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THE TIMES.

I am glad to give publicity to the following well-deserved remarks in the *World* by Mr. Edmund Yates:—

"Mrs. George Stephen, the wife of the President of the Bank of Montreal, who I remember spending the early part of the season with Sir Stafford Northcote's family, with whom she is connected, has received a letter from the Queen, thanking her for her care of Prince Leopold during his illness in Canada. Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise were staying, for the salmon-fishing, with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen at their summer cottage on the Metapedia, when the accident I spoke of at the time occurred to the Prince. Accompanying the letter was an oil portrait of her Majesty. I have known a number of men who have visited Montreal, either on their way to shoot on the prairies, to fish in the St. Lawrence, or to serve in the garrison which once made Montreal such a charming place, speak of the unvarying hospitality and general desire to render things pleasant that have served to make Mrs. Stephen so popular in Canada."

I am happy to see that Canon Ellegood is setting a wholesome and much needed example in the matter of taking recreation. He is reported as having played a very successful game of golf the other day, and this week he is to play in a match at lawn tennis. Why popular superstition should be allowed to shut the clergy off from harmless amusement it is hard to comprehend. Human nature of every kind and calling, clerical human nature included, needs and demands recreation as a portion of its life, and as a help to the more serious work imposed upon it. If the clergy mixed with the laity more in these matters, it would be all the better for the clergy; it would make them a little less one-sided and of a class, and it is quite imaginable that their preaching would be just as effective for the occasional exercise.

It is a mistake, too, for any class of men to devote themselves entirely and exclusively to one kind of work and thinking. The clergy are not alone in doing this. Artists are rarely found taking healthy bodily exercise. Musicians are eternally talking about music, and soon get their calling on the brain, so that they expect to monopolize the attention of all and everybody with whom they come into contact. They would scorn to listen for five consecutive minutes to the story of a business man's trouble, but are never weary of talking about the lack of appreciation they find in this deplorably ignorant world. That is the cause of that irritability and fretfulness which we so charitably put down to the score of that unknown quantity in man we call genius. A game of lacrosse, or cricket, or foot-ball, or other manly exercise, would be the best possible cure for the eccentricities which prove so troublesome to neighbours and friends.

And if the clergy would follow Canon Ellegood's example, by uniting with the people, and especially young men, more in their amusements, it would have a good effect upon the young men themselves. Instead of lowering the standard of esteem in which "the cloth" is held, it would do very much to take all that is rough and

vicious out of the games. Betting on lacrosse matches would soon come to an end if the more pious portion of the community would give countenance to the game, and thereby demand that the amusement be carried on without the vice. The weight of a good man's personal influence tells more against evil than many sermons from the pulpit.

I am told that in Salt Lake City the highest ecclesiastics take leading parts in the popular amusements—in fact they provide the amusements—and there is no drunkenness, no gambling, and hardly any need for policemen. I do not admire, nor wish to see promulgated, the revolting vice on which the life of Salt Lake City is based, but in the matter of conducting amusements we might learn of them, even as St. Paul was not ashamed to own that he was "a debtor both to the Greek and to the Barbarian."

I have often been asked lately "What is church work?" The question is the outcome of a very general feeling that church life is languishing, and that it cannot be supported in health and vigour by the regulation one or two services each week. Clergymen urge their people to "work"—they tell them to put forth their spiritual energies that they may be good and do good to others; but the question is put, "What can we do?" There is an awful waste of force in the religious world, which, if we could direct it in some definite way, might be turned to more useful account. But Sunday-school teaching is not congenial to all—not to many in these days—and besides Dorcas work for women and Debating Societies for young men there is not much else put before them. Will some of the readers of this journal who have ideas upon this subject be good enough to send them for publication. What new methods can we devise, or old methods can we revive, that shall put under contribution the latent energies of our churches?

There is one kind of church work done in Montreal which I hope no one will commend,—the effort to lead members from one church to another. There are so-called pious people who do not scruple to offer advantages of social life, and even of business connection and financial profit, to seduce persons from the church they have chosen and like. Men do it sometimes—even officials—but as a rule they employ their wives to do this mean and sinfully miserable work.

Is it not an anomaly that the salary of the Police Magistrate and Judge of Quarter Sessions, who has most arduous and important duties to perform, affecting often the character and liberty of the subject for years, should only receive \$2,400 a year, when the salary attached to the office of Recorder is \$3,000? Such is the case in Montreal.

It is well that the salary of the Recorder has been fixed by act of Parliament, and is not at the caprice of the City Council to increase or decrease at will, as the occupant of the Bench may please or displease the members of that worthy body. A case recently was decided, and the judgment was admitted to be perfectly right, but it involved a question of money to the city, not only in the future, but in the past; and although it is admitted that money has been improperly collected, it is claimed that the judgment should not have been given, as it will prevent the city from collecting money to which it is not entitled, and might cause suits to recover back payments. Such is an instance of the necessity of having our judges, even when only occupying the Recorder's bench, perfectly free from the influence of the representatives of citizens, as although no undue pressure was made

to prevent the judgment alluded to being given, extraordinary language was held afterwards, totally misinterpreting the position which a judge should take when the interests of the city conflicted with justice. The motto "Do right and fear not" may sound very well, but it is preferable to have a judge so free from influence that he may feel, in acting properly, he is not doing so at the risk of imperilling his livelihood.

"One dollar or eight days" has become a maxim in the Recorder's Court, and may have been very good for the city when it was of use as a pressure to collect the fine and augment the revenue of the city. A poor man without work cannot pay even a dollar; a lazy vagabond won't, but if a mechanic or labourer, who can earn above a dollar in a day, happens to incur the fine, he will be sure to pay it without the "eight days." Now would it not be better to vary the monotony of the sentence, and to incorrigible blackguards award some punishment which will be deterrent. Do our short-term prisoners earn anything, or do anything which is a punishment beyond mere confinement? Breaking stones in an off-hand, indifferent way cannot be called much punishment. Would not twenty-four hours solitary confinement on bread and water have a more salutary effect? and as the city has now to contribute one-half the cost of maintenance of criminals a saving would be brought about.

"A SOUR MEAL.—Three boys were recently caught stealing apples from an orchard near Harriston. They were taken by the owner of the orchard into his house and placed in a corner of a room, while the farmer gathered all the members of his family to witness the next part of the performance. A basket of the smallest and sourest apples that could be found was placed before them with orders to eat. The boys thought it a big joke at first, but before they got through with the basket their faces changed shapes several times, the farmer's family and hired hands being judges to see that each got his share. When all the sour apples in the basket were eaten by the captive youths the farmer added a little good advice, and sent them home to digest their meal."

If the authorities will kindly put that farmer in the Penitentiary perhaps the infection of his practice will spread no further through the newspaper press.

For the past week stocks have been firm, with an advancing tendency. The market all along the line has been steady, and very free from any symptoms of weakness. The attempts recently made to hammer some stocks down a few points ended in nothing beyond forcing some timid holders to realize,—either from lack of resource, or innate nervousness,—and enabling the knowing ones to load up at lower prices. Old speculators say they never saw a market give way so reluctantly, for every point was closely contested. There seems little reason to doubt that we have started on a fresh era of prosperity, and that after the long years of depression we may at last look for serene days of plenty. While faith in the future of our country, and of its vast resources ought to give us hope, past experience ought to warn us against undue inflation. The "boom" in stocks has been mainly due to the improved feeling that prevails, and also to the fact that the intrinsic value of securities has increased through larger earnings and fewer losses. To be sure the extreme ease of the money market has largely facilitated speculation but it is beyond question that an unusually large amount of capital has entered the stock market for investment. Surplus capital must have some outlet, and the flow into the stock market has been steady. What people now-a-days look for is not so much large dividends, as something with absolute security. Hence the rise in all first class bonds. People naturally argue, if prosperity for a term of years seems assured to us, in the nature of things that really good securities must be correspondingly enhanced in value.

Assuming that most of our banks, and public companies made a fairly honest showing, then bad debts of all descriptions must have been pretty well weeded out. With the return of good times those institutions with "Rests" tolerably intact ought to be able to divide good profits. The large dividends of former days need hardly be looked for—the influx of capital and keen competition have reduced the earning power of money. The abundant harvests of the last two seasons have done wonders for us. Canada is essentially an agricul-

tural country, and a good harvest is beyond everything, a great blessing, and a substantial gain. After wheat, and produce generally, lumber is our great staple, and that trade has very greatly improved. That our National Policy has been an element in our returning prosperity, all good Tories will admit. Some people claim too much for it, but there is evidence that it has fostered many struggling industries, and brought many new ones into life, and that generally speaking, it has given an impetus to our manufacturing interests. The revenue returns of the past month have been most satisfactory, and fully bear out the anticipations of the Finance Minister. Sir John's success in his "Pacific" mission opens unlimited possibilities. It has drawn a large amount of attention to Canada, and the immense expenditure in building the railway during a period of ten years, together with the colonization schemes that will follow in its wake, cannot fail to do us great good. Notwithstanding the Premier's laudable ambition to go "up higher," we trust he will be permitted to remain with us in this "lower sphere" to witness the completion of the work of his hands.

The *World* says:—

"The light that has been let in upon the doings of the Canadian Ministers—now on their way home—in London is not even yet of a quite satisfactory order. We cannot understand how Sir John and his colleagues can suppose their new contract is to run the gauntlet of the unsparing and withering fire to which it will be exposed at the hands of Mr. Blake and their political opponents in the Dominion Parliament. In the form which the project has now come to assume, it is a contract between the Dominion Government and sundry bankers and financiers of international character and reputation for the construction of this enormous railway, over two thousand miles in length, and fully one-half of which can never be expected to pay its working expenses. As the public are not—at present, at least—to be asked to subscribe, the international syndicate must provide the money out of their own resources; and the Canadian Ministers have presumably made it profitable to them to do so. Have they done this at the expense of the Canadian taxpayers? If the character and conditions of the undertaking preclude the hope of co-operation from the public, the syndicate must be reimbursed and rewarded from some other source. If Canada chooses to mortgage her future largely in order to have a railway which serves her political purposes, that is her affair. But in this instance, providing the capital for the Canadian Pacific has been first of all a great public work for political objects, next a financial enterprise, then a scheme of profit for the public, and again a contract with shrewd men of business at the cost of the pockets of the Canadian people."

There is no fear that any criticism will be spared, for there is a manifest tendency on the part of the Opposition press to throw ridicule on the Government for its efforts to promote the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway at the least possible cost to the country. It is all very well to advance the prospects of the political party to which one may happen to belong, but when such questionable methods as the publication of mere innuendoes are adopted, it is quite justifiable to infer that their case is weak. It is noticeable that the *Montreal Herald* has a happy (?) knack of copying paragraphs from obscure country journals of "irresponsible frivolity," and investing them with all the authority and status its position as an Opposition organ may be supposed to give. Sir John A. Macdonald has distinctly stated that the contract was awarded to responsible financiers, and only awaited the ratification of the Parliament of Canada, and it is highly improbable, if not impossible, that he would be mistaken in such a statement. I cannot believe that he would commit himself so publicly and so flagrantly. That some of the English capitalists have withdrawn needs confirmation—but if anything could induce them at this moment to withdraw, it would be the reports and statements published by the *Globe* and lesser fry. It is undoubtedly the opinion of the country that we are unable to build the road in the present state of our finances; and it is also the opinion of the country that the road should be built, if by a land grant or a money grant, (the latter not to be beyond our means) we can induce capitalists to undertake the contract. As to the land, it is comparatively worthless unless the railroad be built, and it is necessary perhaps to take such legislative measures as will protect the settler or purchaser. The reservation of alternate sections by the Government would appear to be ample, but a full knowledge of the question may be obtained by a careful study of the Union Pacific and other railroad land grants in the United States. I

would earnestly deprecate any actions or ill-advised editorials having a tendency to hinder in the slightest the building of our Canadian Pacific Railway, and consider them highly unpatriotic. The benefits arising from the spending of the large amount of money necessary to the building of the road far transcend the benefit that would result from the withholding of the \$25,000,000 or the large land grant.

Judging from appearances Garfield's chances for the Presidency are improving. The loss of the Maine vote has aroused them to the necessity for vigour in carrying out the campaign. Up to the time of that surprise the Republicans were over-confident of victory, and allowed matters to take their own course. But now they see the need for action. The Ohio Republicans are aroused and are determined to carry this, Garfield's own State. The loss of it would have told disastrously against him, but the gain of it will tell immensely in his favour. Although the Ohio Democrats have tried to spread the belief that Senator Conkling and the Grant wing of the Republicans are secretly hostile to Garfield, and would be pleased to see him defeated, late events go to show that he has the confidence and unanimous support of his party.

If anything more were needed to prove this, Grant's latest speech about Hancock would supply it. Anything more uncalled-for or malicious could hardly be conceived. The remarks, credited to him, of Hancock's inability as a General during the war, and wild ambition now, as to the Presidency, could scarcely be imagined outside of the political arena. The only fear is that it may defeat its own purpose, and compel sober-minded Republicans to stand aloof when the voting day comes, or show their distrust and indignation by voting against their own party.

Punch, which is an interpreter of opinion and gauges society in England, perhaps more accurately than any other paper, is responsible for the following:—

A SAD SHILLING'S WORTH.

Time was when English maids and wives
Led modest and secluded lives ;
But in these latter days they vie
In seeking base publicity.
The face that once at home would shine—
The glory of the ancient line—
The lips the sweetest under sun,
That in old days smiled but for one.
The eyes that veiled themselves always
Beneath the rude observer's gaze ;
All these, if haply he be willing,—
The Cad can purchase for a shilling.

I hope it only means that ladies have their photographs taken in different styles, and that in a few cases they receive a portion of the profits realized by their indiscriminate sale ; that is bad enough.

It is becoming a very grave and pressing question as to whether the British government should not take some cognizance of the inflammatory speeches of Parnell and his co-agitators. Can it be in the interest of good government and social order to allow a man to play upon the worst passions of a passionate people in order to incite them to all sorts of malpractices, murder included ? Parnell has declared a war of expulsion, or extermination against all landlords, and already the mob is becoming more dangerous than the blatant demagogue bargained for. He is mainly responsible for the present condition of things, and the authorities should find some way of letting him feel that he has to answer for the crimes which have been and may yet be committed under his cowardly inspiration. The only pity is that the people do not awake to the fact that Parnell is himself a landlord, and one of the worst at that, and intimate to him that he had better be one of the first batch of emigrants from Ireland.

Some of the good people of England and elsewhere must be very much exercised over the late doings of the Bishop of Manchester. Not long ago he addressed an audience of actors in a theatre and did by no means condemn them and their calling by wholesale—even suggesting

that the stage may have a good influence upon the people, if properly conducted. Now he has given an address on the opening of an art gallery on a Sabbath afternoon. The Bishop could hardly bring himself to advocate the opening of all parks and museums on Sundays, but found it quite easy to applaud the promoters of the particular movement in which he was then helping. Science the matter as he may, the Bishop has been induced to give his countenance to an idea that will by and by extensively prevail over England—that the parks and museums, and such like places of innocent amusement and instruction should be open on the one day in the week when the people have leisure at command. One would scarce like to see the English Sabbath robbed of its sacredness, but while hotels may be opened on that day it is difficult to find any sound reason why parks and museums should be closed.

The French Government will give the Jesuits no quarter. When their educational establishments were broken-up they thought to outwit the government and frustrate its plans by doing the same work in a private manner. They announced their intention of teaching in families what they were not allowed to teach in schools. But they are checkmated. The Government has decided not simply against Jesuit institutions, but against Jesuit teaching, and they are notified that it will not be tolerated under any conditions. This is arbitrary and hardly in keeping with our ideas of Republicanism—but we must remember that as France has suffered much at the hands of these same Jesuits, Gambetta has come to the conclusion that he will not tolerate intolerance. Perhaps he is right.

That "first gun" which is to be the signal for war in the East has not yet been fired. A few days ago we were astounded at the spectacle of the Sultan of Turkey, a man weak and vacillating by nature, and further weakened by dissipation, offering a determined and insolent resistance to the will of all Europe. It seemed as if for an hour he had found the courage of despair and was determined to die bravely. But this delay of the European powers to enforce their will makes it evident that not much courage, but a great deal of diplomacy is at the bottom of this changed temper. The fact is that the much-talked-of "concert of the European powers" is all moonshine. Now that the time has come for concerted action, each power is bent upon holding the other back. Austria makes an appearance of agreeing with Europe, because she wants to keep every chance of sharing possible spoils, but her actual policy is opposition to every aggrandizement of Montenegro. Germany so far supports Austria that the Emperor William has written an autograph letter to the Queen of England, while France can have nothing to do with any warlike operations, as the French Executive has not power, under its Constitution, to make war.

So much for "the concert of the European powers." And so much the Turk has discovered. A little delay in the Dulcigno affair made the matter plain. On the 3rd of August all the Ambassadors at Constantinople presented to the Sultan a note demanding that in three days Dulcigno should be surrendered to the Montenegrins. He appeared to be on the point of conceding that portion of the European claim upon him, but the inevitable delay occurred, and it was evident that the demand was not so peremptory as at first it seemed to be. Then the Turk grew bold and began to make terms. He would surrender Montenegro, if the powers would change the proposed frontier line east of Lake Scutari, so as to leave to Turkey a town and district which the treaty had given to Montenegro. This brought down the castle of cards, called "the concert of Europe."

But the Turk is woefully mistaken if he imagines that he has got the game in his own hands and can permanently defy the powers. England and Russia are united and will enforce the terms of the treaty. There is no Jingoism in the present British Government and Gladstone will not permit Turkey to carry out her unholy will ; while Russia is just as determined. At any rate there can be no possible ground for the interference of Austria or Germany, so that England and Russia will be free to work their will upon the Turk and *volens volens* compel him to yield.

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

THE UNITED STATES CONTROL THE QUESTION OF THE METALLIC STANDARD.

In a communication to the London *Economist* of August 28, Mr. Edward Langley said:

"Silver, so far, has been only partially discarded, its entire demonetization by one-half the world having been arrested by the action of the United States."

Mr. Langley adopts the erroneous opinion that the coinage of silver dollars in the United States will be suspended, but he is nearer right in declaring—

"As an inevitable result, either Europe must reverse her decision as to silver, or the United States must stop its coinage."

Without doubt, that is a correct statement of the situation. Either Europe or America must give way. With Asia, which contains the larger part of the population of the globe, on the side of silver, it is impossible that that metal can be ousted from its old position as one of the moneys of the world, if America adheres to it. The United States have only to remain firm in their present policy, and Europe must succumb.

We were told in 1878, when silver was remonetized by the courage and wisdom of the American Congress, that Europe would seize the opportunity to complete its work of demonetization by dumping its discarded silver on this country. In point of fact, not a single step forward in silver demonetization has been since taken in any part of Europe. All the steps have been steps backwards. The passage of the American silver law was a blow of fate which brought the Western World to a dead halt. Spain had by a royal decree in 1876 avowed its purpose to adopt a gold standard, but now holds that purpose in abeyance. In Holland, the Cabinet, which had been incessant in its efforts to urge the Chambers into the same policy, has given up the struggle. Austria has opened its mints to silver. In France the gold party has been cowed into silence. And even in Germany the sales of silver have been stopped, and it is by no means certain when they will be resumed.

Thirty years ago, the Powers of Europe tried to change the law of nations by the abolition of privateering. It suited their policy to propose that, because they maintain great navies wherewith to wage war upon the ocean. But the proposition did not suit the policy of the United States, who choose to rely largely upon privateers, which have been well described as the militia of the seas. The United States interposed its potential veto, and the European attempt to change the public law in respect to privateering was abandoned, as the movement in the same quarter to revolutionize the money of the world will be abandoned, if the resistance of America cannot be overcome.

Great as has been the effect upon Europe of the passage of the American silver law, it would have been greater and more decisive if doubts of the firmness of this country in upholding it had not been excited abroad by the unconstitutional attitude of the President and his Cabinet. Europeans cannot be expected to understand American politics very accurately, and when they read the messages of the President and the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury, urging the stoppage of the silver coinage, they naturally assume that its stoppage is probable. Mr. Evarts, the Secretary of State, constantly assures their diplomatic representatives at Washington to that effect, and they so advise their governments at home. Of the same tenor is the information received in Europe through the only American newspapers which are read abroad, and which are those printed in the Atlantic cities. It will only be when the progress of time has fully convinced Europe that the silver law of February 28, 1878, cannot be shaken, that the existence of it will exert its full and legitimate influence upon the action of the world.

That the United States do in fact control the question of bi-metallism in Europe, is now admitted even in Boston, where it has hitherto been maintained that American monetary policy must be necessarily dependent upon that of Europe, and especially upon that of England.

In an editorial article in the Boston *Advertiser* of September 17, 1880, it is said:

"It looks very much as if the fate of bi-metallism would have to be decided in this country. The subject has now drifted into a position where all countries liable to act at all are waiting for America to take the initiative. * * * The probabilities are that such action would determine the monetary legislation of Europe for some time to come. This country can lead; as a producer of the precious metals and a matter of self-respect it ought to lead. So much is virtually, though not directly admitted, by Vanden Berg, the president of the Java Bank, at Batavia, in his review of the monetary standards of Holland. * * * The government recommended, May 9, 1876, the pure gold standard. But the legislature was unwilling to act definitely until the United States had arrived at a permanent decision. * * * The action of the Dutch government is determined by the price of exchange, that of the Dutch legislature by the action of the United States Congress. * * * The ultimate fate of silver in Europe and America seems to depend almost entirely upon the laws of the United States."

The *Advertiser* of course maintains, and it would be untrue to Boston banking interests and prejudices if it did not maintain, that America should exercise the power it has over the question of the metallic standard, in the direction of helping to establish the gold standard. On that point it declares that "it has been demonstrated by practical experience that silver as a legal

tender in all amounts is not wanted here." But in fact the coinage of full tender silver has been authorized by law during our entire history except for the five years from 1873 to 1878, and the use of such money has always been constant and large, except when both metals have been banished from circulation by suspensions of specie payments. The recovery of business prosperity has procured *pari passu* with the resumed coinage of full tender silver money under the law of 1878. This may not of itself prove that the prosperity resulted from the silver coinage, but it does at least prove by "practical experience" that prosperity is not prevented by such a coinage. Senator Blaine told us more than two years ago, that the restoration of silver was the only thing which rendered the resumption of coin payments possible. They cannot be permanently maintained without it.

But it is something to have it admitted by anybody in Boston that the United States is the master of the situation in respect to the monetary standards, instead of being obliged to follow a foreign initiative. The deputation from Boston which appeared before the U. S. Monetary Commission in 1875 maintained one and all that London must remain the financial centre, and the pound sterling the financial standard of the world. Even Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who was on that commission, with all his courage and all his mental vigour, which are both great, succumbed to that fallacy, and while he clearly pointed out the immense superiority of the double standard, still concluded that we must return to the gold standard unless England gives it up.

A stoppage of the coining of silver dollars by the United States would signalize the adhesion of incomparably the greatest power on the globe to the policy of a single gold standard. At any rate, it would signalize its admission to such a policy, and its acknowledgment of a want of power to resist it, and in such a case there is no practical difference between adhesion and submission. It can be of no consequence which it is that we admit, the right or the power, (if we admit either,) of a few European nations, controlled as they are by the peculiar interests of their governing classes, to dictate what our money shall be, and thereby to dictate what the money of the commercial world shall be. Rob Roy McGregor once had occasion to say that the head of the table was always that part of it at which he sat, and the occasion has now fairly come for us to say that the dominating position in the commerce and finance of the world is on that side of the Atlantic which is occupied by the United States.—*George M. Weston in U. S. Economist.*

Russian journalists are at present much exercised over the fact that two American vessels have discharged their cargoes of grain at the port of Revel. This is due to the negligent and slovenly mode of farming followed and to the consequent falling off in productiveness. This will prove a serious blow to Russia, and will add to her many heavy burdens. Germany is giving the preference to American wheat, as it is cheaper and of superior quality.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Oct. 6, 1880.	Price per \$100 Oct. 6, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$153 1/2	\$129	4	5.22
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	86 1/2	60 1/2	3	6.96
Molson's	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	97 1/2	63	3	6.15
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	134	111	3 1/2	5.22
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	91	57	2 1/2	5.49
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	105 1/2	80 1/2	3	5.60
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	105	80	3 1/2	5.22
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	99	78	3	6.06
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128 1/2	112 1/2	4	6.21
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	53	50
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	132	81 1/2	4	6.06
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	56	36
City Passenger Railway	50	163,000	117 1/2	78	15	4.27
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	144 1/2	118	5	6.93

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.			Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk	Week Oct. 2	\$ 77,283	\$ 149,226	\$ 226,509	\$ 210,817	\$ 15,692	..	14 w'ks	\$ 543,731	..	
Great Western	Sept. 24	51,269	64,276	115,545	98,692	16,853	..	13 "	231,094	..	
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 22	9,746	17,384	27,130	23,260	3,870	..	12 "	61,059	..	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 21	3,823	2,724	6,547	5,197	1,350	..	12 "	3,439	..	
Midland	" 20	2,860	12,095	14,955	11,382	3,573	..	13 "	28,817	..	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 25	2,050	1,650	3,700	8,357	..	4,657	(in Jan.)	..	1,080	
Whitby, Ft Perry & Lindsay	" 30	856	2,928	3,794	2,598	1,196	..	"	14,866	..	
Canada Central	" 21	3,923	6,887	10,810	7,960	3,850	..	12 w'ks	29,929	..	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 11	2,943	3,547	6,490	6,878	..	388	12 "	479	..	
Q., M., O. & O.	" 15	11,276	5,463	16,739	5,443	10 "	96,576	..	
Intercolonial	Month Aug. 31	64,430	81,885	146,315	107,873	38,442	..	1 m'nth	38,442	..	

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for fourteen weeks is \$571,931.
†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. RY.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

IS THERE "FAITH" ON THE EARTH?

Amid the signs which portend danger to the creeds of orthodoxy may be ranked the addresses of two eminent Canadian Presbyterian delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Synod. These worthy men advocated the necessity of a complete revision of the church standards; evidently without perceiving that in a mere change of the "faith," by which salvation is supposed to be effected, no permanent cure will be found. Even the popular clerical subterfuge at present prevalent—that it is only salvation *by means of* "faith" which these standards teach—cannot long satisfy the reviving life of the various sects. The fact thrust upon us by experience must be acknowledged, viz., that it is by works that true knowledge, true intellectual belief, can alone be reached. An ounce of experiment, *i. e.*, experience, is worth several pounds of doctrine. To cease to injure others—"to cease to do evil"—is the human or negative side of "learning to do well." Fidelity of purpose to shun evil to others wrought out into act is the only "faith" in which common-sense, to say nothing of religion, can see any prospect of salvation, physical, moral or spiritual. Thus to merge self in that "pure river of the water of life" in which Jehovah has manifested Himself—thus to be borne along by the Divine life of our Lord in His Infinite current of usefulness, is to receive in our finite degree that Infinite Love which lives in Infinite Wisdom, and continually acts out into deeds Infinite gentleness, healing, and help.

That the foremost men in the Presbyterian Church, so rigidly Calvinistic in its creeds, should begin to be smitten with a sense of its incomplete grasp of truth is merely a sign which foreshadows changes that may alter its whole intellectual landscape. The theological idea of "faith" which is mental assent to a series of dogmas which are but mountains of falsity commemorative of the state or condition of heart and mind of past ages, must be entirely overthrown by the working out towards the surface of the internal life derived from above, till something like a moral earthquake is observable, and men begin to see "faith," not in its theological and man-derived meaning but in its Biblical intent, viz: fidelity of heart or will to the promptings of conscience. "Faith" is not truth; neither the assent that a fact is a fact. "Faith" is the fidelity of the whole nature of man to its several parts, created to co-operate voluntarily each with each. The combination of will, thought and act in usefulness is "faith," because that is fidelity to the natural, spiritual and celestial laws on which man's constitution is based. Not one of these, separated from the other, has any element of fidelity or "faith" within it. Can it be truly called "faith" to will to shun evil, and not to seek and find, by the intellect, a means to do it? Can that be "faith" which sees a means of avoiding evil, and neither wills to avoid it, nor ceases to commit it? What kind of faith is that which, desiring to avoid evil, and knowing how to do it, does not cease its evil actions? How then can a man be saved from sin by simply believing that he is, against the evidences of his senses and his own intimate knowledge of himself and his actions? And how can Jehovah, whose Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom are such that He ever preserves His creatures in that similar freedom of will to His own which constitutes them men, save them from the consequences of their transgressions, unless they, in their freedom, desire to be saved from the transgression itself? His own Divine Laws, the constitution which the Infinite Wisdom of His Infinite Love has seen best, and most blessed ultimately, for men, would need to be reversed ere any such process of legerdemain could possibly be effected. "Made in His image," we cannot be unmade by Him without destroying utterly our free will, our free life which, like "every good and perfect gift, cometh down from the Father of Lights" whose Wisdom is ineffable, whose Light is the Light of Eternal Truth.

It is indeed true that Calvinistic and Presbyterian creeds were not only revised but openly acknowledged as erroneous—that salvation is not from the consequences of sin but from the sin itself—that salvation is not by assent to a form of sound words but is a gradual process of regeneration—that regeneration is the gradual overcoming, by the Lord, of our evil with His good if we but consent by desiring honestly and showing earnestly to cease to do evil. Regeneration is but the return of man to the orderly life for which man's being is alone fitted, but which cannot be effected even by the Lord (with all reverence be it spoken) unless by a voluntary cessation on our part of disorderly desire, thought and deed. The leading minds of the various sects dimly perceive already that such truth is seen to contain within it true life by those who are not of the outward and visible "church" but shall rank themselves as of the "world." It is the supposed mission of the "church" to save the "world." Instinctively they feel that the process is being reversed as far as outward appearances go. All honour to them that they try to urge the church not to forsake its charge.

An equally significant sign is the attitude assumed towards creeds and sects by men of high intellectual culture. The *Bystander* is right in its recent assertion that scientific men, and philosophers such as Herbert Spencer, seek the unknowable and entertain a reverence for Him which is not inspired by any delineation yielded by our existing creeds as by conventional religious law established.

Nor are other and lower, more merely natural, signs lacking. These form perhaps the strongest reason why the churches should again face the

question of creeds. That arch-heretic, Colonel Ingersoll, is actually beginning to build up as well as tear down. His last lecture on "What shall we do to be saved?" is almost as constructive as it is destructive. He bases his teachings of morality, or right living, on the words of our Lord and Master, those words of His which every rational man must see can safely be taken in their literal sense as the highest and best precepts for the guidance of daily life. Some of our Lord's divine utterances can indeed be only spiritually discussed. These he naturally, as yet, coolly discards as interpolations of a more recent date. These views of the Colonel display a state of mind and heart which will find its echo in many a hungry soul in this our day. Yet none save those in whom charity is an unknown quantity can fail to rejoice that already this arch-heretic has begun to preach the gospel of love to man and love to God, so far as he understands it in its literal or natural sense, to a large class of hearers whom our churches do not reach, and cannot reach so long as they hold to creeds which have become mental monstrosities neither possible nor desirable to work out into act in this enlightened age. It is not necessary to particularize. The weak spots are well known to the orthodox and heterodox. Col. Ingersoll's broad charity towards sects of all grades is worthy of imitation. He admits cheerfully that men may and do live kindly, honest, useful lives even although they may give their assent to an absurd creed. Are there none of these bold enough to imitate his Catholic spirit and invite him to address their people under the walls of their church? It is unnecessary to make any apology for the suggestion. His last lecture if delivered in any orthodox church would in itself be a sufficient apology to any intellectual congregation who are glad to see truth natural or spiritual acknowledged by those whom they consider "out of the way." The contrast between this lecture and his "oration on the gods" or his "mistakes of Moses" is a sign of progress in thought which ought to delight all who seek the welfare of Col. Ingersoll as well as their other brethren. And in so far as it is a psychological fact that thought is not the origin of life but the result of it, there is no reason to doubt that such progress in thought is caused by a growing purity of will or life.

Quotations from his lecture would be out of place here. Enough has been said to show those who care to see that the "world" outside of the "church" still receives of the Lord's life and gives it expression in thought, word or deed in the manner best suited to its own needs. The outward and visible "church" may help but it cannot hinder. It would be better if it had charity enough within it to enable it to cease to hinder. Then possibly it might be taught of God how to help. Beliefs are various and tend to separate. They are the formative principle—not the life principle. Love is life, therefore charity is a one in all and tends to unity, because life in all is from the One Divine Source. It is charity which constitutes a church. Therefore there is a "church" in the "World."

LAND AND LORDS.

In the issue of the *SPECTATOR* of October 2nd will be found an article by "Saxon," in which several discrepancies occur. It is somewhat amusing that "Saxon" should imagine that satire is argument, and when he informs us that "immoral designs presented in the guise of wholesome measures of reform are to reckon among those forces which seem constantly tending towards revolution," he forgets that describing "measures of reform" as "immoral designs" is not proof that they are so, and he also forgets that "reform" is usually considered "wholesome." He is therefore somewhat mistaken in regarding "reform" and immoral designs as synonymous. His view of the land question is also superficial, and it is not to be regarded as forming a question to be decided by the land-owners alone. We are well aware of the adverse vote with which "The Irish Disturbance Bill" was met, though we doubt "Saxon's" statements as to the "attenuated majority," but knowing as we do that this "adverse vote" was given by parties fully as much interested in their own selfish principles as in the rights of humanity, we cannot but regard this adverse vote as an index of the personal feelings of the representatives, and not by any means as a gauge of the feelings of the constituents. The Liberal party was elected through the wonderful oratory of Mr. Gladstone, combined with the understanding that it was to redress the land wrongs. This was the case in the agricultural districts, while on the contrary in the cities, the Conservatives did not lose their previous majority in anything like the same ratio.

That the charge of selfishness is untrue is maintained by "Saxon," who argues that those representatives who are landowners are known to be "humane, chivalrous and honourable; loyal to their sovereign and country, and in purity of life quite the equals of any other class of Her Majesty's subjects." This may all be very true; but the other classes within certain limits may make the same claim, and with as good a show of justice—so that we find the other classes, who are in the majority, are of the opinion that the land laws need reform, and we are justified in claiming that these laws ought to be examined into and altered, if need be. We also agree with "Saxon" that the noblemen are loyal to their country, and we also think they are extremely loyal to the land. To speak of a measure for preventing useless and cruel evictions as one involving confiscation of the plainest rights of property is a statement

which makes a definition of the rights of property necessary, and in the plainest manner. If we are to understand that the title of a piece of land is irrevocably vested in the holder, even to the great detriment of worthy inhabitants, then the argument is closed. We hold that the rights of property are inferior to the rights of humanity, and if the majority are, as in all present legislation, to be the judges of this, how can any one find fault with them? That there may be wrongs committed is true—"to err is human"—but it is, in our opinion, better that one should suffer a loss oftentimes imaginary than that fifty should be in trouble.

We are told that the Poor and County rates are paid by the landlords, as the tenants are unable to pay them. This is quite true, as being for some years unable to pay the rent, it is not probable that they would be able to pay poor-rates. We are also told that these rates ruined many landlords—thus proving that there is something radically wrong in the management of these great "rights of property." We would be inclined to think that this was due to over-population, but Mr. Froude, in a late article in the *Nineteenth Century*, shows conclusively that this is not the case. If it be due to famines, then the rents must be so reduced that provision can be made for these in good years. That it is entirely due to improvidence can hardly be true, and we are afraid that hostility to English rule is to be greatly blamed for the anarchy at present existing. We leave the solution to wiser heads, and to those more immediately interested; our purpose has been to tell "Saxon" that diatribes against the Liberal party do not affect the questions at issue.

With regard to the abolition of the House of Lords, this is so intimately connected, it appears to us, with the land question, that the solution of the latter will materially affect the former, and it would be quite possible to have a House whose interests would not be so greatly affected by certain questions as to presumably influence, perhaps unconsciously, their judgments, while they might still act as a check upon hasty and ill-advised legislation. It may be a necessary institution, though legislators in the future may discover that, like a certain person in Lower Canadian political life, its "usefulness was gone."

Erin.

FOREST FIRES.

"Agricola," of Kingston, has the following remarks in a letter to the *Globe* on forest fires. The *Witness* says: "His sentiments are entertained by many others, and hence the interest which attaches to the publication of his letter." The workableness of his plan, if we take the trouble to supply a few details, may also have something to do with it:—

"It is within the mark to put the loss to individuals throughout the Province (Ontario) at \$12,500,000 during the past twenty-five years. I do not take into account the loss to the public from the destruction of timber on the Crown domain. It is utterly useless to grapple with the causes of this calamity by calling on the Government to inspect, prosecute, fine, or imprison. The remedy is the obvious application of the principle that the member of a community is entitled to the protection of his goods and person by that community. Where the means of protection, owing to the defective administration of the law, are inadequate, the community should satisfy the damage done to a member. For example: The township will not hire night-watches to prevent my sheep being worried by prowling dogs, and if I must hire a night-watch I shall have no profit in sheep farming. I cannot detect the prowlers, but if I have my remedy for the destruction of my sheep against the township it will be my neighbour's interest to see that his tax-bill is not made heavier by the possession of a cur.

"As the law now stands, it is no concern of mine—that is, it is not my interest to visit a fire on my neighbour's farm for the purpose of seeing that he uses due precaution to prevent its spread, unless I have reason to apprehend danger to my property. If that danger passes me unhurt it is not within the scope of my duty to visit the fire to see that there is no chance of danger to another, else in a newly settled district I might find full occupation as a watchman for the community to the neglect of my own affairs. But if the value of the timber on a few hundred acres destroyed by fire were assessed on the township and collected from the ratepayers, there would soon be organized Vigilance Committees of the most efficient kind. There is another direction in which such a method would be useful. The fires caused by cinders from passing locomotives are known to be frequent. If my stables are burnt, and fires run into my wood lot, it will pay me better to submit to the loss than to engage in a law-suit with a wealthy corporation, who, not content with injuring me to the extent of \$50 or \$100 by their neglect to put bonnets on their smoke-stacks and to erect wire fences, would drag me to the Supreme Court before they would 'give in,' and probably take my farm from me to satisfy their bill of costs. The municipalities could better take up a case of this kind than a private person.

"Unless rural communities are incited to action in the way pointed out, just as the inhabitants of the English hundreds were made to see it was their interest to raise a hue and cry against a thief rather than bear a tax for his robbery, it is idle to hope for anything else than the permanent institution of autumnal bush fires."

That picture may be in some degree true of Canada as she is, but the general statement exhibits an isolation of the citizen, and a want of public spirit greater than is commonly found in the rural districts, as witness the "logging bees," &c. When found it can only be treated as unpatriotic and untrue to social law, and may afford an easy key to many social deficiencies and losses. No free community can hold together without public spirit and local politics of the unmerchantable kind. Even where a family of grown people keeps well together it may accomplish a great deal—though, unaided, it could not deal effectually with one of these great fires. To make the town-

ship responsible is good and practicable, and a township so organized in order to maintain its own existence must organize the people—and then the inhabitants will have to do, in virtue of order and payment, what they may have previously neglected to volunteer for. The expense—a real saving to their own pockets—must come out of those pockets collectively; and so we are reminded that the township itself is but the people organized for their own protection. Of course the scheme will have to include inspectors and firemen-officers for the duties, who must possess knowledge of the best and most approved means of preventing and extinguishing great fires in the woods. The first step to take will evidently be to get the measure discussed and carried through by the Local Legislature, who by the British North America Act have the control of the municipalities.

GLADSTONE AND IRELAND.

The Premier of Great Britain has, it seems, paid a brief visit to Ireland where he was "cheered with every manifestation of affection." Of course he was! small wonder! Is he not the people's William? Is he not the fine "gentleman intirely" who does not want the poor man to pay "rint"? Is there not also the people's Parnell, who is "cheered with every manifestation of affection;" who is *fêted* and escorted by horsemen in hundreds and footmen in thousands? The people's Parnell, who tells the tenants not to pay rent. The Irishmen, too, for whom the hat went recently round, begging a sixpence for God's sake to save them from starving, return from reaping the harvest in England, bringing with them the rifle instead of the rent. Is there not also the people's Dillon, who suggests that going out of an evening they might just as well take rifles in their hands for such game as might offer? And so the shooting season has set in, and Ireland and Irishmen are "within the domain of practical politics." This time it was not Manchester policemen who were murdered, but an impoverished Peer of lineage ancient and honourable. One of his forefathers built an Abbey in Wexford; another lost his life defending the Irish coast from pirates. But these deeds, good and brave though they were, profited nothing their hapless descendant who neither built abbeys nor fought with pirates, but degenerated into a modern Irish landlord, who having bills to pay, wanted his rent, and was therefore on bad terms with his handful of tenants, and thus came "within the domain of practical politics," and so came to his death; and there is a widow; and there are orphans of tender years; and Erin continues to weep; and is "within measurable distance" of anarchy and confusion, such as would have charmed the hearts of the Highlanders of old, who prayed that the world might be turned upside down so that they might make bread out of it. The Government of the people's William look helplessly on, and are not going to be frightened into protecting life and land, or law or property of any kind. The Lords in their anger doubtless aver that the fault is Forster's who brought the Bill in. Forster in his heart of hearts is ready to declare that the blame lies with the Lords who threw the Bill out. Practically, however, he has carried his measure, for assuredly there is "disturbance" enough and to spare, and "compensation" withal, though possibly not of the kind contemplated in the body of the Bill. The Secretary for Ireland has a fine time to study a phase of Hibernian evolution. When gaunt famine stalked through the land, there were banners and bands and processions in gorgeous array; the scheduled districts, where distress was direst, greatly increased their Savings Bank deposits; the prosperous parts—in which evictions did most prevail—alone shewing a falling off in their bank accounts. Most tenants accepted reduction in rent when offered; some demanded, and got it; whilst a few, remembering past favours, declined it. These are portions of "the problem," which, if not of the greatest, is certes of the toughest, and rather beyond the Secretary for Ireland.

Benjamin the Ruler, dreaming of "Imperium et Libertas," forgot about England, and Ireland, and Scotland. He rolled up a tidy little bill for a good deal worse than nothing, and was deservedly deposed; and Gladstone reigns in his stead. The wealth of Great Britain increases apace; her income, augmented by many millions per annum during the decade last past, will soon pay Benjamin's bill. Great in other things—albeit the Alabama swindle—the "people's William" is great in finance; a great strainer at gnats and a great swallower of camels; his scruples stood in the way of taking his pleasure in a ship the property of the people; but he could complacently despoil the Anglican Church, and none the less fervently read the lessons in Hawarden Chapel. Just now he is busy with his bag-and-baggage business in the East; by and by he might try it in a certain island in the West. He spoke for hours in modern Greek at Corfu, and might try his wonderful tongue at modern Erse—if there be such a thing—in Ireland. It would go straight to the hearts of the Hibernians, save him from the newspaper critics, and enable him to say so many fine things *à la* Midlothian. His vast intellect, towering above the crowd of common-sense mediocrity; his amazing rhetoric; his iron will, which some people call obstinacy; his peculiar honesty and earnestness; his enthusiastic love of what he calls liberty will all tell well towards the catastrophe said to be coming. Yea! verily Erin is Erin and Froude is her Prophet.

Saxon.

HATS IN ROTTEN ROW.

Rotten Row, the aristocratic elysium and nature's palace for the exhibition of fashions, from what does it derive its name? In my schoolboy days, long before I had seen this great metropolis, I had a hazy idea that Rotten Row was the designation given to a row of houses in a fashionable quarter tenanted by untrustworthy and dishonest people—folks not at home to the gas and water rates men, strangely indifferent to the dunning of tradesmen, and moreover, afflicted with a terrible weakness for moving from one house to another during the night. Such was my provincial idea of Rotten Row, to be cast aside for an accurate knowledge of what the place really is on a first visit to this great city. Seafaring men have a Rotten Row, a fact not known by one person in five thousand of the general public, and that in no less a quarter than down the Thames, where vessels not fit for sea are anchored, which should be superannuated or broken up, but which, as sailors know to their cost, are sometimes brought out and sent to sea for a voyage, which proves a last one in some cases. I selected a bright sunshiny day for my visit to the Row—a day bright enough to tempt the upper ten out of doors to show, for the benefit of their neighbours, the newest styles. The season is now drawing fast to a close, and the time will very soon be here when London is said to be empty; and the paltry three millions and a half or so remain behind counting as nobody. Between three and four on the afternoon of my visit—an hour too early for the fashionable world to show itself in this hot weather—the Row was in possession of a strange medley. It was exactly like a farce preceding a good play. I was dreadfully shocked at the bad hats out for an airing among those who thronged the footpath and those on horseback and in carriages. As the mouthpiece of the hat trade, I felt vastly moved at the shabbiness of a really large number of hats, and had I not known that there must be something better in the programme for a later hour, our impression of hats in Rotten Row would have been decidedly below zero. I took a pennyworth of easy-chair with a wire seating in a conspicuous corner where I could see all passing, either in the carriage-drive, horse road, and on foot, and took stock as the people—I beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen—passed, jotting meanwhile certain notes. My first subject was an old gentleman on a splendid grey horse, but who in the world could be the old gentleman's hatter? It was a black silk that any charitable hatter would have ironed for nothing; but it was half an inch too high in the crown for him, and under that brim the poor old man was completely swamped. Following him was a much younger man, but half as heavy again. His belongings consisted of a small cane, a big red nose, a puffy neck, and a neat silk hat on his head, which in quality looked good, but the hat was evidently too young for the wearer, a fault probably not of the hatters. He looked vainly from left to right, for somebody that he might know, but he did not find them in my neighbourhood, and so trotted smartly on. Shortly afterwards came a handsome young lady, in a handsome riding hat and habit, on a handsome horse, accompanied by a handsome young man, well dressed, but wearing a shocking bad hat. I felt concerned for the young man; he had to lift it as frequently as he recognised persons he knew. It might be this vigorous work which had caused his hat to lose all its brilliancy, but I am quite sure that he would have been wise to have called on his way to the Row and had his hat ironed. Next came three gentlemen on horseback, one tolerably well on in years, another younger, and a third gentleman of twenty-six or thereabout. Each had on a drab hat, and two wore mourning hat-bands. Our conclusion was that they were members of the new Parliament. The two older ones sat comfortably on their horses, and were well dressed with hats which looked of good quality, and suited them admirably. The younger one was evidently on show. He presented a very square and straight back on the back of his horse, his left hand resting on his knee, and elbow majestically out at 75 degrees. He assumed glasses, and he wore his hat with the front portion of the brim not an inch from the rim of his glasses, and the back of his head was consequently quite bare. Whether the phrenological bumps at the back of his head would not allow of his wearing his hat properly we do not know. Both at this time and later, almost every wearer of a silk drab hat wore a mourning hat-band, fashionable society, I suppose, not being yet out of mourning for the late Empress of Russia. Hat-bands do not improve the appearance of hats. They hide the defects a great deal too much to please hatters, for a deep band is often only so many inches of mourning for a bad hat. The sooner the Mourning Reform Association does away with them the better, for they are a great nuisance to the hat trade. In many cases they are only borrowed, they spoil the hat in putting it on, and sorrow for "our dear, departed brother," hardly requires the aid of a few inches of cloth on the top of a man's head. However, the laws and customs still compel the wearing of them. Some of the ladies on horseback wore deerstalker felts, and in these the younger ones looked remarkably well. Bad hats were greatly in the majority, as we have before stated, at this hour of the afternoon, and to turn for a short time from the roadway to the footpath, unquestionably the best hats out were worn by young swells who promenaded in pairs from and towards Hyde Park Corner. Everything about these gentlemen, from the patent kids on their feet, to the silk hats on their heads, seemed absolutely perfect. How, in the name of all

that is commercial, those scores of young fellows made a living was a mystery to me. Some of them, I have not the slightest doubt, were clerks, from the Government offices, perpetually effervescing with a desire to struggle into good society, and incessantly engaged in an arithmetical calculation of how to spend £100 a year to the best advantage, in proportions of something like £60 for clothes, and cigars, and £40 for food and lodging. All these, however, were only like the cheap lots at the commencement of an auction, before the real business begins. All these shabby hats and "jobbed" turnouts formed only a striking background for a brilliant foreground which afterwards followed. Cheap aristocracy would be nowhere if it did not learn its lessons from the real; and as the Row is public property and open to all alike, there must necessarily be an olla podrida character about the gathering. Before five o'clock aristocratic life in reality had turned out to get its appetite for dinner. There was no mistaking the genuine for the sham. The very atmosphere for the time being appeared to have a rosy hue—whether it came from the exquisite fashions worn by the ladies, or existed only in imagination, I am not prepared to say; but even King Sol disappeared slowly, as if he declined with thanks brisk competition with Regent and Bond Street styles. The sweetest thing in bonnets is said to be a pretty face; but whether it was the dazzling character of these pretty faces, or the rapidity with which they passed I do not know. I am unable to say anything about the lady's head coverings except that they were exceedingly pretty, varied, and becoming. The two Houses of Parliament were well represented. Here and there faces could be easily recognised. Drab and silk hats were about equally divided. Most of them need indeed to have stout brims, considering the constant lifting on and off the head which they have to undergo. The West-end season this year for the hatters has been better than last year, although far from anything to boast of. One of the manias in fashionable life now is economy. A "thrif fever" has taken hold of the male and female, and hatters, of course, have suffered from this as well as other tradesmen. Still, on the whole, there was no complaint to make of the majority of hats out for an airing among the aristocracy. They universally did credit to the hatters who supplied them. It is impossible to say that any particular shape was especially prominent. Here and there in the crowd of foot passengers we noticed a hat which had from economical notions been olive-oiled, but among the hundreds present we noticed only one soft felt, thus showing the immense numbers who worship at the shrine of gossamer and plush, the most gentlemanly hat ever introduced.—*Hatter's Gazette.*

MONTREAL SOCIETY.

It is somewhat difficult task to accurately describe the state of society in any city as there are so many points of view and further each one will view it through different lenses. Some will view it through rose-coloured glasses and find everything pleasing, gratified to see the enjoyment, in some cases perhaps not real, of the participators; others will through some morbidity of temperament look upon it as one large hot-house of sin and frivolity. Others again, through non-success in entering within the charmed circle will look upon it with jealous eyes, deprecating every display and asserting that the keeping up of appearances is obtained at terrible cost and that the deceit and sham, which they assert to be permeating every branch thereof, are ineradicable. Then another assertion is that there is no true friendship in society, but that all is regulated by interest and a vain desire to be thought "good form" or by an insatiable craving for notoriety. Then again, there are so many who are ignorant of the minutiae of etiquette necessary to good society and who cannot see their importance or bearing that they maintain that the "whole thing is all nonsense" and that the only way is to be natural. It would be very easy to disprove this latter assertion, but such is not at present my purpose. I propose to notice some peculiarities of Montreal Society which have struck me, as a quiet onlooker. The first thing that struck me was the great number of cliques—there is a clique which gives dinner-parties and is very studious in endeavouring to learn from outside sources new ways of serving dishes, new ways of the order in which the guests should be placed, new ways in which certain entries etc. should be partaken of, and is also very particular that certain wines should be given with certain courses—of course the clique leaves out of consideration questions of health which ought to be studied, as to the advisability of taking so many different wines—many persons outside this class of dinner-givers are of the opinion that one or at most two wines are all that ought to be partaken of—but it is hardly my purpose to discuss this at present. The great fault of this clique it appears to me, is that those within it think that none but they know how to dine and they hug themselves with complacency saying with Lucullus "We have dined."

It is also amusing to see the complacency with which some novelty or other is regarded by the diners, when to those who have recently dined in London, Paris or New York this novelty appears either an inferior imitation or a novelty of years gone by. However, it is very pleasant to see these novelties introduced at all, as they serve to vary the monotony that has for years past been existing at nearly all dinners. Then there is a clique, composed as a natural consequence of ladies, that gives at certain seasons five o'clock teas;—

these are extremely pleasant when you meet people at the clique whom you like; but it often happens that as these teas are rather hap-hazard gatherings, you find yourself in close proximity to some inveterate talker of "small talk," or if you escape this one, you are obliged to converse with some blue-stocking or doctrinaire. Sometimes you may have to hand a little Sèvres tea-cup containing a thimbleful of tea, and reposing on a saucer the size of a fifty-cent piece, and you are in a quandary as to how you are to hand it, and I leave you there. To speak of the cliques in which precludes the members of our French families from entering into English society—this is not as it should be, and there can be no doubt that the grace of French manners would have a beneficial effect. It is true that there is a certain polish—no, that does not express my meaning—but a certain *politesse* in French society which is lacking in English society in Montreal, and this can be said without being criticised as an attack, as it is characteristic of the French—of course, I refer to the educated French. But there are a few members of French families who have essayed to enter English society and have not succeeded—all these cannot be rejected for reasons, but many must be solely on account of their being French. This prejudice perhaps exists because people think that they are in some peculiar way turn-coats for preferring English society to French, and I have been told that an opinion exists that the French here are inclined to be parsimonious. But this I can hardly hold to be the case, as in London many French and other Europeans move in the best circles, and nearly all members of society speak French—though the Englishman is usually held to be one of the worst conversationalists in the world, and to give the most barbarous accent to any foreign tongue.

Sappho.

MOTHERS' DUTIES.

What an age of reform this is! Not a week passes but we hear of something new—something done for the benefiting of mankind generally. Abuses of influence or position are held up to view, through the medium of an enlightened press, and the people made to see or hear how these are to be met and overthrown. As a rule the race seems to have awakened to the need of every individual enlisting in this army of reform, though one has sadly to confess the loud cry with not a few is not from any intention to overcome any habit or appetite to which they may be wedded; the marriage state in this particular is too stringent to admit of any divorce, but what man allows in self does not prevent him denouncing in another, so the cry runs along all ranks, and there is a co-mingling of feelings that never has mankind been blessed with so much of good to help on a struggling humanity. Through the many grades of reform some as yet have scarcely been touched. If there is felt and acknowledged to be a need for one, especially one for the present generation to know more about the construction of the digestive organs and the abuses these parts of our frame are continually undergoing through a lack of knowledge in the cooking department, and of the requirements needed in this at the hands of the female portion, so facilities are springing up with wondrous aptitude to meet these emergencies; and instead of a stupid smattering of Latin that has never got beyond a thorough understanding of its dryness, with a few more like studies equally as well understood, there comes a knowledge that cooking is no longer to be a despised occupation, but one that is to supersede proficiency in Berlin-wool work, and to be a rival to accomplishments of every sort; for the future husband is being trained to keep an eye upon the culinary abilities of the future wife, and ever so brilliant a fantasia in the drawing-room will fail to make much amends for any shortcomings in the kitchen requirements, and sensible girls are going to make sure they are equally proficient in both. But has the greatest of all needs had the attention it requires,—the need of a knowledge of the requirements pertaining to motherhood? The little mounds in our churchyards answer sadly, and on many a headstone could be inscribed "Mother sent," not called of God, and loving hearts will go on aching, loving hands lie folded in the empty lap; homes bright with the presence of these dear cries darkened, saddened from their loss too often through these frail lives being in the keeping of incompetent mothers, and how can it be otherwise?

How many of the shy, blushing brides who walk so proudly up to the altar with a sure certainty of the fitting and cost of their costly or simpler robes, every detail of which has been under inspection, fashion-books overturned to get all the information needed to make the copying of this perfect and complete—no mistakes on this point—and yet what do such brides know as they turn from the altar of the duties and requirements devolving upon them. Is it a want of delicacy to ask such? Let the little graves answer the question. These brides in becoming mothers enter upon duties that tax their physical strength too much to make them apt scholars in the school of infantile needs, so the new precious treasure lies in the trembling loving arms of one who knows nothing beyond its being "baby." The cries of a nursery need no unfolding—unhappy distracted young fathers shun it, or worry over the safety of its occupant according to their temperament, whilst the poor feeble ignorant young mother helplessly asks and takes the advice of every one who comes to see the new citizen or citizeness from the nurse with her array of recipes,

to the humble washerwoman with hers, so the poor crying little bundle is nothing more than a new subject for trying experiments upon; if it be a good tough specimen it manages to struggle through it all, if as is too often the reverse the many *experiments* put an end to what, if judicious management were known, would in nine cases out of ten save. But how is this judicious management to be known until taught by experience, naturally rises in thought at the suggestion. For answer, by the appalling want of it making itself felt through every household. Let the wise mothers who have had the experience do by the future mothers, as nearly all women are in the future wives, who in making creature comforts a study of necessity are not leaving these to be learned by experiments on the husband impairing his health, and trying his temper, whilst the despairing tortured wife is shortening her days in her frantic efforts to make a simple meal palatable as well as digestible. Another difficulty presents itself to the inquirer—in the cooking schools lookers-on see experiments turned into facts, a bill of fare not only constructed, but cooked whilst looking on, and mothers cannot bring their subjects to such a test, so how are the young to gain their experience, and for answer only by not shunning the question, for it has a deeper holier, significance than many give themselves time to think about.

There must be some mothers whose hands are often times at leisure who in every place could gather the young for wise counsel, thus saving many a feeble life, sparing how many heartaches. The young life claims all a mother has to give, but when from indifference, or because of the trouble or the necessity of putting aside former recreations and indulgences, what ought never to be withheld, is not given, so whilst the chance of other food is persisted in, combined with experiments for real or too often imaginary ailments, mothers must weep for the loss of these little ones. Do not these tiny graves ask why the mouldering forms within perished before the allotted space of time for man was run? Is not disease too often brought on through interfering with nature's laws, not sent by nature's God, and lives escaping the perils of infancy are too often sapped of their vigour and robust health made weakly and delicate through these mistaken experiments of getting knowledge. Could we trace the causes of one year's death-rate how few would have had the summons to appear at His bar of judgment. Imprudence, neglect, recklessness, appetite, sin, would have to answer for the cutting short of lives given to *grow* in the knowledge of what the Saviour died to secure; the judgment cannot but be severe when one of these has to appear before his or her Ransom, and seeing, know why the sad reproachful eyes bring with agonising remembrance the oft-heard entreaty on earth, "Ye will not come to Me to find rest."

NEW READINGS OF OLD PARABLES.

BY THE REV. CHARLES ANDERSON, M.A.

THE GIFT OF TALENTS.

The story of the talents, in its simplest interpretation, is so self-evident that further exposition would seem needless. But there is another reading, not less true, and very needful at the present time, which will demand setting forth in detail. It is this that we shall now attempt.

The story is plainly constructed on a broad scale, and hence it suggests a broad interpretation. The lord of his servants "travels into a *far* country;" he does not return until "after a *long* time;" the "talent" is a *large* sum.

There is strict justice in the dealing. "To every man is given according to his several ability"—"five talents," "two talents," "one talent."

The lord, in due time, "reckoneth with his servants." Two out of the three had acted boldly and wisely with their trust—"they went and traded with the same." To each of these his lord said, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

The third "was afraid; so he went and hid his talent in the earth." For him the judgment is "Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."

These are the main features of the story, and it is with these that we propose now to concern ourselves.

The record of the world is that of men, each in his own day endowed with talents—with "gifts differing," according to the era and according to the man. Of these talents the man and the age have to render an account. If this account be bad, then there is a curse and the "outer darkness."

To illustrate this. Looking to the ancients, we see mankind with gifts widely differing. There is the the pastoral age, the heroic age, the æsthetical age, the moral age. There is a Greek life of beauty and philosophy; and a Hebrew life of moral struggle—a reaching after, a hungering and thirsting after, "the Eternal who judgeth righteously." To these peoples and nations this Eternal gave gifts, and "they went and traded with the same;" as is witnessed by the Hebrew and Eastern sacred books. The names of the great and wise and holy of those days are household words.

Looking to the middle ages, we find men and nations "afraid," "burying their talents in the earth;" afraid to use the new talent given them; afraid of science, of history, of free thought; afraid of the "hard man," as they called

God. "I knew that thou art an *hard man*," says the third servant, in the parable. Hence these ages were "unprofitable," and the men of these ages were unprofitable servants. And so the ages are called the Dark Ages, and their children are "children of darkness."

And now, how is it in our own day? Do men boldly use the gifts of their lord, and "trade with them;" or are they "afraid" and do they "bury them in the earth?"

It has been said that if Jesus were now again to visit us, the religious world of to-day, being so like the religious world of his own time would treat him as they then treated him; would call him "antichrist," "Beelzebub," "blasphemer," would "away with him." Can there be a doubt that they would?—if Jesus be indeed the Word of Truth, the Voice of the Eternal.

Jesus was put to death—why! Because, as he said, "men loved darkness rather than light."

The library of Alexandria was destroyed, and Hypatia was murdered—why? Because the "orthodox" of that time, with Cyril as their leader, were "men who loved darkness rather than light."

So it has been all along; so with Galileo when he taught scientific truth; so with Savonarola when he taught social and moral truth; so with the Protestant reformers; and so it is now. Yet God's law ever stands sure; darkness must recede as light approaches.

Men found it hard to give up a flat earth the centre of the universe, and a rising and setting sun. It *seems* so, therefore it *is* so, they not unnaturally argued. Ideas of space and time, and of man's place in creation have developed a little since then. And religious belief has enlarged its borders, not been overthrown, in the result.

This all came about in spite of the cry of the timid, Hide the talent; bury it in the earth.

But there was much more to go yet. This outer world, which looks so real in colour, in form, in substance, *just because it seems, therefore it is not*. So truth taught. Man replied, "This is a hard saying; who can receive it?" Now, no educated man disputes the statement; yet he holds, along with his religious belief.

To-day men of science and theologians are in battle array as to the problems, matter, spirit, free-will, moral law, God, heaven, immortal life. The timid renew the old cry, We are about to become materialists and atheists.

Wait awhile; the light of truth will pierce the darkness here too. To-morrow there shall be unfolded to man a spiritual creed, set free for evermore from the old Popish and Calvinistic errors, in which the teaching of Jesus shall shine out with a beauty, truth, and splendour, undreamed of by men. The "length and depth and breadth and height" shall be seen to be infinite.

To sum up. Still, then, the lord gives his talents to the world. Still wise and good men trade with them. Still, in the result, they get answer. "Well done, good and faithful servant." And, unhappily, still the foolish are afraid; bury their gifts, and find themselves written down in history as "unprofitable servants," doomed to eternal darkness. Still, as Jesus said of old, "the first are last and the last first;" the "believers" *deny*, and the "deniers" *believe*.—"Because ye say, we see, therefore ye are blind."

CARMEN: A SPANISH STORY.

(Translated from the French of PROSPER MÉRIMÉE, of the French Academy.)

CHAPTER II.

CARMEN, THE GYPSY GIRL.

I remained some days at Cordova. I had been informed of certain manuscripts in the library of the Dominicans in which I should find interesting accounts of ancient Munda, and being well received by the good Fathers I passed the mornings in their convent, and in the evening walked through the city. At Cordova, towards sunset, a number of idlers gather on the quay that extends along the right bank of the Guadalquivir, where one breathes the emanations of a tannery that still maintains the ancient renown of the country for the preparation of leather, but on the other hand one enjoys a spectacle of piquant interest. A few minutes before the *angelus*, a large number of women assemble on the river bank below the quay, which is quite high; not a man would dare to mingle with this bevy. As soon as the *angelus* rings it is understood to be night, and at the last stroke of the bell all the women undress themselves, and enter the water; then there are screams, laughter, and an infernal uproar. From the top of the quay the men contemplate the bathers, open wide their eyes, while these white, uncertain forms, outlined in the dark blue waters, excite poetic minds, and with a little imagination it is not difficult to picture to one's self, Diana and her nymphs in the bath, without any fear of Acteon's fate. I was told that on a certain day some scapegraces combined to bribe the ringer of the cathedral to ring the *angelus* twenty minutes before the legal hour, and although it was still broad day, the nymphs of the Guadalquivir, placing greater trust in the *angelus* than in the sun, with a safe conscience made their bath-toilet, which is of the simplest. I was not there; in my time the ringer was incorruptible, the twilight very dim, and only a cat could have distinguished the most aged orange-seller from the prettiest grisette of Cordova.

One evening, when it was nearly dark, I was smoking, leaning on the parapet of the quay, when a woman ascended the stairway that led to the river, and seated herself near me. In her hair was a large bunch of jasmine, whose

petals exhale an intoxicating fragrance at night. She was simply, perhaps poorly, dressed all in black, like the greater part of the grisettes in the evening, for the women of society wear black in the morning only, but in the evening they dress *à la francesca*. As she approached me my bather allowed the mantilla that covered her head to slip down on her shoulders, and in the dim light of the stars I saw that she was small, young, well made, and with very large eyes. I at once threw away my cigar, and comprehending this act of altogether French politeness she hastened to say that she was fond of the odor of tobacco, and that she herself even smoked when she found very mild *papelitos*. Fortunately, I had some such in my case, which I at once offered her, and of which she deigned to take one, lighting it by a bit of burning cord that a child brought in consideration of a *sou*. Mingling our smoke, we chatted so long, the fascinating bather and I, that we found ourselves nearly alone on the quay. I thought it would not be indiscreet to offer her an ice at a *neveria*,* which, after a modest hesitation, she accepted; but before deciding she wished to know the hour. I struck my repeater, at which she seemed greatly astonished.

"What inventions there are among you foreigners! Of what country are you, Monsieur? An Englishman, no doubt."†

"French, and your devoted servant. And you, Mademoiselle, or Madame; you are probably from Cordova?"

"No."

"At least, you are Andalusian. I recognize it by your soft manner of speech."

"If you are so good an observer of people's accent, you must readily guess whom I am."

"I believe that you are from the country of Jesus: two steps from paradise,"—I had learned this metaphor, which means Andalusia, from my friend Francisco Sevilla, a well-known *picador*.

"Bah! paradise; the people here say that it is not made for us."

"Then you may, perhaps, be Moorish, or—" I stopped, not daring to say Jewess.

"Come, come! You see very well that I am a Gypsy. Do you wish me to tell *la baji* (your fortune)? Have you ever heard of Carmencita? You see her now."

I was at that period, fifteen years ago, such an infidel as not to recoil with horror at finding myself at the side of a sorceress. "Good!" I said to myself; "last week I supped with a highway robber, and now am about to eat ices with a servant of the devil." One must see everything in travelling; but I had yet another motive for cultivating her acquaintance. On leaving college, I confess it to my shame, I lost some time in studying the occult sciences and on several occasions had even attempted to conjure the spirit of darkness. Long since cured of the passion for such researches, all superstitions still possessed for me a certain charm of curiosity, and I promised myself much gratification in learning the degree to which the art of magic had attained among the gypsies.

While talking, we had entered the *neveria*, and seated ourselves at a little table, lighted by a wax candle in a glass globe. I then had leisure to examine my *gitana*, while some honest people taking ices were amazed to see me in such good company. I doubt if Mademoiselle Carmen was of pure race; at least she was infinitely prettier than all the woman of her nation whom I have ever met. A woman to be beautiful must, say the Spaniards, conjoin thirty *si*, or she may be defined by ten adjectives, each applicable to three parts of her person. For example, she should have three that are black—eyes, lashes and brows; three *finas*—fingers, lips, hair, etc. See Brantôme for the rest. My gypsy could not claim so many perfections. Her skin, although perfectly smooth, strongly approximated copper in color. Her eyes were oblique but admirably shaped; her lips rather large, but well-formed and displaying teeth whiter than blanched almonds. Her hair, perhaps a little coarse, was black, long and glossy, with blue tints like the wings of a raven. Not to weary by too prolix a description, I will sum up by saying that with each defect she combined some charm that shone forth perhaps more strongly for the contrast. It was a strange, wild beauty, a face that at first bewildered, but could not be forgotten. Her eyes especially had an expression at once voluptuous and fierce, that I have never since found in any human look. *Eye of gypsy, eye of wolf*, is a Spanish saying that shows keen observation. If you have not the time to visit the *Jardin des Plantes* to study the look of a wolf, note your cat when it watches a sparrow.

It would naturally have been absurd to have my fortune told in a *café* therefore I begged the pretty sorceress to permit me to accompany her to her dwelling, to which she consented without difficulty, but she wished to know the flight of time, and again asked me to strike my repeater.

"Is it really gold?" she said, inspecting it with exceeding attention.

When we again forth it was dark night, the greater part of the shops were closed and the streets nearly deserted. We crossed the bridge over the Guadalquivir, and at the extremity of the faubourg we arrived in front of a house that had in no degree the appearance of a palace. A child admitted us, to whom the gypsy said a few words in a tongue unfamiliar to me, but which I afterwards knew to be *romani*, or *chipi calli*, the idiom of the *gitanos*. The child immediately disappeared, leaving us in a large room furnished with a little table, two footstools and a chest. I should not forget to mention also a jar of water, a pile of oranges and a bunch of onions. As soon as we were alone, the gypsy drew from her chest some cards that appeared to be well worn, a magnet, a dried chameleon and some other essentials to her art. It is useless to relate her predictions, and as to her cabalistic performance it was evident that she was only half a sorceress.

Unfortunately we were soon interrupted. The door suddenly opened with violence, and a man, wrapped to the eyes in a brown cloak, entered the apartment, apostrophizing the gypsy in a manner far from gracious. I could not understand what he said, but his tone of voice indicated that he was in an excessively ill humor. At the sight of him the gypsy showed neither surprise nor anger, but ran to meet him, and with extraordinary volubility addressed

*A *café* provided with an ice-house, or rather a store-house of snow. In Spain there is scarcely a village without its *neveria*.

†In Spain every traveller who does not carry about samples of silks and calicoes passes for an Englishman—*Inglesito*. It is the same in the East.

him in the mysterious language that she has used with the child. The word *payllo*, often repeated, was the sole one that I understood, and I knew that gypsies thus designate all men of a race foreign to their own. Supposing myself to be the subject of discussion I was in expectation of a delicate explanation, and with my hand already on one of the footstools, I endeavoured to calculate the precise moment in which it would be expedient to throw it at the head of the intruder. The latter roughly thrust back the gypsy and advanced towards me; then, drawing back a step, exclaimed:

"Ah, Monsieur! it is you!"

I looked at him in turn and recognized my friend Don José; and at this moment I rather regretted not having allowed him to be hung.

"Eh! it is you, *mon brave!*" I said, laughing, with the best grace that I could assume. "You have interrupted Mademoiselle at the moment in which she was foretelling very interesting events."

"Always the same! This must end," he said, fixing a fierce look on her. Meanwhile the gypsy continued to talk to him in her language. By degrees she grew excited, her eyes were suffused with blood and became terrible, her features contracted, she stamped her feet. She seemed to be passionately urging him to some action to which he appeared averse. I fancied that I understood only too well what it was in seeing her little hand pass and repass rapidly under her chin. I was tempted to believe that the subject under discussion was the cutting of a throat, and I had some suspicion that the throat in question was my own. To this torrent of eloquence Don José replied only by two or three words uttered in a curt tone, at which the gypsy darted at him a look of profound contempt; then seating herself in the Turkish fashion in a corner of the room, she selected an orange, which she peeled and began to eat. Don José took my arm, opened the door, and led me into the street. We walked about two hundred steps in perfect silence; then extending his hand he said:

"Keep straight on and you will find the bridge." Immediately turning his back he rapidly moved off. I returned to my tavern feeling rather sheepish and in a very bad humor. The worst of it was to discover in undressing that my watch was missing.

Various considerations hindered me from going to reclaim it next day, or to appeal to the corregidor to have search made for it. I finished my work on the manuscript in the Dominican library, and took my departure for Seville. After several months of rambling through Andalusia I wished to return to Madrid, and it was necessary to pass through Cordova, where I had no intention of making a long sojourn, for I had conceived an aversion for this beautiful city, and the bathers of the Guadalquivir; nevertheless some friends to see again, some commissions to execute, would detain me three or four days in the ancient capital of the Mussulman princes. On my reappearance at the Dominican convent, one of the fathers, who had always evinced a great interest in researches as to the site of Munda, received me with open arms exclaiming:

"God's name be praised! Welcome dear friend; we all believed you to be dead, and I have said many a *pater* and *ave*, that I do not regret, for the salvation of your soul. Robbed, we know you have been."

"How so?" I asked a little surprised.

"Yes; that beautiful repeating watch that you would strike, you know, when told that it was time to go to the chapel choir. Well! it has been found, and will be returned to you."

"That is to say," I interrupted, a little out of countenance, "that I had lost."

"The rogue is under bolts and bars, and as we knew him to be a man to fire his carbine at a Christian for a trifling coin, we were dying of fear that he had killed you. I will go with you to the corregidor, and we will have your beautiful watch restored. And then dare to say over yonder that justice does not know her trade in Spain!"

"I confess that I should much rather lose my watch than to testify in court and cause a poor devil to be hung, especially because—because—"

"Oh! have no uneasiness; he is fully committed, and cannot be hung twice. When I say hung, I am mistaken. He is a *hidalgo*,* is your robber; therefore he will be garroted the day after to-morrow, without pardon. You see that a robbery more or less will effect no change in his fate. Would to God that he had only robbed! But he has committed several murders, each one more horrible than the other."

"What is his name?"

"He is known through the country as José Navarro, but he has another Basque name that neither you nor I could ever pronounce. However, he is a man worth seeing, and you, who like to know the peculiarities of the country, should not neglect the opportunity of witnessing how the rascals of Spain leave this world. He is now in the chapel, but Father Martinez will conduct you to him in his cell."

My worthy Dominican insisted so strongly that I should see the preparations for this *very pretty little hanging*, that I could not excuse myself.

I went to the jail, carrying a bundle of cigars that I hoped would secure pardon for my indiscretion. I entered the prisoner's cell at the moment in which he was at dinner. He gave me a rather cool nod, and thanked me politely for the gift I brought, and after counting the cigars of the package I placed in his hands, he selected a certain number and returned the remainder observing that he had no need to take more.

I asked him if with a little money, or through the influence of my friends, I should be able to obtain some mitigation of his sentence. At first he shrugged his shoulders, smiling sadly; soon, however, changing his mind, he asked me to have a mass said for the repose of his soul.

"Would you be willing," he added, timidly, "would you be willing to have one also said for a person who has injured you?"

"Assuredly, my dear fellow; but no one, so far as I am aware, has injured me in this country."

He took my hand and pressed it with a grave air. After a moment's silence, he resumed:

"Might I dare to ask you yet another service? On returning to your own country perhaps you will pass through Navarre, at least you will go through Vittoria, which is not far distant."

"Yes," I replied, "I shall certainly pass through Vittoria, but it is not impossible that I may turn aside to Pampeluna, and for your sake I would willingly make this change in my route."

"Well, you will see more than one thing to interest you in the beautiful city of Pampeluna. I will give you this medal" (showing me a small silver medal that he wore around his neck); "you will wrap it in paper"—he stopped a moment to master his emotion—"and you will deliver, or cause it to be delivered, to a good woman whose address I will give you. You will say that I am dead, but you will not disclose the manner of my death."

I promised to execute his commission faithfully. I passed a part of the next day with him, and from his lips I learned the sad adventures now to be related.

(To be continued.)

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

"Drunk, your worship," the officer said:
 "Drunk in the street, Sir!" she raised her head.
 A lingering trace of the olden grace
 Still softened the lines of her woe-worn face.
 Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair;
 Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
 The years of anguish, and sin, and despair—
 The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe, red mouth, with lips compressed—
 The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
 The nervous fingers, so taper and small,
 Crumple the fringe of the tattered shawl,
 As she stands in her place at the officer's call.
 She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and sweet,
 This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and wave
 Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
 Is the mother who pressed those red lips to her own
 Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
 Has the voice that chimed with the lisping prayer
 No accent of hope for the lost one there,
 Bearing her burden of shame and despair?

Drunk in the street!—in the gutters found—
 From a passionate longing to crush and drown
 The soul of the woman she might have been—
 To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
 And awake again in the homestead hard by
 The wooded mountain that touched the sky;
 To linger awhile on the path to school
 And catch in the depths of the limpid pool,
 Under the willow shade, green and cool,
 A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
 And the pleasant words of the passer-by.

Ye men with sisters and mothers and wives,
 Have ye no care for these women's lives?
 Must they starve for the comfort ye never speak?
 Must they ever be erring, and sinful, and weak—
 Staggering onward with weary feet,
 Stained in the gutters, and drunk in the street?

UNDER THE PINES.

BY MARTHA THACKWELL, AUTHOR OF HIC JACET, ETC.

Graciously bow, and bend to the breeze,
 Bow, I cry, bow, ye stiff-necked trees,
 Down with soft rustle the pine-needles fall,
 Surely the pines should hear when I call.
 Now they are singing, ah! what do they say?
 Listen! the voices come rustling this way,
 Singing in monotone, singing in mirth,
 Ah! thou dear wind-voices, come back to earth!
 What shall the picture be? shall it be bright?
 Will the years bring to me shadow or light?
 Bear ye a burden of prophecies sad?
 Nay, dost thou bid me in earnest be glad?
 Speak out more clearly, I listen, I hear,
 Be not mysterious, I beckon you near,

* In 1830 the nobility still enjoyed, exclusively, this privilege. Now under the constitutional régime, the commonalty have won the right to the *garrote*.

Whisper more softly : I hear ye at last,
 Hush ye! dear voices : oh! speak not so fast.
 Shall I tell what the pine voices whisper'd to me,
 Of the strife and endurance on land and on sea,
 How they spoke of the strife of life's battle on earth,
 How they bid me fight on with true sense of its worth?
 Oh! how can I tell what was whisper'd to me?
 Oh! how can one trust when the eye cannot see?
 Oh! where are the wings that can waft one on high?
 Oh! far, oh! how far gleams the blue of the sky?
 Pass upward, pine voices, perchance it may be,
 Your long dreamy voices may come back to me,
 Perchance I may learn as the year passes by,
 To see 'midst the shadows a gleam of light lie.
 Ah! come, ye sweet wind-voices, rest and be still,
 The pine boughs are clashing with hearty good-will,
 A storm from the ocean waves breaks on the shore,
 The pines in an ecstasy answer its roar.
 But the king of day sends down his sunbeams so fast,
 That the winds met in hurricane, lie still at last;
 There is sunshine in pine woods and sunshine on sea,
 Oh! such sunshine, great king of day send down to me.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Observing the announcement of a sermon by the editor of this paper: "*It does not matter what a man believes,*" and having been in the habit of thinking that it matters everything what a man believes, I await explanations with some anxiety.

Yours,

Correspondent.

[In reply to "Correspondent," I would say that the text should have read "Does it matter what a man believes?" and he will be able to judge, as the sermon will be published in our next issue.—ED.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Permit me through your columns, which have on former occasions been kindly open to the question of Domestic Economy, to ask the question touching the formation of a Domestic Training School, which is so much needed and desired by many in this city, and which is meeting with great success in every city outside the Dominion of Canada. Surely, sir, this all-important matter will not be allowed to fall through for want of sympathy and tangible support in a large community like Montreal, where *no one* the head of a family can deny that servants are less capable and more expensive than they should be, and vastly more so than they formerly were. The evil requires to be grappled with at once, if we would avoid the stigma and reproach of having deserved the never-ending mortifications, humiliations and inconveniences to which householders have so long been subjected. Servants now engage their mistresses, *not* mistresses their servants; the latter dictate what they *will*, and what they will not *do*, just as though any mother of a family could say what the exigencies of the moment might or might not require, and she is therefore obliged often to do it herself, only because *that* particular duty had not been especially stipulated for in making the engagement,—a condition of things altogether destructive of domestic comfort and harmony. I must not, however, too far intrude on your valuable space, or tire you upon this vexatious question, especially as the matter has already been ably stated in your columns and other journals of this city by various writers; but I would enquire, and urge, too, in the spirit of philanthropy, the necessity for ladies of influence, means and ability, of which there are many in this community, to be up and doing, earnestly and practically, to get up this institution, the need of which I feel sure all householders must admit, and who will, no doubt, come forward to aid so desirable a work,—a work which must prove alike beneficial in *time, temper and money*. At present the *ignorant waste* is enormous, and far beyond what any gentleman has any idea of. Do, Mr. Editor, help on this desirable work by your influence and magic pen. Why not call a public meeting of ladies and gentlemen, too, (for we ladies can do little without them,) thus showing an earnest in the undertaking?

H. S.

Musical.

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

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

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Your paragraph entitled "Exhibition Notes" may, no doubt, have been thought very clever by the writer of it, but he was, to my mind, very impolite to the judges. These gentlemen no doubt did the best they could under the circumstances, and awarded prizes to the New York Weber, as the competition was *nil*. Perhaps the N. Y. Weber was in competition with itself. I should have liked very much to have seen the Kingston Weber in rivalry with it. And now, Mr. Editor, will you not tell your contributor that his strictures on the judges were too severe?

Yours,

Inquirer.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Your correspondent "Exhibitor" is, no doubt, well qualified to *sell* pianos, not to speak of buyers, but he is not by any means able to express himself with perspicuity. That he should refuse the right to an opinion is something novel, while his statement that the *Weber* won everything is difficult to understand. *All* the exhibitors at the Centennial had the highest record, and like the awards here, the affair proved itself "a gigantic farce." As to puffing the Decker, it is unnecessary; it is only those pianos whose reputation is insecure that require puffing and extraordinary advertising. I would like to know who Albert Weber is, and who is the New York Piano Company, and who is Joseph P. Hale,—all piano-makers, all represented by the same agents, and all prize-winners, *of course*. The Weber piano is not, in my opinion, equal to the Decker, the Steinway, or the Chickering, and exaggerated statements are not credited by sensible people. The Decker piano can hold its own, in the judgment of musicians, and is not furnished to concert-givers gratis, nor are large commissions paid to music-teachers and others to induce them to make sales.

Yours,

X.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—What a splendid chance, Mr. Editor, your Exhibition critic (in your issue of the 25th September) gave the piano-dealers for free "ads." Already have the Weber people taken advantage of it, as their lengthy letter in your last number shows; and now, as the barbers say "Next."

Your critic is accused of sneering, of impertinence, and of a concealed malice to puff a rival instrument. The effect of the red rag before the eyes of the enraged bull is mildness itself compared to the anger produced by a paper in which they advertise, for admitting into its columns one word of condemnation of their pet piano, or one word of praise of a competing instrument. The letter is signed "Exhibitor," and indeed it is an exhibition of ill-temper,—an exhibition of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness" towards the luckless reporter who dared to say the prize reminded him of the schoolboy who was head of the class because the other boy was absent. It is an exhibition of an insatiable craving for fulsome puffing. "Exhibitor" looks down with lofty pity on the senile efforts of Steinway, "now too old for active service," and with one stroke of his pen sweeps Chickering, Knabe "and a hundred other manufacturers" into oblivion. But the vindictive dig he gives to *Decker* shows that *Decker* alone is the one maker of whom he is afraid. The twaddle about "the majestic swell of Weber's Grands, and the sweet, plaintive notes of his Squares and Uprights" is almost too strong for weak stomachs. This preposterous palaver, if persisted in, will be catalogued as quackery, or enumerated with the noisy puffs of nostrums.

Another Exhibitor.

THE PIANO WAR.

THE "WITNESS" ENTERS THE FIELD.

Anyone acquainted with the Montreal *Witness* must be aware of its high moral reputation, its consistency, and, above all, its freedom from bias or corrupt influences of any kind. Judge, then, our surprise at seeing the following editorial in its issue of Saturday last, followed by what purports to be an extract from these columns, but is in reality a different article, or at least the same one considerably altered:—

"THE MONTREAL EXHIBITION.—A writer in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR throws discredit on the exhibition of musical instruments at Montreal, ridicules the judges, sneers at the stately Weber piano for appearing in such company, and sarcastically asks why the pianos of Decker, Steinway and Chickering did not put in an appearance, whereupon an "exhibitor" goes for him and the pianos whose absence he deplures, in the following lively style:—

[We omit the altered letter on account of its length.]

According to the above we are accused by the *Witness* of sneering at the "stately" Weber piano for appearing in such company. Now, as a matter of fact, our complaint was that the Weber piano had *no company*, it being head, tail, and middle itself. We cannot understand how *any* respectable paper (more particularly the *Witness*) should make itself responsible for such a mis-statement, or to print such a patched-up letter as an extract from the SPECTATOR. The employees of the *Witness* are (or ought to be) all teetotalers, so that the usual "after dinner" excuse will not hold good; it is possible that the item was handed in as an advertisement, and that the usual "adv." was inadvertently omitted, still we opine it is not such an advertisement as should be taken by this example of moral rectitude. By the bye the *Witness* calls the Weber a "Stately" piano. What kind of an instrument is this? We have heard of a "perfect bearing" as applied to these instruments but of a "stately" piano never. However, the age is progressive, and it is possible that in the advertisements of the future we will have the popular instruments of Steinway described as "graceful in carriage and elegant in deportment."

Mr. Alfred Deseve, our popular violinist, is, his "Farewell Concert" to the contrary notwithstanding, still in town, having abandoned the idea of emigrating to the United States. We are glad to have Mr. Deseve remain with us, but we think this "Farewell" business is about pl— well, effete.

Chess.

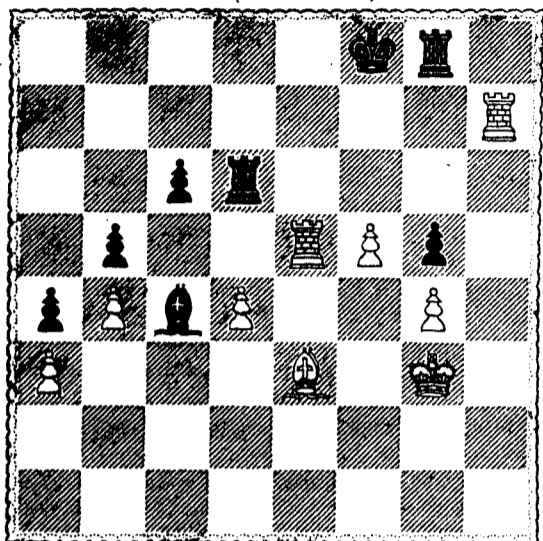
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, October 9th 1880.

END GAME NO. 1.

Position after White's 39th move in a game between Mr. Blackburne and Herr Pitschel, Paris Tournament, 1878.

BLACK (Herr Pitschel).



WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).

- | | | | |
|------------------|-----------|-----------------------|-----------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 39 | B to B 2 | 43 K to B 2 | R to Kt 2 |
| 40 P to Q 5 (a) | R takes P | 44 R takes R | K takes R |
| 41 B to B 5 (ch) | R takes B | 45 R takes B (b) | P takes R |
| 42 R takes R | B to Q 4 | 46 K to K 3 and wins. | |

(a) Exceedingly neat and effective.
(b) The shortest way to put him out of his misery.

SOLUTIONS OF TOURNEY SET NO. 16.—MOTTO: "Sua cuique voluptas."

PROBLEM NO. 108.—B to Kt 2.

Correct solution received from:—J. W. S.

- | | | | | |
|------------|---------------|-------------------|---------|------------------|
| White. | Black. | White. | Black. | White. |
| 1 Q to R 7 | K to Q 5 | 2 B to Kt 6 (ch) | K moves | 3 Q takes P mate |
| | If P to K 3 | 2 Q to Q R 7 (ch) | Any | 3 Q mates |
| | If P to K 4 | 2 Q to K 7 (ch) | Any | 3 mates acc. |
| | If Kt to Kt 5 | 2 Q takes P (ch) | K moves | 3 Q mates |

GAME NO. LXXII.

Companion Game to No. 71, played between Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John, New Brunswick, and Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal.

FIANCHETTO DEFENCE.

- | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|-------------------|--------------|-------------------|----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. | WHITE. | BLACK. |
| J. W. Shaw. | J. E. Narraway. | 7 P takes P | Q Kt to K 2 | 14 B takes P | Kt to Kt 3 |
| 1 P to K 4 | P to K 3 | 8 P to Q B 4 | Kt to Q B sq | 15 Kt to Q B 3 | R takes R (ch) |
| 2 P to Q 4 | P to Q Kt 3 | 9 Castles | B to Q 3 | 16 R takes R | P takes B |
| 3 Kt to K B 3 | B to Kt 2 | 10 R to K sq (ch) | K Kt to K 2 | 17 B takes Kt | Kt to K 2 |
| 4 B to Q 3 | P to Q B 4 | 11 Kt to K Kt 5 | P to K R 3 | 18 B takes P (ch) | K takes Kt |
| 5 P to Q B 3 | Kt to Q B 3 | 12 Q to R 5 | Castles | 19 R takes Kt | Q to K B sq |
| 6 P to Q 5 | P takes P | 13 Kt to R 7 | R to K sq | | |
- White announced mate in 4 moves.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—The Annual Meeting was held last Saturday evening, when the following officers were elected:—President, Dr. H. A. Howe; Vice-Presidents, Principal W. H. Hicks and Mr. T. Workman; Committee, Messrs. Barry, Ascher and Baker; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John Henderson. The Secretary-Treasurer read his report, and showed a balance in favour of the Club. The Committee were instructed to organize a Tourney among the Members, to be played during the ensuing winter, and in consequence of certain communications from Quebec, the Secretary was ordered to communicate with the Secretary of that Club with a view to raising an Inter-Provincial Telegraph Match, Quebec vs. Ontario, the intention being to obtain six members from each of the Clubs of Quebec and Montreal to challenge an equal number of players from Ontario. If this match should be carried out, we have no hesitation in saying that it would be a most interesting contest, and the commencement, probably, of a far more general interest in the Royal game. In the course of the evening Mr. M. J. Murphy, Chess Editor of the Quebec Chronicle, visited the Club, and was introduced to the members by Mr. J. W. Shaw.

THE TORONTO CHESS CLUB.—This powerful and well-conducted Club held its inaugural meeting of the season on Thursday evening, September 30th. The Secretary, Mr. W. A. Littlejohn, in an able and exhaustive report of last session, stated, among other matters, that the Club had been victorious in all its contests. The following are the office-bearers for the ensuing session:—President, Mr. M. H. Hirschberg; Vice-President, Mr. W. A. Littlejohn; Secretary, Mr. R. M. Bonfellow; Auditor, Mr. G. Gibson; Committee, Messrs. Rose, Gordon and Myers. The Club meets every Friday evening.

PROVINCIAL CLUBS.—Secretaries of Chess Clubs throughout Ontario and Quebec will greatly oblige by forwarding to us a list of their office-bearers with the time and place of meeting.

ITEMS.—*La Strategie* for September contains the final portion of a lively article, commenced in the August number, entitled "*Souvenirs de l'Echiquier*," from the facile pen of M. Alphonse Delannoy. Also an exhaustive report on the "Nature" Problem Tourney. This Tourney was confined to problems in two moves, and the award divides both 1st and 2nd prizes between two problems each. Thirty-four were adjudicated on, seven of them being disqualified. We acknowledge a kindly notice of our own Tourney in the August number. *Brentano's Monthly* for September is an excellent number. We would like to see the Chess article always commence a page. The Games are all carefully noted and the problems and diagrams are superb, but sui-mates in ten moves are little more to our taste than Beppo's 650 move "Megatherium Cross."—See the *Hartford Times*.

The End Game given above is taken from *Walter Pelham's Illustrated Journal*. In place of Problems this admirable Chess Column has for the last year presented the Chess public with End Games from actual play.

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