

closing they are bound to enact that it shall be so; and as they were led to believe, by the petitions presented to them, that a very much larger percentage were in favour of the measure, they so decreed. It is now alleged that fifty per cent. of the dealers in dry goods are opposed to the change, and that the small shopkeepers regard it with terror as involving the ruin of their business.

There can be no doubt that it will be a very serious matter for the keepers of small stores. Most of these people carry on their business without assistants, by the help of their children and other members or connections of their families. Accordingly they urge that it inflicts no injury upon any one to have their shops open. On the other hand, they urge that the principal part of their business, which is with the poorer classes, is transacted after the hour at which they will now be required to close. Before this article comes into the hands of our readers, the case may be decided by the Court, and it may be necessary that we should return to the subject again. For the present we have referred to it as an illustration of the important truth which was uttered by Judge Ferguson: "This country is too much governed."

### MONTREAL LETTER.

TAKE away the ever ridiculous anomaly of workmen, east end urchins, and decayed duchesses in Sunday clothes, and we find the Corpus Christi procession not only curious but at times charmingly picturesque. As fitful sunlight enveloped now a company of white veiled damsels, now the gilded, multicoloured banners, an artist must have felt that even out of Montreal some good can come, some characteristic, paintable life.

Heretics, reassured by Chief Hughes' orders forbidding any interference with those who failed to kneel, or to uncover while the Host passed, might philosophically contemplate this pretty remnant of mediævalism, tough-hearted, strong-visioned Old World legislators condemned long ago. Several policemen headed the procession. Their presence in such good company was politic. There came a few priests and choir boys, followed by a company of young girls in black, with blue ribbons about their necks, and great white veils ruthlessly crushing down their holyday curls. The small boys, under the Brothers' all-observant look, recited prayers with exemplary fortitude. I hardly think the *Union Musicale* of Montreal could have been amongst those bands that serenaded Mr. Gilmore the other day, and to whose leaders the wily American said he well saw our city had no need of him. "Les gens de la congrégation," if I mistake not, is the name given to the societies formed in the different churches. These societies are all placed under the patronage of some saint. They seemed innumerable, composed as they were of such—material as, as societies are composed of. After the Société de St. Pierre walked a liliputian company—charming imps dressed in gray and red, with a self-possessed young chevalier, bewigged and clad *à la Louis quatorze*, at their head. The pretty little white robed communicants Jules Breton has taught us to admire, in the noon-day light were exquisite as a "*tache*." Only by their short hair and straw hats could we distinguish the orphan girls from the ordinary students of the convents, clad with that admirable simplicity one might recommend to many bedizened young ladies in secular schools. More societies, more bands, more choirs, then a solemn body of priests in dazzling vestments—gold embroidered stole and cope, or of brocade so exquisitely tinted our bric-à-brac nature glowed again. It is the Host that passes under a huge canopy of yellow silk, the bishop raises high aloft the ostensorium, while before two censers swing. Everybody kneels except misbelievers, and these feel strongly tempted to bow the knee with—the crowd.

As always happens at such seasons, poor, miserable little habitations far outshone cut-stone districts in the originality and luxury of their decorations. A flower formed I.H.S., yards of bunting, and cheap pictorial art adorned an otherwise poverty stricken dwelling; while two other houses belonging unquestionably to the period of *la décadence* could boast shrines pathetically quaint. One showed some twenty tiny green wine-glasses where flickered as many lights, flowers, images, and a nail-pierced hand, the work of an ultra naturalist.

Clang went the bells, the organ pealed, yet the band outside continued playing, oblivious of all. The procession, with the exception of the few surrounding the Host, merely passed through Notre Dame and dispersed. So ended what seems essentially the people's *fête*. Verily, mother church, thou art fearfully and wonderfully made; thou knowest no such Christian anomaly as a *mission church*, to which the poor are relegated like lepers, but in thy arms all classes and conditions of men may meet, yet for each hast thou a special unction.

Don't you think there is a tendency among English-speaking people to judge an actor rather by his plays than by his art? Perhaps we may find the reason in the fact that almost all our opera-bouffe players are such inartistic creatures. Pauline Hall, of "Erminie" fame, is to Theo as a Marionette is to Bernhardt. Do people imagine burlesque parts capable of an interpretation which for consummate art would be well nigh equal to that of some distinguished tragedian's pet rôle? The louder the laughter the more disgusted must every discriminating critic be when he sees a really excellent comedian turned into a buffoon by inane public applause.

Mr. Dixey's "Adonis" is on the whole delightful. This "fascinating burlesque dream" has been played to fair houses during the week. A sort of "pot-pourri," stage-struck maidens, titled professional beauties, the "legitimate drama," and the most famous actors, all receive alike beneficial taps in it. Though as the statue, the chevalier, and sundry minor individuals, Dixey does himself credit, as Irving he is an artist. The grunt, the limp, the ominous backward glance, were rendered in truly marvellous fashion. Now and again a hurried word, an exaggerated step, betrayed

his eyes were on the audience, but apart from transitory concessions he played with a far more genuine talent than his model.

The Hon. James Ferrier has left behind him the picture of a life every sober-minded citizen must appreciate. First tradesman, then member of the corporation, mayor, colonel, life member of the Legislative Council for Canada, and finally member of the Legislative Council for Quebec, French and English papers are unanimous in his praise, and rightly so, for to make money honourably, to be successful, yet respected and loved, is not given to all men.

LOUIS LLOYD.

### A SUMMER NIGHT.

[From the French of Fréchette.]

WE wandered together, Louise, and you knew  
That the dreams of my heart were tender and true.

Silent and calm was the midsummer night,  
Our dreams grew more dazzling, 'as faded the light.  
What echoes are filling the solitudes vast,  
What sounds are those floating on wings of the blast?  
The Spirits of Midnight are chaunting the words,  
The wind of the desert is striking the chords.  
The meteors of heaven illumine the sky,  
And the voice of the pine tree is lost in a sigh.  
From nests in the branches the fond turtle doves  
Are warbling to heaven their infinite loves.

We wandered together, Louise, all the way,  
And surely you knew what my heart had to say.

The night air was stirring, it rustled the trees,  
Our foreheads were fanned by the scent-laden breeze,  
Which sprinkled the dewdrops o'er meadow and lea,  
And crept o'er the lakelet, to die in the sea.  
No sleep for our eyelids—we roam in delight,  
And weave in a garland the hours of the night.  
O joys of the moment! too fleeting you seem,  
The soul is in cloudland, the mind in a dream.  
As the fire of youth kindles, and breaks into flame,  
What harmonies waken, and thrill through my frame

We wandered together, Louise, all along;  
You echoed my heart when it murmured in song.

Where a cloudlet comes sailing through ether serene  
The moon bursts in glory and silvers the scene.  
Though voices of lovers are whispering low  
The Angel of Parting commands us to go;  
For happiness stays but an hour from its birth,  
And pleasures, so perfect, are not for this earth.  
The moments are fleeting, we falter and sigh,  
Our hearts are both broken, for parting is nigh;  
With pledges and kisses we mingle our vows,  
When breezes of morning are stirring the boughs.

You are gone, my Louise; will you ever forget  
The sighs at our parting, the joys when we met?

J. D. EDGAR.

### LONDON LETTER.

I do not think even the most easily pleased among us can call the Anglo-Danish Exhibition a success. It is true there are glass corridors where flotsam and jetsam from I should say the Soho Bazaar are tastelessly arranged on stalls; and ridiculous painted canvases of snow mountains amongst which careers perpetually that vulgarity The Switchback Railway, whose proper home is Rosherville and Rosherville alone; and an entertainment consisting of more or less tiresome tableaux from Hans Anderson's Fairy Tales; and lastly, the so-called Danish Village composed of three dark hovels inhabited by men and women in picturesque winter costume, unsuitable enough with their glaring colours and thick materials for summer wear. But beyond these attractions there is nothing. On the opening day the admirably arranged pretty ceremony in the Albert Hall was well worth seeing even to Londoners who knew every item in the programme by heart. The central figure on the dais "all clothed in gray"—the Viking's daughter from over the sea whom that courtier Time smiles at, and never presumes to touch with his cruel hand—went through the often repeated routine with a freshness and grace that belongs as a rule only to happy youth. While the Prince took his share with a hearty goodwill which spoke volumes for his sense of duty. By their side, a little above us, on the red cloth under the crimson canopy, stand the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters (not to be compared in point of beauty with the young ladies worshipped by Fanny Burney), and all around the air is full of the melody of *Home, Sweet Home*, which Albani, a trifle affectedly I must own, has just sung to us. These pleasant-faced ladies in their simple gowns, that fluent hardworking gentleman with his courteous manner—are these the tyrants of whom the East End orators speak with such scorn and loathing, the figure-heads at whom *Truth* continually laughs? I remember last time I was here an old lady in black was sitting in the Princess of Wales' place, on whose clasped hands, as Albani sang, the tears were falling fast, and whose voice, when