get up to them. I ask you to forsake the crowded, unhealthy streets, and forget the poor ignorant people who live there, to contemplate a class of people who may be described as those who *dine late*. The names of numbers will crowd upon your memory at once—people who get up too late to attend a morning service, and take their dinner at the time of evening service. I find a great deal more of that here in Canada than I did in England. There—and still more in Scotland—the domestic arrangements are made to suit the services of the church, and until you get up into the sacred ranks of aristocracy, the people as a rule will dine in time to go to church. But here we differ somewhat, especially the young men who like to dine on Sunday together, perhaps at the club. Of course they are under a peculiar set of circumstances here—they are rich enough to move in the first circles, although they can command but a small income; and they are wise enough to move among the most intellectual, though not very well learned in things ancient and modern. There is a feeling abroad among a certain class of young men that church-going is rather a poor business—old-fashioned—tame—very well for those who are blasé—very well for the heads of families, but not at all the thing for fine dashing young men. So on Sunday evening they carry their clever, refined personalities off to the club, and are amused as they watch the sober crowd pass on their way to religious service. Now, I confess I have much sympathy with the poor workingman—who, shut up in some factory from early morning till late at night six days in the week, goes off by the river or into the fields on Sunday, turning his back upon the church—for he has need of the fresh air and the freedom; but I have no sympathy, only contempt, for the people I am describing. They have plenty of leisure all the week round—they have too much time to spend with their friends, and they do far too much idle and aimless gossip. It is very well to wage war against the

innumerable drinking saloons that crowd our streets—but it would be just as well if we turned our attention a little to the club-life that is going on around us. In England those places have grown to be a snare and a curse—they offer a respectable method and way to ruin—young men can gamble away their fortune, and drink away their health with closed doors. It is just the same in this country—young men will drink and gamble in the club when they would not dare to do it in a licensed hotel—for they are safe—that is, it will not be known, and talked about; and if they should forget themselves and take a little, or much too much, why they will be sent home in a careful and a quiet way. It would be useless to suggest a remedy for this evil—but two things will bring it about: The clubs, as at present constituted, will become so great an evil—so dangerous to the peace of homes, and society, and the general welfare of the nation—that public sentiment will be raised against them, and the machinery of the land will be put in motion to regulate, if not to abolish them. I can see that by them, and the habits they foster, young men are not only being drawn away from our churches, and the truth they teach for earth and time and heaven and eternity, but are being unfitted for the peaceful and sacred relations of domestic life. And then—in the way of those who are so contemptuous now—a surprise will rise some day—a shock will happen to them which will reveal how poor and pitiful all the past has been. I am sorry beyond measure for those young men who waste their time and their goods in this way. They are starving their mind and killing the heart that is in them—they let precious opportunities slip by unheeded and unimproved—they are reckless of time and eternity. They may keep up their respectability for a time—may prosper in what the foolish call prosperity—but, whatever a man sows *that* shall he also reap—and the tares will spring up, and the harvest time will come, and the man must reap. Dives sat at his table and feasted—made himself comfortable all day long—had no concern for Lazarus and such as he—and so he slept and dreamed his life away; but, death came to him one day, the shock awoke the man, and he found himself in the tormenting hell of a wasted manhood. And these young men—so careless, so frivolous—so fond of the pleasures of life, and so forgetful of its stern duties and cares—so neglectful of their mind and their soul—they will awake some day. Misfortune will leap upon them perhaps when they are not looking, suddenly as an Eastern storm sweeps from the bosom of a cloud mingling earth and heaven together in wildest confusion—a panic will come perhaps, shearing off one half of their estate, rending the other half to shreds—or sickness will enter the door without asking leave, and bring death behind it—and then they will awake to see the fire going out—to rake the few embers together to get a little warmth in the bones—to look up to a heaven which is no heaven, but a void inane from which light has faded and God has gone—to find themselves in torment. I do not mean to say that going to church would remedy all this—but this is certain—their not going to church is one proof of their indifference and recklessness. I am not discussing the case of those who believe they can better improve their mind and spiritual life by communion with the spirits of men that speak in books—or by communion with the Spirit God that speaks to the heart alone—but of those who waste their time, their mental and spiritual endowments in a dissipation that corrupts and kills. They are burning the sacred oil that should feed the lamp of life for long years to come—they will awake in the night to find that they have no oil—and the lamp going out—and the mournful whisper borne on the night winds “too late.”

But that compels me to widen the circle that it may include all the indifferent. There are multitudes of people about us who never think of church-going either as a duty or an entertainment. Just as there are people who have the habit of going there are people who have the habit of not going. They never were taught it perhaps—never educated to regard it with veneration, the church or its services. Or they have acquired the habit, than which nothing is easier. A gentleman told me a few days ago that during the summer he began to go up the mountain instead of going to church, and soon found that the thing was getting to be a habit which had to be broken off by effort. That is the case in the experience of many. Young men come here who have been accustomed from early childhood to go to church with regularity—removed from the restraints and customs of home, and meeting some old friends in this new country, they spend a Sunday evening together; to spend the next in the same way was necessary to return the call and the dinner, and then it became easy, and then a habit. With no predetermination that way have they done it—but because ways so quickly settle and harden. You know how it is in your own case; neglect the service of the sanctuary for a Sabbath from any trivial cause—stay at home from a slight illness which would not have kept you an hour from business—and you will find it easy to stay at home when you have no suspicion of sickness about you. It is no use to say “Then that is proof that the church has failed to interest us”—it is proof of nothing of the kind. It is proof that we are weak creatures of habit, and that habits are quickly formed—that is all. Take your most ardent theatre-goer—let him from mere indifference, or a slight cause refrain from going one night, and he will begin to lose his appetite for going. Let an ardent lover of home and quiet go out into company once or twice, and the chances are that he will allow it to grow into a practice. Let an earnest student of science take up a book of light literature for recreation, and he will, in all likelihood, finish that book and begin another. Let housewives begin to neglect their homes, and it soon grows to be habitual—let them begin to attend to their homes, and they soon grow into the habit of *that*. We are dominated by circumstances much more than we imagine. Give the wheel of life's machinery a turn this way or that, and it will keep going until brought up by an act of reasoning. And, as a rule, we do not reason—we act blindly or by custom. So multitudes of people never go to church, not because they have a troubled conscience and are afraid of the preacher's rebuke—not because they decide that they do not want to meet God any more in the ways of life—not because they of set purpose ignore all matters of the soul and heaven—not because they have ceased to believe in the principles of justice and truth—or the power of Christ and God, but simply because having neglected the Church a little, the neglect crystallised and became a habit, and now, they are indifferent—don't think of it, and so are never troubled.

I am aware that sometimes that indifference is the result of an intellectual doubt. In the Church questions were started, but no satisfactory answers

were given. They sought for those answers, but could not find them. And there came a time when they had exhausted every path their youth, or earlier manhood suggested as likely to lead to an answer, but which only proved blind passages built up at the end by the dead wall of the universe. And then, they said—“it is no use—the Church has no answer—the Church is of no use,” and they turned from it, giving up the quest. But that is the case of only a few. With a far greater number there has been no vexing problem of life—no desires that reach out only to find disappointment—no passionate crying of the soul, and eager waiting for response—but a dull submission to habit—a tame obedience to circumstance. And how are we to meet this? Clearly not by any work that is done within the walls of the church. The circle of our life nowhere cuts the circle of their life. But we must throw the circle out and bring our life into contact with theirs, that they may be influenced and turned and saved from this dull and deadly habit. If we have faith in church-going and church life; if we believe there is good in it; if we believe it is helpful to men and women in that it gives true thoughts and sentiments, and leads in the way to peace; we ought to seek men and tell them our faith. When the mountain wouldn't go to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. And those people whose lives are built up in a mountain of dullness will not come to you, for they have no care for your fire, for your light, for your love and good works, for your Christ and your God; then you must go to them, that the fire of your hearts may thaw the frost out of theirs, that your zeal may trouble their dullness, that your faith may triumph over their dull habits. Meet them in the ways of life, and by words of earnest truth-telling wake the soul that is sleeping in them. That is a work we shall have to set our hands and hearts to yet if we are going to do a Christian's part in life, and win the “well done” of God.

Some of you are drifting into that indifference, you are forming that habit; only now and then are you to be found in church, when some subject has aroused interest in you. Friends, you cannot afford to do that—you cannot afford to become indifferent about your soul and Christ and salvation. Rouse ye, and front the question of life and death, of time and eternity—how to be saved; and surely some church or other will help you. If not here, then go some other where to hear strong words of comfort and help, to find the communion of true souls—the working of God's Spirit in love and power.

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.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return those 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:

REV. SIR,—How is it that clergymen and others are continually lecturing on or about young men? Why not say something about mothers bringing up their daughters in idleness and vanity, encouraging them in every form of frivolity and idle dissipation, thereby rendering them useless in life hereafter, either to themselves or those who become united to them in marriage?

No doubt there is too much of club life amongst young men; but I ask are they altogether to blame for it. Much of it arises from the selfishness of mothers in our present day—I should rather say worldly ambition. Only let a young man present himself within the family circle of the young woman he loves, and the first question asked by most of mothers is, What are his worldly prospects? not what his character is, either morally or intellectually; the latter are not for a moment considered. So long as he has not wealth, or the immediate prospect of it, he is quietly made to understand that his company is not desired by them. Daughters are told they must only marry a man with money. No matter what his character may be; no matter if he is a gambler, drunkard or a debauchee—one despised by even his own sex—only let him have money, or be the *hopeful* son of a father who, perhaps, has made his wealth by robbery of some description or other, he will at once be courted and received with open arms by nearly all the mothers who have marriageable daughters to give away—I should rather say sell. No wonder young men do not marry; no wonder they stand aghast when they see how many of their married friends are brought down to ruin and bankruptcy by being united to women whose only idea of happiness is money and idleness; this together with dissatisfied mothers-in-law who desire to see their daughters living in a style of extravagance far beyond what they ever anticipated themselves. Mothers are not satisfied to train up their daughters to become the helpmates as well as companions of young men; but teach them to look to wealth—to what is called position in society—as the sum total of their earthly happiness. The consequence is, the young man is often led into rash speculations or dishonest practices to please the never satisfied pride or selfishness of a mother-in-law, or the dissipated useless life of a frivolous wife.

We make a great howl when we read of Circassian mothers selling their daughters to the Sultan of Turkey. What better are so-called Christian mothers of the present day who, in another way, sell their daughters to the biggest roué with the most money? For heaven's sake let us hear the other side of the question, and not be eternally lecturing young men until you make them believe there is no use trying to live virtuously or lead honourable lives, for the clergymen have made the women believe there is none *righteous amongst us, no not one.*

Napoleon the Great was right when he said mothers rule the world, for as the children are trained so will be the nation. Let mothers train up their daughters to become helpmates to their future husbands, instead of a millstone round his neck, drawing him down deeper and deeper into ruin and misery. I write this in no spirit of fault-finding respecting the fast life of many of our young men, but to show the fault is not altogether on their side.

If women wish to see young men reform, they must begin the reformation

at home, and not instil into the minds of their daughters that happiness is to be found in gold only; but teach their daughters to become more modest in their behaviour, as it is now considered by many as very stupid for a maiden to blush at anything she hears or may choose to do. I doubt very much indeed if the number of fast young women does not equal that of the young men, and am ashamed to say in many instances they far exceed many young men in what is called *check*.

I think there is ample scope for your pen to write on this phase of the training and education of the young women of the rising generation; and just let the women understand that they have much to do with the so-called selfish life of club-room bachelors. Hoping that I may have given you a hint as to what some think of both sides of the question, I remain, yours truly,

JUSTITIA.

Montreal, Oct. 21st, 1878.

REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—By your permission I will submit the following:—

CHARGES MADE BY F. C. LAWRENCE, M.D.	DENIALS BY REV. B. B. USSHER.	PROOFS BY F. C. LAWRENCE, M.D.
SPECTATOR, October 5th. Making historical errors.	SPECTATOR, September 27th. Not a single historical statement made in article published in SPECTATOR of August 7th, 1878.	Not one produced in F. C. Lawrence, M.D.'s (Ritualist) October 12 communication.
The Reformed Episcopal Church holds doctrines unknown to the New Testament and the Church Catholic for nearly seventeen centuries.	The R. E. Prayer Book is the revision offered by Bishop White, of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, who took the Revision ordered by William III. We hold the same doctrinal views as the Ryles, Alford, Grassetts, Baldwins, Bonds, Tyngs, and the host of Evangelical men the world over.	SPECTATOR, October 12th. No reply. <i>Query.</i> —Will F. C. Lawrence not admit that the Ministers of twenty years ago were an Evangelical majority? Did this majority teach what they could not prove by the New Testament?
The Reformed Episcopal Church teaches instantaneous conversion, and that the person so converted sins not ever after.	Denied. Proof given. Articles 13 and 19 of the Reformed Episcopal Church also Collect for grace.—Page 15, Prayer Book.	SPECTATOR, October 12th. No retraction made.

It will be observed that the Rev. B. B. Ussher gives a plain statement as to where he may be found, being Minister of St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church; but "F. C. Lawrence, M.D., Ritualist," may only be another *nom de plume* for some other man. Where does he live? It will be a matter of interest to Anglicans, High and Low, to be made aware of the whereabouts of a friend on the one hand and a foe on the other.

In the Second Book of Edward VI. I admitted its language taught baptismal regeneration. Had the Reformers lived, this would have been swept away: they would have eliminated all Romish error, but the persecution by their Anglo-Roman opponents caused their death by martyrdom ere this was done.

It is amusing the evidence some men will bring forward to support their cause. I charge the Anglican Book of Common Prayer with Romish teaching, and "F. C. Lawrence, M.D.," willing to do a good turn to his Jesuit friends, and show that once in a while (just by accident) they can tell the truth, quotes from the Memoirs of Lord Cecil that, "in 1567, Cummin, a Jesuit engaged by Pope Pius V., said of the Prayer Book, 'it was the Roman Mass Book in disguise.'" Pius V. had, as a papist, a supreme contempt for an apist, hence his sending over this man to open the eyes of a semi-Protestant people, largely Catholic at heart, to the fact that they were getting an imitation, and had better keep to the genuine thing.

I am charged with "utter incorrectness" in the assertion, that the First Book of Edward VI. was Romish in its teaching. It was mostly a translation from other liturgies. It taught prayers for the dead, gave forms for exorcism and anointing, consecrating water; gave the idea of the Lord's Supper being a sacrifice, and the communion table an altar; also the mixed chalice and the Romish sacerdotal vestments, which the Ritualistic Anglican priest wears to-day under the authority of the Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer found just before the order of morning prayer, and reading as follows:—"And here is to be noted that such ornament of the Church and of the Ministers thereof, shall be retained and be in use, as were in at all times of their ministrations, shall be retained and be in use, as were in the Church of England by the authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward the Sixth." Edward ascended the throne in 1547; the First Book was published in 1549; the Act of Parliament permitting the sacerdotal Romish vestments was passed in the same year;—I must, therefore, leave it to your readers to judge whether I am "utterly incorrect" in my statement that the First Book of Edward VI. was Romish in its teaching. I presume that "F. C. Lawrence, M.D.," will admit there is a difference between the First and Second Book of Edward VI. Will he answer: Did the Second Book have more or less Romanism than the First? Is not the Reformed Episcopal Prayer Book more like the Second than the First? and is it not proof that there was something objectionable in the First that caused the Second to be issued, leaving out what was objectionable in the first?

Regarding Rev. Mr. Oxenham, now a priest in good standing in the Anglican Church, waiting upon Cardinal Manning to secure if possible a basis of union between the Anglican and Roman communion, your correspondent in trying to accuse me of misrepresenting things, sneering in italics that I had hidden half the truth, has "put his foot in it," as the saying is. Turning

to my letter of September 28th, I find I wrote: "That after the sentence of Rev. Mr. Mackonochie was reversed, the Ritualists held a meeting, and the Rev. Mr. Oxenham, a priest in the Church of England proposed that they appoint a committee to wait on Cardinal Manning and see how they could bridge things over and fix it so that the married clergy could be received as priests by the Roman Pontiff"; but it now appears, by "F. D. Lawrence, M.D.'s" showing, that he (Oxenham) went still further than the proposition I charged him with, and actually did wait on Cardinal Manning,—a pretty specimen of a Protestant clergyman he is. I own I was behind the times. I thank the gentleman for the further information; it may prove useful, being stated on the authority of a "Ritualist."

As to the Anglican Church in Britain prior to Augustine's time, I asked "Ritualist," in my first letter, to point out to us poor ignorant people when the Church of Rome ever recognized such a thing as the Anglo-Catholic Church, but he gives no answer. I knew he would strive to bolster up his claims by the early Anglican Church theory concocted to cover up the inconvenient matter of Apostolic succession through excommunicated Bishops, not that I think the excommunication harmed them, but then I knew Anglicans (who set great value on the unbroken chain) don't like to think of this, and have struggled hard to fix up a loop-hole; but it is not half so well done as the fancy historical nonsense that the British nation is the lost tribes of Israel. I think this subject has been handled by abler judges than I am, and the verdict of the greatest authorities is against the theory. It has, however, nothing to do with the present condition of the Anglican Church, which has brought about this correspondence. If it had existed the Church of Rome would have recognized it; but "F. C. Lawrence, M.D.," has not given the proof that she has done so.

A thrust is given at the Reformed Episcopal Church for its permitting extempore prayer, and we are told "a Jesuit the name of Cummin introduced it into the Church of England, and as we use it, may not the Reformed Church organized by Bishop Cummins owe its origin to Jesuitical intrigue and machination?" Yes; the Reformed Episcopal Church was organized because of Jesuitical intrigue and machination which were carried on in the Anglican Church, and so Romanized it, so saturated it with Popery, that we as Protestants packed up the treasures of the Reformation and left. As to the extempore prayer, the Jesuits owe you something for saying one good thing in their favor, evidently Cummin, of whom Lord Cecil writes, was a man of ability, and Pius V. had better sense than the many modern Anglo-Roman Catholics who forbid extempore prayer. It is said of an Anglo-Catholic priest who called to see a dying woman, and was asked to pray for her, that he replied: "I regret that I cannot, Madam, as I have forgotten my prayer-book." If Cummin had been there he would have done better than that.

I remain, yours truly,

B. B. USSHER,
9 Drummond Street, Montreal,
Minister to St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF HAMLET.—Edited by William J. Rolfe, A.M. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The writer of this excellent little work prefaces it by stating that "it is part of his plan to give selections from the best æsthetic criticisms of Shakespeare, not only in the long extracts from eminent commentators, . . . but in the briefer remarks on special passages, which are quoted in the notes," and in the introduction to the play the writer has very fully and creditably carried out his purpose. The whole gives as complete an insight into the character and merits and of the Tragedy as we recollect to have seen. The notes which appear as an appendix to the book are striking and truthful, and to those students of Shakespeare who take a delight in making themselves masters of his writings this little work will be found of great assistance.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES.

The Harpers intend that the "half-hour" of the reader shall be well and profitably employed, for in these small pocket editions is found the choicest literature in a cheap and convenient form. The traveller on his journey, the man of leisure, the workman with the few spare moments at dinner-time can find entertainment and instruction. Fifteen or twenty cents will procure a compact edition of a work which would cost 10s. 6d. sterling in England. In producing this series Harpers' have done much in placing within the reach of all the choicest of English literature, the best and most instructive works of fiction.

ENGLISH LITERATURE, PRIMERS, CLASSICAL PERIOD, by Eugene Lawrence, 143 pp.; price, 20 cents.

This comprises a sketch of the life and works of Milton, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Gray, Hume, Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Mrs. Robertson, Sheridan, Addison, Adam Smith, and a host of others.

BEHIND BLUE GLASSES, by F. W. Hack Winder, pp. 138, 20 cents. Translated by Mary A. Robinson.

Ingenious and clever in plot, elegant in style, and interesting in every line. A young Diplomat visits a celebrated Eye Infirmary with pretended disease of the eyes that he may win the affections of his lady-love and interview and influence a Russian Diplomatist, both of which objects he accomplishes "behind the blue glasses."

HARPER'S LIBRARY OF AMERICAN FICTION—"LIKE UNTO LIKE," by Sherwood Bonner; pp. 169, 75 cents.

Quaint and attractive in binding; printed in clear type on the best of paper, this series cannot fail to find readers among those who like American fiction. The book in question is a tale of Southern life, illustrating the society of the South, and the sentiments and prejudices of the people since the late unpleasantness toward the North.

In this tale the love that laughs at locksmiths seems equally powerful to overcome Northern prejudices and Southern hatred. The author is not a George Eliot nor a Dickens; but in the sketches of society at the South—

description of scenery and incidents—in portrayal of character, particularly that of the radical Ellis, the hero of the tale—he evinces no ordinary talent and ability. The book will find many interested readers.

A ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET, by F. W. Robinson; pp. 103, 15 cents.

A tale of love among the humble poor; full of interest, and written with the characteristic style and cleverness of the author.

COUSIN POLLY'S GOLD MINE, of the same Series, is in great contrast with "Like unto Like." It is a tale of New England life, lacking very much the quaint humour of Mrs. Whitney's or Mrs. Stowe's writings. The book is full of characters which it is difficult to know why they were created. It is a kind of record of births, marriages and deaths of people in whom one has no interest. "Cousin Polly's Gold Mine" will find readers among those who are interested in farm life and in the successful fight which honesty and industry make to win position and influence.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ANCIENT LITERATURE, ORIENTAL AND CLASSICAL, by John D. Quackenbos, A.M., M.D. pp. 428, accompanied with engravings and maps. New York: Harper Brothers.

The name of the author, who is well known as a writer of instructive books, is enough to secure attention to this work. It forms a valuable hand-book to the student, and cannot fail to interest the general reader. It contains in a condensed form the information one often seeks in a variety of books regarding the Hindoo, Persian, Chinese, Hebrew, Assyrian and Egyptian literature. Part II. is devoted to Grecian literature, the ethic and lyric poets, with studies of Homer, Hesiod, Sappho, Anacreon and others of that age. Next follows the history of Roman literature. The engravings and maps add greatly to the interest and value of the book, which is printed in Harper's usual elegant style.

NOS. 17 TO 22 OF FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY.—Harper Brothers, New York. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

This series of Harper's continues as a marvel of cheapness, in the above numbers we have "Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold" for 10 cents; to the admirers of Arnold's verses, we need only say there are 32 pages of his choicest poetry, literally for "a song;" No. 22 is a reprint of Miss Burney's (*Madame D'Arbly*) "Evelina," it is perhaps one of the best specimens which could be selected of the novel of a past generation, it may take a place with Miss Austen's "Emma," and others of a like standard; the other three are "The Bubble Reputation," by Katharine King; "Among Aliens," by Mrs. Frances E. Trollope, and "Guy Livingstone; or, Thorough," by Geo. A. Lawrence, all works worthy of a place in this standard series, and all to be had as Mr. Montague Tigg would have said, for the "ridiculously small sum of fifteen cents" each.

"THE RAG FAIR" and "LITTLE STAY AT HOME" are the titles of two new books, for the Holiday Season of the present year, by L. Clarkson, whose "Gathering of the Lilies" last year, and "Violet" of the year before, were so popular. The "Rag Fair" is a superbly illustrated work, the designs having been made by the author, and engraved on wood. For genuine literary power and original artistic design, it far surpasses any previous effort of this successful author, and may safely be considered the most remarkable book that has appeared for years. The "Little Stay at Home" is a collection of delicate and charming writings for the little ones, very handsomely illustrated, and in every way made attractive for children. Both books will be published by F. W. Robinson & Co., Philadelphia.

We gladly welcome *The McGill Gazette* once more amongst our exchanges; it makes its first appearance after the summer vacation full of hope and courage.

MUSICAL.

Mr. Barnes, R.A.M., gave an organ recital in the American Presbyterian Church on Friday evening last. The programme was a good one, and some of the pieces were well played, notably the quaint little minuet by Boccherini. We were somewhat disappointed with Mr. Barnes' performance of symphony music, and still more with the Overture to *Der Freyschütz*, which was taken much faster than we have been accustomed to hear it played, and at the close was very indistinct and uneven. Mrs. Barnes, R.A.M., sang two solos very acceptably, and received great applause. We thought her singing was very much marred by the organ accompaniment, which would have been too much for a good-sized choir to sing against; indeed we have never heard Mr. Gould accompany his choir so loudly as Mr. Barnes played for a single voice.

Mr. Barnes has evidently got talent, and with practice may take a foremost rank among our musicians. We must judge him, however, as we heard him, and having been led to expect a masterly performance were naturally a little disappointed.

MUSICAL HARMONY.

We give the following as a specimen of Richard Hooker's majestic and sonorous periods:—

"Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony—a thing which delighteth all ages, and beseebeth all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent being added into actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject, yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed than changed and led away by

the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought, by having them often iterated, into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony, than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections. There is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy, and, for the time, in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections. The Prophet David having therefore singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the House of God, [and] left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely indited poems; and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer, melody both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God—in which considerations the Church of Christ doth likewise at the present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity and ostentation of art, wanton or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these faults prevented the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and very tough, from whom the melody of Psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth. Be it as Rabanus Maurus observeth, that at the first the Church in this exercise was more simple and plain than we are; that their singing was little more than only a melodious kind of pronunciation; that the custom which we now use was not instituted so much for their cause, which are spiritual, as to the end that into grosser and heavier minds, whom bare words do not easily move, the sweetness of melody might make some entrance for good things. St. Basil himself, acknowledging as much, did not think that from such inventions the least jot of estimation and credit thereby should be derogated: 'For (saith he) whereas the Holy Spirit saw that mankind is unto virtue hardly drawn, and that righteousness is the less accomplished by reason of the proneness of our affections to that which delighteth, it pleased the wisdom of the same spirit to borrow from melody that pleasure which, mingled with heavenly mysteries, causeth the smoothness and softness of that which toucheth the ear, to convey, as it were by stealth, the treasure of good things into man's mind.' To this purpose were those harmonious tunes of the Psalms devised for us, that they which are either in years but young, or touching perfection of virtue, as yet not grown to ripeness, might, when they think they sing, learn. Oh the wise conceit of that heavenly Teacher, which hath by His skill found out a way, that doing those things wherein we delight we may also learn that whereby we profit."

Mr. Neuendorff has been elected conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society.

Ten thousand people attended Theodore Thomas's farewell benefit at Gilmore's Garden.

Mrs. Osgood sailed for England on the 23rd inst., to fulfil engagements at the Crystal Palace and other concerts.

It is asserted that of those who learn to play upon the piano but one in a thousand ever acquires a correct knowledge of the use of the pedal.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.—*Carlyle*.

A WOMAN'S *right* is to be good looking; her privilege, to be *well-dressed*; her duty, to be *sweet-tempered*.—*Whyte Melville*.

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

Extract from a private letter sent to the Holman Liver Pad Co. from one of the most influential gentlemen in Ontario, of what the Pad has done for him: "Dear Sir,—The effect of the Pad in my case has been really wonderful. I have had no recurrence of the excruciating pains I have suffered from congestion of my liver since I put it on. My appetite is good, and I can eat almost anything that is set before me with impunity. I certainly have not eaten any Dutch sour kraut or boiled cabbage, but I have taken the next best things—ham and eggs. Before I put it on, my stomach was as delicate as an infant; and the very lightest food, such as oatmeal gruel, porridge or chicken soup, I dare not touch. I will be using it. One gentleman, the Treasurer of our County, got one that I sent for, and I heard him say that his health has not been so good in seven years as it is now. Another gentleman whom I also let have one, told me he would not be placed back in the same state of health that he was in before he put it on for a thousand dollars. What I want to have your advice on is this: I have worn two, and if the constant use of it would not be injurious to my health I would wear one all the time. I dread a recurrence of the torture I have suffered."—*Adv.*
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SUPERIOR PALE AND BROWN MALT,
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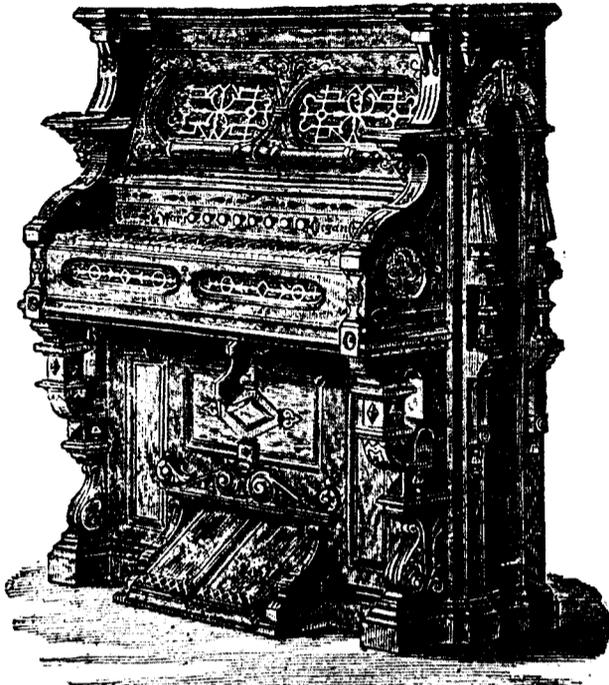
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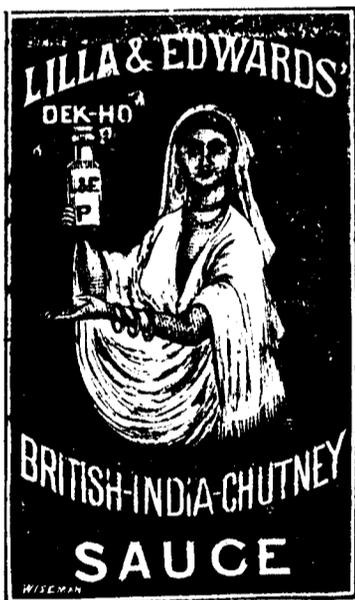
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DEAR SIR,—I wish to express my thanks to you for
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Ordinary Dose one Tablespoonful in Water.

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Night Express, with Pullman Sleeping Car, leaving Montreal 4 p.m., arriving in Boston 8:25 a.m.

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Fare to Newport and return, from Montreal, \$5.

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Two Express Trains daily, equipped with Miller Platform and Westinghouse Air Brake. Sleeping Cars are attached to Night Trains between Montreal and Boston and Springfield, and New York via Troy; also, between St. Albans and Boston via Fitchburg, and Parlor Cars to Day Express between Montreal and Boston.

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4 p.m., Mail for Waterloo.

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6 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and New York via Springfield.

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Night Express leaves Boston at 5:35 p.m., via Lowell, via Fitchburg 6 p.m., and New York at 3 p.m., via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 9 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 8:30 p.m., arriving in Montreal 12 m., excepting Saturday nights, when it will leave New York at 4 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 9 a.m. Sunday morning.

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Boston Office, 322 Washington street.

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S. W. CUMMINGS,

General Passenger Agent.

Montreal, 10th June, 1878.

ABSORPTION vs. DISEASE.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FIVE HUNDRED TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED (UNSOLICITED) FROM WELL KNOWN GENTLEMEN LIVING IN OUR MIDST OF WHAT THE HOLMAN PAD HAS DONE FOR THEM.

NO OTHER SYSTEM OF TREATMENT CAN SHOW SUCH A RESULT.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

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

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

Yours truly,

REV. WM. LOCHEAD.

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

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

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

Yours truly,

ST. MARY'S, Ont., May 21st, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

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

Yours respectfully,

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

GANANOQUE, Nov. 6th, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
301 Notre Dame street, Montreal:

GENTLEMEN,—Being much troubled at times with Torpid Liver I was induced to try your Liver Pad. I am happy to say that I have been very greatly benefited by its use for Liver troubles. I am convinced that there is no remedy equal to it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others.

Grateful for benefit received,
I am, Gentlemen, truly yours,

REV. WM. JOLIFFE.

FULLARTON, Sept. 17, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
301 Notre Dame street, Montreal:

DEAR SIR,—By the advice of my friend, Mr. Inglis, of your city, you sent me a "Holman Liver Pad" nearly four weeks ago; also a letter of advice, &c., &c., and requested me to let you know what effect the Pad was producing in about ten days. Well, sir, if the advertisement of the Pad had been sent I never would have purchased one, and the idea of letting you know in ten days the beneficial results from simply wearing it seemed to me, who had been suffering for nearly six months, a sort of CURUL JOKE. However, as the Pad was efficacy. Well, thanks to the discoverer of the Pad, it seems to require no faith on the part of the wearer to take a full inspiration had as well the cough, almost left me. Please find enclosed \$5 to pay for the Pad sent, and also for another, which I hope will complete the work so well begun. I am truly thankful for the relief I have found from the use of this Magical Little "Doctor Pad." Long life to him! Please also convey my thanks to Mr. Inglis for having sent it.

Very respectfully yours,

REV. D. LAING.

STRATFORD, July 2nd, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN,—Having tried one of Holman's Pads for constipation and torpid liver, after being two years under medical treatment and one year that I was compelled to use drugs every night, I find the Pad has done more for me than any other thing I have used. From the day I put it on I required no medicine, and feel the most beneficial results, and find it all that is claimed for it. I heartily recommend it to all who suffer from the above complaint.

Yours very truly,

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

MONTREAL, March 26th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN,—I take great pleasure in recommending Holman's Pad. I was troubled with dyspepsia for the last five years. After wearing the Pad for three days I felt a great change, and now I can say I am entirely cured after wearing the Pad thirty days.

Yours truly,

FRANCIS LAPOINTE,
113 St. George Street.

Office of the Travellers' Insurance Co.'s Agency at
DRUMMONDVILLE, Ont., Nov. 2nd, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN,—This is to certify that I have used one of Holman's Fever and Ague Liver Pads, and have derived great benefit from the same, and would most cheerfully recommend to all who are suffering from dyspepsia or any such cause to procure one at once.

Yours respectfully,

EDWARD BROWN.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

DEAR SIR,—With pleasure I communicate to you the benefit I have received in the use of your Fever and Ague Liver Pad. From the first day I put it on the pain left me, and I now feel comfortable; it also acted on my bowels like a charm, and I feel thankful to my Heavenly Father, that my attention was directed to it, and also to you. I have certainly become your missionary for your Pad and Plasters.

Please find enclosed \$3 for Pad and Plasters, and address them to Mrs. Hoggarth, Ingersoll, Ont.

Yours truly,

JAMES C. BENT.

MONTREAL, April 16th, 1878.

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

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

Believe me, dear sirs, yours gratefully,

RUDOLPH BETANCOURT,
Traveller for J. Rattray & Co.

BATTLEFORD, Manitoba, July 29th, 1878.

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

GENTLEMEN,—I have been using the Pad for about a month for Lumbago and Rheumatic pains in hips and thighs. Since putting on the Pad I have improved daily, and now I am almost well. Enclosed please find five dollars for another special Pad and three body Plasters, which please forward by mail.

Yours respectfully,

J. B. MAHONEY.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD COMPANY,

Head Offices—MONTREAL, 301 Notre Dame Street; TORONTO, 71 King Street West; HALIFAX, 119 Hollis Street.

Competent

Testimony.

FROM CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

CLAREHURST, COLD SPRING,
June 22, 1874.

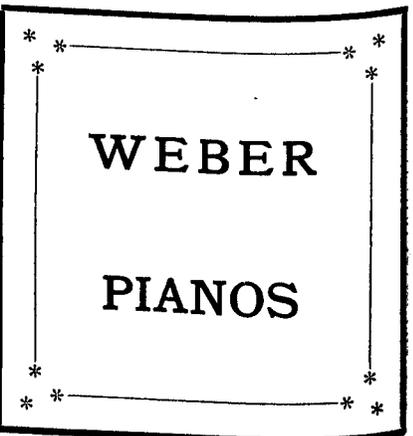
DEAR MR. WEBER:

"For the last six years your Pianos have been my choice for the Concert-room and my own house, where one of your splendid Parlor Grands now stands. I have praised and recommended them to all my friends, and shall continue to do so.

Very truly yours,

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.

From time to time we shall publish the written opinions of some of the following artists, all of whom have endorsed the



in the most unreserved manner, viz.: Christine Nilsson, Annie Louise Cary, Carlotta Patti, Julia Rive-King, Ilma de Murska, S. B. Mills, James M. Wehli, Teresa Carreno, Arabella Goddard, Johan Strauss, Pauline Lucca, Emma Albani, Victor Capoul, Italo Campanini, Victor Maurel, Octavia Torriani, S. Behrens, Mad. Camila Urso, Miss Rose Hersee, Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Sig. Mario, J. N. Pattison, Sig. Ferranta, J. R. Thomas, Miss Drasdil, Mr. Charles Santley, Alfred H. Pease, Sig. Ronconi, M. Arbuckle, William Castle, Miss Alice Topp, Sig. Brignoli, Wm. Mason, George W. Colby, George W. Morgan, and almost every musician of note in the United States and Europe.

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