

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 36.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.

SUNDAY, 7th SEPTEMBER.

REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor.

Will preach at both Services.

DUNHAM LADIES' COLLEGE.

SITUATED IN A BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHY LOCALITY, this large and commodious building, with its spacious class-rooms, young ladies' parlour, and lofty bedrooms, has been built to accommodate eighty boarders.

President of the Corporation:

THE LORD BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

Vice-President:

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON LINDSAY.

The curriculum comprises all the ordinary English branches, with Book-keeping, English Literature and Composition, Scripture, Evidences of Christianity, Geology, Botany, Physiology, Chemistry, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Mathematics, Natural Sciences, Music (Vocal and Instrumental), Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Drawing and Painting. French is the colloquial language of the College.

Lecturer on Literature and the Natural Sciences.

W. D. OAKLEY, Esq., M.D.

Lady Principal Mrs. W. D. OAKLEY

Music Teacher Miss M. L. RICE

Assistant Teachers Miss D. BRANDFORD GRIFFITH

Miss BEATRICE GRAHAM

Miss E. G. JONES

Mathematical Master Rev. R. D. MILLS, M.A.

Classical Master Rev. T. H. G. WATSON, M.A. Oxon.

The Lady Principal desires to combine the comforts of a refined and happy home with the advantages of high christian and intellectual training. Parents who desire to place their daughters at Dunham College are requested to communicate with the Lady Principal at once, in order that arrangements may be made for their reception in September.

TERMS.

For board, washing, English in all its branches,

Music and use of Piano, per annum, \$176.00

Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish,

Drawing and Singing, in class, per term, 3.00

Private Singing lessons, per term, 6.00

Painting, per term, 6.00

The scholastic year is divided into four terms of ten weeks each. Opening term of second session—Sept. 1st, 1879. Applications to be addressed to

LADY PRINCIPAL,

Dunham College, Dunham, P.Q.

McGill University, MONTREAL.

SESSION 1879-80.

THE CALENDAR OF THE UNIVERSITY for THIS SESSION is now published and contains all necessary information respecting

THE FACULTIES OF ARTS, APPLIED SCIENCE, LAW AND MEDICINE.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND EXHIBITIONS.

McGILL NORMAL SCHOOL.

UNIVERSITY SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Copies may be obtained by application, post-paid, to the undersigned.

W. C. BAYNES, Secretary.

OTTAWA LADIES' COLLEGE, (PRESBYTERIAN.)

WILL RE-OPEN

SEPTEMBER 3rd.

SEE PROSPECTUS,

For which, apply to

REV. A. F. KEMP, M.A., LL.D.

Principal.

LAJOIE, PERRAULT & SEATH,
ASSIGNEES & ACCOUNTANTS,
66 & 68 ST. JAMES STREET.

PERKINS & PERKINS,
ASSIGNEES, ACCOUNTANTS
and COMMISSIONERS,
60 ST. JAMES STREET.

ARTHUR M. PERKINS, Com'r and Official Assignee.
ALEX. M. PERKINS, Commissioner.

THE "QUEENS" DINING ROOMS,

(Open to the Public.)

171 ST. JAMES STREET.

English and American Newspapers on the Reading Room Table.

ANDREW McNALLY.

EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE,

1363 ST. CATHERINE STREET,

Corner McGill College Avenue.

MR. THOMAS CATHERN calls attention to his present stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

which has been carefully selected and purchased for CASH. The acknowledged advantage of purchasing at the EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE is that all goods are of the best quality and found to be faithfully represented.

N.B.—Families returning from the Country and Sea-side will find it to their interest to give him a call

PRESERVING FRUITS,

BLUE AND GREEN GAGE PLUMS,

SIBERIAN CRABS (for Jelly),

MONTREAL BEAUTIES,

PRESERVING SUGARS,

SELF-SEALING JARS.

WILLIAM ELLIOT,

Corner St. Lawrence and St. Catherine Streets.

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

The testimony of the highest dignitaries of the State, the Church and the Bar, Officers of the Army and Navy, authorities in Medical Science and Dental Surgery and the Learned Professions, all unite in declaring that

Elliot's Dentifrice

IS THE BEST IN USE.

The demand for ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE has constantly increased since its first introduction to the public, 33 YEARS AGO.

Each box contains THREE TIMES THE QUANTITY of ordinary Dentifrice.

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

WINDSOR BAZAAR.

JUST RECEIVED.

New Mottoes, Velvet and other Frames, Chromos, Scraps, Chromographs, Birthday Cards, a full line of English and American Stationery, Autograph and Scrap Albums, large assortment of Fancy Goods suitable for Birthday and Wedding Presents. Pictures framed to order cheap.

MISS LETTON,

1423 ST. CATHERINE STREET.

JUST RECEIVED

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

SILVER-MOUNTED BRIARS,

MIALL WOOD, AND

BOG OAK PIPES.

A. ANSELL,

TOBACCONIST,

50 RADEGONDE STREET.

CHARLES ALEXANDER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CONFECTIONER,
391 NOTRE DAME STREET.

HOT LUNCHEONS,

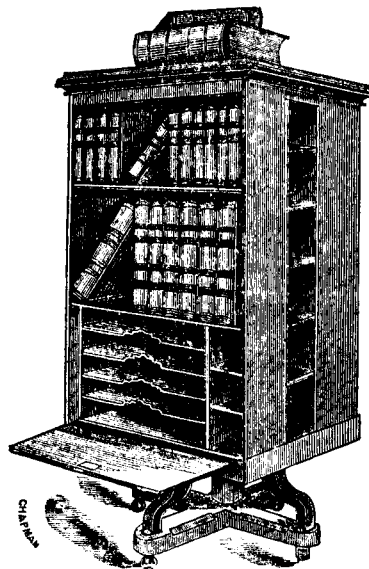
Also, BREAKFAST AND TEA.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE, THE OLD ESTABLISHED Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,

PURE, HEALTHY, RELIABLE.

Manufactured only by W. D. McLAREN, 55 and 57 College St.

Retailed everywhere.



TEES & CO.,

Manufacturers of Revolving Book Cases,

DIFFERENT STYLES.

WAREROOMS: 11 ST. BONAVENTURE STREET.

HUGHES & STEPHENSON,

(Successors to R. PATTON.)

PRACTICAL SANITARIANS,

PLUMBING,

GASFITTING,

HEATING and

VENTILATING.

745 CRAIG STREET, 745.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

EUARD & MACDONALD.

THE CELEBRATED

SULTANA HALL STOVE.

THE FIRST-CLASS

"JEWEL," "STEWART," "GOOD NEWS," RANGES.

GENERAL HARDWARE.

WEST SIDE OF VICTORIA SQUARE,
Corner of Craig Street.

T. SUTTON,

HAIR DRESSER AND PERFUMER,

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Gentlemen favouring the above establishment will have their Haircutting, Shaving, &c., properly done by experienced operators.

A nice stock of Toilet requisites from the best makers to select from at reasonable prices.

114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
Old Post Office Building.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS! EVERLASTING FLOWERS!—A large assortment of baskets, crosses, wreaths, bouquets, &c., both coloured and white, suitable for decorations, &c.

GOLD FISH! GOLD FISH!

A large quantity of gold fish, some all gold in color, others beautifully marked.

J. GOULDEN, 175 St. Lawrence St.

Insolvent Act of 1875 AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the Matter of

RICHARD PAUL JELLYMAN,

Formerly of the Village of Lachute, now residing in the Parish of Lachine, District of Montreal,

An Insolvent.

THE INSOLVENT has made an assignment of his estate to me, and the creditors are notified to meet at the office of Lajoie, Perrault & Seath, Nos. 64, 66 and 68 St. James Street, in the City of Montreal, on FRIDAY, the TWELFTH day of SEPTEMBER, A.D. 1879, at ELEVEN o'clock in the Forenoon, to receive statements of affairs, appoint an Assignee if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the estate generally.

C. O. PERRAULT,
Official Assignee.

Office of
LAJOIE, PERRAULT & SEATH,
Montreal, Aug. 23rd, 1879.

AKERMAN, FORTIER & CO.,

STATIONERS,

RULERS,

PRINTERS,

AND LITHOGRAPHERS

ACCOUNT BOOK MANUFACTURERS,

258 ST. JAMES STREET,

James Sutherland's old stand.

NESTLE'S MILK FOOD

Is composed of the best Swiss Milk, Wheaten Bread-crust and Sugar, and is as perfect a substitute for the mother's milk as can be produced.

FOR DYSPEPTIC ADULTS

it is also largely used, and with great success. IN POINT OF ECONOMY it is the cheapest food in the country to the consumer. The cost of milk is saved, as only water is required in preparing it.

For sale by all the leading druggists and grocers. A pamphlet giving analysis and full particulars sent to any applicant.

THOMAS LEEMING & CO.,

P.O. Box 1067. MONTREAL, CANADA.

SOLE AGENTS.

FOR INDIGESTION,

CONSTIPATION, PILES, LIVER COMPLAINT,
&c., &c., &c.,

USE

ST. GENEVIEVE MINERAL WATER.

Specially suitable for the hot weather.

Town and Country orders promptly filled.

J. A. HARTE,

DRUGGIST,

400 NOTRE DAME STREET.

ENVELOPES.

The New Tariff is nearly 10 per cent. advance on these goods, yet I am selling my present stock at old prices:—

Manilla Envelopes at..... \$0.75 per M.
Buff Envelopes at..... 0.90 per M.
Canary Envelopes at..... 1.00 per M.
Amber Envelopes at..... 1.25 per M.
White X. Envelopes at..... 1.25 per M.
White XX. Envelopes at..... 1.50 per M.
White XXX. Envelopes at..... 2.00 per M.
White Superfine Envelopes at..... 2.25 per M.
White Extra Superfine Envelopes at..... 2.50 per M.

JOHN PARSLOW,

47 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.

MARRIAGE LICENSES issued by

J. M. M. DUFF,

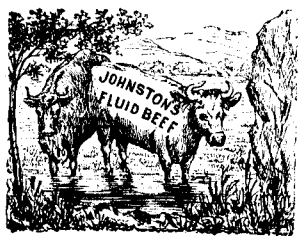
Official Assignee,

217 ST. JAMES STREET. P. O. Box 527.

TAYLOR & SIMPSON,

Official Assignees and Accountants,

353 Notre Dame street.



EVERY PHYSICIAN knows that all essences of meat are merely harmless stimulants. Johnston's Fluid Beef is a meat essence, according to the most approved formula, but in addition it contains the albumen and fibrine

(the flesh-forming or nutritious elements of meat), and that in a form adapted to the most impaired digestion. It is prescribed by every Medical Man who has tested its merits. Sold by Chemists and Grocers. Tins, 35c., 60c. and \$1.00.

John Date,

PLUMBER, GAS AND STEAM FITTER,
Brass Founder and Finisher,

Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of
GAS FIXTURES,

Comprising, in part,
Chandeliers, Brackets,
Cut, Opal and Etched Globes,
Portable Lights, &c. &c.
DIVING APPARATUS.

The manufacture of complete sets of Submarine Armour is a speciality, and full lines of these goods are always in stock, Air Engines, Helmets, Rubber Dresses, &c., &c.

COPPER AND BRASS WORK,

Of all descriptions, made to order on the shortest notice.

655 and 657 Craig Street.

George Brush,

Manufacturer of

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

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.

"LEADER."

This famous stove, made by CLENDINNENG,
HAS NO EQUAL.

CASTINGS OF EVERY KIND,

LIGHT OR HEAVY, TURNED OUT DAILY.

IRON WORK,

WROUGHT OR CAST, PROMPTLY DONE,
AT LOWEST CURRENT RATES.

W. CLENDINNENG.

THE

STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established - - - 1825.)

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

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

This well-known Company having

REDUCED THEIR RATES

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

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

W. M. RAMSAY,
Manager, Canada.

ENGLISH PEA SOUP.

SYMINGTON'S PREPARED PEA SOUP

IS EASY OF DIGESTION, PERFECTLY WHOLESOME,

REQUIRES NO BOILING,

and, owing to the scientific treatment of the Flour, never causes any unpleasant feeling after eating; being highly nutritious, it is especially

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

Made only by WM. SYMINGTON & CO., Market Harborough, England, and sold by all respectable grocers throughout the world.

DURHAM CORN FLOUR.

EXCELLING ALL OTHERS IN LOWER SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND GREATER PURITY.

"THE FINEST I EVER USED,"

IS THE REPORT OF

Doctors, Chemists and Professional Cooks.

Use only the Genuine. Insist upon your Grocer supplying you with this celebrated brand.

WM. JOHNSON & CO., 77 St. James Street, Montreal, Sole Agents.



PATENTS.

F. H. REYNOLDS,

SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

Successor to Charles Legge & Co.

(Established 1859.)

162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

MACMASTER, HALL & GREENSHIELDS

Advocates, Barristers, Etc.,

No. 181 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL.

D. Macmaster. John S. Hall, Jr.
J. N. Greenshields.

CHARLES D. EDWARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF

FIRE PROOF SAFES,

49 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL.

BOSTON FLORAL MART.

New designs in FLORAL, STRAW, WILLOW and WIRE BASKETS, suitable for presents.

BOUQUETS, CUT FLOWERS, SMILAX and LYCOPODIUM WREATHS and DESIGNS made to order.

WILLIAM RILEY, Agent,

1331 St. Catherine Street, corner Victoria Street

MONTREAL.

EXPERIENCED and Good Plain Cooks, House and Table Maids, Experienced Nurses, and General Servants, with good references, can be obtained at shortest notice at

MISS NEVILLE'S REGISTRY OFFICE,
No. 52 BONAVENTURE STREET.

MUSIC LESSONS.

Piano, - - - - - \$8.00
Piano (beginners) - - - - - 5.00
Singing, - - - - - 8.00

Per Term of Ten Weeks.

Pupils qualified to teach the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, etc. Singers qualified to fill the highest positions in church or concert hall.

Apply to

DR. MACLAGAN,

31 VICTORIA STREET.

HENRY PRINCE,

305 NOTRE DAME STREET,

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Bradley & Page,

ART METAL WORKERS AND FOUNDERS
IN BRASS AND IRON.

Gates in Wrought and Cast Iron.
New and elegant designs for

CEMETERY LOTS,

Roof and Boundary Railings.

WORKS: 84 to 90 WELLINGTON ST.

WATER FILTERS,

BEST IN USE.

MAY BE CLEANED OR RENEWED

WITHOUT DAMAGE.

WATER FILTER & COOLER COMBINED.

GEO. R. PROWSE.

224 ST. JAMES STREET.

COAL OIL AND GAS STOVES.

No Heating of Room, Perfect Sad-Iron Heater, no Dirt, no Ashes, Cooking Quickly for 1d per hour.

Call and see them in operation at

GEO. W. REED'S,

783 & 785 Craig St., West.

NOTMAN & SANDHAM,

PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,

17 Bleury Street, Montreal.

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

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

TURKISH BATH, 140 MONIQUE STREET, Off Dorchester St., near the Windsor Hotel.

LARGE AND COMPLETE,

ONE of the FINEST BATHS in the WORLD.

Hours:—Gentlemen, 6 to 9 a.m.; 2 to 4 p.m.

Hours:—Ladies, 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Open Sunday mornings for Gentlemen.

MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER!

Long Cloth, Guipure, Hamburg and Swiss Embroideries, just received. The patterns are more beautiful than any we have had before.

JUST RECEIVED.

One case of Light Sky-Blue Lisle Thread Hose, Embroidered Silk, in the following sizes: 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, 8, 8½, 9, 9½ inch feet. Flesh, Pink and Coral in the above sizes.

TO BE REMEMBERED.

S. Carsley's Fringes.	S. Carsley's Embroideries.
S. Carsley's Hosiery.	S. Carsley's Tullies.
S. Carsley's Belts.	S. Carsley's Laces.
S. Carsley's Fans.	S. Carsley's Nets.
S. Carsley's Buttons.	S. Carsley's Scarfs.
S. Carsley's Ties.	S. Carsley's Sewing Cotton

DON'T FORGET.

393, 395, 397, 399—CASH STORES.

S. Carsley's Gossamers.
S. Carsley's Veilings.
S. Carsley's Underwears.
S. Carsley's Shirts and Drawers.
S. Carsley's Trimmings.
S. Carsley's Galoons.
S. Carsley's Tassels.
S. Carsley's Small Wares.

FINE OXFORD SHIRTS.

Now ready, another lot of Men's fine Oxford Shirts, in medium and dark colours, with two of the Improved Collars.

BOYS' REGATTA SHIRTS.

Another lot of Boys' Regatta Shirts, with two Collars. All choice, small patterns.

FOOTBALL SHIRTS AND STOCKINGS.

Men's fine Wool Football Shirts and Stockings, in Blue and White and Red and White Stripes.

NAVY BLUE GUERNSEYS.

Men's Navy Blue Guernseys, or Seamless Knitted Overshirts, in small, medium and large sizes, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$1.90 and \$2.10.

SAILOR SHIRTS.

Men's and Boys' Navy Blue Serge Shirts, with Collars attached.

A CURIOUS QUESTION!

DO YOU WEAR STOCKINGS?

In the sixteenth century that would not have been such a curious question, when only the wealthy wore stockings (the stocking frame having been invented in 1589), but to ask it now, how out of place! Especially when Ladies' Silk Embroidered Balbriggan Stockings are sold at 18c, and Men's Socks from 6c per pair, at

S. CARSELY'S.

WHITE SHIRTS.

We are having a cheap sale of White Shirts at reduced prices.
Every White Shirt in our store is reduced in price for this sale of shirts.

NO COMMON ONES.

We don't keep common qualities of White Shirts, but we sell good qualities at quite as low prices as most other stores charge for common ones.

COMPARE.

Just compare our 80c White Shirts with shirts sold elsewhere at \$1.25, and we think you will find ours quite equal in quality, and we feel quite certain that ours will be the best made, the fullest cut, and the best fit.

REMEMBER

Our cheap sale of first-class White Shirts commences this morning, and will be continued all next week.

REMEMBER.

Remember that every White Shirt in our store is reduced in price for the shirt sale.

DESPERATE BARGAINS

In Stockings and Half Hose.

PLEASE REMEMBER

That you can purchase at S. Carsley's Embroideries at about half their value.

DESPERATE BARGAINS.

Ladies' Silk and Chenille Scarfs and Ties.

PLEASE REMEMBER

S. Carsley's Silk, Wool, and Linen Fringes. They are something to set you wondering how he can sell them at such prices.

DESPERATE BARGAINS

In Frills, Frillings and Flutings.

PLEASE REMEMBER

That you can buy at S. Carsley's one dozen beautiful Frills for 10c.

DESPERATE BARGAINS.

Ladies' Plain Linen and Fancy Collars and Cuffs.

S. CARSELY,

393 and 395 NOTRE DAME STREET.

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 36.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.	NEWSPAPER PETS.
OUR BROTHER CRIMINALS.	SIR HENRY THOMPSON ON FOOD.
WHAT IS A NUISANCE?	THINGS IN GENERAL.
THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.	POETRY.
ADVICE.	CORRESPONDENCE.
HORACE.	MUSICAL.
OUR SUMMER RESORTS.	CHESS.
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.	&c., &c., &c.

THE TIMES.

THE enemies of M. Joly have shown their teeth. The Conservative party in the Quebec Legislature have played the part of Obstructionists. It was said they would prevent the passage of the supplies, and they have done it. The party in the Assembly attempted it, but were defeated on a square decision by 3 votes, but the Legislative Council by 15 to 7 refused to pass the Supply Bill. In all the Provinces there is a feeling against "the Upper Bodies" in the Legislature, and this obstructive act will strengthen the prejudice against them in the minds of those who would like to see them abolished. What, with reckless riots, and frantic partyism, the reputation of Quebec has suffered.

WHAT the end of the dead-lock at Quebec will be, no one can yet foresee; but M. Joly has the sympathy of every one who feels indignation at the Government of the Province being bedraggled through the slough of party; M. Joly accepted office under very peculiar circumstances, and he has faithfully and honourably performed his duty.

REFERRING to the position of affairs at Quebec, the *Evening Post* says, "The Tory party would not be sorry for any calamity that would place their friends in power!—scarcely for a civil war." There's many a true word spoken in jest!

I MIGHT call the attention of the Legislative Council at Quebec to the anecdote told of George Stephenson, the eminent engineer, when on examination before a Committee of the House of Commons, with reference to granting the charter of one of the earliest railroads in England. When asked derisively, "What if a cow was to get on to your proposed railroad, Mr. Stephenson?" He replied with the utmost sang-froid, "It would be a very bad thing for the cow!" The astute engineer well knew that the cow's "usefulness would be gone."

HOW to dispose of our Provincial Parliaments, Senates, and numerous Lieutenant-Governors is the problem which must occupy the attention of the next Reform Government. How to attain power by such a platform cry, which puts an end to the "moral" support of all the political hangers-on our present glorious constitution entails, is a still more practical difficulty. But it must be faced—just as soon as the people have been "educated up" to it. Where are the educators? Dark hints as to an elective Senate are a very defective system of education. The "coming man" is yet to be heard from.

THE schools had a warm day for their fall re-opening on Monday last, but probably there was not much study, the time being spent in arranging classes and getting everything into working order. Teachers and pupils may be supposed to have come back again equally reinvigorated, while many parents, to whom vacation has been a source of increased anxiety and trouble, will not be sorry to have their little ones, for some hours each day, under public supervision. It is perhaps the teacher who most needs recreation and rest; and this, it is to be

hoped, both the schoolmasters and schoolmistresses have found this summer, so that they return to their tasks lighter-hearted, clearer-headed, and by no means heavier-handed.

THE visit to Toronto of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise is developing its legitimate effect upon the Western mind. There is an increasing demand for parchment and vellum. The pen of our Governor-General's private secretary rests not night nor day, and a new portfolio of excessive breadth and volume is in preparation to hold the several hundred new and startlingly original addresses which will shortly be bestowed upon Toronto's fortunate guests. Good address is a thing not much needed in a Canadian Governor-General. It is supplied him gratis, and profusely.

TORONTO has, of course, turned its attention to building arches, but has been somewhat unsuccessful, if the *Telegram* is correct; in speaking of the "civic arch" it says:—

"It is supposed to be some sort of an imitation of a mediæval tower, but it really looks like nothing in heaven or on earth, or in the waters under the earth. There is one point upon which all are agreed, however, and that is that the arch is an intolerable nuisance and a stupid expenditure of money. If it only serves to show how silly our civic representatives can be on given occasions, it will not have been erected in vain, for the idea of spending a thousand dollars in such nonsense is absurd."

Our correspondent "Fidelis" last week pointed out the folly of wasting our young trees in this especial nonsense of street decoration. This is the more to be regretted when we learn that the *arch-itecture* is such a signal failure.

HERE is a practical instance of the origin of "Bank Scares." A friend in Toronto writes us:—

"We were assured the other day that a certain bank was gone. Several storekeepers, we were told, were refusing its bills. The wisdom of this course had been fully impressed on our informant's mind by the fact that the shares of said bank were not quoted at all in the evening papers, either of that or the previous day. This he took as conclusive evidence that it was all up with the poor bank. Is it not a little hard on a financial institution to suppose that because nobody wants to *force* sale of its stock, therefore it must be insolvent? Still ignorance is capable of much mischief in panicky times. Ignorance ought to be repressed; and the newspapers ought to do it."

THE New York *Herald* has suggested that negotiations relating to questions interesting Canada and the United States could better be conducted directly, instead of through the medium of Great Britain, and is "glad that the Toronto *Globe* favours what seems a practical method. As to the doubt it (the *Globe*) expresses whether the result of such direct negotiations will be satisfactory to the people of the United States, we (N. Y. *Herald*) reply they will be entirely satisfactory in this, the most important particular, that whatever arrangements are made will be made directly between those concerned; and in this way the conclusions arrived at will always be conclusive, and not merely the bases of new misunderstandings."

THE *Evening Post* of 29th ult., says:—"Alas for poor England, unhappy England! She has to send away 20 or 30 tons of gold every day for provisions for home consumption." Good *Post* don't take on so, it isn't half so bad as that! think for a moment, call it twenty-five tons, and work out how many barrels of flour it would give for every man, woman and child in England.

SIR ROWLAND HILL, the author of the Penny Postage system is dead, at the ripe age of 84. He was the son of a schoolmaster at Birmingham, and therefore not of the order to whom promotion comes as of right; but he rose steadily against opposition and ill-usage. Sir Rowland Hill lived to see his cheap postal system prevailing all over

the world. It has been wonderfully aided by steam and rail, and will grow in volume as the world advances, though telegraph and telephone come more and more into competition for rapid communication. It needed not his knighthood to render his name a household word. Rowland Hill is exactly the man, and his work exactly the work, that England may well pride herself by recording on her glory-scroll.

A QUESTION in the English House of Commons on Dean Stanley's proposal for a monument to the late Prince Napoleon in Westminster Abbey, brought out from Sir Stafford Northcote an authorized denial that the Queen had suggested it, and an assertion that the idea was the Dean's own. This led to a communication to the *Times*, evidently inspired at least by the Dean himself, declaring that the suggestion came from "the public." As the public now seem dead against it, having recovered from a fit of maudlin loyalty and flunkeyism, it will probably be easy for him to slip out of the scheme altogether. That a Christian minister of the Dean's standing should look on the Bonaparte family with anything but horror, considering the amount of bloodshed and misery it has brought on Europe within the present century through its ferocious selfishness and unscrupulousness, is a striking illustration of the small extent to which political morality has yet penetrated the pulpit. Let us hope we have heard the last of this miserable affair. It is a strange confirmation of the Dean's assertion that this same "public" should so soon thereafter "suggest" the burial within the Abbey of the remains of Sir Rowland Hill, the inventor of the Penny Postage system, one of the greatest blessings of which the nineteenth century can boast.

THE following letter has been written by John Bright to a friend in New York:—

"ONE ASH, ROCHDALE, August 16, 1879.

"DEAR SIR,— * * * The policy of the Canadian Government seems to me injurious to the inhabitants of the Dominion, and, if persisted in, will be fatal to its connection with the mother country. To shut out the manufacturers of England is bad enough, but at the same time to seek to borrow money from her on a guarantee for a loan is a scheme and a policy so impudent that it cannot succeed.

"The great railway project (the Canada Pacific) can only add to the debt of Canada, and this can only cause heavier taxes, and will be made the excuse for still higher protective duties on imports, so that England's generous but foolish help to her colony, if further given, will tend directly to cripple the trade between them.

"I believe the present policy of the Canadian Government is inflicting a wound on the union between the colony and England, from which, if it be not speedily reversed, great changes must come.

"I watch the changes of the protection malady in the States and in Canada with great interest. I cannot think it will continue very long. Your letters will do something to weaken its hold upon those affected by it.

"I am very respectfully yours,
John Bright."

We may hold that we have a right to do as we like with our own affairs in Canada, but the earnestness and undoubted integrity of the great Free Trader in the advocacy of his views, claim a respectful and thoughtful consideration for his opinions; let us hope that his prognostics may not be verified.

THIS is how the New York *Tribune* speaks of the Wisconsin State election:—

The Democrats of Wisconsin are out with a lantern looking for a rich man to run for Governor. They had a slate all arranged, headed by Alexander Mitchell, who it was thought would spend a good-sized keg of money in the campaign. He has positively refused, however, to allow his name to be used, and so has rudely upset all the calculations of the politicians, and put them to their wits' end for a candidate. If elevated railroads had reached the West, some of the beaten candidates of past years might replenish their kegs and try again.

NEW SOUTH WALES, the Australian Free Trade colony, seems forgetful to apply its principles to the trade in land. To eke out a deficient revenue it has been forcing sales of Government lands to others than settlers, thus fostering a monopoly of land to the wealthy. The troubles in Great Britain on the land question convey no warning to her. Bitter personal experience is the only teacher to whom she will turn an attentive ear when, in the far future, the enterprise of the middle classes has been so entirely directed to trade and manufactures that there is a glut of industry in that market. This is England's condition at present. There is an almost entire absence of middle class land-owners or independent farmers. These have been driven from cultivating the soil by "vested rights," and a stimulus thus given

to excessive competition in trade, because in *Free Trade* there are no "vested rights." Both must be set equally free to competition, to restore a just "balance of trade."

THE editor of the London (Ont.) *Herald* is annoyed at my reply to his criticism on an article which he copied from the *SPECTATOR*, and says he merely intended to be "squibolical," and it was all only in play. To his serious charge that I am a Scotchman, I can only assure him that he is wrong again, but I nevertheless am willing to admit that it would require a surgical operation to make one understand that charging the editor with "unnecessary malice" was only a joke.

SUB-EDITOR.

OUR BROTHER CRIMINALS.

It is quite an unexpected pleasure to be able to approve of the views propounded in a Toronto *Globe* editorial. The rarity of the feeling is its charm. Yet to some subjects the *Globe's* forcible, not to say vituperative, style is wonderfully appropriate. Its recent editorial on "Criminals Made Self-supporting" is none too forcible. The strength of invective which characterizes the Grit organ shines on that line with a radiance which is altogether too painfully dazzling when applied to personal politics.

The *Globe* is quite correct in its views, so far as these go, but it takes only the selfish self-assertive view of the question usual to it. It dilates with almost tragic emphasis on the "honest workman who has generally enough to do in supporting himself and those legitimately dependent on him," and opines that these honest workmen "can have no great desire to keep hulking fellows in a state of total idleness, for fear their work would come into competition with their own."

It would be well-nigh hopeless to expect the *Globe* to take anything like a humanitarian view of the prisoners' side of the question; for the conservatism of successful and respectable self-hood wrought out into politics and practical life is what has earned its party's views the descriptive title of "Calvanism in Politics."

Usefulness both to criminals and the community *ought* to be the aim of all prison discipline, and how any one can learn to be useful to others, and thereby useful to himself, without labouring at something useful, is indeed hard to see.

All men, prisoners inclusive, have somewhat in them still of that "image of God" in which they were created. It is true that criminals are such simply because they have failed, or been hindered by others, in their efforts after the development of that manhood within them. They are, therefore, less of men than are non-criminals. Yet manhood is seldom, in this life, utterly lost. If we place a man in a position where he has a chance to develop rightly the qualities which constitute manhood—will and intellect—marvellously few are the instances in which he will fail to do so. If it be granted that will, or love, directed wholly to self, does not really serve or benefit self, but simply contracts the whole being and hinders all expansion of intellect, because the will confines the operation only to the narrow realm of selfish appetites, then we can discuss what is the root of all crime.

Theft in its various forms, adultery in its most hideous shapes, and murder with malice prepense, all flow from the desire of self-gratification and the consequent longing to destroy everything which stands in its way. In dealing with criminals, then, we must endeavour to point the way to an entire change of this root principle. We must place them in circumstances of control which shall as much as possible prevent them from continuing to injure others, and at same time leave them opportunity to direct their will or love power towards doing good, if they care to will or live to that end. To accomplish this, it is needful to put it in their power to be useful—to do useful work—and so benefit others; and should they choose otherwise, limit the evil appetite as much as possible to a self-wrought vengeance recoiling upon themselves.

It has been suggested, but never tried, to make the very food criminals eat dependent on their earnings in labour performed, leaving them the choice to labour or starve, yet granting the privilege to those who thus earn most of bestowing their surplus on others less able to earn it, or to store it up for their own use when their prison career is ended. Just think what such a scheme means. It leaves open even to the lowest criminal, *faith*—a certainty that certain results will follow a certain line of action; *hope*—that even their condition, hard as it may seem, it is in their own power to improve; and *charity*—the love that can labour for others regardless of self. It is, in fact, the lesson of life, taught in a sterner form because they have failed to learn it in a milder atmosphere in freedom among their fellows. It does away with arbitrary or brutal punishments, which brutalize almost equally the chastiser and the victim. It only brings into direct operation Nature's own gentle laws, which are God's laws—to which we ought not to add, and from which we have no right to subtract. It makes effect follow cause, and cause produce effect, directly, without a chance of subterfuge. It makes these laws clear to the evidence of

the *senses*, which is the only evidence the hardened criminal is capable of perceiving. "If a man will not work for others, neither shall he eat," is its starting point. If he wills to work for others, the very quality of the work will bring happiness and the power to increase that happiness in benefitting others more largely. If he refuse to comply with this beneficent law, which is in fact the law of the Universe, he ceases from all which he knows of existence, and is cut off, by his own act, as a useless thing to starve and die of his own free will. It is not enough to deprive a criminal of the power to injure his fellows, directly at least, for so many years. We ought, if we love him and have not forgotten that he is still our brother, to add to the privation of power to injure, a subjection to the laws of Nature which shall enable him to do good to his fellows and not evil when he is again let loose on society. Every prison should be a reformatory; and into each and all should enter that charity which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, nor taketh it for granted that any man can be wholly selfish, wholly evil, and wholly lost. Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, nor in conquering iniquity by iniquitous cruelty, but rejoiceth in the truth—truth in natural law, in physical being, as well as in what precedes these, a longing to do good, and an intellect that devises how to do it. Charity endureth all things, if only the end be attained of overcoming evil with good.

By this plan not only may prisons be made self-supporting but may be rendered such a means for the eradication of human error that there may indeed be joy over many practically repentant ones, who shall, by the training thus bestowed, attain the state called Heaven. For that state has come when the essence of being is love towards others, the thought truth, and the result goodness.

Thus men can preach, and preach practically, in deeds of kindness and training by Nature's gentle loving laws, even to the spirits in prison; can wake up their spiritual being to life again and make them new men; for God shall work with and in them to create a clean heart and renew a free, a willing spirit that shall live to save and serve and bless others. *"John Howard."*

WHAT IS A NUISANCE?

Wherever persons congregate there will be nuisances. It is not easy to conceive of a community without them; and no inconsiderable part of the duty of a Government will consist in diminishing them. One of the first and hardest lessons for a nation to learn is that the individuals of it must necessarily relinquish part of their personal liberty of action in the interests of the masses among whom their lot is cast. The impulse of all of us is to do what we like, when we like, and how we like. This is a natural impulse, and a very pleasant one to indulge in. But then it can only be indulged to the full by a solitary denizen of an otherwise uninhabited country. Alexander Selkirk's was not an enviable position, but it had its compensations. He *was* "monarch of all *he* surveyed—his right there was none to dispute," and that must have been unspeakably delightful. The arrival of another human being would, however, have destroyed that absolute liberty of action and perfect independence. The second man would have had his rights too, and between them there would have sprung up not only a conflict of rights, but a fresh element in the shape of duties. Each would have owed to the other at least so much consideration that the assertion of the rights of one did not involve an infraction of the rights of the other. This lies at the bottom, and is in fact the very beginning, of society. Directly men begin to herd together for their mutual pleasure, profit or security, they virtually agree, though there may be no expressed agreement, that each will forego somewhat of his personal independence and absolute liberty of action for the general good.

This is the initial stage. Time goes on, and society becomes more complex, and at every step the general demand on the individual becomes more and more exacting. It is a big jump when a man consents to hold himself at the beck and call of the State for general safety; it is still more so when he consents to yield up of his substance in the shape of voluntary taxation. Conformity with the laws goes simultaneously with these concessions, and by that time the words "liberty" and "freedom" have become to have a very limited, restricted, and, in fact, conventional meaning. When we talk of our liberties we employ thereby those privileges which shall remain to us, clipped and curtailed as they have been, and of course very different from that perfect liberty which Robinson Crusoe enjoyed before Friday made his appearance, and there was laid in the relations between these two the foundation of society on the island. So, again, we speak of ourselves as a free people, and are rather prone, especially in convivial hours, to exploit ourselves on that freedom as a special boon to the nation. In point of fact, no Englishman believes in his heart of hearts that any other nation *is* really free. The "charter of our land" securing us our freedom we regard as something special and peculiar; but, truth to tell, that freedom is of a very mitigated character, and it would not be easy to describe in what it consists, except, perhaps that we are permitted by those who rule us to meet together whenever we like, and express by resolution or otherwise our opinion as to whether that rule is beneficent or otherwise.

The complications of society have taken from us pretty well every other element of freedom save that of personal action. We are still permitted to

rise when we like, and to go to rest at any hour of the day or night which may suit our taste. It is not even yet necessary for citizens to submit to the authorities for approval a description of what they are going to have for dinner from day to day. This may come. At present we have only got to the point that we shall not purchase food or drink after certain hours at night, or before certain hours in the morning; and an attempt is being made to prevent our eating or drinking at all on a Sunday. What has been called the "social contract" has been drawn so tightly by this time that there is very little personal liberty remaining to us; the individual has been absorbed and pretty well lost in the community. And this has, it must be remembered, come about to a great extent from the voluntary action of individuals. They have fancied that the greater good of the greater number was secured rather by concessions than by assertions of independence. The theory of civilization is that we gain more by what we lose, paradoxical as it sounds, than we should by retaining that with which we part.

What we do gain is undoubtedly a regulation and, to a great extent, a suppression of nuisances. As I have said, there can be no society without them, since what is one person's pleasure may be another's annoyance,—what conduces to one's gain is subversive of the health and happiness of others, and so on. If we all did as we liked, assuredly half of us would do what the other half would not like. We should become intolerable nuisances the one to the other. Therefore we permit the law to step in, and with a high hand to put in force certain regulating forces designed for the general good. In this way there is a mitigation of nuisances, and the greed or convenience of no one person is permitted to injure or annoy the bulk of the population. This, it must be owned, is most desirable; but here comes a curious point. Although this principle has been admitted for many generations, the fundamental laws as affecting nuisances appear to remain unsettled to this present day. All that we know is, that from time to time certain authorities have expressed their views, which have been acted on for the time being, and have been pronounced law; but only until certain other authorities have taken the matter in hand, and given their views, which have superseded the former views, and have in turn become authoritative. Nuisances are of many kinds; but those more prominently affecting a community arise either from noxious smells or irritating noises. It is hard to say which are most distressing, but as the smells generally indicate something dangerous to health, society very naturally first pounces on those, and takes measures for their removal. Thus, sanitary laws, as they are called, are always readily passed; and of so much importance are they held, that Governments have obtained office on a sanitary cry. In respect of noises, things are less satisfactory. It is only beginning to be recognized that the happiness of a community is jeopardized by loud, incessant and irritating noises. These are bad enough in health—which, by the way, they often undermine by setting up nervous irritation during the day, and inducing sleeplessness at night; but in sickness they often prove fatal. When rest cannot be got through the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, or the ceaseless whirr of machinery, the doctor exercises his skill in vain. The patient slips through his hands.

From the curious uncertainty of the law as to unpleasant smells and irritating noises, it is only possible to catch at its provisions, but it has long been understood that this principle applies to them: Where the nuisance exists and the person goes to it, he has no remedy against the person causing it; but where the nuisance comes to him, the courts will interpose and order its removal. A recent decision has, however, been given in England, which puts the matter on another footing; and it is because of the importance of this decision that I take the opportunity of touching on the subject. The rule as to nuisances seems to be based on the principle of what is called "prescriptive right"—or the right which a man gains to property by twenty years' undisputed possession. It seems to have been assumed that a similar undisputed practice of a noxious trade, or of indulgence in anything causing a nuisance for a like time, set the offender above the law, so that he must remain untouched. The English Justices of Appeal have lately upset this in a case in which Dr. Sturges, a physician in London, built a consulting-room in his garden, and then found that the pestles and mortars of a confectioner next door made a noise which constituted a nuisance, so that the consulting-room was practically useless. He thereupon applied for injunction, and the confectioner pleaded that he had carried on his business in the same manner for sixty years. The Court, however, went against him. They held that it did not matter how long the thing had been going on before it annoyed the doctor, though had he endured the noise for twenty years after he built the room he might have had no remedy; as it was, he complained of the noise directly it became a nuisance, and on its becoming so the Court ordered its cessation. This is very reasonable and most important, and should the rule be generally enforced it will tend to do away with many nuisances which are now put up with under the impression that resistance is useless. A person annoyed would only have to take action at once, and to demonstrate that however long a noxious smell or maddening noise may have existed, it has now for the first time become a nuisance to him, and therefore he asks for the removal. A recognition of this fact is most important to the health and welfare of the community.

THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

The Moslem religion is not only not dead, but it was never more alive than to-day. When the old Moors were driven out of Spain, and especially when England forced the Sublime Porte, by conquering India, to so form his policy as to suit Russia, it was thought by the Christian world that the reign of the false Prophet was over; but never in the history of Islamism was it more alive and aggressive than the present time. It has always been an aggressive religion. Its instincts force it to the front. With flashing sabre and confident speech it has sought conquest, and gained it, in almost every portion of the Eastern world. And its progress now, in many directions, was never more marked and rapid.

To those who have not given this subject careful examination, the facts in the case will hardly be credited. To the ignorant and credulous Moslem these modern achievements of the false Prophet will be ascribed to miraculous power, while they may stagger the faith of those who have believed the victory of the Cross was near at hand; but the facts should be carefully studied by all who would know what is taking place under the influence of all religions.

We gather the following facts from a paper recently published by Dr. Dolinger of anti-infallibility fame, and they may be relied on with implicit confidence. He says that whole tribes in Africa have become devout Mohammedan worshippers, abandoning their fetish worship for that of the god of Mahomet. A Moslem university, containing one thousand young men, is in full and successful operation at Sierra Leone. These young men are being trained for teachers, preachers and propagandists of the old Mohammedan faith, and are devoted body and soul to that religion, as much so as are the missionaries of the Cross to Christ, in all portions of the world. In the olden time the soldiers of the Crescent counted it a joy to die in its defence, and these young men and many others are said to be not one whit behind those who have gone before them in zeal and self-sacrificing labour.

In China also, the old religion is making most wonderful progress. In Tongin alone 50,000 have enlisted under the Crescent while it is computed that no less than 18,000,000 have been won to the same faith among the Malayans and in the islands of the Archipelago. These are all recent converts, while one-fifth of all the inhabitants of the earth, 50,000,000 of whom are subjects of Queen Victoria, believe in the false Prophet. These are wonderful religious achievements, which prove that Islamism is still in the ascendant.

Mohammedanism is a religion of progress, and every Mohammedan is a missionary to a far larger extent than are the members of our Protestant churches. The Mohammedan may be formal in his devotional services, but his convictions enwrap him. There are no sceptics or doubters in their faith. They believe with all the heart. Their religion is in their blood. It is a part of their existence. They fight as well as pray. The teachings of the Prophet make it obligatory on all his followers to draw the sword in favour of their religion.

"And fight," says the Koran, the Bible of the Mohammedans, "for the religion of God against those who fight against you. And kill them wherever you find them, and turn them out of that wherein they have despised you, for temptation to idolatry is more grievous than slaughter." And these demands are met with joy. No Mohammedan hesitates to follow where the Prophet leads. His convictions are clear-cut and stronger than his love of life. He believes in fate. What is to be will be. Every thing has been ordained from the beginning. God rules over all and directs every minute fact of life. The followers of the Prophet live and die only by the direct fiat of the Merciful. It is for these reasons, he fears nothing, but rushes into the jaws of death with a shout and with grand hymns.

His religion, to him, is divine. He believes in one living and true God. The first sentence of the Koran is, "Peace be to God, the Lord of all creation, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of Thee do we beg assistance." They divide their religion into faith or theory, and religion or practice. While the Prophet called prayer the pillar of religion—"the key of Paradise"—declaring also, "that there can be no good in that religion where is no prayer." And to-day the millions of the followers of the Prophet pray, morning, noon and night, with their faces turned toward Mecca.

The Koran is also full of commands to give alms. They are called justice or righteousness, and one of the successors of Mahomet said, "Prayer carries us half way to God, fasting brings us to the door of the Palace, and alms gives us admittance." In reference to fasting, the Prophet said it was "the gate of Heaven, and that the odour of the mouth of him who fasteth is more grateful to God than that of musk."

The laws of Islam are founded on justice, and are equitable. And the time was when their schools were equal to the best in any part of Europe, and were sought by young men for their superior educational advantages. It is also true that the revival of learning and even the Reformation may be traced, to some extent at least, to these schools.

With these facts before us, and knowing that every Mahommedan is as susceptible to the influence of the memories, traditions and records of the past

as we are, we are warranted in saying that the Crescent will not be easily conquered by any power. The Cross will yet triumph in all the earth, but its victory over the religion of the false Prophet will not be easily gained. The Mohammedan has a grand and glorious past behind him, with bright hopes before him. He is in earnest. He is fierce also in his conviction and in the assertion of his belief, alive in every nerve and in every drop of his blood. He believes down to the lowest depth of his soul. Nor will his religion grow old. If it shows no sign of decay after the centuries of its existence, we have a right to say it will not rot down and be blown away. It may be overcome, and will be, by the superior light of the Cross as the darkness is scattered when the sun rises, but not overthrown.

The contest between the Crescent and the Cross will not be settled with the sword, but by the truth. These two religions will meet in time, face to face, and each be tested on its merits. The one that best meets the wants of humanity and of human nature will be victorious. It is what a religion can do to make the world better—make the people more honest, kind, humane, and brotherly—that will decide in regard to its existence. The true God will not, as did Mahomet, depend on the sword for success, but on the simple, unadorned truth. That is divine and will triumph. It will grow into victory. Mohammedanism is a grand success as a creed, as a religious system, as a sect, but it has no power to develop true manhood. It can win grand victories for Mahomet, but none for Christ, or that religion whose aim and tendency is to make man as perfect as is his Father in Heaven. The religion of the Prophet is narrow, bigoted, positive, savage and strong; that of Christ is broad, gentle, loving, forgiving, and with no less force and power. The former wins by muscular, the latter by moral force. The one clubs men into the kingdom, the other obtains its grand victories by growth.—*Rev. C. B. Smith, D.D.*

ADVICE.

It has been my experience thus far in life to have received an amount of advice which has been of such proportions, that, if all of it had been acted upon, I should have exercised no independence whatever of act or mind. There seems to exist in the thoughts of nearly everyone who may happen to be a few years older than their companion, an inherent tendency to advise. The conversation sometimes begins by the statement that "an old head cannot be put on young shoulders, and it is better thus," and immediately a frantic effort is made to effect this impossibility, while a complacent tone of superiority is assumed, so that the younger person may feel his insignificance, and bring his mind into a proper state of deference for receiving it; or sometimes, as I have seen it plainly stated, "the first thing for a young man to learn is, that he does not know anything"; in other words, that he is a fool. Now, as a young man, I wish to enter my protest against the statement that a young man does not know anything, and also wish to protest against the assumption of superiority made by a great many advisers. In the first place, I hold that all young men know something (some think they know more than they do); they know they have hope, courage, health and zeal, and why should cold water be thrown upon these attributes? Oh! but he is too hopeful, too zealous. Can there be too much of a good quality? The danger is *always* the other way; there is never enough. He is too hopeful, and the kind adviser wishes to save him from disappointment and loss. Is this experience gained by another's experience of any real benefit as regards forming qualities of mind? I may wish to do a certain thing, and my adviser may say, "I know better than you, it is not advisable." Can it be said that I have gained any experience by this? His advice may be wrong, as he is but human, and then I weaken my own determination of character in learning to depend upon the advice of others; In fact, if we scan the lives of those men who have been successful in life, we shall find that they are the very ones who have been independent of aid or advice from others and have held to their own plans. Rochefoucauld has said that we enjoy a secret satisfaction in the misfortunes of others, and I have thought that this applied to advisers, as they seem to gloat over your failure if you have followed your own plans in preference to their advice, and greet you with "What did I tell you? I told you so," &c. They seem to forget that if you had followed their advice, you would perhaps have failed. The assumption of superiority by these kind friends is sometimes very amusing, to say the least of it. Some of them actually presume to advise when their own lives have been, and still are, miserable failures; and they say that through want of advice when young they have not succeeded, the truth of the matter being, that if they had been blessed with advisers they would have been still worse failures, and would have blamed their advisers as they now do the lack of them. It is only those who are unsuccessful in everything else that succeed well as advisers. I have written these few lines as an expression of some of my thoughts upon this subject, and have often heard young men say "I wish they would keep their advice to themselves; what use is it to a man when he is down? *help him up first.*" What I desire to say in closing is this: When you wish to advise a young man, do not treat him as if he knew nothing, or as if you had learnt everything; and if he is in trouble, give him a little help first.

Marih.

HORACE.

It is now about nineteen hundred years since Horace died, and during all the centuries that his works have been before the public, which has included all the learning and refinement of every cultivated nation, no writer in any language has been so much read, quoted, translated, and commented upon. He is the first of those classic authors who become the friend of the reader, and the friendship lasts with life. Malherbe said he used the Epistles as his breviary; Condorcet took a volume of the Odes into the dungeon where he died. De Witt, when a murderous mob burst upon him, repeated to his brother the noble lines in which the poet describes the righteous and resolute man, whom not even the fury of citizens can shake from his purpose or can drive into error. What is the secret of a popularity which time leaves unimpaired? How is it that this writer, dealing with the transactions of a life the very traditions of which are now obsolete, never fails to interest, to delight, to fascinate? We know that Demosthenes was the greatest orator, Thucydides the greatest historian, Euripides the most tear-provoking tragedian of antiquity. We admit their claims, but we never read them. Schoolboys learn them at college, and students master them in after life; but Horace is not for us an author, but a friend. We read him in our youth, and we return to him when our judgment is more mature; and we think with kindness of the man who, across nearly twenty centuries, chats to us easily, consoles, advises, amuses; whose philosophy is never cumbrous, whose learning is never pedantic, whose courtly jokes are always in season. We yield to a fascination which we can scarcely account for, but which remains constant amidst many changes.

One charm about him is that he is eminently a man of the world—a man of the world and a gentleman. And what makes this so strange is that his birth was quite ignoble. His father had been a slave. Horace tells us so himself. He had been a slave who was given his freedom, and who devoted his life to the education of this only child. Horace was still a youth when he took leave of the good father whom he was never again to see, and started for Athens to complete his education at its academy. It is hard to realise those times, and to regard the Greek city as a kind of Oxford or Cambridge. Cicero had a son there, who was perhaps a companion of young Flaccus, and we can fancy the excitement that must have been produced amongst the young Roman students when the messenger came in with tidings of the assassination of Julius Cæsar. There were plenty of young Republicans at Athens, and the student joined the crowd who crowned the statues of Brutus and Cassius with garlands. How Horace in his early manhood espoused the Republican cause, and fought at the battle of Philippi and ran away, leaving his shield ingloriously behind, he has himself told us. The party with whom he sided were utterly beaten, and he was reduced to poverty, which (he says) drove him to write. But he had made good friends; even Virgil, who was five years older than him, came to his aid, and another poet, named Varius, whose works have perished for ever. The period of want did not last long. One day he was introduced to Mæcenas. With a delightful brevity and simplicity he has described the interview. "The day I came to see you," he says in one of the Satires addressed to his patron, "I spoke but little, and that nervously; silent shame stopped me from saying more: I told no tale of an illustrious father, but the plain truth about myself. You answered but little; then nine months afterwards you sent for me again, and bid me be in the number of your friends." From that time poverty was unknown. He lived an easy, happy, careless life, rich in the possession of many friendships, untouched by political change, hospitable, kindly, and not avaricious. With that patron, whose kindness had so opportunely rescued him from want, his relations remained always the same. "Remember Flaccus," said Mæcenas on his deathbed to the Emperor, "remember Flaccus as you would myself." The solemn bequest was not forgotten, but the poet did not long survive his patron. His last illness came so suddenly upon him that he had not time to make his will. Witnesses were called in, and the poet had just force left to name the Emperor as his heir. He died in his fifty-seventh year and was buried at the end of the Esquiline Hill, close to the tomb of Mæcenas.

His life was thus not eventful, and most of what we know about it we know from himself. No small part of the charm of his writings is due to their extremely personal nature. Like Montaigne, he is confidential, even egotistical, without ever being a bore. The Satires and Epistles are literally independent of time. Omitting a very few local allusions, they remain models of what they are intended to be. Take the Fourth Satire of the Second book. It might have been written yesterday. The poet walking through the street meets a friend who is hurrying on so quickly that he cannot stop a minute. But Horace detains him, and asks him where he has been; Catus replies that he has just heard a lecture on cookery, and that he is trying now to learn its precepts off by heart; he fears lest he may forget them. Horace proposes that he should fix them in his memory by rehearsing them then and there, and Catus accordingly commences:—"Let no ordinary man lightly take to himself the science of dinner-parties unless he has first duly considered the delicate question of taste." We have only to change the scene from Rome to London and fancy the words spoken outside the Cookery School at Kensington. "Some men's genius," says Catus, "is poor, only equal to the invention of new pastry;

whereas it is worth while thoroughly to master the qualities of compound sauces." So the Satire runs on, till Horace begs that he may be taken to see this lecturer, that he may note the bearing of the great man, "and quaff draughts of the wisdom of such a blessed life."

Another notable characteristic of the poet is his appreciation of the country. He has the art of a landscape-painter in describing a landscape. There always comes some happy, forcible adjective that puts the scene locally and individually before you. He turns away from the overgrown city, and takes his holiday amongst the vines and olive trees of the Sabine farm. Few letters have ever been penned more delightful than that in which the poet, writing to his country steward, complains of town life, and longs to be back amongst the fields and the woods. These Epistles have a wonderful ease and simplicity. They read as if they were mere letters, and not studied literary productions. Pope imitated Horace, but the labour of the file is to be traced on every polished line, and his Satires smell of midnight oil. Horace is always simple and natural. His friend Bullatius is travelling in Iona. Was ever such a gossiping, pleasant letter written by a stay-at-home to some acquaintance wandering about in his travels? He asks him how he likes the different places, and how they compare with the field of Mars and the stream of Tiber. He is glad to know all the news his correspondent can tell him, but he has something to say himself, and he keeps it for the end of the letter. Busy idleness, he says, is the vice of the day. It is with ships and chariots that people seek to live pleasant lives, and yet it is reason and discretion which take away our cares, and not a spot that commands a wide expanse of sea. 'Tis the sky, and not the wind they change who speed across the sea. If the Satire on cookery seems applicable to the very year we live in, is not this hint to the restless Bullatius as appropriate in an age of tourist agencies and a feverish restlessness for travel? The touch of nature is upon everything that Horace has left behind, and so in every century his works find kinship with every cultivated people.—
London Globe.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

There cannot be a doubt that, as Canada is more and more opened up, numberless nooks of exquisite beauty will reveal themselves for the delight of the tourist, who, with true feeling for nature, cares not to rush along certain well marked lines of travel and "do" as great a number of square miles of country, but will rather take his time for leisurely and quiet roamings, enjoying a thousand beauties that elude the more hurried traveller, and that delicious sense of communion with Nature, and absorption of her tranquillizing influences which is impossible on crowded steamboats or amid snorting and shrieking locomotives.

It is doubtless, in part the sense of this that makes "camping out," in various forms a rapidly growing habit in Canada, in the absence of those facilities for "summer boarders," which are so common in the United States. And "camping out," if more troublesome, is certainly a much more independent and private life. One can, if one likes, be perfectly alone with Nature, without those slight drawbacks caused by the mingling of incongruous elements and diverse habits of life. Still better is the light, inexpensive summer cottage, where one can enjoy at once the charms of lovely scenery, and the home life, for the lack of which no scenery can quite make up; the summer home compensating to its owner, for lack of variety, by the growing associations that make it from year to year more homelike and endeared.

It is no wonder, then, that our beautiful inland archipelago, the "Thousand Islands," so called (though this is really setting them down at about half their number) should be from summer to summer more profusely dotted with the white tents of the camper, and the summer cottage of the less transient visitor. The traveller who has seen these islands only from the deck of one of our fine river steamers or propellers, has no adequate idea of their real beauty. Very probably their very number oppresses him, and the "*toujours perdrix*" feeling of satiety overpowers that of enjoyment as he passes through some thirty miles of river, thickly studded with groups of islands, which, though no two are just alike, yet from their strong family resemblance, give an impression of sameness, if not monotony, to the cursory tourist.

But let him descend from the high deck of the swift steamer and embark on a small skiff; let him look *up* instead of *down* at the islands; let him trace their mazy channels and explore their shadowy recesses, from the rosy dawn of a summer morning till its dewy eve, resting in the noonday heat on the shore of some cool shadowy bay, green with water-lily leaves and rushes, where he can stretch himself in a mossy nook, under the shade of oak or hemlock or graceful birch, and smoke the pipe of peace, as doubtless many an Iroquois "brave" has done there before him; let him wander on, day after day, in leisurely nomad fashion, pitching his tent where it pleases him, and striking it again when the migratory impulse comes; and let him continue this Arab life for some weeks, till he has really made acquaintance with a number of *individual* islands, and he will tell you that he never before had any idea of their real beauty. For their charm is not that of bold outline and striking beauty which

impresses at once, but rather that of innumerable tiny vignettes which require close inspection to appreciate them,—the varied grouping of rich-toned rocks and green foliage reflected in transparent water; quiet curving bays; still land-locked inlets, green with rushes and water-lily leaves; shady nooks among granite boulders and overhanging trees, which it would not require any great stretch of imagination to suppose fairy halls in which wood-nymphs and dryads might hold high carnival by moonlight. In moonlight, indeed, the islands wear their loveliest aspect. Seen from a high point on the shore, nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the stretch of river studded with groups of islets, especially when the moon is low enough in the sky to shed a flood of silver radiance across the dark river. Then the islands will stand out like silhouettes against a sea of quivering liquid silver; while the shadows of the trees in the nearer islands are thrown, distinctly marked, upon the glittering expanse below them; and the distant stretch of silver is here and there stretched with lines of a still intenser brilliancy, and occasionally also with dark lines, which throw the brightness out into higher relief. If you can catch the light in one of the frequent lighthouses, along the track of light, it gleams against it like a diamond set in silver. To wander along an elevated bit of river bank, favourably situated towards the islands, on a bright moonlight night, watching the varying light as the silver moon rises higher in the heavens, is like going through a whole volume of illustrations by Doré or Giacomelli.

The islands, somewhat monotonous as they seem to the steamboat tourist, are really most varied in size and shape. There is the long, flat, arable island, often several miles in length, and dotted here and there with farm-houses and barns—probably spoiled in a great measure, so far as picturesqueness goes, by having been almost completely “cleared.” Then, as its extreme opposite, there is the inhospitable mass of rock, almost inaccessible to the boatman, tufted with solemn pines or bristling with a mass of somewhat scrubby vegetation. Between these are innumerable varieties. Softly fertile green isles bordered with graceful elm and thickly clustered oak, maple and beech; high rock-towers which rise like fortresses; tiny islets which show only a slope of lichen-boulder and a few scanty bushes; sometimes only a few yards of bare rock rising above the surface of the stream. With so many islands, and so many shoals which only show themselves by a slight change in the colour of the water, it is no wonder that the navigation of this archipelago is somewhat intricate, and that the steam-yacht of the unwary visitor occasionally gets aground. The whole formation of the country along the river shore partakes of the characteristics of the “Thousand Islands.” In the midst of green fields of waving grass or corn there rise abruptly little islands of rock and scrubby vegetation which once doubtless were literal islands, when many miles beyond the river were submerged in an inland sea. Many large boulders scattered about on the shore were evidently brought to their present locality by glacial action, and not a few of the masses of rock on the shore show distinct traces of having been ground by the slow moving glacier. Let us be thankful that our lot has been cast in an age when the savage results of giant forces of the past have been, by the same play of natural forces working through long ages, transformed into a region of such wild and picturesque beauty as our granite isles. For granite—or at least a granitic gneiss—is the main substratum of the islands and of the shore also, except where, occasionally, limestone rock crops out. And few things can be more beautiful, as a study of colour, than the delicate tones of the warm-tinted granite contrasted with the pale greens and greys of the lichens that emboss them with a quaint irregular tracery, and with the golden greens of velvet moss and the deeper greens of drooping vines and bushes that half conceal them.

Since, then this lovely recreation ground is so accessible to the people of Central Canada, and of the neighbouring State of New York, it is no wonder that each summer should find a larger number of visitors enjoying the cool breezes and the unspoiled nature of the islands, which for the most part are as wild and as solitary as when Count Frontenac led his batteaux up their many windings. Here and there, however, some of them bear the marks of ravages from fire, originating doubtless from the culpable carelessness of some reckless camper, or from the mischievous propensities of thoughtless boys. As Government property, the islands need for their preservation an inspector, who should cruise among them during the summer, and protect them from such reckless and inexcusable damage. Among the American islands, there are not a few which have been bought by individuals who have built on them summer residences, more or less tasteful, some decidedly *less*. The well known editor of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, Dr. J. G. Holland, has erected a model summer residence, on a bluff, commanding a beautiful and extensive view, within a short distance of the mammoth hotel, the Thousand Island House, at Alexandria Bay. For those who like hotel life and streams of visitors, this house forms a very pleasant resort. Its high tower, commanding the river with its mazes of islands for miles away, affords a view unparalleled in so flat a region, and its long and wide piazzas which seem almost to overhang the river, make a most charming promenade, from which you can watch the ever-changing lights and shades on river and islands, and the craft of all kinds that are always flitting up and down, from the large river steamers that plough their way through the blue waters, and the stately sloop or schooner gliding majestically with flowing

sails, to the brisk little steam-yachts or the light skiffs and sail-boats that are perpetually gliding to and fro, carrying merry parties of holiday-makers on picnics or fishing excursions. The skiffs are, in general, quite luxuriously fitted up, with chairs and cushions, and have usually some appropriate name. The steam-yachts are of every variety of size and fitting, and flit about with great rapidity and a good deal of puffing. The sad accident that recently submerged a whole party of pleasure-seekers, with such fated consequences to some of their number, made a profound sensation here, only a few miles from the spot where it occurred. The great carelessness, which was the cause of the disaster, has been not too severely punished by the removal of its master from his post.

The Thousand Island Park is a notable and essentially modern “feature” of this region. It is an attempt to combine a religious rendezvous with a commercial speculation, and has met with a good deal of financial success. The island, a large one, some eight miles long, has been at one end partially cleared, the remaining wood underbrushed, avenues laid out, on which stand streets of tents, and even substantial and tasteful summer residences, and a large “tabernacle” erected, in which services and lectures go on in rapid succession, and where such celebrities as can be procured, address immense audiences under canvas, with a picturesque background of hemlock and pine. As gas is made on the island, there is no lack of light for evening meetings, and the island shows very prettily at night with its numerous gas lamps and the tent lights glimmering along the shadowy avenues. There is a post-office, of course, and several shops, where almost everything needed in camping life can be bought, while a tasteful “floral hall” supplies flowers to all who wish to purchase. Showy beds of geraniums, foliage plants, &c., adorn the main avenues; while the quay, with steamboats and steam-yachts almost perpetually going and coming, looks quite city-like in its busy animation. A pleasant enough sojourning-place it is for those holiday makers who are of the gregarious order and don't mind living in public; for life in the very open tents can have hardly a shade of privacy.

For those who prefer quiet life in the quiet country, with nothing to distract the attention from the beauties of island and river, there is rather a lack of summer boarding-houses where families who do not care for the trouble of camping would yet like to spend the summer in the enjoyment of the many beauties of the Thousand Islands.

Fidelis.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Can any Englishman speak his own language? The answer must be in the negative. No one person can speak it all, and not one person in a thousand speaks or writes the fragment of it he uses—properly. Ingenious calculations have been made as to the number of words in use by different classes of the community; and among those having little culture it is extremely small. The peasant says all he has to say in a few hundred words, which he keeps bright and shining by constant use, and it would be quite possible to address him in pure English, but in such words—and there are thousands of them—that he would no more understand you than if you spoke to him in High Dutch or Norman French.

It is to be noted that those who have a limited vocabulary use it in connection with vitiated or bad grammar. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that they have no grammar at all, since Lindley Murray defines grammar as “the art of speaking or writing a language *with propriety*,” so that there can be no such thing as good grammar or bad grammar; it is either good or none at all.

But even the better educated, who have mastered a large slice of our tongue, and speak it fluently and with a fair approach to grammatical propriety, are apt to fall into traps. There are some obvious ones which are constantly being pointed out, and therefore should be avoided. We have heard about the impropriety of the phrase “our mutual friend,” on the ground that “mutual” means “reciprocal,” and we can reciprocate a friendship—not a friend. When Dickens used it as the title of a book, he adopted it as an expression used by Mr. Boffin, who, being an uneducated man, would be likely to cherish such a phrase. About the equally common word “reliable” we have heard frequently. It is undoubtedly incorrect. If anything, it should be rely-on-able; but it is so handy that it will always form part of the language, like a disreputable member of a family who is too handy to be got rid of. But what are we to say in defence of the universal word “got”? Why say “I have *got* a new hat,” when “I have a new hat” would answer all the purpose? A very common vulgarism is the form of expression “try and do it,” “try and make him,” &c. Clearly it should be “try *to* do it,” &c. If you were speaking in the past sense, you would be sure to say “I tried *to* do it.”

The use of “word” for “phrase” is quite common. Mr. Tracy Turnerelli said, in speaking of his expectations in offering Lord Beaconsfield the wreath, “All I want in return is the one autograph word ‘I thank you.’” It seems to be generally overlooked that “neither” must be followed by “nor,” and “either” by “or”; and this brings us to a really serious point,—the use of “either” and “each” in the same sense. We may find an example in the *Times* of June 23rd: “The chancel was filled with flowers piled on the altar,

and on either side." Here it is obvious that "each" should have been used in place of "either," as signifying both sides. "Either" signifies one side or the other, whereas it is very clear that the writer meant both sides. And this may become very important. Suppose a general in his instructions to an officer were to request him to keep, on a march, to *either* side of a river, would that officer understand that his instructions were to march on both sides? Would he not take his choice?

A very frequent vulgarism is the use of "was" in place of "were." People who would feel the impropriety of saying "if they *was* here," will say "if I *was* there" with impunity. Again, "I should like to do it if it was possible" is an ordinary incorrect sentence. There should be no difficulty in the correct use of "is" and "are," the singular and the plural, yet some people find them perplexing at times. Few would say "two and two is four," yet many would question whether it should be "there *is* or there *are* in this country a grandeur and magnificence of living which distinguish it from all others."

Let us take another familiar phrase "this sort of thing." Suppose there is more than one thing spoken of, what is to be done? It lies between "these sort of things" and "this sort of things"; both have an awkward sound, and it is not easy to persuade the ear that the latter is correct, though it is so. Substitute "kind" for "sort" and "peaches" for "things," and there is nothing distressing. Nothing appears more puzzling at times than the use of "has" or "have"; and one other familiar example occurs to me in the confusion between "who" and "whom."

How many persons use the superlative for the comparative! They say, "This is the best," or "this is the biggest," when there are only *two*. One may be the *best* or *biggest* out of *three*, but can only be the *better* or the *bigger* when the comparison is between two only.

The twin difficulties with the language are its bulk and its irregularities. It is undoubtedly copious and flexible to an astonishing degree; but no man can use it all, and there are many points on which the learned are at issue as to how it should be used. As to how it should be pronounced, that opens out yet another difficulty, which, however, is more easily to be mastered. All this arises from the fact that as we are a composite people, so our language is a Mosaic. We have taken the best out of every tongue. The Britons were conquered by the Romans. Thus we got an early mixture, but it did not stop there. Defoe said "an Englishman is the mud of all races." He certainly partakes of the qualities of most of them. The Saxons and the Danes contributed something to the language before the Normans landed at Hastings and gave us Norman French. In the eight hundred years since then there have been stirring times, and among other results we have taken toll of the languages of the world. The bulk of our tongue is therefore enormous, but the words, while useful, do not always mix well, and the grammar has had to be made very elastic and not a little irregular. It is in consequence the despair of foreigners, and is hardly to be mastered by us who are "native and to the manner born." The best critics even differ on innumerable points. There is hardly a writer, however eminent, who does not outrage some of the rules. In our time a greater approach to uniformity has been made, and there is less excuse for falling into gross blunders, since examples of good writing are quite common. So, though as Mr. Podsnap (whom I accepted last week as an authority) put it, "Our language is difficult, it is a copious language, and trying to strangers," we ought, as a people, to speak more of it, and that with greater purity and correctness than we do.

I am led to the foregoing remarks in consequence of the publication of a new edition of Webster's Dictionary, with a supplement, professing to register everything new which has made its appearance, new yet not ephemeral. A few examples will illustrate the character of the additions, and incidentally afford a glimpse of the world's progress since 1864, the date of the last edition:—Afterglow, aggressively, Albert-type, alcoholism; banality, bicycle, Bohemian (literary and other), butter-fingered; carpet-bagger, cod-liver-oil, Comtism, credit-mobilier; Darwinian, dead-beat, derringer, Draconian, dynamite; earth-closet, evolution; Faradization, Fenian, fractional currency; Gatling-gun, gang-plough, gouache, granger, greenback; health-lift, heliotype, herd-book, Hicksite, humanitarian (in the modern sense of a philanthropist); interview, Irvingite; Kindergärten, Krupp-gun; lacrosse; margin (on the street), microphone, mitrailleuse, Molly Maguire; Nihilist; object-teaching, one-horse; papyrograph, pool (on the street), Portland-cement, primary (political), Pullman-car; repeater (at the polls), repoussé; shogunate, sorosis, stereogram; tasimeter, ticket (for voters), totemism, trade-dollar, trapeze, type-writer; underground railroad; walking-gentleman.

Criticism of a dictionary generally takes the shape of good-natured or ill-natured fault-finding with particular articles, and many instances might be furnished in which a person utterly ignorant and trustfully seeking information would not find it; *bench-show* is defined broadly enough to include cattle-fairs, and *bog-wood* to include all wood dug from peat bogs. Such words as *arose* (coppery), and *anserous* (silly) the seeker is not informed, are extremely rare and to be recommended, and some other words, such as *armsweep* and *daintify* are probably wilful and quite ephemeral creations of individual writers, which hardly deserve cataloguing in an appendix. One phrase, which has become the

bête-noire of those who have occasion to consult dictionaries frequently—namely, "a kind of"—still affronts us in the supplement; a *bag-wig* is "a kind of wig in use in the eighteenth century," and a *bertha* is "a kind of cape worn by ladies." So much every one could tell from the context of the book he was reading.

There is one improvement, affecting the whole scheme of the Dictionary which might well have been uniformly carried out in the Supplement. There are thousands of words—verbs, substantives and adjectives—whose meaning is completed, or relations to other words in the same sentence indicated, by adverbs or prepositions which are idiomatic to the English. Often enough the native has to hesitate which to choose; sometimes usage is mixed; not seldom the English is opposed to the American. Now, neither in Webster nor in Worcester is help given invariably and systematically. As a rule it is left to an illustrative quotation. No such chance aid is given under *despotize* (*over*), nor under *irresponsive*, which requires the preposition *to*, although *irrespective*, to the foreigner's confusion, requires *of*. To be sure, in the main work, under *averse* we are assured that the adjective ought to be followed by *to* and not *from* "as formerly"—rather say as now in England, and as in old time, as "Men averse from war" (Micah ii., 8); and under *different* that it is proper to use *from* and not *to*, as in England. But there is nothing systematic about this, so that if, for a final example, under *dependence* we learn, directly or indirectly, that it is followed by *on* or *from*, under *independence* we find no mention of any relative word, whether *of* or *upon*. It would not be doing justice to the Dictionary, however, if I failed to mention that on the whole it is creditably accurate, and appears to be based on trustworthy examples.

Quevedo Redivivus.

NEWSPAPER PETS.

Of the many questions which are peculiarly suggested by this age of artifice, puffery, and imposture, none is more characteristic or more puzzling than that relating to the origin and growth of certain reputations. Individuals of whom one has never heard suddenly become the centres of a blaze of notoriety: how is it managed? Ladies and gentlemen who, to the ordinary observer, seem at the best respectable mediocrities are gradually credited with the possession of extraordinary capacities: how is the illusion produced? A politician, whom each one of his acquaintances would admit, in the charitable unreserve of private friendship, to be weak, vacillating, vain, with a great deal of the prig in his composition, and a decided dash of the pedant, is paraded before the world as the pillar of a Cabinet and the saviour of the nation. What, it is natural to ask, are the means employed to produce such an end? The simple truth is that, given certain commonplace qualifications, public characters can nowadays be manufactured to order, just like any other saleable commodity. There must be an absence of positive imbecility; there must be some modicum of worldly recommendation, position and rank. Given these things, and public fame up to a certain point can be bought just as well as anything whose worth can be measured by a monetary standard.

Here we have a crucial illustration of the power of the press. It is doubted sometimes what influence the newspapers of the day exercise, or whether in the more serious business of life they can be said to exercise any influence at all. The answer is to be found in the phenomenon that has just been mentioned. The press is to the public what the importunate widow was to the unjust official of the New Testament. That unscrupulous person admitted that he knew neither divine nor human fear, that he had no convictions of any sort; but boredom extorted from him what equity could not, and he relieved the needy applicant as the sole method of getting rid of her. It is precisely the same thing with the relations between the public and the press. Newspaper readers may resent having their attention perpetually called to some hero of whom they have never heard. But what begins in irritation ends in acquiescence. The demigod of the journal of their choice is an established fact; his virtues and gifts must be taken for granted; the world is told how good and noble and true he is; and after these epithets have been repeated a certain number of times those who hear them are seized with a vague sort of idea that they cannot be wholly misapplied. When this stage has been arrived at the manufacture of the hero is practically complete. A newspaper or a certain ring of newspapers has resolved to laud an individual statesman or general to the seventh heaven, and it executes its intention. The celebrity is created, as so many other things are created, by advertisement, nor are the advertisement columns of a newspaper the only ones which imply a definite payment for publicity. Newspaper reputations are as much matters of contract and bargain, of well-understood barter upon decently veiled conditions, as the insertion of a paragraph which draws attention to the excellence of a sewing-machine or the superlative virtues of a hair-wash. There are several journals in London, not so much in the daily as in the weekly press, which have, especially in politics, their peculiar idols. They "run their men," and in some way or other their favourites are made to tender a substantial payment for the privilege.

A capricious and vacillating politician, who takes up a principle one day in order that he may drop it the next, is not likely to be selected for the highest

panegyric which philosophic publicism can bestow without yielding some intelligible equivalent in return. When, week after week, one is informed that the man to save the Empire is a statesman in whom the nation has notoriously no confidence; when it becomes impossible to read in such a journal any article on a particular class of subject without finding the same name mentioned in tones of grovelling praise; when the possessor of this name can do nothing or say nothing without the inevitable paragraph—it is clear to those who are at all behind the scenes that some kind of secret compact has been formed. The able editor possesses certain subjects of common interest, outside the purely political pale, with his hero and patron. The two entertain the same views in matters of literature and art, or their natures are traversed by identical veins of theological belief. There is thus generated after a little while an atmosphere of intellectual sympathy. But long-continued intercourse upon the footing of equality which true sympathy implies is impossible; and perhaps almost before he is aware what has been done the man of letters finds himself metaphorically bound to the chariot-wheels of the astute statesman. The successful conduct of these transactions implies much cleverness in that party to them whom they chiefly concern, and in whose interest they manifestly are. He has to deal with men who are neither toadies nor fools by nature; and he has yet to make them perform, in a refined manner, the functions of the one always and of the other sometimes. He must not be despotic, or dictatorial, or unreasonable. He must present himself as a sort of personification of a patrician conscience. He must be largely hospitable in London, and entertain a great deal in the country. He must always avoid contretemps, and never permit the wielders of rival influence in the literary world to meet. If he does this successfully, he may command a place in the regular letterpress of the journal with as much certainty as the ordinary advertiser in the outside sheet. He may become, in fact, the recognised pet of a particular newspaper; and when he has achieved that rank, what, so far as the public is concerned, will it avail him? Much, it may be, for the time, and with a limited circle; but in the long-run, and with the bulk of his countrymen, little or nothing. Newspaper pets may command a *succès d'estime* for a season; but it is not in the nature of things that they should earn a more solid or enduring triumph.—*London World*.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON ON FOOD.

Sir Henry Thompson, in his recent article on Food, published in the *Nineteenth Century*, comes down heavily on the barbarous and unwholesome custom of "big dinners," with their preposterous superabundance of viands and their tediously protracted series of courses. It is all very well for Indians and the semi-civilized nations of the South Sea Islands to prepare *gorges* out of compliment to their guests, but the refined and cultured "heirs of all the ages" ought by this time to have got beyond this kind of barbaric hospitality; and it is pleasant to see a man of authority like Sir Henry come forward to enforce with physiological considerations the greater simplicity that common sense has so often advocated in vain. Sir Henry's recommendations should have the more effect that he is no ascetic, but recommends a *menu* that is at once appetising, nourishing and harmonious, while he shows that these three requisites can be much better secured by a moderate repast, carefully considered and arranged, and occupying an hour or at most an hour and a half, than by those wastefully profuse feasts too common even in Canada, which frequently consume three hours in getting through the multiplicity of courses, and are the fruitful parents of dyspepsia, gout, apoplexy and other maladies, which man's flesh is *not* naturally heir to, but which by his own reckless folly he brings upon himself. Strange how many shrewd men, after having made a fortune, deprive themselves of the power to enjoy it by the very attempt to grasp too much! It is to be feared that a growing desire for luxury and display, as opposed to the self-control and simplicity which mark a true civilization and refinement, are beginning to sap our higher life as a nation, and mar the true development to which we might aspire. How much of our insolvency and embarrassment is the natural fruit, not of hard times, though these may aggravate it, but of the inordinate greed of riches and luxury—the impatience of the steady plodding, the honest work, the simplicity of life and surroundings with which our fathers were content! They did not think—honest men!—that the hospitality of a gentleman required the mediation of a French cook, and a heaping together of all delicacies in season and out of season, in order to swell the bill of costs as well as the bill of fare to the highest possible figure. And has our appreciation of art—of the æsthetic—grown in any corresponding degree? What proportion does the encouragement of art among our richer classes—the purchase of pictures, or even high class literature, not to speak of philanthropic work—bear to the expenditure for gorgeous upholstery, the patronage of French cooks, the money spent on a profusion of unwholesome luxuries which gratify the vanity and the palate while they make havoc with digestion and health? Strange indeed that with all the boasted enlightenment of the age, all the progress of culture and activity of thought, it should be called hospitality to set people down to a mortal three hours of almost continual eating and drinking, while the most insipid conversation and the dreariest platitudes garnish the intervals between the courses. This is what we have for the "feast of reason

and the flow of soul"—for the lack of which trifling ingredient the flow of *champagne* must atone! It must have been after some such dreary entertainment that the witty Frenchman declared that life would be passable but for its amusements.

Against such waste of food, waste of money, waste of time and waste of digestion, Sir Henry Thompson, in the interests of hygiene, enters a strenuous protest, and it is to be hoped that his protest will not fall on deaf ears. He shows too, "a better way," by giving an outline of a well-ordered dinner, of comparative simplicity, so arranged as to provide the variety and balance of good material which the human frame requires, and to promote at once digestion and sociality, the main considerations, surely, in a social feast. His exposition of what are the various needs of the body with regard to food, and of the way in which these needs may best be supplied by harmoniously combining the materials at command, should enable both dinner-givers and ordinary housekeepers to cater more wisely for their tables. Not a few, indeed, of his recommendations have been reached, with little science by the short road of common sense, especially among nations which have a sort of natural genius for economy and thrift. Witness the French peasants' nourishing and thrifty *pot-au-feu*, which gives him a wholesome dinner on what our own lower classes too often waste or throw away. But somehow, common sense in cookery does not seem to thrive among ourselves, and there can be no question that not only the elaborate dinner parties, but also the usual fare of many a Canadian *ménage* is most injurious to individual health and to the building up of a vigorous national *physique*. In both respects a good example is already set by the first household among us. Let us hope that it will have its due effect. But, it might well be reinforced by the republication, in pamphlet form, of Sir Henry Thompson's articles, which contain, in brief space, a great deal of most practical instruction on the important subject of food.

It would be well, too, if the same information could be in some way disseminated among our lower classes; among whom, owing partly to wastefulness, partly to ignorance, there is a lamentable want of good feeding, notwithstanding the large amount of their wages spent on expensive food material. It is not too much to say that, for two-thirds of what they now spend for food, they might procure far more palatable, more nourishing and more wholesome food, and save the other third for clothing and fuel, which would make a very appreciable difference in their comfort. As it is, the dreary monotony of greasy or leathery fried meat, bread and tea, tends to drive many a man to the tavern for the gratification of the palate which his food does not afford him, while a persistence in this un-economic dietary will assuredly deteriorate the *physique* of our working classes. This might be said, too, of much of the diet of a large portion of our middle-classes, the perpetual pies, hot "biscuit," rich cake and sweets which are regularly devoured by all, even by children under the complacent eye of the capable mother, who is proud of her *cuisine* and likes to see it enjoyed, regardless or ignorant of consequences. It can scarcely be said in this case that "ignorance is bliss," for many a puny, ailing child who should have been healthy and vigorous, and many a life prematurely shortened, are the natural results of this foolish and reckless indulgence. The present depression of business would be truly a God-send, if it should have the effect of compelling a greater simplicity of diet and of national habits. No branch of education is more needed in our common schools, especially female ones, than the inculcation of the simplest principles of hygiene as regards food, ventilation, and the general management of the household. But to accomplish this end, our teachers must first be thoroughly indoctrinated themselves with principles to which too many of them have given, as yet, but little thought.

As to the poorer classes, many of whom get but little common school education at all, the only way of reforming their habits in regard to food must be by means of the same volunteer missionary workers who seek to benefit them in other ways. Charitable organizations, conducted by intelligent ladies, might do something to persuade mothers of families to try a more wholesome style of living; and simple cottage lectures on food in the winter evenings might at once supply innocent entertainment and salutary advice to working men and their wives. Many of these only need to have their eyes opened to see how great a variety of wholesome and palatable food is within the reach of all who can buy food at all. How many a family could have a nourishing dinner of soup with a few cheap vegetables, or of Sir Henry Thompson's economic pea-soup, or his bacon and beans, for about half of what they pay for their monotonous fried chop or leathery steak. How many consider anything in the shape of a "second course," or pudding, an unattainable luxury, when they might find, in rice, and hominy, and other preparations of Indian meal, the materials for a nourishing dish which, for children especially, would be a most wholesome and palatable addition to the dinner and a material saving to the consumption of bread and meat; and for breakfast, if we could secure the general use of the "halesome parritch," eaten with cheap molasses in default of milk, what a boon it would be to the half-starved children of the poor. But the example of wholesome simplicity must be set by our higher classes, who must show their own appreciation of what they recommend to others; and let us hope that such articles as Sir H. Thompson's may persuade many that "good living," in the truest sense, is not necessarily rich or costly,

but is much more likely to be found in simple materials combined and prepared with intelligence and thrift. And Sir H. Thompson's positive assertion that persons in ordinary health are *better without* the *habitual* use of any kind of alcoholic stimulant should have the more force, as he does not by any means speak from the stand-point of what is usually termed a "temperance man."

A. M. M.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

A BOTANICAL USURPER.

A curious instance of the invasion of a country by a plant of foreign origin is seen in the history of the mango in Jamaica. In 1782, specimens of the cinnamon, jack-fruit and mango were sent to the Botanic Garden of the Island. There the cinnamon was carefully fostered, but proved to be difficult of culture in the island; while the mango, which was neglected, became in eleven years as common as the orange, spreading over lowlands and mountains, from the sea-level to 5,000 feet elevation. On the abolition of slavery, immense tracts of land, especially coffee plantations, relapsed into a state of nature, and the mango being a favourite fruit with the blacks, its stones were flung everywhere, giving rise to groves along the roadsides and around the settlements, and the fruit of these, again, rolling down hill, gave rise to forests in the valleys. The effect of this spread of the mango has been to cover hundreds of thousands of acres, and to ameliorate the climate of what were dry and barren districts by producing moisture and shade, and by retaining the rainfalls that had previously evaporated; all this, besides affording food for several months of the year to both negroes and horses.

DRIED AND CRYSTALLIZED FLOWERS.

There are many of our brilliant flowers, such as dahlias, pansies, pinks, geraniums, sweet-williams, carnations, gladioli, which may be preserved so as to retain their colour for years. White flowers will not answer well for this purpose; nor any succulent plants, as hyacinths or cacti. Take deep dishes, or of sufficient depth to allow the flowers to be covered an inch deep; get the common white sand, such as is used for scouring purposes, cover the bottom of the dish with a layer half an inch deep, and then lay in the flowers with their stems downwards, holding them firmly in place while you sprinkle more sand over them, until all places between the petals are filled and the flowers are buried out of sight. A broad dish will accommodate quite a large number. Allow sufficient sand between. Set the dish in a dry, warm place, where they will dry gradually, and at the end of a week pour off the sand and examine them; if there is any moisture in the sand it must be dried before using again, or fresh sand may be poured over them the same as before. Some flowers will require weeks to dry, while others will become sufficiently dry to put away in a week or ten days. By arranging these with grasses and putting them on wire stems they will make a pretty bouquet mixed with pressed ferns. A pretty way to preserve cut flowers is to place a vase containing the cut flowers in the centre of a flat dish, into which a little water has been poured; insert a bell glass over the vase, so that the rim of the glass is covered by the water, thus forming an air tight chamber. The air surrounding the flowers will be kept constantly moist, and will remain so as long as the supply of water in the dish is kept undiminished. I recommend those who love to see plenty of fresh flowers in their sitting rooms in dry weather to adopt this plan. The experiment can be tried on a small scale by inverting a tumbler over a rosebud in a saucer of water. If some camphor has been dissolved in the saucer it will greatly assist in keeping the flowers fresh. Violets may be preserved for a long time by sticking them with short stems into a glass dish filled with damp silver sand, and then inverting a tumbler over them. Flowers may be preserved for many months by dipping them carefully, as soon as gathered, in perfectly limpid gum water; after allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and colour long after they have become dry.—*The Household.*

WHERE THE ORANGE CAME FROM.

Although it is common for people to speak of "native orange trees," I doubt whether there are any such in Florida. It is more likely that the seed was brought into the State by the early Spanish settlers, and by them and their Indian allies was scattered and grew wild, as many cultivated plants have grown at the North. Samuel B. Parsons, of Flushing Nurseries, New York, who is probably as well-read and well-informed as a traveller in Europe and this country as any man, told me recently that the Chinese sweet orange was undoubtedly introduced into Spain at a later period than the first settlement of Florida, that some of the wild oranges now grown here bear a strong resemblance to some that are cultivated in Seville; and that the several varieties of wild oranges in Florida have probably all originated from the sour Seville orange, first introduced by the Spanish 300 years ago, which gives ample time for the change and deterioration. A vast number of these wild orange trees have been transplanted for the purpose of breeding with the sweet varieties, but with limited success. Indeed, I do not suppose that one in ten is living. Yet few trees

are less difficult to transplant if it is done with proper care. The common practice is to cut away all the tops and nearly all the roots, and the few remaining are often pretty thoroughly dried, before resetting, besides being removed from shady woods to open ground, and planted by unskilful hands. The wonder is not that they died, but that even one in ten should live.

Many of the wild trees have been engrafted with sweet buds where they grew naturally, and thus made valuable orchards, which produce some fruit the third or fourth year, and come into full bearing three or four years sooner than trees grown from seed, and, I think, are generally more thrifty and hardy, which is not the case with transplanted stumps. Ten years ago it was exceedingly difficult to get seedling trees; now nurseries are abundant and profitable. Many people prefer to buy budded stock, because the impression prevails that trees will come earlier into bearing than seedling. The greatest advantage, however, is being pretty sure of getting good sorts, or a particular kind, for there is a choice in oranges as well as apples. A really pleasant cordial, called orange wine, is sometimes made with wild orange juice and sugar, and a few wild oranges are used in making marmalade, but the great bulk of them go to decay. I think I have seen a thousand bushels at one view thus perishing almost unseen, and quite uncared for by man.

Occasionally a wild lemon tree is found in the woods, but I have never seen lemon trees growing in large groups like the orange trees. I once made a careful estimate of a wild grove found in the woods far from my habitation, and found 18,000 trees, of two or four inches diameter, growing upon a few acres of land. In preparing such a grove for budding and growing the sweet orange, it would be necessary to remove seven-eighths of the trees and to cut the others back to stumps about four feet high.

As an evergreen, ornamental tree, nothing exceeds the sour orange, which is extensively used in yards in Jacksonville and other Florida towns, and is beginning to be used for street shade. The trees are easily grown from seed. I have several now only seven years old, beautifully filled with fruit. Even without fruit, the green of orange trees makes them always beautiful. Unlike some other trees their habits are so cleanly that they do not create nuisances. The leaves are eaten, but only in a limited degree, by a large worm, seldom, seen, called the "orange puppy," which is not a very handsome animal, though the butterfly produced from it is really beautiful, and quite an ornament to our grounds during the Summer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A QUARREL IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.

At the instance of Courtenay, Bishop of London, Wicliffe was cited to appear on February 19, 1377, in Our Lady's Chapel in St. Paul's, to answer for his teaching. The rumour of what was going on got wind in London, and when the day came a great crowd assembled at the door of St. Paul's. Wicliffe, attended by two powerful friends—John, Duke of Lancaster, better known as John of Gaunt, and Lord Percy, Earl Marshal of England—appeared at the skirts of the assemblage. The Duke of Lancaster and Wicliffe had first met, it is probable, at Bruges, where it chanced to both to be on a mission at the same time. Lancaster held the Reformer in high esteem, on political if not on religious grounds. Favouring his opinions, he resolved to go with him and show him countenance before the tribunal of the bishops. "Here stood Wicliffe in the presence of his judges, a meagre form dressed in a long light mantle of black cloth, similar to those worn at this day by doctors, masters, and students in Cambridge and Oxford, with a girdle round the middle; his face, adorned with a long thick beard, showed sharp bold features, a clear piercing eye, firmly closed lips, which bespoke decision; his whole appearance full of great earnestness, significance, and character." But the three friends had found it no easy matter to elbow their way through the crowd. In forcing a passage something like an uproar took place, which scandalised the court. Percy was the first to make his way into the Chapel of Our Lady, where the clerical judges were assembled in their robes and insignia of office. "Percy," said Bishop Courtenay, sharply—more offended, it is probable, at seeing the humble Rector of Lutterworth so powerfully befriended than at the tumult which their entrance had created—"if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you from coming in hither." "He shall keep such masteries," said John of Gaunt, gruffly, "though you say nay." "Sit down, Wicliffe," said Percy, having but scant reverence for a court which owed its authority to a foreign power—"sit down; you have many things to answer to, and have need to repose yourself on a soft seat." "He must and shall stand," said Courtenay, still more chafed; "it is unreasonable that one on his trial before his ordinary should sit." "Lord Percy's proposal is but reasonable," interposed the Duke of Lancaster; "and as for you," said he, addressing Bishop Courtenay, "who are grown so arrogant and proud, I will bring down the pride not of you alone, but that of all the prelacy in England." To this menace the bishop calmly replied "that his trust was in no friend on earth, but in God." This answer but the more inflamed the anger of the duke, and the altercation became yet warmer, till at last John of Gaunt was heard to say that "rather than take such words from the bishop he would drag him out of the court by the hair of the head." It is hard to say what the strife between the duke and the bishop might have grown to, had not other parties suddenly

appeared upon the scene. The crowd at the door, hearing what was going on within, burst the barrier, and precipitated itself *en masse* into the chapel. The angry contention between Lancaster and Courtenay was instantly drowned by the louder clamours of the mob. All was now confusion and uproar. The bishops had pictured to themselves the humble Rector of Lutterworth standing meekly if not tremblingly at their bar. It was their turn to tremble. Their citation, like a dangerous spell which recoils upon the man who uses it, had evoked a tempest which all their art and authority were not able to allay. To proceed with the trial was out of the question. The bishops hastily retreated; Wicliffe returned home; "and so," says one, "that council, being broken up with scolding and brawling, was dissolved before nine o'clock."—*History of Protestantism.*

THACKERAY.

He was born of a well-connected, well established family, perhaps with no floating grandeur of a pedigree, but with generations of cultivated lives behind him; and thus had the advantage, not shared by all his rivals, of thorough acquaintance with the inner life of those classes who are the favourites of literature, and among whom the finer problems of civilized life can best be studied. Dickens never possessed this advantage. However elevated the society might be in which he lived, in fiction he was never at home among gentlemen, and had no freedom in handling them. But though thus standing on a higher level than his great competitor, Thackeray had not his immediate success—he had not even the success which attended Lever's easy and dashing sketches; but toiled upward for a long time before his hand touched at a hazard the hidden spring, and the door flew open before him. Up to this time he had lived a struggling life; spending and losing in the first place the little fortune to which he was born, and then for a number of years struggling along with varying degrees of unprosperity, neither happy in his circumstances nor fortunate in his efforts, but always cheerful, always honorable, and self-sustained; a man flung by stress of weather into many out-of-the-way vessels and voyages, but never staining his good name or leaving shame behind him.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE TIMBER AREA OF CANADA.

Lord Carnarvon, while Secretary of State, called for information from the colonies as to their timber supply. During the five years ending 1876, Canada sent England about \$125,000,000 worth of timber. In Nova Scotia, the approximate amount of timber-producing land was, in 1872, computed at 9,000,000 acres; in Ontario, 30,000 square miles; in Quebec, 73,711,114 acres; New Brunswick, 6,000,000 acres. In British Columbia about 110,000,000 acres are covered with timber. Newfoundland, too, is densely wooded, but the forest fires have there, as also to a considerable degree in Canada, made serious inroads. In Natal, Africa, the Crown forests have for some time been suffering so seriously from the depredations of the natives, that the Surveyor-General has absolutely prohibited the use of forest lands for cultivation of crops. It is computed that Cape Colony has between 500 and 600 square miles of forest. Between 1868 and 1878, British Honduras sent 34,000,000 feet of mahogany. In Victoria, Australia, timber is diminishing far too rapidly, and in Western Australia the Governor thinks that steps must be taken to arrest destruction. In Queensland an annual license fee is exacted from wood cutters; and an officer has been appointed to report on the public timber-producing lands, with a view to their conservation. Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land) has about 8,000,000 acres under timber, of which about 1,000,000 are in private hands. In Ceylon steps were some time since taken to arrest reckless destruction. In Queensland and South Australia the clearing of the forests has produced no effect whatever on the rainfall. In St. Helena, on the other hand, where the destruction of the trees shortly after colonization of the island was followed by a succession of severe and destructive droughts, now that the forests have been allowed to grow again, there has been much less trouble on that score. The climate of Jamaica is reported much drier of late years in the south side of the island, where the greatest clearances have been made.

COBBLERS, STICK TO YOUR LAST.—I listen to the historian of the Elizabethan age, when he speaks of the trial of Mary, the diplomacy of Elizabeth, or the fortunes of the Spanish Armada; but I do not want his opinion on Spenser's versification, or Bacon's claim to the title of philosophic discoverer. He may review Shakespeare's historical plays; they deal with political matter; it lies within his province to consider how that age regarded the past; but I am not anxious to know whether he prefers "Lear" as a tragedy to the "Agamemnon," or the English to the French; whether he is a classicist or a romanticist. Let writers deal with what they understand. Historical writing is infested more than any department of serious literature with superficial and unnecessary dogmatism on subjects which lie outside the historian's studies.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The great pain reliever, Brown's Household Panacea, which has wrought such wonders, is a purely vegetable preparation. It cures cramp in the limbs and stomach, rheumatism, dysentery, toothache, sore throat, bilious colic, cholera, colds, burns, sprains and bruises, and all kindred maladies. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Relief and health to your children.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children relieves the child from pain, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity and wind colic.

THE SAILOR AND THE FLOWER.

Once, when a storm had burst upon the main,
When, urged through darkness, on the wrecking shore
The good ship struck,—a floating fragment bore
A struggling sailor to a barren plain
Where never human heart had worshipped God—
Where never human foot save his had ever trod.
"Would heaven," he said, while gazing all around,
He saw no human form, and heard no other sound
Than the hoarse wind's dreary, death-charged staves
To the wild tripping of the rock-rent waves—
"Oh! would to heaven the cruel sea had spared
One mate, wer't but the dog, who might have shared
With me this lot." But, peeping from the ground,
He saw a flower, whose tender leaves of blue
Kind eve had sprinkled o'er with freshest dew;
Then with an eye up to the dread profound—
"Away," he cried, "away, unholy fear,
Alone I am not—God and Love are here!"

—John Critchley Prince.

SOFT FELL THE SHADE OF EVEN-TIME.

Soft fell the shade of even-time;
Methought, amid its wan decline,
I sat in quiet room,
Rich curtains veiled the windows quaint,
The day was waning fainter, faint,
Up rose the holy moon.
As darker, darker grew the town,
In crimson light the sun went down
Beyond the hills afar;
Fair children, weary with their play,
Came toiling up the flower-scented way;
Like hope amid the clouds of doubt,
The lights below came beaming out,
Above came star on star.
As bright and brighter rose the moon,
Oh! soothing sweet, a quiet tune
Came streaming o'er the night;
A tender voice, a snow-white hand,
Woke echoes as from choral band,
And softly through the gloom
It sung: O heart, be strong! be strong!
Whate'er may fall of blight or wrong,
There ever shines a light;
Look up, O sweet as eye of love,
A light to lead the Heart above,
That seeks the pure and right.

—Marion Paul Aird.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—You know how telling a story in company brings out a dozen stories, and so a "Lacrosse" one has obtained for us the experience of our gallant friend, Colonel Dyde, as well as "Marih's" valuable extracts, and the interesting notes of Catlin's paintings. Might it not be worthy of a trial, to devote a column to historical sketches of Canadian subjects? Were this done, and care taken by the writers in stating time, place, person and circumstance, with precision, a collection might be made of historical tales. Possibly a certain number of contributors might be pledged to aid, regularly, and others would add their *quota* when in the humour. It might supply the place of a historical society, for which there is no necessity, considering that one already exists at Quebec.

Sir Walter Scott was an assiduous gatherer of border tales; Hawthorne, in like manner, saved many colonial incidents; Washington Irving's works are in many cases founded on local subjects, and one in particular, "Astoria," is thoroughly Canadian. Parkman has expressed so many stirring records of the French priest, statesman, soldier and pioneer, that his works have immortalized his heroes. While we have some of the veterans of 1812, and a few of the old North-West and Hudson's Bay associates among us, it will be well to hear them. Many have passed away within the last few years, such as Dease, Simpson, Thompson and Swanston, whose experiences would have been most valuable as a basis for history, and ere all go let us begin, as it is never too late to start on such a work.

Yours truly,

Wimbel.

Musical.

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

OPERA IN MONTREAL.

One among the many proofs of our musical advancement in this city during the past decade is that we are visited every season by one or more first-class opera companies; not provincial troupes of worn-out artists, performing threadbare works in a meaningless way, but the best companies from the Metropolis of America, sometimes composed of singers who have been endorsed by the most critical audiences in Europe. The short season of opera given here by Mr. Strakosch last winter served to show that we know how to appreciate first-class performances, and we are glad to hear that through the enterprise of Mr. DeZouche we will shortly have an opportunity of hearing the Emma Abbott Opera Company, which will perform in the Academy of Music during the second week in November. Miss Abbott is in the front rank of American vocalists, and associated with her are Mrs. Seguin, Mr. Tom Karl, and others who have had great success as exponents of English opera. We understand that a full orchestra and an efficient chorus will take part in the performances, and that each piece will be produced here in as complete a manner as it is represented in New York.

According to general request, Mr. DeZouche has promised to give us the best operas in the repertoire of the company, leaving out "Trovatore," "Lucia" and others, which, though admirable works of their kind, are giving way, the world over, to more solid and substantial compositions. The following works will probably be given:—"Chimes of Normandy," "Mignon," "Faust," "Paul and Virginia," "Carmen," and "The Rose of Castile," the ever fresh and popular "Pinafore" being announced for the Saturday matinee. It will be seen that these works are nearly all of the modern French school, that being the prevailing style at present. Bizet's "Carmen" is not unknown to our musical people, and "Paul and Virginia," by Victor Massé, has been performed with great success at the leading opera houses in both London and Paris. The prices will be made as low as is consistent with first-class representation, and we hope the company may meet with sufficient encouragement to induce both them and others to visit us again.

MR. BOUCHER is about to form an amateur orchestra for the private performance of instrumental music.

NORDHEIMER'S HALL is nearly completed. It is to be opened by the Barnabee troupe, of Boston, about the end of the present month.

THE Mendelssohn Choir will shortly re-assemble for practice, under the able direction of Mr. Joseph Gould. No more public performances will be given, but the organization will be maintained as a strictly amateur one.

A LARGE volunteer choir is being formed for Christ Church Cathedral. Already a number of applications for membership have been received, and about forty voices are expected, which, when well trained, will make a very efficient choir.

In the sixth of a series of articles on worship music which are appearing in the *London Church Bells*, Mr. John Crowdy makes a noteworthy suggestion, the realization of which might obviously have interesting and important results. It is that a band of instrumental players should be formed in connection with each cathedral, and orchestral accompaniments be made the rule for the principal Sunday service. Mr. Crowdy evidently thinks this the direction in which church music should now be developed.—*Music Trade Review*.

THE practice of singing "Amen" after every hymn, as is done in some churches, is rather the result of habit than of a conviction of its necessity, for oftentimes the word is entirely out of place, and forms an absurd close to the words that have gone before. At the end of every prayer or supplication and thanksgiving, whether in verse or prose, its *raison d'être* is plainly evident; but aside from such entreaties for mercy, etc., its use is absolutely to be forbidden. This assertion is so self-evident that it is not necessary to adduce instances in order to substantiate it. Give it but one thought.—*Music Trade Review*.

PROPOSED SCHOOL OF MUSIC FOR LIMERICK.—A largely attended meeting of the citizens, presided over by the Mayor, Mr. Michael O'Gorman, was held this week in the Athenæum, with a view to making arrangements towards the formation of a school of music in Limerick on the Cork principle, save that while the Cork school is maintained by a tax of a halfpenny in the pound, the one to be established in this city shall be formed and kept up by voluntary subscriptions. The proceedings were of a very unanimous character, the project being warmly approved, and a committee was appointed to arrange the necessary details.—*Irish Times*.

MAKE our young men musicians, musicians in the true sense of the word, and the rum shop, the billiard saloon, and other questionable resorts, will be cheated out of the greater part of their customers. Unfortunately, as experience has taught me, it is a widespread opinion among our business men, lawyers, bankers, etc., that it will incapacitate a boy for business, make him volatile, and unfit to meet the exigencies of this hard, matter-of-fact life if we teach him music. Nothing could be more erroneous. As sure as the thorough study of the classic writers of ancient and modern times will benefit a young man by elevating his mind, giving him moral strength and a proud consciousness of his manhood, unknown to the common herd, just as sure will the thorough understanding of the words of the immortal masters in music ennoble his passions and take a most earnest and beneficial hold of his soul and heart. Look at Germany. The statesman, the soldier, the grave jurist and magistrate—they all delight in the sweet "recreation-work" (Erholungs-Arbeit) of music; not in the fantastic polka, the sensational operatic air, or the empty and showy "morceau de salon." No! in the worthy renderings of the immortal works of the masters, whom they have been taught to venerate, to love, and to understand. It is this good, this intellectual music which draws the different members of the family circle together in kindlier feelings, and which makes hearth and home appear more cheerful and attractive. Could not this immense power which true music has over the human mind be employed with some benefit to our young men. —*Cor. Philadelphia Ledger*.

Chess.

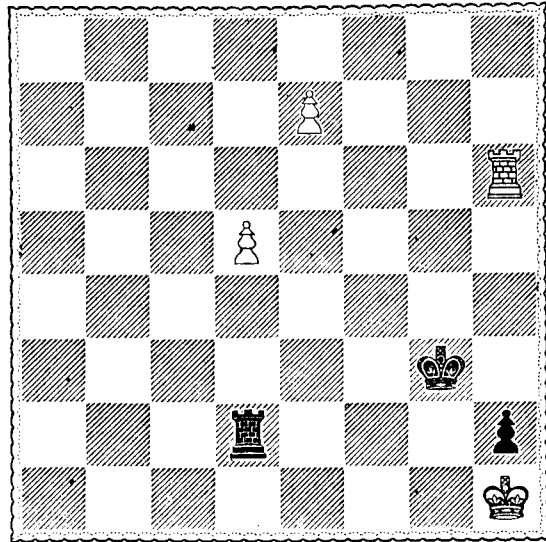
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, Sept. 6th, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXXVII.

(End-game.) By Mr. John Watkinson, Huddersfield, Eng. From Miles' "Chess Gems."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White (Mr. Watkinson) having to play, won the game.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXXIV.

White. Black. White.
1 K to Kt 6 Any move 2 Mates accordingly.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CANTO V.

ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH CANTO.—The black Queen enters into the heat of the engagement. The white troops give way. Their Queen is busy in another part of the field: she forces her way to the royal tent, puts the sentinels to the sword, and gives check to the King. The black Queen comes to his relief; she throws herself between him and the enemy. The white Queen falls. The King revenges her death. The black trooper is slain. Two foot-warriors and an archer are all that remain. Mercury musters the Moors. The black Queen meditates the destruction of the adverse King. She hews down all before her. The white archer and the two soldiers are put to the sword. The King now stands alone; he will not abdicate his crown. He flies, and baffles the enemy. The black King pursues him. After passing through various defiles, the white King halts upon his first line. The black Queen takes post on the second line and hems him in. The black King wishes to gain the honour of the day, but in vain; one square is always between him and his adversary. The black Queen gives the finishing stroke. The white King dies in the field of battle. Mercury exults and triumphs. Jupiter rewards him. Mercury instructs a nymph in the game of chess. He meets her on the banks of the river Serio. His amour is related. He gives the nymph a chess board as a token of his love. The nymph teaches the game to the people of Italy. The poem concludes.

From the Moor's camp, meantime, in armour bright,
The fierce Virago animates the fight.
At glory's call she presses on with speed,
Where the war glows, and where the bravest bleed.
With the bold Amazon none dare engage,
Nor the white Queen attempt to check her rage.
Through paths far distant the white Queen proceeds,
Prompt in design, and bold in gen'rous deeds.
Round the Moor's camp each avenue she tries,
In his pavilion where the Monarch lies.
The picket guard, the sentinels around,
Fall by surprise, and bite the checker'd ground.
Each post obtain'd, each fastness of the place,
Towards her design she moves in silent pace,
There hopes to triumph by resistless might.
And at one blow conclude the ling'ring fight.
This from afar beheld the sable Queen,
Her eye quick glancing o'er th' embattled scene.
She sees the plan by bold ambition form'd,
Her King besieg'd, and the entrenchments storm'd.
With rage her bosom heaves, now sinks with grief.
What shall she do? where turn? how bring relief?
O'er vulgar lives she scorns her sword to wield,
And leaves ungleam'd the harvest of the field.
Swift as the wind, she measures back the plain,
And darts and glitt'ring swords oppose in vain.
Between her King and the proud foe she stands,
And bravely there defies the hostile bands;
On her, on her their fury dares invoke
And lays her bosom naked to the stroke.
Hermes exults; and now, with brandish'd blade,
The white Queen's life a trooper dares invade.
Ill-fated princess! she resigns her breath
In Honour's cause, and seeks the shades of death;
While, poor atonement for so great a prize!
By the King's hand the sable trooper dies.
Two soldiers only in the ranks appear,
And one bold archer, still untaught to fear;
To shield their King, undaunted they repair;
Their hope of safety fix'd in brave despair.
Ah! gallant warriors! check your ardent course;
Not your weak aid, nor such unequal force,
The time demands; o'er all the checker'd ground,
Lo! Hermes storms, and calls his Moors around.
The Moors obey: the Queen her aid combines,
Braves ev'ry danger, and lays waste the lines.
The King she seeks: the King, where'er she flies,
Burns in her soul, and flashes from her eyes.
Aloud she calls, "What ho! young Monarch, oh!
'Tis the black Amazon, thy mortal foe."
Him low in dust her vengeance pants to lay,
And where she rushes ruin marks her way.
She shakes her crimson steel; the shatter'd foes
Her crimson steel no longer can oppose;
An undistinguish'd prey their lives they yield,
Till man by man they perish on the field.
The helpless King bemoans his slaughter'd host,
And troops of friends he now no more must boast.
He mourns a ruin'd, solitary reign,
His guards, his people wett'ring on the plain.
As when the morn has chas'd the shades of night,
And purpl'd o'er the east with orient light,
The stars withdraw their ineffectual fires,
And one by one the heav'nly host retires;
Thy orb, fair Venus, still emits a ray,
Awhile to gleam alone, then fade away.
Deserted, helpless, thus the King remains,
But still th' unconquerable mind retains;
He scorns to abdicate, though numbers press,
In ruin brave, majestic in distress.
Exploring ev'ry path, he stands at bay,
And through th' embattled phalanx wins his way,

Secure of life while none his passage meet,
And the field opens still a safe retreat.
Till fate has stretch'd one monarch on the plain,
Of all their toil the warriors boast in vain.
For this the snowy King his flight renews;
And where the sable monarch bends his course,
The white King flies, and still eludes his force;
Seizes each post the vacant lines afford,
Retreats, advances, flies, and skims along the board.
But who from destiny can hope to fly?
The inevitable hour of fate draws nigh;
For now the limit of the checker'd ground
His steps have reach'd—his fortune's utmost bound!
There, as he moves, the sable Queen from far
Darts o'er the plain, and rushes through the war:
The captive monarch eager to confine,
She plants her standard on the second line.
Her King exults, as with experienc'd eyes
He views the field, and to the conquest flies;
Pursues the foe, by love of glory led,
And now he lays, or thinks he lays him dead.
Vain the pursuit; where'er they tread the scene,
One square still leaves a vacant space between.
The sable Amazon beholds with pain
The ling'ring labour of the long campaign.
Forward she springs, and on the farthest land,
With rage in-satiate, takes her fatal stand.
Unhappy Prince! which way the danger shun,
Fate calls thee hence: thy race of glory's run!
Thirsting for blood, the heroine gives the blow;
Th' indignant monarch seeks the shades below.
On the bare earth his limbs extended lie;
The gods applaud, and rend with shouts the sky.
Hermes in triumph sees his labours o'er,
And lo Pean rings along the shore.
The matchless chief with p ease Jove surveys,
Approves his toil, and crowns his deeds with praise;
Then gives the wand, the magic wand, whose aid
Draws from the realms of night th' unbodied shade;
Whose unrelenting power to endless pain
In Stygian lakes can send the guilty train;
Can quench in slumber the unwilling sight,
Or call the fleeting spirit back to light.
Such was the gift to grace the victor's claim.
The victor taught th' Italian swains the game;
What the god taught, th' Italian swains obey,
And their sons celebrate the mimic fray.
These sports (if aught of truth old bards relate),
These festive sports to Love first owed their date.
For where through arching bowers the Serio glides,
And with his silver stream the lawn divides,
A train of virgins haunt the flow'ry plain,
Their feet responsive to the vocal strain;
With these a nymph appeared, surpassing fair,
Of heav'nly feature, and majestic air.
Hermes, the yielding fair one to requite,
With fond remembrance of the dear delight,
Bestow'd, still gazing on that heav'nly face,
The checker'd board, and party-colour'd race;
Explain'd the laws by which the troops engage,
And taught the nymph the various war to wage.
The nymph well pleas'd, and of the present vain,
Display'd Love's trophy to her sister-train;
Taught them the art, the manners of the game,
And bade the mimic strife retain her name.
Her name the nymphs record in ditties sweet,
And oft at eve the wondrous tale repeat.
Oft have I heard them: in my vernal day,
Oft have attention listened to the lay,
What time I first essay'd the sylvan strains,
And with the Muse walk'd o'er my native plains.
THE END OF "THE GAME OF CHESS."

PIANOS.

JOSEPH P. HALE.

SKETCH OF THE CAREER OF A GREAT PIANO MANUFACTURER.

INCIDENTS IN THE GROWTH OF AN IMMENSE BUSINESS.

The Many Improvements and Rapid Success of the "Hale" Pianos.

Mr. Joseph P. Hale—like so many of the men whose business ability and mechanical skill have made America what it is, the most progressive country in the world—is a Yankee of the Yankees. He was born in 1819, at Bernardston, Franklin County, Mass., where the Hales had been respectable farmers for several generations. The death of his father, when the lad was in his fourth year, left a large family dependent on his widow, and the young Joseph's first efforts to make himself useful were consecrated to her assistance. Under such circumstances he received only a brief and irregular education, and at the very time when most youths of fourteen are ambitious of little else than a reputation in the base-ball field, he became the mail carrier of the district; no trifling duty, for it involved twice every week a ride of seventy-five miles. For two years he went this round among the rural post-offices, in all sorts of weather. But the post of mail carrier, while a laborious and responsible one, offered no prospects of such a career as J. P. Hale longed for. Confident, energetic and honest as he was, he set out to find his vocation in life; he tried his hand at all the small mechanical industries which he could find in the New England villages, and after some years he pitched his tent in Worcester, a town which had always been famous for its skilled mechanics.

His seven years of apprenticeship, as we may regard it, were now over, his *wanderjahre* were finished, his business life began.

With his success his ambition grew, and occasional visits to New York led him to form the wish of establishing himself where he could find a wide field for his energies. Circumstances drew his attention to the piano trade. His experience as a carpenter taught him something of the cost of both materials and labour. The delicate mechanism of the piano was soon understood by the man who had been so successful as a mechanic in Worcester, and he had a far-seeing eye. He not only saw that some of the old manufacturers were extravagant workmen or loved extravagant profits, but clearly perceived that their system was stifling the trade in its birth. He saw that, beyond the wealthy class who did not care what was paid for a piano provided it bore a fashionable name, there existed a large and constantly increasing body of our fellow-citizens who cared more for what a thing was than what it professed to be; he saw that every day music was more the subject of general attention and was becoming a part of common school education, and that a certain fortune awaited the enterprising man who first offered to the middle and industrial classes a good instrument at a cheap rate. He determined on a revolution which would make a piano as easily procured as a cooking-stove or a sewing-machine.

Mr. Hale came to New York in 1860 with a capital of \$30,000, and, after a brief experience of partnership into which he was beguiled at his first arrival, established himself in a small factory on Hudson and Canal Streets. His trade constantly increased, and necessitated constant removals and additions to buildings. His factory on Tenth Avenue and Thirty-fifth Street is one of the most complete in the country. Each room is devoted to a specific part of the piano, and each workman spends his time on one part of the instrument. A new, immense factory will be erected on the river front at 146th Street. It will be eight hundred feet front, fifty feet wide, and eight stories high. Here, under one roof, all parts of the instruments will be constructed, and arrangements will be made for ten freight-cars to run in and load under the roof. When we say that a piano is sent from the factory every twenty-five minutes during the ten working hours of the day, it will be seen what necessity there is for ready handling of the goods.

The secret of Mr. J. P. Hale's success, then, is personal attention to business, strict economy, and cash purchases. A few figures will show to what an extent his trade has developed since 1860. During the first five years he made and sold 2,200 instruments; during the next five years about 5,000, giving a total for the decade of 7,200 pianos. At present Mr. Hale turns out 140 pianos per week or over 7,200 per year.

Great as this supply is, he could dispose of a great many more per week if he had room to produce them in his present factory. He is generally five or six hundred behind orders.

During Mr. Hale's business career in New York he has never had a note discounted, nor borrowed a dollar.



SAINT ANNE, OTTAWA RIVER.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works, and endorsed "Tender for Canal and Lock at St. Anne," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on FRIDAY, THE 10TH DAY OF OCTOBER next, for the construction of a Lock and the formation of approaches to it on the landward side of the present lock at St. Anne.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specification of the work to be done, can be seen at this office and at the Resident Engineer's office, at St. Anne, on and after SATURDAY, THE 27TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, at either of which places printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000 must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract; of which the sum sent in with the Tender will be considered a part.

Ninety per cent. only of the progress estimates will be paid until the completion of the work.

To each Tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the works embraced in the Contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAY AND CANALS,
OTTAWA, 29th August, 1879.



RIVER ST. MAURICE.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Repairs of Grandes Piles Dam," will be received at this office until the THIRTEENTH day of NEXT SEPTEMBER, inclusive.

The plans and specification of the work can be seen at this office and at the Superintendent's Office at Three Rivers, on and after the twenty-fifth instant. Printed forms of tender can also be obtained together with printed copies of the specification in English and French at these places and at the residence of Arthur Rousseau, Slide-Master at St. Boniface de Shawengan, by parties tendering, only.

Ten per cent. will be retained of the monthly progress estimates until the completion of the work.

To each tender must be attached the actual signatures of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the Dominion of Canada, willing to become sureties for the due performance of the work embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 22nd August, 1879.

IN STOCK.

Prunella, 10 to 20 Thread.
Elastic Webs, 4 1/2 to 5 inches.
Shoe Rivets, in Brass and Iron, all sizes.
Shoe Nails in Common Iron, Swede and Zinc Hook Eyelets.
Do Machines.
Heel Plates in Iron, 2 1/4 to 3 inches.
Boot Laces, Real Porpoise and French Calf.
Day & Martin's Liquid Blacking.
Kerr's N. M. T. Thread, Black and White, 300 yards.
Do Linen finished do, 9 cord.
FOR SALE BY
J. B. MACDONALD,
26 ST. SACRAMENT STREET.



AUCTION SALE

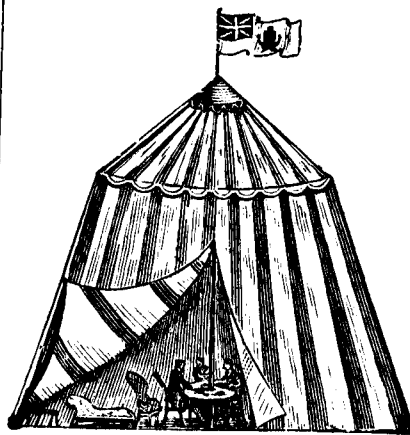
OF THE
LEASES OF TIMBER LIMITS.

AN AUCTION SALE OF THE LEASES OF NINETEEN TIMBER LIMITS, situate on Lake Winnipegosis and the Water-Hen River, in the North-West Territories, will be held at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, on the 1st day of September, 1879. The right of cutting timber on these limits will be sold, subject to the conditions set forth in the "Consolidated Dominion Lands Act." They will be put up at a bonus of Twenty Dollars per Square Mile, and sold by competition to the highest bidder.

Plans, descriptions, conditions of sale and all other information will be furnished on application at the Dominion Lands Office in Ottawa, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands in Winnipeg.

By order,
J. S. DENNIS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, 17th July, 1879.



TENTS! TENTS!

FOR SALE OR HIRE.

Price from \$8 upwards.

Maker of the celebrated UMBRELLA TENT.
SAILS of all kinds for SHIPS and YACHTS.

Note the Address,

CHRISTOPHER SONNE,

13 COMMON STREET,

(Near Allan's Wharf) - - MONTREAL.



HAMILTON & CO.,

Fancy and Staple Dry Goods,
105 ST. JOSEPH STREET,
(Opposite Dupre Lane)
MONTREAL.

VICTORIA MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO., OF CANADA.

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.

W. D. BOOKER, Secretary, GEO. H. MILLS, President.

WATER WORKS BRANCH

Continues to issue policies—short date or for three years—on property of all kinds within range of the city water system, or other localities having efficient water works.

GENERAL BRANCH:

On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.

RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.

EDWD. T. TAYLOR, Agent.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY FURNISHED BY THE

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

This Company having transacted business in Canada so acceptably for twenty-seven years past as to have, to-day, the largest Canada income of any Life Company save one (and a larger proportional income than even that one).

NOW ANNOUNCES

that it will deposit, in the hands of the Government of Canada, at Ottawa, the whole RESERVE, or RE-INSURANCE FUND, from year to year, upon each Policy issued in Canada after the 31st March, 1878. Every such Policy will then be as secure as if issued by the Government of Canada itself, so far as the safety of the funds is concerned.

The importance of having even a strong Company, like the ÆTNA LIFE, backed by Government Deposits, will be appreciated when attention is directed to the millions of money lost, even in our own Canada, through the mismanagement of Directors and others during a very few years past.

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,

J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.

EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,

ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

Sales of Furniture

AT PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

W. E. SHAW,

GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

Gives his personal attention to all Sales entrusted to him. His Salerooms—

195 ST. JAMES ST.,

(Opposite Molsons Bank.)

Best stand in the city for the sale of General Merchandise and Household Effects.

Those who contemplate selling their Household Furniture this Spring, will do well to make early arrangements with him, as he has already been engaged to conduct several important sales of which due notice will be given. Reasonable terms and prompt settlements have already secured him the leading business.

Valuations and Appraisals. Cash advances made on consignments.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE

Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Co.,

5 & 7 BLEURY ST.,

Beg to inform the BANKERS, MERCHANTS and BUSINESS MEN of the Dominion, that their large establishment is now in full operation, and that they are prepared to do all kinds of

ENGRAVING,
ELECTROTYPING,
STEREOTYPING,
LITHOGRAPHING
and TYPE PRINTING,

Photo-Electrotyping & Wood Engraving

IN THE BEST STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.

Special attention given to the re-production by

Photo-Lithography

OF
MAPS, PLANS, PICTURES OR BOOKS

OF ANY KIND.

From the facilities at their command, and the completeness of their establishment, the Company feel confident of giving satisfaction to all who entrust them with their orders.

G. B. BURLAND,
Manager.

ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada for the conveyance of CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS 1879. Summer Arrangements. 1879.

This Company's Lines are composed of the under-noted First-class, Full-powerful, Clyde-built, Double-engine Iron Steamships:

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. R. Brown.
Sarmatian	4000	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Circassian	3800	Capt. James Wylie.
Moravian	3650	Capt. John Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Nova Scotian	3300	Capt. W. Richardson.
Hibernian	3200	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Austrian	2700	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Prussian	3000	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. H. Wylie.
Manitoban	3150	Capt. McDougall.
Canadian	2800	Capt. Neil McLean.
Phenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Waldensian	2600	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Legallais.
Lucerne	2800	Capt. Kerr.
Acadian	1500	Capt. Cabel.
Newfoundland	1350	Capt. Mylins.

THE STEAMERS OF THE

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

sailing from Liverpool every THURSDAY, and from Quebec every SATURDAY (calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland), are intended to be despatched

FROM QUEBEC:

Moravian	Saturday, Aug. 16
Peruvian	Saturday, Aug. 23
Polynesian	Saturday, Aug. 30
Sarmatian	Saturday, Sept. 6
Circassian	Saturday, Sept. 13
Sardinian	Saturday, Sept. 20
Moravian	Saturday, Sept. 27

Rates of Ocean Passage:

Cabin, according to accommodation	\$70, \$80
Intermediate	\$49.00
Steerage	25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from Quebec on or about each Thursday.

Canadian	Aug. 15
Corinthian	Aug. 22
Manitoban	Aug. 29
Lucerne	Sept. 12
Waldensian	Sept. 19
Phenician	Sept. 26

The steamers of the Halifax Mail Line will leave Halifax for St. John's, Nfld., and Liverpool, as follows:—

Caspian	Aug. 19
Hibernian	Sept. 2
Nova Scotian	Sept. 16

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—

Cabin	\$20.00
Steerage	6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel. Berths not secured until paid for. Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at Continental Ports to all points in Canada and the Western States.

For Freight or other particulars apply in Portland to H. & A. Allan, or to J. L. Farmer; in Quebec, to Allans, Rae & Co.; in Havre, to John M. Currie 21 Quai d'Orleans; in Paris, to Gustave Bossange, Rue du Quatre Septembre; in Antwerp, to Aug. Schmitz & Co.; or Richard Berns; in Rotterdam, to Ruys & Co.; in Hamburg, to C. Hugo; in Bordeaux, to James Moss & Co.; in Bremen, to Heirn Rappel & Sons; in Belfast, to Charley & Malcolm; in London, to Montgonerie & Greenhornie, 17 Gracechurch Street; in Glasgow, to James and Alex. Allan, 70 Great Clyde Street; in Liverpool, to Allan Bros., James Street; in Chicago, to Allan & Co., 72 LaSalle Street.

H. & A. ALLAN,
Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.

Samuel Goltman,
MERCHANT TAILOR.

BOYS' BLOUSE SUITS,
YOUTHS' TWEED SUITS,
SPRING TROUSERINGS,
IN ALL THE FASHIONABLE MATERIALS.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

424 NOTRE DAME STREET.

GALBRAITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,

No. 378 Notre Dame Street, (Corner of St. John St.)

MONTREAL.

JOHN GALBRAITH, Manager.

ELOCUTION.

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give LESSONS in ELOCUTION at No. 58 Victoria street.

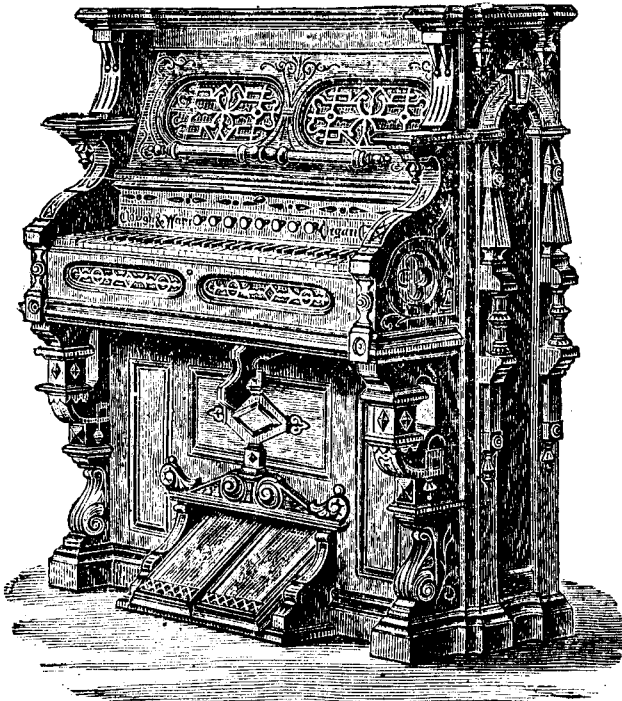
Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Private Lessons if preferred.

Instructions given at Academies and Schools on moderate terms.

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS

CAPTIVATE THE WORLD.



EVERY INSTRUMENT FULLY WARRANTED

PURITY OF TONE PRE-EMINENT FOR

Having not only received Diploma of Honor and Medal of Highest Merit at the United States Centennial International Exhibition, but having been UNANIMOUSLY PRONOUNCED, BY THE WORLD'S BEST JUDGES, AS SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY.

ADDRESS:

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGAN CO.,
DETROIT, MICH.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.,
Brewers and Maltsters.

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

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

The following Bottlers only are authorized to use our labels, viz.:

- Thos. J. Howard - 173 St. Peter street
- Jas. Virtue - 19 Aylmer street.
- Thos. Ferguson - 289 St. Constant street.
- James Rowan - 152 St. Urbain street.
- Wm. Bishop - 697 1/2 St. Catherine street.
- Thos. Kinsella - 144 Ottawa street
- C. Maisonneuve - 588 St. Dominique street.

JOHN H. R. MOLSON & BROS.

Ale and Porter Brewers,
NO. 286 ST. MARY STREET,
MONTREAL,

Have always on hand the various kinds of
ALE & PORTER,
IN WOOD AND BOTTLE.
Families Regularly Supplied.

GENUINE NEW YORK
SINGER SEWING MACHINES
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.



Buy only the GENUINE. Beware of COUNTERFEITS. None genuine without our Trade Mark stamped on the arm of the Machine.

THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO. SOLD IN 1877

282,812 MACHINES,

Being the largest number of Sewing-Machines ever sold by any Company in a single year. Machines sold on monthly payments.

THE SINGER MANUF'G. CO.,

281 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL P.Q.

RELIANCE MUTUAL
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of LONDON, Eng.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, 196 St. James St., Montreal.
FREDERICK STANCLIFFE,
RESIDENT SECRETARY.

The RELIANCE is well known for its financial strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from this Office.

The important changes virtually establish the Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.

F. C. IRELAND,

CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO.

OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

Capital - \$12,500,000

Fire and Life Insurances granted on easy terms. A call solicited.

OFFICE: 43 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, Montreal.

FRED. COLE,

GENERAL AGENT.

ESTABLISHED 1870.

RICHARDSON & CO.,
MERCANTILE COLLECTORS, ADVERTISING
and GENERAL AGENTS,
No. 4 TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

Canada Paper Co.,

374 TO 378 ST. PAUL STREET,
MONTREAL.

Works at Windsor Mills and Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Manufacturers of Writing, Book, News and Colored Papers; Manila, Brown and Grey Wrappings; Felt and Match Paper. Importers of all Goods required by Stationers and Printers.

Dominion Agents for the Celebrated Gray's Ferr Printing and Lithographic Inks and Varnishes.

POST-OFFICE TIME TABLE.

MONTREAL, Aug. 28th, 1879.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8 00	2 45	ONTARIO AND WESTERN PROVINCES.		8 15	8 00
8 00		Ottawa by Railway		8 15	8 00
		Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba & B. C.		8 15	8 00
		Ottawa River Route up to Carrillon		6 00	
		QUEBEC & EASTERN PROVINCES.			
8 00		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier and Sorel, by Q., M., O. & O. Ry.		2 50	
8 00		Ditto by Steamer		6 00	8 00
		Quebec, by G.T.R.			
8 00		Eastern Towns, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup Ry.		8 00	
		Occidental R. R. Main Line to Ottawa.		8 00	
	2 45	Do. St. Jerome and St. L. Branches		4 30	
		St. Remi and Hemmingford R.R.		2 00	
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, &c.		6 00	2 30-8
8 00		Acton & Sorel Railway		6 00	
10 00		St. John's, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station		6 00	
10 00		St. John's, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways		3 00	
10 00		South Eastern Railway		4 30	
8 00		New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and P.E.I.		8 00	
		Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet.		8 00	
		LOCAL MAILS.			
11 30		Beauharnois Route		6 00	
		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Varennes and Vercheres		1 45	
11 30		Cote St. Paul		6 00	
11 30		Tanneries West		6 00	2 00
		Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace		42 45	
11 30		St. Cuneonde		6 00	
11 30		Huntingdon		6 00	2 00
10 00	6 00	Lachine		6 00	2 00
8 00		Longueuil		6 00	2 00
10 00		St. Lambert		2 30	
10 00		Laprairie		10 30	2 30
11 00		Pont Vian, Sault-au-Reculet		4 00	
8 00		Terrebonne and St. Vincent		2 50	
8 30	5 00	Point St. Charles		8 00	15-5
		St. Laurent, St. Eustache and Belle Riviere		7 00	
10 00		North Shore Land Route to Bout de L'Isle		2 50	
9 00	5 00	Hochelaga		8 00	15-5
		UNITED STATES.			
8 & 10		Boston & New England States, except Maine		6 00	3 00
8 & 10		New York and Southern States		6 00	3 00
8 00	12 45	Island Pond, Portland and Maine		2 30-8	
8 00		(A) Western and Pacific States		8 15	8 00
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.			
		By Canadian Line (Fridays)		7 30	
		By Canadian Line (Germany) Fridays		7 30	
		By Cunard, Mondays		3 00	
		Supplementary, see P.O. weekly notice.		3 00	
		By Packet from New York for England, Wednesdays		3 00	
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesdays		3 00	
		WEST INDIES.			
		Letters, &c., prepared in New York are forwarded daily on New York, whence mails are despatched.			
		For Havana and West Indies via Havana, every Thursday p.m.		3 00	

*Postal Card Bags open till 8.45 p.m. & 9.15 p.m.
† Do. Do. 8.15 p.m.

The Street Boxes are visited at 9.15 a.m., 12.30, 5.30 and 7.45 p.m.

Registered Letters should be posted 15 minutes before the hour of closing ordinary Mails, and 30 min. before closing of English Mails.

ESTABLISHED 1850.
J. H. WALKER,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
17 Place d'Armes Hill,
Near Craig street.
Having dispensed with all assistance, I beg to intimate that I will now devote my entire attention to the artistic production of the better class of work. Orders for which are respectfully solicited.

THE CANADIAN ANTIQUARIAN AND NUMISMATIC JOURNAL.

Published quarterly by the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society, Montreal.

Subscription, \$1.50 per annum.

Editor's address: Box 1176 P.O.

Remittances to GEORGE A. HOLMES, Box 1310.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

FARE REDUCED.

CHANGE OF TIME.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Commencing MONDAY, May 19, Trains will be run on this Division, as follows:

	EXPRESS.	MIXED.
Leave Hochelaga.....	4.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	7.45 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	8.00 p.m.	4.30 a.m.
Arrive Quebec.....	10.45 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
RETURNING.		
Leave Quebec.....	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers.....	5.10 p.m.	11.20 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers.....	5.25 p.m.	3.15 a.m.
Arrive Hochelaga.....	8.40 p.m.	8.30 a.m.

Trains leave Mile End 10 minutes later.
 Tickets for sale at offices of STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN, 202 St. James Street, 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE,
 Genl. Pass. Agent.

February 7th, 1879.



GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

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

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

ON AND AFTER SATURDAY, JULY 19th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:—

Express Trains for Hull at 9.30 a.m. and 5.00 p.m.
 Arrive at Hull at 2.00 p.m. and 9.30 p.m.
 Arrive at Aylmer at 10.10 p.m.
 Express Trains from Aylmer at 8.00 a.m. Express Trains from Hull at 9.10 a.m. and 4.45 p.m.
 Arrive at Hochelaga at 1.40 p.m. and 9.15 p.m.
 Train for St. Jerome at - - - 5.30 p.m.
 Train from St. Jerome at - - - 7.00 a.m.
 Trains leave Mile End Station ten minutes later.

MAGNIFICENT PALACE CARS ON ALL PASSENGER TRAINS.

General Office, 13 Place d'Armes Square.
 STARNES, LEVE & ALDEN,
 Ticket Agents.
 Offices: 202 St. James and 158 Notre Dame street.
 C. A. SCOTT,
 General Superintendent,
 Western Division.
 C. A. STARK,
 General Freight and Passenger Agent.



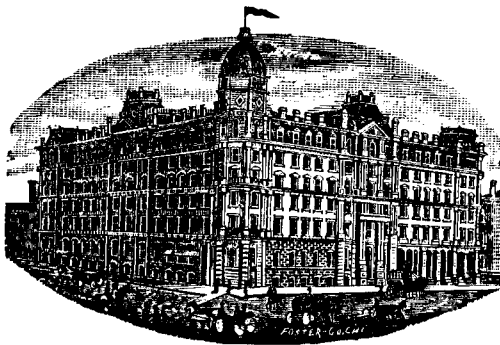
Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

WESTERN DIVISION.

FAMILIES SPENDING THE SUMMER MONTHS in the country are invited to visit the Villages of Riviere Des Prairies, St. Martin, St. Rose, St. Therese, St. Jerome, &c. Low rates of fare, by the month, season, or year, will be granted, and Trains run at hours suited to such travel. The above localities are unsurpassed for beautiful scenery, abundance of Boating, Fishing, and very reasonable charges for Board.

SPECIAL SATURDAY EXCURSION.

On and after SATURDAY, May 31st, Return Tickets will be sold to all Stations at one Single Fare, First and Second-class, good to go by any Regular Train on Saturday, and return Monday following.
 On and after SATURDAY, June 7th, Return Tickets will also be sold to Caledonia Springs at \$2.75, First-class, good to return until Tuesday following.
 A SPECIAL TRAIN, with First-class Car attached, will leave Calumet every MONDAY MORNING at 4.45 a.m., arriving at Hochelaga at 8.45 a.m., in time for business.
 C. A. SCOTT,
 General Superintendent.

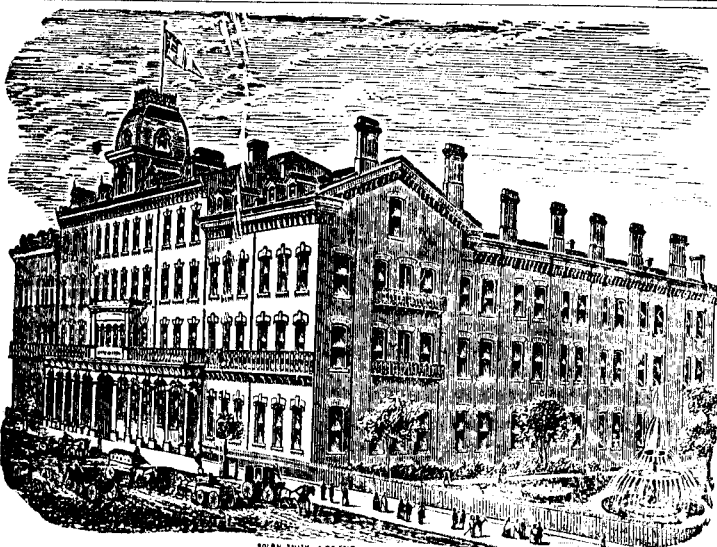


THE WINDSOR HOTEL, MONTREAL.

This Hotel has special advantages for the comfort of guests; with spacious parlours and promenades. Its location is high, which insures pure air, with views of the River and Mountain.

Has a room for commercial men at 117 St. Francois Xavier Street.
 Rates - - - \$2.50 per day, and upwards.

JAMES WORTHINGTON, Proprietor.

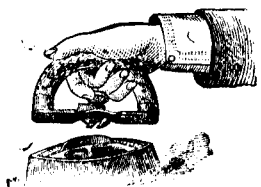


THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,---TORONTO, CANADA,

McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.

MRS. POTTS' PATENT



COLD HANDLE SAD IRON.

H. R. IVES & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

HARDWARE, IRON RAILINGS,

&c., &c.,

QUEEN STREET, MONTREAL.

Send for Cuts and Prices of Iron Railing.



BOSTON AND MONTREAL AIR LINE.

Shortest Route via Central Vermont R. R. Line.

Leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. and 4 p.m. for New York and Boston

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

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL

7.15 a.m., Day Express, for Boston via Lowell or Fitchburg, also for New York via Springfield or Troy.

For Waterloo, 4 p.m.

4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, arrive New York 7.15 a.m. next morning.

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

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Boston via Lowell at 8.00 a.m., via Fitchburg at 8.00 a.m., Troy at 7.00 a.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.40 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5.35 p.m. via Lowell, and 6 p.m. via Fitchburg, and New York at 3 p.m. via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 4.00 p.m., arriving in Montreal at 8.55 a.m.

For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central Vermont Railroad Office, 136 St. James Street.

Boston Office, 322 Washington Street.

G. W. BENTLEY, Gen'l Manager. J. W. HOBART, General Supt.

S. W. CUMMINGS, General Passenger Agent.

St. Albans, Vt., June 2, 1879.



Delaware & Hudson Canal Company's RAILROADS

TO

SARATOGA, TROY, ALBANY, BOSTON, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,

AND ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

Trains leave Montreal:

7.15 a.m.—Day Express, with Wagner's Elegant Drawing Room Car attached, for Saratoga, Troy and Albany, arriving in New York at 10 p.m. same day without change.

4.00 p.m.—Night Express. Wagner's Elegant Sleeping Car runs through to New York without change. This Train makes close connection at Troy and Albany with Sleeping Car Train for Boston, arriving at 9.20 a.m.

New York Through Mails and Express carried via this line.

Information given and Tickets sold at all Grand Trunk Railway Offices, and at the Company's Office,

143 St. James Street, Montreal.

JOSEPH ANGELL, CHAS. C. MCFALL,

General Passenger Agent, Albany, N.Y. Agent, Montreal.

MONEY MAKING WAYS OF WALL ST. A Manual for Investors.

Just out. Shows how Jay Gould, Vanderbilt and the millionaires of Wall Street make their money. First copy sent free. Address LIVINGSTON & CO., Publishers, 56 Broadway and 7 Exchange Court, New York.

Ottawa River Nav. COMPANY.



MAIL STEAMERS BETWEEN

MONTREAL and OTTAWA.

Passengers leave by the 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine to connect with steamer.

First-class Fare.....	\$2.50 from Montreal.
Do Return.....	4.00 do
Second class.....	1.50 do

For DAY TRIP through LAKE OF TWO MOUNTAINS to CARILLON, returning OVER RAPIDS in evening, take 7.15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to connect with steamer. Fare for round trip, \$1.25.

For excursion OVER RAPIDS, steamer leaves Lachine on arrival of 5 p.m. Train from Montreal. Fare for round trip, 50c.

EXCURSION TICKETS for the CELEBRATED CALEDONIA SPRINGS, at Reduced Rates.

Tickets at Principal Hotels and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE:

13 Bonaventure Street.

Freight forwarded daily at Low Rates, from Freight Office, 87 Common street, Canal Basin.

R. W. SHEPHERD,
 President.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.



THE STEAMERS OF THIS COMPANY

BETWEEN

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

Run regularly as under:

The QUEBEC on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the MONTREAL on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at SEVEN o'clock p.m., from Montreal.

Steamers from Montreal to Hamilton,

connecting at Toronto with Steamers for Niagara Falls and Buffalo, and with Railways for all points West, will for the present, leave daily (Sundays excepted) from the Canal Basin, at NINE o'clock a.m., and Lachine on the arrival of the train leaving Bonaventure Station at Noon. And Coteau Landing on arrival of train leaving Montreal at FIVE o'clock p.m.

SOUTH SHORE LINE.

For ALEXANDRIA BAY and Thousand Island Park and CAMPING GROUNDS, leave daily (Sundays excepted) and for Oswego, Charlotte and Rochester, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.

Steamer BOHEMIAN, Captain J. Rankin, for Cornwall, every Tuesday and Friday, at NOON, from Canal Basin, and Lachine on the arrival of the Three o'clock train.

Steamer TROIS RIVIERES, Captain J. Duval, leaves for Three Rivers every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Sorel with Steamer SOREL, for St. Francois and Yamaska.

Steamer BERTHIER, Captain L. H. Roy, leaves for Berthier every Monday at THREE p.m., Tuesday at TWO p.m., and on Thursdays and Saturdays at THREE p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with Railway for Joliette.

Steamer CHAMBLY, Captain Frs. Lamoureux, leaves for Chambly every Tuesday and Friday, at TWO p.m., connecting at Lanoraie with the cars for Joliette.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS,

At Low Rates, by Steamer TERREBONNE, Captain Laforce, Daily (Sundays excepted) leaving at TEN a.m. for Boucherville, Varennes, CUSHING'S GROVE and Deschamps's Grove, and at FOUR p.m. for a round trip, and returning at EIGHT p.m., affording unequalled facilities for PIC-NICS.

TICKET OFFICES—State Rooms can be secured from R. A. DICKSON, Ticket Agent, at 133 St. James Street, and at the Ticket Office, Richelieu Pier, foot of Jacques Cartier Square, and at the Freight Office, Canal Basin.

J. B. LAMERE, Gen. Manager. ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager.

General Offices—228 St. Paul Street.

Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

G. REINHARDT & SONS,

LAGER BEER.

BREWERY:

HEAD OF GERMAN ST., MONTREAL.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR is published weekly by the CANADIAN SPECTATOR Co., at No. 162 St. James Street, Montreal. Annual subscription \$2, payable in advance.