

ing to force him to take more. As a matter of fact, if he hadn't got away just when he did, there would have been a fleet of treasure ships after him. They were already chartered and the bullion ready to be shipped. Why, sir, all Europe forgot its political intrigues, its war clouds, its socialist agitations, its diplomatic negotiations—everything—to hang in rapture on the words dictated by Count Mercier to the newspaper correspondents. This country, sir, will reap incalculable benefit from this visit of the noble Count to Europe. There's millions in it."

"I b'lieve that," grimly commented Mr. Paul. "Millions of taxes."

"Bah!" contemptuously retorted the reporter. "Who but an old skinflint would measure glory by the base standard of dollars and cents. All honour to the noble Count Mercier! And all honour to the illustrious Mayor McShane, who is to be made a member of the Legion of Honour. *Vive la France! Vive Mercier et McShane!*"

"I thought," observed the sagamore, "that Mr. Mercier belonged to a party didn't want no foolin' with people so far away. I thought he wants this country to have its natural market—let them other countries alone."

"A misconception," said the reporter. "The noble Count is not a parish politician. Next year he will go to Africa, and later on to New Guinea and Spitzbergen and other places from which Canada has much to hope for. Still later, if advancing years do not tell too strongly on his constitution, the noble Count will make a tour of Canada and learn a few facts relating to his own country. By the way—he has some thought of running over this fall to visit the Queen. He would have called while on the other side recently, but did not wish to arouse the jealousy of the German Emperor by a grander pageant on the very eve of the latter's visit to England. Magnanimous Mercier! Was there ever such another?"

"No," said Mr. Paul promptly, "there wasn't."

"I believe you," said the reporter. "When I stood at the corner of St. Catherine and St. Lawrence streets the other night and saw the noble Count and the illustrious Mayor lifting their hats and bowing to the swarms of little boys who sat on the brick and lumber piles and yelled as the procession passed, it filled me with so much patriotic ardour that I yelled too. And when I saw that there was a tri-colour but no Canadian flag in the procession it reminded me of the noble efforts of the noble Count to cement these provinces into one united and harmonious whole—and I yelled again. Ah, my brother, you should have been there!"

"I was round there," replied the sagamore. "I tell you what I seen. I seen notices in them papers two—three—days ahead. I seen big posters all round town. I seen it said 'Come one! Come all!' I seen it said torches be handed round to everybody wanted 'um. I seen it said where Mr. Laurier and great lot more good men gonto be there. I seen it said where that Mayor McShane gonto make them firemen and them policemen turn out. I seen it said there be heap strangers in town and bands in that procession. I seen it said where that show cost \$3,000. You do all that—you make all them promi'es—spend little money too—and you kin git all the crowd you want, whether it's to see Mr. Mercier or a jumpin' jack. But I didn't see Mr. Laurier. I seen 'bout same kind of show I seen good many times. You buy some fireworks you kin git plenty boys fire 'um off. You git torches you find plenty little boys carry 'um. You git bands you find plenty people go out and listen. You git coaches you find plenty people ride in 'um. I seen good many fake shows in my time."

"Do you mean to say that the magnificent, the unparalleled, the spontaneous and colossal demonstration in honour of the noble Count Mercier was a fake show?" hotly demanded the reporter.

"Ah-hah," placidly rejoined the sagamore. "Mr. Mercier went over to Europe. This country paid for that—paid heap money too. He talked a good 'eal to them newspapers. You think he's makin' great flourish over there. What he done? He spent \$25,000—he borrowed \$4,000,000. You think that's something to be proud of? You s'pose them people over there ain't got no sense? S'pose some man come over here huntin' a'ter titles and tryin' to borrow money and flourished round same's if he owned the earth—you think people swaller all he said? George Francis Train gits in them papers pooty often—he went round the world too. Mebbe somebody in Japan thought

he was heap big Injnn—but it ain't likely. And it don't made him one—even if he managed to borrow some money. Young man—you go home and sleep it off—and the next time you see a feather on a stump don't go round and tell people you know where there's a duck's nest."

With this fatherly admonition the sagamore summarily ejected the reporter from his wigwam. And the crestfallen scribe walked meekly down the path, with his chin on his bosom.



TORONTO, July 24, 1891.



OUR American cousins have not all departed yet; numbers of them are taking advantage of their proximity to Niagara to visit the great waterfall and, *mirabile dictu*, the Canadian Niagara Falls Park.

They have not found Toronto a rough, rude, non-progressive backwoods township, as many of them openly confessed they expected to do, but are filled with admiration of the beautiful city, its beautiful shade trees, green boulevards, wide streets, fine residences and delightful views, as well as of the educational advantages represented by a wealth of noble public schools, two splendid universities, and the numerous colleges and collegiate institutes that adorn the metropolis of Ontario.

Certainly everything has been done that hospitality could dictate to make the stay of our visitors pleasant, both by public and private courtesy. Thousands have viewed the city and its surroundings from the tower of the splendid Canada Life buildings, and thousands more from the highest storey of the new Board of Trade. All have received impressions of the great future before Toronto, and praise of her citizens, their kindness, their courtesy and their polish is on every lip. "We thought you Canadians were a proud, cold people, who would scarcely acknowledge our presence among you, and we have found you kind, warm-hearted and courteous in the highest degree. We shall certainly want to come again," said one visitor, and another took the trouble to express her feelings for a casual kindness: "I have been in many cities where I have had to ask my way, but this is the first time I had a stranger, met on the street, go out of her way and take me whither I wanted to go. You are more than kind."

For ourselves the verdict is, "We like our American cousins; we can learn from them; they say they have learned from us. These conventions are good, for they are peacemakers." *Vale!*

* * *

The first flower show of the season was opened at the Horticultural Gardens yesterday. It is a fine display, and shows great alertness on the part of our growers. Mr. Watkins had the exhibition in charge, and the arrangements do him infinite credit. The hall looks very beautiful, great masses of ferns, some of which almost rival the palms in size, lycopodiums, coleus, caladiums, constituting effective foils to the brilliant display of flowers.

Orchids are shown by the score, while nepenthes, and various epiphytes excite the wondering admiration of visitors.

So few people know that the common lady's slipper—moose flower, moccasin plant—as it is variously called, of our woods and swamps, is an orchid, all the varieties of colour, size or form coming under the scientific title of *Cypripedium*—that I may be pardoned for mentioning it. Moreover, I have been told by one who was there in June, 1885, that at Grand Rapids, back of Selkirk, Man., there are orchids of varieties enough to make a fortune for the florist who goes for them.

Of flowering shrubs there is a beautiful display. The colodendrons, the anthuriums and many others attract much attention; the eye lingers longest upon a fine Bougainvillea, with its love'y lavender bloom of three sepals delicately hung at the end of every branch. Almost the first introduced into England I saw at a rose show in England in 1879, where it attracted much attention.

An elk horn fern belonging to Sir D. L. McPherson occupies a bracket in the hall. It is an Australian fern, and grows on deadwood. The specimen shown has no fructiferous fronds, merely two large outspread barren ones growing out of a shield-shaped thallus that, at the back, is covered by numerous thread-like roots, which hold the large fronds tightly in place. The fruitful fronds are flag-form, lobed at the top, and are covered underneath with a thick brown velvet, like one of the polypods. When they are ripe the plant rejects them with a sudden snap, and where the rounded stem entered the plant a little socket remains. It is a most interesting fern, but in my own window-gardening I have never been able to keep it flourishing beyond the third year.

It goes without saying that roses, carnations, lilies, pansies and picoties form the *pièce de résistance* of a midsummer flower show, and are the centre of attraction. Words of praise or description would be thrown away when competition yields such results as are here seen. There are, however, many other deserving flowers, chiefly garden growths; hollyhocks, like roses, petunias, 'like pretty miniature curly lettuces,' as a lady remarked, and large fringed ones also. The old favourite of our gardens, the Sweet William, is well represented, and I was glad to see the rich dark and scarlet ones in esteem again. Perhaps the prettiest and newest among garden flowers on show is the lavender-coloured sweet pea, a very delicate thing. It is called the Butterfly.

In the first-class, the superintendents of our public gardens are most conspicuous: John Chambers, of the Exhibition Grounds; Alonzo Watkins, Horticultural Gardens; George Reeves, Reservoir Park; William Houston, Central Prison (truly a strange habitat for so lovely a pursuit), divide favour with Sir D. L. Macpherson and R. Mearns, Manton Bros., and John Cotterell, private professional growers. All these gentlemen are ardent florists, and let nothing escape them in the foreign markets.

A very praiseworthy departure in the show is the addition of 'Class 6—For children of 15 and under,' for the encouragement of the pursuit of botany by giving prizes for the best collection of native wild flowers named. A glance at the little exhibit shows that the introduction of that very excellent text-book, Spotton's Botany, in our Public Schools is bearing fruit.

Not only were specimens of the common wild flowers, the ox-eye daisy, the early golden rod, the wild camomile, the anemone, and a dozen others exhibited, and generally named, but the rare little sun-dew (*Drosera*), the Turk's-cap lily, the sarracenia, and the wild calla-lily, with others significant of many a long tramp in wood and swamp, book in hand and case on shoulder, were to be seen, testifying to an intelligent interest in a delightful science, and leading to an increased love of country—for what young Canadian will let the wood he has traversed, the bit of swamp he has explored, go to the foreigner without a struggle? Moreover, this and similar pursuits are the substitution of pure pleasures for dangerous ones, of high thinking for debased tastes.

As the only sign of approbation I can make I will close my letter with mention of our young botanists' names.

Bouquet of wild flowers—1, Alice Fielding; 2, G. W. Keith; 3, E. H. White.

Plants, 3 in 5-inch pots—1, John Poulter; 2, Albert Poulter; 3, Mary Bradford.

Wild flowers, cut in bloom—1, Otway White, 2, A. W. Keith; 3, G. W. Keith; 4, E. H. White.

I hope the young people receive prizes, for I do not sympathize with the new fad that would abolish these useful incentives to work. We all work for prizes, and the Father of us all offers us prizes, too.

S. A. CURZON.

Lady Macdonald as an Author.

Just before her bereavement, Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Sir John Macdonald, completed her first ambitious literary effort in a series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the first one of which will appear in the August number of that periodical. Last summer Lady Macdonald, with a party of friends, traveled in her private car through the most picturesque parts of Canada, and in a delightfully fresh manner she describes her experiences on this trip, in these articles to which she has given the title of "An Unconventional Holiday." A series of beautiful illustrations, furnished by Lady Macdonald, will accompany the articles.