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GENERAL NOTES.

Dr. Larocque has just summoned a conference of his medical brethren on the general mortality of the city, and has given for publication comparative tables, and has made deductions from them in favour of Montreal, of which deductions our contemporary the *Witness* has pointed out a curious error in a leading principle. Still the figures are important, although they are very far from showing Montreal, as a city, to be as healthy as it ought and might be made to be. But these were not the tables especially asked for in these columns, and which Dr. Larocque has not yet found opportunity to favour us with. Those were, as our readers know, the statistics of the mortality of children under one year and under five years in all our public institutions professing to offer these poor infants a shelter, and the deaths have also to be compared with the numbers admitted. These figures are only such as have been furnished to the public in former years by Drs. Larocque and Carpenter, and as there can be no good reason for denying them now, we are still looking for them at his hands.

Sad to say, some of the institutions in question are successful in saving but a minute percentage of the lives confided to them, according to all previous returns,—a state of things which is simply intolerable in a free and modern community that wishes to take rank with others. A few may, we will suppose, be able to show some better measure of success. The figures will not deal with causes in operation affecting the excessive mortality, but they form a necessary and only groundwork for public inquiry. The common sense of the people of this country will insist, for the protection of the lives of the feeblest of God's creatures amongst them, appealing by every claim to our common humanity and our national honour, that on its being pointed out by those able to judge, the best course shall in future be followed. The Royal Commission was spoken of. Of its need there is no doubt, and it will come afterwards. Though we gain these preliminary figures, we are not trenching upon its functions.

We shall look for that Commission, only remembering that free governments move slowly. Not the less do they move surely, when there is good in them, and guide themselves by settled principles rather than by favour in the long run. Now, the Chief Magistrate is doubtless responsible for the due application of the laws. We hardly think Mr. Alpheus Todd will contradict us on this point. There may be a disregarded tendency for the interests of the weak, the insignificant and the uncomplaining—that is according to rough social estimates—going to the wall, as the saying is, but, if so, that is the very tendency to be overcome. We cannot, and must not, always be thinking of trouble and inconvenience to prosperous people, so as to make of them an obstacle to the vital and essential rights of any class. Prosperous people of the right kind do not desire anything of the sort. On the contrary, many of them exert themselves constantly for the general good government. If they feel their want of power, their hands will be strengthened. The newspapers, too, hold a settled opinion, though sometimes slow to express it. The *Witness* has evidenced its thoughtfulness, lately, in articles on the difficult question of legal process against the seducer—the general improvement of nursing for well-to-do children. In its news columns the practices of

the vile abortionists have not been spared. Its conductors will see with us, that the question of the institutions in Montreal, often referred to previously, needs both clear statement and solid reasoning now. It may perhaps be said of people under free institutions that they are good at excuses. No doubt they are so. But if they prize their responsibilities they must also exercise them.

The *Witness* has come out with an uncommonly airy scheme for handing over the actual lands composing the Timber Limits of the Province to lumberers of a speculative turn. Does this worthy journal know anything of the vast extent of those limits? and are its conductors really led to suppose that a free people will ever endure to have their country taken from under their feet in that way? The writer is not long, however, in bringing an effective puff to bear against the bubble he had started, for he goes on to say :—

“The limit system offers great inducements to speculation. It affords temptation to men without capital to undertake enterprises altogether too heavy for them, forcing them often to reckless and desperate means in order to meet the heavy interest at which they have borrowed the money paid down.”

As if the locking up of the lands within their private precinct would make lumberers of that class, or of any class, the less speculative. That is all too absurd. To save our forests we ought to provide for thinning out the trees while young, as they do with the German forests and the Norwegian. The ground should be gone over for timber production at regular intervals of years, and adjustments should doubtless be made in the duties to prevent the present lamentable waste.

We have received from a correspondent the suggestions which follow, in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the North-west lands :—

“The following conditions are suggested to the people of this country on account of their believed suitability for controlling the action of the extensive Railway and Land-holding Company to whom it is intimated to us that our future interests as Canadian citizens in the North West are likely to be largely committed. Grave consideration is requested for these points from all who enjoy a due sense of the privileges and duties of Canadian Citizenship :—

“1. A limit of time during which the railway lands should be held by the company in unsettled condition, at the lapse of which specified period they should *ipso facto* revert to the hands of the Canadian Government. The compensation claimable by the company for such transferred lands to be fixed in the original deed. This provision is intended to prevent the locking up of the lands in the hands of speculators, together with all the evils of the absentee proprietorship.

“2. The establishment of an Option of Purchase of the entire railway line in favour of the Canadian Government and people, such option to recur in certain specified years, in order that the people of Canada may not by any possibility be tied down to an irremediable monopoly of the future goods and passenger traffic, while during the intervals of years, the minds both of the public and of the company will be left free from disturbance affecting change of ownership. The element of bonus for such transfer of ownership to be considered. The periods suggested during which the national option should extend are the entire twelve months of each of the years being the 21st, the 41st, the 61st, and the 81st, years after the signing of the contract with the company; but other years might be fixed upon after due public discussion of this vital question.

“3. A limit to the quantity of land of which any one person may be seized as owner,—always excepting the Railway Company during the period of its occupancy for colonization purposes.

“4. The existing rights of settlers and of the general Canadian public in all lands outside of the territories now known as Railway Lands to continue intact. The conditions under which the company are to sell their lands to be also considered.

“As a session of the Parliament at Ottawa may be expected to take place at some period before the final confirmation of the contract now under discussion in London, the above principles, with others if deemed essential, should receive the thoughtful consideration of the public in advance of such session. And these vast and enduring interests ought not to be looked upon as involving questions of party. In a spirit of candour and patriotism all parties may unite to do them justice.”

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

As I intimated in the issue of the SPECTATOR for May 1st, concerning the proposed construction of the Huron and Ontario Ship Canal, that twenty years hence would be soon enough to think of the advisability of the undertaking,—the recent election has endorsed the statement. The people of Toronto have unmistakably in a very significant manner pronounced against the present commencement of the enterprise. Although Mr. Capreol, as the President of the Canal Company, did all in his power to further his return, yet no party paper had the temerity to take up either his own defence, or the defence of the canal, proving, as I think, conclusively that the time has not yet come for the commencement of such a gigantic undertaking. The people of Canada have no objection to see foreign capital expended in their midst, provided it is not borrowed, and they are not called upon to pay the interest; it is therefore worthy of comment that in the present case, where, as Mr. Capreol says, \$20,000,000 of foreign capital was to be expended, and the Government not to be called upon for a bonus in cash, the citizens, or electors, of West Toronto pronounced so unqualifiedly against the expenditure, and, of course, the construction of the canal.

If, by any, it should be considered deplorable that Mr. Capreol met such a signal defeat, on the other hand, it is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Wright, the soft money candidate, met also with an equally disastrous reception. The time has not yet come, and I trust never will, when Canada is to take upon herself the responsibility of issuing irredeemable paper currency. The evil results following such a course of mistaken political economy were felt by France for years afterwards, and the troubles the United States have passed, and are passing through, should be a warning to a colony like Canada.

The Conservative party have not made such a grand success of the elections as they could have hoped. Their more than 800 majority at the late general elections has dwindled down to less than 300. Perhaps their choice of a candidate was ominous. Mayor Beaty was no favourite of the Conservative organ, and as a mayor he is not such a remarkable success; he is not even considered a good "figure-head," although of a very mild and harmless disposition. But he is a Conservative, and as such is able to follow his leader. It is devoutly to be hoped that in following his leader he will keep one eye upon the Toronto Harbour. It is to be hoped that in the dual capacity of Mayor and M.P. for West Toronto, he may attend in a more practical manner than heretofore to the interest of the city at large.

When will the Handford scandal cease? The London *Free Press* in a spirit of enterprise I should be loath to see another respectable journal follow, has endeavoured, with some success, to make capital out of Handford's downfall and disgrace. Such a degrading means of catering to the public's love of morbid sensuality ought to meet with the severest censure. It is hardly to be conceived that any decent paper would make a speciality of so unholy a subject. In extenuation of the *Free Press* and such like journals it might be as well to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith's view of the case. He evidently looks upon Handford's crime indulgently for he says, speaking of the Handford scandal—"It would not be surprising if, among other modifications, a change were destined to take place in our estimation of the relative turpitude of crimes of lust and crimes of malice. Perhaps there may be something in the Handford case premonitory of that change." I trust such a change in opinion may never take place in our estimate of crime, for the crimes of lust, by the teaching of the Scriptures, are evidently placed prominent, as we learn through the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the terrible devastation of the deluge.

The Toronto City Council have adopted a new mode of procedure in respect of repairing our permanent roads. The numerous holes in the block-pavement are being filled with macadam, and the consequence is the streets are far worse than they were before. The

silent indignation felt at the action of the Council taking upon themselves the work of engineering is considerable. For the last week or two scavenger carts have been busily engaged in moving the mud from one street to the other. This is a monstrous fact. A short time ago between fifty and a hundred men were employed to move the mud from Queen street west, but lately the mud has been removed from other streets to grade this public thoroughfare. It would appear as if there was a ring amongst certain officials and contractors to defraud the city. There certainly is the most reckless mismanagement and grossest extravagance of the city finances. Some one is to blame, and should be made an example of.

Nothing has as yet been done for our harbour. A new steamer arrived in port last week with a large band of excursionists, and the pilot being unacquainted with the shoals of sand ran the vessel aground. Even with those pilots familiar with the eccentricities of our harbour it is no unusual thing for them to run aground. It is being said by competent authorities that unless something is done speedily, ten years will see the port of Toronto practically closed, and it is a matter of serious question even now whether the disregard of the Government to its demands has not permanently injured its reputation as a port. Delays are always dangerous, and it is a pity that in a matter of such vital importance to Toronto as the proper preservation and care of its harbour, delays and inattention should be allowed to exist. This laxity will in the end be very costly, and will materially damage the reputation of the port for years. Too much attention has been directed towards railways, and the harbour has in the past been left pretty much to itself. I trust that this state of things will not be allowed to remain in their present condition, but that earnest efforts will be made to remedy them, and it is to be hoped that before another season has passed improvements of a lasting character will have been attempted, if not effected.

In the Sunday concert case, for which a new trial had been requested, the decision of the Police Magistrate was sustained, making all such "grand sacred concerts" unlawful. The decision of Chief Justice Hagarty and Justice Armour and Cameron in this case is very satisfactory. There cannot be any doubt now as to the legality of these undesirable entertainments, and the sooner the public and proprietors of second-rate houses of recreation understand this fact, the better for themselves and the community of which they form a part. A penalty of £200 is imposed upon the keeper of such "disorderly house," £100 upon the manager and £50 upon the door-keeper. Now if such fines as these were imposed upon the managers of Sunday excursion boats and needless ferries, the sanctity of the Sabbath perhaps might better be upheld, for if once this sort of thing obtains a hold upon the community it will be as impossible to eradicate the evil here as the people of the United States find it there.

The mismanagement of the City Council is becoming every day more apparent. The *Telegram* of Monday last gave a hint to the Council to be very careful how they recklessly paid out city money, instancing a case where the Committee of Works recommended that \$300 be appropriated for the purpose of constructing 70 feet of piling at Gerrard street bridge. It appears that no provision had been made in the specification for them. The committee have no authority for saying the \$300 is correct other than the report of a clerk who has not even been appointed by the Council. The *Telegram* asks very pertinently who is to blame for this omission in the specification, and insists that a report other than that got out by a clerk shall be adopted before \$300 be given away. The *Telegram's* action in this matter is correct, for although the sum of \$300 for piling is not great, there is sufficient looseness about the affair to make the genuineness of the report a matter of question, and it is high time that a serious system of investigation should be entered into respecting the management of the public works of the city and the finances in general, commencing with the Chairman of the Board of Works, and ending somewhere in the neighbourhood of that tremendous piece of folly, the water works filtering basin at the island. *Queen City.*

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

The directors of the Grand Trunk Railway announce that the accounts of the half-year show a surplus of net profit of £122,000, so that, after providing the interest on the whole of the prior charges, and the full 5 per cent. interest on the First Preference Stock, a balance of about £40,000 is left to be carried forward to the current half-year. The latter sum is only about £16,000 short of covering the full Second Preference interest. The result thus shown, in comparison with previous statements is, we believe, unparalleled in the history of railways. The Grand Trunk has never previously in the first half of the year earned any profits available for preference dividends; in the half-year just closed the first and second dividends have been covered within a comparatively small amount,—a result which must be regarded as eminently satisfactory. Proprietors should bear in mind the fact that the first half of the year is always thus meagre in profits as compared with the concluding six months, and that, as above stated, no dividends have previously accrued to preference holders from the operations of this period. Even during the past three years of depression the receipts of the December half-years have averaged £120,000 more than the June half. It is clear, therefore, that, if in the worst half of the year the First and Second Preferences have been so nearly covered, the usual rate of increase in the December half-year will provide sufficient for a satisfactory distribution on the Third Preferences. Even assuming only the increase shown in the past three years, and adding nothing for the progress already evidenced in the current six months, it is clear that the £16,000 deficiency on the Second Preferences must be amply made up, and the Thirds receive their long-deferred profits.

Taking, however, another view, and comparing the receipts hitherto in the half-year with the corresponding period of last year, it may be assumed that the statement of receipts and expenses for July will show an increase of at least £30,000 over the month of July, 1879; and, assuming a continuance of this rate of increase during the half-year, the additional net profits should be £180,000 during the six months. Adding to this the £65,000 paid on the First Preference Stock for the corresponding six months, would show an available total of £245,000 for distribution on the preference stocks at the close of the current year. It requires £138,000 to pay the full first and second dividends, so that a distribution may be made at the rate of 3 per cent. on the Third Preferences. This is, of course, assuming a continuance of the existing rate of traffic increase—a point on which our readers are as competent to form an opinion as most of the correspondents who favour us with communications on the subject.

We believe that the accounts, which will shortly be published, will show that the interest on the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railway Bonds held by the Company has been received and included in the net revenue account. It should be borne in mind that the Chicago and Grand Trunk line has only been opened for traffic for about four months in the half-year, and that its terminal arrangements are even yet incomplete. If the earnings during this period, with the traffic necessarily undeveloped, have been sufficient to pay interest for six months on the First Mortgage Bonds, there should be further interest accruing to the Grand Trunk Company on the lower securities which it holds in the undertaking in question in the current half-year.—*Railway News, Aug. 14, '80.*

METHOD IN BUSINESS.

Capital is not the only essential requisite for a successful business career. Many have started in commercial enterprises with abundant resources and signally failed. Credit and friends were plenty at the start, but lack of aptitude for details led to wreck and failure with loss both of friends and credit. A careful business man is methodical in all his plans, and looks well after the smallest details. Nothing is allowed to run to waste, his books and accounts are kept in regular order and a thorough consecutive system of the entire management is supervised and established. The reason why failures so often occur in the mercantile world is for lack of a clear knowledge of the business and suitable method in its control. Success is not dependent alone on capital or being well posted in the market. A merchant may have shrewdness enough not to pay too dear for his goods but lack the essential quality of knowing how to arrange and distribute them with profit among consumers. In not attending systematically to details leaks occur here and there which in time eat into capital, ruin profits and lead to bankruptcy. The princely merchants who rose from humble surroundings to wealth and distinction were distinguished not only for shrewdness but great executive ability. They comprehended and managed every part of their affairs, brought all the management under system and method, fortified themselves for emergencies in trade, and amassed fortunes as the result of their efforts. It is a frequent saying that "nerve and pluck win the day," and so they may where physical strength is important. They would be poor factors unaided, however, in commercial enterprises where talent, energy and ability are requisite. Fortunes in business are not made by lucky strokes or ventures on the tide of wild speculation, but are gathered as the result of painstaking methods where well ordered system is the warp and woof

of the entire career. There may be flash, dash and brilliancy in many of the moves a merchant makes. This very manner may captivate the public and create a furore at his success—but wait. A general business prostration may come; it requires then something more than brilliant moves to breast the downward tide. Method like the seasons bears in succession appropriate fruit, and the business man freest from care and anxiety is one that keeps his affairs in order and is guided by system in all his movements.—*U. S. Economist.*

ENGLISH COLONIZATION IN TENNESSEE.

The late arrival of Mr. Thomas Hughes to our shores reveals a new experiment in English colonization on American soil. Like enterprises have been successful with the Germans in Texas, the Swedes in Maine, and the Nowegians in the Northwest. No good reason exists, therefore, why this new movement from England should not be successful. Of course, much depends on the plans that shall govern the colony in the control of the land. If the enterprise is to be governed on charity principles it will fail; if on the co-operative plan, it will not work unless clear-headed, practical business men are at the head of control. A mere sentimental theory will not succeed. This age is too matter-of-fact to foster such experiments.

The land selected for the Tennessee colony is in the Cumberland region. It is high, healthy and arable. It is well adapted for agriculture, sheep husbandry and fruit culture. Local improvements in the way of good roads can soon be made, and the new settlers will find access to large markets. The colony will receive a cordial welcome in the State, and, blest with a fine climate and good soil, should soon be self-supporting. The experiment will be watched with interest on both sides of the Atlantic. If it is a success, it may be the way out of the land troubles that of late are disturbing England. Other colonies will rapidly follow, to the relief of the over-crowded rural population, and much of the discontent now prevailing would be silenced. This country would gain also from such emigration. The colonists would be of the class that understand farming in all its departments, would be willing to work and labour for self-improvement, and add to the sturdy masses that are developing the resources of mines and soil. It will be a work of real philanthropy, if Mr. Hughes and other projectors of the scheme shall pioneer it to a successful issue. Practical benevolence consists in aiding others to take care of themselves, learning them to be self-dependent, and thereby becoming good citizens. This we believe is the aim and object of the new enterprise.—*U. S. Economist.*

The export movement of wheat for Europe from Atlantic ports for the week ending August 21, 1880, was 4,710,484 bushels, including 1,985,708 bushels to the Continent of Europe and 2,724,776 bushels to the United Kingdom. The previous week the exports to Europe from Atlantic seaports were 5,680,179 bushels of wheat and 106,167 barrels of flour.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Sept. 1, 1880.	Price per \$100 Sept. 1, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$154 1/4	\$130 1/4	4	5.19
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	87 1/2	57	3	6.88
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	99	65	3	6.00
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	135	111	3 1/2	5.19
				*250,000				
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	105	57 1/2	2 1/2	4.76
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	3	..
Eastern Townships	50	1,460,600	1,382,037	200,000	3 1/2	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	..
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	129	111	4	6.20
				*75,000				
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	..	52 1/2	26
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	129	90	4	6.20
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	61 1/2	38 1/2
City Passenger Railway	50	..	600,000	163,000	120	81 1/2	15	4.17
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	147	114 1/2	5	6.80

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express.	Freight and L. Stock.	Total.	Total.	Incr'se.	Decr'se.	Period.	Incr'se.	Decr'se.	
*Grand Trunk	Aug. 28	71,173	143,027	214,200	180,772	33,428	..	9 w'ks	410,043
Great Western	" 20	47,277	56,959	104,236	89,474	14,762	..	8 "	145,914
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 21	8,638	17,343	25,981	22,172	3,809	..	8 "	45,808
Toronto & Nipissing	" 21	2,282	1,942	3,224	3,046	178	..	8 "	11,358
Midland	" 21	2,232	5,716	7,948	5,931	2,017	..	8 "	11,752
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 21	1,579	1,275	2,854	2,364	490	..	1m Jan. 1	3,072
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 21	580	922	1,502	1,396	106	11,729
Canada Central	" 21	3,339	3,949	7,288	4,969	2,319	..	8 w'ks	15,807
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 7	2,100	2,623	4,723	4,372	351	..	6 "	8,131
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 15	7,169	4,810	11,979	4,718	7,261	..	6 "	45,200
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	..	1 m'nth	3,441

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for nine weeks is \$439,143.

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

EXHIBITION NOTES.

It was a difficult task to arouse an interest in the forthcoming Exhibition; but, through the energy of the press and the spirited enterprise of a few of our citizens, it has at last been accomplished, and we may now look forward to it as an assured success, and be prepared to see, in a few days, a large amount of bustling activity throughout the city,—a natural consequence of exhibition times.

There is much to be done, and hard work to be performed—preparation for visitors, general cleaning up, dressing of shop windows, and manufacturers' ware-rooms to be put in order, &c. All this pertains to individual interests, yet helps the success of the whole.

Attending all exhibitions there is more or less confusion, and the managers have an arduous task to bring order out of it; and notwithstanding the most careful thought and untiring energy on the part of individual committees in the arrangement of their several departments, a little disorder may unavoidably take place, or even a few mistakes occur which it would be well to look upon leniently; for it is not an easy task to arrange the endless details of an exhibition where so many interests clash,—and those inclined to find fault should remember this.

Anyone who in the past has had experience in the management of an exhibition, will have vivid recollections of the amount of trouble there is entailed in selecting competent judges for the several departments, and the difficulty to assemble them at the proper time to judge the merits and assign the awards; and even when this is accomplished and a final decision arrived at, and the prizes awarded, there too often arises little differences which require to be settled. And the time of the manager is frequently taken up (notwithstanding the most pressing business in urging them) by complaints from exhibitors about some one who has arranged his goods so that they interfere with those of someone else or encroach upon the space of some other. These are small matters in themselves, but become large in the aggregate, and require considerable tact and firmness on the part of the managers to arrange them and avoid unpleasantness.

The above are inseparable from an exhibition and form the shadows of the picture, but how are we to get a little sunlight into it? By all bringing a fund of good humour with them, and a determination not to be annoyed by small things, dropping a little selfishness out of their composition and looking upon the exhibition not as exclusively for the benefit of individual interest, but for the good of the country generally, each exhibitor striving to display his own goods in the most tasteful manner, thus contributing to the general welfare of the whole, and by this means he will help to impress the visitors with an idea of what the country is capable of producing through the medium of improved methods of agriculture and the labour, skill, and taste of our mechanics.

In the arrangement of even the commonest articles that may be exhibited, much taste and ingenuity may be displayed, and each manufacturer having his goods intended for exhibition and being aware of the space allotted for their reception; will it not repay a little time and thought expended upon some system of arrangement beforehand? As a trial how his display will look in different positions previous to their being taken to the exhibition, and any particular arrangement chosen, it would be well to take a rough sketch—it will refresh the memory and the noise and confusion inseparable from the days of arranging exhibits, are not conducive to either thought or taste.

It is wonderful what a variety of pleasing forms can be obtained out of the most unpromising materials by a little taste and attention to their arrangement into geometrical forms, such as may be seen in crystals, and what are known in decorative art as repetition ornaments: and anyone who has ever visited the Tower of London must have been struck by that wonderful display of arms so beautifully arranged upon the walls of the grand staircase, admitting that implements of war have nothing to do with peace, yet we must not despise a lesson if good no matter whence it is derived. There is not much beauty in saws or spikes, or nails, or soap, or bricks, apart from their usefulness, yet if these articles are placed upon appropriate grounds and a little taste displayed in their arrangement, many interesting forms can be made which will aid in calling the attention of visitors to them. All attempt at eccentric forms should be avoided; there is no pleasant association in a manufacturer of candies representing an old shoe (as we have seen it done lately) as a specimen of his handiwork.

It is of the greatest importance that manufacturers should pay particular attention to arranging their goods in some system of colours. Much of their beauty depends upon this, and it is too often neglected. And for the general interest of the whole exhibition all trophies should be avoided as much as possible, except where they can be used to advantage and do not cause any interference with exhibitors in hiding their wares. Trophies when judiciously placed break the monotony, and it is true some goods show to the best advantage in this form. Flowers and green plants may be advantageously used in many exhibits, aiding by their beauty and often serving to break up stiff lines; and while we are in the humour of giving advice, let us not forget that very

important one applicable to the careless visitor. Do not handle the goods unless permitted by the exhibitor. It must be annoying after spending much valuable time in polishing their wares to find them continually covered with finger marks.

And with regard to the exhibition itself, it should be looked upon as a great educating medium, and we fully agree with your correspondent "A Working Man," that all who can should be enabled to visit it, for through it many will gather ideas and carry away a knowledge of the natural productions of the country, its capabilities and resources, and the skill, taste, and labour of our manufacturers and mechanics.

J. W. Gray.

WHY MEN DO NOT BECOME CHRISTIANS.

A Sermon preached by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

"And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—ST. LUKE, xiv., 18.

I believe firmly that the tide has turned strongly against the public progression of religion. There is a recklessness abroad which is not quite Atheism, but which approaches perilously near to that great curse of heart and intellect. What the causes are, or have been, it would be difficult to say, but that something has been at work undermining the influence of our theology and our general ecclesiasticism no thoughtful and observant man will deny. Some of the causes we can find. It needs no very keen sight into the past and passing events to see that we are undergoing a process of change—the old is once again giving place to the new. Since we have learnt to lay so much stress on the great doctrines of the universal Fatherhood, Salvation, and the Brotherhood of all men—since we have learnt to acknowledge that there is an intellectual side to religion, and that its main precepts may be taken out of wonder-land and used in the form of a practical science of life, we have put ourselves into contact with those forces which change forms and modes of life. Political and social ideas which a century ago were limited to the comprehension and faith of a few are now universal, and are working their way slowly but surely into our theology, and re-creating its forms. Theological ideas used to be hard and stern and unyielding, but now they are put under the dominance of that law and reason which seek to harmonize them with the universal ideas in the social and political kingdoms.

But that is not the reason why men refuse the faith and profession of the Christian religion. They do not wait for the result of all this upheaval and revolution so that they may intelligently decide what course to take, but for the most part make excuses which are of the flimsiest kind. When we urge the great importance of religion upon a man as the only power which can build the character up in strength and beauty, flame the future with a sure hope, and help him to find by faith the life of God for here and hereafter, he says "Yes, there may be in it all you say and more; there may—but I am somewhat sceptical about religious matters. You see what Science is doing for us; what revolutions are taking place in thought and scientific creeds; what new things are coming forth to the light, and what old theories are being exploded. I cannot see my way through your theologies; they bewilder me. I do not understand your doctrines, and I must wait awhile." That is a very popular excuse in these days. It is popular because it is easy. It makes no demand upon the natural intelligence or general culture of the critic. What can be easier than to say "I am unable to harmonize the teachings of the Bible?" or "I do not see that the Bible and Nature agree?" Nothing is easier, and yet it has the advantage of carrying with it an appearance of thoughtfulness and culture. I am quite sure that at times and with some men the excuse is a real and honest one; for many right-hearted and right-minded men have been staggered by a curious quick glimpse of spiritual things—they saw strange shapes in the breaking mist—but I do believe that those men and those times are rare. I find many professing to stumble over intellectual difficulties in matters of faith, who know just as much about them as they know about Orion's belt, or the sweet influence of the Pleiades, or the man in the moon. They have picked up scraps of information from newspaper cuttings or magazine reviews, and so are prepared to discuss the major and minor prophets and all the theories of creation; of past, of present, and of future; of earth and heaven; of man and God. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and I am sure that this merely superficial way of learning and looking at things is doing harm to many. They doubt Moses and the Prophets; they doubt Christ and the Evangelists; and so they would doubt if one rose from the dead. The reason lies not in the mind—the difficulty is not an intellectual one—it lies somewhere else, and is of another kind. I am not going to say that there are not men who honestly doubt—men who do find the difficulty an intellectual one. But if they will let heart and mind go out together, the difficulty will soon pass out of sight, and the dark become light before them. The evidences of Religion are writ large on all the earth; they shine in the sky; they are ploughed deep in human nature. During the last few years men have made some wonderful discoveries concerning the light; they have given us new theories, and revealed laws unknown before. But the light has not changed; the grand old sun has not taken to hiding his face when some experimentalist comes forth with his queer shaped

bit of glass to analyze a ray. As ever of old it shines, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. And so will Religion. Many old theories about it have been exploded—many false notions dispelled—but Religion has not changed, and will not change. You need not wait to see what Science is going to do. It will do Religion no harm, it will do it nothing but good. It will not pluck a single gem from its diadem; it will not cause its throne to shake; it will not abate a jot of its glory or its power. There are mysteries which will remain mysteries—which Science will never explain and never explain away—but there are also great tangible truths which he who will may grasp and hold—facts and principles, and these will not change though heaven and earth should pass away.

Others again profess to find a reason for not becoming Christians in the nature of our churches or the character of some member or members of the Church. They say, "what do your Christians more than others? We have made bargains with them, sold them goods, taken their notes, and found them no better than other men. They will drive as close a bargain, clutch at any advantage, exact usury, prevaricate and over-reach as much as the veriest worldling in the market. They care nothing for each other's peace or honour, would ruin a man to carry a crotchet through, or gratify a prejudice." And I acknowledge that there is force in that. When I speak to men, and they tell me of the inconsistency of members, I allow that they have a strong point. When they point to the narrowness of the churches, the grim and ghastly rules set up in many of them, and say, see what various hindrances we meet in coming to the mercy-seat." I greatly sympathise with them. But if you will think a moment you will see that the reason is a very foolish and a very shallow one. If men had to join this or that church in order to find Christ, had to observe certain rules and subscribe certain creeds before they could be accepted of God, the reason would be strong, but that is not so. You are invited to Christ, to peace, to God. Not by the way of a church, but by the way of the cross, by the way of a living faith. The Church may be helpful to you though the members are not perfect; it will give you opportunity for work; it will give you scope for doing good—but it is Christ *first*. If a starving man were invited to a meal, do you think he would stop to enquire who would sit at table with him; whether his right hand neighbour would put his knife to his mouth, or his left hand neighbour take a bone in his fingers? No—he would go at once, take the first chair he could find, and be so occupied at first with eating that he would only know that others were eating too, and then would be so filled with gratitude to the host that he would pour out his thanks, nor find a moment to spare for grumbling. Our churches are not perfect. The best of them have very many things they would be better without, and there are many things they might have, but will not take from earth or heaven. Our church members are not perfect; the best of us lack many things; we have failings; we sin and suffer. If members of churches were perfect what would you do with them? How would they be able to live and act out in social life—out in commercial life? What would they do for a living? It is easy enough to walk perfectly within the walls of a convent or monkery—but perfect men and women must be men and women doing the daily, holy work of life, buying and selling, keeping house, and helping to keep going the vast machinery of our national life. I do not desire to find excuse for the evident measures and narrowness of church members. I know how little their practices agree together often—but I do want to say that the lives of Christians are no real excuses for men who hold aloof from religion. We do not preach church members, but Christianity—Christ. *He* is perfect. Christ is before the Church; religion is before creeds. Though I am glad to see men joining the Church, I do not preach for that. I am not over-anxious about the length of the Church roll, but I am anxious that men should join themselves to the life of God by faith in Christ, that they should go to the feast and eat and live for ever.

But there are real and substantial reasons why men do not become Christians, and Christ, the great revealer of God to man and man to himself, tells us in this parable what they are. One said—"I have bought a piece of ground, and must needs go and see it." Another—"I have bought a yoke of oxen, and go to prove them." Another—"I have married a wife."

There is the great idea which none here will deny, that Religion is a feast—food for mind and heart—meat and drink that build up for eternity, but between the soul and that stand three great practical hindrances—these: possession, business, pleasure. Christ preaching to His age, to the people there in Judea, said—The Kingdom of God is at hand, but ye will not enter in; you are hindered, effectually prevented—some because of your wealth, some because of your enjoyments. You see how readily the parable may be adopted by us to-day. The times have not changed much, at least the spirit of them is the same. Just look. "I have bought a piece of ground," that is possession, and he is the very ideal of a modern prosperous man. He is one of those men who began low down with a strong and steady determination to rise—began in poverty with the fixed purpose of getting rich. Things have gone well with him. He has watched the market, and whether prices went up or down he profited thereby. He seems to have been born under a lucky planet. He began poor and now is rich. He is cautious and never loses greatly; far-seeing, and lays out his plans with masterly skill; administrative, and executes

admirably. His life for a score of years has been what, in the streets, they call "a splendid success." He buys a big house, furnished with the best of leather and the best of silk, rows of well-bound books that will never be used, many servants that *will* be used. He said often in the old days of hard work and care, "If I can only succeed a little, and put some money by for a rainy day, I will turn Christian and seek to save my soul, and do some good to men." The success has come and the rainy day has not; it is all sunshine; a perpetual summer. The cry of the master rings through the great house; goes piercing its way through closed doors and heavy curtains—"Come to the feast, for all things are now ready," and what is the answer—"I pray thee have me excused; I am rich; well clothed; well housed; well fed; I have a feast of my own, and my friends are all here; I must enjoy it now that I have got it; I must listen awhile to flattery; it is very sweet. It is delightful to hear them say, 'what a splendid house; what a successful man.'" And so the possession stands between him and Christ, him and God, him and heaven. It is a sad thing, but true, that men for the most part allow their hills of silver and gold to divide them from Christ. The Hebrews turned their backs upon the bleak hills of Canaan; grew rich amid the fat lands of Goshen, and straightaway forgot the God of Abraham. David in loneliness and exile hungered and thirsted after God. David prosperous, sunning himself on the leads of his palace hungered and thirsted for the one ewe lamb of a brave and faithful servant. It is the case with men now. Men grow prosperous, and forget the poor; forget the widows and the orphans; the heart that once bled with pity, and thrilled with an eager desire to help, has grown hard and cold as his heaps of gold. The young man went away from Christ because he had possessions, and many do that now; prosperity had hardened the heart; darkened in the mind; given a twist to the moral nature, and he prefers his own carnal feast to the feast which Christ has prepared for the soul.

But it need not be; it ought not to be. Christ never scoffed at riches. He sat down with the rich at *their* feast; He bade them come to *His* feast; He *loved*, the young man of great possessions. Wealth is no barrier; prosperity is no reason on God's side. Many a rich man has gone to the feast, and proved himself a saint and a hero in his Master's cause. There are hosts of men—I know a few of them—whom prosperity has never injured; their gratitude has gone on greatening with their success, and their charity has enlarged with every increase of means. The "charities that soothe and heal and bless, are scattered at their feet like flowers." Their heads are circled round with "the primeval virtues that shine as stars," for in their prosperity they have kept the faith; by the grace of God they have possessed their wealth, and never bowed the knee to unworthy mammon.

The second made excuse on the score of *business*: "I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them." Christ spoke to his time, and suited His words to the circumstances of the people. Were He to come to Montreal He would convey the same lesson in other forms. Like this, perhaps: "I have taken a shop and started a business. I have embarked all my capital in it. It is a risk, but by industry and a little skill I hope to succeed. So you must hold me excused from all other matters now. I shall have to forget that I am a citizen—that I am a man immortal. If I attend church it will be for decency's sake, and you must not expect me to attend much to psalm or sermon. This business takes up all my time and thought. I must work hard to get credit and customers. I must succeed. The ledger must be my Bible; buying and selling my highest work; making money my highest aim. I know I ought to begin to live for eternity and God, but—but I am going to be too busy for a time, I pray you have me excused." That is one of the saddest things I see in life,—a man devoting himself body and soul, mind and heart to business. No time to think of manhood and its great destiny; no time for moral culture; no time for the tending and nourishing of the virtues and graces—time for nothing but business. I believe in industry. I believe that the daily work of life should be well and faithfully done; it is the performance of a high religious duty,—a very sacramental offering to God when a man is at the toil which has been allotted to his hands or his brain. Religion never opposes itself to even enthusiasm in industry; on the contrary, the more religious a man is, in the highest and best sense, the more earnest he is in the performance of what we call secular duty. The man who devotes all his time and thought and energy is not the most successful man. He may command a speedy prosperity, but he will soon wear out. You will find that those who do most for their own soul and for their fellow men and for their God are the men who do most in the world. They can attend the market, and the meetings for prayer in the church; they are busy in gaining, and active in giving. I believe that no man is better able to work greatly in the world than he who works greatly in the cause of religion. The reason is obvious. If you chain the faculties to one narrow round, and drive them in a circle like a horse is driven, round and round, round and round, you soon grow to be mere machines, with half the native force of manhood gone. A man must give scope and play to his moral and spiritual nature if he is going to be strong. When the spirit breathes the life-giving air of heaven, then all the nature feels the stimulus and strength. No man can be strong and healthy spiritually if he neglects the physical. A bilious attack will often darken all the heaven, nor leave a rift

through which a branch of stars may gleam. The anchorite, who thinks that by starving the body, lacerating the flesh, and making the bones to ache by long night vigils, he is going to be more spiritual, is a fool. He doesn't know the laws of his own nature; doesn't know how deep is the bond of union between all the parts of man. The light of God doesn't enter through the windows he has made in his body—the spirit of God doesn't pass through those gaping wounds to hold converse with his soul. Only the cold winds go in, and perhaps a devil or two of passion and pride. And so, on the other hand, the man who neglects his soul, chains down his moral and spiritual faculties, turns away from religious thought, shuts down upon religious emotions, refuses to see the realities of the spiritual world, denies the divine right to the love of his heart and the obedience of his life, will be weak; for only half, and that the lower part, of his nature is cared for.

A word or two to the third reason given here: "I have married a wife, and therefore cannot come." Evidently the popular idea in Christ's time was that religion and real enjoyment occupied two separate spheres in the life of the world. And no wonder; for those bearded Rabbis who walked the streets with eyes cast down, as if afraid of encountering the ordinary faces of human joy and sorrow—those men who loved to pray apart and gather up their garments in the streets as if dreading the defilement of contact with the crowd, gave the notion currency that Religion meant limitations, and mortifications and the exclusion of all joy from the life. The blunder has been long-lived, for it extends to this time. The general idea of Religion now is that it shuts down upon enjoyments—that any relaxation the religious man may indulge in must be of the mildest type. We have brought this upon ourselves. Too much have we cherished the old Puritan hardness and harshness—men who can watch the cleverest schemers in all the world of scheming—men who allow no limitations to the working of their malice or their pride, are horrified at the thought of a dance, and are sure that the old devil is the presiding genius and general stage manager of the drama. But the life and words of Christ were a divine protest against that. He showed that a true form of religion does not interfere with any natural delight of man. True religion is normal life—not of one faculty alone, but of all in due co-ordination. Christ takes hold of the highest, truest, richest joy that can come to bless and beautify and ennoble a man's life—that joy which comes from the union of two hearts which shall cause two lives to run in one channel—which doubles every delight, and makes all sorrow less. This the intensest form of love for earthly object—stronger than philanthropy, or patriotism, or friendship—this is no hindrance in the way to religion itself in truth—for that pure beautiful passion broadening in ever-widening circles cuts into the world of infinite affection. Religion is not a gloomy thing that comes sucking the sunlight out of every landscape—hushing all music and forbidding all laughter. It comes between us and no joy—no real happiness—between us and nothing but sin. Come then to the feast. Bring your wealth that God may give you mastery of it; bring your work that God may ennoble it, and you in doing it. Seek impulse and inspiration in heaven and you shall better do the work of earth.

FROM WINTER INTO SUMMER BY SEA AND LAND.

No. III.

I have sufficient respect for the good old piece of advice concerning making hay while the sun shines to consider business a good excuse for neglecting the series of chats about Mexico which I commenced in the columns of the SPECTATOR some few weeks ago. Business has amounted to just about *nil* for the last half-dozen years or so, and likely enough, if we don't succeed in getting brains to represent the Dominion at Ottawa, it may again amount to *nil* during the next half-dozen years. So, as the sun shone for me with more than his accustomed geniality for the past few weeks, I certainly did make hay in the most approved fashion. And now in fancy I am back again, shaking the dust from off my feet, to carry away no vestige of the vile hotel, bad water, smells, and general uncomfortablenesses of the city of Vera Cruz. From the moment of the landing there of Cortez and his band of Spanish soldiers down to the present time, this city of the True Cross has been in many essential respects an incorporated fraud. There was first planted the ensign of the Christian faith on the shores of Mexico,—a strange inauguration of the long and almost uninterrupted series of insurrections and bloodshed that have marked the progress of civilization (!) for the past three centuries. My mind runs back over these three hundred years, and what changes present themselves! The Aztecs with their wondrous and semi-mythical traces of an advanced refinement are gone,—clean wiped out of existence. The dynasty of the Montezumas, and the fairy fabric of their gorgeous palaces seem like some dim record of a long-buried past. The succeeding period of Spanish rule is broken, the despot's rod of iron snapped asunder by the heaven-directed blows of patriotic arms, and I—I suppose a typical representative of nineteenth-century ideas—stand in a pent-up apology for a railroad depot anxiously waiting for the departure of a train for the city of Mexico, distant one hundred and ninety miles from Vera Cruz. The soil I tread on may be consecrated by

pre-historic ages to achievements of unknown races of kings and warriors, but still I feel that the cravings of a Canadian appetite can be but poorly satisfied with romance, and that a well-cooked steak at the present crisis of my existence would far out-balance in importance all the condensed poetry and sentiment of this famous land, even though held alluringly before my imagination by the master-hand of a Prescott.

Forty pounds of baggage and no more is all that a passenger is allowed to carry free on the only railway in the Republic of Mexico. I am not in the habit of taking a regal outfit when travelling on business, but, notwithstanding, I was mulct in an exorbitant sum for extra baggage. It was no use to kick, but the Government fell many degrees in my estimation from the moment I was subjected, with several others, to this distressing imposition. Neither were the authorities reinstated in the favourable opinion that I had previously tried my best, despite of appearances, to form concerning them, when to my astonishment, a detachment of soldiers, to the number of twenty-four, commanded by an officer, marched into a compartment especially reserved for the purpose. Evidently a raid on a railway train, by bandits, with whom the interior of the country swarms, is not an entirely unexpected contingency. The troops, I found upon enquiry, were on board as a guard against any attack of these gentry. A special car was attached for the Hon. Mr. Morgan, the newly-appointed United States Minister to Mexico. With the urbanity and good nature of a true American, Mr. Morgan tendered me an invitation to a seat in his private car, of which act of kindness, I was however, able to avail myself but little, taking, as I did, an unbounded interest in the motley groups of passengers that I now had time to survey at leisure. Pullman is unknown here, and the name of Wagner unheard of. Mexico as yet seems to have taken the antiquated and objectionable style of carriages used in England for a model. The result naturally is that travelling in them is uncomfortable, I may say, abominable.

I shall ever pride myself on the fact that I never once lost my presence of mind during this trying journey, though elbowed by brigands, and almost sat upon by murderers from Vera Cruz to Mexico. I beg their pardon, individually, if I exaggerate, but at any rate they all looked like criminals, or executioners of the Middle Ages. A gentleman once narrated to an eminent philanthropist how necessary it was to guard against being misled by men's features in one's formation of their characters. He described how he once followed the most villainous looking man he had ever seen into a dark alley, and discovered that he was engaged in carrying relief to a poor widow and her orphan children. The philanthropist went out, pitched on a ruffianly looking character, followed him into a dark alley to see what widow *he* was going to relieve, when the individual turned short round, felled him to the ground, and would have speedily robbed him, had not assistance arrived and the garrotter been secured. My companions, too, were all armed to the teeth. I was, in fact, the only man in my compartment who did not carry firearms; yet I live to tell the tale. These rough, wild-looking Mexicans, both Indians and Spaniards, and some of them a mixture of both, proved better company than their looks guaranteed. Towards daylight, worn out by fatigue, I dozed off into a kind of half-slumber. I slept, however, like Charles Dickens' Miss Murdstone, with one eye open, for a gigantic native, slightly freshened by some, to him, familiar ardent spirit, appeared ready to spring upon me and hurl me onto the plain, or over a precipitous ravine at a moment's notice. He spared me very generously, for which magnanimity I now return him grateful thanks in the SPECTATOR. May he and his ferocious-visage live ever to take a copy of that herald of civilization and intelligence.

Orizaba! how grand and unapproachable it stands! fifteen thousand feet in height, with an eternal cap of dazzling snow. Around its base relics of a buried past are not unfrequently brought to light. Mysterious and magnificent, it seems a sacrilege for a dirty puffing engine to pant along beneath its giant shadow, and belch up black volumes of smoke from the bituminous coal of Pennsylvania and South Wales.

We stopped at Orizaba station, and I feasted my delighted eyes upon the mountain as long as I could. The ruffians appeared to have seen everything before or else have no eye for the beautiful and grand in Nature. I think a bull-fight, or a short but bloody revolution, is more in their particular line.

I have travelled over a good portion of the civilized world, but I can calmly record that in my judgment the scenery along the line from Vera Cruz to Mexico is the finest I have ever seen. Remember that at Alta Luz, the point we have now reached, the train has actually ascended to an elevation of no less than eight thousand feet! The enchanting view is limited only by one's powers of eyesight. Through the pure air of this exalted region one can take in countless miles of rolling plains and snow-capped mountain peaks, with here and there a glistening lake of sea-blue water. Canadian lakes may claim the palm for vastness, and they are undoubtedly very "good for trade," but for soul-stirring poetic association give me the sparkling bodies of limpid water that dot the mountain districts of Mexico.

At Maltrato we wash down the dust with abundance of juicy and delicious fruit, which is sold by the Indians at a nominal price, being no doubt very plentiful. The dust was overpowering. Had there been no dust to choke,

blind, and cover me up, I should have been as happy as a child with my mountains and my baskets of fruit. But I grimly stood, or rather sat my ground, whilst the penetrating clouds of dust gradually filled up even the innermost recesses of my clothing. Like the sentinel at Herculaneum I scorned to flee, while the increasing masses of minute pulverised matter threatened to bury me alive. Through it all, however, I summoned interest enough to notice the splendid structure of the iron bridges traversed by this splendidly-constructed railroad. I succeed also in conversing with a group of ill-looking giants, who turned out to be jolly good fellows, and more than ordinarily intelligent. They gave me valuable information relative to the resources of the country, the amount of land under cultivation, and other interesting particulars. "Why," said one, "if we only had a system of railway communication, we could export enough wheat to supply the yearly demand of Great Britain."

Passing Huamantle, with many churches of the seventeenth century, remarkable for their quaint architecture, we skirted Tecuac, where a great battle was fought between the Mexican and Spanish troops, in a valley apparently surrounded by mountains. At about half-past six in the approaching, twilight we realize that an event in a lifetime is occurring, as we come full in sight of the renowned city of Mexico, the far-famed capital of the Montezumas, and the most superb remains of Spanish Conquest on the Continent of America.

D. A. Ansell.

DECORATIVE ART.

COLOUR, ITS USE IN THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

PART IV.

It is not our intention to enter into any attempt to explain and propound theories of colour, but simply to glance at well-established laws governing their use and abuse; for so little attention is given to the study of it by the masses, that we frequently meet with the most incongruous arrangements, where every law is violated; and when you remonstrate, you are met by these words: "It is a matter of taste." Now we contend that colour is not an arbitrary or absolute dependent upon taste, but is governed in a great measure by, and subject to, certain well-defined laws, then why not obey those laws and let the taste come in after? Many people delight in bright colours, and if they are not guilty of offending against the laws of harmony, are not their opinions worthy of respect, as if they were given to the charms of cooler and quieter tints? Many of us like the lively activity of the town, others prefer the green fields and quiet nooks of the country; one loves the brightness of sunshine, another the shade; and there is one thing we should all do,—agree to differ, but our differences should be regulated by reason.

It is not reason or good taste to ignore correct and well-established laws, which, no doubt, have been given for wise and good purposes; for if you examine the laws of colour, it will be found that you cannot place blue and red in juxtaposition without one or the other suffering, according as the strength of one predominates over the other. If you gaze long upon red, and the eye becomes tired, what is the effect? Simply, nature takes its own method of working, and calls up the complementary green. Here we have the red, which is an exciting colour, and the green, contrasting as soothing; so the eye that has been excited by the red is soothed by the green.

Trade exercises a great influence over colour, but much of this influence is caused by a desire of gain, and that "fickle jade"—fashion; and although there is a wide distinction between fashion and taste, yet many manufacturers exhibit a perfect indifference to the latter. With them the question becomes one of novelty, and some new colour is heralded forth as the fashionable one, and the consequence is we have had in the past some such tints as Bismarck brown, magenta, sage green, &c., swaying the fashion to the gain of the successful manufacturer. To this we do not object, but what does it lead to? To an indiscriminate use of these tints, especially among the fair sex, and many of them suffer much in their general appearance because they imagine that it is requisite to conform to the power of fashion, no matter how arbitrary or unbecoming it may be. How often have we seen the eyes directed to some quiet colour, and heard a few timid remarks made about its suitability, but the charm has been rudely broken by the shopman or milliner saying, "Yes, it is pretty, but you know it is not fashionable, and if you are out of the fashion, you appear odd, and are liable to be laughed at." There is nothing to do but yield. The lady or gentleman, perhaps, left home fully resolved to buy some colour which they knew was becoming, and what is too often the consequence? They return home, having purchased something the opposite of what they intended—and dissatisfaction is the result.

If the laws of harmony and contrast in colour were properly understood we think that the mind would not be so easily led astray; that is, provided the individual is not colour-blind. But this defect is more prevalent than many are aware of, and of late years it has been engaging the attention of scientific men. For it is questionable if many of the railway accidents that have happened in the past may not be attributed to this defect of the vision in the signal-men not being able to distinguish correctly the different colours.

We know that many persons are deficient in distinguishing the harmony

of sounds. Some are even incapable of recognizing one tune from another, while others are gifted with a quickness that is really astonishing. This is also the case with many regarding colour; and between music and colour there is a strong analogy. The one appeals to the ear; the other to the eye. We are moved by the concord of sweet sounds, and we are also moved by the harmony of colours. Both are capable of arousing within us the finest emotions, and can be perverted or turned into discord by the use of false and violent contrasts at variance with harmony. Colour, like music, can be gay or serious, solemn or frivolous; for do we not speak of the soft, tender tints of Spring, or the gay colours of morning; the bright but mellow tones of Autumn, or the solemn shades of night.

Colour being in itself so beautiful, and forming so important an element in the decorative arts, are we not justified in calling particular attention to it? And although its harmonies and contrasts are subject to certain laws, yet all its gradations are so subtle, its intermingling so refined, that the eye cannot trace, but only feel their effects. If any one doubts this, let them stand before one of Nature's sunsets, when the west is resplendent with colours which no language can adequately portray. Does not a feeling of indescribable pleasure fill our minds, a feeling not only of pleasure, but of admiration and thankfulness that all this beauty of colour is lavishly bestowed upon us, and that we are gifted with the capacity to appreciate it? And as we gaze upon the glorious effulgence, before which the brightest of precious stones and the purest of gold seem impure, does not the full essence of its beauty appeal to every finer sentiment of our nature? For is it not a type of all that is pure and holy? Is it not a symbol of spiritual glory? The throne of God is like "unto an emerald," and there is a "rainbow round about the throne." The glory of God was "light like unto a most precious stone, clear as crystal." The foundations of the walls of the celestial city "were garnished with all manner of precious stones." The twelve gates "were twelve pearls," and the streets "pure gold."

Colour exercises a great power over us through the medium of association, and like ornament is capable of a symbolic meaning. We associate white with youth and purity; black ("staid wisdom's hue") with old age and mourning; while purple is associated with royalty; the red-flag with war, and the white flag with peace. But different nations have their own ideas of colour; for the Chinese use white for mourning, while yellow is their fashionable one. In Spain and Venice black is the favourite among the wealthy. The strongest colours have the power of toning down the weaker ones, as red may appear very red till opposed by one of greater strength, and so on through the scale of colour; and every lady knows the difficult task it is to match black or white. A small portion of colour is frequently used as a key-note to a larger mass. This law of contrast may be often seen in Turner's pictures.

Again, there is the harmony of analogy, such as the gradations of a colour or tint more or less approximating. This last is not so striking, but there is less tendency to offend, which is the case when a lady trims a dress with a lighter or darker shade of the same material. And the harmony of analogy and contrast is strongly expressed in the difference of the types observable in women,—the blonde and the brunette. And it is worthy of notice that they each in their mode of dress, when not swayed by fashion, manage to adhere to correct principles, the blonde dressing by the harmony of analogy, the brunette by that of contrast.

If you put the question to the average school-boy, "How many primitive colours are there?" he immediately answers, "There are seven colours in the rainbow seen," &c. The look of triumph which has spread over his face speedily changes to one of incredulity when you inform him there are but three. Nor is this want of knowledge upon the subject of colour strictly confined to the school-boy. Many grown people fall into the same error, and tell you they have the authority of philosophers. Well, some of these have certainly pointed out seven primitive colours, but have forgotten to distinguish the primitive from the derivative. If they mean by primitive colours simple and uncompounded, why seven when there are but three? Milton accurately describes it in the following lines:—

"And in a cloud a bow
Conspicuous, with three listed colours gay."

And again—

"His tripple-coloured bow, whereon to look."

And Aristotle the Greek philosopher has given the same tripartite division. The fact is, there are nine colours, which are divided as follows:—Three primary—red, blue, and yellow; three secondary, being compounded from the primaries—green, orange, and purple; and three tertiaries, produced by the mixture of two secondaries—russet, olive, and citrine. The primary red, mixed with blue, produces—purple; blue and yellow—green; and red and yellow—orange. The tertiaries are produced as follows: Orange and green—citrine; purple and green—olive; orange and purple—russet. If you observe that in mixing two primaries you produce a secondary, and the primary left out is the contrast. Blue and yellow make, when mixed, a green; the primary red being left out, it then forms the contrasting colour. Red is the most exciting of all colours; green, the most soothing. Red and blue produce purple, and purple is the darkest of colours; while yellow, the primary left out, is the lightest, consequently they contrast as light to dark. Red and yellow produce orange,

the warmest of all colours, and contrasts with blue, which is the coldest and most retiring of the colours. Then if blue and orange, or red and green, or yellow and purple, are placed in juxtaposition it increases the intensity of the colours so placed, hence they are called complementary and contrasting colours.

Again, if we gaze long upon one of the primaries, the eye, if correct, becomes tired, and for relief calls up the complementary, as red—green; blue—orange; yellow—purple. The secondaries have less power than the primaries, and the tertiaries less than the secondaries. For this reason we find much more use made of the tertiaries in the decorative arts now than formerly. It is necessary at all times to note clearly the difference between a colour and a tint. In the production of a tint we employ white in the mixing with any of the colours (we may gradate it as we please) and produce innumerable delicate shades, as light green, or light blue, &c. These tints hold a very prominent place in the industrial arts, because upon their surface we can arrange the stronger colours in the form of ornament. And, as in the case of a wood-carver, or stone-cutter, when ornamenting a piece of work they must be careful not to cover up too much of the ground from which the design stands out in relief, or confusion follows. This is also the case if you employ an excess of ornament by placing too great a quantity of bright colour over the plain tint, destroying what is called repose,—an element so essential to good decoration. Much of the improper use of colour arises from lack of this quality. A correct eye becomes offended, and when we see a lady dressed in an excess of colour, we look in vain for repose to the eye. It is true we have great variety in Nature, as the ever-changing cloud-forms, the surging motion of the sea, or the flickering shadows, but these have at times that repose which appeals so pleasantly to us in those tranquil scenes of Nature, as the peaceful valley, the placid river, the calm lake, and the serene morning and evening.

It must be gratifying to the fair sex, and every lover of good design, to note the changes taking place, and the great improvement made in much of the decorative arts. We have less now of those staring bunches of red roses, tied with blue ribbon, or imitation rococo scrolls standing out in bold relief upon our carpets, nor must we forget the life-like Bengal tiger of the hearth-rug. We hope their day is past, and are we not justified in hoping? Step into any of our stores and the proprietors will inform you that their trade is rapidly changing; this is not caused by purchasers buying more expensive wares, but proceeds from a better taste being displayed by manufacturers, and a keener appreciation of what is beautiful in the buyers. If the customers demand, the supply will follow, and that supply will be according to the taste of the public. Yet there must be a harmony of interests between manufacturers, merchants and purchasers, each striving to obtain those wares whose value are increased by their beauty. For the greater diffusion of correct taste we want in our schools less dependence upon patent or cheap and easy methods of teaching. We have no faith in any "Royal road to knowledge;" we want teachers capable of thought themselves, and instilling it into the minds of others; we want more interest taken in the decorative arts by the masses; and we sincerely hope that when the coming exhibition opens, it will bear evidence not only of the skill, but the taste of our mechanics, and their wares will attest the goodness of material employed in their construction, show chaste ornamentation, and bear the stamp of utility upon them, and that the arrangement of their goods will attest that they have given attention to the laws which regulate colour. We trust the opportunity will be afforded the mechanics to visit the exhibition; that they will go there in a spirit which is ever ready to acquire useful knowledge by observation, and that the lessons there obtained may prove beneficial to them. For the use of an exhibition is to test by actual experience how we compare with the progress of others.

J. W. Gray.

A LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY FELTON LEA.

(Continued.)

"Miss Barbara," said a timely voice, "do you not think it hard to be obliged to work others look down upon the emphatic reply," "nor would anyone who thought what work really is."

"Myra Brown," said Miss Barbara, sharply, "I see your smile of derision at both question and answer. Kindly answer this one for you. What part or lot had you in bringing about your present surroundings?"

"I really do not understand your meaning," faltered the girl, not having bargained to be caught in her telegraphic communication with one of the twenty-two, seated on the opposite side of the aisle.

"Well, I'll put it in another form," said Miss Barbara, grimly. "How came you to be one of those daughters who are not required to do what a servant is always at hand to do?"

"Miss Barbara, you are laughing at me," said Myra, her face rosy red, as she saw the smiles dimpling first one face then another, as she looked helplessly for one to come to her rescue, by hazarding an opinion. "I had nothing, of course, to do with my position. Papa——"

"Never mind about your papa," interrupted her mentor. "You say you had nothing to do with it. Now tell me what had Lucy Annesley to do with her present position?"

"I have nothing to do with Miss Annesley," began Myra, deeply offended.

"Myra Brown, do you wish to be regarded as possessing the qualities making a gentlewoman," asked Miss Barbara, in no unkindly voice; and through the weeds so thickly growing all round, Myra felt the influence touching one spot not quite covered—"I take it for granted you do. Tell me, then, who assigned your lot and that of Lucy?"

Myra really looked frightened, so turning to the subdued faces round about her, she asked the question of them.

"God," was the scarcely breathed reply from her own niece, Beatrice.

"If, then, young ladies, you acknowledge that, whom do you *practically* despise when you draw your skirts around you from fear of contamination?"

"But, Miss Barbara," ventured one, "you do not think because our position warrants us in keeping within our own circle that we are necessarily despising others lower in the social scale. You would not care to visit all you know?"

"Certainly not, Ellen, and never was such a design possible to be carried out. But whilst friends are heart friends, and interchange visits, how many such do you make and receive in a year you never would if you confined them to your friends—aimless, useless visits, neither benefiting nor being benefited?"

"I give in, Miss Barbara; you come too close," said the young girl, with a laugh.

"But we have wandered from the point I was aiming to impress. I wish you to think how many people of wealth you crave to know, how few of worth you care to bestow a thought upon. It is not for any to be dictated to in the choice of friends; but, young ladies, I am anxious for you not to go through life attracted by the casket, heedless if it be empty or contains a jewel. Wherever you find the latter, do not despise it because it may be enshrined in a common one. Wherever you meet truth, integrity, uprightness of purpose and aim, remember you behold one of the Creator's highest creations, be he clothed with the dignity of a prince or the garb of the mechanic."

"Now, Miss Barbara, just think of nothing higher for many girls than to dust, cook, mend, and do household work from the beginning to the end of their lives."

If the position demands this at their hands, and they bring *conscientious* doing of it thoroughly into the *action*, they have just as much claim to ask at the end of life the question Cæsar of Rome did at that of his—and *neither have done a whit more than the other*. I leave Miss Fitzroy to talk to you of *spiritual* things, but it has just struck me forcibly what the Saviour said before his death: 'I have finished the work thou gavest me to do.' If the work committed to our doing be ruling an empire or sweeping its chimneys, the one question will be, *How was it done?* Young ladies, will you let your work be killing time with trifling and sipping at its so-called pleasures? If so, you must see the transposition in the end,—Time killing you."

Miss Barbara sat down with the same energy she had at first started to her feet, and watched with her keen glance the young forms as they silently withdrew. As the door closed, she stepped down quickly, passed through the vacant seats, and once more stood in the midst of the now animated group.

"Beatrice! Violet!" and two loving faces looked into hers. "I see a strange face amongst us," and the former exclaimed "Oh, Aunt Barbara, I really forgot—this is Miss Clayton, a friend of Ellen's I only introduced her to Violet as we entered for lecture. She is from the country of the Stars and Stripes," was the merry allusion to the young girl who now came forward with outstretched hand.

"None the less welcome for that," said Miss Barbara with a true Briton's shake. "You will all stay with us, I hope, to-day," she added.

It was refreshing to hear the different cries of "Miss Barbara," wonder, pleasure, gratification and every other such feeling was expressed in the one name. Turning them over to the care of Beatrice and Violet, it was a pleasant sight to her to see all those young girls just budding into womanhood and yet playful as very children when cut off from the stiff starched unnatural manners of the incipient women of fashion.

"Mary, do get hold of Myra Brown and try what you can do with her, I have not the patience she requires; a word from you may make her think—and there is a young one amongst them to be made feel at home."

"All right, Barbara," was the cheerful response. "Let them have a good time outside, then we will scatter a little more seed."

Later on the group of girls somewhat thinned as other engagements demanded their presence, but none the less merry and animated were gathered round the couch of Miss Fitzroy whose heart yearned with a motherly tenderness over each one. In her own peculiar manner she drew one and another into expression of thought and feeling on one subject or other, and with a directness few have the gift of possessing clothed it with a new meaning not easily to be forgotten.

It is not in human nature for either sex to be indifferent to the companionship of the other, and the pulsations of young hearts quickened when Mr. Ralph Brandon, with his two nephews, and the Hon. Mr. Fitzroy eldest son of Lord Somerset and nephew of the Hon. Misses Fitzroy, entered the room.

"Aunt Barbara," said the latter gentleman mischievously, "which ought I to admire most the flowers outside or those within?"

"If you are one of those individuals who never know how to make up their own mind, you have applied to the wrong person for assistance. But, Fitzroy, talk common sense," said Miss Barbara emphatically.

"Violet," he called, "as Aunt Barbara generally informs you with myself, we have not much of that commodity, suppose you come over to this side of Aunties couch, and she will help us to get over our deficiency."

"I am leaving you in the lurch," was the playful rejoinder, "for Aunt Barbara told me the other day I was getting to shape ideas with some sense, and gave promise of becoming a woman with a few brains, so, Fitzroy, I will not rob you of any portion of Auntie's bounty. You may outstrip me yet, but I will be generous and leave you the chance."

"Once get hold of your uncle," he whispered coming to her side "and you desert everybody else."

"Could not do such a thing, sir," she said saucily, "so do not be spiteful because Aunt Barbara corrected you."

How unmistakably the training of each betrayed itself. How unconsciously

each gave the key to their on-look to the future. The girlish, unpretending simplicity, because *perfectly natural*, of Beatrice and Violet could not be hidden any more than Myra Brown and some others in spite of a studied society air could keep concealed the aspirations, the presence of rank and wealth called forth.

"So you are one of our runaway relations, Miss Clayton," said Noel. "I hope you do not go so far as some in ignoring the fact."

O, Mr. Noel," exclaimed her friend known as Ellen in the present circle, and laughing as she made the remark, "Georgy Clayton hates the English (I am glad I am Scotch.) She says they are slaves. The only breath of free air to be drawn, is beneath their (the American) banner."

"Miss Clayton," cried Fitzroy "I never will believe your mouth could frame such a libel. Now I know for a certainty the language you would use would be 'are we not friends and brothers,' and there was a general laugh at the grotesque action accompanying the words.

"Mr. Fitzroy," said the young girl with a crimson cheek "I have altered my opinion a great deal since hearing Miss Barbara this afternoon. To tell the truth I did think you were a parcel of snobs, and unable to estimate the privileges my country affords."

"Hurrah! for my plain-spoken cousin," broke from Brandon, who had hitherto been a silent spectator of the group. Now, Miss Clayton, in what does our slavery, and your freedom consist?"

"Do you not have to go hat in hand under your flag, and know freedom but in name. Each man is his own master with us, and ceremonials of courts are in our eyes but as child's play. Excuse me though for speaking in a way to which you are unaccustomed; you forced it from me by your question."

Before Fitzroy could answer, as he evidently meant, judging from his sudden bound to the feet of the young champion of her country, Noel said, "Miss Clayton, your judgment is one-sided. When you speak of our slavery—in what does it consist?"

"Well, I scarcely know," was the half-laughing, half-hesitating reply, "but do not the rich of the land grind down the poor, and liberty of speech if indulged promptly suppressed. Man must not think but as his superiors choose. It was trying to force this upon us, you know, led us to throw off the yoke," she added archly.

"I never thought but what you were right there, and so does every true Briton think the same; but, child, you do not suppose *that* error would have been committed under our far-seeing sovereign,—and the child's play you think our court institutions. Have you no White House ceremonials that ever so free-spoken, free-acting American dare try to infringe?"

"There must of necessity, Miss Barbara, be an obedience to order, or good-bye to the welfare of a community. But we are taught to glory in the freedom of our country."

"Only go on the house-top, Miss Clayton, with those flashing eyes, no needs of your cannons to tell the fact" said Fitzroy with a laugh that compelled each one to join, till the room rang again.

"I think, dear," said Miss Fitzroy from her sofa "you have not thought this quite out. There ought not to be a feeling apart between our countries. It is just like the child leaving the old roof to set up a home of his own—both parent and child may differ in the management of such, but the bond of love should remain the same; and though there may be those on either side who like to cavil and find fault, the majority of true hearts are bound in one common tie, and each should strive to cultivate a growing love for the other, and teach it to their children. Good breeding on both sides will preserve either from what is vulgarly called 'A pulling to pieces.'"

"I never hear these discussions of nationality but what it brings very forcibly to my mind a most amusing incident I was once a spectator of," began Miss Barbara. "I was waiting the train, and had been compelled to listen to two mothers who were while the time away in discussing the merits and capabilities of their respective sons; these were getting what amusement they could out of jumping on the sofas and bumping their heads on the floor. The debate waxed louder and louder, and as neither would yield pre-eminence to the other, they got very hot and angry. 'Perhaps you think my Tommy is not the tallest,' said one with an assured air that if *that* could be proved it would at once settle beyond a doubt that every other quality fought for so long and vigorously was an established certainty. But her opponent was not going to lay down arms without disputing this ground any more than any other, and was quite as much assured Joe was not to be outdone by the so-called Tommy. The way those poor children were pushed, pulled, and their heads bumped in the attempt to come to the decision aroused my indignation, but an old farmer who had been thought asleep gave such unmistakable signs of interest in the measurement that I refrained from asking the mothers to have pity on the little urchins whilst they gave satisfactory proof which was victorious. 'Now will you say Tommy is not the tallest?' she demanded, and seeing the interest of the farmer, she applied to him with a triumphant 'Am I not right? and he is the youngest, too.' 'Marm, so long as Tommy keeps that mud on his boots I back Tommy,' he said solemnly with an odd wrinkling round the eyes, and then he gave me such a look that I was forced to hurry out to see if the train were not coming and indulge the laugh I should not like to have given way to before the discomfited parent; and from then, whenever I hear these merits and demerits so freely indulged in by two such great nations, both having the same interests in upholding the right, one certainly having what should be remembered, the prestige and glory of antiquity, yet both doing battle against tyranny and oppression, speaking the same mother-tongue, proclaiming the same message of salvation, though the system of working these may be different, yet alike striving for the same end, I always think of the little difference between Tommy and Joe, and say to myself that the one gets ahead that is most just, most free from bribery and vice—that makes truth its foundation, and rests on God and His word for its sure stay."

"Aunt Barbara has settled the question, like she always does," said Fitzroy, "so now let me add, Miss Clayton, that mother Britannia has her house always open for her big son Jonathan and any of his family. Even if it should be washing-day he will find a welcome, and that will atone for the fare generally rather sparing, I believe, on those days. Now if I come to-see you

with my hat on, as you seem to object to our mode of taking it off, will you shut the door in my face?"

"Come and see, Mr. Fitzroy. I do not think you will find we are to be outdone in hospitality."

"Fitzroy," said Miss Barbara reprovingly, "I do not call that good breeding to intrude your country or its doings on any member of another. Why people should begin picking holes and remarking about the social or political doings of the other as soon as ever two nationalities come in contact I cannot tell. It really is just as wanting in good manners in this as ever it is for such to openly criticise the arrangements and general fare spread for their hospitality if an invitation be given and accepted. In the one case, society and good feeling would be shocked, and yet it is equally as vulgar to air your predilections or prejudices in the other case. If *opinions* are mutually asked, they at least can be given and taken without throwing down the gauntlet for a stormy encounter of words amounting to nothing, but increased ill-will and misunderstanding."

"Aunt Barbara, do please let us retire into the chapel; there's a lecture all about you," said Fitzroy saucily, "and it is too bad to drown me in it. It was Noel began the unlucky topic. I never should have guessed the nationality of Miss Clayton; she looks uncommonly like the old stock. Please do not stick the free pins of your country into me for saying this," he added with a roguishness not possible to withstand.

"I really ought to beg your pardon, Miss Clayton, and do most sincerely," said Noel. "See what comes of speaking without thinking. I had not the least idea of calling up a feeling of antagonism."

"Indeed," was the quick reply, "I never supposed you had, or that you felt any, and when I come honestly to look at my own, it was more from want of thought, too, than from facts I ever cherished such."

"Do you know what Aunt Barbara's remedy is for that malady?" asked Brandon, shyly.

"Something practical, or my name is not Harold Fitzroy," was the laughing exclamation of that talkative gentleman.

"Right, Fitzroy, and when Miss Clayton and Noel suffer from the disease again, they had better act upon her advice to me, 'Not to talk, but whistle.'"

"Beatrice," said Miss Barbara, when the laugh had subsided, "I am not tied to one remedy for a disease, and as these gentlemen seem to be suffering alike, you had better try what effect the organ has upon them, while I must hurry to fulfil a promise I have only just remembered."

"Must you go out to-night?" asked her sister, anxiously.

"I really must, Mary, and regret I was stupid enough to promise, but did so quite forgetting it was the evening for our home-meeting. But you know we Somersets never break our promises."

"There goes another pill for me," came from the future head of that race. "Auntie," he said, with ludicrous pathos, as he bent lovingly over the gentle occupant of the couch, "Aunt Barbara will be the end of me yet. It's a prick here, a stab there all day long—morally, of course, and I run to you to bind up the wounds, so here's another, 'a Somerset never breaks promises. Does she think me a renegade?'"

"If you had a conscience void of offence you would not need be asking Aunt Mary that question," was the departing thrust of Miss Barbara as she disappeared.

"Do let me walk with you," exclaimed Beatrice, running after her. "I do not think you ought to go, for you must be tired, Aunt Barbara."

"Well, child, if I am, would your going relieve me?" she asked, with a loving kiss upon the bright beseeching face. "Go back and help Violet entertain our guests. I am all right."

"I will be keeper," laughed Noel, suddenly appearing, "so do as you are told, Beatrice. Aunt Barbara will not object to my escort."

"But she does, nevertheless, and tells you to take your own advice. Barnett is always at hand upon my night expeditions," she added, as the aged retainer came forward to accompany his mistress.

"I wish I were half as prompt at the call of duty as Aunt Barbara," said Beatrice, looking wistfully at the receding figure. "Though she is down upon us so quickly, as Fitzroy says, is she not helpful, Noel?"

"She is, indeed; I often have cause to be thankful for what sounds so sharp at the time, but which comes as a very dart of reminder when duty has to be faced and inclination overcome. I'm thinking of her and Aunt Mary, and which is the better loved. I am like the boy when asked which was his favourite dish, and he gave the lucid answer of 'beef, *specially* pork.'"

"That would be my dilemma," laughed Beatrice, as they slowly walked through the spacious hall to join the others. "I am sure if I were asked which I loved best, I could say 'Aunt Barbara, *specially* Auntie.'"

"Or Auntie, *specially* Aunt Barbara," echoed Noel.

"Beatrice," said Mr. Ralph Brandon, as they entered the room, "come here and tell me what mischief you are doing this boy of mine."

"Did I ever do him any?" laughed the young girl, all unconscious of the meaning smile her questioner bent upon the half-embarrassed object under discussion.

"My dear, I am afraid you have done him the greatest that is possible," was the startling rejoinder. "But you never knew it, I am bound honestly to confess. Don't look so alarmed," he added, stroking her sweet face with a tenderness that had grown conspicuous of late, contrasting so strangely with his former quiet reserve. The young girl looked wonderingly from uncle to nephew, and as her gaze lingered upon the latter, the warm blood slowly surged over cheek and brow, the lips quivered like those of a startled child, as the lashes drooped heavily over the now frightened look that had taken the place of the former innocent wonderment. In that moment the woman was born—the unthinking girlhood dropped from Beatrice Fitzroy. Unlike the, alas, now usual period of such saturated with talks of lovers, she, with Violet, had kept the sweet innocence of the child, from the innate modesty more or less in every daughter of Eve, but which, like the perishable beauty of the butterfly once touched, never regains what the touch destroyed; so, as these young girls had never become familiar with the topic so universal—having been guarded by the sarcastic, withering comments of Miss Barbara of girls so indulging, and the

wise, faithful teachings of her sister—they had grown up shrinking from companionship with the thoughtless who scoffed at such prudery. What mystic pulsations each heart may have had, these were jealously guarded. Free from the repulsive aim of many unthinking girls to count upon their fingers their beaux, to see in every acquaintance a chance to add to the number, their straightforward simplicity would have *shunned the chance* of such conquests, and till that *mysterious something* shone out from the eyes of Noel, as she so unconsciously tossed back his uncle's badinage, had never awakened to the possibility of their being other than the brother and sister they had seemed since first they played and did battle in their childish days.

As Beatrice turned hurriedly away, yet as if in a perfect bewilderment of doubt, and Noel with a glistening eye but proudly flushed cheek did the same, though in a contrary direction, the eyes of Mr. Ralph Brandon met the gently reproachful ones of Miss Fitzroy.

"O Ralph, why did you speak so?"

"My dear Mary," he said with a surprised smile, "I positively had not a thought I was saying anything new to the child. Bless her sweet innocence, it does one good after all to see a girl crowned with woman's greatest glory. Our children make us proud of them. What say you?"

"Thankful, Ralph," was the answer, with such a depth of joy shining from her eyes. "But poor Beatrice had not realised till you forced her to do so; she had given her heart away unknowingly.

"Now do not say I forced her to this knowledge. It was my lucky lad who has that deed to answer for."

"Then you would be willing," asked Miss Fitzroy.

"Willing!" he echoed gladly. "I am more than that, Mary. It is just what his mother would have desired for him," he added in a low voice.

A look of sympathetic meaning was all she could give, as the troop of girls now came to bid her adieu. With an intuitive delicacy to allow Beatrice an escape her sympathy was at fault to discover, she petitioned her help in gaining her own room, alleging truly she needed quiet, and would not remain until her sister's return. So under cover of the willing, eager hands all so anxious to minister to the well loved invalid, the "good night" between Beatrice and Noel betrayed no difference excepting to themselves from that of other nights. Noel's daily run over to the Holt had another significance next day, and when he found Miss Fitzroy alone, plunged at once into his errand.

"Auntie, in the midst of plenty I have come to want," he began, looking with a wealth of affection into her face.

"The fate of human nature, dear, never to be satisfied," she returned as she caressingly smoothed the wavy hair from the broad white brow. "I think, I need not suppose myself very wise when I guess it is something in my possession you are craving."

"Will you give it me, Aunt Mary?"

"Gladly, my boy, knowing you will strengthen and uphold each other; that in the rest of life's journey Beatrice will have one to help her walk steadily through its many winding paths so often strewn with thorns, but through all leading straight to the bright home awaiting all who turn their faces thitherward. There will be no loosing of hands down by-paths and getting separated; both are agreed upon the way and to what it is to lead to. Kiss me, Noel. Now, my boy, let me give you one for 'Mamam.'"

"She would rejoice, I know, and the thought adds so much to my happiness," said Noel with glistening eyes. "Where is Beatrice, Auntie? We have made a bargain without asking her consent."

"Your face says that is not causing you much thought," said Miss Barbara suddenly making a third in the conference. "Beatrice may not like to drop into your keeping as if she were a parcel of goods, ready packed, waiting to be handed over when called for."

"You are not going to discourage me, Aunt Barbara," he said laughing joyously. "Come, take my kiss of forgiveness as if I were your little troublesome Noel of old."

"You were a young rebel, but I rejoice to claim you as belonging really to us, so go and make sure of your bargain," and as he hastened to obey her order, he knew she shared his joy as fully as ever did Aunt Mary. Not long was Noel in finding the object of his search, and was greeted with a glad exclamation of surprise from Violet, and by Beatrice with a half-frightened, half-wistful look—not at him, but at the door; and a smile curled his lips as he returned his sister's caress, while he just as determinedly placed himself so as to cut off the flight he saw meditated by the other.

"What brings you at this time of day?" asked Violet. "But never were you more welcome, for whatever ails Beatrice I cannot think; to sit still seems impossible, and when I talk she makes the most ridiculous answers. Noel, let us punish her for her treatment of poor me, by leaving her alone, and your taking me a ride."

"If you will leave Beatrice to me for five minutes I will find out what is the matter, and come and report the disease; then we can arrange for the ride."

"Violet, said poor Beatrice piteously, "you are too bad, I—"

"Never mind, Violet," interrupted Noel, "she will do what I ask," and with loving gravity he took the hand of the astonished girl, led her to the door, closing it upon her.

"I was just coming for you," said Miss Barbara at this juncture. "Why, child, your wits are gone wool gathering, from your looks."

"Noel actually turned me out of the room," she gasped. "What is the matter with people this morning?"

"You very child," laughed Miss Barbara, "Noel only wants to give you a sister, and you were in his way. Now do not disarrange my collar," said the lady, as Violet with all her impulsive nature roused, fairly threatened to smother her informant.

"Aunt Barbara, I never thought of such a thing. I must be a very mole for blindness."

"In more ways than one, young lady," was the grim rejoinder. "I came to tell you Fitzroy has the horses ready, and is waiting for you, so run and put on your habit quickly."

As Noel turned from the door he faced Beatrice who was making for it. "You may go, dear Beatrice, if you are not willing to stay with me as your

intended husband," he said gently. "Have I startled you too much by such a proposition?" he asked as she looked into his face with the tears dropping in quick succession down hers.

"I never thought of such a thing," she whispered, ingeniously adding "till last night."

"Since then," interrupted Noel, taking both her hands, "what conclusion have you come to, Beatrice?"

"O, Noel," she pleaded, "do please let me go."

"Do you really mean that? Answer my question dear. We have been so long as brother and sister, it will not be hard, will it, to change the relation to a dearer title. Am I to be brother or husband? I cannot hear if you hold your head like that," said Noel with a mischievous pleasure in her new sweet embarrassment.

"Uncle Ralph made me know you were dearer than a brother. I wish he had not," she said piteously "for for—"

"When you are used to our new relations with each other, I hope you will help him as I do, and take back the wish, for I claim you as my wife," and this was Noel Brandon's betrothal to Beatrice Fitzroy.

The influence of the practical Miss Barbara, joined with the pure teachings of Miss Fitzroy, had developed a strength and consistency of character in the young girl not often met with, search far and wide, and Noel did the best thing next to his decision of three years ago, when he sought a wife in Beatrice. High principled, unselfish to a fault, aiming to excel in right doing, she had the noble qualities of the true woman, with the grace and artlessness of a child. Not even Aunt Barbara hated and scorned any shams of whatever nature they might be more than did Beatrice Fitzroy, and Noel had chosen wisely and well one who would ever have aspirations in unison with his own. Not long after their engagement Miss Barbara had private hopes of her own dashed aside, and very reluctantly determined to remove one concerning them.

"Fitzroy, you have been idling quite long enough," she said coming suddenly upon that gentleman. It is time you began to put into practice all your propositions for benefitting your fellow-creatures."

"Upon my word, Aunt Barbara," he returned with a hearty laugh of amusement, "If you are not the most matter-of-fact individual any generation ever produced. There are few would give such unmistakable hints to cut short a visit."

"I never hint, you know well enough, and you know equally sure you could never outstay your welcome. But it is better for you not to remain any longer."

"Snakes alive! why not?" he asked thoroughly perplexed.

"Now Fitzroy, I never meddle with love affairs; these are things beyond management in general, and am not matter-of-fact enough to be quite devoid of delicacy,—and certainly should not say one word now if you were not likely to suffer and cause suffering. You will end in loving Violet, and I tell you go home at once."

Fitzroy grew red, and mentally wished his lynx-eyed relative had not such good use of her sight. Not relishing to be told to go home like a naughty boy, he waxed rather wrathful, but as well suppose an angry wave might move the rock-bound coast as any ebullition of manner move Miss Barbara.

"I speak for your own good, my boy," she continued.

"I wish it might have been, but these things are beyond control."

"If you wish it, why tell me to go? You take a fellow so off his guard he has to surrender *volens volens*. Pray what is to hinder me singeing my wings?"

"Violet, she would fret dreadfully if she supposed you thought of her other than a dear sister. Lookers-on see more of the game than the players; had you been one of the former you would see Brandon has won the prize."

"Brandon!" was the surprised exclamation. "Why he has been as a brother nearly all her life."

"You young people have been so thrown together that it is hard to say where love really begins and friendship leaves off."

"Aunt Barbara," interrupted Fitzroy impetuously, "has she told you she cares for him?"

"No, indeed," she retorted sharply "I should be disappointed if she made the heart's secrets common talk. Not even with Beatrice are these matters subjects of conversation. I never have much opinion of girls whose talk is of lovers and marriage, and take every opportunity of airing their limp selves to whatever will give attention. Fitzroy she at this moment is as unconscious of any deeper care for Brandon as a very child;—but he has thought of her and will tell her so; now Noel has taken the lead, or I am no prophet. I am sure a Somerset never needs to be told twice what duty is."

"The acts of injustice and tyranny perpetrated in the name of that much-absurd article," exclaimed Fitzroy with a ludicrous intonation. "There you bid me start to it, and fly from it. Can you undertake to tell me what and where it is?"

"Yes, my dear boy, I think I can; it lies straight before you, helping your brother man as only those can who have the opportunities of position and wealth as you have. I am more disappointed I believe than yourself. The only matrimonial speculation I ever indulged in was one between you and Violet."

It is gratifying to one's wounded feelings," he said with a laugh, "to think the lady has not developed the discernment you think she might have shown had she chosen your nephew. It really is a healing plaister to one's self-love. Like Cæsar, I came, I saw, (tell it not in Gath) *got* conquered; you will observe the difference one word makes. Aunt Barbara," he went on as if a bright idea had just occurred to him, "the infection towards matrimony is pretty strong in these quarters. Do you not think, as I am tainted, you had better try for a cure? What say you to your especial favourite, Miss Myra Brown, for a niece? You are pruning away at her, and she may do you credit—with my help," he added roguishly.

"I am glad your infection has not amounted to much," she answered, greatly relieved to find he breathed the matter so cavalierly, "and will leave time to supply the future Lady Somerset."

"Has nothing to do with it," was the quick interruption. "I do not

mean to say I should have no care about this, but it is not the first consideration," and then Noel betrayed symptoms of hesitancy in expressing what he thought paramount "Have you spoken to Violet?"

"Yes, and it is because she has what really is a most singular scruple that I come to ask your good office's in overcoming. She owns she loves me, but will not pledge her word or receive mine, because we do not exactly think alike."

"I know what you mean," said Noel gravely. "I wish you did, Brandon, for your own sake."

"Then you will side against me, too. Oh Noel, I did think we were brothers at heart."

"Brandon, you know you have been as dear as one could be. I have known none but you. There is only one division betwixt us. When will you bridge it over?"

"Look here, Noel, I never believe in any one being forced with the feelings. I am sincere in striving to follow the right, because I do not feel this in the same way you and Violet do. Do you think it, to say the least, charitable to class me as if I were an abandoned reprobate? There are ever differences of feeling. My own Father and Mother thought differently to yours,—forgive me for speaking of them,—but Uncle never thought alike with Aunt Violet."

"I know," said Noel in a low, sad tone, "but, oh Brandon,—I could not feel such a spirit your words would indicate;—it seems too much like 'stand back, I am holier than thou.' You do not know how far such thoughts are from the heart, and how hard it is to be obliged to say words I feel you do not understand what prompts them."

"I must say I think I am hardly dealt by,—because it is not as if I turned my back upon the path you and Violet walk in, then I could understand why you should see the necessity of looking out for danger."

"Can two walk together unless they be agreed?" Noel murmured unconsciously aloud.

"I do not think they could," Brandon answered eagerly, "if they were divided in tastes, habits, and everything making up the happiness of life, but Violet and I have these in common, and I love her better than life."

"I guess, Brandon, you are not original in believing this. We mostly once in our lives set up the idol and fall down and worship. We will ask Auntie about this. My love to you and Violet says yield."

"Now think over my proposition for your and Auntie's training is what I bargained for, and would make a prize to be drawn. Brandon will get a good one," he said bitterly. "I must be content with an inferior article. Don't forget to polish Miss brown extra," he added laughingly as he lazily sauntered from the room.

Miss Barbara for once at fault in her discernment when she told her sister that Fitzroy had not been as deeply smitten as she feared, and that once away from the influence of Violet his fancy would be a thing of the past. Could she have seen her nephew while she was saying this, her heart would have had many a pang on his behalf. Fitzroy suffered as the heart disappointed only can suffer, but none ever guessed the struggle the young man went through. Underneath his bright animated bearing he carried a dull leaden weight of bitter sorrow, that would refine or mar his future. All unconsciously Noel exercised a noble influence upon all his companions; his sterling worth was a beacon for imitation. In acting out his principles he did not put on the repelling air so often misnamed *pious*, that frowns upon the merry repartee, and scents in every action apart from the conventicle a wordly spirit. He was a very tower of strength to Fitzroy, who differed with Brandon in receiving the offers of his birthright by accepting them, while Brandon looked on and questioned. More and more did the tried young man cling to Noel, imbibing his spirit. A great longing for his sympathy in his disappointment often drew him near to confessing it, but not to *her* brother could he disclose this secret; so it was locked up in his own breast, and when at last he started to take up his home-duties, giving the usual brotherly kiss on parting to his cousin and Violet, even the astute Miss Barbara was deceived, and had no more misgivings about his being heart whole. It was some few weeks later when Brandon startled Noel as he was about closing his door with an impetuous push at it, and with suppressed excitement said "Noel, I want you to do a good turn for me."

"Why, Brandon," was the surprised exclamation, "I thought you were in bed long ago. If I can do such you have your request before asked," he added affectionately.

"I thank you; you are a dear good fellow, but will it surprise you very much if I tell you I care for Violet with more than a brother's love?"

"You do not say so," he ejaculated. "I once laughed at Aunt Barbara suggesting such a probability, but honestly never thought of such a thing coming to pass. Now I did fancy Fitzroy cared for her, but found I was mistaken when he left, joking and light-hearted as ever."

"Fitzroy!" echoed Brandon. "It was only your fancy, for he found me out and wished me luck, and said when I had plucked up courage to ask Violet, and she accepted, he would send her his benediction. Shall you raise any obstacle to me. "My position—"

"I thought you must have changed, old boy, if you could stand upon a trifle and send me adrift," said Brandon with a hearty hand-clasp.

"Do not mistake me, Brandon," and Noel put his hands affectionately upon the other's shoulders. "I never shall think the destiny of an immortal soul a trifle—and that is what it really means. Violet misses the soul's interchange of feeling in you, as I do, and dear as you are in all else this is the one thing needful."

"I will try for it, Noel, believe me; I cannot say more."

Brandon was a counterpart of the young man whom our Lord loved, but whose riches claimed a divided sovereignty, and unless the heart be emptied of every rival there comes not that One in to take possession, though He stands at the door and knocks. That knock Brandon heard that night as Noel spoke, but while willing to open the door, he did not thrust out the worldly spirit that was holding day after day a surer possession, and that in time would not leave room for the door to open.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

CANADIAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Some time ago allusion was made by you as to the impairment of the paid-up capital of certain Canadian insurance companies, and as the "Report of the Superintendent of Insurance" for this Dominion is just issued, I now enclose you an extract from same (page 12) agent these companies up to 31st December, 1879:—

Citizens'	\$194,591
National	162,929
Canada Fire & Marine	93,869
Sovereign (formerly the "Isolated Risk")	53,511
Dominion	23,079

In the United States, fire companies, when capital is impaired, are obliged to make up the deficiency or cease doing business, while the companies above alluded to as having their capital impaired to the extent shown by this report, still continue to increase their risks all over the Dominion "without let or hindrance." The facts prove the present Insurance Act to be perfectly worthless in protecting the public in case of a serious conflagration.

I am, truly yours, Argus.

Montreal, 30th August, 1880.

OTHER FELLOWS THINK SO TOO.

There's just one thing a man can have

In all this world of woe and strife,

That makes the business not too bad,

And that one thing's an easy wife.

Dost fancy that I love my girl

For rosy cheeks or raven hair?

She holds my heart because she laughs—

Because she laughs and doesn't care.

I put my boots just where it suits,

And find them where I put them, too;

That is a thing, you must allow,

A chap can very seldom do.

I leave my papers on my desk;

She never dusts them in a heap,

Or takes to light the kitchen stove

The very ones I want to keep.

On winter nights my cozy dame

Will warm her toes before the fire;

She never scolds about the lamps,

Or wants the wick a trifle higher.

On Sundays she is not so fine

But what her ruffles I can hug;

I light my pipe just where I please,

And spill the ashes on the rug.

The bed is never filled with "shams"—

A thing some women vilely plan

To worry servants half to death,

And spoil the temper of a man.

She lets me sleep to any hour,

Nor raises any horrid din

If it just happens, now and then,

To be quite late when I come in.

I tell you, Jack, if you would wed,

Just get a girl who lets things run;

She'll keep her temper like a lamb,

And help you on to lots of fun.

Don't look for money, style, or show,

Or blushing beauty, ripe and rare;

Just take the one who laughs at fate—

Who laughs, and show she doesn't care.

You think, perhaps, our household ways

Are just perchance a little mixed;

Oh, when they get too horrid bad,

We stir about and get things fixed.

What compensation has a man

Who earns his bread by sweat of brow,

If home is made a battle-ground,

And life one long, eternal row?

—Harper's Magazine.

Chess.

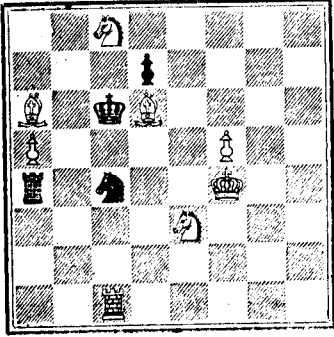
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, September 4th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

"SET NO. 14. MOTTO: *Insuperabilis*."

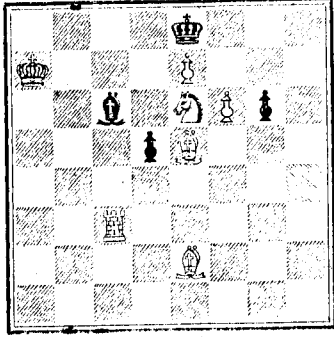
PROBLEM No. CIII.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM No. CIV.
BLACK.

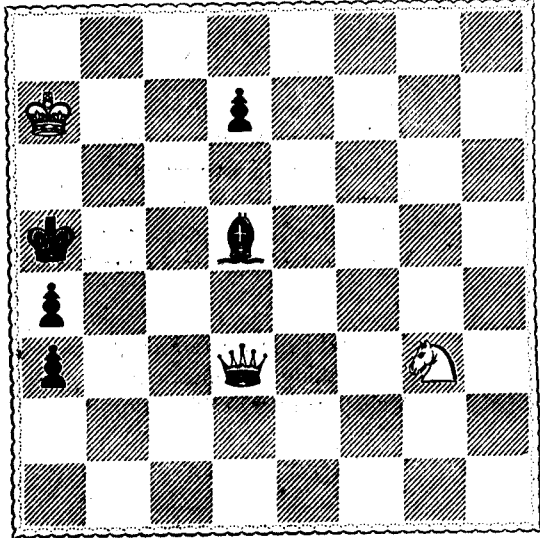


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. CV.

Composed for the SPECTATOR. By Mrs. Sophie Schett, Austria.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 11.—MOTTO: "*Gynx's Baby*."

PROBLEM No. 96.—Q to R 2.

Correct solution received from:—J.W.S. "An artistic composition. The mates by discovery are very elegant."

PROBLEM No. 97.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1 Q to K 6	B takes Q	2 Kt to B 2 (ch)	Anything	3 Kt or B mates
	P to B 6	2 Kt to B 2 (ch)	K moves	3 Q mates
	K to K 6	2 B to Kt sq (ch)	K moves	3 Kt takes B P mate

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE HOLYOKE "TRANSCRIPT" PROBLEM TOURNEY No. 1.

We have much pleasure in calling the attention of our readers, and of problem composers, to the following prospectus of this Tourney:—

CONDITIONS.

First—Competition open to all the world. Second—Each competitor to contribute as many sets of two and three move problems as they desire, but each set to consist of a two and three mover. No competitor to take more than one prize on their sets contributed. Third—The problems to be on diagrams, with motto, as usual, the solutions in full to be written on back of diagram, and each problem to be a direct mate without conditions. Fourth—Contributions with authors' name and address must be mailed, if from America, to R. H. Seymour, box 210, Holyoke, Mass. U. S. A., on or before Nov. 15, 1880; or if from Europe, Asia, Africa, or Australia by Dec. 15, 1880. Fifth—Each contributor must notify R. H. Seymour at the time of entering sets whether or not the authors have ever taken prizes in any problem tourneys.

PRIZES.

First Prize,—For the best set, open to all, \$10. Second Prize,—For the second best set, open to all, \$5. Third prize,—For the third best set, open to all, English Chess Problems, \$3. Fourth Prize—For the best set by an author who has never taken a prize, a Diagram Printer and Set Rubber Chess Type, \$2.50. Fifth Prize—For the second best by an author who has never taken a prize, "A Chess Century," containing 105 two move problems, \$1.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

For the best two mover—American Chess Journal, 1880. For the best three mover—Chess Players Chronicle, 1880. Problem containing the greatest number of variations—Huddersfield College Magazine, 1880. Best Problem with fewest number of pieces—London Chess Journal, 1880.

ITEMS.

No contributor taking first, second or third prizes will be allowed to receive either the fourth or fifth prize.

One set of problems will be published each week in the Transcript when a sufficient number have been received to warrant it, until all have been published in order received.

The award will be given one month after the publication of the last set and will be final when published. Judge, Mr. J. G. Nix, Tennessee.

Ottawa River Navigation Company.



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On Saturdays, fare \$1.

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