

Provincial education exhibit at the Centennial, and were so struck by it that they determined to come and inspect the schools personally. On enquiry, the county of Wentworth was selected as affording a good sample of the other counties, and accompanied by J. A. Smith, County Inspector of Schools, they proceeded to visit the schools in West and East Flamboro. They next inspected Ancaster and Barton schools, then the city schools. It is a great compliment and speaks well for Ontario city and county scholastic institutions that they are chosen as the models to show our foreign visitors.

Search has lately been made for the remains of the famous Indian Chief, Tecumseth. The dagger found with the supposed bones, is very like a gardener's pruning knife, and has near the hilt the letter "W," a small crown and the letter "R," and underneath the words "Shear steel." The initials probably stand for those of the maker, or the words "warranted real," but what is better evidence that the bones are those of the Indian brave is that Tecumseth was known to limp from a fracture in the leg, and one of the bones found plainly shows the fracture. Only about two-thirds of the skeleton was found.

HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

Pardon me while I call the attention of some one qualified for the task to the importance of supplying a generally recognized want, namely, a history of the streets of Montreal in the past, the design of which would be to furnish an "Historic Topography" of the city. Such a work should not be delayed. If put off much longer it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to write, as many of the old landmarks have passed away. House after house, and church after church has been pulled down to make way for the " onward march of improvements," obliterating the connection that a few years ago existed between the past and the present of our good city. The general appearance of Montreal had changed but little during the half century previous to the rebellion of 1837-8; since that time, however, the changes have been very marked. About the year 1840, the city commenced to grow rapidly in population and commercial importance, necessitating the pulling down the buildings referred to, and the making of other extensive alterations required to meet its increasing trade. Many of the present generations do not even know the sites of some of the most interesting of our old buildings, viz: Old Christ's Church, Old St. Andrew's Church, Old Jean's Church, Old Market Place, and many others. Now before the memory of the past, as well as the actual "landmarks" themselves, shall have entirely faded away, this work should be undertaken. There are in our city many well qualified for the task of writing such a history, which I am sure would be well received and be very popular.

A few words on the general design of the work. It should be a Topographical History of the Streets of Montreal, in which such archaeological matters as can be collected. The writer should go through the streets of the city and suburbs, noting, as he goes along, the present and old buildings (now remain), and the sites of older ones still, when such and such important passages of the past lived, describing the buildings and giving at the same time the history and other matters of interest connected with the locality, such as biographical notices, anecdotes and traditions, that have been handed down of the actors who formerly figured in connection with the places described. This work should be somewhat like Mr. J. M. LeMoine's "Historical Sketches of the Streets of Quebec," lately published in your paper. Perhaps we may not have as much historic matter to draw from as Quebec, but there is much of interest to be recorded, quite enough to make a good series of papers or to fill a respectably sized volume. Without entering further into details of what the work should take up, I may note that, within forty years, St. Paul, St. Francois Xavier, St. Sacrament, Notre Dame and other streets, contained the private residences of many of the first citizens, where nothing but stores and warehouses are now to be seen. Few of the present generation have any idea of the great changes that have taken place within that space of time. In St. Sacrament street, on the site of the present Merchant's Exchange, stood, a little off the street with lilac trees growing in front, the residence of Mr. St. George Dupre. He was a very distinguished looking little man. The writer recollects him well, every fine morning in the summer season taking his "constitutional airing" on horseback, either down St. Francois Xavier street to the river, or up on his way to the suburbs. The next house to Mr. St. George's was the town residence of the de Lothbiniere family. This still stands, and is the present No. 17. In its day it was no doubt thought a grand building.

Hospital street, thirty years ago, had in it several private residences. In a large building west of the North British Chambers, Mr. Maitland had his stores and lived then over his warehouse. In this street at that time, was located (at present No. 10 or 12) "Workman's Commercial Academy," an institution which turned out a greater number of able and successful commercial and professional men, than any school of its time in Canada. In St. Paul street, forty years ago, most of the merchants lived over their stores, and many of them boarded their clerks with their own families. But little over thirty years ago, the late Hon. George Moffatt lived in St. Paul street next to the extensive warehouses of his firm (310 to 316 or 320 its present numbers), and the late John Torrance, previous to 1840, lived over his store, south-west corner of St. Paul and St. Nicholas streets.

But enough. Let the above suffice to show how much of interest may be collected, even from such sources, for the work which I suggest.

In conclusion I may add that I have a few notes on the subject, which I shall cheerfully place at the disposal of any one inclined to undertake the writing of the "Sketches," and I am sure others will also contribute to the work.

M.

Montreal, August, 1876.

TORONTO FIELD BATTERY.

The Toronto Field Battery was organized in the fall of 1855, gazetted 7th February, 1856, with J. S. Dennis as Captain, and was placed under the command of Lt.-Col. Denison, who commanded the mounted force at Toronto. The effective strength of the corps at its first annual drill was four officers, seventy men and forty-six horses.

In the fall of 1865 the Battery was changed from a Field to a Garrison Battery with new officers. On the 5th of March, 1866, the corps was placed on active service for the first time, and was known as the Toronto Garrison Battery, and served with long Enfield rifles, being stationed in the Old Fort. Part of the time the men were instructed in standing gun drill with the heavy guns; rapid progress was made in drill and the Battery was highly complimented on several occasions by Col. Lowry, of the 47th Regiment, then stationed in Toronto.

On the night of the 4th of June, 1866, orders were received from General Napier to take the guns of the late Field Battery, procure horses, pack the ammunition and report when ready, to proceed to Prescott.

The orders were carried out in a simple and effective mode by Lieutenant Gray. Twenty-one men were routed out of bed in garrison, and went on the double to the gun sheds on the corner of Queen and Bathurst streets, about half a mile distant, the guns were taken possession of and mounted in a short time; the detachment was then divided into four squads, with a non-commissioned officer in charge of each squad, and were instructed to proceed to certain named stables and take all the horses; 57 horses were in the drill yard in less than an hour. The Battery was ready to march off at 3 a.m., when the order was countermanded and the Battery moved into the new Fort.

It was relieved from active service on the 16th June, and was again gazetted as the Toronto Field Battery on the 6th July, the same year.

In 1868, it was brigaded with the Hamilton and Welland Canal Field Battery and 2nd Regiment of Cavalry at Toronto.

On the 18th October, 1869, an order was received to proceed to Goderich by rail with two 9-pounder guns with service ammunition complete, with one officer and twenty men; Lieut. Gray was selected for this duty, and fourteen hours after receiving the order, the Division of Artillery, with everything complete, was ready to go on board the Prince Alfred at Goderich, 140 miles from headquarters, or an average of 10 miles an hour from the time of receiving the order. The detachment returned to Toronto on the 13th November, having served nearly a month as "Horse Marines" on board the gunboat.

The present commanding officer, Major Gray, has served twenty years in the Battery, and is just as enthusiastic now as when he first donned the coat of blue. The drill of 1871 and 1872 was performed in camp at Niagara, the Battery having crossed the lake four times without the slightest injury to man or beast; this speaks well for the care and ability of the officers.

In 1873, the Battery drilled at the new Fort, Toronto.

In 1874, the Battery marched to camp at Holland Landing, in the short space of 15 hours, 38 miles, surprising and opening fire on the camp at 3.15 a.m. The return march was accomplished in 13 hours, a full detail of which is given in the blue book of 1875, page 10.

In 1875, the Battery again marched to camp at Holland Landing, this time accompanied by a newly organized "mounted band," and as this was something new in the north, it created quite a *furor*, the people along the route running helter-skelter across the fields to get a better view of the "mounted gunners." One enthusiastic farmer vowed he could follow them to the Holy Land.

In 1876, this year, the Battery drilled at the New Fort, and judging from the standing orders, the men were not allowed to waste their time in idleness. Reveille sounded at 4.30 a. m. Field drill from 5 to 7. Breakfast at 8. Standing gun drill, mounting and dismounting ord-

nance for gunners, cleaning harness, and stable duties for drivers from 10 to 12. Dinner at 12.30. Full drill from 2 to 4 p. m. Tea at 6 p. m. Roll call 9.30, and lights out at 10.30 p. m.

The shell practice was carried out on the 10th July on the Esplanade in front of the officers' quarters New Fort. The target, 4 feet square, being moored in the lake 1500 yards from shore, was completely riddled. The gunners feel confident they could knock a man's head off at a mile range after a little more practice. The Inspector of Artillery, Col. Strange, complimented the officers and men on the very efficient state of the Battery. He said, after a quarter of a century in the regular service, he could honestly say it was the best drilled and most efficient volunteer battery he had yet seen. The officers of the Battery are Major Gray, Captain Commanding, Lieutenants Stoughton Green, Johnson, with Surgeon J. S. Diamond and Vet. Surgeon A. Smith.

RELATIVE VALUES.

In your article on the relative claims of agriculture and other occupations, considered as means of realizing a livelihood, you build your argument on what we may call the communistic basis—in other words, on that of a supposed fair distribution of the general wealth. Now it is useless so to argue in the absence of some general expressed or implied agreement for such fair division. Without any fear of the mere term "communism," when used in its true sense of a mutual interest practically carried out, I cannot see that the thing itself is in actual existence amongst us, except in the case of partnerships and joint stock companies, and, in a degree more limited, in that of employees of such companies or firms. It will be admitted in the latter case, that the remuneration of such employees should bear some fair proportion to the real effects of their services in creating the returns which are divided as profits and wages. That is an altogether limited communism, and one not always easy to adjust. But between one tradesman and another, while we cannot say that under a different social system it would not be possible to adjust proportionate profits for everybody, it is not so in that under which we live, and by which our various industries are actually regulated. On the contrary every man is supposed to get the highest price he is able for his goods, with the sole alternative of being unable to sell them. The man who produces food and raw materials only, and calls himself farmer, is dependent like all the others upon the open hand of Providence for his success in the first instance—and although he deals with the first necessities of life, and the raw materials of trade, is dependent upon manufacturers and a good level of civilization about him for the degree of success and civilization he himself attains. So that it is only a pretty figure to say that he supports all the others. Man does not live by bread alone. Clothes and instruction, and Christian teaching, have a good deal to say for his welfare, and themselves develop a reactive power which stimulates production. The competition which regulates profits, under our system, may easily be carried to excess. It may easily also be an unfair and deceptive competition—talking much about prices, and almost nothing about the quality of the goods produced—taking advantage of ignorance in the purchaser, or actually adulterating and glossing the goods themselves, so as to put forth the inferior article for the serviceable one. And there results from these practices, by way of antidote, just so much communism in our modern society, as will constitute a general demand that goods shall be what they seem, and that there shall not be so many traders of one class in one place, as will prevent any one of them from getting a living; but even this amounts but to a sentiment and an urgency, and not to a restraint of civic liberty in the premises; and the power which enforces the just arrangements in locating trades, and honesty in those trades when established, is really one, in the main, of resulting success and profits. If two shoemakers cannot live in a village, sooner or later one will have to go, and it is better that one should go before both are ruined. If a tradesman deals in false measures or deceptive qualities, buyers will shun his store. In this way things adjust themselves.

There are two values which it is the business of the agricultural purchaser to ascertain before he closes a bargain for the article offered to his notice, whether a mow and reaper, or hay rake, a threshing machine, or a new arrangement for "getting out the stumps," and these are the market value, and the actual value to himself in the present circumstances of his farm. The real market value cannot be ascertained without more enquiry than is often given to the business, for it must always depend upon actual quality and serviceableness in the implement offered. The only effect of invariably offering the seller "half" he asked, would be to drive him away altogether, or to lead him to ask invariably a great deal more than he meant to take. The market value of an article is always dependent primarily upon wages and raw material, or, in other words, upon the "manufacturing value." Competition, except in the case of special monopolies, which, happily, are not common, will bring down market prices to the neighbourhood of manufacturing values, an unjust and fraudulent competition often reducing them far below them. Neither the farmer nor any other citizen can spend with impunity what he has not earned. Debt, as a rule, is to be avoided, but the farmer when he does make

a purchase should exercise the same intelligence about the real value of the thing bought, and the wisdom of buying it, as any other member of the community.

Quebec.

CANADENSIS.

STAR GAZING.

Being somewhat addicted to star-gazing and not unobservant of the constant changes in the places of the heavenly bodies, I have been patiently waiting for a newspaper account of the August meteors from the pen of an experienced observer. But I have hitherto been disappointed.

My time and opportunity for observing the heavens at night are limited; but I may mention that, a little after 8 o'clock on the evening of the 9th current, I saw a meteor in that part of sky which is between the stars, Altair and Marcab. It seemed to start from within the border of the constellation Aquila and after a flight of about 20°, it disappeared in Pegasus at about 10° from Marcab, which star was at that time not many degrees from the eastern horizon. The meteor seemed to be a little larger than the planet Jupiter and was very brilliant. On the 11th at 9 o'clock p. m., I was again fortunate in catching sight of another meteor in the same region of the sky, streaming in much the same direction as the other, that is from about W. N. W. to E. S. E. It was however slightly larger and brighter than its predecessor.

At the time I write of, the sky over the city was much obscured with smoke from burning woods. But, though the above two were all I saw during the few minutes I spent in observation, I have no doubt many smaller meteors were visible where the atmosphere was clearer.

While writing of the heavenly bodies, permit me to add that happening to look out of my window at 4 o'clock this morning, I was well rewarded for my pains. The sky was cloudless, and the atmosphere cool and free from haze. The sight was grand and beautiful. The eastern region of the heavens seemed to be studded with exquisite brilliants. The constellation Orion was the centre of the scene before me. Regirt with his jewelled belt, and lighted on his westward journey by the bright torches, Bigel, Betelgeux, and Bellatrix, he might well march proudly. To the west, north, east, and south of him shone Aldebaran, Capella, Castor and Pollux, Procyon, and burning Sirius. And, as if to add her quota to the grandeur of this celestial exhibition, the planet Venus appeared in all her matchless brightness, midway between Pollux and Procyon.

The above sketch is a mere outline of one of the many splendid pictures, which may be seen every clear night all the year round in heaven's great gallery.

Montreal, 29th August.

A. B.

DOMESTIC.

TOMATOES AU GRAIN.—Cut half a dozen tomatoes in halves, remove the pits, and fill the inside with a mixture of bread crumbs, pepper, and salt, in due proportions; place a small piece of butter on each half tomato, and lay them then close together in a well buttered tin. Bake in a slow oven for about half an hour and serve. They may be eaten hot or cold.

OATMEAL PUDDING.—Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in two ounces of sifted bread crumbs; stir until the mixture is stiff; then add one ounce of shred suet and one or two well beaten eggs add a little lemon flavoring or ground nutmeg. Put the pudding into a buttered dish, and bake slowly for an hour.

SWEETBREAD FRIED.—Trim a couple of sweet breads, soak them in water for an hour, then parboil them for five minutes in salted water, drain, and put them in a stewpan with two slices of fat bacon, an onion, a carrot, a bundle of sweet herbs, pepper, salt and spices to taste, and a small quantity of stock, let them braise gently. When sufficiently cooked, put them in between two dishes with a weight over, and leave them to get quite cold; then cut them into slices an inch thick. Beat up two tablespoonsful of dissolved butter with the yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, and some warm water. Add as much more water as will make the batter of the required consistency; keep on beating the mixture until it is perfectly smooth, and lastly add the white of one or two eggs whisked to a froth. Dip the slices of sweetbread into this batter and fry them in hot lard until of a golden colour. Serve with plenty of fried parsley and quarters of lemon.

HUMOROUS.

HOPE is said to be brightest when it dawns from fears. This is a very beautiful thought, but it seldom occurs to a man who has just got up off his wife's new hat.

A Scotch minister recently told his neighbour that he spoke two hours and a half the Sunday previous. "Why, minister, were you not tired to death?" asked the neighbour.—"Aw nae," said he; "I was as fresh as a rose; but it would have done your heart good to see how tired the congregation was."

Prize commndrum contributed by the Enquiring Mind that sweeps this office: Why is the man who owns the yacht what got beat by the Madeline in the race for the Queen's cup like a taffer what lost money on a horse race? Answer: Coz one is a Dufferin and the other is a duffer out. Our readers will unite in wishing the Enquiring Mind a pleasant passage up the golden stair.

WHEN the intelligent compositor braces himself for a series of particularly exasperating typographical errors, he invariably selects for his work of devastation that paragraph on which the Massive Intellect has labored longest and hardest. And as he twists and distorts its syllables, words and sentences, knocks the bottom out of what little sense there was in it, adding a word here and dropping one there, changes "resurrection" into "rhematism," and so disguises the paragraph that its own mother wouldn't know it, the horsepoe of Fate holds up a dismal picture of a dead proof reader weathering in gore and a Massive Intellect wildly gesticulating behind the bars of a mad-house.