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# The Critic.

VOL. 1.

TORONTO, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

No. 3.



A recreant iron-moulder, no longer "wet with honest sweat;" as an Ecclesiastical adventurer of the Barnum order, he has illustrated his faith in the science of advertising by the publication of an autobiography, characterized by small regard for facts; by lecturing on clap-trap subjects, and by selecting sensational titles for his pulpit addresses; he courts popularity at the cost of decency, and obtains it on the terms adopted by the writers of dime novels, and by the caterers for the *secular* stage.

## The Critic.

A Monthly Journal of Law, Medicine, Education,  
and Divinity.

The journal also includes Social Subjects, articles relating to Civic Affairs, and Politics, from the respective standpoints of Employers and Employed; it will be unconnected with any party.

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Contributors will be remunerated according to merit.

### THE CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, D.C.L.

His first regimental minute, of which his biographer gives us an abstract, evinces a care for his men which must have been almost startling in the days of "Hangman Hawley." He desires to be acquainted in writing with the men and the companies they belong to, and as soon as possible with their character, that he may know the proper objects to encourage, and those over whom it will be necessary to keep a strict hand. The officers are enjoined to visit the soldiers' quarters frequently; now and then to go round between nine and eleven o'clock at night, and not trust to sergeants' reports. They are also requested to watch the looks of the privates, and observe whether any of them were paler than usual, that the reason might be inquired into and proper means used to restore them to their former vigour. Subalterns are told that "a young officer should not think that he does too much." But firmness, and great firmness, must have been required, as well as watchfulness and kindness. His confidential expressions with regard to the state of the army are as strong as words can make them. "I have a very mean opinion of the Infantry in general. I know their discipline to be bad and their valour precarious. They are easily put into disorder and hard to recover out of it. They frequently kill their officers in their fear, and murder one another in their confusion." "Nothing, I think, can hurt their discipline—it is at its worst. They shall drink and swear, plunder and murder, with any troops in Europe, the Cossacks and Calmucks themselves not excepted." "If I stay much longer with the regiment I shall be perfectly corrupt; the officers are loose and profligate and the soldiers are very devils." He brought the 67th, however, into such a condition that it remained a model regiment for years after he was gone.

Nor were the duties of a commanding officer in Scotland at that period merely military. In the Highlands especially, he was employed in quenching the smoking embers of rebellion, and in re-organizing the country after the anarchy of civil war. Disarming had to be done, and suppression of the Highland costume, which now marks the Queen's favorite regiment, but then marked a rebel. This is bad, as well as unworthy, work for soldiers, who have not the trained self-command which belongs to a good police, and for which the Irish Constabulary are as remarkable as they are for courage and vigour. Even Wolfe's sentiments contracted a tinge of cruelty from his occupation. In one of his subsequent letters he avows a design which would have led to the massacre of a whole clan. "Would you believe that I am so bloody?" We do not believe that he was so bloody, and are confident that the design, if it was ever really formed, would not have been carried into effect. But the passage is the most painful one in his letters. The net result of his military administration, how-

ever, was that the people of Inverness were willing to celebrate the Duke of Cumberland's birthday, though they were not willing to comply with the insolent demand of Colonel Lord Bury, who had come down to take the command for a short time, that they should celebrate it on the anniversary of Culloden. It is a highly probable tradition that the formation of Highland regiments was suggested by Wolfe.

In a passage which we have quoted, Wolfe glances at the awkward and perilous position in which a young commander was placed in having to control the moral habits of officers his equals in age, and to rebuke the passions which mutinied in his own blood. He could hardly be expected to keep himself immaculate. But he is always struggling to do right and repentant when he does wrong. "We use a very dangerous freedom and looseness of speech among ourselves; this by degrees makes wickedness and debauchery less odious than it should be, if not familiar, and sets truth, religion, and virtue at a great distance. I hear things every day said that would shock your ears, and often say things myself that are not fit to be repeated, perhaps without any ill intention, but merely by the force of custom. The best that can be offered in our defence is that some of us see the evil and wish to avoid it." Among the very early letters there is one to his brother about "pretty mantua makers," etc.; but it is evidently nothing but a nominal deference to the military immorality of the age. Once when on a short visit to London, and away from the restraining responsibilities of his command, Wolfe, according to his own account, lapsed into debauchery. "In that short time I committed more imprudent acts than in all my life before. I lived in the idlest [most] dissolute, abandoned manner that could be conceived, and that not out of vice, which is the most extraordinary part of it. I have escaped at length and am once more master of my reason, and hereafter it shall rule my conduct; at least I hope so." Perhaps the lapse may have been worse by contrast than in itself. The intensity of pure affection which pervades all Wolfe's letters is sufficient proof that he had never abandoned himself to sensuality to an extent sufficient to corrupt his heart. The age was profoundlyly sceptical, and if the scepticism had not spread to the army the scoffing had. Wolfe more than once talks highly of going to church as a polite form; but he appears always to have a practical belief in God.

It is worthy of remark that a plunge into London dissipation follows very closely upon the disappointment of an honorable passion. Wolfe had a certain turn of mind which favoured matrimony "prodigiously," and he had fallen very much in love with Miss Lawson, Maid of Honor to the Princess of Wales. But the old General and Mrs. Wolfe opposed the match, apparently on pecuniary grounds. "They have their eye upon one of £30,000." Miss Lawson had only £12,000. Parents had more authority then than they have now; Wolfe was exceedingly dutiful, and he allowed the old people, on whom, from the insufficiency of his pay, he was still partly dependent to break off the affair. Such at least seems to have been the history of its termination. The way in which Wolfe records the catastrophe, it must be owned is very romantic. "This last disappointment in love has changed my natural disposition to such a degree that I believe it is now possible that I might prevail upon myself not to refuse twenty or thirty thousand pounds, if properly offered. Rage and despair do not commonly produce such reasonable effects; nor are they the instruments to make a man's fortune by, but in particular cases." It was long, however, before he could think of Miss Lawson without a pang, and the sight of her protrait he tells us takes away his appetite for some days.

At seven and twenty Wolfe left Scotland, having already to seven years' experience of warfare added five years experience of difficult command. He is now able to move about a little and open his mind, which has been long cramped by confinement in Highland quarters. He visits an uncle in Ireland, and, as one of the victors of Culloden, views with special interest that field of the Boyne, where in the last generation Liberty and Progress had triumphed over the House of Stuart. "I had more satisfaction in looking at this spot than in all the variety that I have met with; and perhaps there is not another piece of ground in the world that I could take so much pleasure to observe." Then, though with difficulty, he obtained the leave of the pipe-clay Duke to go to Paris. There he saw the hollow grandeur of the decaying monarchy and the immorial glories of Pompadour. "I was yesterday at Versailles, a cold spectator of what we commonly call splendour and magnificence. A multitude of men and women were assembled to bow and pay their compliments in the most submissive manner to a creature of their own species." He went into the great world, to which he gains admission with an ease which shows that he has a good position, and tries to make up his leeway in the graces by learning to fence, dance, and ride. He wishes to extend his tour and see the European armies; but the Duke inexorably calls him back to pipe-clay. It is proposed to him that he should undertake the tutorship of the young Duke of Richmond on a military tour through the Low Countries. But he declines the offer. "I don't think myself quite equal to the task, and as for the pension that might follow, it is very certain that it would not become me to accept it. I can't take money from any one but the King, my master, or from some of his blood."

Back, therefore, to England and two years more of garrison duty there. Quartered in the high-perched keep of Dover where "the winds rattle pretty loud" and cut off from the world without, as he says by the absence of newspapers or coffee houses, he employs the tedious hours in reading while his officers waste them in piquet. The ladies in the town below complain through Miss Brett to Mrs. Wolfe of the unsociality of the garrison. "Tell Nannie Brett's ladies," Wolfe replies, "that if they lived so loftily and as much in the clouds as we do, their appetites for dancing or anything else would not be so keen. If we dress, the wind disorders our curls; if we walk we are in danger of our legs; if we ride, of our necks." Afterwards, however, he takes to dancing to please the ladies and apparently grows fond of it.

Among the High Tories of Devonshire he has to do a little more of the work of pacification in which he had been employed in the Highlands. "We are upon such terms with the people in general that I have been forced to put on all my address, and employ my best skill to conciliate matters. It begins to work a little favourably, but not certainly, because the perverseness of these folks, built upon their disaffection, makes the task very difficult. We had a little ball last night to celebrate His Majesty's birthday—purely military; that is the men were all officers except one. The female branches of the Tory families came readily enough, but not one man would accept the invitation because it was the King's birthday. If it had not fallen in my way to see such an instance of folly I should not readily be brought to conceive it." He has once more to sully a soldier's sword by undertaking police duty against the poor Gloucestershire weavers, who are on strike, and, as he judges, not without good cause. "This expedition carries me a little out of my road and a little in the dirt. . . . I hope I will turn out a good recruiting party, for the people are

so oppressed, so poor and so wretched, that they will perhaps hazard a knock on the pate for bread and clothes and turn soldiers through sheer necessity."

Chatham and glory are now at hand; and the hero is ready for the hour—*Sed mors atra caput nigra circumvolat umbra.*\* "Folks are surprised to see the meagre, decaying, consumptive figure of the son, when the father and mother preserve such good looks; and people are not easily persuaded that I am one of the family. The campaigns of 1742, '4, '5, '6, and '7 stripped me of my bloom, and the winters in Scotland and at Dover have brought me almost to old age and infirmity, and this without any remarkable intemperance. A few years more or less are of very little consequence to the common run of men, and therefore I need not lament that I am perhaps somewhat nearer my end than others of my time. I think and write upon these points without being at all moved. It is not the vapours, but a desire I have to be familiar with those ideas which frighten and terrify the half of mankind that makes me speak upon the subject of my dissolution."

The biographer aptly compares Wolfe to Nelson. Both were frail in body, aspiring in soul, sensitive, liable to fits of despondency, sustained against all weaknesses by an ardent zeal for the public service, and gifted with the same quick eye and the same intuitive powers of command. But it is also a just remark that there was more in Nelson of the love of glory, more in Wolfe of the love of duty. "It is no time to think of what is convenient or agreeable; that service is certainly the best in which we are the most useful. For my part I am determined never to give myself a moment's concern about the nature of the duty which His Majesty is pleased to order us upon; and whether it is by sea or by land that we are to act in obedience to his commands, I hope that we shall conduct ourselves so as to deserve his approbation. It will be sufficient comfort to you, too, as far as my person is concerned, at least it will be a reasonable consolation, to reflect that the Power which has hitherto preserved me may, if it be his pleasure, continue to do so; if not, that it is but a few days or a few years more or less, and that those who perish in their duty and in the service of their country die honourably. I hope I shall have resolution and firmness enough to meet every appearance of danger without great concern, and not be over solicitous about the event." "I have this day signified to Mr. Pitt that he may dispose of my slight carcass as he pleases; and that I am ready for any undertaking within the reach and compass of my skill and cunning. I am in a very bad condition both with the gravel and rheumatism; but I had much rather die than decline any kind of service that offers itself; if I followed my own taste it would lead me into Germany; and if my poor talent was consulted they should place me in the cavalry, because nature has given me good eyes and a warmth of temper to follow the first impressions. However, it is not our part to choose but to obey."

All know that the way in which Mr. Pitt pleased to dispose of the "slight carcass" was by sending it to Rochefort, Louisbourg, Quebec. Montcalm, when he found himself dying, shut himself up with his Confessor and the Bishop of Quebec, and to those who came to him for orders said "I have business that must be attended to of greater moment than your ruined garrison and this wretched country." Wolfe's last words were, "Tell Colonel Baxter to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the Bridge. Now, God be praised, I will die in peace."

\*But gloomy death, with its dark shadow, hovered about the head.—*Ed.*

## Education.

## MORAL AND LITERARY TRAINING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY JOHN D. PEASLEE, LL.D.

*(Continued from No. 1.)*

Another mistake consists in giving too much time to mere imitative reading, and not enough to ascertaining the meaning of the words and sentences. Children should be impressed with the fact that the principal object of reading is to obtain the thoughts of others; and they should early accustom themselves to ascertain the meaning of what they read, that no word may be passed without being understood. Let me say that the dictionary should be the constant companion of the pupils of our Grammar and High Schools. Would you neglect the elocutionary side of the subject? I am asked. By no means. No one places a higher value on elocution, than I do; but I insist that it is the duty of the teacher to see that the passage is understood by the pupils before the attention is made to drill them in elocution.

Another mistake is to be found in the fact that the almost universal tendency in this country of late years has been to crowd too much into the High School course; to make the High School a substitute for the College and University must result in failure.

*Gems of Literature.*—Morality, it under this head, may be placed honesty, patriotism, and good-will to men, ought to come within the scope of school work; for morality in this sense is the dearest element of the good citizen, and the good citizen is the prime object of education. Our country has less lack of intelligence than of public honesty and private fair dealing, less lack of knowledge than of inclination towards a noble life; which facts show that something in the present order of society is either fundamentally wrong or deplorably weak. But where shall we seek a remedy? When and how begin to mend? The subject of moral progress does not belong solely to the religious world. It is a matter of that good sense which considers the welfare of the immediate present, and looks with a benevolent eye to an improved manhood in the future. For morality is almost as beautiful when viewed as a guiding element to man in this world's transactions as it is when viewed as an essential to happiness in the world to come.

We cannot serve the future of this world in a better way than in taking care of the present of the children. We can do this by introducing to our present educational system a factor whose object shall be to give the proper direction to the child's thoughts; "As a man thinketh, so is he." Children should be lead to think properly, that they may be enabled to act justly and generously; and it would be far safer both for them and for the community if their acts were directed by fixed principles rather than by sudden and untrustworthy impulses.

The literature of the world embodies a universal moral creed. In its fulness here and there may be found the holy teachings of the Bible, in language pleasing to the ear of youth, and in form adapted to his understanding. It inculcates all the substantial teachings of the Scriptures without awaking the suspicion that the private realm of devotional form is to be invaded.

A broad-minded selection of noble passages, though it may not be able to do all we could wish in a moral way, can certainly do much to raise men to a high moral, political, and social plane. It may not make men prayerful, but it can make them respectful and respectable. It may not give them the wisdom of statesmen, but it can make them intelligent voters and fervent patriots. It

may not fit them for a future life, but it can do much towards making this one pleasant to themselves and to their fellow-men. It can put a light into their hearts that will illumine many of earth's darkest places.

I believe that gems of literature introduced into our schools, if properly taught, will be able to do these things; partly by their own direct influence on the young mind, but principally as being such a draught on the fountain of higher literature as shall result in an abiding thirst for noble reading. The right kind of reading will induce the right kind of thinking, and proper thinking will insure correct acting.

What harmony the introduction of literature into our schools assures us! Let the public schools be the instrument of forming this common love for the noble and beautiful, and who but will acknowledge they have performed a work of greatest utility to man, and added a thousand fold to their present value as factors in human progress? Heretofore the boy's education has been no broader than his business expectations; his happiness as a man and his worth as a citizen have not been taken into account. The principles are too narrow for an age that is looking for good men as well as for good accountants and grammarians. They are needlessly narrow; they leave, as it were, broad fields of noble soil untilled, and this soil must be tilled to bear fruit. For example, a man cannot be a patriot, except negatively, until he has been led to understand and value patriotism. But on a grand subject, like patriotism, there is an unwillingness or incapacity in most minds to think. Such minds must be enlarged before patriotism can be anything to them but a barren name; but may not patriotic passages, under a wise teacher, promote the necessary growth? For who, even among the educated, has not felt a tinge of shame at the dulness of his own patriotism on reading Grinke's beautiful lines, "We cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence. We cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent. We cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent." And what is our country? It is not the East, with her hills and her valleys, with her countless sails, and the rocky ramparts of her shores? It is not the North, with her thousand villages and her harvest-homes, with her frontiers of the lake and the ocean. It is not the West, with her forest-sea and her inland isles, with her luxuriant expanses clothed in verdant corn, with her beautiful Ohio and her majestic Missouri. Nor is it the South, opulent in the mimic snow of her cotton, in the rich plantations of the rustling cane, and in the golden robes of her rice-fields. What are these but the sister-families of one greater and better family—our country?" Or Scott's, beginning,—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
'This is my own, my native land?'"

What I have said of patriotism applies to all the elements of great mindedness.

The practice, therefore, of memorizing the choice thoughts of our best writers should be made a prominent feature of school work. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "There is no place which an author's thoughts can nestle in so securely as in the memory of a school boy or school girl." It is also in accord with the advice of Arthur Helps, who says, "We should lay up in our minds a store of good thoughts in well-wrought words, which shall be a living treasure of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times, and amidst all the shifting of circumstances, we may be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance, and sympathy."

The idea of its introduction is not new in the history of education. In a similar manner the Germans have been long in

the habit of training their children in the knowledge and admiration of the literature of their own land. The Arabs, the most civilized nation of the ancient world, taught their young folks to repeat the undying thoughts of their poets, under the beautiful name of "unstrung pearls."

Plato pictures the boys on long benches in the schools of Greece, receiving moral instruction through learning, and reciting the poetry of her classic authors.

For the greater part, the selections for the younger children should consist of entire pieces, and of such as are calculated to develop their emotional natures—the intagination, love of home and parents, kindness to dumb animals, etc.—and to give them correct rules of action. Those for the more advanced pupils should consist principally of brief extracts, containing grand and ennobling thoughts calculated to incite them to higher aspirations in life, to lead them into pure fields of English literature, and to teach them to love and reverence our great authors. In the selection of gems, poetry has the preference, for it inculcates a double beauty—beauty of thought and beauty of composition. "The taste for harmony, the poetical ear," says Miss Aiken, "if ever acquired, is acquired almost in infancy. The flow of numbers easily impresses itself on the memory, and is with difficulty erased. By the aid of a verse, a store of beautiful imagery and glowing sentiment may be gathered up as the amusement of childhood, which in riper years may beguile the heavy hours of languor, solitude, and sorrow; may enforce sentiments of piety, humility, and tenderness; may soothe the soul to calmness, rouse it to honorable exertion, or fire it with virtuous indignation."

"They who have known what it is," remarks Willmott, in the "Pleasures of Literature," "when afar from books, in solitude, in travelling, or in intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them, will feel the inestimable value of committing to memory, in the prime of its power, what it will receive and indelibly retain. He who has drunk from the pure springs of intellect in his youth will continue to draw from them in the heat, the burden, and the decline of the day. The corrupted streams of popular entertainment flow by him unregarded."

The great Coleridge says, "Poetry has been to me 'an exceeding great reward.' It has soothed my afflictions; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared my solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

Important as declamation is, it is secondary to the great object I desire to accomplish, viz., storing the mind of our youth with ennobling thoughts, clothed in beautiful language; thoughts that will incite them to noble aspirations; thoughts that inculcate virtue, patriotism, love of God, of father, of mother, kindness to dumb animals, and that give correct rules of action.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

While the drums were being beaten on Dominion day, I was watching a performance in connection with natural history of far more interest to myself than would be Mr. Barnum's show, or anything else so mutilated by *enterprise*; while sitting on a sand-bank, I observed a fly, which, including his feelers, was about an inch long, with a spider in tow, of four or five times his weight, I should say. The fly was black and his back was adorned with transverse bars of spots in pairs, which met in the centre; he tugged his prey along, moving backwards the while; so strong was he, that he lifted the spider into the air, but speedily dropped

him in a tuft of grass, after airing himself a little while, he returned, and took possession of his booty once again; he dragged him over my limbs, and after he had conveyed him a distance of several yards, left him once more, and made as many as four attempts at finding a suitable place of sepulture for him; in the intervals of his labor, he returned to view the body, and being apparently satisfied that the subject had got beyond a state of trance, resumed his occupation of grave-digging; as all this took place between St. James' Cemetery, and the Necropolis, it is manifest that he was unwilling to avail himself of the advantages of either of those institutions; the rapidity with which he dug the grave with his fore-feet reminded me of the flight of the bee; when at length he had decided on a suitable spot, the cave was excavated to a depth of about two inches, and great pains were taken to secure a gradual incline towards it; I saw the departed spider dragged into it, and ere long, the head of the fly appeared at the entrance of the cave, and he rested on his fore legs while he kicked up the sand over the spider with his hind legs; as the cave became filled I could see that the sand was pressed with the lower extremity of the fly's body; he then proceeded to burrow the sand within a circle, and fill in the incline he had made to the cave; one of the holes he excavated in this depressed circle is so deep that I presume it is designed as a receptacle for another spider, but although a second fly (half the size of the former) arrived before I had concluded writing this narrative, and operated on the sand in the neighbourhood in a similar fashion, I did not wait for the return of the former operator; I marked the spot however, and purpose re-visiting it. D. E.

#### EMPLOYMENT WANTED.

In recognition of the courtesy involved by the receipt of two unbought copies of THE CRITIC, the Rev. S. A. Dyke has found congenial occupation in calling on the advertisers in that journal, and representing that they will receive three times the value of their money by advertising in the sectarian journal for which he canvasses. As the rev. gentleman is a born financier, we would suggest that he devote his talents to the (possibly) more lucrative employment of calling on the customers of all the banks except the Bank of Commerce, and advocating the pre-eminent claims of that bank and "six feet of hypocrisy." A transfer from the managership of the book depot to that of the bank would be the probable result.

When a deputation of total abstainers waited on Bishop Strachan, in order, if possible, to induce his Lordship to exert his influence with one of his clergy to abandon intoxicants, the deputation remarked that it did not look well to see a clergyman bringing his whiskey home in a bottle. "*Bottle*," exclaimed the Bishop, "I'll write to him that he'd better buy it by the barrel, as I do."

The above-named prelate, on being consulted as to the desirability of using the Collect appointed as a prayer for rain, replied "Na use, mon, praying for rain while the wind's nor'-east."

[The above paragraphs became severed through inadvertence, while "making up" the matter of the last number for the press; the latter paragraph is therefore reprinted, and will indicate the relation of the one to the other.]

"Blind unbelief is sure to err," and so is blind belief; as witness the implicit faith in conflicting creeds, religious and medical.

## OUR BRASS BAND.

The instruments selected by the above-named band can hardly be described as costly, inasmuch as they consist exclusively of *penny trumpets*, each trumpeter has realized the privilege of selecting his own instrument, and it will be our distinction to accord that measure of praise to the several performers which we deem to be their due, the common herd have usually purchased *their trumpets* of such enterprising individuals as have gone in for "Self-Made Men," "Irishmen in Canada," "Biographical Dictionary," etc., and such a trifling consideration as that of a couple of hundred dollars was nothing for an instrument of sufficient volume, the greater adepts have however displayed more skill in the selection of their instruments, as well as in their pipings; in the exercise of our discrimination, we have decided to allot the gold medal to the distinguished manipulator who has eschewed trumpets supplied by "Self-Made Men," and has elected to avail himself of an infatuated spinster, a subject of monomania, as an instrument more suitable for the display of his skill, by virtue of our office we are enabled to invite our readers to participate with ourselves in the pleasure of listening to the strains of this trumpeter, as they have been conveyed through the medium of "A Temperance Story," of which the infatuated spinster above referred to is the authoress.

This story is adorned with engraved portraits of its hero, in two aspects, and with a different style of signature attached to each; one of its opening sentences informs us that "it is impossible that the noble Prohibition speech of Mr. Rose, to the Reform Clubs from up north, will be suffered by our Lord Jesus to lose its reward", another intimates that "it is very probable that a finer intellect than his (the hero's) does not exist; a single glance at his high, broad forehead, will tell you so, without a phrenologist going to the trouble of examining his head?" again "I thought my ears must have misled me when he said that Mr. Rose could not speak fluently. Oh, did I not wish that the reporter was supplied with pencil and paper, and bidden to take down one of those glowing addresses? What nimble fingers he would need, to keep pace with Mr. Rose! Why, one can hardly follow him in thought, for he is so eloquent," etc.

At this juncture, it may be well to intimate that the subject of this notice is one of those retiring individuals, whose modesty did not prevent all this, and much more of the same sort being printed and published at his own office.

We are favored with an illustration of the extreme sensitiveness of Mr. Rose, in the second chapter of this "Temperance Story," which is to the following effect—A reformed total abstainer remained to receive (what is styled) the communion at the church of which Mr. Rose is an office-bearer, on the cup being passed to this abstainer, he enquired if the wine were intoxicating, and as Mr. Rose was interrogated on the subject, he replied in the negative; "no sooner were the words out of his mouth, than (we are told) he almost fainted for fear there might be some mistake, and the reformed man again fall away."

It is confessedly refreshing to learn from so trustworthy an authority that we have a philanthropist of such acute sensibility amongst us, in these days of Temperance Colonization schemes, we had not been prepared to hear of any one being "in misery for some minutes, until the wine came to him, when he at once found it was all right," and the danger of the total-abstainer becoming a drunkard through tasting it had been averted!

The devoted authoress of this "Temperance Story" informs us that on the occasion of a pledge-signing, "a dissipated-looking person was brought up" by her hero, "who laid his white hand

on the man's shoulder as he added his name to the list of signatures." The least return which the admired Rose can make to his spinster admirer will be (when circumstances permit) the offer of his "white hand," accompanied by that of his warm heart.

Further on we read, in relation to the delivery of a speech at a temperance meeting "What a happy thing it was we were there! That was the longest speech I have heard Mr. Rose make but, oh, didn't it seem short? We could with pleasure have listened to him all night."

For our own part, we trust that this cheap style of advertisement will result in landing the estimable Mr. Rose in Parliament, under which circumstance, not only this Dominion, but the world at large may have the privilege of bending their ears to his eloquence for many nights. And yet perhaps our vulgar territorial ambition on behalf of Mr. Rose receives the rebuke which it merits, in the concluding words of this second chapter, for there we learn that "God has sent him of a truth, (himself being witness) and if ever there were a missionary, Brother George Maclean Rose is one!" A missionary, as we suppose, whose mission consists in manipulating stock in the Temperance Colonization Society, and in the Toronto Coffee House Association, in playing his part in the Board of Trade, in securing fat Government contracts, etc., etc.

In the third chapter, we find ourselves favored with a self-attested description of Mr. Rose's personal appearance, the modesty of which description reminds us of the bashful Wild. "Brother Rose has beautiful, dark, golden red hair, that's a fact," and further, he "has deep blue eyes which seem to look right through you, I believe he can read your very thoughts!"

As we pass to the fifth chapter, we learn, on the testimony of the infatuated authoress, that "Brother G. M. Rose spoke so grandly at a certain temperance meeting that it is utterly impossible to do justice to his remarks in any crude report," and further that "the recording angel" is the only person who, it appears, might possibly prove a successful shorthand copier of these impromptu addresses."

Among other qualifications and characteristics of this social nonpareil, we discover "that we should have to hunt high and low before we could find such another Treasurer;" and that "there is not a member who would wish the shadow of a slight to fall on our noble and kind-hearted Treasurer—Brother G. M. Rose." Again—"There is a business man for you! He is the President of two large publishing firms, and has any amount of business on his hands, but he is the very soul of honour!" It is, we suspect, eminently exceptional for persons to "carry their religion into everything, and to be just as much Christians in their offices as when they are at church taking the sacrament," but on the concurrent testimony of several witnesses, whom the spinster assembles we are assured that such is the case with the Rose of her admiration; the afore-named Rose has also allowed a witness to assure us that she "does not believe there is one man in a thousand who is like Mr. Rose." By way of confirming the testimony, another remarks that "With him preaching and practice certainly go hand in hand."

We have now survived the labor of wading through seven chapters (out of twenty) of adulation of the foregoing character, which before it met the public eye, was revised and sanctioned by the subject of it; it is necessarily intended to serve a purpose, but unless the readers happened to be insane, it is not easy to perceive how it can serve any except that of gratifying the most inordinate vanity.

N.B.—Lest Mr. Rose should suppose that there is any idea of retaliation, on the part of the Editor, in regard to Mr. Rose's refusal to pay thirty-seven (37) cents which are due to him from Mr. R., the Editor begs to state that the foregoing article was written at the time Mr. Rose refused to pay his debt, and told the Editor he might sue him for it if he liked.

Journalistic Criticism.

The re-appearance of *The Citizen* with the verbal prefix "Canada" is no improvement, from the point of view of grammatical requirement. A Post Master-General may scatter "Canada Post Cards" over the world by the million, but in so doing, he blunders no less than the post master of St. Petersburg would, were he to issue cards of the kind under the designation of "Russia Post Card," but of course, we know that the school-master may be abroad as much as he pleases, on this side the globe, and considerations of grammatical inaccuracy are conveniently beneath his notice; our own "Education Department," to wit. We will hope, however, that the nature of the "Temperance Herald" will be an improvement on its name; the aims of the journal are high, and that ought to count for something in a day when such a production as "Peek-a-Boo" can find readers.

We cannot help remarking however that a schoolmaster ought to avoid such conventionalisms of style as "strictly in advance:" it is to be hoped that the Editor of *The Citizen* will not visit this stricture on his style by saying "positively no admittance," in the event of the Editor of THE CRITIC putting in an appearance at his sanctum. The latter Editor observes that "*The Canada Citizen*, as a whole," promises to be "a complete armory of argument, fact and suggestion, indispensable to those who would prove themselves fully equipped warriors in the terrible conflict that now so certainly impends."

The Editor of THE CRITIC, in his consciousness of need of complete equipment in his own line of warfare, may possibly avail himself of the *Citizen's* armory; he is not without misgiving however that the weapons of *The Citizen* may need proving before they are wielded in war; he observes among the earliest of the new journal's oracular utterances, the statement that "mis-directed mental power, is often the cause and sometimes the fact of a great wrong;" and again, he learns that "when we might discriminate better than we do, we allow our opinion of a fact or an idea to be affected by our feelings towards other facts or ideas with which the former has become associated." Inasmuch as the Editor of *The Citizen* makes public confession of the undue influence of "other facts or ideas" over his opinion of a previous "fact or idea," we are led to entertain doubts that the lack of mental discipline illustrated hereby may not be, in his case, "the weakest point of his moral enterprise;" it is therefore probable that we shall leave him to "crusade with iconoclastic zeal against such prejudices" as he may find, and we trust he will not "waste his strength in making the said prejudices blinder, etc." We hope he may desist from "vainly and foolishly fighting the flood, when he might seek out its source and close the sluice-gates, etc." For our own part, we aspire to avoid such Canute-like folly as that of "fighting the flood," and shall be content if the judicious public allow us to paddle our canoe upon it.

TWO DEMOCRATIC COFFEE-HOUSES.

Some two years ago, a philanthropic Presbyterian minister bestirred himself to give a practical thrust at the drinking system in Toronto, which platform declaimers would do well to imitate; this gentleman was instrumental in bringing together a sufficient number of capitalists to organize a Coffee-House Association; the scheme may be presumed to have commended itself to these associated citizens on the ground of its philanthropic aspect, and possibly not less, on the score of the prospect it afforded of yielding a good return for the capital invested. Whenever capital is

ostensibly in league with philanthropy, they who represent the capital are unlikely to neglect its claims, and as a consequence, philanthropy is apt to play the part of second fiddle; in view of the permanent benefit accruing to the community from this by-play however, it is bootless to diagnose the motives of the originators of the project minutely, we will therefore content ourselves with a glance at the practical bearings of these nutritive institutions; the designation which we have attached to the coffee-houses indicates that their most prominent feature consists in their comprehending all classes among their frequenters; the least exalted in the land (if such a description may be applied to the street-vendors of newspapers) may be said to jostle with judges and other persons of more or less prominence, the bare feet and legs of some of the boys may possibly suggest to the association the propriety of adopting the oriental custom of washing the feet before meals; the boys themselves appear to have been somewhat surprised at finding themselves in the same room with persons whom they have been accustomed to see in carriages, and to have their orders executed with that impartiality which a cash basis is prone to ensure—their sentiments on the subject are probably not incorrectly expressed by the following distich—

A ten cent meal!  
The fruit of zeal  
For the public weal!  
And fish too, on a Friday!  
"I'll go," says Bill,  
"And have my fill,  
And brush me clean and tidy,  
And then I hope  
I'll gladden the Pope,  
When he hears I've fish on Friday.  
It would please me well,  
If it suited hissel',  
To make each day a fry-day—  
And I guess I'll bless  
His Holiness,  
If 'cos I wish,  
He'll order fish  
Each holy day and high day."

One obvious result of the humbler classes being brought into such close contact with their social superiors, is indirectly to soften their manners; they must also be struck with the contrast between the absolute cleanliness of all the appointments and what they are accustomed to in their several homes; even the engravings on the walls, and the taste displayed in connection with the announcement of the "ice-cold lime-fruit cordials," are not likely to be lost on them; nor is the superiority of the coffee and other viands, to that which is provided in their own homes.

One of the most important bearings of the coffee-houses of the order of the St. Lawrence is that of their tendency to multiply; this is illustrated by the fact of the St. Lawrence having become the parent of that at Shaftesbury Hall, of another having been opened at Brockville, and of correspondence having been commenced with gentlemen in other places, who contemplate originating similar establishments.

The average attendance at the St. Lawrence Coffee House, for some time past, has been 750 per day; the classes frequenting the house are supposed to be divisible in the following fashion:—

Merchants, lawyers, judges, bankers, etc . . . . .	125
Clerks in stores and offices . . . . .	200
Ladies (supposed to be shopping) . . . . .	40
Mechanics . . . . .	225
Girls from stores . . . . .	40
Lads under 15 years . . . . .	50

The idea of extending the facilities of such a coffee-house, to those who would probably avail themselves of one, to the Esplanade, is, we believe under the consideration of the directors.



## Medical Criticism.

### "FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

### PROVINCIAL BOARD OF HEALTH

OF ONTARIO,

BEING FOR THE YEAR 1882.

Printed by Order of the Legislative Assembly."

No. III.

We observe that the doctors vote each other trips from time to time, at the expense of the public, with of course, an ostensibly professional object in view, one of these expeditions was appointed to investigate an outbreak of typhoid fever at Sarnia; we may assume that the training of the body has been so defective, and typhoid fever to be of so rare occurrence in Toronto, that it was necessary for these gentlemen to proceed to Sarnia for enlightenment on the subject; they necessarily deliver themselves of a "Report of the Commission," and after the reception of this report, it is interesting to learn that "it was discussed in Committee of the Whole—the Whole amounting to seven gentlemen, five of these are addressed by the remaining two, as "your honourable body," so that it is but too obvious that the infection of legislative diction has already extended to the apartment which must be somewhat inconveniently crowded when "the whole" seven are present.

In order that this august Board might have wherewithal to occupy itself, on the occasion of its inaugural meeting, the Provincial Secretary was utilized to request a Committee of the Board to take a trip to Sarnia; this Committee therefore went in quest of that novel commodity, styled "advisory information," and it returned presumably replete with material relating "to the sanitary condition of towns in the West, where, from the level nature of the land, miasmatic and other fevers would be most likely to prevail," the Committee appears to have undertaken the work which some would consider was rather within the province of a civil engineer, or of an agriculturist, for it reported "on drainage, sewerage, and disposal of sewage generally;" it had its trip however at the public cost, and it played the part of Jack in office, and its necessarily invaluable report was, as we have seen, ultimately "discussed in Committee of the Whole."

The Committee, in common with "the Whole," is evidently addicted to liberal draughts of cod-liver oil, for it tells us that "the progressive spirit of the inhabitants of the towns and cities of Canada demands all modern improvements *inside* their houses." (We hope this "progressive spirit" may ere long extend to their closets.) "They ask for water supply and waste pipes in all directions" This testimony of the two gentlemen despatched to the West, to the "progressive spirit" of Canadian citizens, may possibly induce them to rest content with the present rate of mortality, and prevent their connecting it with mal-practice.

One of the points to which the two gentlemen who constituted "the Sarnia Investigation Commission," "considered it to be their duty to impress upon" "the Committee of the Whole," is that "the functions of Local Boards of Health should be the investigation of *undue* sickness and mortality, and as far as possible, the providing of remedies for such sickness."

Much may be said to attach to the phrase "*undue sickness and mortality*;" is not all sickness *undue*, and the mortality experienced in civilized communities premature? Pending these

considerations, however, we can heartily commend the latter part of this "point" of advice on the part of the Commission—"the providing remedies, etc.," albeit we should say that nothing is more remote from the average medical mind than to entertain for a moment any of the multitudinous modes of healing which are outside the track of professional tradition. Evidence of redundancy of *cod-liver oil* crops up as we proceed—the fever-stricken City of Sarnia is described as a "very desirably situated town," and the hygienic precautions adopted in reference thereto were necessarily those of "*the advanced system, etc.*," all of which will, by our readers, be doubtless "taken as read."

There are certain features of this "very desirably situated town," which, as the Commissioners have themselves described them, will enable us to estimate the value of their testimony—"The backs of the houses on George Street are all at the edge of the open portion of the sewer; so that all the refuse from these houses is allowed to accumulate in the sewer, and may be seen floating along in the sluggish current of the stream, or collected in places along the edge of the water. The fall in George Street sewer is five inches in 100 feet; the depth of water running through this sewer is five inches, and the current is slow. There are about forty-nine water-closets between George and Wellington Streets, and a great many of these empty directly or indirectly into the George Street sewer."

Our readers will therefore concur with the doctors in regarding Sarnia as a paradise for gentlemen of their profession; stately mansions will no doubt be erected in Sarnia as residences of doctors, after the model of those in Toronto, which will serve as monuments to the ignorance of the people and to the more criminal (because wilful) ignorance of the medical profession. With regard to the extreme "desirableness" of the situation of Sarnia, we must add another scrap of testimony from heaps of a similar kind, embodied in this Official Report—"At the wharf at the foot of George Street, may be seen the sewer water mixing with the water of the bay. About thirty feet from the mouth of the sewer is the engine-house of the water works, and the supply-pipe passes out very near the mouth of the sewer."

Such are the statements of this Report which immediately follow the blarney as to the "desirability of the situation of Sarnia, etc.," and such is the mode in which public money is fooled away by the officious pretensions of men who are seeking to vivify the corpse of their profession by such means; we can scarcely suppose they will be more successful, than was their friend Victor B. Hall, when he gathered his family around the corpse of a neighbour, that they might communicate their united "vitality" to the departed.

### ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Four of those gentlemen who, by hook or by crook, have contrived to secure the confidence of the ignorant, have been operating on a girl of twelve years of age, in relation to the above named disorder; the child's experience of them was that of many a million—"she was nothing bettered but rather grew worse," until her case was undertaken by a licensed practitioner in this city; it is satisfactory to be able to record that the child is now well, and if a register office existed, the public could have the benefit of the name of the successful physician.

We know a case in which a father paid \$500 for two years' medical attendance on his son; at the expiration of the two years, the boy died; the charge was the same as if a cure were effected; is this according to the ordinary principles of interchange of service?

## THREE TO ONE.

If any reader of THE CRITIC would prefer a physician of three ideas to a physician of one, we can introduce him to a medical practitioner of this city, who limits his prescriptions to three; so that whether a man be suffering from jaundice, rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy, dysentery, goat, croup, headache, epilepsy, erysipelas, smallpox, consumption, &c., &c., he may have the pleasure of receiving the "best advice," and one of the three prescriptions.

A certain doctor stepped on the front of a street car in this city, when it was somewhat more than a quarter of a mile from the terminus; he "guessed he was a dead-head;" the accommodating driver acquiesced in the suggestion, and as he was himself suffering from rheumatism, he thought he would improve the occasion by consulting his "dead-head"; dead-head replied that "he required medicine;" happily for the driver, he obtained it soon afterwards, in the form of three lemons, and was cured thereby.

"Doctor, I want you to tell me what's the matter with me—I ain't right, some how?"

"How am I to tell you? What are your symptoms?"

"Does a 'oss tell his symptoms, Doctor?"

The Doctor remains quiescent and meditative

The would be patient exhibits signs of *im* patience.

A doctor is called to attend the son of a business man. He writes a prescription that the family hasten to have filled. On the following day he returns to see his patient, and finds the family in tears. "Alas!" sighed the mother, "I did not believe the measles could kill my poor boy." "The measles!" exclaimed the doctor; "he had the measles and you didn't tell me."

Tordens, of Brussels, prescribed benzoate of soda in a number of cases of whooping cough, and in all cases the coughing fits began to diminish in force and frequency after one or two days of treatment. He gives four grains of the salt every hour to a child 2 or 3 years old.

A bill is before the Illinois legislature to suppress all specialists and advertising physicians. It is supported by the State Board of Health. Here is a wrinkle for the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A lecturer discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired—"What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he had time to answer his enquiry, one of the audience cried out—"He can make his will."

## UPBRINGING.

No one need be long in a house without learning how the children of the family are brought up. The probability is considerable, that while a visitor is conversing with the head of the family, Master or Miss Hopeful will be standing agape, hard by, imbibing apparently through more than one organ, all that is being said; it is likewise probable that some half-dozen masters and mistresses will without the slightest apology, interrupt the conversation with some extraneous remarks. Perhaps nothing is more common, throughout the Dominion and the United States than similar illustrations of rudeness among children of a larger growth. "The untutored" Indian however knows better than this.

The Mail is not the only male who has disowned an illegitimate baby.

## "SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

So far as we can judge from a report we have received from a victim of "a concert and lecture" which took place at the Adelaide Street Rink on the 31st ult.—The Sick Children's Home is in as much need as was the Pretender, of being "saved from its friends." Our informant was induced to buy four tickets and supposed that when he had paid his dollar for them, he had done all that was expected of him, on taking his seat, however, he discovered that in common with several others, the seats had developed into that order of seat styled "reserved," without any intimation on the ticket having warranted the expectation of such a development. A second dollar was demanded of this gentleman, and paid by him, on the strength of this invisible change.

Certain luckless children were brought from the Orphans' Home to sing, and doubtless did their best; but who would have supposed that any one having the care of such children would keep them from eight o'clock till eleven without anything of the nature of refreshment being offered them; one consequence of this was, that some of the children fell asleep, they however, had the satisfaction of looking on, while the audience were being regaled, for twenty minutes, in the midst of this interesting performance. But the most distressing part of this *entertainment*, as we understand, consisted in a lecture by the Rev. C. O. Johnson, of Yorkville, bearing the title of "Lessons from a Lost Life;" this is said to have consisted of antiquated stories of wicked fathers, and sons to match, which any diligent frequenter of a certain class of Methodist Churches would have heard a few dozen times; one of these wicked fathers had beaten his son so severely that he was the means of the boy's death; and when the countenances of the audience indicated their displeasure at having been brought from considerable distances to listen to such rubbish, the audacity of the lecturer interpreted their angry looks to express a consciousness of guilt with regard to their own children, corresponding to that of his imaginary "wicked father."

If Primitive Methodists choose to cherish such performances as those of this "reverend gentleman," it has a perfect right so to do, but in the interest of the Sick Children's Home, and of the victims of this pious fraud, we must protest against a repetition of such proceedings.

## NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.

A correspondent of the London *Spectator* says that the expression, "Nine tailors make a man," has no sartorial reference. "From Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have acknowledged an address from eighteen tailors by saying, 'Thanks, gentlemen, both,' to Carlyle, the saying has been mistaken. The original word is 'taler,' and is connected with the 'tally' or 'tale' of Milton's shepherd; or it may be, 'tollers.' In some parts of England, on the death of a parishioner, the church bell is tolled, once, three times, etc., according to the age of the deceased person; say, once for an infant, three times for a girl, but always nine times for a man. So passers-by would say, when the bell had stopped, 'Nine talers make a man.'"

## MEDITATIONS FOR MEAL-TIMES.

"Then comes the tug of war, when '—pig eats pig.

Swine, when herding together, occasionally pick a quarrel with one of their number, and settle it by reducing the ill-starred member of the community to a condition of sausage; so completely is the luckless member demolished, that they leave not so much as a bone of him to toll the tale; that tale is therefore told by members of another race, some of whose "untutored" members act in a similar fashion.

## Literary Criticism.

## " PICTURESQUE CANADA."

## PART II.

We were content with about four pages of the first part of this work, as literary specimens of the capabilities of its Editor-in-Chief, in order to connect the commencement of the second part with the first, it is necessary to refer to the concluding words of the former part, and there we read that "every incident is familiar to the *traditional school boy*," whatever kind of boy that may happen to be. When reading of the Plains of Abraham, we learn that "*you and your party can drive leisurely up.*"

We pass certain commonplaces in the third line, and then we learn that "military buttons and buckles are the dreary pledges, held by battle fields, of human valor and devotion and all the pomp and circumstance of war," we are reminded by this, of a mountain, said to have been in labor, and as a result, to have brought forth a mouse.

On page 26 we read "Whatsoever *may* have been the result of a more precipitate attack," where "*might have been*" is an evident necessity. "The Very Reverend" author is supposed not to be joking when he says of the neighbouring States—"A great Christian people will struggle unitedly and religiously to free millions;" he does not appear to remember that such an utterance has ever been heard as—"They who take the sword shall perish with the sword."

The religiousness of the author unfolds itself a little further on, in the simplest of platitudes—"What, then is our destiny to be? Whatever God wills." "The future will bring wisdom with it" (we are told); to enable us (Canadians) to do our duty in the premises—the Dominion constituting "the premises" as we presume. One of our duties is said to consist in "guarding our own heads while we seek to do our duty to our day and generation."

After maintaining the necessity of "keeping up the defences of Halifax and Quebec, and fortifying Montreal by a cincture of detached forts," our ecclesiastical politician assures us that "our best defence is no defence," and endeavors to enforce this assurance in the following fashion—"Go to the mayors of our cities and bid them dismiss the police. Tell bankers not to keep revolvers, and householders to poison their watch-dogs. At one stroke we save what we are expending on all the old-fashioned arrangements of the dark ages. It has been discovered that the best defence is no defence."

Outside of Canada, people will probably enquire if Canadians make their lunatics principals of universities. Here is the concluding paragraph of this portion of the work. "It does not become grown men to dream dreams in broad daylight (such dreams as are involved by the maintenance of a police force). Wise men regard facts. Here is the Admiral's ship, the stately Northampton in the harbour of Quebec. Come on board, and from the quarter-deck take a view of the grand old storied rock. What enemy on this planet could take Quebec as long as the Northampton pledges us the command of the sea? And for answer, a charmer says, you will be far stronger, without the forts and without the Northampton."

Of two marvels, which is the greater? That Barnum has hitherto overlooked Wild, or that Wild has failed to negotiate a lucrative arrangement with Barnum.

The curse of the rich—They always obtain "the best advice," and as a natural consequence, an untimely grave.

## SCRAPS FROM MODERN HISTORY.

## II.

In the land wherein it is officially declared that "all men are created equal," and that "they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," there are burial grounds, in the deeds of which it is stipulated that no person with negro blood in his or her veins can ever be buried there.

A Congregational Church in New Haven, Conn., parcelled out in its cemetery, a side lot for the interment of "niggers," but it became necessary to enlarge the cemetery, and to bury white persons on the other side the "niggers," so that they now—"To the great mortification of the more respectable members of the Church," occupy the centre. One "brother" proposed to erect a wall three feet high, on either side the "nigger ground." This was assented to, with the amendment that the wall be five instead of three feet high. The pastor of the Church "thought a wall five feet high altogether too low;" he therefore proposed one of seven feet.

A Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia on one occasion advertised burial lots for sale, with the unique recommendation that "no colored persons, or executed criminals were buried in the cemetery."

"RAN AWAY.—Committed to the County Jail of Alexander County, Illinois, on the 31st day of October, 1854, by L. L. Lightner, County Judge, a negro boy about thirty years of age, weighs about 155 pounds, dark copper color; has a small scar over his right eye, two upper front teeth out, and several jaw teeth gone. Calls himself Samuel Sears. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away.

"W. C. MASSEY,

"*Sheriff of Alexander County.*

"Thebes, Ill., Oct. 31st., 1854."

"Among the traits which distinguished the black regiments, was devotion to their officers. In the attack made on the American lines, near Croton river, Westchester County, New York, on the 13th May, 1781, Colonel Christopher Greene, the commander of the regiment, was cut down and mortally wounded, but the sabres of the enemy only reached him through the bodies of his faithful guard of blacks, who hovered over him, fighting with the utmost daring to protect him, until the last man of them was killed. No monumental piles distinguish their "dreamless beds;" not an inch on the page of history has been appropriated to their memory." The bones of these forgotten victims of the revolution are now shovelled up, carted off and thrown into the sea, with other rubbish of the city."

## TORONTONIAN REFINEMENT.

We understand that certain ladies (beautiful and accomplished doubtless) have been greatly shocked at the circumstance of the Editor introducing the phrase "puking and muling" in a rhythmical advertisement, they recommended the lady to whom it had been committed for transmission to the States, not to send it; the circumstance, while it illustrates the innocence of the ladies, of any acquaintance with so vulgar a writer as Shakespeare, has reminded the writer of another lady who was heard by him to inquire (in a photographer's studio in King Street) if her portrait could be taken "in steel engraving."

We observe that the Carleton Street Methodists have been holding an "Apron Fair"; this will, of course, be followed by a "Pants Fair," and the ladies will doubtless be suitably attired in either case.

**Pulpit Criticism.**

It can hardly be a breach of promise for one to give something better than one undertook to give. In relation to the foregoing remark, the Editor begs to intimate that, in view of the fact of our having amongst us, a gentleman possessed of knowledge invaluable of its kind, in relation to that portion of the Bible styled the Old Testament, it cannot be desirable that he should himself be subjected to the irksome task of listening to sermons, or that his readers' time should be occupied in the perusal of his comments thereon. It has always been a prominent object with the Editor, to expound to the best of his knowledge, such portions of Scripture as might be dilated on, in public worship; and now that Professor Hirschfelder (the gentleman referred to above) has begun the publication of his commentary, the Editor believes he will best employ his own time, and that of his readers, by following the track of the Professor (so to speak), and drawing attention to whatever he may consider most valuable in his teaching. The Editor is necessarily conscious that a limited number of his readers take the Commentary, but he trusts that, in view of the extension of its teachings to a much greater number, they who now take it will not complain of the reiteration of its instruction. As the professor has thought fit to preface his work with a lengthy introduction, we shall adopt the plan of eliminating therefrom that which we take to be valuable, and shall leave the casket without further notice. The first passage of the authorized version on which Professor Hirschfelder throws light is that of Psalm cxxvii, 5, which the Professor reads as follows—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, Let thy right hand forget me." The last word of the passage is supplied to fill up an idiomatic vacancy; the meaning of the latter passage is—"Let my right hand no longer render me its accustomed service." One of the most interesting facts to which Pro. H. calls attention is, that the Israelites have never counted time when their nation has been in captivity; this is illustrated by the discrepancy which is involved by the conflicting statements of 1 Kings vi. 1, and those of Josephus and Demetrius respectively. According to the Biblical narrative, it was "in the four hundred and eighteenth year after the children of Israel were come out of the land of Egypt, in the fourth year of Solomon's reign over Israel, in the month of Lîf, which is the second month, that he began to build the house of Jehovah." Josephus, on the other hand, connects this event with the five hundred and ninety second year after the Exodus, and Demetrius, who wrote the history of the Jewish kings, during the reign of Ptolomy Philopater, gives the same date; this discrepancy of 112 years is therefore accounted for, by the sacred writer reckoning time according to Israel's moral relation to the Almighty, (the several captivities being uniformly the consequence of transgression on their part), whereas the secular historian naturally gives the actual lapse of years; in reference to the period of 112 years of captivity, the Professor refers to the subjoined passages of Scripture—

Judges iii. 8. To the king of Mesopotamia 8 years.  
 " iii. 14. To the Moabites . . . . . 18 "

Judges iv. 3. To Jabin, king of Canaan . . . . .	20	years.
" vi. 1. To the Midianites . . . . .	7	"
" x. 8. To the Philistines & Amorites	18	"
" xiii. 1. To the Philistines . . . . .	40	"
	111	"
Odd mont is always counted with the preceding year . . . . .	1	"
	112	"

The same principle of reckoning time, in relation to the Israelites, is demonstrated by Sir Edward Denny, to be applicable, when indicating its division into seven successive thousands of years.

**THE SMUTTY PULPIT.**

It is not to be supposed that the statements of an Apostle will count for anything with the devotees of the idol of the smutty pulpit, but so long as those statements abide with us, they will be wont to be accepted by such as are not worshippers of idols; the oracular idol, we perceive, delivered himself of the following utterance, in the early part of a recent disquisition—"Disciples tried to put a human limitation on the gospel (will anyone inquire what the incident in question had to do with "the gospel?") when they once tried to make human devices receive divine sanction, and so to fill the bishopric or office of Judas, the traitor, they nominated two themselves, and submitted the same to ballot, Joseph, called Barsabas, and Matthias, and one was chosen, but nowhere in the scripture is he recognized. You cannot choose by ballot an Apostle, you cannot make a successor of an Apostle by any earthly authority. God alone claims that privilege. Hence He never accepted the choice that was by ballot, but called one in his own due time, a man of zeal and intelligence, and adapted to the work, viz., the Apostle Paul." In view of this authoritative deliverance, it is perhaps somewhat unfortunate that this "man of zeal and intelligence" should (in 1 Cor. xv, 5,) have expressly recognized the existence of *twelve* apostles; when referring to the resurrection of the Lord, the Apostle Paul observes "that he was seen of Cephas, *then of the twelve*"; Peter also, "in those days, (when) they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication," must have, greatly erred when he "stood up in the midst of the brethren and said . . . . . Of these men who have companied with us all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among us . . . . . must one become witness with us of his resurrection . . . . . and they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, who knowest the hearts of all, show whether of these two thou has chosen, that he may take part of this ministry and apostleship . . . . . and they gave forth their lots, and the lot fell on Matthias; and he was numbered *with the eleven* apostles." So that the testimony of two apostles and of Luke the evangelist is set aside by a gentleman who prefers the vocation of pulpit mountebank to that of an iron-moulder! Practical philosophy characterizes the various moves of this manœuverer, and of this, we have an illustration, (in connection with the pulpit performance) recorded in the Yorkville News.—"The first two rows of pews in the centre of the church" (we are told) "were reserved for the children of the Protestant Orphans' Home, in aid of which charity the collection was to go." We are left therefore to determine whether the object of submitting the children to such an ordeal as would be involved by their sitting for an hour and a half in front of Dr. Wild, were for their spiritual behoof or if it were with a view to their presence telling on the hearts, and consequently on the purses of all beholders. If the children of this world be wiser in

their generation than the children of light (*and Dr. Wild and his associates be children of light*) then must the children of this world be wise indeed! Throughout his career in this city, Dr. W. has assumed that no one can correct or contradict him, and he appears to overlook the fact that few are likely to think it worth while. It suited his purpose on this occasion to extol the Welsh, and while doing so he thought fit to state that "you could not found a Catholic Church in all Wales;" perhaps he has not heard of such a person as the Marquis of Bute, nor if he have found it possible to "found a Catholic Church in all Wales." Anyone whose business or pleasure it has been to study the history of the Church of Rome, can necessarily produce any amount of ugly facts, and it is but fair to acknowledge that the lecturer did this on the occasion of his recent address, many of his statements may also be admitted to be true, but we are not inclined to comment minutely on his production.

The profession of an ostensibly Christian minister enjoys the unique privilege of purloining the property of others with impunity, Arthur Orton, the Wapping butcher, has had much time to repent of the folly of making such an attempt; and anyone who, in such a matter as that of a patent-right or a copyright shall infringe either, has to abide the penal consequences of so doing; the petty larceny of pilfering others' writings and doing them out from a pulpit as one's own, can however be perpetrated without fear of the issue of a warrant, it is not therefore surprising that the occupant of the smutty pulpit should, on a recent occasion, when dilating on the origin of language, have quoted successive pages of Professor Hirschfelder's Biblical commentary, without having the decency to acknowledge whence he obtained his information; he has already informed us (what no one would know if he hadn't) that "he is especially familiar with the Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, and Latin," and he doubtless intended the parade of the 8th of July to illustrate this alleged familiarity; it is to be feared that he illustrated rather the familiar adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." A man who knows enough of Hebrew to be able to steal from others, and to present the fruit of his larceny as his own, would be in a more felicitous position, if he did not know the alphabet. We presume the occupant of the smutty does know so much, as he occupied "the Chair of the Orientals" at an institution styled the Belleville University, and he assures us that such a chair "has rarely been filled in any institution with more thorough efficiency"—a statement the veracity of which, (as there were no students of Oriental languages at Belleville, at the time) we are not disposed to impugn.

The oracle propounded, as the subject of his disquisition, on the 8th ult., the enquiry—"Which was the first language spoken?" and after selecting the passage from Gen. xi. 1, as his text, proceeded to make liberal draughts from the Commentary above-named, without acknowledging the source of his information. We will give the two deliverances in parallel columns, to a sufficient extent to indicate the amount of the pillage—

## THE ORACLE.

Properly translated I suppose this should read, "And the whole earth was of one lip and one word." It is an emphatic way of conveying to us that at that time there was but one language spoken by the inhabitants of the earth, etc.

You will find in oriental mythologies evidence of the belief that beasts, birds, and fishes once spoke the same language. The Serp, therefore, seems to lend countenance to that idea. You will find in one of the mythologies the

## PROFESSOR HIRSCHFELDER'S COMMENTARY.

"And the whole earth was of one lip and one kind of words." This is much more to the point than the rendering in our version.

Among the ancient heathen, there existed a belief that not only men, but all animals, birds, and even fishes, at one time spoke the same language, but that mankind, not satisfied with their lot, sent a deputation

are represented as sending a deputation to Saturn, that he might give them some special privilege, such as that of immortality, and he confused their tongues because he was angry, and so they account for their different languages.

Moses did not translate his names and terms as he would have done had he been writing in a language differing from that originally spoken. When he has need to mention a place belonging to another people, he always tells us it had another name. Gen. xxiii, 2. And Sarah died in Kirjath-Arba, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan."

Jacob called the name of the place where he had his famous dream, 'Bethel.' He says the name of the city was at first 'Luz,' so called because of a shrub that grew plentifully around there.

Names find their meaning in a language when they come to the ultimate. Take *Joseph*, for instance. In English, what does it mean? Nothing certainly, for it is not primarily an English word. Take it from the Greek, the Greek has it *Joseph*. What does it mean? Nothing. They got it from the Hebrew—*Josephus*. What does it mean in Hebrew? 'Increase.' I cannot go back of the Hebrew, therefore it gives no meaning unless I borrow the Hebrew and attach it to the English word.

I can take a word in any language and tell whether it is their own, or whether they borrowed it. You will read that the Lord formed every beast of the field, and fowl of the air and brought them to Adam to see what he would call them, and whatsoever Adam called every living creature that was the name thereof. Take the word for lion, and in Hebrew it means "tes.er." If you take the word camel, it means "requiter," because it is a beast that holds spite for a long time. Raven, it means black—*areh*. He names them scientifically, and the names he gives are taken by Moses. Adam calls himself "Ish," his wife "Isha."

With due deference to the gentleman whom the Yorkville News styles "learned," we beg to state that Josephus is a Hebrew word with a Greek termination.

tation to Saturn, desiring immortality, representing that it was not just that they should be without a prerogative granted by him to serpents, and Saturn grew very angry at this request, and in order to punish their ingratitude, confounded their language, etc.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that if Moses had translated the names of persons and places to a certain period, he would likewise have given some hint that these are not their original names?—Whenever the name of a place had been changed, he invariably stated the fact. Gen. xxiii, 2. And Sarah died in Kirjath-Arba, the same is Hebron in the land of Canaan.

Jacob called the name of that place Bethel, but the name of the city was at first called Luz. The Hebrew word (Luz) signifies a hazel shrub, and received probably its first name from this kind of shrub abounding in the place.

The names we have noticed . . . are perfectly meaningless in any other language, unless one standing in close relation with the Hebrew. Let us take the familiar name John; what is its meaning in English? Nothing, it has been adopted from the Greek, *Ioannes*; what does it mean in Greek? Nothing likewise; it has been derived from the Hebrew, where it occurs under the form *Jehochanan*, and where it is no longer a meaningless word, but a compound of *Jeho*, a part of the sacred name *Jehovah*, and *chanan* (is merciful) namely, *Jehovah is merciful*.

The Hebrew language itself bears indisputable marks of a primitive language, etc. And the Lord God formed out of the ground every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air, and brought them to the man to see what he would call them; and whatsoever the man called every living creature, that was its name. The lion is called *aryeh*, the *tearer*, from the ferocity with which he attacks his prey. The camel is called *gamal* the *requiter*. This animal has become proverbial for its relentless spirit, it never forgets an injury. The raven or crow, he called from its dark color, *oreh*, the *black bird*. The statement of the sacred historian implies that the names were so well given, that there was no necessity for any change to be made; they were in every respect suitable. And Adam said, this is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called *ishsha*, *Woman*, because she was taken out of *ish*, *man*.

The Professor evidently intends to state that the word has no meaning in English.

It is needless to follow this "learned" divine further in his predatory path; the next time he draws from Professor Hirschfelder's well, it is to be hoped he will have sufficient honesty to acknowledge the draught.

How came it to pass that His Grace the Archbishop ordered prayers to be offered for the repose of the soul of murderer Brady, and did not order similar prayers in the case of Carey? Possibly it was because Brady was so good a Catholic as not to object to go to purgatory, whereas Carey was carnal enough to cling to this life. Murderer O'Donnell will doubtless receive the benefit of His Grace's supplications.

YONGE STREET.

The gentlemen who, in laying out Yonge Street, extended it from Lake Ontario to Lake Simcoe, must be acknowledged to have been gentlemen of enlarged views. Whether their estimate of the men who should ultimately occupy Yonge Street, were prophetic or not, it is needless to discuss; suffice it to say that enlargement of view (and of purse) is indisputably characteristic of the present generation; it is their obvious aim to prevent King Street being supreme among the streets of Toronto; we have one of them inviting attention to his 655 rooms; another outshining the moon with his brightness; a third, a fourth and a fifth basking in the sunshine of royal favor; a sixth, residing in a clothier's "palace"; a seventh displaying gold and diamonds worthy of a palace; an eighth is about to astonish the world with a brand-new mansion for the exhibition and sale of goods styled "dry," and lastly (but to the hungry by no means of least importance) is the unique establishment of Mr. Harry Webb. Situated immediately opposite the Avenue leading from the Queen's Park, and presenting so bright a display of plate glass (the handsomer for being bowed at either end), the denizens of the Park are not likely to overlook the bride-cakes and other attractions which adorn Mr. Webb's windows. One of the quaintest looking objects that we have seen for a long time, is perched on the glass case containing candies, within the window; this consists of a lump of lead, with a dozen skewer-like articles piercing it in various directions; it bears so unmistakeable a resemblance to a monkey, that we were constrained to enquire what its object could be, and we learned that it was destined to supply the public with ice-creams, which presumably will not be the less welcome for being presented in the form of a monkey.

The glories of the store, as a whole, are so numerous as not to be easily described; the artistic taste which characterizes them however, cannot fail to please every one who can appreciate the exhibition of good taste; a deep border of colored glass, relieved by the introduction of representations of classical heads, convolvulus and myrtle sprigs and monograms, subdues the light; the upper panes of four folding doors are occupied with illustrations (in richly colored glass) of nursery rhymes, among which figures "The Queen of Hearts," which possibly may involve a refined allusion to Mr. Webb's loyalty; be this as it may, however, Her Majesty is suitably represented, engaged in the manufacture of tarts; that other scion of a royal house, vulgarly described as "Old King Cole" finds himself immortalized in another pane, while "Sing a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of Rye" constitutes a delicate reminder of the art of making rye-bread, in which Mr. Webb doubtless excels; "Little Miss Moffatt" monopolizes the fourth pane, and we must leave it to more enquiring minds than our own to determine in what way the young lady is occupying herself.

We had not long withdrawn from the contemplation of "The Queen of Hearts," before our attention was drawn to those objects so closely connected with that royal personage—THE WEDDING CAKES. Inasmuch as these have taken the highest awards wherever exhibited, it is a fair presumption that they have merited them, and possibly we may yet put their merits to the test;

one inducement so to do, we perceive is afforded by the consideration that Mr. Webb undertakes to furnish the linen, tables, china, glass, and silverware; one can also create a cheap sensation by suddenly developing with silver dishes, centre pieces, opergnes, etc.—all this, as an incidental advantage attaching to the investment in one of Mr. W's. wedding cakes, etc.

In glancing at Mr. Webb's elegant list of "leading articles" we perceive that he undertakes to furnish any bride with "a jellied veal ring," in the event of the lady not being content with that with which the bridegroom may be presumed to have presented her. Great must be the palpitation we should say, among the frequenters of the ice-cream parlor, as they discuss their "individual ices" within sight of those highly suggestive and tantalizing institutions, the wedding-cakes.

The only spiders we perceived in the establishment, were those which depend on Mr. Webb's ornamental cards, and as they did not say "Come into my parlour!" it devolved on the WEBB to become vocal, with that intent; in compliance with this invitation, we accompanied Mr. Webb, and could not but discern that the parlor to which he invites, is no ordinary parlor; the fans as they lay on the marble-topped tables, being in the form of Jumbo's head and trunk, suggested the idea that if the giant himself were to visit the parlor, he could examine himself to his heart's content, in the magnificent mirror at the end of the room; this is the largest mirror in Toronto, if not in the Dominion, and illustrates home industry, in the fact of it having been silvered in the city; it reflects credit on the enterprise of its owner, and it reflects the trees in the Park at the same time; silver-glazed windows and colored glass above, contribute also to the general elegance of this retreat. It may suffice to observe that the appointments, and (so far as we can judge) the edible contents of this establishment are in keeping with what we have already described; it has been the ambition of the proprietor to render it unexceptionable throughout, and if counters and cases of cherry-wood (the uniformity of the latter of which is varied by the introduction of handsome mirrors) the abundance of ornate china, the display of opergnes, and objects of vertu may be supposed to have realized Mr. Webb's aspirations, there can be little lacking in regard to the attainment of his object.

The soda-water fountain, manufactured as it was, expressly for Mr. Webb, merits a special description of its statuettes of Highlanders and Amazons, its silver-mounted glass dome, etc., but as we write chiefly for those who have an opportunity to examine it themselves, we will transfer our descriptive labors to those who may slake their thirst at this fountain.

As Mr. Webb is pre-eminently a CATERER, it becomes necessary to say something about the edibles of this establishment, possibly one of those objects which are generally least esteemed, struck the writer as the prettiest, and that is the frail shell-formed biscuit, in which the ice-creams are served; favors for "The German," white and red roses, and various devices for Roman punch, ices of various colors and flavors, the more palatable probably for the Italian and French names attached to them, help to account for the crowd of visitors which frequent this refreshing establishment in an evening; help also to account for "the ambitious city" of Hamilton sending hither for supplies when it banquets its 700 or 800 guests at a time.

When the Rev. Dr. Wild shall learn that Mr. Webb receives his mitres (napkins) by the thousand, he will doubtless figure prominently among the claimants for those articles. [See "Solo by Rev. Dr. Wild," in No. II.]

KING STREET.

Resuscitated King Street will be found to possess some resuscitated, and attractive stores; among these, it will probably not be bootless for ladies to acquaint themselves with that of the Toronto Shoe Company; we mention ladies, because special consideration for ladies and children has been manifested by the Company; consideration which has resulted in adding a new and handsome store (No. 146) to their already well-known store at 148. The new store is rendered not only pleasing to the eye, by the exercise of good taste in reference to its various appointments, but it is exceptionally convenient owing to the Company having provided a toilet-room for ladies, the colored glass of the windows, while not detracting from the ample light of the establishment, contributes an aspect of refinement to the place which others will be wont to imitate. It is not always that civility is obtainable in a store, unless a customer happens to be richly attired; the guarantee therefore, on the part of the Company that this desideratum shall not be lacking to customers, is one of the inducements to patronage which they have to offer. Fair dealing is another; and we observe that they adopt the principle of asking and receiving one price only, a principle which may also be imitated by others, with advantage to the public. "One rule for rich and poor, cash"—The faithful adherence on the part of the Company to this rule is the key to the comparatively rapid progress they have made in a short space of time.

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L. A. JEFFREYS, Secretary. A. RENOARD, Demonstrator.

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Another Dose for the Wanzer Agent, and Enlightenment for the Public.

The following appeared in *The Telegram*—

"Miss Seguen, dressmaker, bought a White, and after using it a short time, traded it off with G. C. Elliott, Wanzer's manager, for a Wanzer F machine, stating to him that the White would not do her work."

After much trouble I have at last discovered in whose possession this White machine now is. The lady has given me the following statement, signed by herself:—

"In January last, I took a White machine from the Wanzer agent at 335, on lease. I am well pleased with it. They have endeavored to persuade me to send it back, and offered to give me a \$65 Wanzer C for \$20 if I would do so. But I would not change even, I would not have a Wanzer at all. Signed,

"Mrs. COONEY, 51 Sydenham Street."

Miss Seguen used this same White machine four years on wholesale tailoring work. The Wanzer agent must have a high opinion of the White, when he will charge \$35 for a second-hand White, and sell a new \$60 Wanzer, Wanzer C for \$31, as he did at 65 Wolsey Street. The White is much superior, and the Wanzer agent knows it.

**D. S. ADAMS,**

108 King Street West,

Branch Offices { 332 and 528  
Yonge St.

The engraved portrait of the Rev. Dr. Wild in the present number of THE CRITIC is taken from a photograph executed by

**J. B. COOK,**

**ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER**

ALBERT HALL,

No. 191 to 193 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Four Ambrotypes for 50 cents. Tablets, \$1.00 per dozen. Highly finished Cabinet Photos, \$2.50 per dozen.

**PERKINS'**

YONGE STREET

**Photographic Studio,**

NO. 293.

Is one whose attractions are largely internal. Five years ago, when the present proprietor entered on his premises, there were but two photographic establishments in the street, now there are eight. This fact would appear to indicate a rapid progress in the appreciation of the photographic art, the increase in the number of Mr P's employees, from two to ten, indicates no less plainly that he has been favored with a liberal share of this appreciation; one of the results to the public, of the development of his establishment is that his work is executed with greater rapidity; the style of the place, and the mode in which the business is conducted, may be described as first-class.

Children's Pictures an assured success. Rustic Scenery, entirely different from any hitherto employed, constitutes one of the attractions of the studio. This establishment has recently been refitted at great outlay, and every accommodation is provided which the most aesthetic can desire.

CABINET Per **\$3.00** PHOTOS Dozen

293 YONGE STREET.

**JAMES ADAMS**

75 COLBORNE STREET,

TORONTO,

*Calls special attention to his new season's*

**TEAS AND COFFEES**

JUST ARRIVED.

BLACK, GREEN, AND

**JAPAN TEAS**

In Caddies of

5, 10 and 20 lbs.

AND

**HALF CHESTS**

AT ALL PRICES.

FROM 12 CENTS UPWARDS.

*Coffee roasted on the premises and ground daily.*

**WHOLESALE ONLY.**

The Editor trusts that it will not be out of place for him to remark that he has long been impressed with the utter helplessness of those who, after having been nursed in the lap of luxury (and educated accordingly), have been suddenly confronted with poverty; he therefore need hardly scruple to express his sympathy with the aspirations of the lady, whose announcement is subjoined:—

**THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC, ART AND LANGUAGES.**

338 Jarvis Street, - Toronto.

The object of this school is to give to the girls of Canada, a sound, practical education, which, if necessary, may enable them to avail themselves of intellectual pursuits as a means of subsistence. The school was opened by Mr. S. C. Lampman in September, 1882. Mrs. L. is the wife of an English clergyman. Mr. Lampman's earlier days were spent as a missionary in the Diocese of Huron; at the age of fifty, Mr. L's health became impaired through excessive labor; he therefore removed to the Diocese of Toronto in the hope of finding a sphere, less exhaustive of his strength; under these circumstances, the needs of a family had to be provided for, and Mrs. L. was thrown upon her own resources; she was happily "apt to teach," and availed herself of her aptitude; she obtained some teaching in Toronto for a year or two; she had the opportunity therefore of observing how little is done by the ordinary schools to qualify a girl to become an instructress if necessary. Mrs. Lampman resolved, in the first instance, to open a College of Music, with a view to render her pupils proficient in that art alone, but as this arrangement was not entirely satisfactory, the undertaking ultimately expanded to something like its present dimensions. In September last, Mrs. L. commenced with five pupils, and at the close of the scholastic year, she mustered sixty-five. She has now taken the extensive range of buildings recently occupied by the Therapeutic Institute, at the corner of Gerard and Jarvis Streets, and has had the good fortune to secure the services of

Mr. W. WAUGH LAUDER,

whose triumphs in Germany and in this city, need hardly be enumerated; Mr. Lauder assumes the position of Director of the Musical Department.

The Art School is to be under the supervision of

Mr. ARTHUR GRAHAM, B.A., OXON

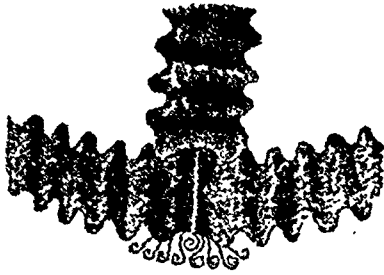
Of South Kensington, who is also responsible for the linguistic instruction. The terms for both resident and day pupils will be made known by circular. Mrs. Lampman hopes to be able to give such a diploma to the pupils who leave her school as shall indicate their qualification to teach in the several branches, in which they have themselves been instructed. It may not be superfluous to add that, so far as circumstances permit, the Lady Principal and her teachers exert a religious influence over their pupils; neither are their physical needs overlooked; Mrs. L. aspires to lead her charges to regard their temporary residence as a HAPPY HOME.



## A LADY

Aurore in costume in green velvet, silk gilt buttons, and lace; adorned with a tiara likewise, and with earrings to correspond, may be seen surrounded by waves, and yet maintaining a serenity of demeanour suggestive of a calm, at 105 Yonge Street. In her characteristic fashion, she is attracting attention to the beauty of the waves, and in so doing, may perhaps be admitted to be setting a good example, for she maintains the eloquence of silence. The tacit pleadings of this beauty prove to be irresistible, and they who cross her threshold find themselves confronted with an unexpected range of attractions within; waves, happily uncrested, greet the eye at every turn, and abide the opportunity to blend their charms with charms more animated! A mixed multitude of visitors have realized the advantage afforded by this establishment. Ladies who have survived two husbands, and are casting about for a third, others over whose heads two score summers have passed without their having participated in the joys of matrimony, and bachelors and widowers intent on being re-furnished with such ends in view, all seek and secure the aid of

A. DOHENWEND.



The PARIS HAIR WORKS, 106 Yonge Street,  
Between Adelaide and King Streets.

TORONTO, ONT.

You will find the largest and most fashionable stock of Hair Goods in the Dominion—Ladies Water Waves, Water Fricettes, Coquettes, Laundry Waves, Golden Hair Wash, Ladies and Gents Wigs, Toupees, etc.

12 Draper St., Toronto, June 27, '83.

MR. N. P. CHANEY,

230 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

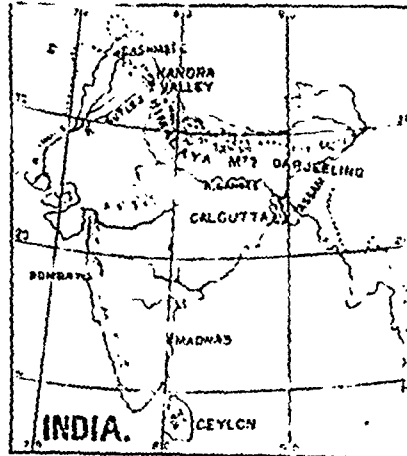
DEAR SIR. The beds, mattresses and pillows renovated by your patent give the greatest satisfaction. It is essentially necessary to the preservation of health to sleep on beds which are periodically cleansed, and, having heard of your excellent method of renewing feathers, hair, etc., and had practical proof of its efficacy, I beg to congratulate you on possessing the best system I have ever seen in my travels either on the European or American continent. I consider the cure of the skin to be of vast importance, knowing the functions which it performs and the intimate relations which those functions bear to our comfort, health, and even our lives, and I feel assured if the general public would consider the risk attending the sleeping on beds which have not been purified, their sense of cleanliness would suggest measures of prompt action, as the value of the Sans mens in corporate sense, is not willingly neglected by those whose education teaches them the value of cleanliness.

With pleasure I will recommend your patent on every occasion which presents itself, feeling sure that I not only discharge a duty towards yourself, but confer a benefit on those who have not experienced the value of CHANEY'S PATENT RENOVATOR.

Yours truly,

J. W. HIGHAM, LL.D.

Formerly of Anglican London.

GENERAL KEER'S  
Himalayan Tea.

Imported by him directly from India in March of the present year.

The choice teas of Hindustan are grown on the slopes of the mountains, where the climate and altitude are most favorable for the production of a perfect tea. Nowhere else in India is tea obtained the same delicacy of flavor and aroma.

The importer, whilst in India, drank Himalayan Tea in preference to all other kinds. He can, therefore, from long personal experience of its merits, speak of it with confidence.

Its characteristics are fragrance and delicacy combined with great strength, and an entire freedom from all disagreeable after-taste.

The advantage to the public of a supplier taking up no special line of tea, is that he can insure purchasers receiving the same good tea throughout the year; with regard to the prices given he is an economical one, as on account of its strength it can, with care, be made to go further than ordinary black teas. This, and its excellent quality, should be borne in mind when contrasting it with other teas in the matter of price. The rates for such a tea have been fixed low, in order to place it within the reach of the community at large.

—PRICE—

From 60 cts. to 70 cts. per lb.,  
According to size of package.

58 CHURCH STREET 58  
TORONTO, ONT.

G. C. PATTERSON &amp; CO.

STEAM

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Call and Get Estimates.

EUGENE MORAN'S

PURE

CREAM CARAMELS,

And other Confectionery made by  
himself daily. Fruits in season.  
Picnic Parties supplied on  
reasonable terms.

28 KING STREET WEST,

Rear of Grand Opera House.

## SPECIALISTS.



Don't trifle with Inexperience.

If you are suffering from any disease of the respiratory organs, namely, Consumption, Bronchitis, Laryngitis, Pharyngitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, consult the Specialist, who has experience and is alone capable of giving proper advice. Don't wait till you have tried everything else but go at once. By the use of cold inhalations conveyed to the diseased parts by the Spirometer (the wonderful invention of Dr. Souville, of Paris, ex-aide Surgeon of the French Army) and other local and constitutional treatment, we are curing thousands of cases of the above named diseases every year.

James Menzies, 411 Terauloy St., Toronto, says—  
I was taken very ill last March and consulted our regular physician who gave me up to die of Consumption. I was very weak and greatly emaciated, expectorating large quantities of matter pronounced to be my lungs. As a last resort I resolved to try Dr. M. Souville's Spirometer and treatment. I have improved perceptibly every day since, and now I am as well as I ever was.

JAMES MENZIES.

OTTAWA, June 5th, 1883.

Dr. M. SOUVILLE &amp; Co.

Dear Sir,—With pleasure I permit you to use my name as one of your many references. I am really much better from the use of your Spirometer and treatment, as I wrote you in my last letter. I am not completely cured yet, but that is, I am satisfied, my own fault, for not having followed strictly your directions. If I had, I have not the least doubt but I would by this time have been radically cured; however I am still improving since I wrote you last.

Respectfully Yours,

N. LARACHELLE.

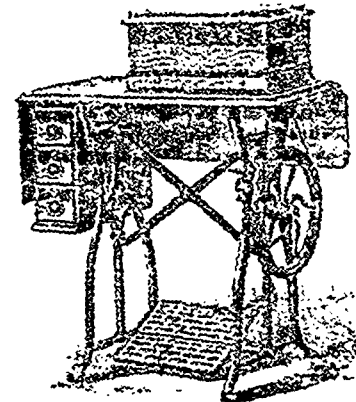
Deputy Secretary of State, Ottawa.

Write, enclosing stamp for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly, which will give you full information and reliable references.

Address, International Throat and Lung Institute,  
171 Church Street, Toronto,  
13 Phillip's Square, Montreal,  
or 31 Lafayette Ave., Detroit,  
or 108 Alexander Street, Winnipeg, Man.

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Best Sewing Machine for all Purposes

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