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"Yes, yes; such is life!" solemnly exclaims Councillor Smythe, waving his stick at the long rows of pens and their noisy occupants, whilst with his thumb over his shoulder, and a backward fling of the head, he makes a motion in the direction of the building which serves us on these occasions for a Crystal Palace. Mr. Smythe is always disposed to moralize, but to-day appears more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his responsibilities.

"Such is life! Here we are all a striving for prizes and honors and distinctions, every man trying to outdo his neighbor, and it's just the same all over the world. Now, look at them leaves; they tell what the end of all this is going to be; their lesson is clear. Look at them leaves, Mr. Patton."

Thus admonished Mr. Patton gazes doubtfully at the leaves, probably thinking more of their gold and crimson beauty than of the lesson which they are intended to convey to his mind; then, with some difficulty heaving an appropriate sigh, he responds, "That's so; that's so." But Mr. Patton being of a sanguine disposition, not to mention the fact that from where he stands he can command an excellent view of a new style of family carriage just turned out of his factory the week before, and which is acknowledged by all to be "far ahead of anything in this section of the country," he is enabled to view life in a more cheering light than his companion.

"Well, for my part," he continues, "I was always one that went in for fairs, and

exhibitions, and things of that kind. I think it encourages a spirit of enterprise, as it were, among the people; it kind of eggs a man on to do his best, you see. I don't know that a man is trying to outdo his neighbor so much as he is trying to do his own best, and if he beats him this year, why, the neighbor is on his mettle to see what he can do the next. That's the way I look at it."

Mr. Patton pauses, suddenly remembering to whom he is speaking, and thinking that for the present he need not be too stiff in his own opinion.

"Still, what you were saying is just about the thing, and I daresay there is a considerable of vying amongst the people," raising himself over on his toes, and then dropping back on his heels. "Yes, those leaves tell their story. I suppose you saw Simpson's stock. That Devonshire is a beauty, now, isn't she? Not much in my line, I know; still, though I say it myself, I know a cow when I see one."

After this modest opinion of his powers Mr. Patton, with his companion, proceeds across the grounds to meet some mutual friends, whose breast decorations, like that of Councillor Smythe, indicate that on this occasion they are no ordinary men. There is a great deal of friendliness displayed in the way of shaking hands; they even indulge in a little subdued mirth, such as might be deemed consistent with their dignity, until the breeze fluttering the ribbons of their medals reminds them of their position, and that this is no time to joke.