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December 18, 1880.

THE TIMES.

It was a surprise and disappointment to the gentlemen of Montreal who waited upon Mr. General Manager Hickson, on Monday last, to invite him—on behalf of a large and influential committee—to be their guest at a dinner, to receive a refusal. The invitation was genuine; it was offered by the leading merchants of the city, and they were anxious to do honour to the man who had not only redeemed the Grand Trunk from insolvency, and by sheer dint of personal ability and industry put it in a position to pay dividends on two preferences, and where it will also probably pay on the third, but had greatly increased the business and credit of the Dominion. But even those most disappointed were compelled to approve the decision. Mr. Hickson's courteous letter fully explained his reasons for declining. It was not that he thought lightly of the compliment, but wished to adhere to a policy of hard work. He is a railway man, and gives all his time and energy to his duty. To begin the dining business might mean a series of dinners, and the result of that is always a doubtful issue. So Mr. Hickson prefers to go on his unostentatious way, doing his best for his company. The committee are disappointed, but they must feel still more forcibly the prudence of the answer they got.

We have pleasant signs of push and enterprise in our Canadian book trade—Dawson Brothers, of Montreal, taking the lead. They got the plates for the senile "Endymion," and published it here on the day

it was published in England and the United States. Now the Dawson Brothers have brought out an edition of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" in a style that would do credit to any firm in England. The printing is beautifully clear, and the style of the binding is exceedingly chaste. All who have not read that most tender bit of mourning in all the English language should get this last edition.

The Montreal Jesuits hope to get some good help, in the way of sacred oratory, by the arrival of the priests who have been driven out of France in the great name of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." I hope they will not be disappointed, for it is said that they are much in need of a good preacher.

The Philharmonic concert in the Queen's Hall was not merely creditable, it was brilliant—I refer to the chorus singing. It was music of the very best kind and I am sorry and ashamed to hear that it was a financial failure. The promoters of such a society deserve to be supported, for they confer upon us a public and personal good. Such music forms no unimportant part of artistic and ethical culture. It was a privilege for a man to take his wife and family to such an entertainment, and that we should fail to respond handsomely with funds to support such a society as the Philharmonic is a disgrace to the community. The truth is that as a community we have no care for what is really good and instructive and ennobling. Madame Carreno could only get three hundred people to pay to hear her magnificent recitals on the piano. Even good ballad concerts command no attention—a Shakesperian play will hardly gather dollars enough to pay for lighting and heating the house, and an address or lecture or sermon, on a subject which makes some demand on the intellect will get a cent where it ought to get a dollar. But let some fantastic thing come along, as a new clog dance, or "Buffalo Bill," or "Nigger Minstrels," or "The Blondes," and the house is filled. *O Tempora! O Mores! O Montreal!*

SIR,—Please stop the paper. I want it no more; for its editor has gone mad on Oliver Cromwell. I do not want to be taught history by you, if such be your views of one of the best men that England ever produced. I am ashamed of you as an Englishman. I have not time to give you any reason, only I believe Cromwell has been misrepresented, and by none more so than by you. Read history, and you will see the condition of Ireland. See how 150,000 men, women and children were murdered. Cromwell put a stop to all this by "meeting fire with fire." . . . Ireland would have been happy to-day if there had been more men like Cromwell.

The above letter is from a Toronto Alderman. He is an ornament and honour to the city, doubtless. But how did the worthy Alderman get to know what I said in my lecture about Cromwell in Ireland? I hear that some Western papers have been venturing on some severe criticism of that same lecture; but there was no decent report of it in any paper—no report, that is, which could convey a correct idea as to my position. If the Alderman is as hasty in forming judgments about civic matters, I am sorry for Toronto. The Alderman may not wish to be taught history by me, but he needs a great deal of teaching for all that.

Lord Granville's message to President Hayes, in which he so magnanimously "gives away" the Canadians—*anent* the Fisheries question, will not give additional firmness to the already strong Canadian loyalty. The feeling is abroad that we have been treated a little too cavalierly, and that our position should have been recognised

and our opinion taken before that note was penned. It is hardly to be wondered at. Canada is undoubtedly a British colony, and desires to maintain the relation, but for the last few years the Canadians have been taking frequent and prolonged tastes of the sweets of freedom; they have held themselves at liberty to transact their own affairs; they have framed a trade policy directly antagonistic to the Free-trade principles of Great Britain; but Lord Granville has taken steps to remind them that their liberty is restricted, and when an international question arises the Imperial Government is not over-careful to consult Colonial opinion. How our people will stand the treatment remains yet to be seen, but it is more than probable that the growls, which are now deep, will grow loud before the present session of Parliament comes to an end.

The Government will need something of this kind to give its proceedings a fillip. The programme for the session, as laid out in the Queen's Speech and read by the Governor-General, is barren enough of all prospect of interesting and important debates. The Government scheme for letting the building of the Pacific Railway is before the House and approved by a majority of the members and of the electors already. Mr. Blake opened his series of attacks upon it in an inconsequent speech, which showed that the straw will hardly pay for thrashing again. He had nothing new to say or suggest, so Sir John had nothing to answer. Which he did very well.

There is one other matter which many of us would like to have handled in the House this session—the violent charges the *Globe* has made against Sir Charles Tupper. The *Globe* waited to make them until the last session had closed; then it declared vehemently, but keeping well away from every chance of an indictment for libel, that Sir Charles had been guilty of some jobberies which had cost the country a large sum of money. The Commission was appointed, and among others Sir Charles has been examined, when he explained fully, and satisfactorily the nature of the proceedings complained of. It was evident that Sir Charles had not been guilty of corruption, and had exercised his best judgment in giving a big contract to one responsible firm, instead of breaking it up and distributing it amongst a number of more or less responsible contractors; but the *Globe* will not see with its eyes nor hear with its ears one thing in proof of the possible honesty of Sir Charles. Now what we want is that the *Globe* shall get some of its few henchmen to formulate the charge in the House that we may hear indictment and vindication. If the *Globe* cannot do this it should bring its feeble protests to an end.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the Commissioners appointed by Parliament last session to make an enquiry into the working of the whole Civil Service, that is, appointments, promotion, classification, organization, efficiency, discipline, superannuation, &c., will be ready with their report early this session. It is a praiseworthy thing of the Government that such an enquiry was instituted, for the Mackenzie party declined to interest itself about such insignificant affairs, although Mr. Casey introduced it to their notice often. But we need now not only enquiry and report, but vigorous action, so that the Civil Service shall no longer be a tool for the use of party politicians. As it now stands, there is not much patronage in the hands of the Government, and so not much power to demand efficiency—the political patronage of every town is in the hands of the local M.P.'s. If one of them is in want of a vacant place for himself or a friend, it is not in human nature to suppose that he would reject himself or his friend on the ground of non-efficiency.

The following letter is *apropos* :—

Sir,—As a true friend of the Civil Service Reform, so much wanted in this Dominion, may I request the favour of a very little space in your spirited journal anent the reported intention of the Dominion Government to superannuate Mr. W. B. Simpson to make way for Mr. M. P. Ryan a political supporter of theirs and a gentleman almost as old as Mr. Simpson. On two different occasions within the past 14 years the Collectorship of this Port was rendered vacant for political purposes; and an outsider was appointed thereto to the exclusion of Mr. John Lewis, Surveyor of the Port, who has discharged

his duties in that capacity in the most satisfactory manner, besides, every commercial establishment of the least standing in this city petitioned that the appointment be given to Mr. Lewis. Furthermore, Mr. Lewis filled the position of Acting Collector for 15 months, and proved during that period his adaptability to fill the situation; in fact he has been the instructor of those placed over his head by a most unjust system of favouritism.

On the removal of Mr. Simpson to this port, from Kingston, Mr. Mingaye, Port Surveyor of that port, was promoted to the Collectorship, and the various subordinates under him got also promotion thereby.

Should Mr. Lewis be promoted to the Collectorship many efficient officers under him might then be advanced a step each, and by this means the officers in that department would see that the Government would consider their claims and if deserving, reward them by advancement in a service where they had spent their time and energies.

I entirely concur with all the sentiments expressed in this letter, and the Government has a splendid opportunity for showing that it is in earnest in this matter of Civil Service reform. If Mr. Simpson is a fit and proper person for superannuation, Mr. Lewis is of all men the most fit and proper person to fill the place. Mr. Lewis has discharged his duties faithfully and efficiently; he is by ability and long service at the head of his department, and should as a matter of simple justice to himself and encouragement to other civil servants, have the Collectorship of Customs whenever the office is vacant.

The *Globe* is discussing the Government bargain with the Syndicate in a manner peculiar to itself. That is to say, the *Globe* has a bad memory, and a dishonest way of dealing with figures. *E.G.*, the *Globe* used to declare that it would cost, at least, \$100,000,000 to build the road; it said that the land was worth only one dollar per acre. Now the *Globe* declares that the cost was estimated at less than \$80,000,000. Now also the *Globe* puts the land down as worth *two dollars* per acre; so that the twenty-five million acres of land are counted as fifty million dollars. But a curious thing happens in the same article to which I am referring—last Monday's issue—it calculates the land as two dollars per acre when quoting the subsidy, but when dealing with the matter of government drawback, it reckons the land as worth *one* dollar per acre. That is, twenty-five million acres as subsidy to the Syndicate is put down at \$50,000,000—five million acres are to be kept by the Government as a guarantee that the road will be constructed and worked ten years, and this the *Globe* counts as worth \$5,000,000. Is the *Globe* dishonest, or only incapable? I give it up.

The English papers to hand speak of "Endymion" just as I expected they would. They call it "froth and glitter," and say that it is "the first clear evidence Lord Beaconsfield has afforded of exhausted imagination and of intellectual decay." All this, and more, is deserved.

"Boss" Kelly has had his quietus at the hands of the *N. Y. Herald*. The "Boss" threw down the gauntlet in a mad moment by an unwarrantable and unmanly attack upon the well-known J. G. Bennett. It was taken up nothing loth, and one of the fiercest onslaughts was made upon the man of more temerity than prudence which has been seen for many a day. Old and new charges were preferred against him; he was attacked in his office and in his home, and not an interest he had escaped. The storm thundered and lightened around him for six weeks, when out-going Mayor Cooper heeded the noise and refused to nominate him for the office of Comptroller. Two lessons should be learnt by Kelly and several others from this matter: A "Boss" is a bad institution; and, in a political struggle men must have respect to truth and decency.

All the reports to the contrary notwithstanding, there are no proofs as yet of any serious disagreement in the British Cabinet over the Irish difficulty. The Habeas Corpus Act will not be suspended until it has become a dire necessity and patent to all the members of the Cabinet. There is a very apparent effort on the part of all the ministers to be agreed in this matter; they are anxious to present a firm front to Parliament in January, and show to the country that they have done no hasty work under the influence of a panic. They surely are wise.

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

In studying the terms of the Pacific contract many are led away from the points at issue by jumping at the conclusion that the contract is a monopoly. Surely if the terms are of such extraordinary value to the members of the Syndicate alone, why is it that no other capitalists have been found willing to undertake the construction of the road on the same terms? Will those opposed to the granting of the charter guarantee that they will find a syndicate to do the work? Of what use are the lands if not opened up by railways? This fact seems to be forgotten almost entirely, and also that the terms made with Sir Hugh Allan were that one million dollars in cash were to be paid into the hands of the receiver-general and the nine millions of dollars in shares (the entire capital stock) were also to remain as security.

A grant of fifty millions of acres land and \$30,000,000 in cash, (the latter to include the cost of surveys made in 1871-2-3) were appropriated to the company—granted or payable as any portion of the railway was proceeded with, and in proportion to the length, difficulty of construction and cost of such portion. The land was to be given in alternate blocks of twenty miles in depth on each side of the line and from six to twelve miles in width, and if any of the blocks so laid out were unfit for settlement the company was not bound to receive any greater depth than one mile on each side of the railway. The complement of the grant was to be selected from lands found east of the Rocky Mountains, between the 49th and 57th parallels. This land grant was far in excess of the present one, and the location of it was also very much more valuable. The present Syndicate have the location of stations, can there be any doubt but that these will be established at the most favourable points? There are some other points which require the earnest attention of every representative, and it is perhaps advisable that some controlling power as to rates, divisions of the traffic, combination or consolidation with other lines, should remain in the hands of the Government. All the members of the Syndicate have large interests at stake in Canada and it is to be expected that they will advance her interests as well as their own. However, the Opposition thus far, have merely occupied a negative position and we look for a more definite policy than one of negation—they ought to bring before the country a better one than that of Sir John Macdonald, who is the "individual will" of the Conservative party, who are prepared to follow without properly considering this contract—voting merely for party reasons.

That this contract is likely to be passed without amendment can hardly be doubted—there is a solid majority—but, as we have before stated, we think it advisable that some controlling power should remain in the hands of the Government, and also that a larger security should be required from the Syndicate. By the present terms, the Syndicate have too much left to their own judgment and interests.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Dec. 15, 1880.	Price per \$100 Dec. 15, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$165½	\$139¾	4	4.83
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	95½	67½	3	6.30
Molson's	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	102½	75½	3	5.85
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	139¾	118	3½	5.02
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,020	95	87½	2½	5.26
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	115½	87½	3	5.10
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	110	110	3½	6.36
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	117½	117½	4	5.77
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	138½	118½	3	5.77
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	62	62
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	133	95½	4	6.00
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	60½	41½
City Passenger Railway	50	600,000	163,000	117½	117½	16	5.12
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	145	117	5	6.90

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.		Total.	1879.	Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock			Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se
*Grand Trunk	Week Dec. 11	\$48,420	\$155,947	\$204,367	\$189,269	\$15,098	..	24 w'ks	\$737,362	..
Great Western	Nov. 30	31,955	73,259	105,214	95,155	10,059	..	23 "	318,010	..
Northern & H. & N. W.	Nov. 30	10,988	14,395	25,383	23,209	2,174	..	22 "	76,123	..
Midland	Dec. 7	1,355	2,349	3,704	3,780	..	76	23 "	7,490	..
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	Nov. 30	1,400	2,453	3,853	3,616	237	..	23 "	33,839	..
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	Nov. 30	1,177	1,445	2,622	2,397	225	..	23 "	1,993	..
Canada Central	Nov. 30	550	720	1,270	1,265	5	..	23 "	6,923	..
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Nov. 30	3,959	6,672	10,631	8,187	2,444	..	22 "	45,702	..
Q., M., O. & O.	Dec. 11	1,684	2,906	4,590	6,348	..	1,758	24 "	6,174	..
Intercolonial	Month Nov. 30	8,731	4,968	13,699	5,471	8,228	..	30 "	187,822	..
	Month Nov. 30	49,955	100,727	150,682	126,611	24,071	..	5 m'nth	143,867	..

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 24 weeks is \$765,562.

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

AGRICULTURE IN QUEBEC.

It is a common assertion and a common opinion that the land in Quebec is extremely inferior to that of the Province of Ontario. Whether this be true or not is not my present purpose to inquire, but I can safely affirm that the soil in the Province of Quebec is of excellent quality in the average, and yields a fair return when properly and intelligently tilled. In years gone by an exportation of one million bushels of wheat annually was made from the tract of land lying between Montreal and Quebec, on the south shore of the river St. Lawrence. Gradually this exportation fell off until it finally ceased, and importations had to be made, and last season was the first for many years that produced a sufficient quantity of wheat to supply the home consumption. The great drawback to agriculture in the Province of Quebec has been caused by the lack of intelligence, want of enterprise, of ambition, and ignorance of the French Canadian farmer. Until lately no efforts, partaking of an educational character, have ever been made. The unambitious contentment and inherent or hereditary laziness of the *habitant* influences him to such a degree that it will be years before any appreciable effects will be seen from these educational efforts, and the only practical way he can be taught is to appeal directly to his pocket, and to place him in such a position that unless he exerts himself he will find himself unable to even keep his farm. Whether this can be done or not is another question, and if it be found impracticable then the only hope for the Province is that an influx of intelligent educated farmers can be caused to arise, and then these, with their example and political influence, will greatly improve the condition of agriculture and tend to remove the burden, imposed upon the cities at present, of paying three-fourths of the total taxation of the Province of Quebec. That intelligent farmers do succeed in Lower Canada is shown by the prosperity and influence of the County of Compton, entirely occupied by good farmers, and which is in a very high state of cultivation.

I have been led to make these remarks from the fact that I have lately seen the report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, and having noted the large sums voted for agricultural purposes, I have felt it my right to examine into the why and wherefore of these grants, and also I am entitled to question the expenditure of these grants in a senseless and wasteful manner, if such prove to be the case. I find that the following sum appears in the report as having been paid to agricultural societies:—\$39,792.92, and quarterly grants of \$1,200 each to the agricultural schools at L'Assomption and St. Anne, and to the St. Francis school, \$1,500. Surely we expect and demand that the expenditure of such amounts of money should be attended by good results, and that these results should be very apparent.

Of the agricultural societies little will be said at the present time, and that little is very unfavourable. With the exception of three or four of them they are in the hands of very incapable committees, whose only ambition it appears to be to purchase a Clydesdale or Percheron stallion and exhibit it once a year. I propose to speak of the agricultural schools.

St. Anne school had ten pupils, of whom five completed their course, and the committee, upon these and similarly small reports, consequentially inform the public that sixty-three per cent. of the pupils, after leaving the school, follow agriculture. This is very satisfactory, and I am glad to learn that sixty-three per cent. of ten pupils are still farmers. This percentage, large as it is, will have a very little effect upon agriculturists in general, as six pupils a year is not a very large showing for an agricultural school. One bad feature of the teaching of this school is that roots are given but little attention. The rotation of crops is not made sufficiently, and the average of butter mentioned as having been made is mentioned with pride, whereas it is disgracefully small. The grant to this school is almost entirely wasted. In the report I read the following interesting facts:—Speaking of the pupils the committee say, "during their recreation they take pleasure in questioning the Professor and director, and attach great importance to the Professor's lessons; in fine, it may be said that they are very serious pupils." Serious pupils, serious business and a serious Professor thus to have no recreation.

The Richmond school farm is under the management of the director of Richmond College, and has an area of eighty arpents divided into fields of ten arpents each. The rotation of crops followed here is excellent, and it may be said to be much better conducted than either of the schools at L'Assomption or St. Anne. The cows kept are a miserable lot, nearly all grades and poor at that; only seven are kept, and a few pigs, sheep and four horses complete the list. There are exceedingly few pupils, and the whole affair makes a very sorry showing, though it is an improvement on the others. The grant to this school is not, to a proper extent, beneficial.

The school at L'Assomption cannot be said to be a "thing of beauty and a joy for ever." It has ten pupils, and with these ought to be made profitable, instead of requiring a grant from the Government. Three pupils completed their course in the year. There are seventeen cows with Ayrshire crossing, and seen in the winter they presented a dirty, miserable appearance, the quantity of roots fed to them being totally insufficient. The farm comprises 175 arpents, and could easily be made to pasture and winter a far larger number; the great

fault of Lower Canadian farmers being that they keep too few cattle, and therefore are obliged to sell the crop of hay or oats, returning nothing to the ground, which therefore rapidly becomes run out. The buildings are wretched and inconvenient, and present an appearance that would be laughable were it not that one cannot help thinking of the incompetence displayed. That grants should be given to the three schools, of which the above notes have been given, is not justified by the results, and the remedy is easy to discover, consisting in this:—That only one grant should be given, and that sufficient to properly establish *one* excellent College; and proper agricultural teachers should be secured, teachers who have a practical knowledge of Canadian needs, and not teachers whose knowledge consists merely of technicalities and analyses (proper and needful in their way); not teachers who can talk glibly of how garden culture is carried on in France or China, but intelligent farmers who can make their practical knowledge known and appreciated by the pupils. It is also necessary that a system of farming should be adopted, to lessen as greatly as possible the disadvantages of our severe winters. Want of space at present prevents me from offering a few of my thoughts on this important subject, and I reserve them for a future occasion.

An agricultural journal is also assisted with a grant of \$600, and is published in English and French. More than one-half of the French farmers are unable to read or write, and the amount of benefit accruing to them is not, as might be expected, very appreciable. On the other hand, the other half do not and can not understand the articles which the editor sees fit to publish. These are not adapted to the wants of the farmers, the articles being of a scientific character, mainly digests of English agricultural articles and analyses of super-phosphates, which may be interesting to the specialist; but as the farmer does not use these manures and often has never even heard their name, the articles are good for lighting the fire. It is a pity that more and better judgment is not used in the selection of articles, so that those who do read will receive some benefit. That there is also great need of reform in the Council of Agriculture itself, is seen when we know that some of its members have farms which are a disgrace, and which example rather confirms the *habitan* in his bad system of agriculture. There is also need of reform in the system of judging and making awards at exhibitions. It is within my own personal knowledge that awards were made at the exhibition last September that were deplorable, and the conclusion I naturally reached was that the judges had no knowledge of their duties. I conclude by saying that I have no direct or pecuniary interest in agriculture or awards, except to see and feel that the production of the Province is increased. *Sappho, in Farmers' Advocate.*

THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE.

The Socialistic Irish Land League through its self-elected leaders has rung the changes upon "man's inhumanity to man"; they (the leaders) have presented to the discontented labourer an exaggerated statement of the case, and so perceptibly biased towards their side, that it amounts to a terrible untruth and distorts judgment to which the poor unlearned labourer is especially liable. It is not as Land Leaguers assert, that all those who are wealthy are entirely negligent of their fellow men—the possession of riches brings increased responsibilities. It is not true that the Government has always left the labourer at the mercy of cruel landlords, and above and beyond all, it is not true that every human being is as such entitled to a proportional share of all the advantages of life. The world does not owe him a living—his duty is to make a living out of the world; the problem as to how to equalize the distribution of material benefits is not a merely mathematical one, so that the proposed settlement of the land question by mathematically dividing the land, is merely another way of saying that the thin edge of Socialistic Government has been introduced into British Parliaments. The solution of the question is extremely difficult, or to quote,—“The problem of workers doing the handwork of civilization, while its bounteous results lie close around them in tempting unattainable proximity and education (*sic*) steals away the dull bliss of ignorance, must be the peculiar Gordian knot of an age whose practice is political equality, and whose ideal is universal enlightenment.” This problem is one of modern times only, as we have in antiquity no examples of nations or people living under social conditions at all similar to those of the present day. In ancient days, as is well known, labour was considered degrading and was only performed by slaves. “The manual arts,” says Aristotle, “are base and unworthy of a citizen; the majority of them deform the body; they make it necessary to sit in the shade or near a fire; they leave time neither for the republic nor for one's friends.” Plato excluded from the possession of political rights, laborers, *hommes de métier*, and merchants. It is therefore evident that this problem of giving equal political rights to all, also universal enlightenment with perfect equality can not be aided in its solutions by any examples from antiquity. All attempts that are being made at present are therefore purely experimental and their effects can only be properly estimated in direct ratio to the justice of the principles upon which they are based. If then we see, besides the evil effects instantly apparent of popular errors in legislation, an illegal disregard of all obligatory contracts and

a hatred of the landlord long smothered bursting into flame, it is indisputably true that legislation which makes this legal or even condones it or is the effect of fear, is in its very essence immoral and disastrous.

The labourer does not consider what civilized progress has accomplished, but what it has failed in accomplishing; he is not grateful that he can put himself in better circumstances than his predecessors, but he is disturbed, perhaps revengeful, that any one should be even better than he is—he reasons that number and physical strength must rule, irrespective of any considerations of capital (the accumulation of labour) or of intelligence, forgetting, or rather ignorant, that the intelligence, which he is combatting is but what he might possess in a degree if he used honest endeavours to do so—he reasons that the labourer is the only, or perhaps, true producer, and that he is entitled to the product of his labour, which latter is quite true, but out of which he, as well as the capitalist or landlord, has to meet lawful contracts which he has undertaken. If he fails in this, he must suffer, and must not be allowed to use intimidation in any form whatsoever. The landlord has as much right to existence as the tenant, has also to meet his obligations, and rarely, if ever, by way of remedy, shoots his creditor. If the laws are bad—they are still better than no laws at all—further when passions are aroused and feeling runs high it is radically impolitic to legislate.

That the division of the land by forced laws will have a beneficial effect is probable—it will benefit a few—and further, no law can be made which can not be abrogated by private contract or other means. Further, no law was ever made, can ever be made, that will do away with competition; this is unalterable, and the statement or supposition that the division of the land is going to produce a millenium is absurd nonsense; it will probably ameliorate the condition of some of the tenants to some extent, but other laws will have to be passed, such as to do away that of primogeniture and that of entail, if they be not included under one heading. The future of any people depends more upon their moral nature than upon the granting of demands made in rebellious tones—in these days, and in free countries, the people can always obtain their just rights by legal and proper means—the employment of other than these merely serves to weaken their cause.

There are two sides to everything—the lot of the labourer is oftentimes very hard, and it is probable that governmental power can be exercised to curtail the excesses of speculative competition and to limit in some way the vast accumulations of private wealth. One attempt made to remove these evils has lamentably failed, namely, the loaning of funds by the State; in 1848 sixty-one associations in France received money from the government to aid workingmen, and were failures; “private attempts in the same direction proved a failure,” (*Villetart, Histoire l'Internationale*, ch. ii. sec. 4.)

The problem of apportioning material benefits may be stated as entirely dependent upon the constitution of human nature and the relations of man to natural forces—these facts we can not alter; we may improve man's nature and may place deterrents in the way of natural forces, but we cannot alter the fact of their existence, therefore any theory which does not recognize these, must be fallacious.

Society rests upon the basis of private property for which it has been contended, not that it is the best plan imaginable, but that it is the best practicable. This fact or truth has been so often repeated that many regard it as a mere truism, thus depriving it of its proper weight and influence. We have heard emigration suggested as a relief, and this would certainly be beneficial, but it would only be a temporary make-shift, drawing off the surplus population at this time of distress, and the relief is only superficial—the same difficulties and perplexities remain to come up for settlement at a future day.

As regards the Irish people, the question is extremely difficult of solution, as their temperament is hasty and excitable, so that they are easily influenced by the inflammatory arguments of unreasonable agitators. There is amongst many nations an “impatience of the slowness of growth,” extraordinary expectations of happiness are mentally formed, dependent entirely upon material advances, while it is forgotten that man's happiness is more closely connected with his moral nature than with material benefits. The material advance has been great, while it will hardly be disputed that there has been no corresponding moral advance, there is a “moral interregnum.” To conclude with a word of advice to Land League agitators who, aware of the existence of ills, too confident in their powers to remedy, ignorant of the social organism, boldly apply their crude theories to eradicate what may be called a disease, with a presumption born of ignorance and pride, and rely upon, for the furtherance of their own selfish plans and aggrandisement, the disorganizing forces of society. Once these forces are in active operation, history shows us that their effect is terrible, and that the invocers find themselves totally powerless and incapable of controlling them, and in many cases the forces recoil upon themselves. Therefore let the Parnellites acknowledge that they do not know much more than statesmen and scholars, and let them ponder whether they can cure in a year that social inequality which is the life-task of the whole world to comprehend and perhaps lessen; and let them believe and know fully that all men are not born equal.

Senex.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

In the vicinity of Montreal is a suburban retreat justly celebrated for its flat shores, and much frequented by those people who have a rural taste. One of those who lived there was named Spriggins and was a very estimable young man; the only objection ever made to him was that his name was not very aristocratic, but as he could not afford to do as Mr. Smith did, namely, change Smith into Amor de Cosmos—Spriggins is still Spriggins. Throughout the early period of his life, he belonged to a very rigid church, and consequently was not allowed to enter a theatre nor even to mention the term, and consequently he now does nothing else but talk of them; this over-strained strictness of rule generally has this effect, if the youth does not die in the meantime. You will therefore understand that Mr. Spriggins was very fond of theatrical representations and determined to have private theatricals in order to amuse and please friends and also to cultivate a dramatic and elocutionary taste; a club was formed and was named "The Suburban Retreat Dramatic Club"—the term dramatic was somewhat happy as they rehearsed their drama in the attic of the Town Hall. Mr. Spriggins being single, it is not singular that he liked ladies' society and the society of one in particular—her name 'twas Fannie. This young lady had a great desire to pose before the public and gain social prestige and notoriety, therefore when Mr. Spriggins naturally offered her a part in the great drama, she jumped at the offer, as ladies usually do. Everything proceeded swimmingly, all the parts were allotted and an evening appointed for the first rehearsal. Before the evening arrived, the leading minister of the Suburban Retreat, who was bitterly opposed to theatrical representations of all kinds, made a point of seeing Mr. Spriggins with the view of remonstrating with him:—this occurred in the following manner. They had met on the boat and after the usual morning salutations the ball was opened by the minister: "I am very sorry to hear, Mr. Spriggins, that you are engaged in theatrical performances. Are you not aware of the danger to which you are exposing yourself? Do you not know that an actor died the other day?" Mr. Spriggins was somewhat frightened but managed to gasp out, "How did he die?" The answer came with terrible force from the minister "He died—dead." Mr. Spriggins was non-plussed at these clerical statements which have been used by many others, and in the evening hastened to see Fannie. "Fannie" said he, "the minister objects strongly to our having theatricals—he actually informed me that an actor died the other day, and died dead." "Why, you goose" replied Fannie "how else would he die? Besides, at his church a few Sundays ago a person was found dead" "What dead?" "Yes, dead asleep and it is the case that they re-choir music to save all from this unhappy (?) fate." Mr. Spriggins resolved to take his chances with Fannie and the theatricals. The evening of the rehearsal came and the actors; there was an evident reluctance to commence; anxious whisperings and questionings were heard, "Do you know your part?" "Oh! yes, do you know yours?" "Partially; the first line, perhaps," etc. The rehearsal, such as it was, began; books were in frequent use, sly glances being taken at them by the actors—it was very amusing to see two or three saying their parts and trying to look as if they were well up in them, and then all their heads would bob down to look in the book, and then all their heads would bob up to repeat what they had just seen—it was a pretty scene. It will, therefore, not be considered peculiar that they did not mind their "P's and Q's." The play was being thus proceeded with, when one of the young ladies named Minnie perceived the curious anomaly that all except herself had lovers (in the play). Here was a lamentable state of things, and there was immediately a discussion as to the propriety of inserting a character to suit, or whether the play should be acted as written; this latter the young lady refused to accept. She said that it was all very well for Fannie to be pleased with her part, as everyone knew she was making up to Mr. Spriggins, and some consideration ought to have been paid to herself; she believed that Fannie had done it on purpose. Mr. Spriggins said that he would introduce a new character for Minnie and play it himself. Fannie said he would do nothing of the sort, or if he did, she would not play at all; Minnie wanted to get Mr. Spriggins, and that was the truth of the matter. Minnie replied that it was not true; she did not care a fig for Mr. Spriggins or Fannie. Hereupon arose a great and grievous discussion; hard expressions were exchanged and bitter feelings created; some took one side and some another; so if, when you visit the Suburban Retreat, you are asked whether you are desirous of joining the Dramatic Club, you will have to be careful not to refer to this sad trouble. One rash youth had the temerity to do so, and was brained on the spot, or rather on the head. A wag has said that the rehearsal led to a funeral—but it is too grave a subject to joke upon. The above sad tale has a parallel in Don Quixote (which I give from memory):—A monk, who had lost his ass, accompanied by a brother monk went out to seek it; they were unsuccessful until they came to a dense thicket, when they agreed that they should place themselves, one on each side of the thicket, and then bray, in hopes that the ass hearing the sounds might be induced to come out if it so happened that he should be therein. They did this; each brayed so naturally that each mistook the sound as proceeding from the ass, and came together, each thinking he had found the ass; each found a mistake. Then it

was decided that only one should bray, which was done, but all to no purpose; it was so well done that the other came to get the ass, and finally they were obliged to give it up and return home. The story got known, and the monks got chaffed and their village was made such a laughing stock by other villages that it always led to pitched battles. Don Quixote having heard this story thought he would cure them of their sensitiveness and proceeded with Sancho Panza to the village to carry out his intentions; on his arrival he gave them a long homily on the evils of dissension and broils, and said they should be like brothers to all people etc., etc.,—hereupon Sancho Panza asked them what was in a mere word or sound, what difference could it make if they were sensible people and also they surely could not become angry at a mere sound—to prove his statement, he immediately proceeded to give them a loud and vigorous bray. He was immediately struck to the ground, Don Quixote likewise, and it was with difficulty they escaped with their lives. The minister at the Suburban Retreat has endeavoured in like manner to improve matters but with no more success than Sancho Panza—but he took good care not to use the term "private theatricals." The moral of the above is:—if you desire to create bad feelings and feminine jealousies in a Suburban Retreat, introduce Private Theatricals.

Rattan.

HUSBANDS AND HOUSEKEEPING.

We have read in these columns of "Bachelors' Ways, and What they Teach the Housewife," but I do not think the subject of "Housekeeping from the Husband's Point of View" has ever yet been treated. It is, however, an important one, and one over which we housewives are continually pondering and lamenting, whether we express our feelings or not. I say lamenting, because the fact is, most men know nothing whatever about housekeeping, and are apt to take all that is done for them so entirely as a matter of course (though they are ready enough to find fault if it is not done), that their wives very naturally get disappointed and out of heart at their exertions being so scantily recognised and so little appreciated.

Not very long ago, Mrs. Oliphant, in a magazine article on the "Grievances of Women," gave vent to her own views with respect to the masculine fashion of regarding housewives and housekeeping with contempt; and what she said embodies so much of that sense of injustice against which we are always struggling, that I must quote from her. "Housekeeping," she remarks, "is a science full of a multiplicity of tasks, all more or less indispensable. The husband has his hours of work out of doors, and then comes home to rest and be waited upon. The wife, at least in the lower and middle classes, finds her work cut out for her, and spread over every moment of the twenty-four hours; so that she may be said to have 'never done.' House, servants, children, mending, patching, general supervision of domestic affairs—none of these tasks may be neglected. There is little or no time all day for recreation, or for cultivating the mind; and the evenings must be devoted to the husband's wishes and requirements and to the inevitable plain sewing. And all this drudgery is undervalued and ignored, and not looked upon in the light of "work" at all. It is only woman's duty, and no particular credit is to be given her, no matter how she acquits herself. The attitude of men towards us is ungenerous in the extreme."

I chanced once to be present at an afternoon tea at a friend's house, when the article in question was under discussion among several ladies, all of whom were on sufficiently intimate terms with each other to relate their personal experiences. "Of course," said one, "these remarks are intended chiefly for the lower classes, but a good many of them could be profitably applied to ourselves. Now don't we, many of us, know what it is to be pottering all day, doing all kinds of little odd jobs about the house which no one else can do, and which must be done, though we have not much to show for them—and for our husbands to come in to dinner, and say 'Why haven't you written that letter? Why didn't you go to such and such a place? Why didn't you do this, or that, or other? What on earth can you have been about all this time?' And get dreadfully cross, my dear, too, if one attempts to argue and explain the hundred and one little potterings which have frittered away the morning and the afternoon!" "Very true," answered another; "men have an idea that all one's ordering and marketing can be got through in about an hour, and that all the departments of the house will arrange themselves naturally without any of our needless fuss, as they call it. They don't see the process, they only see the result, when everything is made straight and smooth for them, and so they imagine housekeeping is all plain sailing, and cannot understand or sympathise with its difficulties." "No; there is no getting them to understand," said the first speaker. "Not even personal experience will convince them. When I have been away from home for a week or two, and have left things to the servants, and found a bad state of affairs both upstairs and down on my return, my husband will often have it there is nothing wrong; it is only my imagination. Then perhaps another time he will take a fit of interference himself, and discover, just when I don't wish it, that the cook is wasteful, the housemaid is not fit for her work, and that the nurse neglects the children; and he will want them all to be dismissed. When a man does wake up to the sense of house-

hold difficulties, it seems to me it is always at the wrong moment, and [more harm is done than good." "I have had a great deal of that kind of thing to contend with," chimed in a third lady; "but I think I have pretty well cured my husband of it by trying the experiment of giving up the housekeeping to him entirely for a fortnight, without helping him by any suggestions or interfering at all. And the result was that he was glad enough to surrender the reins to me again! He would have it that one general order in the morning was enough for the whole establishment, and that everything would work properly, and fall into its natural place, if only matters were only left alone. So he followed out his own plan, and found, as you may suppose, that the weekly bills ran up to double their usual amount, the servants got dreadfully careless, and all his little pet comforts and indulgences were overlooked and neglected. I felt very triumphant, I can tell you, when at last he was obliged to own that I was the best manager, after all!"

"If they could only *all* be brought to own that," said the lady who had opened the discussion, "what a good thing it would be for us! If our work, which is more important to them than they know, were given its full value, and its little homely details, which seem so trivial and are really so necessary, were recognised as part of the household machinery, and not sneered at as "useless fussing," it would give us a much higher interest and pleasure in fulfilling our appointed tasks. We must "potter" more or less over them; and we cannot help it. Just look at the time it takes (setting aside ordering dinner and marketing, to sort the household linen and keep it in order every week, to put down the accounts accurately, and to superintend the nursery or the school room, or perhaps both, while keeping a watchful eye over the kitchen. Unless we are rich enough to keep a large staff of competent servants, we must do all this ourselves; and even arranging flowers, tidying a room, and writing a *ménu* takes time. Our husbands' wardrobes are under our charge, too, and their thousand little wants and crotchets must be our constant study. And yet these men take it all for granted, and say we have nothing to do, and might lie on the sofa all day and read novels if we liked. It would serve them right if we did, I think. But we "are too conscientious." And thereupon there was a laugh, and the discussion ended. But it left a permanent impression on my mind to the effect that a more full and perfect recognition of women's work *per se*—domestic, not professional—would be a far greater step towards advancing the social position of women in general than the attempt to confer upon them masculine privileges, which few really desire, and fewer still rightly understand.

—*The Queen.*

BUTTERFLY WOMEN.

It was a palefaced, careworn, prematurely old woman who said, complainingly—"Half the women in the world do their duty and that of the other half as well," and looking at the speaker, one was convinced upon the spot, whatever her part in it, it was decidedly too much for her, but whilst a thrill of sympathetic pity went forth for the sufferer, there came unbidden the question, Why need there be this unlawful division of labour in the feminine portion of humanity? for it is true that, whilst some are the mere butterflies of life the labour of the hive not being to their taste, the flowers and sunshine wooing them to the sweets, the warmth and brightness, this is all they crave, all they will have whether it be a small or large return for their search; the "will" is the same to enjoy. The determination is to overcome every hindrance to the accomplishment of it.

This state of feeling is not by any means confined to the wealthy or the noble whose position and means to the humbler classes of society, have but one appearance, and that is how to spend their money, how use their position for the getting of the greatest gratification; that such have any duties, any higher demand upon their time and talents, does not seem to be expected. To dress, eat, dance, attend parties, balls, theatres, is the sum of their existence, and if the newspapers show good reports of these, with minute details appertaining to such doings, why these favoured ones have acted out their little life, and deserve the glowing descriptions upon the marble above them when they lie forgotten beneath. But neither high nor low have a *chance* position, and to each are duties allotted, the "nature," no matter how enshrined, is the same,—a title may stand before the name or the plainer designation, yet if either choose the butterfly existence it is precisely the same as to the searching after flowers, the only difference is in the flowers; and the working classes have women amongst them just as eager to sit in the pit of a theatre, to wear cheap jewellery, to be foremost at the hop, and in the attainment of these their duties are delegated to others, or if this be not possible, left undone. But it is not with the high or low, but the middle class. There is a more fatal mischief: those women who have to exercise economy upon every side—the wives of men who are flourishing in their pursuits to-day are crippled, harassed on the morrow. In these days wives are more subject to revolutions in position and means than at any former period, and it is this that makes so many prematurely aged—that causes the furrowed brow before the years of life would produce the tell-tale lines. To live "seemingly" as in the affluent past, what does it mean? Weary brains, aching limbs, *irritable tempers*. Those are no butterflies, but the busy

of the busiest bees; these women ought to have monuments higher than any yet raised for great achievements, if the "will" were taken instead of the deeds; for there is no mistaking their earnest unselfishness, their long days of denial of self. Contrasting their rigid adherence to duty, the fulfilling of home demands with those who shirk these, or put the doing on to others, there does seem an inequality as to the division of this world's good things—some get all the honey, some all the gall. The workers in the hive tell you that the idlers, beside adroitly avoiding the work, just as adroitly secure the smiles and care of the husband—that they seem in fact more cared for than the helpmates who are such in deed as well as name. This also is a fact, and it is because of this fact that it becomes necessary for the workers to leave the work and sit quietly, calmly to think, not with their knitting, but for once to sit absolutely idle, their hands still, their brain alone working, and the cessation of hand labour may bring them to a knowledge why their butterfly sisters secure all they crave, but fail to get.

First then the busy woman, whose home is her world, is as a rule "too busy." She lacks the strength of body to carry out the intentions of the will, the nervous system is taxed beyond endurance in her efforts to accomplish the wonderful admixture of combining a slender knowledge of two or three trades into actual workmanship, so the household machinery is ever and anon getting out of order through over-working. Is it possible for one pair of hands to take up the various trades one knows is being carried out in numberless homes? To begin with the kitchen, to be confectioner and baker is a great achievement; a painfully smiling because thoroughly weary, woman will sit at her table and see you consume in a few moments what has kept her over a hot stove for hours to prepare, accepting gratefully as a medal of honour your encomiums on her skill in this department. From the kitchen she hurries to the nursery, here, she requires to exercise more faith than knowledge about the business of the tailor, then, as there is generally a mixture of the sexes in a family she has to compete with the dressmaker and milliner, and so her busy round of life goes on, too busy to do more than look at the book she bears her butterfly sister so enthusiastic over, envying the enjoyment she dare not take, often rebellious at the long continued denial of self, wondering how the one, neglectful of duties she is hastening on her sands of life to accomplish, can preserve her good natured indifference and fling back the merry repartee of her husband, who shuts his eyes to the disorder, so long as he secures exemption from the irritability his neighbour or friend more favoured in order has to put up with. For as a rule the easy-going people, as they are called, are the better tempered, from the fact the nervous system is not interfered with, and here comes the true solution of why so many excellent wives find themselves by degrees dwindling into the mere housekeeper. The physical structure of the mother cannot bear the pressure of the housekeeper's cares, when to these are so universally added numberless others; and it is this multiplicity that makes so many silent, so many unhappy homes—the overtaxed nature can no more control irritable outbursts of temper than the command of the Dane to stop the tide, and man prefers comfort before anything else, and after all is but a sensible animal in his preference. When the weary wife exhibits the little coat and unmentionables as proofs of her skill and saving of his purse strings, he is as likely as not to remark some deficiency in the fit, and forgetful what has been the cost in the doing, remembers pretty keenly the irritable words his untimely criticism called forth, indulging in some far from loverlike thoughts of the gloomy silent wife stitching away as if for dear life.

The husband in a sense appreciates his careful saving wife, but as a rule would sooner pay the tailor if by doing he secured immunity from the endless changes of the household barometer: sunshine as only summer can bring, is not "within" many homes, "there" it is too often breezy, with fitful clouds threatening storms, and so it will ever be until the heads of households perform their part in the management of these by firmly "kindly" seeing the wives are not using up their dear life's blood in their attempts of combining too many callings for one to do without injury to health, comfort and temper. There are some women requiring a word of caution,—the "needs" of a family are so many, these tax every mother who should not burden herself with the "wants," it is often these that are the last straws upon the camel's back. How many stitches are wearily stitched to make simply a competition with other children, not that such changes are needed, but because fashion appears in it, and to be behind the god, horrors, stitch to the bone! stitch till the chimes warn you the hours of another day are running off—you have so many stitches to put in these fanciful garments, you have not time to *show* your love for the little wearers—the good-night kiss is given with flushed cheeks, a hurried, absent, often impatient manner, whilst you are in agonies of fear you will not get through with the allotted task. Let simpler garments clothe the young forms—you are but dropping seeds of a future large crop of vanity in the young hearts, if the little ones see your eager anxiety for the mere outside—will they not enlarge upon your example; far better for your health, for their future, that you let the god of fashion pass heedlessly by—it is not enough to love your children, to bind them to you; *show* your love, never be too busy to fondle and caress them; kisses will live in the memory when your stitches will never be thought of, with these lessened, your irritable words will blossom into smiles and as the wise men of old said: "Your children shall rise up and call you blessed, your husband also shall praise you, and to add to the promise 'continue' to love you."

THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN CANADA AND ITS CREED.

It is almost impossible to venture upon a true description of the present creed of the Baptist Church in Canada without becoming conscious of a rather startling phenomenon. While other sects, as regards their adherents, if not their leaders, feel inclined more or less to blush for the exactitude and arrogance of their creed, and even the leaders endeavour to tone down its harsher features, we find here, in the Baptist Church, quite a contrast. In it many of the leading minds are trying painfully to prove that their church too possesses a hard and fast formulated creed, second to none in exactitude, and rigid as Calvinism itself. Others oppose themselves strongly to this view, and are certainly supported by a large and increasing number of adherents.

In these days, when creeds constitute the chief stumbling blocks to any sincere profession of religion, it is certainly remarkable that men should be found rash enough to covet their possession. Yet it is so. The spirit of martyrdom, or the love of notoriety, which ever it may be, is evidently still alive in this age.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, the organization of the Baptist Church is so free and independent that the voice of ecclesiastical authority holds but little power. Its form of government is an intelligent democracy, with particularly exclusive state rights, which no convention can infringe upon or alter. Each church governs itself. So long as pastor and people are mutually pleased with each other, there is no authority in that church which can actively interfere with their freedom to cast creed to the winds. Ecclesiastical machinery to prevent it is wanting.

And yet so remarkable has been the unanimity of creed evolved by this freedom, that only one church in this broad Dominion of ours, has failed to follow the profession and practice of "close communion." Every Baptist Church in Canada is of the type nick-named by the irreverent "hard-shell."

To readers who are unacquainted with the exact intent of either of these terms the following quotation from the most generally received "manual of the Baptist Church" will explain. "We believe the Scriptures teach that Christian Baptism is the *immersion* in water of a believer into the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost; to show forth in a *solemn* and *beautiful* emblem, our faith in the crucified, buried, and risen Saviour, with its effect, in our death to sin, and resurrection to a new life; that it is *pre-requisite* to the privileges of a church relation; and to the *Lord's supper*, in which the members of the church, by the sacred use of bread and wine, are to commemorate together the dying love of Christ; preceded always by solemn self-examination." The italics will perhaps be excused as bringing out in clearness the central idea of the "close communion" Baptists, that only those who have been baptized by *immersion* are really fit for church membership or for admission to what they, and the other orthodox sects, denominate "the Lord's table."

This is the distinctive peculiarity of the Baptist churches in Canada—to which there is but the one exception, needed to prove the rule.

To quote copiously from the remainder of their authenticated creed, which however is not authoritative, would be time wasted; for the Baptist Church creed is based on Presbyterian Calvinism. It is however Calvinism freed from ecclesiastical tyranny, and rendered thoroughly democratic.

Under this Republican form of government it has grown and expanded into more expansive views every where else where it has taken root, except in Canada. The real original "hard shell" or "close communion Baptist" has become almost a thing of the past in England, Scotland, and the United States; and there would seem to have been an emigration of *its* pilgrim fathers to this favoured land, so powerful is the grip with which this antiquated creed giant has laid hold upon the Baptist Church of Canada. Probably some readers may accuse us of exaggeration when we add that so strong is this sectarianism in the Canadian Baptist churches, that no member can partake of the holy sacrament of the Lord's supper along with members of any orthodox sect, nor can any Baptist minister dispense the elements to a congregation of *unimmersed* believers without trespassing upon the written and unwritten code of his church and throwing himself open to severe censure or even probable excommunication.

These are the hard facts of the position occupied by a so-called Evangelical Church in this 19th century in this enlightened Dominion. The present writer has no desire to hurt the feelings, or even injure the prejudices, of the many sincere and earnest thoughtful men who are to be found in membership with the Baptist Church in Canada; but surely it were a brotherly act, and a kindly, for each and all of us as opportunity offers, to point out to them the inevitable effect such narrowness of creed must have upon their power for usefulness in the world. Surely it is making too much of the letter which killeth and ignoring entirely the spirit which giveth life, to insist upon the observance to the letter of that which they admit is but a symbol, as *the* essential part of qualification for partaking of that which is not *their* ordinance, but their Lord's. The ordinance itself all Christians—all Protestants at least—know, is but a symbol, conveying to us thus the real existence of a spiritual law of our being, teaching us that the love and wisdom of Our Lord, corresponding to the bread and wine of which we partake, are as essential to our spiritual sustenance as material food is to the physical. Baptism naturally precedes this knowledge, because

water is the symbol of natural truth, and teaches that until some purification of the natural man has been effected in us by the application of natural laws to the guidance of our life, that Baptism of fire, the cleansing of the inmost thoughts of our hearts by Divine wisdom and the reception of the Divine love, is hardly possible. Both are effected by the Divine providence of Our Lord and Saviour, and are neither conveyed by, nor contained in the mere outward symbol. And for the reception of the former as well as the latter, all that is needed is that man should desire to shun evils and avoid them in his own life lest he should injure others. Church members and church ordinances in so far as they are helpful to this may be valuable, but they are *not* essential. The Christian world is waking up—nay is almost fully awake to this fact. It ought to bestir itself to free the Baptist Church of Canada from the yoke of formalism which presses so heavily upon it and seriously hinders its progress.

Spero.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

V.—THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND: "SCOTCH SERMONS, 1880."—(Continued.)

The points already noticed serve to place the teaching of these sermons in hopeless antagonism with the old doctrine as to the mode and sphere of divine inspiration. A much more comprehensive view is adopted. For we are told "between our purely animal (!) ancestors and the savage who was first subdued by the glory of the sky and the mystery of life, there was an interval as great as that which separates the latter from ourselves. In the whole process there has been revelation, the unveiling of secret things to hearts that were open and recipient. In all there has been inspiration, at sundry times and in diverse manners, continuous, incessant, universal. There was a spiritual significance in the earliest gropings of the world's remote childhood, as well as in those of the matured worshippers of Christendom." To the same effect is the assertion that the author of the book of *Job*, with all the glow of his genius and the fervour of his emotion, "in insight and inspiration fell much short of that to which Buddha attained." The same view underlies a curious and novel collocation of authorities regarding the question of moral discipline in a future state, where the author cites "St. Paul himself, and Luther in his usual frank and outspoken manner, besides many others best qualified to give an opinion on the subject."

"The Law of Moral Continuity," a sermon from the text "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," indicates the line of thought adopted by the writer in his discussion of the nature of human responsibility and the mode of divine judgment. Every action, good or bad, confirms and propagates the disposition from which it springs; reward or punishment is simply the natural and necessary result of well or ill-doing; the future grows directly out of the present, as the plant does from the seed: this, shortly, is his exposition of the doctrine. The nature of the Eternal Order of the universe, he says, is such that good action leads to greater good, and evil action to greater evil, making, however, the important distinction that the fruit to be reaped is the same in kind as what was sown. "It is not by connecting physical and social evil with that which is moral, that God can be said to decree righteous judgment, inasmuch as there is no exact correspondence between those two forms of evil; that which is physical being in no way commensurable with that which is moral." By sowing *moral* good, men do not therefore of necessity reap *physical* good, or even inward happiness, as the old Hebrews thought. Good or evil deeds grow into habits which tend to develop the higher capabilities of human nature, or to wither up and destroy them. "The real punishment of sin is the degradation which it stamps upon the soul." This doctrine of the spiritual harvest reveals the nature of divine judgment. The consequences of men's actions are only the fruit or natural development of the good or evil they have done, and are "neither extrinsically superadded nor arbitrarily imposed." It is inconsistent, therefore, we are told, with the popular belief of Christendom "concerning a day of final judgment to decide irrevocably the doctrines both of the good and of the bad." Such a conception is "the substitution of an artificial for a natural conception of Divine judgment; of a human and imperfect for a Divine procedure." Divine judgment, it is maintained, is *immanent* in every act itself. It is only another name for the natural and inevitable consequences of our lives. "That judgment will be executed, not once for all, as we have been taught to believe, by a separate Divine decree or verdict in each individual case, but by the operation of a universal law established from the first by the Governor of all."

Under this law of recompense or moral continuity, however, where is the room for conversion and amendment? How can good spring out of evil, if a corrupt tree can only bring forth corrupt fruit? The writer's solution of this problem is substantially that advanced by Emerson in his postulate of Good as positive, and Evil as negative, as the great Night or shade, on which, as on a background, Good is painted. He seeks his explanation of the difficulty in "the latent capacities of human nature; in the balance of good and evil within us; in the vitality and spontaneousness of a spiritual force, of a higher nature within us, to which the gospel appeals; and in the action of the Divine idea, as the gospel presents it upon the reason of man:" the better principle within

man having the potency of a reactive force, the possibility of a new life which may enroach on the domain of evil and establish its own supremacy." Such a conception does not require or admit any objective atonement or vicarious sacrifice. The writer maintains there is nothing arbitrary in Christianity. It is only the discovery of a method of salvation from the power of evil, which, though hid, had always been possible in the nature of things. The problem of human life he defines as deliverance from the power of the lower and perfect surrender to the higher nature. And the "renovating power of Christianity" is manifested as a stimulus applied to man's higher nature, by which its reactive power is stimulated into energetic action by belief in the Divine sympathy which it reveals, by its presentation of a new hope in the latent possibilities of human nature, and by its revelation of the love and goodness and "benignantly transforming operation of that Eternal Order which is but another name for God."

From this standpoint the author admits the possibility of the final extinction of evil. He sees in the nature of what is good "a substantive character which is wanting in what is evil;" and that in the gracious constitution of things "there is a curative and reparative power by which evil is transmuted, and new openings made to good." Admitting the mystery that enwraps the whole subject, he believes that evil as such will gradually be eliminated from the universe. For, he adds, "if for long ages the Order may seem to operate indifferently for evil or for good, yet its prepondering tendency in favour of what is good will finally issue in the transformation of what is evil."

Regarding the person of Jesus Christ, his divine nature is admitted; but in a sense entirely different from that held by the church since the Council of Nicæa. Divinity in him is regarded as the flowering and perfection of humanity; he was divine because he was so perfectly human. But what in him was actually realised, exists as a latent possibility in every man. Becoming one with God, men do not transcend, they only realise their true life; for human nature is possessed of divine elements. Jesus Christ is not separated by an impassable gulf from humanity; humanity is deified as he was. He makes it possible for all men to sympathise with him, "not by levelling down his own nature, but by raising theirs; not by disclaiming his own Divinity, but by declaring that there are Divine elements, Divine possibilities in the common nature of man." Men only attain to the perfection of their life when they have reached a spiritual state "in which the very mind and will of God is no longer distinguishable from their own—in which to think God's thoughts shall be to think their own thoughts, and to do God's will shall be only another name for doing their own. Then only has man attained to the true knowledge of Divine things when the voice that speaks to him is at the same time that which speaks in him; and it is not two concurrent voices, that of a finite and an infinite mind, that speak, but the one indivisible voice of eternal reason sounding through the spirit of man."

The finishing touch is given when the great Protestant doctrine of Justification is boldly assailed. "The righteousness of Christ, it is asserted, is not a great fund, so to speak, out of which sums may ever and anon be taken and 'imputed' to his people. It is the pure and perfect character and life which we by knowledge of him see, which we by faith in him set before us as our only aim, as our only example, as our only stimulus and help to overcome self and the devil and the world." The doctrine of *imputation* is scouted as dishonest. "If I am honest in my desire to live the life of Christ, it is nothing to me to be told his righteousness shall be imputed to me. Nay, were it so imputed, it would be a hindrance in my way. The boast of leaving everything to Christ, of rejoicing to know that you can do nothing, and need do nothing, for your own salvation; that all your own righteousness is as 'filthy rags,' and that you are yourself a worm, and vile and incapable of good; which you often hear (and often hear from persons who are yet in spirit very self-righteous, and the reverse of humble and meek), is a boast, which from any lips is foolish, which from some lips is a mere falsehood—to be avoided by all who would truly follow Christ and be saved by him." Righteousness, according to the writer, as he holds it was to St. Paul himself, is a return to God and to the pure nature God has given, and expresses in the earthly the principles and spirit of the heavenly or Divine life. "The deeper righteousness then, as it appears to St. Paul, we may say, comprehensively, is the *Christian Life*. The root of it is Christ, and it is called the 'righteousness of *faith*' because by faith we lay hold of him."

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

(By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc.)

CHAPTER VI.

So it arranges itself; and though during all the intervening days it pours, and thunders, and generally misconducts itself, until one wonders dismally whether such an awful rent in the clouds can ever be stitched up again, still on the morning of the eventful Thursday the weather, as though ashamed of its churlishness, clears up suddenly, and sends a brilliant as though ashamed of its. The day breaks upon the world bright and glorious, full of warmth and freshness and promises of good things to come.

Somewhat early in the afternoon Captain Scarlett, having deserted his mother's party, drives up to the Towers behind his irreproachable bays, and

induces Gretchen in a weak moment to trust herself to his keeping and theirs. And presently all are gone, and a certain stillness covers the house; and Dugdale with a heavy heart lies motionless upon his couch, to count the hours till they return, and brood over his unhappy fate, and let a fruitless longing for what "might have been" make havoc of his peace.

Meantime the others are driving merrily on their road to Coolmore, and, passing through the entrance-gates, are glad to escape the hot pursuit of the sun and gain shelter beneath the branching trees.

Far away in the vast heavens pale clouds are sailing,—sailing into worlds unknown. Below, the scene is almost as fair: on each side stretch sloping lawns, green as emeralds, far as the eye can see. To the right a broad river like a white ribbon runs restlessly between its sandy banks; upon its edge, stooping to drink, half a score of deer add life and beauty to the already perfect picture; whilst a little higher up the drooping flowers, faint with heat, lean over it, as though to catch a glance of "their own dear loveliness."

Coming quickly round a rocky corner studded with ferns, the Tremaines find themselves at the entrance to a piece of soft lawn, made circular by a band of giant oaks, that have grown there of their own accord for generations. It is a favorite wood at Coolmore, a pretty freak of fanciful Nature, what the children would call a "veritable fairy's ball-room."

Everybody has arrived before them, and every one is very hungry. The history of one picnic is so exactly the history of every other picnic that one need hardly enlarge on this particular one. They all sit about in impossible attitudes and try to think they are graceful. All the men get as close to the women they most affect, as circumstances will permit; there is a blessed lack of formality; and there are unlimited flies in all the glasses. "On this occasion only" the salt is not forgotten, and no sugar falls into the lobster salad.

There are the usual number of heartaches; and Jealousy, in its green and ugly rags, stalks about rampant. Give me a picnic as the most promising thing on earth for the creation and promotion of quarrels of all sorts! Scarlett who has got himself up in the very lightest of all possible tweed suits, with a view of furthering his cause and making himself irresistible in the eyes of his beloved, is utterly and openly wretched, because Gretchen in the goodness of her heart is listening with apparent interest to the animated conversation of a tall and lanky young man with a bright dark ugly face and one expressive eye; the other has withdrawn itself behind a green shade,—at least one charitably hopes so, though really whether it is there or elsewhere is a matter for speculation. To Scarlett, who persists in calling him "the man with the eye," in spite of the fact that he may be the man without it, he seems a very poor creature indeed. "Not a thing to recommend him, don't you know, and about the shabbiest old travelling-suit on him you ever saw in your life. I really think girls *like* fellows without legs and arms or any feature to speak of. I'm positive she is pitying him now with all her might; and, if she only knew it, I dare say he had that eye gouged out in some disgraceful rowdy fight." So muses Tom Scarlett, wrathfully, whilst devouring his unoffending moustache.

Brandy is dividing his graceful attentions between a chicken pie and a Miss Lena Deverill, and just now is entreating her, in a tone almost pathetic in its sincerity, to try some of it, as it is "about the best thing going." Which speech hardly pleases Miss Deverill, who is a severely lovely young lady with a short nose and æsthetic tastes, who goes about with a little bit of mawkish yellow leaf between her fingers asking every one to see the beauty in it, and who evidently thinks *herself* the "best thing going," and takes it badly being ousted by a chicken pie!

Sir John Blunden has secured himself a place near Kitty; but Miss Tremaine has also secured herself a companion for her other side, to whom she is making herself intensely agreeable. Her smiles are no longer wholly for Sir John; her looks wander from his. Once or twice, so interested is she in her new friend, who is of the scientific order, that she has even failed to hear Sir John's voice when he has addressed her.

This sort of treatment is new to Blunden, who has been accustomed to think of Kitty as his own special property and to believe firmly in her affection for him. It is quite three weeks since he told Arthur Blunden (who has gone away for an indefinite period to some uninhabitable part of the globe, no one knows where) of his fixed determination to settle down and marry handsome Kitty Tremaine. But as yet he has not proposed; perhaps because he feels so sure of her, and of his own love for her; perhaps because things are so pleasant now, and if a change be made who shall say if things will ever be as pleasant again? perhaps because it is such a bore nowadays to take any decisive step or to be much in earnest about anything.

To-day Sir John feels more in earnest than he has felt for years. Can he have mistaken her? Has he made too sure? At this moment it occurs to him with startling force that life without Kitty Tremaine will be a very poor thing indeed. When, therefore, Kitty has actually proved herself so engrossed by her new companion as to turn a deaf ear to his third remark, Sir John loses patience, and, putting his glass in his eye, turns an indignant glance upon the man on the other side, and tells himself with some gusto that he is an "ill-looking brute," and wonders angrily "what Kitty can see in him."

He makes one more feeble effort at reassertion by asking her in a rather stern tone "if he can do anything for her;" and when she says "No, thanks, very much," sweetly but absently, and with evident haste, he rises, and, crossing to where Tom Scarlett is glowering upon space flings himself down beside him and say something about champagne.

"I can't say I see the fun that other people seem to see in picnics," says Scarlett, gloomily.

"They're a beastly nuisance; and one never knows whom one may meet," returns Blunden, with heartfelt meaning; whereupon they feel even more friendly towards each other than before, and grow sympathetic on the spot.

Dinner is at an end, and all have risen to their feet. Kitty, having tired of science, gives just one small glance in Sir John's direction, which in spite of pride and wounded affection brings him to her side at once. He comes,—slowly, it is true, but still he comes,—and Miss Tremaine acknowledges his approach with her brightest smile, which, however, is not reciprocated.

"You won't care to come for a walk with me, I suppose?" he says coldly. "All the week I kept thinking that perhaps you might like to see the old ruin

on the hill again,—there is a fine view from it,—and that you would like me to show it to you. But no doubt your scientific friend will be more at home there, and far more interesting than I should be. He'll be able to tell you all about it,—the proper dates, you know, and whether it is an Elizabethan, or a Norman, or a Gothic structure."

This elaborate piece of scathing sarcasm is delivered with much unctious.

"How silly you are!" says Kitty, softly. "I had quite made up my mind to see the dear old ruin to-day; but if you won't take me I shall go with no one. Don't be unkind, Jack."

It is only on very rare occasions she makes use of his Christian name, and now he accepts her mention of it as an apology for her late evil behavior, and grows instantly radiant.

"Do you mean that?" he asks, and is reassured by a swift but very friendly glance. "Come on, then," he says, eagerly; "let us get there before the others. But I think you needn't have been so awfully unkind all through dinner, you know."

So they walk away together through the rustling autumn leaves and snapping underwood towards the old haunt in question. And as they go a silence strange yet full of a rare content falls upon them. Sir John lights his cigar, Miss Tremaine plucks the stray wild grasses as she goes, but no word breaks the stillness of the evening as they pass by rippling streams, and under branching trees, through brake and fern, until they reach the summit of the hill. Once as they step across a tiny rivulet, a very baby of a stream, that full of glad song rushes babbling onwards through flowery meads straight to the arms of its mother the river, Sir John takes her hand to help her over it, and, having taken, retains it, until at length the ruins rise before them grand and stately even in decay.

Kitty, seating herself upon a huge stone, sighs gently and looks around her. Sir John, standing against the trunk of a tree, flings away the end of his cigar and looks at Kitty. The walk has brought a faint flush into her cheeks, a brightness to her eyes; a lurking softness curves the corners of her lips, making her perfect mouth even more lovable than usual. The evening is falling. Afar in the thicket a solitary bird gives forth its music, breaking into song half tinged with melancholy. Some sudden thought strikes Sir John; straightening himself, he goes up to Kitty and stands beside her.

She starts a little as he comes close to her, as one might whose thoughts were far away, and turns up her beautiful eyes to his.

"I thought you were going to speak to me," she says, as though in apology for the involuntary start.

"So I am," says Blunden, quietly. "I have been thinking, Kitty,"—taking his second cigar from his mouth and deliberately knocking the ash from it,—"that I should like to make you a present, if I was quite sure you would accept it."

"Be absolutely certain, then," says Miss Tremaine, without hesitation, all unconscious of what is coming. "I perfectly adore getting presents."

"You promise, then, to accept mine?"

"Indeed I shall,—if it is a nice one."

"It is, rather. I want to give you"—he waves his hand slightly towards the rich and glowing landscape that lies all round and far below them—"all this."

Kitty flushes crimson. She rises slow to her feet, and, after one irrepressible glance, turns her face away, so that he can see only the clearly-cut profile.

"Well, that is a present!" she says, in a low tone, with a rather nervous laugh. "It is not every day one gets an estate thrown at one's head."

"At one's heart," corrects he. "There is only one trifling obstacle in the way of your accepting it—"

"And that is—"

"Its present master. If you do consent to take it, I am afraid you must take me with it." He has spoken without any appearance of haste, but now he pitches away the unoffending cigar and moves so that in spite of her late effort to avoid his scrutiny her eyes must meet his. "Look here, Kitty," he says: "I like you better than any woman I ever met. Will you marry me?"

"What a proposal!" returns she, with a little pale smile. "It quite destroys all one's previous notions of the fitness of things. I certainly thought, when you did make up your mind to lay your hand and fortune at my feet, you would have done it in some more orthodox fashion."

"You thought I should propose, then?"

"I knew it,"—calmly,—"I felt sure of it." She is piqued at the apparent coolness of his manner.

"And—did you feel equally sure you should say 'Yes' when the time came?"

"I have not said yes yet," replies she, with undiminished calm.

Sir John regards her curiously. There is surprise, disquietude, even admiration, in his glance, and perhaps a little offence.

"I wonder if you care in the very least for me?" he asks, presently.

"I wonder if you care for me?"—hastily.

"I think you may be utterly sure of that," replies he, with some warmth.

"There is nothing on earth more certain. Up to this I have not been an enthusiastic admirer of the marriage-state. It is a very powerful inducement indeed that has made me not only willing but anxious to become 'Benedick the married man.'"

"Is it in such a light—as a grievance—you regard marriage?" asks she, a sudden gleam in her large dark eyes.

"Marriage in general; not marriage with you."

"You flatter me,"—with some faint bitterness. "Are you quite sure, Jack, you are not asking me to marry you because you feel it your duty to settle down, and because I have a handsome face?"

"If you are going into morals," says Jack, "you will floor me at once. I fancied," reproachfully, "you knew me well enough to understand that duty and I are two. I hate the very sound of it. I protest I never yet did a dutiful action without repenting it bitterly afterwards. As to settling down, I am not dreaming of doing that. You know you wouldn't like it, and I don't see why a fellow can't enjoy himself quite as much after his marriage as before,

if—er—people are only reasonable. And I should like you, Kitty, to take as much good out of your life as it is capable of affording you."

"I dare say I should be able to manage that," says Kitty, more mildly.

"Then as to the eventual ownership of Coolmore,—why, if I never marry there is always Arthur. However you may doubt my affection for—for others, you must at least believe in my regard for him; and if he should inherit the estate, dear old boy, I only hope it may do him good. With reference to your other question, I dare say there is something in it. I detest ugly women, as you know, and you, I think, have quite the most beautiful face in the world. That is certainly one reason why I love you."

"And yet"—wistfully—"it is quite ten minutes ago since we began this conversation, and until now you have never mentioned the word 'love.'"

"While you"—quickly—"have never mentioned it at all."

"How could I? I was waiting to be questioned. You said, 'Will you marry me?' You never said, 'Do you love me?' and, what is far, far worse, you did not say, 'I love you.'"

"Perhaps it was because I saw so little necessity for saying it that I forgot it. You must know—you have known for a long time, Kitty—how dearly I love you. I confess I have spooned other women,—have, perhaps, made a point of telling them I adored them, simply because I didn't, but believe me now when I say no woman ever held my heart in her keeping except you. And it is because the feeling I entertain for you is so different from that I have felt for those others that I have seemed cold to you."

"I accept your apology," says Kitty, smiling until her lovely lips part company, as though to show the white and even teeth within. "It is a very honeyed one, and—I like honey. Yet forgive me that I had a fancy to be wooed as other women are."

A slight moisture dims her eyes, the hand that rests in his trembles, a quiver supplants the smile upon her lips.

"You are unlike all other women," says Blunden, with sudden and passionate tenderness, that, coming from one usually so *nonchalant* and careless, seems doubly earnest. "You are far above the very best I ever met. My sweet,—my darling,—never again, [however silent I may be on the subject, doubt my love for you. And you, Kitty, tell me with your own lips that you return my love."

"I have loved you a long time," whispers Kitty, in soft lingering tones that only reach his ear as he stoops to hear them.

"Do you know you have not accepted me yet?" says Sir John, presently; when they have partially come to their senses, and to a tardy recognition of the fact that after all the earth has not given place to heaven.

"No? Then I sha'n't commit myself any further," says Miss Tremaine, with a gay laugh. "They say it is a wise thing always to leave one's self a loop-hole by which to escape. I shall certainly not bind myself by any more rash promises. I consider I have said quite enough for one day."

* * * * *

Down in a mysterious hollow Sir John has tea for them, as he promised; after which they all drive back to their several homes, beneath a sky studded with early stars, like the azure gown of a court dame rich with jewels, the Tremaines reaching the Towers rather later than they had anticipated.

Gretchen, running through the hall, hat in hand, goes straight to the library and up to Dugdale, who with glad eyes flings down his book and holds out his hand to her.

"What a day it has been!" he says. "What a month,—a year! Welcome home again."

"Ah! you have been lonely," Gretchen answers, with contrition. "I knew it. Several times to-day I said to myself, 'How I wish he had some one to speak to!' It was most unfortunate that papa and mamma should have gone to the Mallocks this week."

"You thought of me, then, even in the midst of your amusement?"

"Very often," says Gretchen, with an earnestness very sweet but unconsciously cruel. "I felt you would miss us terribly."

"Yes. I missed you terribly." There is the least possible emphasis on the "you." "You were good to come to me so soon. I heard the hall door open, and knew your step as you ran along the hall. Well,—and you enjoyed yourself?"

"Immensely. It was a charming picnic, and no mistakes were made."

"And now for your promise," says Dugdale.

"What a horrible memory you have! I—I don't think I spoke to Tom Scarlett all through dinner," replies she, shaking her head, and making a mean effort at evasion.

"And afterwards?"—remorselessly.

"Afterwards—" She hesitates. "Tom is a very silly person," she says, at last, in an apologetic tone. "I don't think it is quite fair. Mr. Dugdale,"—putting out her hand with a charming glance full of entreaty,—"*absolve me from that promise.*"

"I absolve you," says Kenneth, slowly, taking her hand. "You are right: it would not be fair to Scarlett. Nevertheless I think I showed wisdom in what I said of him the other day."

"No, it is only nonsense," persists Gretchen, gravely. "You must not believe that."

"Why do you call me Mr. Dugdale? You mother and Kitty both call me Kenneth."

"They both have known you so much longer."

"That is a mistake. You have seen me oftener in these last few weeks than they have seen me in their lives."

"If it will please you," says Gretchen, gently, and rather shyly, "I too will call you Kenneth."

"Thank you," replies the young man, in a low voice, more replete with gratitude than the occasion altogether requires. He is still holding her hand. The lamps upon the centre-table are burning low; the curtains are drawn; perhaps he can hardly see very distinctly in the dull soft light, because presently Gretchen, raising her eyes, finds he is gazing at her very intently. She colours, and laughs a little.

"Have you never heard how rude it is to stare?" she says, drawing her fingers gently but with energy from his.

"Forgive me. I was not conscious of my rudeness," returns he, slowly: "I was only thinking. That is the dress you wore when first I saw you, is it not? And that is the hat. Am I right?"

"Quite right. Your memory on the occasion is very flattering. It is a favourite gown of mine, as gray, I think, becomes me."

"I suppose most things become you," says Dugdale, seriously.

"That is the sort of thing any one might say," returns she, with a slight but disdainful shrug of her shoulders.

What answer Dugdale might have made to this half-petulant speech can never now be known, as Brandy, entering the room at this instant in somewhat noisy fashion, puts an end to the discussion.

Seeing Gretchen, he executes a small war-dance on the threshold, to show his surprise at her presence on the scene and then gives way to speech.

"Well," he says, with feigned horror. "of all the desperate flirts I ever met with, you, Gretchen, are the worst. I am sadly disappointed in you. Not content with driving Scarlett to despair, and Dinmont to the verge of suicide, with reducing a dark and melancholy stranger, with only one eye,—who looked like Terry's 'arrangement in lampblack,'—to the the verge of imbecility, you come in here now to try to destroy Dugdale's peace of mind. But I'll stand by you, Dugdale; so don't give in. I won't see you slaughtered without at least giving you a word of warning."

"Brandy, you've been dining," says Miss Gretchen, saucily, and, putting her brother aside, makes her escape from the room.

Not until Sir John, who returned with them, has made his tardy adieu and finally departed for the night, does Kitty take her mother into her confidence and relate to her the principal event of the day—to her. Mrs. Tremaine in her heart is glad of the news,—charmed; it has put an end to an anxiety that troubled and perplexed her; but, mindful of the lecture delivered on Kitty's refusal of old Lord Sugden, she refrains from too open a manifestation of pleasure. She kisses her daughter warmly, and says one or two correct things, with a suppressed sigh of pretended resignation.

"I am glad for your sake," she says, meekly. "But, dear Kitty, a title always counts."

"You mean Lord Sugden?" returns Kitty, readily. "Yes, of course you would regret that. But he was old, you know; and remember how ugly he was, and how good Jack is to look at."

"My dear child, carls are never ugly," says Mrs. Tremaine; but she smiles as she says it; and Kitty knows she is gratified more than she cares to confess with the news just brought her. How glad all women are to marry their daughters, how sorry to wed their sons! "Shall I tell your father, or should you prefer telling him yourself?"

"You can tell papa," says Kitty: "and say also that Jack is coming over to-morrow morning to speak to him. Good-night, mamma. I want to find Gretchen; I have not told her yet." She kisses her mother again, and, having received an injunction not to sit up too late, takes her departure.

(To be continued.)

KATIES ANSWER.

Och, Kate's a rogue, it is throe,
But her eyes, like the sky, are so blue,
An' her dimples so swate, an' her ankles so nate,
She dazed and she bothered me, too—

'Till one mornin' we wint for a ride,
Whin, demure as a bride, by my side
The darlint she sat, wid the wickedest hat
'Neath purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' my heart, arrah, thin, how it bate!
For my Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
Wid cheeks like the roses an' all the red posies
That grow in her garden so nate.

But I sat just as mute as the dead,
Till she said, wid a toss of her head,
"If I'd known that to-day ye'd have nothing to say
I'd have gone wid my cousin instead."

Thin I felt myself grow very bowld,
For I knew she'd not scold if I towld
Uv the love in my heart that would never depart
Though I lived to be wrinkled and old.

An' I said: "If I dared do so
I'd let go uv the baste an' I'd throw
Both arms round her waist an' be stalin' a taste
Uv them lips that are coixin' me so."

Thin she blushed a more illegant red
As she said, widout raisin' her head,
An' her eyes looking down 'neath her lashes so brown,
"Would ye like me to drive, Misther Ted?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

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CANADIAN WOOD ENGRAVERS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Your correspondent "Art" appeals to me in your last number on behalf of a wood engraver residing in Montreal. I have not the pleasure of knowing the person mentioned, nor have I his address. If he or any other wood engraver desires to do work for our new publication, the obvious course is to send specimens or proofs to the publishers, who are only too anxious to find more good engravers in Canada.

Yours truly,

L. R. O'Brien.

Toronto, Dec. 6th, 1880.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Spec" very properly asks from those who should furnish such, as our well paid Government and public men in parliamentary life for statistics (the latest) as to the Pacific Trade and Pacific Railway revenue—official returns. It is strange, as "Spero" well says, that in such great argument no one, except poor Britannicus as a humble volunteer in such a task, has undertaken together the important facts throughout the whole ten years that this subject has been on the table of public discussion. It cost me some little labour to gather them—from blue book trade returns bulky and very promiscuously got up—for as to arrangement—especially the British Returns, there is it may be said, none. My work was purely self-imposed and for the argument then on hand in press. The figures have never been questioned. What has transpired in that direction—it is six years ago since I first gave the last, and over eleven years since first writing on the subject—has but confirmed, and in fact more than confirmed my predicates, viz., that by the year of grace 1880 the aggregate Pacific Trade including the Australian Colonies would amount to \$1,000,000,000 (one thousand million dollars)—work for half a dozen Pacific Railways!

I send you my last pamphlet (*The Problem of Canada*) on the theme. But it is not to say this, I now address myself to you, but to offer, as a sequence of former prelections on the subject, a few words more immediately as [to The Syndicate Contract now just laid before us. It is to be regretted that the public, so vitally concerned—should not long before this, have had it before them for examination, discussion, and expression of opinion, in press and public assembly, before what—for aught we know—may prove a snap vote on the subject—by the brute force of "The previous question"—"before the holidays."

I have just read, with care, the mystery as given us in a newspaper—a leading "government organ." If I may offer an opinion as to its construction, I would say that it is cleverly got up, and seemingly "wondrous fair," but like many things beautiful to the eye, is deadly to the touch.

1. It, in effect, sells, in a sense, Canada to the Syndicate.
2. That Syndicate is essentially foreign in its *personnel*.
3. The leading members of the Syndicate are members chiefly interested, and that to the extent of millions probably, in *rival* lines (foreign) of railway route.
4. The Charter would create a vast and crushing monopoly of the leading trade transport and travel of the country, for all time, at rates *unrestricted*, save by the capacity to suffer in this regard of the inhabitants on the field of transit, and, to the many beyond of Britain and the world in general interested in the route for transport and personal travel.
5. In the absence of any special provision for mail and military service difficulties might arise to public interest.
6. The *money* subsidy *alone* for the *prairie* section, viz., \$10,000 per mile (900 miles), would more than make the road in that section, as is now being made (as reported) on the prairie, viz., by simply putting the ties on the prairie level, without road-bed, which ought to be raised, to obviate snow difficulties.
7. The gift of the road, without clause for "redemption" at fixed rate, or advance on prime cost, would, in effect, be a surrender of the country for all time to an essentially foreign proprietary.
8. The said grant creates a dangerous dominancy.
9. What follows trade in those far inland meridians? *Ergo*, change of flag, sooner or later.
10. In this sense the surrender would be treason to the State; political annihilation to Canada.
11. The matter in its vital importance to our political existence should be submitted to the people—at the polls.

More anon.

Britannicus.

The *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, is a sprightly, entertaining paper, deservedly popular, and is, without exception, the best of its kind published in America. It is filled to overflowing with the choicest original matter, of so diversified a character that it never fails to interest, instruct and amuse, and is welcomed in the household by young and old alike.

Musical.

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

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

MUSIC IN MONTREAL.

That the people of Montreal are not musical can hardly be maintained in the face of facts. Scarcely a church service, public entertainment, or even a political meeting, can be made thoroughly successful unless a certain amount of music be introduced, and a free piano or organ recital is invariably largely attended.

Why, then, it may be asked, do we hear the stereotyped expression after every entertainment given in this city, no matter by whom: Artistic success; financial failure? The Philharmonic concerts have been given in different buildings, with programmes of varied style and arrangement, under four different conductors, and the result, in one respect at least, has always been the same. Oh, it is said, the Philharmonic is too expensive for the masses, and they do not care for classical music! Well, the Ballad concert recently given consisted of popular music, and the best seat in the house only cost twenty-five cents, and yet there were not two hundred persons present. We do not think it is in the recollection of any Agent or Manager that he has given a successful musical performance in Montreal, unless his entertainment were bolstered up with a sympathetic appeal for some indigent institution altogether unconnected with music.

If we turn to the field of the teacher of music we will find that here, too, a fortune (and in some cases a bare subsistence) is hardly to be made. Pupils there are in abundance, but at the rates current at present a teacher would need to labour incessantly from Monday morning till Saturday night in order to save a dollar.

In churches, again, we find good musicians in constant demand both as organists and vocalists, the criticisms being loud and frequent if their performances do not come up to a standard. Our congregations as a rule are not wanting in taste, and the importance of having good music is recognized as being little less than that of engaging a first-class preacher; yet when we come to salaries we find that the minister receives about *six times as much* as the organist, and several times as much as all the members of the choir combined. We do not grudge the ministers their salaries (indeed, many of them are none too well paid), but we do think that the majority of our organists and singers are vastly underpaid, being treated precisely in the same measure as the teachers and concert-soloists.

Now, to state precisely the reason for all this, much less to prescribe a remedy, would be difficult indeed. There are doubtless many conditions which combine to perpetuate this deplorable state of affairs. In the first place, we think the fault lies with the musicians themselves; many of them are so ready to sing or play on every occasion that the public, having frequent opportunity of hearing them gratis, can hardly be expected to pay for what ceases to be a privilege. Then concert-givers, in order to fill their houses, and create fictitious reports of their success, frequently give away a large number of complimentary tickets, and the public having once become recipients of these, await them on every occasion, sometimes becoming so satiated with free performances that even free tickets become a drug. The principal reason, however, why professional performances are so uniformly unsuccessful is that every church, hospital or other institution has its "Grand Concert," to which all charitable people are importuned to go, not to hear the music, but for the benefit of the charity. So common has this practice become, that on the announcement of a concert appearing in the newspapers, the first question invariably is: What institution is it for? The idea of voluntarily entering a ticket office no more enters the heads of the majority of our people than that of going of their own free will to take out a life-insurance policy.

The prevalence of low rates for tuition, we think, springs from a low estimate of artistic work of any kind as compared with substantial services. McDonald Senior learnt to sing fifty years ago at a dollar a lesson, and he cannot understand why McDonald Junior should pay any more, the difference between the teachers never coming into his calculations. Of course in London or Paris he is willing to give four or even five dollars, but should a Parisian teacher settle in Montreal, thinking he could obtain the same rates here, we are afraid he would soon find that he had made a mistake. This want of confidence in everything Canadian is, we are happy to say, dying out, and we imagine that before long our citizens will have their children educated at home, and that good teachers will be able to command fair remuneration.

With respect to organists, we think we need say little; congregations are beginning to demand music of the highest order, and if the better class of organists shew sufficient respect for themselves we have no doubt that within a comparatively short time they will be placed (financially) on a better footing. Musicians here have worked too much on an amateur footing, and done too much simply for the love of their art, and their services are consequently not valued as they are in other cities of the same size and importance. Let them keep aloof from all except professional performances, allowing the amateurs to do their labour of love, and let the latter, instead of giving public performances which militate against the profession, help and assist all artists to remain here and educate the people to a proper appreciation of their performances.

SPOHR ON NEWSPAPER CRITICS.

Another of Spohr's Parisian experiences was the reverse of satisfactory. He gave a concert at the Grand-Opéra, and won the applause of the public both for his music and his playing in a new violin concerto. But, to the master's astonishment, the press took a different line with him, and this "riddle" he solves as follows: "Previous to every first appearance in public, whether of a foreigner or a native, these gentlemen of the press are accustomed to receive a visit from him to solicit a favourable judgment, and to present them most obsequiously with a few admission tickets. Foreign artists, to escape these unpleasant visits, sometimes forward their solicitations in writing only, and the free admissions at the same time; or, as is of frequent occurrence, induce some family to whom they have brought letters of introduction, to invite the gentlemen of the press to dinner, when a more convenient opportunity is offered to give them to understand what is desirable to have said of them both before and after the concert. How the opinions of a press so purchasable are at all respected, I cannot understand. Suffice it, I did not pay any supplicatory visits, for I considered them unworthy of a German artist, and thought that the worst that could happen would be that the journalists would not take any notice of my concert at all."—*Bennett's Life of Spohr.*

Chess.

Montreal, December 18th, 1880.

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

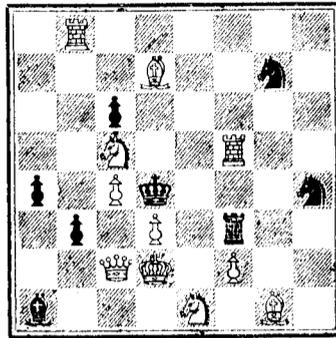
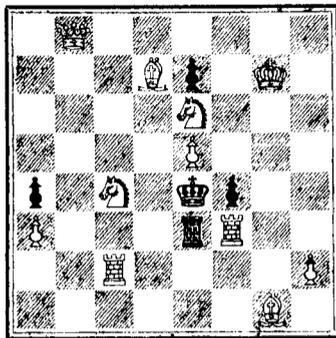
FIRST PRIZE PROBLEMS IN La Nature PROBLEM TOURNEY.

PROBLEM NO. CXV.

PROBLEM NO. CXVI.

MOTTO: "Le devoir avant tout."
BLACK.

MOTTO: "Timor judicii, principium judicii."
BLACK.



WHITE.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

To the Chess Editor CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—You have done me the honour to refer to me a point in connection with the fifty move law of chess.

I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that the fifty-move limit can only be claimed when the position is such as to lead to an endless repetition of the same moves or line of play. And it is intended to prevent a vexatious continuation of a game, which from the number and position of the pieces, is in its nature drawn.

At the meeting of the British Chess Association at Leamington, in 1855, a committee was appointed to confer with Mr. Staunton as to the revision of the laws of the game. This committee consisted of Messrs. Lowenthal, Ingleby, Wayte and myself. We held a number of meetings at the St. George's Chess Club rooms, and the fifty-move law formed part of the discussion. It was never for a moment supposed that the law had any reference to the beginning or middle of the game, but only to such positions as R against Kt, R and Kt or B against R, or Bishop's of dissimilar colour, &c. Subsequently when Herr Von der Lasa published his pamphlet on the laws of the game, such points were raised as to whether, after the fifty moves had been called and a piece taken, the counting should not begin again. Also whether sixty moves would not be a fairer number than fifty, because in such a position as two Knights against Queen, one of the Kts may be captured at the 45th or a later move, and the Q may not be able to mate within the fifty, but if sixty were allowed she could do so.

So also the fifty-move call ought not to be allowed in many cases where pawns help to make up the position, seeing that their presence would be likely to prevent a repetition of the same moves backwards and forwards to no purpose, for it was to put a limit to this senseless proceeding that the law was enacted.

In the article CHESS, contributed by me, to the English Cyclopædia (Arts and Sciences Division) the law is thus stated:—"XXII. If a player remain at the end of the game with a Rook and a Bishop against a Rook with both Bishops only, with Knight and Bishop only, &c., he must checkmate his adversary in fifty moves on each side at most, or the game will be considered as drawn; the fifty moves to commence from the time when the adversary gives notice that he will count them. This law holds good for all other checkmates of pieces only such as Q or R only, Q against a R," &c., &c.

The only ground that I can imagine for the decision arrived at by the Conductor of the Hamilton Chess Club Tourney is to be found in Staunton's Praxis, p. 21, "and whenever one player considers that one side can force the game * * * he has the right of submitting the case to the umpire or bystanders, who shall decide whether it is one for the fifty-move counting." But, taking this certainly unguarded remark, in conjunction with the context, the decision is, in my judgment, entirely opposed to the principle on which the law rests.

At the Leamington meeting, above referred to, a curious question arose involving a point similar to that in the question now before us. Deputies from the Worcester and Kidderminster Clubs were playing a consultation game at different tables and the moves were entered on a printed slip supplied by the Association, which one side as soon as a move had been entered, handed over to the other side. About the middle of the game it happened that doubled R's opposed doubled R's, and the player who handed the slip over to the other side, said, "R takes R, of course," but by some blunder the entry on the slip was "R to K," whereby a clear R was lost, and consequently the game. The losing party claimed its right to amend the clerical error, on the ground of the spoken message. This not being allowed, an independent committee, consisting of Messrs. Staunton, Kennedy, Lowenthal and Falkbeer was appointed, and the decision was, rightly as I think, that both sides were bound by the written slip, and by that only.

Another curious point which I submitted to the Laws' Committee at the St. George's Club refers to "P takes P en passant." I set up the following position:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

and put the question whether in order to escape a stale-mate, the second player could be compelled to take the P en passant. In this position, White having to play, advances the Kt's Pawn two squares, whereupon Black calls out "stale-mate!" "No!" returns White, "You can take the P en passant." But that is at my option," says Black, "it is a purely voluntary move, and I don't choose to make it." In this contention, I hold Black to be in the right, and the definition of a stale-mate to be faulty. "A stale-mate is when a player, whose K is not in check, and whose turn it is to play, has no move except such as would put his K in check." Strictly, Black may by this law be compelled to violate another law, by which the capture of the Pawn is purely a matter of choice. Hence it seems to me that the definition of stale-mate requires some amendment.

I must apologise for introducing into this letter other matters that are not in the position; but you must expect much talk when you once set an old chess player going.

With best wishes,
I remain, Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,

Charles Tomlinson, F.R.S.

Highgate, near London, N., 24th November, 1880.

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HISTORY OF THE CENTENNIAL AWARD. TO THE

WEBER PIANO

AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

Four years ago the great contest of the leading piano makers of the world took place at Philadelphia. At all previous exhibitions Broadwood, Erard, Steinway and Chickering divided all honours and awards between them. For the first time in its history the Weber Piano was brought prominently before the public, face to face with its great rivals, though for several years previous it had been known and almost exclusively used by the leading musical people. At the great Centennial contest the Weber Pianos alone were accredited the highest possible musical qualities.

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"In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into 'Judges Hall' for examination, and the Judges there agreed to mark in figures their opinion, and write out the report in full subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the cornerstone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure, adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24 or if all the judges agreed the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upward, would receive a medal."

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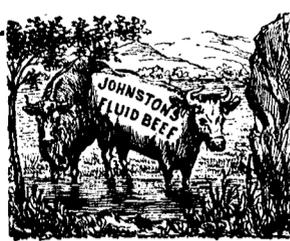
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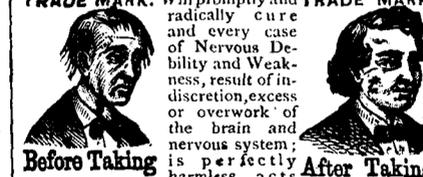
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