

the latter Secretary, of the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, whose head quarters are at Manchester, England. It has been a very agreeable reunion to many of the officers of the Grand Trunk Railway who left the M. S. and L. Co. to join the Grand Trunk service.

With sad heart, and heavy reluctant pen, I have to notice the mournful death of Mr. Frederick Lucy-Barnes, Musician. A man of genius, one of those interpreters of the beautiful, that heaven now and again sends to the earth. The cold clay is all that now remains of him; the eager spirit has fled; the restless eye is now calm; the skilful hand is cold. Few of those who knew him as he moved among us, will recall without grief the familiar form and features. There was a wild restlessness, an eagerness, an energy about him that marked him as no common man. His swift speech and movements, his quick and nervous manner of action seemed strange to the casual observer, but were to those who knew him well, wonderfully physiognomic. In music—divinest of arts—did his spirit find its highest delight. When at his bidding the tumultuous organ threw around him its vast clouds of sound, fierce yet melodious, he seemed to grow forgetful of the world, as also did those who listened, and the troubled spirit grew calm. But now alas! the silence of the grave must gather to itself the genius which we might perhaps have cherished better, and for whose untimely end many mourn.

SIR,—Please direct the attention of your correspondent "Queen City" to a matter which seems to have escaped his notice regarding art education. We seem desirous of beginning at the top of the ladder instead of commencing at the bottom. It is well to encourage fine art—it reflects honour upon the nation that possesses it—and we wish it all the success it deserves; but we must not forget that this is a new country, and not a very rich one, and that our first consideration should be directed to the advancement of our manufactures by the unity of beauty with utility. This can only be accomplished by directing the public mind and educating the young in the elements of design as applied to the manufactures of the country. It is not wise to expend the public money upon any system of education without seeing that a just equivalent of good is returned. Here in the Province of Quebec \$10,000 are granted annually for the conducting of art schools, &c., in Montreal, Quebec, and the smaller towns. And there comes a time when we have a great Provincial Exhibition, where we expect to see results from the expenditure of so much money, but find none. Was it not possible to have made a good show at the Exhibition? If but to convince the people that the money was being wisely expended, and also to show our manufacturers a source whence they could obtain good designs for their wares, and by this means increase their market value. Eight or ten years' establishment, and the annual expenditure of this money, should show good results. There is surely something wanting in the system?

I am told that a deputation from our Board of Arts and Manufactures visited the Art Schools of Boston awhile ago for the purpose of examining their system of working, and if thought needful, of introducing it into our schools. It is to be presumed that the deputation returned to their homes again, and in the possession of some new ideas upon the subject, but—can any one give us any sort of information as to the result of the journey and the arduous labours of that deputation.

It is a noticeable fact in connection with the traffic of the Grand Trunk Railway that the earnings from passengers for the last week are the largest for any week since the line has been in existence, and the largest portion of the increase, I am informed, is for passengers to Montreal.

Canadian refreshment room keepers will probably change their style of service some day, and when they do it must be in the direction of improvement. Worse they simply cannot be—I refer especially to those at our railway stations. Thus it goes: We are told that at the next stop time will be allowed for refreshments. Great news! We wash and brush up, and make rash promises to our sinking stomachs. The train comes to a standstill just when we have begun to imagine that the driver has over-run his mark; there is a rush and scramble for the much-needed feast. Twenty minutes allowed, we are told—no hurry. But we *do* hurry all the same. Each seizes the first chair handy, even willing to suffer a temporary separation from his travelling companions in order not to waste one of the precious twenty minutes. The long table is filled—the cross table is filled, and then

there is a pause. A stranger might fancy that the gentleman who "runs" the wooden structure would not allow the *table d'hote* to proceed until grace had been said in quiet proper fashion. But no such thing happens.

The pause is soon broken by the visibly affected sitters at the long and the cross tables. Then the Biddy's emerge from a mysterious region, the entrance to which is hidden by a screen. A fine array of waiters, three in number—or say four—with a small boy added by way of promoting the cause. "What will you have?" say all simultaneously; and those addressed put on a look of puzzled delight. The question suggests such a lot of things. Visions of pet dishes crowd upon the man—beautiful visions of meals most delightful. "What will you have?" Great question; complimentary; pleasing also. "A wing and a bit of the breast." "Thank you, I prefer the brown meat." "Yes, a little of the undercut, if you please, and some gravy from the dish." "Will you give me a little of that lobster salad, please waiter?" But back from dreamland it must be, for the twenty minutes won't wait for foolish people who dream when they should be eating.

"What will you *have*?" "What have you got, Maria?" "Steaks and potatoes." "Nothing else?" "Chops." "Bring me a chop, please." "They ain't cooked, they're cooking. Steaks is nice." "Give me a steak, then." Biddy passes to the next. "What will *you* have?" as if he had no right in the world to be there at that table. He has heard the conversation with No. 1—and mildly says, "steak." To No. 3: "*what* will you have?" and he also begs for the pleasure of feasting on a steak. Biddy removes herself with a rush, and returns with the same rush. There they are—the steaks. A man hungry and weary with a long journey by rail should be content, and thankful even, when he can have a steak fresh from the grid, and good prospect of potatoes. The gleaming fork—no, not "gleaming;" it wouldn't do that if put within three inches of an electric light—it is not of the things that shine: it *descends* at any rate, and progs the surface of the steak. It is dragged along to the plate. The twisted fork gets hold of it in earnest—the twisted knife is pressed hard and violently sawed across it—a bit of a ragged end is secured at last for the purpose of closer testing—and the poor man wonders what they have brought to him. It looks a little unlike leather, and cuts unlike the flesh of any animal supposed to be useful for food. One thing is certain—no ordinary mortal could eat it with safety to himself.

"Try a chop then"—she says in answer to his assurance that he would only lose time in attempting the steak. He tries the chop. Outside burnt black—in the middle cold and raw. Growling and complaining on every side—people angry—waiters angrier—engine bell ringing—"all aboard"—a general rush for the train, and the only satisfied person in the crowd gone back to the cars, or those remaining to act the farce over again, is that man who owns the establishment—for he went to each one who made the abortive effort to get a meal, and said "pay for your dinner, please."

There is promise of a change, however, in this matter of getting a meal when travelling. The Grand Trunk has a refreshment car attached to each train to Toronto and Chicago, and they say the food is very good, and served in a very good manner. This is a decided advance, and a merciful thing, for it relieves us of the noisy attentions of the three waiters, and the small boy above mentioned. There is such a car attached also to excursion trains to and from Toronto. A good and convenient thing for excursionists, and I am glad to hear that the authorities have been careful that it shall not degenerate into a drinking saloon, for liquor can only be served at meals.

If the question of safety afloat had been as thoroughly studied as it will yet have to be, and had not met with such scandalous obstructions from a wealthy interest, we should now be having many fewer of those disgraceful steamship losses on that ocean highway over which Britain has presided. Mr. Plimsoll's good beginning requires to be followed up especially by ordinances for the construction, maintenance and constant inspection of water-tight bulkheads in iron and steel vessels.