

Pages Missing

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—No. 48.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
METHODISM.
A VIEW OF IRELAND.
RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.
PROFANE LANGUAGE.

THE F. F.'S.
WINDOW GARDENING.
Mlle. BERNHARDT.
BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.
MUSICAL.
CHESS.
&c. &c. &c.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Those of our Subscribers to whom subscription accounts have recently been rendered, would greatly oblige by remitting to this office without further delay; many of these accounts are for arrears, and a prompt remittance from each Subscriber is always a tangible evidence of due appreciation of our efforts, as well as a very NECESSARY ADJUNCT to enable us still further to improve, increase and expand our endeavours to make the SPECTATOR yet more popular in every way. Registered letters, addressed Manager CANADIAN SPECTATOR, Montreal, at our risk.

THE TIMES.

Messrs Thors and de Molinari have left Canada with mingled feelings about us and our country. They have been fairly amazed at the vastness of our territory and its possibilities, at the magnificence of our rivers and lakes and the civilization of the people, but they remember nothing so vividly as Canadian hospitality. They were feasted to their heart's content and more, and are no doubt, glad to get away to let their digestive organs have a chance of getting back to their normal condition.

It is undoubtedly a good thing for the country that the Cr dit Foncier is to be established here; it will help to make money plentiful and consequently cheap, but the gentlemen from Paris have made a great mistake in allowing their Society to fall into the hands of a political party. Sound business cannot well be done if political wire pullers are to have entire control. The Cr dit Foncier will succeed if its affairs are conducted on purely business principles, for its methods are well adapted to the country, but if they are conducted with an eye to politics it will inevitably fail.

Some High Church clergymen in Montreal are reported to be praying for the Rev. Mr. Pelham Dale, now in an English jail for the breaking of English ecclesiastical law. But I am puzzled to know how the said clergy have arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Pelham Dale is a fit subject for their prayers. They are not asking that he may see the error of his ways and obey the law of the land in which he lives, but that heaven may help him to resist the operation of the laws under which he voluntarily placed himself, and under which he voluntarily remains. If Mr. Dale would cut himself free from the Establishment he could wear any kind of millinery; he could dress after any fashion; he could have any sort of table and any number of candles; he could turn to the East to the West, or the North or the South, according to the desire of his own pious heart, and no one would interfere with him for so doing; but as matters stand, he is a servant of the Crown; he is paid by law, and protected by law, and it does seem strange that the Almighty should be asked to support a man in defying the earthly head of the English Church.

It seems to me that the Rev. Mr. Wood and *confr res*—good men that they all are—should rather desire for Mr. Pelham Dale, and those of his way of thinking, that they be blest with a few grains more of common sense, so as to know that a matter of the style of a petticoat for a man cannot, by any process known to men, be exalted or reduced to a principle for which an educated person should suffer even the mildest kind of martyrdom. And then, these imprisonments of clergymen will open the eyes of the English people to the absurdity and harm of compelling the members of a church to worship God according to the terms of an Act of Parliament. While the Episcopal Church is in alliance with the State it must be subject to the laws of the State, and any breach of the laws must be punished. If the laws were altered to suit the Ritualists, a new party making further demands would spring up in a year, and to the making of laws, like to the writing of books, there would be no end. There is only one way out of the difficulty—disestablishment. Meantime the Ritualists can disestablish themselves any day, and be as free as our own much respected and esteemed Mr. Wood.

Toronto Divines are still engaged in the laudable work of trying to promote unity between the different churches. And this is the way they go about it: Archbishop Lynch lectures on unity, begs for it, prays for it. He is grieved as he looks out upon the broken and disorganized masses of Protestants and says: "What has been the cause of all this discussion in faith among those calling themselves Christians? The cause is the old one: pride of intellect, restlessness under the restraint of authority, and unwillingness to submit to the discipline of the Gospel, which was against the flesh." Now, if the Archbishop will take counsel with some one who has a trifle of common sense, he will hear that, when men wish to put away an old quarrel and be on friendly terms again, they do not open negotiations by abusing each other, calling bad names and imputing evil, but they find and point out their mutual agreement and sympathies, and minimise their differences. The Archbishop should call his lecture "insult" and not "unity."

To the Archbishop answers the Rev. John Langtry, a man of good repute, and also desirous of promoting the cause of "unity." But he follows the example of the Archbishop carefully, and after stating that the union of churches is possible, says: "This would, of course, require on the part of Rome the abandonment of her unfounded and absurd pretensions to autocratic and imperial authority over the Christian world, and the correction of those superstitious practices and corruptions of doctrine into which, in the days of her ignorance and pride, she was betrayed." If such sweet wooing as that does not end in marriage, will there be reasonable ground for surprise?

But the following from Mr. Langtry's letter ought to afford all readers genuine amusement:—

"I have further to complain—as I see a writer in the *Mail* has already complained—of what was, I fear, a piece of conscious discourtesy on your Grace's part. You tell your hearers that we of the Church of England together with others whom you name, call ourselves a sect or denomination rather than a Church, and apply to us the sectarian title of Episcopalians. I think your Grace can hardly be ignorant of the fact that we not only never have described ourselves as a sect or denomination, but that we indignantly repudiate the charge that we are one or the other; and, moreover, that we have never applied to ourselves the name Episcopalian, or any other but our ancient name, the Church of England, which we have borne for a thousand years and more, or our still more ancient name of Catholic. And we not only claim, but are able

to prove, that we are not a sect or denomination at all, but the ancient, historical, Catholic and Apostolic Church of this empire, with continuity unbroken, reformed indeed, but not changed in identity from what we were in days long anterior to the arrival of Austin. This your Grace knows to be the position, and these the titles which we claim for ourselves. And remembering the indignation with which your Grace and the priests of your diocese have denounced the application of the term Romish or Papist to yourselves as a vulgar discourtesy, I am the more surprised that a gentleman of your Grace's known urbanity should not have been careful to extend to us the same courtesy which you claim, and I think generally receive at our hands."

Mr. Langtry is one of many who have peculiar notions about the name and claims of their church. They may not have applied to themselves the name "Episcopalian, or any other name but our ancient name, the Church of England," but that does not prove that the name of Episcopalian is not applicable, and that the name, "Church of England," is anything but a misnomer. There is but one "Church of England," and that is the Established Church of England. The Queen is the Head of it; Parliament legislates for it, and as we see to-day can put disobedient clergy into prison. The clergy are civil servants, just as the officers of the army. The Church of England is Episcopalian; it was at one time Presbyterian, and at another time Roman Catholic. It is the Church of England, because it is supported and governed by the State. It was created by an Act of Parliament; it may be changed or destroyed by an Act of Parliament. Whenever it may be disestablished, it will be the Church of England no more.

There can be no Church of England outside of English jurisdiction. Even Church of England mission stations in foreign countries are in a measure free, as we saw when Bishop Colenso wrote down Moses and defied the Archbishop. The British Parliament has no jurisdiction over any church in Canada—neither has the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Episcopalians in Canada can alter their prayer-book by an Act of Synod; they can be as High Church as they please without an Act of Synod; they are in no way, shape or form legally connected with the Church of England; they occupy precisely the position held by the Episcopalians in the United States. The Episcopal clergymen in Canada have no privileges and no position and no recognition not accorded to the clergy of all other denominations. Mr. Langtry may "indignantly repudiate," of course, and the Episcopalians may call themselves by any name they choose; there is no law against vanity, but that will not alter the fact. The Roman Catholics call their Church, "The Roman Catholic Church," and the Plymouth Brethren call themselves "Saints," and the Mormons call themselves "Latter Day Saints," and there is a Church called "Bible Christian," and many more may be quoted to show that names and facts do not always agree. The Episcopalians can call themselves the Church of England, if they like, but that will not make it the Church of England,—and they *are* Episcopalians.

The Pacific Railway Syndicate have started operations in a very decided manner, and regardless of expense. To buy the whole building, in which the now defunct Consolidated Bank carried on operations, at a cost of \$80,000, is in proof of that. It is a big sum of money to spend upon offices, and one wonders what use they can have for it, but it is an evidence that they expect to do things on a large scale, with Montreal as the headquarters.

The Liberals of the Province of Quebec have been well advised in offering no opposition to the return of the newly-appointed Cabinet Ministers, MM. Caron and Mousseau. It would have been a graceless and losing fight, and they cannot afford to do much more of that kind of warfare. They lost liberally at the last general elections, and have been losing ever since. Mr. Blake's ill-concealed attempts to foist political issues into the Toronto municipal elections, and the *Globe's* abuse of the Government's method of dealing with the Pacific Railway business are not likely to change the course of the political stream. So the re-election of the two new Ministers by acclamation was the best for all parties.

Canada will hear with regret that the Princess Louise is unable to return to us from England until next summer. The Governor-General will miss very much his better half, and we shall miss the Court at Ottawa. The Marquis came into possession of Lord Dufferin's butter-tub and brush and awoke our grateful praises; but he was the husband of the Queen's daughter, and even the Scotch were forced to acknowledge that the fact had secured to him some considerable elevation. With the absence of his wife the task of doing the blarney will be harder—we shall require more of it, and even then it will not be as grateful as when smiled upon by the daughter of the Queen. The winter will be a dull time for the aristocracy at Ottawa, and the people will wish their Princess back again.

I have the following from a correspondent:—"It has long been maintained by the medical men that the upper floor is the place for an invalid or person confined to the house—as more convenient, more retired, and less exposed to outside drafts. This view will hold good in summer, and could to some extent be admitted in winter also, if we can succeed in making the usual dormitory floor as suitable for sleeping in by a proper disposition of the stoves or heating apparatus. But this is what we very seldom find in a dwelling either in town or country. It has been rather lost sight of that it is a great advantage to the human frame to obtain its heat largely by radiation and conduction, as it would do from the sun's rays. A conduction of a stream of warm air does not supersede these effects. The plan of keeping such floor's heating sufficiently separate and self-dependent has already been enlarged on; and this may be aided by a curtain stretched over the opening at the head of the stairs. Thus placed it will act as a diaphragm to check the currents. It will hardly exclude them—and the real check is always to make the heating sources equal in power on both floors. A curtain here is probably better than a door, as the latter is often thought dangerous in case of fire, &c. As things now are, what the upper floor generally suffers from is aerial fluctuation—conflict and commotion of separate streams of heat and cold—the trouble with the lower floor being rather from minute drafts of perfectly cold air coming in through neglected window edges, or other small openings throughout the house. These elements have both to be overcome by our arrangements. As aids in the last case, the hall door should be carefully listed and the mat drawn up to it. Draft for the stoves will come in best from a greater distance on the same floor, unless you have one of those air-warming stoves, which have never yet established themselves in public favour. It is well to take a hammer and knock in the window staples to exactly the proper depth for the bolts. In some dwellings of modern construction, it will be quite as necessary to paste up the angles and joinings of the dormer windows in the mansard as well as the edges of the sashes—and in this way we shall avoid the "frozen arrows" or cold particles that float hither and thither, as they gradually sink lower or are assimilated in the warmer streams of air. The sensation of the surface of the body is the best guide to the presence of a cold draft. Apparently it is not all who know this. It is not all our men of might in this fine climate of Canada who have found their hands and adjusted their surroundings, and made them available for maintenance and protection."

The *Globe* has an entertaining theory that the admission of foreign capital without taxation is inconsistent with the spirit of the N. P. The melodrama of opposition seems to be nearly over as regards the commercial policy—and the farce has commenced. The N. P. would not be sustained much longer than it could present itself as the protector of the artisan—and while the public will continue to respect the capitalist who invests his money for the general good, it will be a difficult thing probably to evoke a lively sympathy for the sorrows of money lenders and particularly when those sorrows are chimerical.

I am glad that the general good sense of New York, lay and clerical, is protesting against the representation there of the Ober Ammergau "Passion Play." As rendered in its original home, the beautiful simplicity of it softens very much one's natural objection to having such a sacred tragedy reproduced, and although it is long and

wearisome, the most cynical are compelled to recognise the splendid humanity of the Christ, but to reproduce it in New York, or anywhere else, would be a disgraceful outrage upon every sense and sentiment of good taste. The Americans are not blessed with abnormally large bumps of reverence, but I have misread their character if they do not "shut down" upon this last theatrical device to make money.

Here is a pretty little story with sensible moralisings from *Truth*:

"Who would have supposed that the Eastern Question was being fought out in a Somersetshire village? Yet such is the case, and the name of the village is Comberhay. The rector is a cousin of Sir Henry Layard, and during the late war took a very active part in obtaining subscriptions towards Lady Strangford's relief fund. The squire is the patron of the living, and loves not the Turk. To mark his disapproval of the politics of the rector, he attends the parish church with his family and servants, but no sooner does the sermon begin than out he and they all file. Between the manor-house and the rectory there is war to the knife; all the villagers who are in the rectory employ receive "notices to quit" from the squire, as almost the entire village belongs to him. Even a village swain, who was courting one of the handmaids of the rectory, was given his choice of giving up his maid or his mansion. The last aggressive act of the squire has been to make a cow-yard close to the rectory; and, when this was complained of, to build up on the other side of the rectory a pile of timber and brushwood, which was set on fire in order to disinfect the air of the fumes from the cow-yard. In order to keep the villagers *au fait* to the causes of the war, a handbill has been distributed amongst them, in which the squire says: 'Although Sir Henry Layard and his lady, like the great chief of the eunuch, have received grand honours from the harem-riden and woman-dealing Sultan and his Government, the numbers may be very diminishing who care to run the risk of hearing more from the pulpit in praise of the doings of 'my cousin, the Ambassador.' The rector ought not to celebrate the virtues of his cousin the Ambassador from the pulpit, and the squire is right in his estimate of the Turks; but surely both rector and squire might find something better to do at home than to trouble Somersetshire villagers respecting the merits and demerits of Turks."

The British Government is obviously in the right in stoutly refusing to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland. There is really no organized rebellion; talk of a wild nature was always easy among the Irish, but actual outrages are few and far between. More than that, the Government want to govern Ireland by law, and by changes of law if necessary and right, and not by putting it in a state of siege. The approaching trial of the leading spirits of the agitation will make proof of the power of existing laws, and perhaps, what changes are required, but meantime violence must be put down.

What can we make of it? Last year Mr. Parnell made appeal to America to help the famine-stricken people in Ireland. The potato and other crops had failed. This year Mr. Parnell makes another appeal, this time to produce a famine by letting the potatoes rot in the ground. All Ireland could not be "Boycotted" with less than a million men; the million cannot be got, therefore Mr. P. dances over the rotting potatoes. What will practical Americans say to this? Are they likely to contribute \$100,000 to defray the expenses of Mr. Parnell and his fellow famine-producers when they know that the same amount would provide passage-money for two or three thousand families to this continent, where they might find plenty of room to work and grow rich? I think not.

The chairman of a branch of the Land League in Kerry rents a farm from Lord Kenmare at £37 per year, and sublets it to some of his neighbours at £170 per year. Cruel landlord! Patriotic chairman.

Now that the Sick Man has yielded to his imperious doctors and allowed Dulcigno to slip from his grasp he may go on with his lesson in obedience a little more rapidly. He knows what it is now to give way; he has fairly tested the European temper toward himself, and will probably make but a feeble show of resistance against ceding some territory to Greece.

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OF CANADA.

The Securities of this Railway are now becoming so much better understood that further recommendation of them is almost superfluous. While, however, reiterating previous expressions of confidence as to the future, we think that our views at the present time may be acceptable to our readers. The slackening in traffic returns a few weeks ago since was due to the reluctance of farmers to sell grain at the lower prices, but this is now overcome, wheat and corn again pouring into Chicago in unprecedented volume, thus feeding the stream of traffic from west to east, of which the Grand Trunk is now becoming a more and more important channel. The business to the west is also daily increasing, and this is very valuable to the Company, as it obviates the necessity for freight-cars returning empty.

In the half year from the date of the previous Meeting to that held in the beginning of the month the gross additional revenue amounted to nearly £200,000, and it is indeed surprising that, notwithstanding this circumstance, the Third Preference and Ordinary Stocks should now be lower in price than in the spring. English Railways have not shown anything like this rate of improvement. Canada, on the other hand, is only partially opened out, and is now attracting to it a steady stream of settlers who will, of course, develop her latent resources to the enormous enrichment of the Grand Trunk Railway.

At the recent Meeting the President made a most encouraging statement as to the position of the Company, and so far from regarding the chances of further advancement as exhausted, he repeated the words which he used at the Meeting in April as follows: 'I think I may conclude by saying that the prospects of this undertaking are brighter than they have ever been at any period of its history.' He added 'that was the utmost prophecy I ventured to indulge in, and I think I may fairly repeat the same words now.' The expression of these views by such a competent and cautious railway authority will no doubt commend itself to shareholders and intending investors.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the securities of this Railway should be in favour. The 6 per cent. (2nd) Equipment Bonds and 5 per cent. Debenture Stocks being prior charges, and paying at present prices £4 17s. 6d. and £4 11s. 3d. per cent. respectively, are being eagerly bought by Trustees who cannot obtain even 4 per cent. in the Preference Stocks of English Railways. Those investors who seek good Preference Stocks can buy equal proportions of 1st. and 2nd. Preferences which will yield an average of £5 12s. 1d. per cent. There is now very little doubt that for the current half-year a good dividend will be earned on the 3rd. Preference, and this with the rapidly improving prospects of the Railway, will make it very attractive to that large class of investors who look not so much to immediate dividend yield as to growth in capital value. When it is remembered that after the 1st. and 2nd. Preference Dividends are fully provided (and this is now being realised) it only requires a net increase of a little over £5000 per week to pay the full dividend on the 3rd. Preference, it is by no means unreasonable to look for an advance in the value of the Ordinary Stock which is entitled to the reversion of the profits of a railway whose prosperity is daily increasing.—*Ex.*

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares per value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Nov. 24, 1880.	Price per \$100 Nov. 24, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$163½	\$141¼	4	4.80
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	100½	75	3	5.95
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	107½	115	3½	5.58
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	141	115	3½	4.90
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	95½	60¼	2½	5.24
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	119¼	88	3	5.93
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	3½	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	3	..
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	142	118	4	5.63
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	69½
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	137½	90½	4	5.81
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	66½	39
City Passenger Railway	50	..	600,000	163,000	121½	72½	16	4.98
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	157¼	122	5	6.36

*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	Nov. 20	\$6,212	170,024	230,236	199,945	31,191	..	21 w'ks	\$82,641	..
Great Western	" 12	35,583	74,687	110,270	104,021	6,249	..	20 "	297,565	..
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 15	6,928	20,186	27,114	23,672	3,442	..	20 "	71,600	..
Toronto & Nipissing	" 13	1,346	2,562	3,908	3,819	89	..	20 "	5,571	..
Midland	" 13	2,234	4,823	7,057	6,241	816	..	20 "	33,946	..
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 13	1,696	1,273	2,969	2,949	20	..	20 "	..	2,303
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 14	609	1,293	1,902	1,316	586	..	20 "	6,615	..
Canada Central	" 6	2,511	5,907	8,408	8,046	362	..	19 "	36,551	..
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 13	2,288	4,310	6,595	6,320	275	..	20 "	..	1,021
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 15	6,485	7,828	14,316	5,020	9,296	..	18 "	167,787	..
Intercolonial	Month Oct. 31	52,352	103,817	156,169	129,390	26,779	..	4 m'nth	119,796	..

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 21 weeks is \$731,841.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The idea has got itself pretty firmly rooted in the minds of many citizens that the C. P. R. will not pay expenses when it shall be opened throughout as a great artery of the world's commerce, connecting three continents, in addition to its functions as a colonization and produce line. A few are equally persuaded that it will do so. I have too good an opinion of the logical faculty of our Editor to believe that he will desire that a question of this magnitude should be settled off-hand—or in contravention of the principle of discussion which the SPECTATOR was founded to promote. I do not think he will have any great objection to refer the general decision to statistical evidence.

Looking back upon the history of what may be called the C. P. R. controversy, it would seem that there has been too little reliance upon facts and figures in our discussions, but if Canadian reasoners wish to place themselves on a par with the more advanced commercial theorists of the world, they will get more into the habit of making such comparisons, and of exerting themselves to get together the needful statistics for that end. Although none would join in it more willingly than the writer, if we had taken the trouble thus to ground ourselves; still the cry to be fed with more information at the hands of our statesman at Ottawa seems hardly consistent with the slight amount of trouble we have yet taken to conquer the facts of the situation by patient enquiry. "Britannicus," whose letters are so familiar to us, gave us his quota, and did it well, but we have not yet got the latest and therefore most serviceable figures.

The statistics we most need in the present instance are those of the imports and exports of the city of San Francisco—also the details of the traffic and the gross and net profits of the Union and Central Pacific Railways of our Republican neighbours, and the information so obtained we may reinforce by a study of the use and projects of Chicago, St. Louis, Melbourne and others cities of the time, shewing what railways and commerce can effect.

To assert that trade will take the shortest through routes to its destination when other things are equal is but a truism. Our connection with the empire under which we live being continued and fortified we shall undoubtedly secure a great steam of traffic from Canada itself—from Britain and European countries and from a part of the United States over this the shortest and in gradients far most favourable line to the distant east.

With such advantages it might fairly be asked why our Canadian Pacific ports should not grow in strength and importance till they rival San Francisco itself. A contemporary goes the length of saying "when the Canada Pacific and the Northern Pacific are finished they will take the China, and Japan trade from San Francisco." That is of course said in the European sense, San Francisco must continue to enjoy its own American trade.

Along with the commerce of what the nations have known as "the East," which formed the dream of Columbus and the navigators who immediately followed him, the residue of an entire new Hemisphere will be opened to the trade of our Railway, and we shall probably be favoured to be the first to offer the well appointed route through a thoroughly temperate climate belt to the travel of civilized countries towards those regions. China will thus be reached without any of the suffering from heat which now afflicts travellers.

As to the British Columbia section which has excited distrust in some quarters as to its remuneration prospects, we have the admission of the *Toronto Globe* that the Yale-Kamloops portion, 127 miles, will pay as a local line. It is to connect the district of New Westminster with the fine farming region of Kamloops. In the *Witness* of Friday last the reader will find some some examples given of the beauty and productiveness of the climate both of Vancouver and the main land. Of course this particular section must pay better still when the through traffic comes to be added to it, and the connection is continued to the rest of British Columbia and the North West. A grain and cattle trade ought to spring up on the Pacific coast of the Dominion—and the gold mines, quietly productive should become more important by improvements to be introduced in quartz crushing &c.

The entire length of the British Columbia section being 550 miles, according to Sandford Fleming's Report, and the cost of that section and of the remainder of the line from Lake Superior to the Pacific, (exclusive of preliminary surveys and Pembina Branch), as per report 1880, page 355, being:

<i>Fort William to Selkirk</i> (406 miles) with light gradients, including a fair allowance of equipment during construction.....	\$17,000,000
<i>Selkirk to Jasper Valley</i> (1,000 miles) with light equipment, &c.....	13,000,000
<i>Jasper to Lake Kamloops</i> (335 miles).....	15,500,000
<i>Lake Kamloops to Yale</i> (125 miles).....	10,000,000
<i>Yale to Port Moody</i> (90 miles).....	3,500,000
Add for British Columbia section.....	1,000,000
Total miles, 1,956.....	\$60,000,000

To obtain a general total of miles and cost, we have to add the Lake Superior section, the traffic of which will be greatly dependent upon the commercial port of the future, now known as Sault St. Mary.

I note Mr. Fleming's "Light Equipment," and wishing to be just in the argument, give it as my firm opinion that not a light, but a rather heavy equipment, will be needed for the coming trade within the first ten years, a fact that I consider it would be desirable to recognize.

We, of this way of thinking, consider that the road should pay as a through line, and if it will do this, the anxiety about the British Columbia section is already liquidated, as that will be necessary to the integrity of the undertaking. It is admitted, rather generally, that 1,600 miles of the entire distance are to become a paying road soon after completion, from settlement and cultivation and local traffic so developed.

Faith is the source of all strength in action, but it must be based on evidence subjective and objective. The Minister of Railways, in his late Manitoba address, gave expression to a great truth, when he told his hearers: "To be successful, a government must show it has confidence in the future of the country."

The moving principles of faith and hope might, perhaps, have been exercised somewhat more broadly in Canada in connection with the great railway. *Spes.*

METHODISM—ITS DOCTRINES AND DISCIPLINE.

Some curiosity is prevalent amid those outside of the pale of Methodism as regards its creed and system. The cause may be traced in some measure to the farewell address recently delivered by Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, to his congregation, and to the Methodists as an ecclesiastical sect.

Before gratifying this very natural curiosity by a few quotations from "the doctrines and discipline of the Methodist Church in Canada," it may be permitted us to premise that the Methodist creed is neither so diffuse, so dogmatic, nor so self-righteous, as the more rigidly Calvinistic one of the Presbyterian Church. The chains and fetters which bind the clerical prisoner are more those of the *system* of church government or ecclesiasticism than those of creed. This will be sufficiently evident in the quotations to follow. The "articles of religion" are twenty-five in number. This Church, more modest than the Presbyterian, substitutes for our Lord's two articles of "love to God and love to the neighbour," only twenty-five articles, while the Presbyterian Confession of Faith embodies itself in no less than thirty-three.

Here are some extracts from the twenty-five formulated by Methodism:—

"There is but one living and true God, everlasting, *without body or parts,*" &c. &c.

"The Son, who is the Word of the Father, the very and eternal God, of one substance with the Father, took man's nature," &c., "to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice, not only for original sin, but also for all actual sins of men."

"We are *accounted* righteous before God, only for the merit of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ *by faith*, and not for our own works or deservings. Wherefore, that we are *justified by faith only*, is a most wholesome doctrine, and *very full of comfort.*"

This mystery is thus further explained in article 20, which is headed, "Of the one oblation of Christ finished upon the cross," which reads thus:—

"The offering of Christ once made is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction, for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual; and there is none other satisfaction for sin but that alone."

This it will be readily seen leaves much more room for modification, and is of much wider application than the rigid Calvinism held forth in Presbyterianism. The idea however is, intrinsically, precisely the same. The element of substitution of the innocent and pure in place of the guilty and impure—the sacrifice of one God of one character to placate another God of a wholly different character, is quite as conspicuous. Methodism in its creed may be briefly expressed as Calvinism with the doctrines of "election" and "the final perseverance of the saints" left out.

If this creed is still the creed of "the world," then "the church" may hope to maintain it. If not, then "the world" will find and found a new church, and a creed which can live itself out on exactly the same basis of truth into the common every day concerns of justice and equity in every day life.

"The world" troubles itself but little to war against creeds. It is their practical effects which rouse its antagonism. On this creed of Methodism has been piled up a "system" second only in stringency and the controlling power of its ecclesiasticism to that of the Jesuits. "Speaking evil of magistrates or ministers" is specially prohibited in "the discipline," while "doing good *specially* to them who are of the household of faith, or *groaning so to be*, employing them preferably to others, helping each other in business," &c., is especially enjoined, for the reason that "the world will love its own and them only."

These brief quotations serve only to show a glimpse of the plan on which the Methodistic ecclesiasticism is based. The systematic manner in which it is built up, the strength, depth and solidarity of its foundations, which plant themselves on the vast area of every department of the life of its adherents, will probably be most briefly and effectually perceived from analogy.

The Reform party in the Dominion is, doubtless, for the present scotched, but it is not killed. It has still at least an ostensible leader, the Hon. Ed. Blake. Suppose that this Hon. Mr. Blake were capable to conceive and carry out a system of organization for his party somewhat like this: divide all true Reformers into "classes" of about twelve persons in each class with a "leader" over each, and insist upon a three months' probation and a recommendation from the "leader" before admission be granted. Classes to meet once a week at least, and be examined by each leader personally as regards

their progress in, and conviction of the necessity and beauty of, say representation of minorities, free trade, Imperial federation, the building of the Pacific Railway by sections out of revenue, and their longing to follow Mr. Blake as leader. If any do not attend these meetings regularly or cease to work vigorously in the cause, he shall be admonished first, "borne with for a season," and then be removed from his place, and all trade or custom from his fellow reformers withdrawn from him. These reform classes and their leaders are again divided into districts, and a superintendent placed over them, who shall pursue the same tactics with these leaders as they with their classes, and see to it that they also are deprived of all patronage in trade or profession from the party when they show signs of lukewarmness in the common cause. This "superintendent" to be one selected from these "leaders," and raised into a still higher class of trained speakers, who have gone through a careful and searching examination as to their ability to defend, sustain, and convince of the main postulates of the party. All these trained speakers again subject to the orders of a conference committee selected from among them, who shall have absolute right to appoint their place and time of work; so that, knowing the whole field, they can set the strongest man to the weakest point, and place the weakest man at the strongest point. At the head of this conference place the Hon. Ed. Blake as president; and who shall say that he has not a *well organized* party? Even Conservatism itself might stand aghast with envy, more especially if Mr. Blake could contrive to add to the conditions of membership a clause prohibitive of marriage with any one not of sound Reform views, subjecting all contemplated matrimony amid his adherents to the ordeal of consultation with the leaders of the party, who in some cases might be permitted to relax their rules—of course only in cases of special hardship—so far as to permit the marriage of a member with a person who, although not wholly hand and glove with the party, still possessed decided "reform" leanings. The only defect in the system would be—wouldn't it?—that it was too much organized and somewhat too rigid. As reform politics are nothing, if not left free, the tendency might be eventually to eliminate from the party all possibility of progress, if the terms subscribed to by all, and thus rigidly enforced by this perfect system, were distinctly set forth as completed in the four articles first named, viz., representation of minorities, Free Trade, Imperial Federation, and the building of the Pacific Railway out of revenue.

Yet this is an exact counterpart of the "system" of "Methodism" if, for the four articles of Blake, be substituted the 25 of Wesley.

To this is to be added, ere the full force of its binding power can be quite realized, a few extracts from the questions put by, and the instructions given to, each candidate for the ministry, by the board of examiners. These ministers, it will be remembered, occupy in the Methodist Church the post correspondent to that of the "trained speakers" in our ideal Blake party.

Here are some of these selections:—

"The chairmen are required to examine into the case of every minister who has married during the year, whether the rule has been obeyed, which says: 'Take no steps towards marriage without first consulting your brethren.'"

"The chairman shall also examine every probationer for the ministry respecting his acquaintance with the books recommended to him. For this purpose every such probationer is required to deliver to the chairman of his district a list of the books which he has read since the preceding annual meeting."

Add to these the usual questions, to which a definite and confident answer is required:—

"Have you now *faith* in Christ, and are you going on to perfection?"

"Have you attended regularly to private prayer, and to the devotional reading of the Scriptures and books of a spiritual and experimental kind?" &c.

"Have you visited the people at their houses, inquiring into their religious state?" &c.
"and have you catechised the children of the schools, and those of your friends and hearers?" &c.

"Have you had fruit of your ministry during the year?" &c.

"What is justification? What is justifying faith?" &c., &c.

"Do you take snuff, tobacco, or drams?" [A distinct answer in the negative is required as a condition of continuing on probation.]

"Will you recommend fasting both by precept and example? What is your age? Are you engaged to marry?"

"A probationer who marries while on trial shall be dropped in silence."

"Do you desire nothing but God?"

"Have you a *just* conception of salvation by faith?"

Add to these the following extracts from the "rules of conduct for a minister or probationer for the ministry":—

"Take no step towards marriage without first consulting your brethren."

"As a son in the Gospel it is your duty to employ your time in the manner which we direct."

"We (ministers) should frequently ask each other: 'At what hour do you rise? Do you spend the day in the manner which the Conference advises?' &c."

"If we are united, what can stand before us? If we divide we shall destroy ourselves, the work of God, and the souls of our people."

"As often as possible rise at four; from four to five in the morning and five to six in the evening meditate, pray and read the Scriptures, and the closely practical parts of what Mr. Wesley has published."

"When a minister or probationer for the ministry holds and disseminates publicly or

privately doctrines which are contrary to our articles of religion and doctrinal standards, let the same process (of discipline and trial) be observed as in cases of gross immorality."

"We judge pursuit of private emolument is incompatible with our ministerial duties. No minister or probationer who will not relinquish his trade of buying and selling, though it were only pills, drops, or balsams, shall be considered a minister or probationer any longer. *Selling our own books is an exception.*"

A careful, or even a very superficial study of these and other features of the system ought surely to be sufficient to convince us, that whatever the actual result may be, its *tendency* is to eliminate from its ranks all progress or reform. Reform would naturally place itself outside of it, so as to attain the plane of least resistance and most progress. Such a rigid system would in time be likely to cease to be a vital organism, and become a remarkably perfect skeleton. If haply the system continued to have any life in it, that life and progress would be aptly represented by a man on a treadmill going through all the motions of walking, without the slightest result in change of scenery or surroundings—unless he stepped off.

That the Methodist Church in Canada, and elsewhere, does not wholly justify this logical inference is not through any fault of its system, but solely because there are many good men within it, in whom the life of charity, the love of freedom and usefulness, are so strong, that the system, the discipline, is held only as a dead letter. But it is not so considered by all; and the evil of it is that when any of these men get beyond the bounds of the advancing life of the majority of their brethren, then these brethren are apt to fall back upon their cast-iron rules to crush out the growing life in him.

Cast-iron rules are dangerous; dangerous more to the society formed upon them, than to "the world" in this progressive age. Secular governments are more wise than the Medes and Persians, and *don't* make laws that cannot be altered. The children of this world are frequently wiser than the (so called) children of light. Pity 'tis that these same children of light are so slow to learn from them. *Spero.*

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

II.—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The U. P. Church was the first publicly to enter into conflict with the liberal spirit. But the form given to the progressive movement by its advocates was comparatively insignificant and barren of results of any consequence. A brief notice of it, therefore, will suffice.

A one-sided and literal interpretation of certain doctrines in the Westminster Confession of Faith, giving prominence to the more repulsive aspects of the Calvinistic system, issued in a demand for the revision of the church's creed. In reality, however, it was a claim for an amount of freedom already recognised by the church as practically existing. The end sought was partial only. No fundamental doctrine was attacked. The principle underlying the whole system of Protestant theology—the infallible authority of the Bible as a rule of faith—was preserved inviolate. No plea was urged for the abolition of creeds as such. The leaders of the movement asserted that the church's creed was antiquated. They demanded, therefore, that it should be made an expression of the church's living faith. So far they were the representatives of modern liberalism in theology. "Living faith," however, they applied only to the special doctrines under discussion—the nature of the atonement; whether it was available for all men; and the nature and duration of the punishment of the wicked—doctrines, which in view of the vaster and more profound problems agitating the minds of thoughtful men, sink into comparative insignificance. And by thus narrowing the more universal movement in which they shared, they descended to the level of mere doctrinaires. The revisers in the U. P. Church contended for a logically concatenated system of theology which should embody all the doctrines held by their church; a demand as impracticable, if not in present circumstances, as impossible of attainment, as it ran counter to the whole liberal spirit by which they professed to have been animated.

The demand, however, for a revision of the Confession, intensified by the prosecution of a prominent member of the church for heresy in connection with the contraverted doctrines, was so far yielded to that a Synodical Committee was appointed to consider the whole question and report. The outcome of the Committee's labours was a Declaratory Statement, passed into an Act by the Synod of 1878, which professed to set forth the sense in which the doctrines in dispute were to be held as understood by the U. P. Church. This Declaratory Act seemed to grant concessions to the liberal spirit, by allowing freedom from the literal interpretation of the account of the creation given in the Book of Genesis, and on other unimportant details, "not entering into the substance of the faith." But the concession was in name only. All the main doctrines of the Confession were emphatically reaffirmed. Indeed, at this distance of time, the whole affair seems a burlesque. The labour of the mountain issued only in a mouse. For it was expressly left to the majority of the Synod to define what was embraced within the term "the substance of the faith," and thus, in reality, things were left very much in the same position as before. This was made plain enough at the Synod meeting of the following year. The

R. v. David Macrae, a minister of the U. P. Church, attempting to find shelter within the Declaratory Act for certain views on the question of the future punishment of the wicked, at variance with the standards of the church, was summarily, without even the formality of judicial procedure, expelled by the Synod from his congregation and the church. His conduct was, no doubt, rash and impolitic; his persistent efforts to force his personal convictions upon the Synod, and his too evident anxiety to play the part of martyr for the truth were deserving of reprobation. Nevertheless, the action of the Synod, conceived and executed on the impulse of the moment, and in the heat of temper, was high-handed and tyrannical in the extreme, and showed how little liberty of thought and freedom of discussion would be tolerated by the Synod. The heresy was of a comparatively mild type. The heretic was "sound" on all "the fundamentals" of the faith. He professed to be guided solely by the Bible. And his hasty and immature generalisations might well have been passed over, and allowed to stand or fall by virtue of their own merit. If further commentary were needed to elucidate the true character and bearing of the Declaratory Act of 1878, it is found in the address of Dr. Cairns, who may be specially credited with its production, and who proposed the motion for its adoption by the Synod, as delegate from the U. P. Church to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, which met in Montreal in the month of May last. In the report of the Assembly's proceedings we read:—"He, Dr. Cairns, proceeded to show how his church had considered the Westminster Confession of Faith, and" (the italics are ours) "*without any change in the document itself, had appended to it certain explanations which had made it more easy for some people to subscribe to it.* He rejoiced, while attendant on the great Assembly of the American Church in Madison, to find there so much anxiety expressed to know whether in the revision there had been any of the old tenets dropped, and at the satisfaction expressed, when they found that there had not been any principle sacrificed." (*The Presbyterian Record*, July, 1880, p. 190.)

Thus far the liberal movement has been circumscribed, and seemingly "stamped out" within the U. P. Church. It can only be so for a time, however. The complex forces of which it is the outcome and expression may be temporarily arrested in their work; they can be finally extinguished only by the cessation of all intellectual activity. The liberal movement in the religious thought of Scotland, even within this church, is deeper and more comprehensive than the particular manifestation of it to which we have referred. And the failure of the latter cannot be regarded as the death blow of the former. A first attempt to break the bonds of intellectual tyranny may fail; a second will have a fairer prospect of success. In any case, perfect freedom of opinion and toleration are among the watchwords and marching symbols of the age, and it is only a question of time till these shall be fully and universally recognised as "fundamental" principles. The wave of expanding thought cannot be rolled back at the mere fiat of any narrow-minded and intolerant leader of an ecclesiastical assembly, however well supported by a docile majority. The tidal wave may ebb, but it will flow again, and farther than before. The leaders of the U. P. Church may lay the flattering unction to their souls that they have stemmed the torrent which threatened to overwhelm them. It will reappear in greater force and volume. They and their church must soon again be called upon to face and deal with, more earnestly than ever; the movement they have to all appearance for the present crushed, or—be left stranded as a wreck upon the shore, the great ocean-tide of spiritual and intellectual life coursing through the souls of men having left them far behind. Institutions, as well as individuals, must throb with the life pulses of the age in which they live, or become like withered mummies of the past, from which all vital force has fled for ever.

A VIEW OF IRELAND.

(Concluded.)

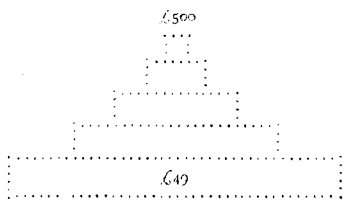
In resuming this subject, we take leave to observe that, deeming the figures therein employed sufficiently approximate to the truth to assist in presenting a succinct view of, at least, one great cause of the trouble in Ireland there were no pretensions to accuracy. Certain errors having accidentally crept in amongst those figures we beg to reproduce some of the matter published in last week's SPECTATOR in an amended form.

Commencing with the assumption that 20 bushels of wheat to the acre may be accepted as a fair average yield from the entire area of the 15 millions of cultivable acres in Ireland, we go on to say that this average would give to each person included in its agricultural population of $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions, 85 bushels of wheat, or the equivalent thereof in some other description of crop, as the total outcome of his or her allotment of $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres. At 40s. per quarter the farmers in Great Britain and Ireland can barely hold their own against American competition; but if their cousins can profitably compete at 30s. per quarter (as it is said they can) one of two things will be inevitable; either rents shall undergo a corresponding reduction or growing wheat in the United Kingdom, for purposes of profit, must come to an end.

At 40s. per quarter the value of the product of each $4\frac{1}{4}$ acre allotment

would be £21 5s., from which £11 8s. 3d. should be deducted for:—Rent, (at £1 10s. per acre), £6 7s. 6d.; seed, £3; poor and county rates, 12s. 6d.; repair of implements, 7s. 6d., and 10 per cent. for contingencies, leaving the modest remainder of £9 16s. 9d., or rather less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ d. per day to feed, clothe, educate or amuse each occupant of the $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres.

In computing the average number of individuals forming the families of other people the figure 4 would suffice; but as we now propose to count the members of Irish families, the figure must be increased to 5, which divided into 3,500,000 gives 700,000 as the number of families, to each member of which were allotted $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres, or about $21\frac{1}{4}$ acres per family, yielding a profit of £49 3s. 9d. per annum. As there can be no just reason why the Irish agriculturist should be condemned to eke out a living upon a sum barely sufficient to preserve the connection between body and soul, assuredly some of the 700,000 families should aspire to a well-to-do, if not a wealthy, condition. A nation, little removed from the condition of paupers, and a slight disturbance of whose humble equilibrium must precipitate distress, is a nation of dangers. As agriculture is the sole occupation of seven-tenths of the people of Ireland, it is now to be considered how far their condition may be favourable to the accumulation of capital. £9 16s. 9d. being taken as the net produce of each $4\frac{1}{4}$ acre allotment, the total net outcome from 3,500,000 allotments would not greatly exceed £34,500,000 per annum. This sum divided amongst 400,000 families would give them £49 to £500 a year in somewhat irregular proportions, as illustrated by the following figure:—



Savings from such sources would necessarily be slow, if at all practicable; but to effect any, the allotments of 300,000 families would have to be added to those of the families whose incomes would be intended to range above £49, thus depriving 1,500,000 persons of their means of subsistence, and

raising the question of what to do with them.

Undue depletion of the inhabitants of a State is always serious and might be calamitous; but when a country ceases to afford bread to a portion of its people, the removal of such surplus to more favourable fields seems a wise and natural economy. The tenacity with which Irishmen cling to "the land of their fathers" is, of course, desperate and doubtless poetic; but when it tends to perpetuate pauperism, it becomes painfully prosaic. The Hibernian heart is instinct with affection for home; whether the humble dwelling be on the lone moor, on the hill-side or by the edge of a road, he loves it with the passionate ardour of his ancient race.

To leave it in voluntary submission to the inevitable, or pressure from internal distress, or when forced by the harsh and rude justice of eviction, is to him a violent wrench, a dislocation, a rending asunder of his hopes, his lowly aspirations, his life-long affections in every, the minutest, fibre of them. He departs or is thrust out under a sense of outrage, of wrong, which, when his passion permits, his reason rejects. We are of those who are hopeful of his future, and believe that of his various and singular traits none more plainly indicate the honesty and good that are in what may be called the elementary Hibernian than his instinctive sympathy with nature, and his affection for home. These sentiments are a power for good or for evil, but we should not be told that because Irishmen cling desperately to "the land of their fathers" they should starve desperately in "the land of their fathers." They would do well to live less in the past, and endeavour to move with the busy world that surrounds them. They should deal with facts as they find them; and look coldly upon dazzling chimeras, or impossible political theories that are constantly kept dangling before them.

It is not difficult to imagine the conditions under which Ireland might be made to maintain double its present population. Such are not the growth of a day; they depart but come not at the bidding of demagogues; shipyards like those on the Clyde—factories, foundries, and their kindred industries—are not called into existence by Acts of Parliament; they are but slowly established and are born of the wealth, intelligence, and enterprise of a people. Capital attracts capital; enterprise begets enterprise; but chronic poverty brings discontent, discontent ripens into anarchy, capital keeps aloof, and enterprise is not.

As a long time, it is feared, must elapse before there are shipyards on the Shannon; before its banks resound with the trip-hammer, the "spinning jenny" and the loom, we repeat the question: What is to be done with the people whom we deprived of their $4\frac{1}{4}$ acre allotments? This query presents a spectacle that may serve to test the credulity of those who will live in years that are to come—who will be slow to comprehend how, in "an age of enlightenment," a time of expanded ideas, an epoch of vast undertakings, there happened to be within ten days' sail of these shores, where millions of acres lay idle, an island on which, for the purposes of life, a vast number of its people scarcely had standing room,—a body of persons from whom their wretched $4\frac{1}{4}$ acre allotments were taken to swell into something like size the farms of their neighbours. We unhesitatingly say, in reply, send them to some or to any of the Colonies which they might select, and we express surprise that, now that

these people are out of their dire distress, a comprehensive system of colonization has not been initiated by either or both of the Governments of Great Britain and Dominion of Canada.

Our idea of a properly organized system of emigration and colonization would include the laying out of townships or smaller areas, in the most favourable parts available in the country, by the Government of the Dominion, the opening of roads through them, and the construction of temporary huts to shelter the emigrants, as also depots of provisions for their use during, at least, eighteen months. These duties and the care of the provisions being entrusted to qualified and responsible persons the next proceeding would be to ascertain through the clergyman of each parish in Ireland the names of families willing to try their fortunes in the Dominion, to appoint a committee—including a clergyman and a medical doctor amongst its members—to inspect the ships to be provided by the Imperial Government for conveyance of the emigrants, so as to take precautions against overcrowding and the consequent outbreak of disease, and to ensure due comfort and convenience during the voyage. The two professional gentlemen should accompany the passengers, and with the shipowners be held responsible for the carrying out of necessary arrangements. Arrived in the Dominion, accommodation should be in readiness to afford a few days' rest and refreshment to the emigrants, after which—still under the guidance of their clergyman and doctor, aided by a staff of assistants—they would proceed to the end of their journey.

On reaching the scene of their future labours, they would find food and shelter already provided; they would have trained assistants—natives of this country—to instruct them in the use of the axe, in the most approved methods of clearing land, building shanties, and bringing their wilderness under cultivation. A building however rude in which to celebrate divine service should be an indispensable adjunct of the settlement; their priest or their parson (as the case might be) should be in their midst as their friend, their guide, their adviser. All this would show the newcomers that there was somebody who cared for them; that they had not been driven from their homes in Ireland and put into a ship to float no one cared whither. Doubtless it would be done at great cost, but it would result in great gain. The Little Island would be greatly relieved, and in time the Big Wilderness would be greatly enriched. *Saxon.*

PROFANE LANGUAGE.

If disease located itself, it would be easy to prevent contagion, but it rises here, spreads there, in spite of every effort. It fastens upon its victims irrespective of rank, time or place, yet its virulence is comparatively nothing since it has been dealt with by scientific hands. Where once it reigned supreme, its progress now is arrested, often stamped out at its first appearance in a community, because knowledge has quickened into action. Where volumes once were written upon this or that disease, practical minds take hold of it, sure that safety lies in prevention, awaiting not further development to test skill, but more skilfully proving arrest to be the stepping-stone to conquest. But there are diseases of mind more difficult to deal with than some relating to the body, and yet few do more than lament that such should be; but it is time for each and all to ask the question: Can I do anything to stamp out a blot, a dark blot, upon the present age,—the common blot of swearing, the constant use of the name that ought to be held in reverence?

In going through our streets it is appalling to hear the profane language on the lips of boys so young in years, so old in blasphemy. "Gutter children!" says one, scornfully. Pity is very often felt for such, for truly can it be said of them they know not what they say; but it is the knowledge that upon every man's threshold, be he rich or poor, the enemy stands and in too many cases has a foothold, and is doing his fatal destroying work. Once let our boys accustom themselves to profanity in any form, and the downward course has become less difficult than it would otherwise have been. Can any one aver that the young of the present day are not more guilty in this respect than in former years? Putting aside the sin, it was not thought respectable to use language commonly used in the lowest and most degraded haunts; people averse to public schools make a handle of this to turn their prejudice upon. Possibly there may be a truism in the supposition that the bringing together of all ranks has made a muddy stream, and if this be so, our school-boards ought to be as active in the removal of this as they would be if some contagious disease had broken out amongst the pupils.

No need to reiterate a fact everyone is cognizant of, that early habits cling through life, and the boy who accustoms himself to one or more expressions of profanity, continues such as long as life lasts, never failing to bequeath the legacy to his family and whoever comes into contact with him; and it is time everyone who has influence where the young are concerned should make a determined effort to wipe out a disgrace to a people claiming to be refined, intellectual, and God-fearing. Every school ought to have a fine or punishment for using language unbecoming a gentleman, whenever the pupils indulge in it—the time for recreation not excepted—in order to stamp it out there must be no half-measures, sure and severe must be the penalty. How thankfully, anxious mothers will bless the means taken for the saving of their boys.

Sometimes, however, fears break out into pitiful wondering of what the bright lads may become if this is allowed to grow. The usual quietus is accepted, that, as they grow older and mix with society, it will drop from them as naturally as the rain from the cloud. Fathers! mothers! is this true? Has the curly-haired lad, on becoming the daintily-dressed young man, put aside this vice with his school-books and slate? You have but to mix in a select (?) crowd of the rising generation to know that years have but multiplied the forms of this special mode of carrying on argument or conversation, and whatever may have been forgotten pertaining to school lore, this part of the education has been zealously cared for and practically adhered to.

It has been said, and truly, that a really refined man cannot bring his tongue to this degradation; any one, no matter whatever his station, so indulging, is lacking the sensibilities required to make up the "true" gentleman; there must be a vein of coarseness in the composition, whatever the surroundings may be, of one who interlards his conversation or remarks with habitual phrases common amongst the lowest of the low,—therefore to save the boys ought to be the earnest effort of all. There are sons who never heard a profane expression from parental lips, yet are using such from contamination with companions who have well learned at home this lesson, and have gone forth to school to teach this more efficiently than they will ever learn those of the schoolmaster—so this pestilential vice keeps spreading, gathering strength as time goes on, with but a few feeble hands trying to stop its destructive element. It degrades the man in his own eyes, when he stops to think, to pollute his lips with obscene expressions, blasphemous adjurations, sinful invectives—well might the angels weep, if tears belong to the heavenly world, to look upon this, to hear for one day only, the business man at his desk, the aged one at home or abroad, the young rejoicing in his strength, the boy at his game—all alike calling upon *their* King whom *they* approach with covered face, the bargaining, the garrulous recital, the boasting of personal suppositious glories, the questioning as to fair play, all alike carried on with thoughtless defiant appeals to the Deity. If not ignored they would dread the consequences plainly marked out by One who, whilst loving mankind from the beginning to the end, yet gave the command, "Swear not at all." Can the breaker of that emphatic command hope to escape from the consequences of his own heedless sin? Let the question then be asked earnestly, What can I do to help the lads keep this law, and become such as He would approve?

THE F. F.'S.

(From *The Queen*.)

No. I.

People of real good sterling birth and position are one thing, and the F. F.'s—vocal shorthand for the First Families—are another. The former are content to be what they are without going out of their way to assert or proclaim; the latter are never easy unless they are ticketed back and front, so that all the world shall know them to be F. F.'s in their own domain, standing a foot higher than anyone else and having the right to wear that purple robe with which the original mud-coloured corduroy peeping beneath contrasts so oddly! For the F. F.'s can never quite cover up that original garment of mud-coloured corduroy. And it is this inability, indeed, which makes them flourish their brand-new shining purple velvet with such persistent vigour in the eyes of the watching multitude; others beside the Spanish *toro* being diverted from the pursuit of one thing by the parade of another, and when dazzled by glitter at a distance rendered unable to see the real substance near at hand.

In country places the F. F.'s consecrate themselves to the task of offering a social breakwater standing firm against the rude tides of democratic equality. They know the exact line to which the encroaching high-water mark may reach, and they suffer no further overflow. They block out the visiting map into divisions and subdivisions, mathematically precise, and would as soon commit a moral offence as pass from one camping ground to another. Mixing up the inhabitants of the various social Hundreds into one general classification would be to them as impossible as felony for the one part, or forgetting to give an earl his proper title for the other; and those whom they have decided on relegating to the second set have no more chance of recognition from them than have the sons of Eblis the chance of the companionship of Houris. They often wonder vaguely what those poor things in the second set are like; what they do, how they amuse themselves, and how odd it is to see them on the outside so much like their betters! They laugh when they hear that one of the exiles plays like a professor and sings like an angel. If she is newly married and lately come to the place, they suppose she has been a governess; if she is a daughter born in their midst and unmarried, they say the best thing her parents can do with her is to make her a music teacher or let her go on the stage. She is in the second set, so that the sacredness of her home life does not count, and her modesty and diffidence are mere words without meaning. When croquet turned the heads and exercised the hands of all the F. F.'s in a bunch, the click of the balls on the lawns of the second set made them curiously indignant at the presumption of inferiors treading so closely on the heels of their leaders. And lawn tennis, with its quaint costumes and flirting gymnastics, is in like

manner degraded in their minds from its original design, now that these same social exiles have taken to the racket and the net as kindly as if they had the right to amuse themselves with the playthings of the F. F.'s, and to be as merry over their balls as the consecrated themselves. "Not of our set; quite in the second set I assure you!" Oh, you poor social exiles, how do you feel when you are thus cold-shouldered by the F. F.'s? turned like broken-winged Peris out of the heaven of class exclusiveness? sent down to the bottom of the table, where your good things are supposed to have lost their savour and your mirth its pleasantness, because you are below the salt while the F. F.'s are above? You are supposed, you know, to spend a good deal of time in fruitless longing and gnawing envy; to care nothing for your own roses because you may not smell at your neighbours' lilies; to find your grapes sour because the F. F. apples are forbidden fruit; to look on your silver spoons as no better than so much pewter because you have not a crest nor a motto to engrave on the handles, as the great people over the way—those people who come out in crests and mottoes all over, from the baby in the cradle to the page-boy in the pantry, from the brooch on my lady's bosom to the marking of the knife cloths and the dusters,—and you without ever a coat of arms, even on your dogcart! Whether you do so eat the ashes of life rather than drink freely of its pleasant milk, whether you despise what you have for envy of what you have not, or accept your scrubby lot with cheerfulness, and leave the Benjamins' portions to their owners free of jealousy, the F. F.'s will never know. Be sure only that they believe you live in secret self-consuming envy of their brighter lot; and in that belief they find a great part of their happiness, and more than half their brilliant supremacy.

In larger centres the F. F.'s are sometimes less exclusive and more eclectic. The levelling spirit of this most horribly democratic time has made genius and repute of almost as much importance as social standing safely inherited. People who want to make their homes attractive must have something a little rare or startling; thus, when they cannot compass the extreme of Brahminism, when they cannot make their visiting list of such supreme elegance that none but F. F.'s of double-distilled quality shall be placed thereon, they are forced into that other aristocracy—the aristocracy of name, not of blood. They find themselves compelled to court or to patronise, as the case may be, men whose fathers were expelled Adams and their mothers banished Peris, but men who have made for themselves a reputation which will last into centuries, and which will probably change the history of nations and the destinies of mankind. Then the F. F.'s come down from their pedestals and carry incense like the rest; but they think the whole thing a gigantic mistake all the same; and to their mind genius without a grandfather, a knighthood, or a fortune to its back, should be content, like virtue, with itself as its own reward, and should not expect to be noticed by superior people, by F. F.'s with a brand-new purple velvet cloak deftly hung over the original mud-coloured corduroy.

Abroad, at hotels, these F. F.'s of ours make themselves conspicuous by the brittle quality of the fine porcelain of which it is their ambition to be thought they are made. When they are not rich enough in this world's goods to have a private sitting room of their own, and when they are *en pension* at a few francs a day all the same as the smaller fry—the meaner folks who are of clay and not of porcelain—they still assert their superiority and draw the line of demarcation sharp and broad. They are served with the same fare as furnishes the *table d'hôte* of the multitude, they eat at the same hour and in the same *salle à manger*; but they would disdain to sit at the same table, set side by side with the herd; wherefore they request to be placed in a little oasis apart, where they shall not be vexed with the too near contact of their inferiors. Are they not F. F.'s? To be sure her grandfather was a tailor and his a butcher; but the respective fathers were men of brains and resource, and the success of these latter is held to obliterate the status and origin of the former. They are F. F.'s, and all of you, poor dears—you are of the second set, and impossible to be noticed or met on friendly terms anyhow! Speak to them and they barely answer you; do them a kindness, and if they thank you now they ignore you to-morrow; their brand-new velvet is so delicate, its colour so fleeting, its gloss so evident, its texture so transparent, they dare not expose it to the rough usage of general society. They must keep it safe from contact with the rude fingers of the second set; and all of you are of this undesirable class, no matter what else you may be!

WINDOW GARDENING.

In a climate like that of Canada, where we have on an average five months of winter, any pursuits followed or efforts made to relieve the monotony of this comparatively dreary (as far as Nature is concerned) period ought to meet with approval on all sides; in very few ways can a more enjoyable and instructive lesson be learnt than in the practice of window gardening. The green leaves and opening buds are always pleasing, but more so in winter on account of their rarity. It is somewhat strange that the growing of flowers in winter is not more frequently practised here than it is; there is no great difficulty attending it and the reward in gratification at success more than sufficiently repays for the slight trouble taken.

In growing flowers in rooms which have not been built for the purpose—there are three important rules to be followed; one rule, referring to temperature and light; another to watering; another to the dryness of the air. We will devote a few remarks to each of these successively.

First, the temperature—this will vary according to the plants grown, but in every case should not be allowed to fall below 45° (though some plants will stand a lower temperature) during the night, and it is much better to keep it near 50°. During the daytime 70° will be found amply sufficient to promote a healthy growth and ensure a good show of blooms; whenever blooms are wanted in a short time an increase in the temperature will be found to produce the desired result. It is very important that the temperature should be equally maintained and not allowed to vary materially on different days at specified times. Any room wherein people can sit with comfort, will be found suitable for plants, but a slightly increased temperature is necessary to secure a well-formed large bloom. The light is not very difficult to arrange—it is probable that in most instances there is but little choice left to the amateur, but where he has a choice, the most suitable window is that one in which will be found the most sunlight, as this secures a healthy growth in the plant and a deep colour in the leaves. It will be found necessary to turn the plants if the leaves are seen to turn themselves when they are so placed that the light reaches them from only one direction; in this case it will frequently happen that the stems elongate themselves in order to reach the light, thus giving a very ungraceful appearance to the plant. We would therefore strongly advise that this turning of plants should be commenced as soon as the plants are placed in their position—another thing which produces this elongated growth is that the temperature is badly regulated and that the plants are over-watered.

Watering is one of the most vexatious questions to be solved, and has for many years and still is a source of trouble and annoyance to most amateurs and to many professional gardeners. It would seem that a certain instinctive knowledge is needed and that this knowledge becomes more perfect by practice. Some general remarks may be made which will serve in a measure as a guide. The difficulty of overwatering is avoided by noting when the pot of flowers is lifted and water sprinkled on the plant, the moment that the water begins to drop through—and then to stop. This mode of watering if done once a fortnight, together with an occasional sprinkling, will be found to suffice; the only danger to be avoided is that, with some hard wood plants this plan will be found to be rather too much—a monthly dipping of the pots will be found to be enough. With regard to soft-wood plants, when the watering is overdone, the effects will be evident in the increased, rapid but weak growth of the wood, and the quantity and times of watering must be *gradually* decreased. In cases of too little watering, the soil in the pots becomes hard and a feeble growth is the necessary result; the wood is scaly and bends too readily to the touch; the leaves are of small size and badly coloured and altogether the plant presents a miserable appearance—in this case, the quantity and times of watering must be *gradually* increased.

We now come to the dryness of the atmosphere, and this is not very essential where the watering is properly done, but if the air is kept moist by artificial means, the watering is very much simplified. In cases where plants have been kept in kitchens where washing operations were performed, the moisture in the air has greatly assisted the growth of the plants and given them a beautiful, healthy appearance. In ordinary rooms the air will be found too dry—this is due to the hot-air furnaces and coal stoves: where steam and hot water are used for heating purposes, the atmosphere will be found moist enough. When too dry, the placing of a pan of water on the stove will materially remedy it,—but in cases where hot-air is used for heating purposes, it is very difficult to arrange matters in a proper way. We know of only one, and that very troublesome, which is to place pans of small size (so as not to impede the current of hot air) filled with water in each register. However, where this is objected to, the only resource is to pay more and stricter attention to the watering of the plants.

Besides growing flowering plants, much pleasure will be found in having hanging baskets of plants, from tropical regions where but little water falls, and which will therefore be of but little trouble. Ferneries can also be started, and are very easily managed. We leave the further discussion of these matters for the present and would say, as we conclude, that we notice the offering of prizes by the Montreal Horticultural Society for amateur and professional excellence in window gardening. This is as it should be and we trust their generosity will be fully appreciated.

Amateur.

Mlle. BERNHARDT AS "GILBERTE" AND "MARGUERITE."

Mlle. Bernhardt's selections, since "Adrienne Lecouvreur," have been "Froufrou" and "La Dame aux Camélias." The choice was at once business-like and humble. It would have been by no means hard for an actress of her style and physique to have kept up public interest on the line of discussion as to whether or not she was another Rachel, and to have stepped into a place in

the Rachel legend almost without a sense of change. America, which has long been collating all sorts of notorieties from abroad in a spirit of collectorship, would be very willing to consider an actress who should adhere to Racine, a writer whom it knows nothing about and respects. To appear very visionarily and palpably, to imitate statuary and expire every night in parts from the French-Greek drama, to come only once and die of an American cold, is the career of a heroine in this peculiar mythology. The part was waiting for Mlle. Bernhardt, if she had been willing to assume it. To take the lower place almost at once in mere dramas of disease, dramas which make "Adrienne" appear like a classic by contract, was very human, very modest. It was modest because there are inherent dramatic vices in both the more modern plays which frustrate the best efforts of the artist to personate an interesting and sympathetic character.

In "Froufrou" the dramatist makes his heroine work up an elaborate quarrel with a faultless sister, without providing the ghost of a pretext, merely to start a couple of extra acts, thus reducing to nothing the fine intuitive sense of things which she displays in the rest of the piece, and making the actress's efforts to express native tact and intuition a derision. As for *Marguerite*, of all the characters who have sawed perpetually on one string, without the ghost of intelligence, and have produced effect by constant pressure on the auditor's nerves instead of by stimulating and inspiring him, she is the most rapidly intolerable. The thinness of *motif*, the want of relief, in both book and play, are as little as possible to Dumas's credit; iteration is all the emphasis he has learned. Accordingly, the actress's best-directed efforts to play at delicate feelings or perceptions were very much thrown away. *Gilberte's* exquisite intelligence, her flashes of discernment, her declaration to her sister that she proposes to keep her faults of character, her declaration of the state of the proposed appointment from "ambassador" to "ambadress," her selfishness as of a blameless and consistent product of nature, her quick objection to a duel on her account which would for ever tarnish the *naïf* prettiness of her character—all these delicate hits, which Mlle. Bernhardt delivered with precision and relish, were made as nothing because the character of *Gilberte* is forced into a gawky fraternal quarrel whose attitude on her part would have been impossible to her nature. After that quarrel—which the actress made a superb separate success, playing for the moment an independent rôle, and leaving on the mind an ineffaceable image of the hissing, serpentine, voluble victim—the part became a blemished ideal, and sympathy with *Gilberte*, here misconceiving things so stupidly, and elsewhere conceiving everything with flashes of tact, was lost. So with *Marguerite Gautier*, there is a *fonds* of self-consciousness, of posing as a victim, of harping on disadvantages, in the conception, which made it quite labour wasted for the actress to receive her lover's father as sweetly as a pastoral ingénue, to entertain her guests with the good-heartedness of a housekeeper and the caprices of a kitten, to die like a saint. The story is patched with traits foreign to its tissue, and it was necessary to rub one's eyes and convince one's self that the same person was still treading the boards, when the dramatist made the most contrary rôles thus into one.

Mlle. Bernhardt shows all the time the most fascinating sense of manners, of behavior in exigencies. In *Marguerite*, her way of listening to the doctor's aside which delivers her death-sentence, while busily writing a feminine billet, was perfection: so was her insult to Varville, who has computed his visits foolishly—"Vous ne dites jamais que des bêtises"; this was not thrown at the interlocutor, but delivered in the lowest, most rapid tones of self-reflection, as if the observation were forced by circumstances, and as if she half-hoped the other would not hear. Sometimes the style was a little more pronounced, as with *Gilberte* burying her chin in her fists, immersing herself in her book, and saying "*Jes vous écoute*" to her husband. These sketches of manners, as important to our century as the illustrations of Restif de la Bretonne to a past one, were not unmixed with inspirations, the great moments of the artist, which were so rich and deep as almost to efface all minor impressions. The scene with the elder Duval, in Dumas's play, was such a masterpiece of pure pathos as has seldom been seen on our stage; the pity it evokes is stainless, is separate from the character, and does the heart good; it is femininity revealed. The quarrel-scene with the sister in "Froufrou" was equally great, as a piece of concentration; the boiling-up of hot, thin, fine-cut words had a brilliant air of spontaneity. It was not like a rôle studied, but like an impromptu shot at a mark and hitting. The death-scenes of the two characters were not unlike, and were models of pathetic grace. A painful company, of the sort of *outré* inane we have been accustomed to with Salvini and Ristori, endeavored to annul the labors of the star.—*N. Y. Nation*.

Mlle. Bernhardt is somewhat of an artist, and her pictures have been exhibited in the *Salon*; as to their merit it is a very debateable question, some critics having even gone so far as to assert that those which were passable were doubtlessly done by another artist. One of the paintings is of herself and there is a dog lying at her feet—of which was sarcastically said that it represented a dog gnawing a bone—rather a verbal caricature of this eccentric woman's thinness.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

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

CHAPTER I.

"I'm tired of it all; I think I shall settle down and marry Kitty," says Sir John, his voice coming lazily through the small silvery cloud of smoke that curls upward from his lips.

"The idea is charming," replies his cousin, with a half smile; "so is your modesty. But Miss Kitty—are you quite sure she will accept you?"

"One is never quite sure of anything, dear boy, in these degenerate days, but as nearly as possible I think I am sure of Kitty. She is not the sort to play fast and loose with any man. She is very honest, and very real, and—er—quite different from the usual run of women," winds up Sir John, pleasantly, unaware that his remark is paltry, inasmuch as all men say this—and think it—of the women they chance at the moment to love.

"Yes, the others are a poor lot," says Arthur, faint amusement in his tone. "And you believe Miss Tremaine likes you?"

"I think so. I hope so. And at all events I am utterly positive I like her, and—that's all," finishes Sir John, rather abruptly, the ash of his cigar having grown beyond all bearing. He shakes it off gently, and, leaning back in his chair, awaits his cousin's answer.

"I thought you were equally positive about Miss Lisle, the year before last,—Mrs. Charteris, I mean."

"Was I?" Laughing slightly. "I hardly remember. My memory was never my strong point."

"If I were in love with a woman I don't think I should get over it so easily," says Arthur, meditatively.

"But was I in love with Fancy Charteris? I almost forget. No, I think not,—not really."

"You were terribly *épris*, at all events."

"Not even that. I confess I rather affected her society, because she was the most affording person I knew; but no more. For instance, I don't recollect the time I ever envied that elderly gentleman she called 'Robert.'"

"Charteris, you mean. For my part, I always liked what I knew of him,—which was very little."

"So did I, for that matter. He was what one would call sterling, I dare say; but—"

"Yes?"

"There was a good deal of him, wasn't there?" says Sir John, plaintively. "He was all over the place. I never met so aggressively thriving a person, except, perhaps, in the matter of hair; and he *was* bald! Even there you see, he excelled, because he was the baldest man I ever saw,—not a single hair on his head, I give you my word! And then I can't forget the buttons! Of course a fellow must make a fortune if he hasn't one; but surely there is something wrong about buttons. I don't think I ever got over it."

"I rather admire self-made men," says Arthur, with an attempt at severity. "There is a truer nobility in talent than in mere birth,—which, after all, is but an accident."

"I entirely agree with you. That is quite the sort of thing a man ought to say who is well-born himself. So liberal, you know, and that. But frankly, now, was there true nobility in Charteris's nose? And though his fortune was, surely there was no necessity why his clothes should look—self-made. And why on earth couldn't he try Mrs. Allen, or somebody, and cover his head? I never could imagine what Fancy saw in him."

"His money, I suppose," says Arthur, contemptuously.

Sir John regards him reflectively. He seldom troubles himself to think, but just now it does occur to him that his cousin's tone is unpleasant.

"What did Mrs. Charteris do to you?" he asks, presently.

Blunden smiles.

"You think me severe," he says; "but the fact is, I never saw Mrs. Charteris, and only knew her husband very slightly before my marriage. So I am not speaking through personal pique; but, from all I have ever heard of her, I should not imagine her a very estimable character. Fast, wasn't she? Eh?"

"Not a bit of it," says Sir John. "People always say that of a woman if she happens to be pretty and good-humored and run after by men. One has to squint nowadays and wear red hair, and sit in a corner, if one wants to escape calumny. I always thought her charming. You knew the Lisles; how did you escape meeting Fancy?"

"Being abroad so much, I suppose. I really think I haven't been through a regular London season for seven years."

"And now you are going away again. You don't let us see too much of you, old boy, do you?"

"I'm a restless beggar," says Arthur, flinging away the end of his cigar and stretching his arms above his head. "I can't content myself for long anywhere. But I sha'n't give you the chance of forgetting me this time. Let me see: this is August, and I dare say I shall be back again about the beginning of May. By the by, if it does come off, shall I be in time for your wedding?"

"I hardly think so. If Kitty says 'Yes,' I shall marry straight away. We have known each other quite long enough for that, you know."

"Three months, is it not?"

"An eternity, as we judge now."

"Look here, Jack," says Arthur Blunden, somewhat earnestly. "Before proposing to Miss Tremaine I would see Mrs. Charteris again if I were you. You used to talk a good deal of her in the old days, I remember; and you were considerably cut up when she married Charteris; and—I always thought there was something in it. I cannot altogether divest myself of that idea even now; and I think it will be awkward if, when you meet her later on, you still find you feel sentimentally disposed towards her. She is a widow now, you told me. Take my advice and try it all over again with her first before saying anything serious to Kitty Tremaine."

"I had no idea you were such a careful man," returns Sir John, with an

amused laugh. "And what an objectionable 'again'! I don't believe I ever tried anything with Fancy Charteris, and I know she never cared in the very least for me."

"In that case I wish you luck with Miss Tremaine," says Arthur, slowly. "She is beyond doubt charming, and is almost the prettiest girl I ever saw,—except, perhaps, her sister Gretchen."

"You are enthusiastic," says Sir John. "What a pity it is they cannot hear you! They would never forget it to you. Yes, Gretchen is very pretty,—a sort of being one would compare to a flower, or a dove, or an angel, or some such poetic simile. Why don't you go in for her, Arthur? She would just suit you."

"Too good for me," says Mr. Blunden, carelessly. "I'm not of much account, you know; and, besides, I'm not one of your marrying fellows." With this he rises, and, going over to the window, stands there gazing out idly upon the darkening landscape,—upon the soft green lawns, and swaying beeches, and little flickering sunbeams that seem so loath to die.

"Who is that coming across the grass?" he asks, presently; and Sir John, thus accosted, gets up also and joins him at the window.

Standing thus side by side, with their backs to the room and only part of their faces to be seen, one cannot fail to be struck with the wonderful similarity between the two men. There is in each the tall, straight figure, the chestnut hair, warm and rich in tint, the same beautifully turned cheek and chin destitute of beard, and, from where they stand, just a suspicion of the long drooping moustache.

"It is Brandy Tremaine, is it not?" Sir John says, after short scrutiny. "Let us come out to meet him."

"Her brother!" returns Arthur, with a little shrug. "Oh, by all means. Let us pay him every attention in our power."

Sir John laughs; and as they both turn to move towards the door there comes an opportunity to mark the great difference between them. About Arthur's mouth there is a superciliousness, and in his blue eyes an expression keen and penetrating, quite foreign to Sir John's, whose mouth is always more prone to laughter than to contempt, and whose eyes rarely ever trouble themselves to look beyond the surface.

CHAPTER II.

Descriptions, like comparisons, are odious. The "mind's eye," though following with willing haste the tongue that speaks, never quite grasps the truth. It sees either too much or too little. You may have the pen of a genius, and may paint your Paul and Virginia in glowing colours, yet you will never get the uninitiated to understand in the very least what he or she may be like. Nevertheless a slight sketch of the Tremaines must be given.

They are, to begin with, that most interesting of all things, a handsome family. They are all handsome: the Tremaines would have scorned to acknowledge an "ugly duckling." For generations such a thing had not been so much as hinted at among them.

Mrs. Tremaine, though arrived at that age when the question of birthdays is viewed with disfavor, is still very good to look at, and eminently aristocratic. She rejoices in the thin transparent nostrils, the fine lips, the pale blue eyes, and high white brow that are generally supposed to belong by right to blue blood. She rarely laughs, but she has the most charming smile in the world,—a lingering, perfect smile, with something in it unwilling, that adds to it but another charm, compelling as it does the companion of the moment to accept it as an irrespressible tribute to his own particular powers of pleasing. She also possesses to perfection the calm indifference of manner that goes so far to hide the craving for settlements so undying in the breast of the British matron.

Mr. Tremaine is handsome also, but of a darker type, and is one of those men who are indebted to their wives for their individuality. He is "Mrs. Tremaine's husband," and many people liked him the better for that. He is a most estimable man, warm-hearted and affectionate, but I don't think even his best friend could call him brilliant. And when, twenty-five years before this story opens, he offered his hand, which was large,—and his fortune which was larger,—to Miss Lascelles, the spoiled beauty of the year, all the world—that is, the male portion of it—expressed astonishment at his presumption. None, however, was expressed by Miss Lascelles herself, who accepted both the hand and fortune without hesitation.

The marriage proved a very happy one,—which disgusted the world—that is, the female portion of it—extremely. Mrs. Tremaine was fond of life and its good things, and very fond of her own way. Mr. Tremaine (wise man) never thwarted her in anything. The result of their union, therefore, was a most unusual amount of real contentment, and four pretty children.

Brandrum, the eldest,—commonly called "Brandy,"—is a cheerful, perhaps rather too cheerful, young gentleman of twenty-three. He calls himself a hussar; but, as he is generally on leave all the year round, his friends say it doesn't seem to matter much what he calls himself: any other regiment (for all it is likely to see of him) will do just as well. He has curly hair and blue eyes, like all the Tremaines, and a smile like a cherub; and women as a rule pet him more than is good for him.

The second child, Kitty, is exceedingly handsome, tall, and dark, like her father, and an undoubted success. All last season she was caressed and made much of, and had actually been able to refuse an earl,—greatly to her mother's chagrin. But when, towards the close of July, she left town with every satisfactory symptom of having made a conquest of Sir John Blunden, Mrs. Tremaine forgave her, and devoutly, though secretly, thanked her stars that she had been disobedient in the matter of old Lord Sugden, who, though of higher rank than Sir John, was of infinitely shorter rent roll.

Sir John as yet has not proposed in form, but words have been spoken and looks interchanged; and, though nobody enlarges on the subject, everybody hopes he means to do so. Although near neighbours,—Coolmore, the Blunden property, being only eight miles distant from the Court, where the Tremaines live,—he and Kitty had never met until that last memorable occasion in town; and now that he has followed her to the country, under the pretence that his fine old house wants renovating, everybody feels that Kitty in effect is Lady Blunden,—Sir John being a young man not addicted to the country except at

certain seasons, and then very much fonder of other people's houses than his own.

Perhaps Kitty herself is the only one who feels any serious doubt about his ultimate intentions. She knows him to be a careless, easy-going, good-humoured young man, who has held his own successfully through many a hot campaign with managing mothers, and who up to this has cautiously avoided matrimony as one might the plague or any other misfortune. Young men like Sir John, who have proved themselves over-attentive to various young women year after year, and yet have obstinately abstained from bringing their attentions to a satisfactory finish, are generally termed flirts: Kitty has heard Sir John so called, and in her heart has not liked the speaker the better for saying it. A man who flirts systematically is a disgraceful thing—so she tells herself,—yet she cannot bring herself to think Sir John disgraceful. He has said things to her that have interested her and have had a good deal to do with her rejection of Lord Sugden and others,—things that might almost be construed into an offer of marriage: and still she cannot be certain he means to propose to her. In town there had been many opportunities to speak had he so willed it, but he not seized them. Above all there was that last evening at Lady Brompton's, when the lights burned low in the conservatory, and the flowers slept, and the very stillness breathed love, yet he had not spoken. No one, of course, mentions Sir John to Kitty Tremaine as an acknowledged lover, nor does she ever mention him as anything but a casual acquaintance, even to Gretchen; though in her she would have surely gained a sympathetic listener.

Pretty Gretchen! with her pale pure face, and little Grecian nose, and great blue eyes, that remind one of nothing so much as the sweet Czar violet. She is two years younger than Kitty, and smaller and slighter, with an expression calm and unspeakably tender. To think of Gretchen is to think of moonlight, or the soft perfume of roses, or faint strains of sweetest music. To see her is to love her. To know her is a "liberal education."

Then there is Flora, the last but by no means the least of the Tremaines,—a tall and very determined person of twelve, who would reject with ignominy the notion that she is still a child. Her eyes are gray, steady, and severe; her small mouth is incorruptible. She is one of those awful people with whom a spade is a spade; and to even hint a harmless falsehood in her presence, and to suddenly find those gray orbs fixed upon you, is to lose instant self-control, and to long for the earth to open and swallow you up. She admires Kitty,—though, being cognizant of her faults, she does not scruple to tell her of them occasionally; she adores Gretchen, and maintains an undying feud with Brandy, to whom she is a joy and everlasting resource.

Kitty, having searched the house diligently for Gretchen, and failed to find her, walks into the school-room as a last chance, and looks anxiously around her; whereupon Flora raises her head from her German in a vain hope that something is going to occur to put an end to her detested lessons; and Brandy who is smoking a cigar against all rules upon an elderly sofa, asks, inelegantly, "What's the row?"

"Meg, are you here? Where is Gretchen?" asks Kitty, anxiously.

"Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
And Bonnie Meg was Nature's child,"

quotes Flora, gayly, glad of the interruption.

"If it is 'Nature's child' you want," says Brandy, obligingly, sinking back again upon his faded though luxurious cushions, "I am almost sure you will find her in the garden."

Thus encouraged, Miss Tremaine crosses the room, and putting her head out of the open window, says, loudly, "Are you there, Gretchen?" to the back of a pretty summer-house all overgrown with silvery clematis and the fast reddening Virginia creeper.

A soft voice answers,—

"Yes. Do you want me, Kitty? And Gretchen, emerging from her bower, stands gazing inwards, one white hand shielding her eyes from the sun.

"Not I so much as mamma. She wishes you to go visiting with her. Be quick, dearest: the carriage is ordered."

"Coming," says Gretchen, disappearing behind the escalonias and running down the garden-walks through borders of glowing flowers.

"I wish, Brandy," says Kitty, drawing in her head, "you would not smoke in the school-room. You know mamma particularly objects to your doing so. And why have a smoking-room, if people won't smoke in it?"

"Why, indeed?" returns Brandy, mildly. "I only smoke here, against my better judgment, to oblige Flora, who is never entirely happy except when enveloped in a thick cloud of tobacco."

"No, I am not," says Flora, indignantly, but wrongly.

"You hear her," says Brandy, with a faint but triumphant flourish of his right hand.

"I mean I hate it, I perfectly abhor it. It runs right up my nose and into my brain, and makes me quite dazy," says Flora; "I can't do a bit of my German with the odiousness of it."

"Mere imagination. I always found it an incentive to study," declares Mr. Tremaine, positively. "I can't bear smoking myself: it disagrees with me, and in fact I only indulge in it in the vain hope of knocking some intelligence into your dull head."

"Don't call my head dull," says Flora. "I've as good a head as ever you had, and a great deal better. I wasn't spun for an examination, at all events."

"My dear Flora!" says Kitty.

"Yes, isn't she a darling?" remarks Brandy, undisturbed. "I can't tell you how I admire our Flora; she is so *spirituelle*, so full of wit, *espièglerie*, and all the rest of it."

"I wonder that you will still be talking, Signor Benedick; nobody marks you," quies Flora, disdainfully. "I should think your colonel must love you."

"For once," says Brandy, "you have hit the right nail on the head: such perspicacity in one so young is truly delightful. Yes, he adores me."

"So one might readily imagine," murmurs Miss Flora, with cutting irony.

"Now, might one?" questions Brandy, assuming an air of deep thought.

"I rather doubt it. I should fancy that, with regard to this point, the common observer would be at fault. Your apparent certainty on the matter says wonders for your insight into character, as any one seeing me and that good man—our colonel—in close proximity would hardly, I think, arrive at so satisfactory a conclusion as you have done. An outsider would, I dare say, consider him difficult, and would not suspect him of the *bonhomie* with which he is actually saturated."

"Nonsense," says Florence, rudely, unable any longer to maintain the ironical position: "you know I mean that he must hate you. He thinks you, no doubt, the greatest nuisance in the regiment, and that is why he gives you so much leave."

"What a pity you don't know him!" says Brandy. "You might captivate him, and get him to curtail it."

"You may take your books to my room, Flora," says Miss Tremaine, with gentle dignity.

"Don't you mind my smoking there?" asks Brandy, instantly, in a tone full of innocent surprise.

"You! Don't attempt it, Brandy. I am not speaking of you," exclaims Kitty. "The last time you went into my dressing-room you upset everything in it. You shall never enter it again."

"But, my dear girl, I can't desert Flora. I have undertaken her education; and I must go through with it. Besides, you forget I am lonely down here, and that she is my sole companion. You are too dignified, Gretchen is too ethereal, but Miss Flora Tremaine," says Brandy, with mild enthusiasm, "is my *beau-ideal* of budding womanhood,—the very acme of perfection."

Flora laughs sardonically and flings a heavy volume of Schiller at him, which he dodges with admirable presence of mind.

"I think you might show your admiration for her in a less objectionable manner," says Kitty; "for instance, by throwing that horrid cigar into the grate."

"What! And set fire to all these elaborate trimmings? Never. Far be it from me. Like all our family, I strenuously object to reckless extravagance."

"I like that," said Flora scornfully. "What about your tailor's bill that came this morning? I heard of it, though you may think I didn't."

"Such an absurd thought never struck me. I have known you too long for that; and we know the proverb about 'little pitchers.'"

"Your ears are longer than mine," says Flora.

"Well, well, don't let us wander from the original subject. Think what a drawback it would be to you in the future, my dear Flora, not to be able to appreciate your husband's cigars. Why, positively, unless educated up to the mark you would not know whether he was smoking pure Havannas or Early York."

"Brandy, how can you talk such nonsense to the child?" says Miss Tremaine, who is busily examining the child's exercises.

"It doesn't matter what he says, as I shall never marry," puts in Flora, with conviction; "I wouldn't put up with the caprices of any man; I know too much about them for that!"

"I envy your experience," says Brandy, with a laugh of the richest of enjoyment. "Stick to that, dear child, till your hair is gray. But in the mean time, lest some Adonis should induce you to alter your mind, let me give you a hint. Do you know that young women who object to smoking and insist on quenching their husband's pipes invariably drive those poor men to clubs and all sorts of naughtiness, and generally play the mischief all round?"

"I wonder you don't suffer from a sore throat," suggests Miss Flora with a sneer.

"I would suffer anything for your sake. It is the fatherly interest I take in you that induces me to deliver this lecture; and, as I shouldn't like to see you in a hole hereafter, I shall smoke one cigar here daily until you can lay your hand upon your heart and tell me honestly you——"

"Very good; all right. Then I shall do no more German or anything else," with angry resignation.

"A very trifling consideration, when compared with your chances of domestic bliss."

"Kitty, I wish you would speak to Brandy. Oh! is that another mistake? Well, I can't help it if he will come here and talk to me all the time——"

"There was a young lady named Flora,
Who had a devoted adorer;
He smoked all the day,
Which, some people say,
Was the reason her German did floor her.

Isn't that a very neat impromptu? I think I should take to rhyming, only I hear it don't pay nowadays; and I shouldn't like to fling away undoubted talent," says Brandy, unabashed.

"I wouldn't, if I were you," witheringly.

"Flora, I don't like your tone. There is an unpleasant ring in it. Have you never heard that little girls should not be pert to their superiors?"

"Superiors, indeed!" says Flora.

"Certainly your superior," says Brandy.

"Oh, do try and be silent for even five minutes, if you won't go away," exclaims Flora wrathfully; "I have not got half down one page yet, and Monsieur Sol will be so angry to-morrow."

"Read it out loud to me," returns Brandy, drowsily: "it will improve your pronunciation, and you can have the advantage of my knowledge. I don't think anything of that Monsieur of yours. He looks like an impostor, and I'm positive he is a Scotchman. I feel deliciously sleepy: so go on,—I am sure a very little little more of your German will finish me comfortably."

"Kitty, I shall go with you to your room," says Flora, desperately, gathering up her books and beating an ignominious retreat.

(To be continued.)

THE LONDON ADVERTISER (Weekly) is giving a handsome portrait of Gladstone to its subscribers for 1881.

Musical.

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

QUEEN'S HALL ORGAN.

We have received from Messrs. Bolton & Smith a copy of the specification of the organ now being built by them for Sir Hugh Allan, which is to be erected in the Queen's Hall. The specification is drawn up by Dr. MacLagan, organist of Christ Church Cathedral, and includes many features which, though common enough in European instruments, are introduced for the first time here. An important novelty will be the concave and radiating pedal board, which is now considered a *sine qua non* by all first-class organists.

SPECIFICATION OF ORGAN TO BE ERECTED IN QUEEN'S HALL, MONTREAL.

Compass of Manuals C C to G 56 notes.

Compass of Pedal C C C to F 30 notes.

Great Organ.

1. Double Open Diapason	Metal	16 feet
2. Open Diapason	"	8 "
3. Stopped Diapason	Wood	8 "
4. Claribella	Metal	8 "
5. Gamba	"	8 "
6. Octave	"	4 "
7. Duodecima	"	2 2/3 "
8. Piccolo	"	2 "
9. Posaune	"	8 "
10. Trumpet	"	8 "
11. Sesquialtera	"	3 ranks
12. Mixture	"	2 "

Swell Organ.

(Box to be 2 1/2 inches thick, lined with brown paper, coated with glue.)

13. Bourdon	Wood	16 feet
14. Open Diapason	Metal	8 "
15. Wald Flote	Wood	8 "
16. *Viol D'Amour	Metal	8 "
17. *Salicional	"	8 "
18. Violina	"	4 "
19. Quintadena	"	2 2/3 "
20. Super Octave	"	2 "
21. Cornopean	"	8 "
22. Oboe	"	8 "
23. Clarion	"	4 "
24. Mixture	"	3 ranks

Solo Stops on Swell Chest.

25. *Bassoon	Metal	16 feet
26. *Clarinet	"	8 "
27. *Vox Humana	"	8 "
28. *Voix Celeste	"	8 "

Solo Organ.

29. Lieblich Gedackt	Wood	8 feet
30. Bell Gamba	Metal	8 "
31. Dulciana	"	8 "
32. *Flauto Traverso	Wood	8 "
33. *Cor Anglais	Metal	8 "
34. *Harmonic Flute	"	4 "
35. *Echo Flute	"	4 "
36. Flautina	"	4 "
37. Flageolet	"	2 "

* to Tenor C.

Pedal Organ.

38. Combination Sub Bass	Metal	32 feet tone
39. Double Open Diapason	Wood	16 feet
40. Bourdon	"	16 feet tone
41. Rohrflote	Metal	8 feet
42. Violoncello	"	8 "
43. Quint	Wood and Metal	5 1/2 "
44. Fifteenth	"	4 "
45. Mixture	"	3 ranks

Accessory Stops.

46. Swell to Great; 47. Swell to Solo; 48. Great to Pedal; 49. Swell to Pedal; 50. Choir to Great; 51. Tremulant (to act by means of pedal on Swell Organ, also to act by means of Lever under Swell Key board.)

Composition Pedals (all double-acting) 3 on swell; 4 on Great and Pedal; 1 on Coupler Pedal board to be radiating and concave, Console to be not less than 8 feet from front of case and stops to draw obliquely and not at right angles. Scales of pipes as per annexed memorandum.

This instrument will be, so far as size and completeness is concerned, ahead of anything hitherto erected here, being about the same size as the great organ in Exeter Hall, London, which was built expressly for the Sacred Harmonic Society, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa. The Exeter Hall instrument contains 42 sounding stops, 4 couplers, and 7 composition pedals, somewhat less than the Queen's Hall organ; and the pedal board only extends two octaves, while our organ is to extend to the full compass of two octaves and a half. As the builders, Messrs. Bolton & Smith, aver that they will use nothing but the best material, and that the pipe and action work will equal anything hitherto erected, we may expect an instrument worthy of the magnificent hall, which will reflect credit on both the designer and builder.

The Choir of the Methodist Church, under the direction of Mr. E. A. Hilton will give their annual concert on December 17th.

The first concert of the present season of the Philharmonic Society, will be given in the Queen's Hall on Thursday, 9th December. Gounod's Messe Solenne is the principal work selected for performance.

Mr. Dezouche has made arrangements to give a series of Ballad Concerts, (similar to the London "Monday Popular Concerts") in the Queen's Hall. The best available local

talent will be secured, and the price will be made merely nominal. The first of these concerts will take place on Monday 6th December, and will be under the direction of Dr. MacLagan.

THE Choir of Wesley Church (Congregational) assisted by a number of professionals and leading amateurs of this city, are now rehearsing for a Grand Classical Concert, to be given in the Church at Christmas-tide.

We hope their efforts will be crowned with success.

Chess.

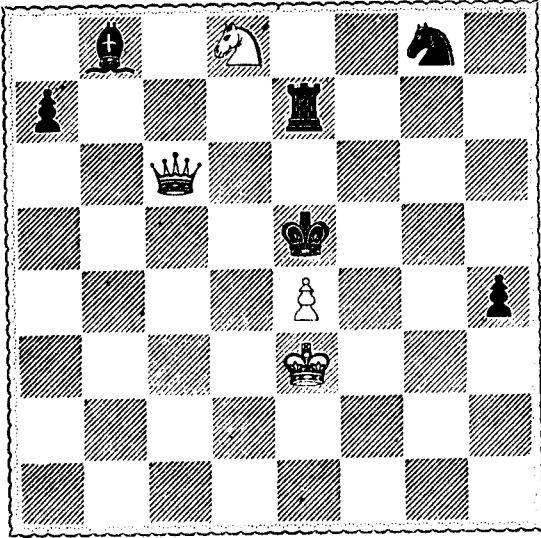
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, November 27th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. CXIV.

By Herman, of Christiania. From the Nordisk Skaktidende.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME NO. LXXV.

Played in the Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney between Mr. J. E. Narraway, of St. John, N.B., and Mr. H. N. Kittson, of Hamilton, Ont.

GIUOCO PIANO.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
J. E. Narraway.	H. N. Kittson	11 Castles (a)	Castles	22 Kt to Q 6	R to K B sq
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 R to K sq	R to K sq	23 B to R 6	Q takes B
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	13 B to B 4	B to Kt 2	24 Kt to B 7 (ch)	R takes Kt
3 B to Q B 4	Kt to Q B 3	14 Kt to Q 2	P to K Kt 4	25 Q takes R	B to Q Kt 2
4 P to Q B 3	P takes P	15 K Kt takes Kt	Q P takes Kt	26 R takes B	R to K B sq
5 P to Q 4	P takes P	16 B to B sq	Q takes P	27 Q takes Q B P	P to Q B 4
6 P to K 5	P to Q 4	17 Q to Kt 3 (ch)	K to R sq	28 R to Q 8	B to K 5
7 B to Q Kt 5	Kt to K 5	18 B takes P	Q takes K P (b)	29 K R to Q sq	B to Q 6
8 B takes Kt (ch)	P takes B	19 Q R to Q sq	Q to Kt 2	30 K R takes B	Q to B 8 (ch)
9 P takes P	B to Kt 3	20 B to Q 2	B to B sq (c)	31 R to Q sq	Resigns
10 Kt to Q B 3	P to K B 4	21 Kt takes P (d)	B to Q 5		

Notes.— (a) It is better to play P takes P on B 3. Black is now enabled to construct a threatening array of Pawns on his K side.

(b) We now prefer Black's game.

(c) This B was well posted, and his removal not only tends to cramp his own game, but is lost time into the bargain.

(d) This capital move, the effects of which were apparently unforeseen by Black, gives rise to a lively termination, which is played by Mr. Narraway with much soundness and vigour.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHESS MAGAZINES.—With the approach of winter a revival becomes apparent in chess circles and chess publications partake of the enthusiasm. The Chess Players Chronicle, Chess Monthly, and La Strategie are all good numbers. The November Chronicle, whose bilious but ever welcome face will soon be missed among us, to give place however we hope to an as well-conducted and more frequent visitor, opens with an article on the 50-move law. The elaboration of the author's arguments rather renders him obscure. The extraordinary frauds in the Nuova Rivista Problem Tourney are exposed and the number is full of news and good problems. The Chess Monthly for November is not quite up to its predecessor. The interesting story of "The Régence Under The Old masters" by the aged but vivacious A. Delannoy is concluded. No notice of foreign chess doings appears. Actual Endings and M. Horowitz's End Games still continue to form a leading feature in this excellent chess journal. La Strategie for October contains no fewer than 19 games, three of which are by Mr. Gossip. Four End Games also appear. This department of chess is at present receiving considerable attention and must form valuable aids to students. We take our Problem this week from the Danish magazine, the Nordisk Skaktidende and it may be accepted as a fair sample of the excellence of the entire magazine.

ITEMS.—Design and Work published in England, has inaugurated a Problem Tourney with liberal Prizes for Two and Three move Problems separately. Address Chess Editor, Design and Work, Duffield, Derby.—Mr. N. Gedalia, so well known in New York Chess Circles, came to an untimely end the other day, at the early age of 23.—The Chess Players' Chronicle will cease its present form at the end of the year, and be published as a weekly magazine. This will be a new and enterprising departure from the ordinary run of Chess periodicals.—An analysis of a new attack in the Ruy Lopez appears in America, translated from the German.—A new Chess Club named The Victoria has been started in Montreal among some Law Students. We have not been favoured with the particulars.—Mr. H. E. Allen is, we understand, proposing an American Chess Directory.—A large number of the leading London players assembled at the house of Dr. Ballard, 26 Manchester Square, on October 30th, to obtain a private view of Mr. Rosentanni's new Chess Picture. Autotype copies of it will soon be announced for sale at varying prices. The occasion was also made an opportunity for a display of Mr. Zukertort's blindfold powers.

HISTORY OF THE CENTENNIAL AWARD. TO THE WEBER PIANO AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

Four years ago the great contest of the leading piano makers of the world took place at Philadelphia. At all previous exhibitions Broadwood, Erard, Steinway and Chickering divided all honours and awards between them. For the first time in its history the Weber Piano was brought prominently before the public, face to face with its great rivals, though for several years previous it had been known and almost exclusively used by the leading musical people. At the great Centennial contest the Weber Pianos alone were accredited the highest possible musical quantities "Sympathetic, pure and rich tone combined with greatest power, and excellence of workmanship as shown in grand square and upright pianos."

This sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favourite of the public, and it is this quality, combined with purity and great power, in a voice, which makes the greatest singer. In an interview with Geo. F. Bristow, the eminent Composer and Musician, and one of the Judges on Musical Instruments published in the leading newspapers in the United States, we have an account of the way in which the award was made. He says:—"In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into 'Judges Hall' for examination, and the Judges there agreed to mark in figures their opinion, and write out the report in full subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the cornerstone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure, adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24 or if all the judges agreed the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upward, would receive a medal."

Here, then, are the original figures on the Weber Piano.

"WEBER."

(Judges on Pianos at the Centennial.)

	BRISTOW.	KUPKA.	OLIVER.	SCHIEDMAVER.
Tone...	6	6	6	6
Equality...	6	6	6	6
Quality...	6	6	6	5
Touch...	6	6	6	6
	24	24	24	23

95 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96.

The Weber Piano was classed alone.

The next highest number reached by any other manufacturer was only

91 out of a possible 96.

According to these figures, it will be seen that WEBER'S PIANOS were unquestionably

THE BEST ON EXHIBITION.

One of the Jurors says: "Weber's Grand Piano was the most wonderful instrument I ever touched or heard. It must be recognized, beyond controversy, as the manufacturer, par excellence of America. His Pianos are undoubtedly the best in America, probably in the world to-day!"

It is impossible for language to be more emphatic or for figures to testify plainer. When the Commission learned from the Judges that the Weber Piano deserved the first rank, it showed its great appreciation by placing

The two Weber Grand Pianos on the Platform of Honour, which had been specially erected in the centre of the Main building, and constructed with a Sounding Board by Mr. Petit

There stood the instruments, the centre of attraction to Millions of Visitors.

And there Weber, to show his appreciation of the great honour conferred upon him and his work, gave daily concerts: hundreds of thousands of visitors will always remember the hours spent at these delightful concerts with pleasure and satisfaction.

Nor was it Mr. Weber's friends alone who rejoiced in his triumph, several great artists and pianists in the employ of rival houses could not repress their admiration of the man and his instruments. It was at this time that Madame Rive-King wrote to Mr. Weber acknowledging her astonishment and delight and congratulating him on having "the finest pianos she ever placed her fingers on." From that day it was evident the Weber piano could no longer be confined to the mansions of the wealthy and aristocracy or kept as it had too long been for the exclusive use of the great vocalists and prima donnas. To-day it is the piano of all great pianos and is purchased in preference to any other by all who have the means of procuring it, and are capable of appreciating grandeur, power and purity of tone.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Garmore's Artificial Ear Drums PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the Natural Drum. Always in position, but invisible to others. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for descriptive circular. GARMORE & CO., 117 Nassau St., New York, or S. W. Corner 5th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRANCIS McMANN,

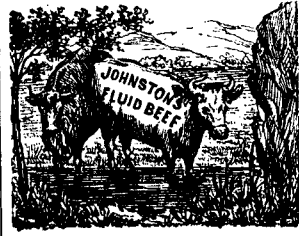
REAL ESTATE AGENT,

98 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET.

Money to loan on first mortgage.

55

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS LIEBIG'S IDEAL REALIZED.



In the Lancet of November 11, 1865, Baron Liebig says:—"We are possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous principles together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the 'Extractum Carnis,' for it would contain ALL the nutritive constituents of meat." Again:—"I have before stated that in preparing the Extract of Meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition; and this is certainly a great disadvantage."

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains the entire albuminous principles and is the only perfect nutritive stimulant known.

GOLD FISH!

FINE ASSORTMENT,

VARIOUS COLORS.

ALL SIZES.

Also assortment

FISH GLOBES,

AT

J. GOULDEN'S

175 St. Lawrence Main street.

35

ENVELOPES! ENVELOPES!

Just opened, a large consignment of Commercial Envelopes. Call for samples and see prices.

LETTER COPYING PRESSES A SPECIALTY.

AKERMAN, FORTIER & CO.,

Mercantile Stationers, Account Book Manufacturers, Printers, Lithographers,

256 and 258 ST. JAMES STREET.

J. Sutherland's old stand.

42

C. S. Baker,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

Surveyor and Draughtsman,

PLANS, DRAWINGS, ESTIMATES, SURVEYS, &c.

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

F. H. REYNOLDS

SOLICITOR OF PATENTS

Successor to Charles Legge & Co.,

(Established 1859)

162 ST. JAMES STREET, - MONTREAL.

MACMASTER, HUTCHINSON & KNAPP,

Barristers, Advocates, Commissioners, etc.,

(CITIZENS' INSURANCE BUILDINGS)

181 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

DONALD MACMASTER, B.C.L. F. A. KNAPP, B.C.L. MATTHEW HUTCHINSON, B.C.L., Professor of Law, McGill University.

M. WALSH

Barrister and Notary Public, INGERSOLL, ONT.

Collections and Agency receive special attention.

George Brush,

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

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.