

hats whom the hour excuses from the formality of a collar; the typical boarding-house-keeper, a look of the early bird animating her eye; the inevitable Chinese dame wearing a wrapper of celestial blue, and looking about with that air of proprietorship peculiar to people away from home, and natives in monumental turbans, natives bareheaded, with something on suspiciously like a dream-gown, natives draped in all those audacious combinations of colour that set off their dark faces so well. But the Indian woman is not here, and we miss her. We miss her everywhere in Indian life, and we feel embarrassed and uncomfortable just as one does when one enters a house where somebody is in disgrace. Mid-day, the hour at which social Calcutta receives and pays its visits, our gharry stops under a great cool portico, like those found at the entrance of all Indian houses. But for some reason or other this particular portico seems cooler, this house whiter, this entrance even more hospitable than the others. The purple flowers of the Bougainvilliers vines that climb over the walls hang from the arches, and decorate all they touch with a dainty, fantastic art, creep round the tall pillars to smile a shy greeting on us. The servants in liveries of red and gold bow low as we pass. And the hostess who stands at the drawing-room door repeats all this welcome in her smile.

Though we have certainly found the Anglo-Indian far more modest in his estimation of himself than anybody gives him credit for, he fully appreciates, and with reason, the reputation his hospitality has earned. A man whom you have never met before, and to whom you may have not been speaking five minutes, will make a thousand apologies when he can't ask you to spend some time in his house, while, after even the simplest of dinner parties you feel as if you had had a week's entertainment.

Our hostess sits amidst a pretty medley of Indian bric-a-brac, a gown of soft Indian stuff falling about her, receiving the unending stream of Sunday visitors who come and go, as she expresses it, "like bees running up and down a honey-pot," with a grace that can only be the result of English dignity tempered by Indian sunlight. Our hostess is "a leader" they say, but with such lightness and originalities, and such a field in which to exercise them, as are by no means given to all leaders. She has a pretty way of making charity seem a pleasure, and pleasure a duty. Her manner of treating every native whom she meets is full of sympathy and tact, and she evinces the same artistic appreciation of the country in which she lives, by furnishing her house after what should be the genuine Anglo-Indian fashion. The walls are very white, the pictures have an eastern glow about them, a curiously carved cabinet comes from Burmah, a lounge is covered only with a bit of common Indian cotton, but of such colour that the effect is admirable, the furniture has been made by natives, and the curtains are nothing more nor less than the *sari* the Indian women wear. When our hostess gives a dinner-party, her table becomes a curious and exquisite study. The decorations are charmingly Indian, and all the work of her servants; now a wonderful design in ferns makes the cloth appear as if it were picked out in gold; now great bowls of lilies and foliage plants stand on a long strip of white and crimson native brocade; now the boards are all a-shiver with quivering maiden-hair, and the soft light of the silver. And so, in everything she does, in her own pretty way, our hostess tries, just as poets are trying, not to bring Indian and Englishman into a forced relationship, but to show them the pleasant places where both may meet together to reason about graver things.

I do not know whether our friend is a typical Anglo-Indian lady, but I think she ought to be.

The Calcutta dame, as a rule, does not consider it her duty to stop at home for possible visitors on any special day of the week; but the seventh being the only when the masculine portion of the community is able to leave its work, she usually wisely makes of the seventh an exception, and no one, it seemed to me, could have better reason for making this exception than our hostess. If there is little opportunity of our studying the Anglo-Indian very deeply during the hours we sit receiving with her, there is at least an opportunity of studying the Anglo-Indian very widely; but the Anglo-Indian must have a study all to himself.

Tennis at four. You see the garden walls are high in Calcutta and the shrubbery is thick, so that if your neighbour is influenced by your example, it is from sheer perversity, and because he wants to be. In any case the Englishman doesn't come to India to set an example, which makes him perhaps all the more agreeable. On Sunday he drives and he rides, he plays tennis, and he goes to the Zoological Gardens to hear the band play, though I must confess he demands with a consistency of which an Englishman alone could be capable, that the pieces performed shall be selections from "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," and arias from favourite oratorios.

We come home from our tennis-party along a well-known road, over a certain bridge, and through the *maidan*, all strangely beautiful to us in this late afternoon. The air is very still and warm. The shadows in the little lakes by the way-side seem to be lingering there to cool themselves. The masts and the rigging of the ships in the river are drawn across the red gold sky like the web of some monster spider. Europeans, curiously indifferent to everything about them, pass and repass us continually in a long string of carriages. The native Hindoo flits about under the trees, dozes casually where he may, or sits doing nothing after the fashion only a native can, while

here and there are Mahomedans in solemn lines, praying as I thought men had forgotten to pray. One worshipper we discover away off in a quiet field all alone. He has put down his burden and is kneeling. We come up quite close to him, but he is oblivious to everything. For the moment the light in his dark, faithful, passionate eyes seems almost sacred to us—he is looking towards Mecca.

LOUIS LLOYD.

MONTREAL LETTER.

THE jubilee celebrations of our patriotic athleticism have almost much taken the place of a carnival for this winter. Fifty years ago our Snowshoe Clubs were inaugurated, and this week has been occupied, almost exclusively, with demonstrations of joy over the recollection of the past and visions of the future. In 1859 the Montreal Snowshoe Club was constituted and by-laws were drawn up, and in 1869 the colours were chosen, a blue tunique with a scarlet tassel. On Tuesday evening the rejoicings began at the opening of the toboggan slide, when amid Roman candles, electric lights, pyrotechnic displays and bonfires, the officers of the Club played the host to the city and friends from near and far, many visitors from New York, Philadelphia, Minneapolis and St. Louis being present. The weather was out of humour; nevertheless a large crowd did their best to wax enthusiastic. Toboggan sliding has declined for a year or two in the athletic market, but the evening's arrangements, in spite of a *finale* of rain, did much to revive the demand. On Wednesday a grand tramp over the mountain was the attraction of perhaps the most universal interest. The city club rooms were brilliant with the colours, illuminations, transparencies and lanterns. The rendezvous consisted of seven hundred snowshoers accompanied by four-in-hands and winter equipages of all sorts. At a preconcerted signal the torches were lighted, a bonfire on the mountain sent its lurid welcome up into the sky, and the start was made. In and out, up and down, through the brown trunks of the trees, lights twinkled and fireworks flashed till the club house beyond was reached, gay with ladies and glorious with other decorative effects. Veteran grandfathers vied with their stripling grandsons in squatting tailor-fashion on the floor. Song and speech chased each other round the log-fire. Memory went back to the days when Beaver Hall was a cabbage garden, and the new Bonaventure station a potato field; and anticipation sketched the future of the athletes as they converted the mountain they had climbed over into the centre of an immense city stretching from one end of the island to the other.

On Thursday evening the festivities took the shape of a ball in the new Windsor Hall, one of the finest concert and ball rooms on this continent. The decorations were in the hands of a professional. The arrangements were beyond criticism, and as the dancers must have counted a thousand, the success must have been perfect. Distinguished citizens acted as patrons and patronesses, guests and subscribers. The prosaic section, A, B, C, was supplanted by Football, Snowshoe, etc., and the Tricycle section was identified by its large wheel of smilax. Pictures and portraits were empanelled with flowers; flags clustered lovingly round their mottoes; light reflected light, and all was mad with delight. Mr. Thomas Paton, the president, who by his gentlemanly and courteous manner no less than by his athletic *ne plus ultra* career, presented the lady patronesses each with a souvenir—a badge bearing the inscription "M.S.S.C. Jubilee Ball. 1840-1890." Scarcely had the strains of the last cotillon died out of the midnight air when preparations began in the hall for the next item on the programme—a concert the following evening. The concert floor of the hall is made in sections, raised at the back and laid over the dance floor. Every moment of the long day was needed, and when the last screw was in its place, the first arrival for the concert blocked the way. The programme was, wisely, suited to the occasion. The greatest pleasure of the greatest number was the theme, and the desired end was gained—a bumper house and an effervescent exuberance. Races on Saturday afternoon and a dinner in the evening brought to a conclusion a *fete* which still tingles in the veins of young and old.

A meeting of the Board of Trade was held last week, at which the new officers were installed. An invitation from Mr. Wiman for the Board to be present at his coming address was acknowledged. A communication was read from the Minister of Marine and Fisheries regarding the Board's recent action in reference to improvement in the light service of the St. Lawrence, stating that all points raised by the Board were receiving the attention of the Government; and that Mr. Anderson, general superintendent of the light-house system, with Captain Smith, chairman of the Board of Examiners of Masters and Mates, were instructed to proceed in the Government steamer for the express purpose of making a thorough enquiry, and of preparing an exhaustive report on the whole system of fog signals, lights and buoys on the river. Dissatisfaction was expressed with the Lake St. Francis service, inasmuch as the lights on it are managed by contract instead of by the Government itself. It was agreed to ask the Government to reduce the rates of toll on the St. Lawrence and Welland Canals to two cents per ton until some special legislation on the subject might be secured. The report of the recent deputation to Ottawa about harbour improvements was submitted, and a request was received from the Dominion Live Stock Association that a deputation from

their organization be conferred with anent the said harbour improvements. The Board of Trade is contemplating the desirability of new quarters.

An important conference has taken place between the Corn Exchange and the Grand Trunk Railway, in reference to the storage of grain. The Exchange claimed that all grain consigned to Montreal should be placed in store after forty-eight hours if not taken to delivery, at a charge of half a cent per bushel for ten days, and a quarter of a cent for each successive ten days. After much discussion by the representatives of both interests, it was agreed that twenty-four hours be allowed for free track delivery; that the Railway should be advised by consignees whether track delivery be desired; that in the event of the cars not being unloaded in accordance with such advice, one dollar per car be charged for shunting to the warehousing premises; that meantime half a cent per bushel be charged for the first ten days, and one cent for each successive ten days; that this agreement hold good for six months; that, as free track delivery in flour is not necessary, the Railway should continue to place cars on the sidings as hitherto to be unloaded by consignees; and that all other flour should be stored in the warehouse at present rates.

Our municipal elections for the ensuing year have secured a few unimportant re-distributions with the following result:—

Mayor—Mr. Jacques Grenier.
St. Antoine Ward—Ald. Clendinning, Wilson, and Shorey.
St. Lawrence Ward—Ald. Griffin, W. Kennedy, and Cunningham.
West Ward—Ald. Stevenson, Stephens, and McBride.
Centre Ward—Ald. Rainville, Hamelin, and Farrell.
East Ward—Ald. J. M. Dufresne, Perrault, and J. B. R. Dufresne.
St. Anne's Ward—Ald. P. Kennedy, Conroy, and Malone.
St. Louis Ward—Ald. Savignac, Dubuc, and Boisseau.
St. James' Ward—Ald. Hurteau, Brunet and Lamarche.
St. Mary's Ward—Ald. Robert, Martineau, and Jeannotte.
Hochelaga Ward—Ald. Prefontaine, Rolland, and Gauthier.
St. Jean Baptiste Ward—Ald. Germain, Villeneuve, and V. Grenier.
St. Gabriel's Ward—Ald. Dubuc, Thompson, and Tansey.

The Societies for the study of Canadian History and Canadian Literature have changed the evening of their fortnightly sessions from Saturday to Tuesday. On the 4th instant, Mr. Mott, Librarian to McGill University, occupied the chair, and Mr. Gerald E. Hart read a paper on "The Geographical Names of Canada." Mr. Hart maintains that the continent of America is the lost Atlantis of the ancient world, and that to England belongs the credit of the discovery of the continent. The lecture contained interesting sketches of the origin of some of our most striking geographical names, as Labrador, Acadia, Canada, and was illustrated by fac-similes of our very earliest maps. *Canada*, Mr. Hart proved to be derived from an Indian word, meaning *here they are*, and the exact location of the old Indian village of Hochelaga, from which Montreal sprung, received some fresh limitations. Mr. Gerald E. Hart is the fortunate possessor of one of the finest collections of national curios which Canada has cared to save from the ruthless negligence of time.

The Rev. Principal Henderson, of the Diocesan College, having enquired of Dr. Westcott, Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, if the preliminary examination in divinity was open to candidates from theological colleges in Canada, received as a reply that "the board is prepared to send their papers to colonial bishops for the examination of candidates for orders in their dioceses, the examination to be conducted under the bishop's direction and under the usual conditions; the answers to be transmitted to the Secretary of the Board, and to be submitted to its examiners for the classification of candidates." The usual fee is expected. This minute is held to cover the case of students of theological colleges who have completed their course and are nominated by their Principal.

Among the agitations of the winter is one for the baking of our bread by day instead of by night. Enormous correspondence has been penned about it, with, however, no practical result so far. They keep the pot boiling; a baker has sued the city for the recovery of the cost of a batch of loaves which were confiscated as under the weight required by law, and has just received a decision in his favour. Mr. Justice Cimon has ruled that the law which fixes the weight of our bread at two to four pounds, does not prevent a baker from selling over or under that weight. Our benevolent institutions are likely to suffer sadly if this version of the law should take practical shape, as they have been in the habit of having their pantries periodically replenished by the confiscation of bread of under-weight.

A number of the friends and admirers of our Premier, Sir John Macdonald, have commissioned Mr. Henry Sandham, R.C.A., to paint the portrait of the venerable politician. The picture is on exhibition in Pell's Art Rooms.

The Grand Trunk officials are paying a like compliment to their chief, Sir Joseph Hickson, and the commission has been given to Mr. R. Harris, R.C.A. The portrait is to be presented to Lady Hickson.

Mr. Max O'Rell has given us two evenings' amusement, but when you once know that a Scotchman is a man who