

ten years to a price which even now is \$550,000 above the figure quoted by other companies, and which, before the monopoly has expired, must in all likelihood be far beyond the fabulous. But it appears that the citizens had perpetrated an exceeding folly in thus attempting to maintain their rights and protect their purses. An alderman in Council read them an admonition for their audacity, and severely reprimanded the gentleman who had presided. The Council is composed not of their trustees but of their masters. The Royal is in danger of bankruptcy, and it is more than rumoured that members of the Council are financially interested in it. So the contract was skillfully engineered through—twenty-three voting for, and eight against. An injunction is talked of to prevent the Mayor from signing it; but, as everybody's business in Montreal is nobody's, we have probably heard the last of it.

The alderman who taught us our duty in this respect is now on the *tapis* as the successor of Mayor Abbott. A requisition has been presented to the latter gentleman that he should allow himself to be nominated again for his third term. He has, however, formally announced his inability to do so, assigning as his reason the claims which his business, his age, and his Senatorship demand upon him. The fight to secure an English Mayor, so keenly waged in successive contests against the late Mayor Beaudry's domineeringism, and so hardly won at last, seems to have exhausted our British pluck. Alderman Grenier, though in former years repeatedly requested "to run," has now been invited "to stand," and the two expressions usually understood to be synonymous, give the situation in a word. Mr. Grenier has had a quarter of a century's training in the Council, and, although his career has not been without blemish, his future may be looked forward to with something of confidence. He is a successful business man, a Director of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, and 1st Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He is a devout Catholic, and his attitude towards the Royal Electric Monopoly may at least have derived some pious enthusiasm from the consideration that in a question of public taxation in Montreal, he and his Church will go, not Scot free, but French free.

The marriage of two McGill Bachelors of Arts, which took place recently has induced one of the Professors to be responsible for the following riddle:—Two Bachelors married each other; one ceased being a bachelor; the other never was a bachelor; neither can ever be bachelors; yet both are Bachelors still.

VILLE MARIE.

HORIZONS.

MAKE Self the centre and the level of thy thought,
And thy horizon shall so closely hedge thee round
With petty cares, weak worries, all so over-wrought
That of the world without thou hast no sight—no sound.

Mount higher! be it but the neighbour step that holds
Another's trouble or another's joy than thine,
Each step will lead where rarer atmosphere enfolds;
And broader, as thou risest, grows thy boundary line.

Dost see the while thou risest higher, higher still,
How small, ignoble are the things that had seemed great?
What base unworthy aims thy smaller soul could fill?
And, seeing, can'st thou idly leave thy life to fate?

Nay! Climb the mast if thou would'st better view the sea;
Push out each boundary and thou standest still at naught;
A God-bound circle *must* be infinite as He,
And alway thy horizon shapes to fit thy thought.

Toronto.

ALME.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTER.

AND so we had arrived in Japan, in the land of tinted films, and cobweb lines and the quintessence of things.

The ship was stormed by scores of curious creatures—men in dark blue tunics, with white cabalistic marks on the back, their brown faces, and chests and limbs glinting like polished bronze; men in tights, who might have been Florentines of the fifteenth century; men in the loose *kimono*. Strange-looking boats flecked the sea; strange-looking, low-roofed houses made the town by the water's edge. Away near the horizon line rose a huge cone-like mass of something white from a dark green basin. Large birds floated, and wheeled and shrieked through the air, and over everything stretched a sky of tender, hazy blue. As I looked at the fantastic picture painted on the gold background of an Eastern morning it all seemed as mad a medley of beauty and grotesqueness as ever artist imagined for a Satsuma vase.

They had told us of a land of paper houses and toy gardens, where the fascinating beauties of the tea-chest walked the streets, beauties who could wither with a side glance all our Greek ideals. They had told us, too, how the fashions of Eden were still in vogue there, how everybody was always contented and happy, and how everybody always smiled. But notwithstanding these simple and benign conditions of life, notwithstanding our delight at the new charm of things, our foreign sensibilities would be often shocked, very much shocked indeed. They had insisted upon that. We came to a sleepy, conventional-looking town, whose sober banks and shops, and large, cool houses suggested far more strongly a community favouring five o'clocks, than one that found its satisfaction in contemplatively smoking at noon, and living by the uncertain light of parti-coloured lanterns at midnight. Nobody

seemed abnormally inclined to smile, and when we reached the hotel door and the *jinnikisha* man looked derisively at his rightful fare of ten *sen*, it was so like any Canadian caddy that I felt quite an uncomfortable twinge of homesickness. But, afterwards, we learnt this wasn't at all the Japanese quarter of Yokohama. Yokohama had a Japanese quarter, however—a sort of never-ending fair that was not very far away; we should drive through it.

We had just had time to give ourselves a little land look before going in to tiffin; a tiffin our old friend The Compleat Angler pronounced to be as good, yes, quite as good as ever he had tasted at the Union Club (it was the first remark I heard The Compleat Angler make after his arrival in Japan), when we were stopped suddenly by a funny, anxious-looking youth in European dress, but with a very unmistakable crop of straight, thick Japanese hair, and a pair of little questioning Japanese eyes. He poked his card at us and said something about an "interview" and "reporter," and "something *shimbun*." Our host explained half smilingly, half compassionately, the object of the gentleman's visit. I didn't quite like the attitude of our host in this matter; it was decidedly derogatory, and seemed either to doubt the importance of two of the parties concerned, or to belittle a situation that both Garth and I beamingly regarded as flatteringly unique. My judgment proved premature.

We all three entered the drawing-room; we all three smiled; and then we were all three in a nervous uncertainty as to what to do next.

"We have come to see your beautiful Japan."

This was clear, concise, politic; Garth said it.

"You must excuse that I visit ladies without introduction," answered the reporter somewhat irrelevantly. He had been waiting to say it for some time, and now that he had said it and was reassured, he looked more as if he meant business.

"It is a very long journey from Montreal to Japan," resumed Garth, wishing to be at once encouraging and suggestive.

The reporter evidently thought this fact worthy of remark, for he said "Hn, hn," and took out his note-book.

"How long?" he asked.

"From Montreal to Vancouver the distance 3,000 miles, and from Vancouver—"

"Vancouver, Canada?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, and from Vancouver—"

But I saw him put it down as quick as light, "Distance from Montreal to Canada 3,000 miles."

"My dear," I murmured to Garth, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "I don't think the gentleman has quite understood your statement." "It is 3,000 miles from Montreal to Vancouver," I added turning to the reporter.

But the rash youth dashed down once again, "From Montreal to Canada 3,000 miles MORE."

There was an awkward pause. I looked away, my lips trembled, and I toyed nervously with my pocket-handkerchief.

"What the object of your *caravancery*?" came next.

We both gasped, our smile sputtered into a laugh and then we made frantic efforts to stop.

"You—you must think foreigners—very rude," I stuttered.

"Yes," was the somewhat unexpected reply.

We should have lost our balance completely had not Garth followed this up with astounding *sang froid*:

"You must not think we are laughing at you," she said; "we are laughing at—at—an ocean voyage is so apt make people nervous and silly."

"Yes," again replied the reporter, frankly. "I speak the English very badly," he added, with a modesty that appealed to us.

Of course, I wished we could speak Japanese one quarter as well, and Garth said, "Yes, indeed"; and the youth said, "Yes." He had evidently not come to bandy compliments, and he really did wish to know "the object of our *caravancery*," so he repeated his query in another form.

"What the object of these ladies correspondents' visit?"

It seemed a fair question, and Garth answered it accordingly.

"Hearing there was a Paradise beyond the seas," she began. The reporter said, "Hn, hn," and went scribbling along. But I think I had better give you some of the reasons Garth presented for coming to "this enlightened land," in the language of the youth's translation of the interview after it had appeared in one of the Japanese newspapers. According to this translation Miss Grafton said that her chief object was "to see the native life of the people, the condition of social life, and to know how goes the American and English civilization upon the dress, eatings and residence of the people; . . . to inspect the fine arts, fine pictures and the education of this land. By publishing the informations of these things, we wish to bring out the photo of this Paradise."

"Hn, hn," said the reporter; but Garth had no intention of stopping just then; her economic spirit was suddenly roused, and she continued—always according to the translation:

"The railway between Montreal and Canada has been constructed already, so, in utilizing this railway, and also the convenience of Canadian Pacific steamers, the long chain of the great trade may be hanged out between Montreal and Japan."

Another "Hn, hn," another painful pause, and then Garth asked whether any other lady correspondents had ever come to Japan.

"Yes," said the youth, "there is come to Japan no other ladies correspondents."

We asked news of the two gentlemen correspondents who had just left.

"Mr. Norman has gone Corea."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes—yes, sir, I know Mr. Norman."

"Mr. Carpenter accompanied him?"

"Yes, sir—yes—yes, m'am."

"Did Mrs. Carpenter go too?"

"Yes, m'am—yes, miss—yes, sir, he has gone with Mr. Carpenter."

"I understand that Mr. Norman has gone, but Mrs. Carpenter, did she go?"

"Yes, sir, Mrs. Carpenter, he has gone."

"Oh!"

The gender being somewhat of a stumbling-block, I changed the subject.

"I suppose the Japanese don't particularly object to foreign ladies coming amongst them?"

"Yes."

"Oh! do they? I thought a great many Japanese were marrying foreigners now. Haven't several of your officials married American ladies?"

"The Japanese gentlemen does not marry so much—so many—now."

But the youth didn't appreciate this examination on our part, so he resumed:

"Will you tell to me what of interest on your journey?" and that happy translation makes me reply:

"In crossing the Rocky Mountains we saw the wooden snow protects upon the mountain for protecting of the sudden falls of the snow."

While another not less pleasant version of what I said is:

"When we are passing the distance between mount Rocky I had a great danger, for the snow on the mountains is falling down and the railroad shall be cut off. Therefore by the snow-shed which was made by the tree its falling was defend."

"Hn, hn."

The youth reflected a moment and then:

"What is your opinion about that Japan ladies dress in foreign style and have their hairs made in foreign style?"

And the translation says I answered:

"We have not seen yet these ladies, but I think it is better to dress in native style for them, because they have the native handsome dresses, very much nicer, I suppose."

There was a very long pause, indeed, after this. Our friend had evidently one more important question to ask us; suddenly it came out.

"Will you tell to me your age?"

We were so surprised that we told him quite simply the truth.

"Hn, hn," and he put it down.

When I took his note-book to correct the spelling of our names, I saw, "Two very nice ladies correspondents of noble looking, aged —."

We took but a hurried ride through the Japanese quarter of Yokohama, for it is not the thing to be "impressed" to any extent with Japanese scenes till you get to Tokyo. Nevertheless, we found it very wonderful, extravagantly picturesque that Japanese quarter in the late afternoon. There were fierce looking storehouses, all painted black and with iron bars; there were dainty, make-believe habitations of paper and wood; there were great, wide streets filled with what seemed a masquerading multitude, and there was always the dreamy blue sky and the lazily flying birds.

LOUIS LLOYD.

Tokyo, Japan, Dec. 10th, 1888.

MAX O'RELL ON AMERICAN SOCIETY.

IN the January number of *The Forum* the popular author of *John Bull and His Island* has some very interesting notes on American society. His style is not so "Frenchy," nor is it so mocking as formerly; the tone even approaches gravity now and then, but this only tends to heighten the effect of his humorous touches, which are as bright and as gay as ever. Altogether, we like Max O'Rell better in these jottings than in anything else of his which we have yet seen. He tells us that since his return from the United States he has set about answering the question, What do you think of America? and that his answer has filled a small volume. At the request of the editor of *The Forum* he gives the gist of it in a short article. It is hardly necessary to say that Canada does not figure in the article. In their "impressions" the republic's distinguished visitors invariably ignore our part of the Continent, even though they may condescend to cross the frontier for a day or two, and accept the hospitality of Canadians.

So anxious were the Americans to learn what were Max O'Rell's notions about America and Americans, that he had hardly arrived on board the *Germanic*, at Liverpool, before the purser handed the Frenchman a letter from the editor of a New York literary paper. "Dear sir," ran the letter, "Could you, during your voyage, write an article for me? I should like to publish it soon after your arrival in the States. Subject: Your Preconceived Notions of America." Max O'Rell here pokes a little sly fun at the Americans for their eagerness to know what is thought about them, and their fondness for compliments—"a pronounced childish side to their character." Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York