

PROGRESS, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1894.

MONTREAL IS RADIANT.

EVEN MORE CHARMING THAN IT WAS IN THE WINTER.

People of All Classes as They Appear in Vistas of Street Life—Some Glimpses of Happy Homes—Intellectual Advancement as Shown in Recent Functions.

MONTREAL, MAY 21.—Montreal is at its prettiest just now. The bright spring sun is robing the mountain in varied tints of green, and rearing a monument of calm reposeful beauty in strange contrast to the noisy toiling city at its feet. Montreal so often referred to as a charming winter city is certainly a radiant summer city. The rich warm furs and elegant sleighs gay with bright hues of winter costumes are surpassed in magnificence, by the variety and gaiety of summer toilettes.

Although English conservatism prevails socially to a great extent the English custom of dark unobtrusive street dress does not obtain in this city of colors. Popular opinion ascribes the preponderance of gaiety which invests the streets with attractive vistas of color to the prevalence of the French element whose preference for conspicuous tints is well known.

The poorly paid laboring female is often rivaled for the brilliancy of cheap ribbons and gaudy attire. Yet vivid hues form an indispensable feature of her toilet, her dress differs merely in inferior quality, not quantity, from that of the fashionable dame who rolls by in her elegant landau with the brilliant petals of her expensive floral bonnet, quivering in the breeze. Then there are the gay dresses and priceless laces, the luxurious ease of cushions and other paraphernalia which add picturesqueness to Montreal turnouts. Sometimes the kissable faces of infants beam from the depths of delicate laces, sometimes a poodle sits in all the splendor of his white highly cultivated wool, in close proximity to his indulgent mistress then the gravity of footman, the splendor of coachmen, the dignity of horses and the flash of harnesses—these and many other scenes make pretty vistas of street life.

Saturday afternoon is the people's day. The streets present a throng well worth seeing. It is then the male element appears in the beauty of summer toilets and surrender themselves to the blissful companionship of friends.

This suggests another phase of Montreal life that unconsciously and not too obtrusively reveals itself in the busy streets. Bright glimpses of happy home life often crop out among passersby. Husbands and wives smile on each other with loverlike expressions of interest and enjoyment. Bright affectionate snatches of conversation show that family life at least in the gay sunny street is free from the matter of fact existence. Kindly paters pass along with happy children clinging to their hands, while a more exceptional order wheel the baby carriage, or give their capacious arms to the superfluities of infant attire. Of course there is much talk of clubs and their interference with home associations, but one cannot ignore the fact that home life and ties appeal very pleasantly and tenderly to nearly all classes of people.

But Montreal life is not entirely identified with the street.

Men wrestle with the turmoil of business and women enter the various avenues of interest or idleness to which this progressive age invites them. The intellectual inclined hover around the university taking complete or partial courses of study, humanitarians find ample scope for their powers in philanthropic work, while those who wish to invest their energy in a form of industry likely to achieve satisfactory financial results have various opportunities open to them. So every one is occupied.

Intellectual advancement with the fashionable precincts of women's clubs, the recherche limits of private reading circle, or casual identity with the university classes absorbs the attention of a large class of ambitious women. The woman's club representing some of the most mature and advanced feminine thought of the city has been engaged in the study of the works of George Eliot during the winter. Percy Ryan, B. C. L., a rising young lawyer delivered a very instructive course of lectures before the club quite recently on the law of Quebec in relation to women in reference to property etc.

pleasing social and literary function given in connection with this society was a Greek tea in the Y. M. C. A. parlors. These spacious and elegant rooms were aglow with beauty and radiant with color. The young lady members of the club were arrayed in fascinating Greek costumes—replucent robes, with flowing sleeves, antique necklaces and glittering coronets.

Artistic programmes designed by members of the club were served from silver salvers. Greek mottoes, well known warriors and other reminiscences of ancient Greece were conspicuous adornments of these unique programmes. At the close of the gathering ice cream and cake were served from a table glittering with antique silver.

The Woman's National Council is a la

mode just now. At a recent meeting the work of that body at their first annual meeting in Ottawa was entertainingly reviewed by various delegates. Mrs. Drummond (wife of Senator Drummond), president of the society, gave a very interesting address.

Lady Aberdeen is very popular in Montreal society. She is reducing philanthropy to practical purposes. She visits the city quite often and displays such a gratifying interest in everything brought under her notice that she has endeared herself to the public at large.

Lord Aberdeen has purchased the old Abbott mansion, so a visit of several months a year may be anticipated from the vice regal party. They have been brilliantly entertained during recent visits in the elegant homes of Senator Drummond and Sir Donald Smith. The latter gave a most brilliant reception for Lord Aberdeen in honor of his L. L. D., degree from McGill University. Experienced society people say that it was the finest social function ever given in Montreal. Nine hundred guests were invited.

Lady Aberdeen looked exceedingly well in black and diamonds and Lady Smith sustained the fatiguing role of hostess with ease. The beautiful art gallery was thrown open. The entire mansion was aglow with life and beauty. The McGill convocation was a splendid event and one of unusual interest, as the law, art and science were graduated at the one session. For the second time in the history of the University the convocation was held in the Windsor Hall. On the platform was an imposing array of distinguished scholars and prominent citizens. Lord Aberdeen occupied the centre of the platform looking very gorgeous in the visitors gown, a bright red robe with silk trimmings. Sir Wm. Dawson, who sat on his right, gave an eloquent address to the graduates and referred touchingly to the severance of his connection with the University. The undergraduates cheered and gave fragmentary portions of college songs at available intervals. Several maritime province people were conspicuous as graduates, honor students and prize winners.

Miss Travis of Hampton took honors and a prize. Mr. Arthur Scott, son of Rev. E. Scott of the Presbyterian Record, formerly of New Glasgow, took first rank honors as a partial student. Mr. William Morris of Wallace was one of the graduates in electrical engineering and several others took positions of distinction in connection with their University work. McGill is becoming quite a centre for Maritime students.

One of the events to which the Montreal public are looking forward with interest is the Dominion alliance to be held in July at which Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard have signified their intention of being present.

The Hon. Senator Drummond has recently donated a handsome equipped building as a house for incurables which I hope to visit and describe in a subsequent issue as it is now ready for occupancy.

Oldest Newspaper in the World.

The oldest newspaper in the world is the Cing-Pau, or "Capital Sheet," published in Perkin, China. It was first printed in the year 911 A. D., but for many years was issued only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1851, however, it has been published about noon and selling for two kesh, or something less than one cent. This journal has always confined its contents to orders in council and court news until June, 1882, when it was reorganized by imperial order and issued in a new form and on a new plan. Since this change the paper appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning, is called Hsing-Pau (business sheet), and contains trade prices, exchange quotations and all manner of commercial intelligence. This issue is printed on yellow paper. The second edition, coming out during the forenoon, is also printed on yellow paper, and is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence and general news. This is called the Shuen-Pau, or "official sheet." The third edition appears late in the afternoon, is printed on red paper, and bears the name Titani Pau (country sheet). This consists of extracts from the earlier editions, and is largely subscribed for in the provinces. All these issues of the King-Pau—for each edition of the journal bears the original name in addition to its own special title—are edited by six members of the National Academy of Science, appointed and salaried by the Chinese Government. The total number of copies printed daily varies between 13,000 and 14,000.

London's Tough District.

The district of Whitechapel, London, is rapidly ceasing to be, as it is generally considered, a distinctly cockney-populated locality. In 1891 one in every five inhabitants of the district was a foreigner, and since then there has been a great influx of foreigners, mostly Russians and Russian Poles. More than two thousand of these foreigners settled in the district during last year, driving out almost as many Londoners. The birth rate in Whitechapel is forty-one, as compared with twenty-five in the western districts of London and forty-seven in Russia. Even if immigration should cease it is considered pretty certain that the Russians and Poles will soon predominate in Whitechapel.

LITERATURE AND LOVE.

THE QUESTION OF HOW FAR THE TWO ARE NOT HARMONIOUS.

Astra Deals with a Great Problem that Has Occurred to a Great Many People—The Literary Man as a Husband Compared with the Literary Woman as a Wife.

The question has been agitated lately, in some of the more advanced newspapers, as to whether literary men and women make good husbands and wives, and I am sorry to say that the balance of opinion, if not exactly of evidence, seems so decidedly against the knights and ladies of the ink bottle and blotting pad that I wonder any of us have succeeded in getting husbands or wives at all, and feel devoutly thankful that a beneficent providence looked after my interests, and allowed me to meet one man who was not afraid to marry a literary woman. It may have been that he thought my light was too feeble a glim, to entitle me to the distinction of avoidance as something dangerous, or it might even be that he had never heard I aspired to literary honors, and so rushed blindly to his fate. But I am not going to question the motive now, since it seems the fact itself is a subject for gratitude, and the whole guild of scribes are hastening to a future of unloved, unsought, and undesired single blessedness.

The popular idea seems to be that undesirable as literary men are for husbands, the literary woman as a wife is still worse, and our own common sense tells us that for the two to marry each other would be the greatest disaster of all. But yet there seems to be a reasonable possibility that properly managed, either of these undesirable creatures might make a tolerable partner for the right man or woman. One writer asserts that all literary women have an intuitive disinclination to marry literary men, and if this is true, the woman shows very good sense, because there is not much likelihood of there being any more sympathy between writers of the opposite sex, as between two artists, under similar conditions. Curiously enough there is apt to be a good deal more professional jealousy between them than if they belonged to the same sex, and it is scarcely necessary to point out how fatal such a condition of things would be to love. Why a male and female politician on opposite sides might just as well hope for wedded happiness!

Another curious thing is that while a literary life tends to broaden and enlarge woman's views, and take her out of herself, the literary man is apt to be too utterly self-centred to make a very pleasant companion. He does not usually get about amongst his fellow-men and get the angles rubbed off as his more ordinary brethren do, and therefore he is inclined to be conceited and cranky, irritable as a teething baby, and morbidly sensitive about himself and his work; he lives to himself to a great extent, and that makes him very difficult for others to live with comfortably. He lives on such an exalted plane that he finds it impossible to bring his mind down to any of the small matters which interest a woman, and go to make up her daily life; and so he is far from being a cheerful companion, he is so filled with his own importance, and the absolute insignificance of every one else, that he is sure to be exacting, if not tyrannical, and he is naturally too intent on giving the very best of himself to his work and his publishers, that his family have to be content with his second best, and be thankful if they get that instead of his worst.

I daresay he means well, but somehow intentions are very cold comfort, until they reach their final destination as paving stones for a warm climate.

So much for the literary man, as a husband, and if the literary woman can make a better showing as a wife why there are two excellent reasons why I cannot say much on the subject! The first is because my natural modesty seals my lips, and the second that nobody would believe me if I wrote volumes in her favor.

I am afraid the woman who writes, is very generally looked upon as a sort of Mrs. Jellyby who neglects her household, and scarcely knows her own children to see them, and that the idea is to deeply rooted for me to demolish, but at least the female scribe is not self-centred, and irritable, she dare not be, or her work would suffer; she goes out into the world more than her domestic sister, she sees more of life, that she is a devoted, and often dutiful mother Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has satisfactorily proved, and as for her ability as a housekeeper, I cannot do better towards supporting the argument than quote an anecdote I came across the other day and which was told about the celebrated writer and lecturer Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

Two clever young men who knew everything were once seated in a public hall waiting for the speaker of the evening, Mrs. Livermore, to take her place upon the lecture platform. They beguiled the time with conversation, which naturally turned upon the gifted woman they had come to hear

Prices

from

90

Cents



In Order to more fully enjoy the summer season the luxury of a comfortable HAMMOCK is indisputable.

We are now exhibiting Hammocks with all the latest improvements.

Hammocks with Pillows; Hammocks without Pillows.

Hammocks with Valances; Hammocks without Valances.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John

"She is a magnificent speaker," said one, "but she can't keep house worth a cent."

Just then a hand was laid gently but firmly on that youth's shoulder from behind, and as he turned his startled gaze rested upon a handsome, portly gentleman, who said to him:

"Young man, do you know Mrs. Livermore personally?"

"No, sir, I do not," said the surprised young man.

"Have you had authentic assurance of the fact you stated so positively to your companion just now?"

"Well no sir—at least—that is—they say the lecturing women never have any knack at house-keeping, and I have heard that Mrs. Livermore is no exception to the rule."

"Well young man, thirty years ago, I married that woman, and I can assure you from experience that if possible she is a better house-keeper, and a better homemaker, than lecturer!"

And perhaps if the truth were known, there are more of the bluestocking sisterhood to whom that little story would apply, than the world supposes.

ASTRA.

Work of a Coral Insect.

One of the marine wonders of the world is the great barrier reef of Australia. This stupendous rampart of coral, stretching in an almost unbroken line for 1,250 miles along the northeastern coast of Australia, presents features of interest which are not to be equalled in any other quarter of the globe. Nowhere is the action of the little marine insect which builds up with untiring industry those mighty mountains with which the tropical seas are studded more impressive; nowhere are the wonderful constructive forces of nature more apparent. By a simple process of accretion there has been reared in the course of countless centuries an adamant wall against which the billows of the Pacific, sweeping along in an uninterrupted course of several thousand miles, dash themselves in ineffectual fury. Inclosed within the range of its projecting arms is a calm inland sea, 80,000 square miles in extent, dotted with a multitude of coral islands, and presenting at every turn objects of interest alike to the unlearned traveller and the man of science. Here may be witnessed the singular process by which the wavy, gelatinous, living mass hardens into stone, then serves as a collecting ground for the fotsam and jetsam of the ocean, and ultimately develops into an island covered with a luxuriant mass of tropical growth. Here again may be seen in the serene depths of placid pools extraordinary forms of marine life, aglow with the most brilliant colors and producing in their infinite variety a bewildering sense of the vastness of the life of the ocean.

Dangers in Sea-Bathing.

There are some dangers in sea-bathing which can be generally avoided by presence of mind. Here are a few hints respecting them: if the swimmer should be taken out by a current he should try to swim across it diagonally toward a spot on shore, and then swim to shore. If carried out when floating he should never lose courage, but brace himself up for a long hard swim. Cramp is the dreaded pain of the swimmer, and for this cause a knowledge of scientific swimming will be useful, as he can then keep himself afloat by chafing the affected limb, or else float and try to strengthen it. The hearing is often affected by continued sea-bathing, either from concussion or else through water remaining in the ear and producing the disorder. The only remedy is the use of cotton-wool or other ear-plugs.

Told of a Portrait.

A strange thing has happened to an oil portrait of Mr. Cleveland, painted during his first administration and hung in a New York clubhouse frequented by many of his admirers. There has lately appeared just upon the breast of the portrait a large inverted ghostly head, with bald dome and well-defined eyes, nose and lips. Either the canvas was an old one or the artist made upon it and afterwards abandoned a bad study of his subject. The subsequent coats of paint for a time concealed the lines beneath, but something in the atmosphere of the room where the portrait hangs has gradually revealed the hidden picture.

Better Than Our System.

In some of our German towns when a man is convicted of beating his wife he is allowed to go to his work as usual, but his wife gets his wages and he is locked up only on Saturday nights and remains in prison until the following Monday. The punishment usually lasts for ten weeks.

HE NEARLY CAPTURED THEM.

The Experience of a Man Whose Wife Thought She Heard Burglars.

He is a little man, and when his wife woke him and excitedly whispered to him that there was a man in the kitchen he told her to let him stay there.

"But he'll get into the dining-room and steal all the silver," she said in an undertone. "Are you a coward?"

Well, now, perhaps he was a coward when it came to tackling a burglar in the dark, but no man is going to admit that to his wife, so he jumped out of bed and said with the best show of courage possible:

"I'll go and see if I can hear him."

He went out and he heard him. He didn't expect to and didn't want to, but he did. There was some one in the house beyond all question, and he wasn't particularly anxious to meet him. He didn't think he had much of a chance with a good burly burglar, and he was in a quandary until he remembered the speaking-tube.

There was a mouthpiece in the passage and a whistle in the kitchen, and he blew down it three shrill blasts that would have scared a gang of burglars.

He went back into the bedroom and asked sharply:

"Where are my trousers?"

"Perhaps you had better not go down, George," said his wife, as she handed him the trousers.

"Don't be a coward, Mary," he returned, as he hastily pulled them on. "I'll teach him."

"Perhaps there's more than one," she suggested, anxiously.

"There are two or three, from what I can hear," he said in a business-like way, as he reached for his coat to throw over his shoulders, "but I'm good for all. Mary, you never saw me when I got roused before."

"But George," she cried, throwing her arms round him as he tried to go out of the room. "I think they have called for help from friends outside. I heard three screeching whistles in the kitchen just after you went out into the passage the first time."

"Quite likely," he said, as he tore himself away and hurried out, "but I'll tackle them all; I'm not afraid of them."

He returned a few minutes later, and as he pulled off his trousers again, said reproachfully:

"Mary, they got warning and went away with some cold meat. If you hadn't made such a fuss I'd have captured the whole gang."

Hard to Realize.

The variety of ways in which a given number of articles may be placed has often created much surprise. A mathematician once set himself to the task of calculating the number of different ways in which the fifty-two cards of a pack could be distributed among four players, thirteen to each, taking every possible combination. It would be useless to present the answer here in a long row of figures, for no one can realize what such a numerical array really means, but the following illustration can be readily grasped: If the entire population of the earth—say one thousand millions of persons—were to deal the cards continually, day and night, for one hundred millions of years, at the rate of a deal by each person a minute, they would not have exhausted the hundredth thousand part of the number of essentially different ways in which it is possible that the cards can be distributed.

The Only Danger.

A lady was very solicitous about her health. Every trifling ailment, and the doctor was called immediately. The doctor was a skillful man, and consequently had a large practice. It was very disagreeable to him to be so often called away from his other cases for nothing and he resolved to take an opportunity of letting the lady see this. One day the lady observed a red spot on her hand, and at once sent for the doctor. He came, looked at her hand, and said:

"You did well to send for me early."

The lady looked alarmed, and asked:

"Is it dangerous then?"

"Certainly not," replied the doctor.

"To-morrow the spot would have disappeared, and I should have lost my fee for this visit."

Why Shirts Are Cheap.

It is found at a rural shirt factory that shirts of white muslin and 2200 linen may be produced at 73 cents per dozen, says a writer in the New York Sun. "Each shirt passes through the hands of seventeen operatives, and each woman employed averages about one dozen complete shirts per day. The greater part of the cost of production is the element of labor, and while the average pay is necessarily under 73 cents per day, some of the workwomen make a good deal more, while the superintendents' cutters, and the like, are well paid. Machinery in this instance has enormously increased the power, of labor and raised wages."

CAUTION

MOTHERS

THE GREAT

WORM REMEDY,

Dawson's

Chocolate

Creams

ARE NEVER SOLD

in the form of a CHOCOLATE STICK OR CHOCOLATE TABLET, but in the form of a DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM. No after-dinner medicine required. Children never refuse them.

25c a Box.

Sold by all Druggists in Canada and United States.

Said the Owl

to himself, "If the moon I could get, whenever I'm dry

my throat I could wet: The moon is a quarter with a quarter I hear: you can purchase five gallons of "

Hires' Root Beer."

A Delicious, TEMPERANCE, Thirst-quenching, Health-Giving Drink.

Good for any time of year.

Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, sells you some other kind of "just as good"—it is not.

No imitation is as good as the genuine Hires'.

TAKEN NO SUBSTITUTE FOR HIRE'S.

All Mining Men Should Read

THE CANADIAN

Colliery Guardian,

AND CRITIC.

A Journal devoted to the Mining Interests of Canada.

A MODEL MINING JOURNAL.

The only Mining publication in the Dominion.

Largest circulation of any Mining Journal in the Dominion.

Gold, Coal, Iron, Steel and other Industrial subjects, broadly treated. Our Register of Mining properties penetrates into England, Scotland, Wales, United States and all parts of Canada.

A special commissioner travelling thro' England.

Wide and increasing circulation.

Mining students will find the Journal indispensable for their education.

Subscription: \$1.50 per annum, or \$1 if taken before June 31, and strictly paid in advance.

Address: Canadian Colliery Guardian Co., (Ltd.) HALIFAX, N. S.