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The Canadian Spectator.

EDITED BY THE REV. A. J. BRAY.

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500 cases CHAMPAGNE,
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LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, PENDANTS.

Handsome display of finest goods, with all latest
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Cooks' Friend Baking Powder,

PURE,
HEALTHY,
RELIABLE.

Manufactured only by
W. D. McLAREN,
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Retailed everywhere.

"GOOD BOOKKEEPING, to a man of business,
is equal to one-half of his capital."—*Mr. Com-
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**ENG. DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, TO-
RONTO,** (Established 1862), a select Business School
for young men. Advantages offered: Individual and
thorough instruction by an experienced Accountant,
and course of study arranged to meet the capacity of
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College Rooms, 96 King Street West Toronto.

NORMAN'S

ELECTRIC BELTS and INSOLES

are superior to all other curative agents; they give
immediate relief in all nervous diseases. No other
charge for consultations or circulars.

A. NORMAN,
4 Queen street East, Toronto.

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387 & 391 Notre Dame Street,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL CONFECTIONER.

Everything of the best quality on hand.

Luncheons as usual.

ALEXANDER & CO., of Montreal,

CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH ROOMS,

TORONTO,

Corner Church and Adelaide,

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE BUILDING.

Montrealers visiting Toronto will find our establish-
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A call respectfully solicited.

EVANS & RIDDELL, PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS

EDWARD EVANS, Official Assignee,

Western Chambers,

No. 28 ST. JOHN STREET.

ABSORPTION NATURE'S OWN LAW.

Be your own Doctor, practising under the Diploma of
the Faculty of Common Sense.

THE HOLMAN PAD!

THE CHEAPEST, THE PLEASANTEST, MOST CONVENIENT, THE SUREST,
AND THE MOST SATISFACTORY CURATIVE, PREVENTATIVE, AND
THOROUGH SYSTEM REGULATOR IN THE WORLD.

OVER HALF A MILLION EARNEST, INTELLIGENT, LIVING WITNESSES
BEAR TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH OF THIS STATEMENT.

There is no disease that can be kept in subjection, or that can be modified by the use of medicine, but that
can be acted upon in a far more satisfactory manner by the HOLMAN PAD AND PLASTER, and medical
salt-water foot-baths as auxiliaries. There is no disease that medicine will cure but what can be cured more
promptly and effectually by this treatment. Times without number diseases universally acknowledged to be
beyond the reach of medicine have melted away under the action of the Holman remedies, and the work was
done so quietly, with so little inconvenience to the patient, that in many cases the pain was gone almost ere
he was aware.

SUCCESS IS BETTER THAN THEORY.

Read carefully the following testimonials from well-known gentlemen living in our midst:—

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal,

GENTLEMEN,—With feelings of gratitude and pleasure I add my testimonial to the many you have already
received, as to the wonderful effects produced by your valuable Liver Pad. I commenced wearing the Pad
five weeks ago. Previous to that time I suffered from indigestion, bilious headache and diarrhoea. When I
had worn the Pad two weeks my health began to improve. My general health is now good, and I consider
myself cured.

Yours truly,

REV. WM. LOCHEAD.

FENELON FALLS, Ont., April 26th, 1878.

St. MARY'S, Ont., May 21st, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,

GENTLEMEN,—Having from several years been a sufferer from biliousness, and having tried a great many
kinds of medicine, all of which failed even to relieve me, I was induced by a friend to procure one of Holman's
Liver Pads and wear it. I did so, with gratifying results. I have worn it for over two months, and feel a
different man; I have no doubt but a second Pad will effect a permanent cure. I have advised others to pro-
cure and wear a Pad, all of whom are satisfied with its results. It is a pity that the Pad is not offered for sale
in every town and city in the Dominion, instead of having to order a Pad when needed, and wait until it comes.
Were they kept on hand in the drug stores, more would be sold. I am addressing every bilious person with
whom I come in contact to do as I have done.

Yours truly,

REV. JAMES G. CALDER,
Pastor of the Regular Baptist Church.

GANANOQUE, Nov. 6th, 1877.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

DEAR SIR,—After wearing the Pad for two weeks I felt like another man. It is now four weeks since I
put it on, and I am now enjoying good health. I shall, with pleasure recommend Holman's Pad to all parties
suffering from liver complaints, &c.

Yours respectfully,

REV. WM. J. JOLIFFE.

CLIFTON, May 30th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.:

GENTLEMEN,—Having tried one of Holman's Pads for Constipation and Torpid Liver, after being two
years under medical treatment, and one year that I was compelled to use drugs every night, I find the Pad has
done more for me than any other thing I have used. From the day I put it on I required no medicine, and feel
the most beneficial results, and find it all that is claimed for it. I heartily recommend it to all who suffer from
the above complaint.

Yours very truly,

JAMES C. ROSS,
Clifton, Susp. Bridge, Ont.

MONTREAL, April 16th, 1878.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO.,
301 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Holman Fever and Ague Liver Pad I bought from
you, and wore during two weeks has produced very good results. I believe it to be all that you claim, and
that it has been greatly instrumental in curing me of acute exsima and blood poisoning from which I have been
suffering for some months.

Believe me, Dear Sirs, yours gratefully,

RUDOLPHE BETANCOURT,

Traveller for J. Rattray & Co.

We cannot too strongly urge the use of OUR Absorptive Medicinal Foot and Body Plasters as an
auxiliary to the Pad in extreme cases of Typhoid, Bilious or other Fevers, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous
Headache, and acute pains in any part of the body, especially in the small of the back and shoulders. The
effect is magical; also in cases of cold extremities and partial paralysis. They stimulate and equalize the
circulation, producing the most satisfactory and even astonishing results. Combining the two, and following the
directions, the patient can feel but little doubt of being absolute master in the severest chronic difficulties.

Price of Foot Plasters by the pair, 50c. Large Body Plasters, 50c each.

ABSORPTION SALT!

The medicated properties of Absorption Salt (prepared only by this Company) render it invaluable for
bathing the feet and legs. That it fills a want long needed is already so acknowledged by its present general
use in communities wherever tried.

Its effect is wonderful as an assistant in removing obstructions and inflammations; as in colds, cold exte-
mities, fevers of every form, pains, numbness, rheumatism, and neuralgia, and in creating perfect circulation.
The baths of this Salt are usually taken before retiring to rest, and are superior to any others known.
The properties contained in the salt makes the baths delightful in their use and thorough disinfectors, and
so medicinal that whilst they open the pores of the skin, yet it is impossible to take cold from them, as is
often the case with other baths.

If it happens that your druggists or merchants do not keep it, send your order to any of the Company's
offices, with price enclosed, and it will be sent you by express, at your expense. Our Pad and Plasters only
are sent by mail at our expense.

Price of Absorption Salt, 1 package, 25c.; 6 packages, \$1.25.

The Pad costs but \$2.50 and \$3.50, the latter only used in old complicated cases.
Consultations and explanations free of charge at the Company's Offices.
Send for descriptive treatise. Free.

Holman Liver Pad Company,

301 Notre Dame-st., Montreal; and 119 Hollis-st., Halifax, N.S.; Lyman, Clare & Co., Wholesale Druggists.

All live retail Druggists keep them.

SHIRTS! SHIRTS!

A. H. SIMS & CO.,

Montreal,
MANUFACTURERS OF
SHIRTS,
COLLARS,
AND
CUFFS,
WHOLESALE.

Orders from the trade solicited.

THE OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION CO.

Daily direct river route between MONTREAL and
OTTAWA. (Mail Steamers.) Passengers by Day
Boats leave by 7:15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to con-
nect with Steamer. Return Tickets at Reduced Rates.

Excursions.—For DAY TRIP through Lake of
Two Mountains to Carillon, returning OVER RAPIDS
in evening, take 7:15 a.m. Train for Lachine, to con-
nect with Steamer. Fare, for round trip, \$1.25.

For Excursion OVER RAPIDS, Steamer leave
Lachine on arrival of 5 p.m. Train from Montreal.
Fare, for round trip, 50c. Tickets at Principal Hotels
and Grand Trunk Railway Office.

COMPANY'S OFFICE: 13 BONAVENTURE ST.
Freight forwarded daily at Low Rates, from Freight
Office, 87 Common Street, Canal Basin.

R. W. SHEPHERD, President.



**MONTREAL & BOSTON AIR LINE AND
SOUTH-EASTERN RAILROADS.**

On and after MONDAY, July 1, this reliable, short
and grand scenery route to Boston, New York, and
all New England cities, passing Lake Memphremagog
and White Mountains, will run

Day Express, with Parlor Car attached, leaving
Montreal 9 a.m., arriving in Boston at 9.30 p.m.

Night Express, with Pullman Sleeping Car, leaving
Montreal 4 p.m., arriving in Boston 8.25 a.m.

LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG

**ALL RAIL ROUTE. BEAUTIFUL SCENERY.
NO CHANGE OF CARS.**

Passing through a country noted for its beautiful
Lake, Valley and Mountain Scenery, unsurpassed on
the Continent.

Leave Montreal for Newport at 9 a.m. and 4 p.m.,
Newport for Montreal, 3.38 a.m. and 4.40 p.m.

Fare to Newport and return, from Montreal, \$5.

Friday Excursion.—Tickets good from Friday
p.m. to Monday p.m., price \$3.50, from Montreal to
Newport and return, and to all Stations on S. O. Ry.
at greatly reduced fares.

H. P. AYDEN, A. B. FOSTER,
Genl. Pass Agt S E Ry. Mgr S E Ry.
G. LEVE, Can Agt M & B Air Line and S E Ry.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

Cabin, Intermediate and Steerage Passage Tickets
to all parts of Europe, by most reliable lines, sailing
every WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and SATUR-
DAY from New York and Boston, at lowest rates.

Choice Staterooms secured by telegraph, free of
charge. Offices: 202 St. James street, Montreal, and
271 Broadway, New York.

G. LEVE, General Agent.

**SHORTEST ROUTE VIA CENTRAL VER-
MONT R. R. LINE.**

Leave Montreal at 4 p.m. for New York, and 9 a.m.,
and 6 p.m. for Boston.

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

TRAINS LEAVE MONTREAL:

9 a.m., Day Express for Boston via Lowell.
4 p.m., Mail for Waterloo.
4 p.m., Night Express for New York via Troy, also
for Boston via Fitchburg, arriving in Boston 7 a.m.,
and New York 7.25 a.m., next morning.
6 p.m., Night Express for Boston via Lowell, and
New York via Springfield.

GOING NORTH.

Day Express leaves Boston, via Lowell, at 8 a.m.,
via Fitchburg 7.30 a.m., Troy at 7.40 a.m., arriving
in Montreal at 8.45 p.m.

Night Express leaves Boston at 5.35 p.m., via
Lowell, via Fitchburg 6 p.m., and New York at 3 p.m.,
via Springfield, arriving in Montreal at 9 a.m.

Night Express leaves New York via Troy at 8.30
p.m., arriving in Montreal 12 m., excepting Saturday
nights, when it will leave New York at 4 p.m., arriv-
ing in Montreal at 9 a.m. Sunday morning.

For Tickets and Freight Rates, apply at Central
Vermont Railroad Office, 136 St. James street.
Boston Office, 322 Washington street.

G. W. BENTLEY, J. W. HOBART,
Genl. Manager. Genl. Supt.

S. W. CUMMINGS,
General Passenger Agent.
Montreal, 10th June, 1878.

WILLIAM DOW & CO.,
Brewers and Maltsters.

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

FAMILIES SUPPLIED.

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

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

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GENERAL AUCTIONEER.

OFFICE AND SALESROOM:
195 St. James Street, Montreal.
Best stand in the city.

John Date,

Plumber, Gas and Steam Fitter, Brass
Framer and Finisher,
Keeps constantly on hand a well selected assortment of
GAS FIXTURES,

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

DIVING APPARATUS.

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

COPPER AND BRASS WORK,
Of all descriptions, made to order on the shortest
notice.

655 and 657 Craig Street.

CHARLES D. EDWARDS,

MANUFACTURER OF

FIRE PROOF SAFES,

49 St. Joseph Street,

MONTREAL.

HAMILTON & CO.,

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

GEO. BOND & CO.,

SHIRT AND COLLAR MAKERS,

Shirts made to order, and a good fit guar-
anteed.

415 NOTRE DAME STREET

Opposite Thompson's Hat Store.

JAS. K. POLLOCK,

Looking-Glass, Picture Frame and Passe-Partout
Manufacturer,
No. 15 BLEURY STREET, - - MONTREAL.

ST. LAWRENCE DYE WORKS,
31 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL
JAMES M. MACDONALD, Silk and Woollen
Dyer, Scourer, Hot Presser, &c., &c. Gentlemen's
Clothes Cleaned and Dyed. Kid Gloves Cleaned.
Established 1863.

GOVERNMENT SECURITY
FURNISHED BY THE
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

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

NOW ANNOUNCES

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

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

Office—Opposite Post-Office, Montreal.

MONTREAL DISTRICT BRANCH,
J. R. ALEXANDER, M.D., Manager.
EASTERN CANADA BRANCH,
ORR & CHRISTMAS, Managers.

BRADY'S,
400 ST. JOSEPH STREET.

For the
BEST FAMILY DRY GOODS,
GO TO BRADY'S!

Ladies will please call and examine our special lines
in Black Lustres, at 12 1/2, 15, 18, 20 and 25 cents!

GREAT CHEAP SALE NOW GOING ON!

400 ST. JOSEPH STREET, 400

GALBRAITH & CO.,

MERCHANT TAILORS,
No. 378 Notre Dame Street, (Corner of St. John St.,)
MONTREAL.
JOHN GALBRAITH, Manager.

MOVING! MOVING!!

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR MOVING

AT

580 DORCHESTER STREET,

SIMPSON'S EXPRESS.

AMERICAN CEDAR CAMPHOR,
For Preserving Furs and Woollen Goods,
IN PACKETS, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH.
For sale by

J. HAWKES,
21 Place d'Armes and 441 St. Lawrence Main St.
Fresh Plantaganet Water, wholesale and retail.

BONAVENTURE CABINET FACTORY.
CRAIG & CO.,
Manufacturers of Chamber & Dining-Room Furniture.
Retail Department;
463 NOTRE DAME STREET, - - MONTREAL,
Where Goods can be bought at wholesale prices.
CRAIG & CO., Proprietors.

PERCIVAL B. WINNING,
SON & CO.,

FRUIT SYRUPS,
CORDIALS,
&c., &c., &c.
GINGER WINE,
&c., &c., &c.

Sole Agents Wellington Wine and Spirit Co.
Proprietors celebrated Carratraca Mineral Springs,
Plantagenet, Ont.

OFFICES: 393 ST. PAUL STREET
MONTREAL,

JACKSON'S CHAMOMILE PILLS are the
best remedy for Indigestion and Habitual Consti-
pation.

Price 25c per box. Sent by post to any address for
28c. Prepared only by

H. F. JACKSON,
FAMILY AND DISPENSING CHEMIST,
1369 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

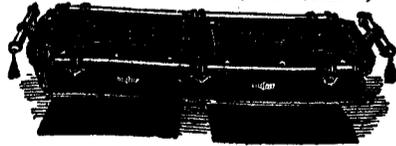
DR. CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING
SYRUP, for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, &c.
Dr. CODERRE'S Infant's Syrup, for Infantile
Diseases, such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Painful
Dentition, &c.

Dr. CODERRE'S Tonic Elixir, for all cases of
Nervousness, General Debility, and diseases of the
skin or blood.

These valuable remedies are all prepared under the
immediate direction of Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,
of over 25 years experience, and are recommended by
many leading Physicians.

For sale at all the principal Druggists,
For further information, we refer our readers to
Dr. J. EMERY CODERRE, M.D.,
64 St. Denis Street,
MONTREAL.

G. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL,



UNDERTAKERS.

WHEELER & WILSON
MANUFACTURING CO.

LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINES.
General Agency for the Province of Quebec:
Nos. 1 & 3 PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL.
Also Agents for BAZAAR Glove-fitting Patterns.



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

Henry & Wilson,

236 ST. JAMES STREET,

MONTREAL,

MERCHANT TAILORS

AND

GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTERS.

Washington Warehouse.

JAMES McCORMICK,

Family Grocer,

IMPORTER OF

TEAS, COFFEES, STAPLE AND FANCY GRO-
CERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c., &c.,

Corner of BLEURY and ONTARIO Streets.

Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

HILL & CORMACK,
AUCTIONEERS, COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND VALUATORS,

MONTREAL.

LIBERAL ADVANCE MADE ON CONSIGNMENTS.

Sale-Rooms, 65 St. James Street.

Post-Office Box 759.

C. F. HILL, M. CORMACK.

REFERENCE:

- HON. HENRY STARNES, Montreal.
- MESSRS. CLENDINNING & EUARD, Montreal.
- MESSRS. JUDAH & BRANCHAUD, Montreal.
- OGLIVY & Co., Toronto, Ont.
- J. D. LAIDLAW, Toronto, Ont.
- LAIDLAW, NICOL & Co., Stayner, Ont.

PATENTS.

CHARLES LEGGE & CO.,
SOLICITORS OF PATENTS.
(Established 1859.)
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

C. CAMPBELL, FLORIST,
40 RADEGONDE STREET,
(Foot of Beaver Hall.)

Marriages, Dinner Parties and Funerals supplied
with Flowers. Bouquets and Floral Designs in every
style made to order.

GRAY'S CASTOR FLUID.—(Trade Mark re-
gistered.) A hair dressing which entirely super-
sedes the thick oils so much used. Cooling, Stimulat-
ing, Cleansing, Beautifying. Prevents the hair from
falling; eradicates Dandruff; promotes the growth.
HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 144 St. Lawrence St.,
Montreal. 25 cents per bottle.

Testimonial to the efficacy of
SUTTON'S PHILOTETRON.
Montreal, May 29th, 1878.

Mr. Sutton:
DEAR SIR,—I have very much pleasure in telling
you that the three bottles of Philotetron which you
sold me have completely restored hair on all the bald
spots on my head, for which accept my thanks, and I
would recommend its use to all now likewise afflicted,
believing it to be a really good hair medicine.

I am, thankfully yours,
PATRICK MCKEOGH,
Corner St. Henry and St. Maurice Streets.
Prepared only by
THOMAS SUTTON,
114 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER ST., MONTREAL.

EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMPS
For Banking and General Business Purposes,
Marking Clothing, Printing Cards, &c.

SELF-INKING POCKET STAMPS,
RUBBER PRINTING WHEELS,
RUBBER DATING & CANCELLING STAMPS
RUBBER COATS-OF-ARMS,
RUBBER CRESTS, SEALS, AUTOGRAPHS,
MONOGRAMS, FANCY INITIAL LETTERS, &c.

Stamp Ink a Specialty.
MANUFACTURED BY
C. E. THOMPSON,
240 ST. JAMES STREET.
P. O. Box 1273, Montreal.

ALLAN LINE.

Under contract with the Government of Canada
for the conveyance of
CANADIAN & UNITED STATES MAILS

1878. Summer Arrangements. 1878.

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

Vessels.	Tonnage.	Commanders.
Sardinian	4100	Lt. J. E. Dutton, R.N.R.
Circassian	4300	Capt. James Wylie.
Polynesian	4100	Capt. Brown.
Sarmatian	3600	Capt. A. D. Aird.
Hibernian	3434	Lt. F. Archer, R.N.R.
Caspian	3200	Capt. Trocks.
Scandinavian	3000	Capt. Richardson.
Prussian	3000	Capt. R. S. Watts.
Austrian	2700	Capt. H. Wylie.
Nestorian	2700	Capt. Barclay.
Moravian	3650	Capt. Graham.
Peruvian	3600	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Manitoban	2700	Capt. McDougall.
Nova Scotian	3200	Capt. Jos. Ritchie.
Canadian	2600	Capt. Niel McLean.
Corinthian	2400	Capt. Menzies.
Acadian	1350	Capt. Cabel.
Waldensian	2800	Capt. J. G. Stephen.
Phoenician	2800	Capt. James Scott.
Newfoundland	1500	Capt. Mylins.

LIVERPOOL MAIL LINE,

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

FROM QUEBEC:

Peruvian	Saturday, July 13
Sardinian	Saturday, July 20
Polynesian	Saturday, July 27
Sarmatian	Saturday, Aug. 3
Circassian	Saturday, Aug. 10

Rates of Passage from Quebec:
Cabin - - - - - \$70 or \$80
Intermediate - - - - - (According to accommodation.)
Steerage via Halifax - - - - - \$40.00
- - - - - 25.00

The steamers of the Glasgow Line will sail from
Quebec for the Clyde on or about every Thursday:
Waldensian Thursday, June 27
Phoenician Thursday, July 4
Corinthian Thursday, July 11

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

Caspian	Aug. 6
Nova Scotian	Aug. 20
Hibernian	Sept. 3
Caspian	Sept. 17
Nova Scotian	Oct. 1
Hibernian	Oct. 15

Rates of Passage between Halifax and St. John's:—
Cabin - - - - - \$20.00
Steerage - - - - - 6.00

An experienced Surgeon carried on each vessel.
Berths not secured until paid for.

Through Bills Lading granted in Liverpool and at
Continental Ports to all points in Canada via Halifax
and the Intercolonial Railway.

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

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

MERCER'S
SLEEPING ELIXIR.

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THE TIMES.

Quoth the *Toronto Mail*, "No honest Reformer can review the past five years without feelings of indignation and contempt. Parliamentary control over contracts, the independence of Parliament, purity in elections, economy, every principle of administration has been violated; while the idea of governing the country from a purely national standpoint is scouted with abuse which is often as ignorant as it is malignant." That is strong language; but will the *Mail* tell us who the "honest Reformer" is, or what he is like? And when we have found him, may he not be invited to look a little farther back and beyond the period of five years? And may not the "honest Reformer" be also invited to give us his opinion of the prospects for the next five years? Ordinary mortals, who care little about parties and much about the country, are getting somewhat bewildered over all this fussing and fuming of the papers. Names are being appropriated in a marvellous way. The Conservatives are earnestly declaring that they are not Conservative at all. First they became Liberal-Conservative, and we were invited to believe that they held and represented, and would carry into active politics, all that was good of both parties. They said: Gentlemen, are you Liberals?—we are your friends. Are you Conservative?—shake hands. Are you Ultramontane?—bless you. Are you Orangemen?—good boys. And now our versatile friends are posing as the Reformers of the day. Well, perhaps they are. Certain it is they have long been penitent—served, in fact, five years in the political penitentiary at Ottawa.

But men sometimes merely change their evils, and call that reformation. Parties may do the same; and we want to be quite sure that the party which follows the lead of Sir John A. Macdonald is not only penitent but converted, taking a better, because clearer and juster view of its duty. At the meetings to be held in Toronto for the advocacy of a National Policy for Canada, will Sir John tell us what he means clearly and definitely; how he proposes to legislate for Ontario and Nova Scotia, and if he did not suggest a 35 per cent. tariff at Strathroy, what he did suggest, and how he would make his National Policy work? There is a good deal of haziness in our politics, and it would do us good to know that our leaders are sure of their whereabouts. We hear their voices always, and when the fog breaks can see the speakers, but we do not see things clearly. The protective tariff wants defining,

Both parties are making desperate efforts to secure a majority in the coming election—the Conservatives—as it seems—displaying the most earnestness and speaking with the most confidence. Mr. Langevin has given up hopes of again carrying Charlevoix, and has decided to offer himself to the electors of Rimouski, in place of Dr. Fissette. His brother is Bishop there, and will, of course, render some clerical help. Last Sunday week Mr. Langevin held a meeting outside the church, after service, and triumphantly proved cases of bribery and corruption against the party at present in power. Dr. Fissette got up and said, "You're another," and proved it, too. And the poor electors and non-electors were sorely puzzled. They first believed that Codlin was the friend, and then felt sure it must be Short. On the whole, the chances are in favour of Dr. Fissette—and, if the elections prove the prediction correct, Mr. Langevin will be a disappointed man—also—his brother, the Bishop.

Mr. Tilley returns to active life with a deep sense of the importance of that life, and his own place in it. His reception at St. John, N.B., was enthusiastic, and so was the speech he gave on the occasion. It was a time of general rejoicing. Mr. Tilley rejoiced to be free once again from the burdens of Lieutenant-Governorship—he rejoiced "to meet the people and commune with them." He thanked the press for kindnesses received—cleared his own past from the imputations of Mr. Mackenzie, to the effect that he had sat and voted in the House of Commons with his commission as Lieutenant-Governor in his pocket, and from the charges that he had been a partizan Governor; and then

Mr. Tilley indulged in a slashing criticism of Mr. Cartwright's fiscal policy. It really looks as if the Conservatives will make a clear gain by the return of Mr. Tilley. He talks well and sensibly, and seems in no way afraid to face and examine his own past public life.

On the whole, both political parties may be congratulated on the fact that a better tone prevails in the speeches given. There is a sensible decrease in the amount of personal abuse and bitterness. That is a good sign, and if our daily papers will copy the example it will be better still. Violent language is always foolish and hurtful. Let us have criticism and fault-finding, and argument and counter-argument, but personal abuse is bad—always everywhere bad. Besides—neither party can afford to indulge in it—for both parties live in glass houses.

There is some reason for the talk that is going, as to the effect upon the trade of Montreal, of the action of Mayor Beaudry and his pet lambs on the 12th of July. It is true—"and pity 'tis 'tis true"—that many houses in Ontario and elsewhere are refusing to deal further with Montreal. This is as foolish as it is unjust; it is to punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty. The industrious part of the community—Protestant and Catholic alike—are opposed to the scandalous doings of the mob-leading Mayor—but with Ontario, politically separated from it—lending it little or no help against the tyrant majority, poor Montreal has to bear the burden of Roman Ecclesiasticism. This attempt to turn business away from the city will make the burden heavier, at least for a time, and display only childishness on the part of those who do it.

We add our congratulations to those of our contemporaries, at the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne as our next Governor-General. We regard it as an evidence of the great interest which England takes in the welfare of Canada, and we trust that our highest hopes and good wishes may be realized. The Marquis will have such an opportunity placed within his reach as has probably never fallen to the lot of a Viceroy before; for the Royal lady, his wife, we hold already the most unquestionable love and affection, which nothing can alienate or bedim for one moment; but let us not

"Wear our loyalty on our sleeves, for daws to peck at;"

let it remain spontaneous and from the deepest recesses of our hearts. We think there is just a fear to be expressed that our loyalty may degenerate into snobbism and lip-service. We may very well leave the presentation of sleighs, harness and such very small potatoes until we have the Marquis and his consort amongst us, when we may best show how much we love them, and how highly we prize the parentage whence we have sprung, by "quitting ourselves like men."

The appointment of the Marquis of Lorne will be very popular in Canada, if for no other reason than because it indicates a new departure in English politics. When the British Government is willing that one of the Royal Princesses shall join in the serious duty of presiding over a Colony, it has given the best proof possible of its belief in the organic unity of the Empire. With such a hand of Court cards it would have been folly not to play one out. Royal personages are useful, in spite of Republican cant, and when we get our Princess at Ottawa, we shall be the proudest people on this Continent, and the envy of all our cousins in the South. They will be sorry they ever rebelled against her good old great-grandfather.

All were agreed that England had undertaken a great responsibility by entering into an alliance with Turkey; that to bring about something like good order in Turkey in Asia; to put a stop to the systematic pillage carried on by the Governors; to put down the marauding tribes of robbers; to see that Christians were fairly treated in the courts of justice, and in a general way to stop the misrule and waste for which the Porte has hitherto been responsible, was to incur a responsibility before which any nation might well pause. But this was all a mistake, as it now turns out. That great political prophet of these latter days, who so grandly and confidently commands the future, the Gartered Earl of Beaconsfield, tells us we were all wrong, for in the nature of things there must be a war between Russia and Turkey again in a few years, and the alliance with Turkey will make England's way clear—she must go in and blaze away at Russia to defend Asia Minor.

THE PROBLEM OF GOOD GOVERNMENT.

Up to this present year of grace every country of Europe is face to face with this old problem of good government. France has passed through most strange vicissitudes—revolutions bloody and bloodless—*coups d'état* and *coups de théâtre*, and coups of every kind, and yet is now feeling at the roots of old and new ideas in the almost vain endeavour to find the right and do it. Germany is living an expensive and hazardous life—a large standing army, an autocratic Bureau—a discontented people, breeding Socialism; which is met by a gagged press; that is, more discontentment, and a consequent increase of danger to the State. A single glance at Austria, Italy, Russia, and Turkey will show that in those countries they have not even decided upon the goal and the way to it. They are walking among shadows and over broken ground, hoping to happen upon something good and permanent. Even England does not feel secure, or as if she had reached finality in matters political. The people are not satisfied with the present, and are afraid of the future. Great questions press for discussion and settlement. The people are sure that they have a Constitutional Government, but in these days of brilliant legislation they can hardly define the term "Constitutional." Changes are possible, and the wise refuse to prophecy, they only wait.

The United States had—with one exception—the best opportunity ever recorded in world history of solving, in a practical way, the problem of good government. There was an old-world to learn from, with its heaped up good and bad—institutions based on right, and institutions based on wrong—records and predictions to be used profitably. A Republican form of Government was adopted, of course, and yet, after more than a hundred years, scarce a nation in all the world finds political administration more difficult than the United States. The country is just a seething cauldron of political iniquity. The centre of Government has no vital connection with the extremities, and the unwieldy fabric gives promise of falling to pieces of its own weight, just as the old Roman Empire did.

The "one exception" I spoke of is Canada. When it passed into the possession of England it was peopled by only a few French-speaking people, living for the greater part in or near the cities of Montreal and Quebec. They were Roman Catholics of the best and mildest type, thoroughly Gallican, and holding to all the traditions of France with regard to the temporal supremacy of the Pope. They were not numerous enough to be called a nation, nor had they any of those qualities out of which a great people may be made. The way which British statesmen should have taken was plain enough. The French were but settlers here, existing mainly to support the Church. Here was a new world waiting for the thrift and enterprise of the Celt, and a field into which the over-crowded West might pour its millions, and the question of the day was, How shall the foundations be laid?

It was unquestionably right, and therefore just, that the conquerors should deal gently with the conquered, particularly in all matters of religious faith and practice; and England had other difficulties on her hands which made her anxious to be rid of trouble in Canada. Still, we of this day know that it was a grave blunder to have given so much power to the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec. It was taken as a British Colony; it was a home in which people might live under British rule and law, and surely the first and last care should have been taken to make it thoroughly British in its character. This was not done in the Province of Quebec. It was left in the hands of the priests.

Protestantism—speaking of it in a political sense—represents and teaches the claim of men to freedom of thought in all matters temporal and spiritual—the right of individual judgment and action based upon individual responsibility. Roman Catholicism, on the other hand, represents and teaches the very opposite of that. Its primary object is to blot out direct responsibility, and to put into the hands of a few the right to control the minds and judgments of the many. Definite propositions are laid down stern and inflexible, to which the people must adapt themselves, and by which they must be governed. That hierarchical idea can never be made the foundation of a great and prosperous nation. That is demonstrated by abundance of theory and practice. Anyone travelling through the Province may tell where the hierarchical idea is in the ascendant by the prevalence of sloth and dirt and poverty. There is scarce a sign of thrift or of enterprise, the houses are miserable, and a fertile soil is running to waste.

In consequence of the exceptional advantages given to the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec, life has flowed westward, finding in the Province of Ontario freedom from the intolerance and the dead-weight of ignorance imposed upon them by the Roman Catholic Church where it had the power. The genius of Protestantism is toleration—of Roman Catholicism, intolerance. (If proof is wanted for the statement, let me say that at a meeting held in Montreal awhile ago, for the purpose of forming a "National Society" on the basis of complete toleration, a Roman Catholic stated that while personally he could accept that, the Church of which he was a member

never could and never would.) The genius of Protestantism is individual freedom and the prosperity of the whole—of Roman Catholicism, the obedience of the individual, and the whole, and the prosperity of the Church. The genius of Protestantism is in the direction of popular education—while the whole aim of Roman Catholicism is to keep the people ignorant. I speak of Roman Catholicism as represented by its ecclesiasticism; for large numbers who nominally belong to that community would have it otherwise—they would have industry and enterprise and popular education, and they know that their great enemy is the Church. And to legislate in favour of that Church—to put enormous power into the hands of such a body of men as they who represent the Roman Hierarchy here—was a grave blunder, which has been the fruitful root-soil out of which many evils have sprung.

The division of the country into Provinces I take to have been the greatest of those evils. It is true that it seemed necessary at the time, in order that the West might no longer be dragged back by the East—true also that it meant accession of territory and increased material strength—but it was a policy based upon the exigencies of the hour, and not an effort to secure the lasting good of the country. Sir John A. Macdonald, who did more than any other man to carry the measure, declared it would only last fifteen years. That is bad policy and worse patriotism which will legislate for fifteen years. No people can afford to build a political edifice which the builders tell them can only stand fifteen years. It may do for professed and paid politicians, giving them a show of work and keeping up popular excitement, but it will not do for a nation. If we build slowly, we should be sure that our work is good and will be permanent. Ten out of the fifteen years have gone, and there is a growing feeling that the blunder must be undone—the political power concentrated, and Canada made into a nation.

As a result we are the most governed, and very nearly the worst governed country in the world. We have four Parliaments—each with its Senate and Lieutenant-Governor, some of them Conservative and some of them Liberal, and all of them in some mysterious way representing British Royalty and upholding the sacred Constitution; and over those one Parliament at Ottawa, with its Senate Chamber, trying hard to please all parties, and trying harder to please and do well unto itself. This division of power is the cause of great weakness, for each Province is really self-governing, and the Dominion Parliament can have little or nothing to say in the administration of Provincial affairs.

The cost of this awkward and cumbrous machinery is enormous, for each M.P. or M.P.P. draws his pay. This probably is necessary, if not imperative in a young country like Canada, where accumulated wealth has not yet created a leisured class, but surely an effort should be made to reduce the number of those whom it is needful to pay for their services. It can scarcely be that four millions of people need 673 or more legislators. It is an expensive luxury, and one that we can ill afford.

And while there is much to be said for this indemnity—to put it in a mild way—to our political representatives to the effect that it enables us to command the best talent in the country—it is beyond question that great evils arise out of it. It puts a premium upon idleness and incapacity. Young men are tempted to give up the hard and dull work of business, or a profession, and take to politics as a way of living. In many cases the "indemnity" and the "mileage" and the small patronage they are able to dispense make up more in money than they could ever hope to earn in any other way. Others, possessing capacity, are fascinated by the excitement and great possibilities that pertain to political life, and enter it with enthusiasm—only to wake up by and by to find that ambition and achievement are not the same thing, and that the best years of life have been wasted in a strife for the impossible—but it is too late to turn to the business or the profession, and they become mere partizans and place-hunters, and political alms seekers in general.

And then, mark the shiftings and changes to which our leaders have to lend themselves. Sir John A. Macdonald dare not be too explicit about the protective tariff in Ontario for fear of giving alarm to the people of Nova Scotia. Mr. Mackenzie has to wink at bits of jobbery here and there, and to shake hands with the Catholics now and then just to get their votes. A clean and consistent political course is simply impossible for either party, unless it would sacrifice present prospect of place and power. Neither party dares to deal in an out and out way with the Ultramontanes, and neither party will dare to deal decisively with the question of Orangeism. The policy of each is simply tentative—a living from hand to mouth, from session to session. The party in Opposition only anxious to create difficulties for the party in place, and the party in place only anxious to tide them over.

To form a Dominion Parliament Cabinet is enough to drive any man mad. The poor Premier is not free to choose the most competent men of his party, but each Province must have its representative. Imagine the Earl of Beaconsfield or Mr. Gladstone having to form a Cabinet in that way. A lot of able men have come from Scotland, but

he can only take one; a lot of bovine men have come from the Southern Counties of England, but he must take one or two. No sane man in all Britain would undertake to form a Cabinet in that way. But that is precisely how we are doing it here. The Prime Minister may not choose the best men out of all those at his command, but must have the different Provinces represented. And a beautiful hotch-potch it makes, as any one may testify who knows the present Cabinet.

Sooner or later the position of Canada must change. The present condition of things cannot last for ever—perhaps cannot last long. Annexation to the United States need not be thought of, and is not worth discussion. Such a course would accomplish nothing beyond a settlement of the question of tariff. But to observant persons it must be plain that the connection with Great Britain must at some time or other be severed. England takes but small interest in Canada, and cares but little for her as a colony. The eyes of England are turned eastward and not westward. Under the guidance of the Earl of Beaconsfield, she is being committed to a policy which for the next century must turn her attention to the East. Her steps are oriental rather than occidental, and Canada must care for herself. The past is irreparable, but the future is ours to command. We can repair the blunders our fathers made. There is time enough yet to lay the foundations firm and strong. But they must be laid in equity, and with regard to the future. Our aim must be to abolish the Governments in the Provinces, and centralise our power; to make the honour of politics the only and sufficient reward; and to legislate in the interests of no Church, but for popular education, and industry, and enterprise, and prosperity, and peace. The task is great, and the man who shall set his hand to it will not find an early popularity; but it is worthy of a true man's effort. It is difficult, but not impossible. In spite of the differing races and faiths, by wise and just legislation this Canada may soon become a great and peaceful nation.

A. J. BRAY.

THE PROTESTANT PULPIT OF MONTREAL.

II.

From the Unitarian Church, of the Rev. Mr. Green, it is but a step across the road to St. Andrew's Church, which also has the distinction of being a denomination to itself, as far as Montreal is concerned. What that denomination is, is not very easy to settle, inasmuch as the matter is even now in the courts of law. The question to be settled involves some curious points, and a large amount of property. Readers of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR are getting a tolerably full presentation of one side of the case at the present time. It suffices here to say that St. Andrew's, with a few other churches in Canada, claims still to be the representative of the "Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland," while, *per contra*, it is claimed that this body is now non-existent, having been formally merged into the late union of Presbyterian Churches in Canada. The quarrel is a very pretty one as it stands, but whatever may be the result, there is no question that the Rev. Gavin Lang, the doughty and dauntless minister of St. Andrew's, has a firm conviction, both of the justice of his cause, and of its ultimate triumph. Mr. Lang is a man of note in Montreal, both from the social status of his congregation, and from his personal qualities. His broad geniality and stately courtesy make him a general favorite, his portly form and pleasant smile being always welcome. A firm believer in the rightful supremacy of the state, there is somewhat of the air of an "Establishment" about his own church. Its architecture is "churchly;" its musical service is full and florid; its sermons are brief and simple. It cannot be said that Mr. Lang is conspicuous as a preacher, but this is a distinction he does not covet. Still he preaches a gospel of grace and common-sense, which is not without its attractiveness and power.

Leaving now this group of churches, and still ascending the hill, the ecclesiastical atmosphere is changed. In front rises the stately English Cathedral, with its Chapter-house and Cross; a little to the right is a bizarre structure, occupied by one of the Baptist societies before mentioned, opposite to which are rising the walls of the new Wesley Congregational Church, whose minister—the Rev. James Roy—is now preaching in the Academy of Music, a little further westward. The unusual composite name of this church fairly describes it as an off-shoot from Methodism, grafted into the *omnium gatherum* of Congregational independency. The pastor is known as a man of amiable and irreproachable character. He is a scholar; and in his studies has drifted far enough away from orthodoxy to be charitable towards Unitarianism. Charged with himself holding Socinian views at the time he was pastor of a Methodist Church in Montreal, he wrote a pamphlet: which, according to Job, is what a man's enemy should want him to do! This pamphlet was generally and naturally supposed to express Mr. Roy's own views; but he claims it to have been only a plea for liberty of thought, on the ground of the difficulties attending the proof of the ordinary doctrines, and because John Wesley had allowed such liberty in his writings which were the legal standards of the Methodist Church. However, on the strength of this pamphlet he was quickly suspended, arraigned, and dismissed from the Methodist ministry. His congregation largely adhered to him; and—seceding in a body—formed a new society. A legal status was obtained under the wing of the Congregational denomination, and the building now rising is the outcome of the first year's successful work. Mr. Roy stoutly maintains his evangelical sentiments, and is quite able to hold his own in arguing his position. As a preacher he is interesting and attractive; tenderly affectionate in manner; choice in language and illustration; and, but for a certain absence of theological definition, would be a very strong man. This latter want probably arises from the fact that—unlike some others—Mr. Roy has learned enough to know that he does not know everything.

A few steps take us to the English Cathedral. And in dealing with the Episcopal Church one ought surely to begin with the bishop. But, alas! we have no bishop now in Montreal. Our late Metropolitan (good, easy man!) was fretted and frightened by the strong colonial spirits whom he was brought here to govern; and we saw the last of him three months ago, when the Quebec boat swung off from her wharf with the passengers for the English steamer. It is matter of some doubt when there will be another; it is not that we do not want to be bishoped, but there is uncertainty as to where the power of election resides. But if there be no Bishop, there are Canons and Deans; so the Church is not left comfortless. Of these, Canon Baldwin may be first mentioned. Rev. Maurice Baldwin belongs to an Upper Canada family, which stands identified with the history of that Province, and with that of the Episcopal Church within its borders. Always a low churchman, he has seldom been an episcopal favorite; yet, notwithstanding, has reached a high position. His evangelicalism is of the most pronounced order, somewhat of the "Ryle" type. Ten years ago he was an enthusiast, now he is simply an "earnest" preacher. He has large congregations, and still occasionally draws a crowd, which will listen patiently to an impassioned declamation of an hour long. His sermons are generally Biblical, and always practical, dogmatic and mildly dramatic. His elocution is almost *sui generis*, and is difficult to describe. While he is speaking, the whole man is at work: mouth, head, neck, body, hands, arms, and feet. If it be on a platform he is speaking, let those near him mind their toes; for he will traverse the whole space, bending and swaying and gesticulating violently; his features meanwhile twitching and working spasmodically. With all this, the matter of his discourse will be interesting, and will leave an impression. For, while he is somewhat artificial and solemn, yet his discourse will be full of a passionate force of argument and entreaty which it is difficult to resist, and which must try some people's nerves. He proves everything from the Bible, but seldom deigns to prove the Bible. Mr. Baldwin is a thorough-going temperance man, and readily identifies himself with the various movements. He is also prominent in the Evangelical Alliance and Bible Society; and sometimes shows his catholicity of spirit by appearing in a "dissenting" pulpit, when one is magnanimously offered to him. Yet it is whispered that he is not above making a "fluke" at the expense of his non-episcopal brethren when the occasion serves. "The Church is the Church, even if it be Low Church," is perhaps his sentiment.

The antipodes of Canon Baldwin is the Rev. Edmund Wood, of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, who is the embodiment of Sacerdotalism and Ritualism. That the same ecclesiastical body can hold two such men is a proof that it is a "broad" Church. Mr. Wood calls himself "a priest of the Church of England"; some would alter the last word to "Rome"—perhaps he would do so himself were it not for sundry weighty personal reasons! If only Mr. Wood's oratorical ability equalled his priestly pretensions, he might be a power in the city—if only for mischief; but the Montreal public have so much of the real article of Romanism that a mere flabby imitation of its millinery and its posturing, its candles, crosses and confession box, does not greatly attract them. Mr. Wood's new church (he has sold the old one to his Romish friends) is a perfect marvel of ugliness externally; the interior is not yet completed.

Between these two extreme types of churchmen there are various shades of opinion and ecclesiastical character. There is good Dean Bond, as evangelical and liberal as heart (of dissenter) could desire; a kindly, hearty man; a good plain preacher. His church (of St. George) has just lost an assistant minister who was one of the oratorical lights of Montreal. Rev. James Carmichael has, however, passed beyond the scope of the present paper; in the Hamilton pulpit he will doubtless soon make himself known. Then there is Canon Ellegood, of St. James the Apostle, who fills a good-sized pulpit, and fills it well. The Canon has good literary ability, good manner and delivery. His discourses are appreciated, and his congregation is large and enlarging. Rev. J. P. Du Moulin, of St. Martin's Church, is also popular as a preacher, having a good style and direct earnest manner, which gives weight to the good material of his discourses. There are also some suburban ministers of average capability, and a number of young men who have yet to be tried by time.

QUIEN SABE?

(To be continued.)

TOLERATION VERSUS CHARITY.

Your readers will, I trust, pardon any appearance of presumption in the remark that the article on "Toleration in Theory and Practice" gives, in some respects, almost as much pain as pleasure to the enlightened and liberal of this age. There is truth in the views presented, still, at best, it is but a half truth.

All honour to Locke for his noble defence of toleration. Viewed from the standpoint of his life and times and in the light of his experience, it excites admiration and sympathy in all advocates of progress who love humanity and seek the welfare of their fellows. Yet Locke, surely, of all men, had but little desire to limit and lock the human understanding within the comparatively narrow compass of his own perceptions. That wisdom which cometh down from above, penetrating unto the hearts and minds of all who, like that great philosopher, open themselves to receive it, has filtered through him into the minds of many, and enabled them to increase their capacity to receive in greater fullness a wisdom purer, and therefore more peaceable, than his.

Life has advanced—liberty has advanced—and truth now clothes the former with a grander mantle, while the latter takes a wider range, and, scarcely deigning to plead for liberty of *opinion*, directs its course towards the utmost possible liberty of *action*. Many among us had ceased to fear it would ever be needful again to struggle for liberty of opinion. Some enthusiasts had even hoped that the time when liberty of action was a principle that needed contending for had passed and gone. Your contributor is right in supposing that recent events show the latter conclusion to be somewhat premature.

The point of the article which commends itself is its insistence on the principle, that men have a right to exercise their faculties so long as they do not interfere with the like liberty in others. The much-abused Herbert Spencer is the chief contestant in this age for the absolute crystallization of that theory

into the pure truthfulness of enduring practice. Yet he is in this but a humble copyist of that fulness of the Godhead bodily, who said and *lived* the truth: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That maxim, at least, is applicable to all our fellow-men of whatever creed or opinion, and does not exclude either the Roman Catholic Church or the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. They too are entitled to liberty both of opinion and action, and there is no excuse in the fact that they do *not* do to us as we would that they should, for us to do to them *exactly* that which they do to us. Yet such is the spirit of Toleration taught, for theory and practice, in the article referred to. Now, such is not the example set before us by the Divine-Humanity. We, like Him, are to do right, and *take the consequences*. There is no road other than that. If we be followers of Him, we must not shirk the right for fear of consequences. Neither for gain to ourselves, which is the internal meaning of "expediency," nor yet to avoid bloodshed, ought we to shrink from that path in which He walked before us. If to be an Orangeman—if to worship God and thank Him for the victories we commemorate—be to some men both duty and love to God, why do they not *do* it, fearless of those who kill the body, but after that have no more than they can do? Only by doing the right and taking the consequences have great victories, either moral or physical, been accomplished in the past—only thus shall they be accomplished in the future. If the liberty we claim be right let us *take* it. If in doing so we hasten the close of our earthly life what matters it? life is but begun—not ended, and our power for good or evil is not thereby diminished, but increased. But to take away the liberty of others, to fetter their thoughts, to bind their life by physical force opposed to physical force, is useless. What good is it to restrain men's physical acts while the spiritual force of will which guides these remains unchanged? Sooner or later the flood of interior iniquity will o'erleap such physical barriers and bring these very barriers themselves of so-called law and order as instruments to work their evil will—witness Mayor Beaudry and his semblance of laws. The spiritual life is immeasurably stronger than the physical, yet men hope to fight both with merely physical weapons, instead of spiritual. Real actual Goodness—Love carried out into thought, word and deed—is the God-derived power which alone can meet and conquer evil. God made this possible when, nearly nineteen centuries ago, veiled in that form of humanity which evil men rested not till they had slain, He walked on earth. Still God lives, and His Love and Wisdom are abroad in all that really has Life. That Divine Life can animate us also to do or dare any thing that comes to us in treading feebly, in our lesser degree, the path He trod, denying no man liberty or life, but simply doing good to all, drawing forth thereby from each love or hatred, according to the quality of will or life which animated their inner nature. Fear of consequences has no place in such a life.

The power of absolute goodness—intense love towards every man that breathes on earth—has yet, we fear, to be tried by Christians. Try it ye who bear that name. Be not faithless, but believing. Give liberty, but hold your own liberty to do good to all. *Live the life* of self-sacrifice, yet swerve not from the right for any man. If you believe in God, if you believe that God is Love—that God is Life—live the life He lived, and you will win for yourself and others that fullest liberty which must yet follow, when none shall hurt or destroy because of the elevation the race will attain by means of the love drawn forth by such lives towards the one God who shall thus live in you. To do *this* is to progress. To fetter man's thought, to threaten deprivation of civil rights to a church or people, however evil, and deprive them of *their* life, because they seek to deprive us of ours, is to fight against God, to stifle His light, and turn it to darkness. The true path to peace and purity is "to love your enemies, to bless them that curse you, to do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you." Nor does prayer for others mean anything if it end in mere *words*, and does not take form and shape in *deeds* of kindness. By *living* the prayer you shall indeed heap coals of fire upon the heads of your enemies; which simply means that in their guiding principle you will develop faculties capable of sustaining and retaining the glow of love which you will thereby infuse into them. Therein lies the cure for intolerance—the reason, the usefulness of toleration. Yet *toleration* is simply stolid indifference in which there is no fructifying power. It is light without heat—pure intellect without the animating power of love. Love shown in a life of goodness towards all *is* fruitful and *will* multiply and replenish the earthy element in men's natures, drawing forth into bud, blossom and fruit the good there is in them. Governments can do but little in this direction; but individuals, God helping them, can do much, by the exercise of the noblest charity and consideration towards all to call forth the mutual exercise of a universal

"CHARITY."

"TURK" IN SELF-DEFENCE.

"R. W. Douglas" assumes, in the last issue of SPECTATOR, a lofty and overwhelming attitude in regard to my poor little article,—*"A Plea for the Turks."* There is a peculiarity, too, about his affected superiority which is worthy of notice. Mr. Douglas would, and he wouldn't.

From his superior mental altitude he views with disdain this puny attempt to say a word for the Turks, and severely questions the capacity and qualifications of the author. Nevertheless, he feels compelled to notice it, and somewhat testily puts his foot upon it. Dame Nature, it seems, with her wonted generosity has, by way of compensation, endowed inferior animals with quite a formidable power of irritating their brethren of larger growth.

Mr. Douglas, in his magnanimous attempt to set matters right, roughly divides the public in its comprehension of this Eastern question into two classes,—the intelligent and the non-intelligent. The intelligent includes Mr. Douglas and people of his way of thinking; the non-intelligent comprises all who presume to differ from him.

Now, this is hardly a modest way of disposing of those who differ from us, and one would certainly expect something crushingly brilliant and original from a critic who claims so exceptional and invidious a power of discrimination. But what do we find? Nothing but a stale echo of partisan tirades against the Turks, which have been of late repeated *ad nauseam*, and replied to over and

over again, clinched by a couple of quotations from such notoriously onesided historians as E. A. Freeman and Goldwin Smith.

I just put forward my plea for the Turks simply as a protest against what appeared to me too sweeping a condemnation of that people. My main point was to shew that they were not the devils Mr. Bray so broadly hinted them to be. And in my anxiety to avoid the partiality I was condemning I was careful to minimise rather than otherwise what could be said in their favour. Really a great deal more can be said for them.

Mr. Douglas will doubtless feel greatly astonished at my audacity in coupling him with that famous but intolerant "navvy" whose amiable reception of an individual unknown to him was: "A stranger! 'eave 'arf a brick at 'im." But he stands in much the same relation to the Turk. He looks at him, not from the proper point of view, but through the prejudices of our different civilization, and what we deem superior enlightenment. Viewed through this medium the Turk appears a passingly strange, and therefore objectionable, abominable being. Away with him!

Let us try and get a view of him from a fairer standpoint.

Mr. Douglas quotes the works of two contemporary historians of considerable eminence and authority. I will refer him for a fair estimate of the Turks to a Book which, I imagine, he reverences as of still greater eminence and authority,—viz., the Bible.

Let him look back upon the old civilization so graphically and vividly set before us in the earlier Books of that wondrous collection, and he will find a striking resemblance between that ancient mode of life and that of the Turk. In religion he will see the same monotheism and fatalism. In social life and government the same polygamy, concubinage, despotism, and slavery. But with these, to us, incomplete modes of thought and repulsive ways of life, were there no redeeming features? Were those grand old patriarchs, that wonderful Jewish people, no better than devils? I trow not. That simple primitive form of life is full of beauties, and is redolent of the sweet, pure, clear, air of the desert that gave it birth. And to no people is the world more deeply indebted than to the Hebrews, a kindred race to the Ottomans.

I do not claim for these latter equality with their kinsmen, but I do venture to claim for them some faint reflection of those ancient glories. I would recommend to Mr. Douglas and people of his fanatical way of thinking in regard to Mahometanism a study of that masterpiece of biographical painting, Carlyle's "Mahomet." They will find there an exaggerated picture perhaps, but one pregnant with the deepest insight into human character, and rendered for ever memorable by its philosophic grasp and power.

How can Mr. Douglas and his school bestow so much violent indignation upon the Turks on account of their sensuality in view of the terrible dimensions of our own "social evil," the ill odour of which goes up to heaven from every city and town and village in our midst? Is not this Canada of ours full of abominable abortions, and seductions, and rapes? How can Christendom afford to taunt the Mohammedan world with its vileness in this regard? Or is the spirit of brutality and oppression wholly eliminated from our midst? The fact is we must either admit that the Ottoman power has had a great and God-given mission in the world, or be driven to the ugly inference that the Almighty made an enormous mistake in giving it so large a lease of power on this earth. Inferior as Mahometanism is to Christianity, it is vastly superior to heathenism, and who shall say that its grand doctrine of the oneness of God, and its better code of morality are in no sort a preparation for the higher faith?

The renowned Eastern traveller, Palgrave, who has perhaps seen more of Mahometanism and its effects upon the world than any other living man, almost does disrespect to Christianity by the eminence he gives to the kindred faith. In my former article I freely admitted the Turk's vices, I will now mention more particularly his virtues.

The Turk has three sterling qualities. I speak of him individually, and not as represented by a corrupt government. He is temperate, and truthful, and honest.

Take the following comparison between him and the much lauded Christian whom he oppresses. I quote the *Pall Mall Gazette*, unintelligible to Mr. Douglas, but not without information for other people:—

"In the bazaars it makes all the difference in the world, both to your purse and your composure, whether you enter the shop of a Turk or of a Christian, the latter, if a Greek, begins by overcharging; then he lowers his price; he coaxes and jibes; he runs after you in the street to bring you back by the sleeve. If he has commenced by offering you a pair of babouches at ten times their value he will not cease worrying until he has got you to take them at 80 per cent. reduction, and will be a gainer by the bargain after all. The fellow is so base and grasping, so impudent and loquacious that he is not to be shaken off by entreaties or threats. But with the Turk there is nothing but peace and candid dealing.

"The Frank who has had dealings with the Greek next door may think that six purses (£24) are too much, and may betake himself to the door, but if he does the Turk will not follow him. He has asked his price; he will not reduce it by a piastre; and, above all, he will not run after anybody, seeing that it lies with Allah to determine whether he shall sell his shawls or not. Turkish tradesmen seldom make fortunes, but they have not yet reached the high culture which consists in selling shoddy; they do not cheat you, and they scarcely ever become bankrupt; so that on the whole they may claim that Allah sends them as much prosperity as they need."

And in mitigation, by way of comparison, of Turkish atrocities I would ask what Mr. Douglas thinks of the reports, too well founded apparently, which are coming in of Bulgarian and Russian retaliatory atrocities.

And now as to one or two other points which my critic has condescended to notice.

With an air of lofty pity truly edifying, he commiserates the infatuation which could have prompted my repudiation of the assumption that England's Government cared nothing for the welfare of the Christian subjects of Turkey, and asks what was the value of a sympathy that did not go to war on behalf of the object pitied. And, pray, is England to spend her blood and treasure for every oppressed nationality? And was the Conference which immediately preceded the late war, and at which England made the most strenuous efforts to induce Turkey to institute the desired reforms, no evidence of good will? I repeat that England declined to go hand in hand with Russia because she had ample evidence of the utter insincerity of that Power, and knew that it was Russia's secret intrigues more than anything else that fomented the insurrections that were put down with such terrible severity.

Who knows that the Turk would not have held out against the combined

pressure of England, Russia, Greece and the Christian Principalities? No one thought that she would venture to oppose Russia without the assured support of England. The Turk dies hard, and his desperation at having no friend at all might have led to the most terrible conflagration that has ever devastated Europe.

It is surely surprising that so ardent a champion of oppressed nationalities as Mr. Douglas does not rejoice at the acquisition by England of Cyprus, and her proposed protectorate over Asiatic Turkey. But, no, with beautiful consistency he and his party bemoan the terrible responsibilities which England has taken upon herself.

And does he not suspect "a strange perversion of the human intellect" in his own near neighbourhood when he coolly assumes that the moral sense of Europe is so obtuse as to relegate to England her ancient position and weight in its councils only upon her "prostituting herself and trampling under her feet justice and humanity"?

As a British subject, I am proud to see England regulating her policy by facts and not by sentiment. Her destiny is largely bound up with that of her Eastern possessions. She must make up her mind to hold or relinquish them.

I rejoice to see the reins of power in the hands of a man who has the courage to act upon the manly principle that what by the sword England has gained, by the sword she will retain.

TURK.

UPWARD OR DOWNWARD?

The satirists of every age have denounced its moral shortcomings. They have all written as if there were a high moral standard which people had at some time or other lived up to, but from which their particular age had sadly fallen away. When this sublime attitude was attained, is not at all clear. The sacred writers, who profess to go back to the beginning of things, are from first to last denouncing the "wicked and adulterous generations" among whom they happen to live; the classic writers put the Golden age of universal virtue and happiness far back into the dawn of history, and in old Rome, as in modern London, there was nothing but lamentation over society fallen from its high estate, and seething in the foulness of its iniquities. Juvenal gave a picture of old Rome so terrible that it is demoralizing even to read it, and if we may trust contemporary writers, the Elizabethan age was distinguished by its grossness, that of the Charleses by its open and shameless profligacy, that of Queen Anne and the early Georges by a polished refinement in vice, that of the first gentleman of Europe by a violation of all the decencies of life, while it is reserved for the Victorian age to luxuriate in the enervating and debasing consequences of wealth doubtfully amassed, and still more doubtfully enjoyed.

The interesting question is whether the tendency of society is really upwards or downwards. In other words, are we better or worse than those who have preceded us? The satirists are not absolutely safe guides in this matter, because there may be a sufficient floating scum of scandal to give a semblance of truth to their sneers without society being absolutely rotten to the core. We have to look the facts presented to us in our daily experience fully in the face, and to form our own conclusions. These, I am sorry to say, are not very favourable to the times we live in. It is impossible but to believe that there must be some foundation for the stories heard everywhere, and boldly stated in print, as to the intrigues and *liaisons* of some of the more distinguished personages of the land. Undue familiarity on the part of members of the Court and aristocracy with the Totties and Lotties, the Carries and Pollies of the stage, is, to say the least of it, a bad sign. In London it is only necessary to go into the Row of an afternoon to see the equipages of the most notorious courtezans—vulgar, low-bred women, raddled up to the eyes, loud in dress, and flashing in jewellery—and to mark the glances which pass between them and members of the Upper Ten, to be satisfied that all is far from right in their relations, and that men of position are abusing their rank and wealth by forming connections which stamp them with disgrace. Another bad sign is the toleration which this sort of thing meets with from all classes. People buy with alacrity journals started solely to pander to the lowest taste for prurient gossip—journals reeking with scandal and inuendo, with the garbage of society-gossip, and details of the foulest iniquities served up with the *sauce piquante* of polished irony. It makes it none the better that the papers adopt a highly virtuous tone, and affect to give the grossest facts and suggestions, in the interests of morality, forsooth! Their moral system is like that of Joseph Surface, as exposed by Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal," when she says: "Then I perceive that your prescription is that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation." All these disclosures of infamy, all these frequent details of vice, are given in order that people who would have been ignorant of them may get them by heart and profit by the lesson which, in proportion as it pollutes, is supposed to purify! One of the severest of these preachers is notoriously living with an actress; another was a bankrupt solely through preferring his own indulgences to the claims of his creditors; and of half of them it may be said with truth that they are eminently fitted for their posts through having graduated in vice and so qualified themselves for exposing all its allurements—in the interests of virtue!

Literature of this kind is well supplemented by novels of the most lascivious fibre and poems which in a healthy state of society would be burned by the common hangman. Art follows suit, and the Drama comes well up for a final place in the race for popular favour by pandering to the coarsest tastes. But the worst symptom of all is that legislation plays into the hands of those undermining the public morals by lulling the unsuspecting public into a belief that these morals are being carefully looked after.

But are these only trifles on the surface, or do they indicate any greater depth of immorality? That is the question, and it is sad to have to admit that every glimpse we get of that higher life, which should be also the purer life of the country, shows us that it is rotten to the core. The revelations of the Divorce Court are absolutely sickening. Only recently a divorce was applied for by a lady of the most exalted rank, on grounds so revolting that the case had to be heard with closed doors. It could not be taken in public, and it could not be reported in the newspapers. It was too shocking. It has been

followed up by the latest scandal, the Aylesford case, in which the Earl of Aylesford, found guilty of adultery, sought a divorce from his wife, the Countess, also found guilty of adultery with the Marquis of Blandford, and the Court refused the divorce, finding that the parties had acted in collusion to obtain it, so that the charming couple might get free, and the parties all round might go, not to "sin no more," but, as it would seem, to indulge their inclination to their heart's content. The scandal has been enormous, yet we will venture to say that "society" takes it quite coolly—the parties will assuredly not be "cut" by their circle—and it is doubtful whether even a word of admonition will be received by the Earl from any dignitary of the Church, for the sufficing reason that his lordship holds the patronage of seven livings, and the people of as many parishes are dependent on his whim for their spiritual sustenance, which naturally endears him to the Church!

Looking to these and other revelations daily made—looking to the general tone of society, I am inclined to believe that there is a very determined downward moral tendency in this age. The thing is hard to gauge. If there ever was a standard to go by in these matters, it has long since disappeared. The gradations, too, are so subtle. The Latin poet dwells on the ease with which we descend from the higher levels of goodness into the Stygian blackness of evil; and it not seldom happens that a nation has gone irretrievably down while it believes itself still on the shining heights. In our case the indications are most significant, and it behoves us to study the lesson of old Rome, which, enervated by luxury, pampered by indulgence, gorged with wealth, and morally rotten to the core, suddenly collapsed, and left behind only a name and a warning,—an empty name and a warning which the world has received only to ignore.

RUPERT.

BISHOP LATIMER.

Bishop Latimer was born about the year 1480, and on the 16th of October, 1555, was burned alive at the stake, by the decree of bloody Mary. He was a homely and painful preacher, of a character singularly fearless and intrepid. On one occasion he boldly denounced from the pulpit the appointment of bishops and other distinguished ecclesiastics to lay offices, and more especially to places in the mint, during the reign of Edward VI. In one of his sermons on the number of unpreaching prelates, he said:—

"But they are otherwise occupied; some in king's matters; some are ambassadors, some of the Privy Council, some to furnish the court; some are lords of Parliament; some are presidents, some controllers of mints. Well, well, is this their duty? Is this their office? Is this their calling? Should we have ministers of the Church to be controllers of mints? Is this a meet office for a priest that hath the cure of souls? Is this his charge? I would here ask one question: I would fain know who controlleth the devil at home at his parish, while he controlleth the mint? If the apostles might not leave the office of preaching to the deacons, shall one leave it for minting? I cannot tell you. But the saying is, that since priests have been minters, money hath been worse than it was before!"

In another part of his discourse, the good Bishop proceeds to ask:—

"Is there never a nobleman to be a Lord President but he must be a prelate? Is there never a wise man in the realm to be a controller of the mint? I speak it to your shame; I speak it to your shame. If there be never a wise man, make a water-bearer, a tinker, a cobbler, a slave, a page, the controller of the mint. Make a mean gentleman, a groom, a yeoman, make a poor beggar, Lord President. Thus I speak, not that I would have it so, but to your shame, if there be never a gentleman meet nor able to be Lord President. For why are not the noblemen and young gentlemen of England so brought up in knowledge of God and in learning that they might be able to execute offices in the commonwealth? Yea, and there be already noblemen enough, though not so many as I could wish, to be Lord Presidents; and wise men enough for the mint. And as unmeet a thing it is for bishops to be Lord Presidents, or priests to be minters, as it was for the Corinthians to plead matters of variance before heathen judges.

"It is also a slander to the noblemen, as though they lacked wisdom and learning to be able for such offices, or else were not men of conscience, or else were not meet to be trusted, and able for such offices. And a prelate has a charge and cure otherwise; and therefore he cannot discharge his duty and be a Lord President too. For a presidentship requireth a whole man; and a bishop cannot be two men. A bishop has his office, a flock to teach, to look unto; and therefore he cannot meddle with another office, which alone requires a whole man; he should therefore give it over to whom it is meet, and labour in his own business; as Paul writes to the Thessalonians, 'Let every man do his own business, and follow his calling.' Let the priest preach, and the nobleman handle the temporal matters. Moses was a marvellous man, a good man: Moses was a wonderful man, and did his duty, being a married man: we lack such as Moses was. Well, I would all men would look to their duty as God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing Christian commonwealth.

"And now I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passes all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passes all other, and it the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you—it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others; he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; you shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keeps residence at all times; you shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will he is ever at home. He is the most diligent preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lording nor loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; you shall never find him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kinds of Popery. He is ready as can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and has his plough going, there away with books and up with candles; away with Bibles and up with beads; away with the light of the Gospel and up with the light of candles, yea,

at noonday. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry,—censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pickpurse—up with him, the Popery purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones; up with man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and His most holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes shalt thou return'; which are the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people when he gives them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin. God's Word may in nowise be translated into English.

"Oh that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! And this is the devilish ploughing which worketh to have things in Latin, and hinders the fruitful edification. But here some man will say to me, What, sir, are you so privy to the devil's counsel that you know all this to be true? True; I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St. Peter, who saith of him, 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' I would have this text well viewed and examined, every word of it: 'He goeth about' in every corner of his diocese; he goeth on visitation daily, he leaves no place of his cure unvisited: he walks round about from place to place, and ceases not. 'As a lion,' that is, strongly, boldly, and proudly; stately and fiercely, with haughty looks, with his proud countenances, with his stately braggings. 'Roaring,' for he lets not any occasion slip to speak or to roar out when he seeth his time. 'He goeth about seeking,' and not sleeping, as our bishops do; but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners where he may have his prey. He rovet abroad in every place of his diocese; he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough, that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day, and every hour, labours to sow cockle and darnel, that he may bring out of form, and out of estimation and renown, the institution of the Lord's Supper and Christ's cross? For there he lost his right; for Christ said, 'Now is the judgment of this world, and the prince of this world shall be cast out. And as Moses did lift up the serpent in the wilderness so must the Son of man be lifted up. (John iii.) And when I shall be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all things unto myself.' For the devil was disappointed of his purpose; for he thought all to be his own; and when he had once brought Christ to the cross, he thought all was sure."

In a sermon on the plough, he addresses the men of London in these homely but stirring words:—

"Now what shall we say of these rich citizens of London? what shall I say of them? Shall I call them proud men of London, malicious men of London, merciless men of London? No, no, I may not say so; they will be offended with me then. Yet must I speak. For is there not reigning in London as much pride, as much covetousness, as much cruelty, as much oppression, and as much superstition, as there was in Nebo? Yes, I think, and much more too. Therefore, I say, Repent, O London! repent, repent! Thou hearest thy faults told thee; amend them, amend them. I think, if Nebo had had the preaching that thou hast, they would have converted. And you, rulers and officers, be wise and circumspect; look to your charge, and see you do your duties; and rather be glad to amend your ill living than be angry when you are warned or told of your fault. What ado was there made in London at a certain man, because he said—and indeed at that time on a just cause—'Burgesses,' quoth he, 'nay, butterflies!' What ado there was for that word! and yet would that they were no worse than butterflies! Butterflies do but their nature; the butterfly is not covetous, is not greedy of other men's goods; is not full of envy and hatred, is not malicious, is not cruel, is not merciless. The butterfly glories not in her own deeds, nor prefers the traditions of men before God's Word; it commits not idolatry, nor worships false gods. But London cannot abide to be rebuked; such is the nature of men. If they are pricked, they will kick; if they are galled, they will wince; but yet they will not amend their faults, they will not be ill spoken of. But how shall I speak well of them? If you would be content to receive and follow the Word of God, and favour good preachers; if you could bear to be told of your faults; if you could amend when you hear of them; if you could be glad to reform that which is amiss; if I might see any inclination in you, that you would leave off being merciless, and begin to be charitable, I would then hope well of you—I would then speak well of you. But London was never so ill as it is now. In times past men were full of pity and compassion, but now there is no pity; for in London their brother shall die in the streets for cold—he shall lie sick at the door, and perish for hunger. Was there ever more unmercifulness in Nebo? I think not. In times past, when any rich man died in London, they were wont to help the poor scholars of the universities with exhibitions. When any man died, they would bequeath great sums of money toward the relief of the poor. When I was a scholar in Cambridge myself, I heard very good report of London, and knew many that had relief from the rich men of London; but now I hear no such good report, and yet I inquire of it, and hearken for it; but now charity is waxen cold—none helps the scholar nor yet the poor. And in those days what did they when they helped the scholars? They maintained and gave them livings who were very Papists and professed the Pope's doctrine; and now that the knowledge of God's Word is brought to light, and many earnestly study and labour to set it forth, now hardly any man helps to maintain them.

"O London, London! repent, repent; for I think God is more displeased with London than ever He was with the city of Nebo. Repent, therefore; repent, London, and remember that the same God liveth now that punished Nebo—even the same God, and none other; and He will punish sin as well now as He did then; and He will punish the iniquity of London as well as He did them of Nebo. Amend, therefore."

THE CHARGE OF THE UNWASHED BRIGADE.

MONTREAL, 12TH JULY, 1878.

Half a town, half a town,
Half a town onward,
All in the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.
"Forward, Unwashed Brigade!
Charge for the Hall!" he said:
Into the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.

"Forward, Unwashed Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
No; for they all well knew
What one had blundered.
Their's not to reason why,
Their's to let reason die,
Their's to join hue and cry.
Into the loyal streets
Strode the five hundred.

Mob-friends to right of them,
Mob-friends to left of them,
Mob-friends in front of them,
Hoarse-shouting, thundered.
Cheered on by friendly yell,
Strode they with visage fell,
Some from the jaws of law,
Some from the mouth of jail,
Strode the five hundred.

Swung all their weapons rare,
Like arms from Donnybrook Fair,
Clubbing the loyal there,
Charging well-doers, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged 'mid tobacco smoke,
Right through the streets they broke,
Orangemen, loyal men,
Shrunk from their brutal stroke,
Scattered and sundered.
Then they strode back the same,
Still the five hundred.

Mob-friends to right of them,
Mob-friends to left of them,
Mob-friends behind them,
Hoarse-shouting thundered.
Cheered still by many a yell,
Satisfied their purpose fell,
They that had clubbed so well,
Came safe from jaws of Law,
Safe from the mouth of Jail,
All that could walk, at least,
Of the five hundred.

When can their infamy fade?
O, the rude charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Shame on the charge they made!
Shame on the Unwashed Brigade!
Infamous five hundred!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

ITALIAN SALAD DRESSING.—Yolk of one egg, six tablespoonfuls of oil, three of vinegar, put in a bottle and shaken for about ten minutes, or till a white, creamy-looking mixture is obtained. The quantity of oil or vinegar may be varied, and white wine or English malt vinegar should be always employed. A frequent mistake of amateur cooks is not to dry the salad sufficiently after washing. The oil and vinegar may be varied to suit the taste.

HOUSE PLANTS.—A correspondent asks for a list of the best plants for "a dimly lighted room." First of all, ivy will flourish in almost any room if supplied with good soil and water. Several of the palms and many of the ferns will grow well. There is a fern found on the Ottawa, near Portobello, and on Lake Memphremagog, of enormous size, measuring five feet in length. This thrives well indoors. Lantana Borbonica will do well on the centre table. A fine palm is the Seaforthia Elegans, and will be a great attraction. Chamarops Humidis, Corypha Australis, Areca Veschoffritii, also A. Lutescens and A. Rubra will be found excellent. Bazella Tuberosa (Madeira vine) and Common Asparagus form excellent foliage plants for winter. All these plants are easily cultivated, requiring only moisture and occasionally washing the dust from the leaves. An invalid's room may be made very attractive with these plants, having always the sight of green foliage to rest the eye after reading, beside diverting the thoughts. All these plants may be procured from a florist, and if taken early in the fall will not be affected by change from greenhouse. If there is no means of providing moisture for the air, then the pots should be placed on trays of moss, or the sides of the pot covered with flannel, which will prevent too rapid evaporation. Apart from the above there are a variety of bulbous plants, such as Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquilles, &c., which will add much to the floral attractions of a dimly lighted room.

CARBONATE OF SODA IN BURNS.—Several of our readers have derived great benefit from the use of bi-carb. soda in burns, a treatment suggested some time ago in this paper, copied from the *Medical Journal*. The following is from Dr. Ely McClellan, of the *Louisville Medical Times*, who reports the case of a child suffering from a scald, involving the hand and fore-arm of right side. When brought to the doctor, the child was in a terror of agony, and almost unmanageable. The injured arm was carefully wrapped in soft cotton cloth which was soaked with a saturated solution of the bi-carbonate of soda, and in a few moments the pain was entirely relieved, and the child was sleeping. The use of the solution of soda was continued, no other treatment being necessary, and the convalescence was rapid.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FREEMASONRY IN BRAZIL.

SIR,—In connection with the recent outrage upon the civil liberty of Protestants in this Province, I am reminded of an occurrence in Brazil about four years ago. Brazil is a Roman Catholic country, but its ruler and his ministers are nearly all Freemasons. Of course Freemasonry comes under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church; and the Bishop of Pernambuco excommunicated the Masonic members of his churches. The Government—this Roman Catholic government—instantly decreed that unless its sanction were first obtained, any repetition of this clerical anathema would be punished. The Bishop then came out with a decree of the Pope himself against the Masons. Now that St. Peter had spoken, “no dog was to open its mouth.” But, strange to say, this Roman Catholic Government in this Roman Catholic country arrested this Roman Catholic Bishop, and sent him to prison for five years for disobeying the civil law.

No doubt these Masons are Orangemen in disguise!

FACT.

THE PROCESSION OF THE HOST ILLEGAL.

SIR,—The Protestants of this Province, as well as the whole Protestant community of the Dominion, are beginning to look up the actual position of the Church of Rome in Quebec. Upon one point I think we have so much law and justice on our side that I trust our Catholic friends who are so anxious to apply laws to others will not forget to apply this law to themselves. I refer to the procession of the Host in the public streets. It is no argument whatever to say that in the primitive condition of affairs in Quebec, when the population was small, the Host was saluted by the troops, etc. Evidently the mistaken generosity and conciliation of the English commanders at the time led to the assumption that this salutation was a right.

The argument is in a nutshell. The carrying of the Host is *contrary to law*, because the same articles of capitulation which granted full liberty to the Roman Catholic religion also allowed the free exercise of their religious rites *in so far as they are not contrary to the laws of England*. The procession of the Host was not and is not allowed in the streets of England. There was never the shadow of argument to make this claim a right. It has been nothing more nor less than a simple case of that extreme toleration which has characterized the dealings of England with the people of countries she has conquered, and for which the pagans of India, etc., have been more grateful than the Irish Catholic demagogue and Ultramontane priest.

CIVIS.

SUNSTROKE AND ITS PREVENTIVES.

SIR,—Sunstroke is caused by the action of the solar rays upon the brain and upper spinal cord. The calamity may generally be described as the result of human or civic negligence, for without such negligence the heat of the sun would not be capable of destroying life in the healthy subject. It is by exposing ourselves to the sun's direct rays that we are smitten down and die. Thus, in all healthy constitutions, it is the direct ray that has chiefly to be guarded against. It is useless to fence with the truth of this matter, as some journals have done. There has been much less sunstroke so far this year in Canada than in the United States. The difference may be supposed to result mainly from additional care exercised. Next year our neighbours might have the advantage, although common sense once gained is not easily discarded. It can hardly be said—with one or two exceptions in southern cities—that the degrees of heat reached in Canada have been less. The real difficulty has hitherto been to get any care at all taken in the vast number of instances. When things are so, it is folly to make it a mere personal question. Civic and other municipalities should arouse themselves to this beneficent and life-saving work, and here their “proclamations” would not be thrown away. Let us at least hope for more thoughtfulness everywhere on so grave and awfully impressive a subject. The preventives are really numerous, but if any reader should feel interested sufficiently to address “Inventor,” care of the Young Men's Christian Association, Quebec, he will receive, free of charge, a design for a refrigerating head-gear on a new plan, which it cannot be doubted would be very available. There is no intention to patent the plan, and professional hatters would be equally welcome with others to the communication of this invention, which indeed cannot well be carried out without their assistance.

PUR.

THE NEW MODE OF RAISING REVENUE.

SIR,—I observed an article in the *Montreal Daily Witness* of the 13th June, treating of the new mode of raising revenue now adopted by some of the States on the other side of the line, by means of levying a tax on malt and alcoholic liquors sold by the glass, instead of as now practiced by granting licenses. It would seem that where this new mode is adopted, a “bell register” or “recorder” is used to mark the number of glasses of liquor sold, it being the duty of the bar-tender to keep the account correct. Each glass of liquor sold is taxed so much, be it beer, ale, or spirits. I agree with the editor of the *Witness* in thinking that this new mode of raising revenue is a matter well worth the attention of the people of Canada at large; and in calling attention to the statements in the article that he published, he said, amongst other things,

that this new system of raising revenue would go far towards settling the difficult social problem connected with the liquor question in Canada. Grant no licenses—they are immoral in their nature, involving a partnership in vice; but tax the drink. In the same paper, in its issue of the 11th inst., another article appeared, calling the attention of the public to the same object, and expressing a desire to have the matter discussed. Since the appearance of the above articles in the *Witness*, an editorial appeared in the *Star* of the 10th inst., referring to this new mode of taxation. It goes on to state that a Special Committee of the City Council of St. Louis, United States, had made a report strongly advocating the adoption of this new mode of collecting revenue from liquor. They say, upon information furnished by a distinguished Virginian, they are satisfied that the revenue in Virginia this year will be nearly double what it was last year; and the Auditor of the State asserts that its working is satisfactory to saloon proprietors and to the people to such an extent that if it were put to the vote in Virginia now it would be passed by more than nine to one.

The Committee claims that the tax is not an involuntary one, but a voluntary tribute by the consumer; he is not compelled to take the drinks, and the saloon keeper is not charged with the tax until he has collected it from the consumer. The effect of the law would be, measurably, to lessen the number of cheap whiskey shops, and to increase the consumption of beer. The statistics in Richmond, Va., for two months show this. In that city, in September, 1877, the alcoholic registrations were 126,860, and the malt liquor registrations were 135,536. In the month of April, 1878, after the law had been in full operation for some time, the number of alcoholic registrations were 119,535, and of malt liquors, 156,807. The Committee were opinion that upon the diminution of alcoholic consumption may be safely predicted an increase of sobriety and diminution of crime, thus decreasing the necessary expenditures for police and the criminal courts and jails. Coming to the important question of revenue, the Committee estimates that \$600,000 would be realised in St. Louis from the sale of beer alone, and that the sale of whiskey and other alcoholic drinks would certainly double that sum; showing a revenue from this mode of taxation of over \$2,000,000 a year! Besides the floating population, strangers as well as residents would thus help to bear the burden of taxation. “Here is a subject,” as the *Star* says, which may well have the attention of our temperance reformers, as well as of those who at present find it difficult to collect the revenue that accrues in this direction.”

The article first referred to, published in the *Witness*, showed that by a tax of 5 mills levied on each glass of liquor consumed in the City of Montreal, a revenue of over one million dollars per annum could be collected at a less cost, much more easily, certainly, and equitably than at present. The present revenue collected from all sources from liquors only amounts to the beggarly sum of \$6,096 per annum! What a contrast between that and a \$1,000,000! How soon would such a princely revenue from that source alone pay off the enormous debt of our city, and lighten the burden of our taxation?

Do you not, Mr. Editor, think that this subject is worthy the attention of the citizens of Montreal?

REVENUE.

[No. I do not think the subject worthy of anybody's attention, except perhaps the few unpractical men who dream in a diseased sort of way and then write down what they are pleased to call their schemes for reform. If it is immoral to grant a license for the sale of intoxicating liquor, surely it is just as immoral to tax the liquor. The only difference is that by the system of licensing, the Government has some control over it—by imposing a tax on the liquor that control would cease. No, the Editor of the *Witness* has not found a new and easy way to morality. That would be a peculiar kind of ethics which could be affected by a change from license granted to a person, to taxation put upon the liquor.

The question of increasing the revenue is quite different. Put a tax on every glass of liquor sold—or every theatre ticket—or every piano—or every pair of boots—or every mutton pie—or every newspaper. It would be all the same if only revenue is the question.—EDITOR.]

LA PETITE MADELAINE.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

Walter was really concerned at the *bonne femme's* account of his little friend, but at that moment he could spare but a passing thought to any subject save one; and having gleaned all the intelligence he was likely to obtain respecting it, he cut short the colloquy with a hasty “Bon soir,” and bounded on his way with such impetuous speed, that the entrance-gate of St. Hilaire was still vibrating with the swing with which it had closed behind him, when he was half through the avenue, and just at one of its side openings into a little grove, or labyrinth, in which was a building, called *Le Pavillon de Diane*. He stopped to gaze for a moment at the gleam of its white walls, discernible through an opening in the thicket, for the sight was associated with many “blissful memories.” But the present was all to him, and again he was starting onward, when his steps were arrested by sounds that mingled with the cooing of the wood-pigeon among “umbrageous multitude of leaves.”

Other sounds were none at that stillest hour of the still sultry evening; and among the mingled tones, Walter's ear caught some not to be mistaken, for the voice that uttered them was that of Adrienne. Its breathings were, however, in a higher and less mellifluous key than those of the plaintive bird; but a third voice, sweeter than either, uttered a low undertone, and that voice was the voice of Madelaine. Quick was the ear of Walter to recognise and distinguish those familiar accents, but its sense of melody yielded of course to the fond prejudice, which could not have been expected to find harshness in the tones of his mistress, or allow superior sweetness to those of another voice. Whatever were his secret thoughts on that head, it is not to be supposed that at such a moment he stopped to compare the “wood-notes wild,” as coolly and critically as if he were weighing the merits of a pair of opera-singers. No—after a second of attention—not half a one of doubt—he sprang aside from the road leading to the mansion, and was lightly and swiftly threading the tortuous

wood-path, and could now discern, through one of its bowery archways, the sparkling of the little fountain that played before one of the three entrances to the pavilion, and another turn of the sylvan puzzle would have brought him to the spot; but in his impatience he lost the well-known clue, and in a moment found himself at the back, instead of the front of the small temple. The corner would have been rounded at three steps; but at that critical moment, a word spoken by the most vehement of the fair colloquists—spoken at the highest key of a voice, whose powers Walter was now for the first time fully aware of—arrested his steps as by art magic. His own name was uttered, associated with words of such strange import, that Walter's astonishment, overpowering his reflective faculties, made him excusable in remaining, as he did, rooted to the spot, a listener to what passed within.

That strange colloquy consisted, on one side, of taunts, and accusations, and menaces. On the other, of a few deprecating words—a sigh or two—and something like a suppressed sob—and lastly, of an assurance, uttered with a trembling voice, that the speaker "never had harboured the slightest thought of betraying the secret she was privy to, or entertained any hope less humble than to be permitted to stay unnoticed and unremembered in her own home"—where she "would be equally uncared for," was probably her heart's muttered conclusion, for the word *home* trembled on her tongue, and she burst into an agony of tears.

Neither the gentle appeal, nor the gush of distressful feeling in which it terminated, seemed to teach the heartless person it was addressed to, for there was no softening in the voice with which, as she quitted the pavilion, she issued her commands, that on her return some half-hour hence, "the letter should be finished, and not more stupidly than usual, or it would be *à refaire*." And so departed the imperious task-mistress, and as her steps died away, and the angry rustling of her robes, the tinkling of the little fountain was again heard chiming with the stock-doves' murmurs, and within the temple all was profoundly still, except at intervals a smothered sob, and then a deep and heart-relieving sigh, the last audible token of subsiding passion. And Walter was still rooted, spell-bound—immovable in the same spot. Lost in a confusion of thoughts, that left him scarcely conscious of his own identity, of the reality of the scene around him, or of the strange circumstances in which he found himself so suddenly involved—more than a few moments it required to restore to him the power of clear perception and comprehension, but not one, when that was regained, to decide on the course he should pursue.

Quickly and lightly he stepped round the angle of the building to the side entrance (like the two others, an open archway), through which his eye glanced over the whole interior, till it rested on the one living object of interest. At some little distance, with her back towards him, sat la petite Madelaine, one elbow resting on the table before her, her head disconsolately bowed on the supporting hand, which half concealed her face; the other, with a pen held nervously by the small fingers, lay idle beside the half-finished letter outspread before her. Once she languidly raised her head and looked upon it, with a seeming effort dipped her pen in the ink, and held it a moment suspended over the line to be filled up. But the task seemed too painful to her, and with a heavy sigh she suffered her head to drop aside into its position, and her hand, still loosely holding the inactive pen, to fall listlessly upon the paper. During this short pantomime, Walter had stolen noiselessly across the matted floor, to the back of Madelaine's chair, and knowing *all he now knew*, felt no conscientious scruple about the propriety of reading over her shoulder the contents of the unfinished letter. They were but what he was prepared to see, and yet his trance of amazement was for a moment renewed by the ocular demonstration to the truth of what had been hitherto revealed to one of his senses only. The letter was to himself—the reply to his last, addressed to Mlle. de St. Hilaire—the continuation of that delightful series he had for the last twelve-month nearly been in the blissful habit of receiving from his adored Adrienne. Here was the same autograph—the same tournure de phrase—the same tone of thought and feeling (though less lively and unembarrassed than in her earlier letters)—and yet the hand that traced, the mind that guided, and the heart that dictated, were the hand and mind and heart of Madelaine du Résnel!

"Madelaine! dear Madelaine!" were the first whispered words by which Walter ventured to make his presence known to her. But low as was the whisper—gentle as were the accents—a thunder-clap could not have produced an effect more electric. Starting from her seat with a half shriek, she would have fallen to the ground from excess of agitation and surprise, but for Walter's supporting arm, and it required a world of soothing and affectionate gentleness to restore her to any degree of self-possession. Her first impulse, on regaining it, was the honourable one of endeavouring to remove from Walter's observation the letter that had been designed for his perusal under circumstances so different; but quietly laying his hand upon the outspread paper, as she turned to snatch it from the table, with the other arm he gently drew her from it to himself, and with a smile in which there was more of tender than bitter feeling, said—"It is too late, Madelaine—I know all—who could have thought you such a little impostor!" Poor little Madelaine! never was mortal maiden so utterly confounded, so bewildered as she, by the detection, and by her own hurried and almost unintelligible attempts to deprecate what, in the simplicity of her heart, she fancied must be the high indignation of Walter at *her* share of the imposition so long practised on him.

Whether it was that, in the course of her agitated pleading, she spied relenting in the eyes to which hers were raised so imploringly, or a *something* even more encouraging in their expression, or in the pressure of the hands which clasped hers, upraised in the vehemence of supplication, certain it is that she stopped short in the middle of a sentence—with a tear in her eye and a blush on her cheek, and something like a dawning smile on the lip that still quivered with emotion, and that "Le bon Walter" magnanimously illustrated by his conduct the hackneyed maxim, that

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,"—

and that plenary absolution, and perfect reconciliation, were granted and effected, may be fairly inferred from the testimony of the miller's wife, who, still lingering at the threshold when the grey twilight was brightening into cloudless moonlight, spied Walter and Madelaine advancing slowly down the dark chestnut avenue, so intent in earnest conversation (doubtless on grave and weighty

matters), that they passed through the gate, and by the door where she stood, without once looking to the right or left, or, in consequence, observing their old friend as she stepped forward to exchange the evening salutation. The same deponent, moreover, testified, that (from no motive of curiosity, but motherly concern for the safety of Madelaine, should Walter strike off into the road to Caen, leave her at that late hour to pursue her solitary way through the Manoir) she took heed to their further progress, and ascertained, to her entire satisfaction, that so far from unknighly desertion of his fair charge, Walter (seemingly inclined to protect his guardianship to the last possible moment) accompanied her through her home domain till quite within sight of the Chateau, and even there lingered so long in his farewell, that it might have tired out the patience of the miller's wife, if the supper-bell had not sounded from the mansion, and broken short as kind a leave-taking as ever preceded the separation of dearest friends.

(To be continued.)

MUSICAL.

THE BERLIN CONCERT—A PREFACE FROM PUNCH.

The night was dark; only a far-off gleam on the horizon gave faint and doubtful promise of a better day. The low rumbling of recent thunder rolled in the distance. Flashes of lightning ever and anon told of an atmosphere still charged with electricity, even if this had not been proclaimed by the sulphurous and stifling air.

But what is this discord that bursts upon the darkness? Squeakings and shriekings, groanings and gaspings, grumbings in veiled *basso profundo* alternating with squeals in agonizing *alto*, confusion worse confounded of sharps and flats, dominants and subdominants, crotchets and quavers, diplomatic semitones and undiplomatic protests—mingled squawkings as of strings pulled many ways, blarings as of brass, wailings as of wind—

Never did more horrible *charivari* make night more hideous.

"Confound the cats!" murmured Punch, as he turned uneasily on his hot and rumpled pillow.

"Not cats, master," growled Toby, from his post of guard at the bedside; only the Berlin Orchestra tuning for the European Concert."

It was hard to believe that the long-promised concert was coming off at last. But Punch can trust his watchdog.

The master was wide-awake at once, up and dressed, and deep in the list of principal performers which Toby had handed to him.

Beaconsfield and Bismarck to alternate the duties of conductor and first fiddle; Salisbury for Beaconsfield's second fiddle; Schouvaloff, big drum and leader of the Russian Horn Band; Andrassy, ophicleide; Waddington, flute and French cor de chasse; Corti, viol da gamba; Mehemet, cymbals, tambourine and Turkish crescent; Roumanian Guzla, Greek lyre, Jew's-harp and other minor instruments incidental to the concerts by Messrs. Bratiano, Delyannis, the leaders of the Israelitish Alliance, and others.

"Quite a star orchestra," murmured the master. "What a pity they didn't get it together two years ago! Why should Europe have had to wade her way to her concert through a sea of blood, across a waste of war strewn with hideous wreck of massacre, athwart misery untold—famine and death, and outrage worse than death? And what a discord by way of introduction! But the more trouble in tuning, the more chance, let us hope, of harmony to come."

So saying, but with a sigh of misgiving, Punch made his way to the concert room through a double row of special correspondents who bowed respectfully as he passed.

Beaconsfield, baton in hand, was at his side in a twinkling—leaving his seat for a moment to Salisbury, his second fiddle, who seemed ill at ease under the new responsibility. Was he thinking of the Conference of Constantinople, and what it came to?

"What can I do for you, my dear and illustrious confrere?" exclaimed Beaconsfield, blandly, as he made a movement to take Punch's hand.

"Let me see your programme," said Punch, politely waiving the proffered courtesy.

"Of course I have settled it all beforehand with Schouvaloff and Bismarck—but only provisionally," hastily observed Beaconsfield.

"Somebody must settle," rejoined the master, "or we should have the music in a nice muddle. But you ought to have taken *me* into council."

Beaconsfield, for once, blushed, as he handed Punch a paper.

"You will see it is by no means as Schouvaloff would have had it," he continued, complacently. "St. Petersburg taste is barbaric. They understand nothing but brass and wind; and their best players are always making false notes. We have modified the Panslav movement very considerably; cut short the Russian March, and altogether suppressed Ignatieff's Overture to the Siege of Constantinople; besides curtailing their Bulgarian symphony, of which there was ridiculously too much. It is true we have given them the 'Blaué Donau' Waltz, with the Sofia, Shumla and Varna variations, the Bessarabian *scherzo*, and the Batoum *barcarole*, but *en revanche* we have restored the Balkan passages of the Turkish band."

"But how about the integrity and independence of the Ottoman?"

Beaconsfield shrugged his shoulders. "A mere *façon de parler*. We know what that sort of thing means," he added with a smile. "All very well for a jingo air at music halls, but in a European concert!"—and he winked, and all but whistled as he put his finger to his nose, with an air of infinite significance. "But there was no alternative. Andrassy has been very troublesome. We all know he has a difficult part to play, but he will play it in his own time and way, no matter at what risk of the general harmony. It is arranged that the Viennese *troupe* are to lead the Bosnian and Herzegovinian concerto. If they don't find themselves in a mess before they have done—but that is their affair. As for England!"

"You will allow *me* a voice," interposed Punch, firmly, "when it comes to the English part of the programme. Though I am not precisely a Wagnerian, in the European concert England must go in for the 'music of the future,' with peace and progress, justice and national right for her key notes. Ah, if we could only cut down the military bands, German and French, Austrian and Russian, alike! Amidst the overpowering din of big drums and trumpets, trombones, fifes and bugles, the European concert may yet end in a worse *charivari* than this with which it opens."

"At all events, I hope you'll like my setting of Humpty Dumpty?" anxiously whispered Beaconsfield, "whatever the Turks may have to say to it."

"The less of that air the better," said Punch; "at least, without an English conductor for the Turkish instruments, and one whom England can trust. At any rate, you had better let me give you a lead. *Here* is my music book."

So saying, Punch placed on the stand his

SEVENTY-FOURTH VOLUME,

and with Beaconsfield still nominally in possession of the baton, but well under Punch's eye, proceeded to Educate the Educator.

Gilmore's Band has lately broken up. A fair success attended their efforts in England and Ireland; but their subsequent visits to France and Germany proved a failure. In the latter country the advance agent absconded with \$500.

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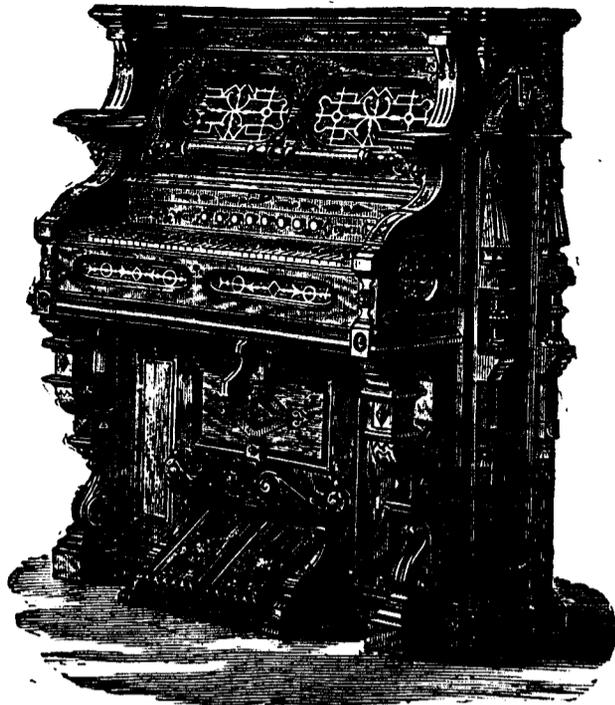
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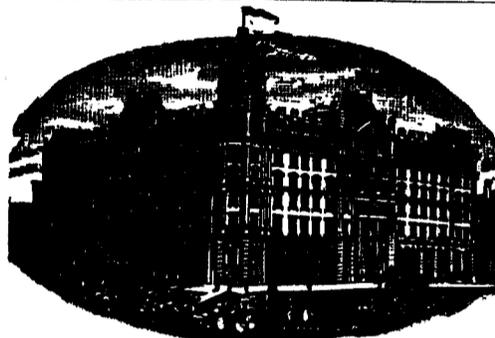
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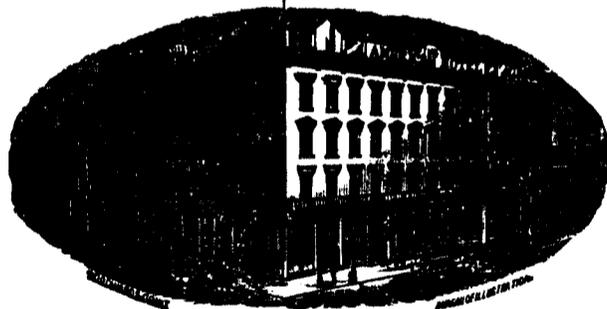
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A Writ of Attachment has issued in this matter, and the Creditors are notified to meet at my office, No. 22 ST. JOHN STREET, in the City of Montreal, on **WEDNESDAY, the Fourteenth Day of August next, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon,** To receive statements of his affairs, to appoint an Assignee, if they see fit, and for the ordering of the affairs of the Estate generally.

EDWARD EVANS,
Official Assignee.

Office of Evans & Riddell,
22 St. John street,
Montreal, 22nd July, 1878.

Insolvent Act of 1875

AND AMENDING ACTS.

In the Matter of

WILLIAM P. BARTLEY and PASCAL AMESSE,
both of the City of Montreal, in the District of Montreal and Province of Quebec, Manufacturers and Traders, there carrying on business together as such, in co-partnership, under the name, style and firm of W. P. Bartley & Co.,
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