

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

HERE AND THERE.

A Mr. W. W. Oakes, writing from St. Thomas, serves up Florida in fine style. He declares "there is not so vile a country within the pale of civilization," and he gives his reasons for the tremendous impeachment. He alleges that in Florida, such is the climate, the system is always in a diseased condition after a residence of a year or two. He explains how the heavy dews at night and the broiling sun in the day combine to produce malaria. He quotes Dr. Howard, a Florida physician, who, to the enquiry as to whether it was possible to have good health in Florida, replied, "Not if one breathes." He states that the insurance companies will not insure the life of a person who spends his summers in Florida. Hay has to be imported from New York, at \$40 per ton, and corn imported at \$1.25 per bushel, and there is nothing grown in the State for cattle or horses to live on. As regards orange grove property, Mr. Oakes says he can buy for \$5,000 groves that cost \$50,000. He speaks of a Chicago colony there, in which \$500,000 was sunk, and gave the last remaining man of the colonists money to keep him from starving until he could walk out of the country. Mr. Oakes declares with emphasis that Florida is a gigantic fraud, and I am inclined, from what I have heard from other quarters, to agree with Mr. Oakes. Those Canadians who wish to spend their summers in a finer climate than Canada can boast of must be very hard to satisfy, while those who deem it necessary to leave Eastern Canada in winter, if they cannot afford to go to Europe, will soon be able to reach, at small expense, one of the finest climates in the world, within Canada itself, that of British Columbia, to wit.

Perhaps St. Helen's Island on Sundays is not as bad as it has been painted. A *Witness* reporter saw nothing there, a few Sundays ago, except drunken men and boys, made so by Weiss beer. Two reporters of the *Herald*, on the other hand, visited the Island last Sunday, and saw scarcely a soul under the influence of liquor! Here are remarkably opposite experiences, and when newspaper reporters differ, where is truth to be found? A greater grievance than the sale of Weiss beer the *Herald* men discovered in the practice of people going on board the ferry steamers and staying there, sailing back and forth all day for a single fare. It is stated that of a steamer filled with people from the city, not more than fifteen would land on the Island, and not more than fifteen or twenty of the hundreds waiting to return would be received on the steamer at a trip, and that this block continued the greater part of the day. If the facts are as alleged, it shows how liable a concession of the kind by the company or its officers is to be abused. The principle of permitting passengers to remain on the boat, paying but one fare, is a good one, as in this way many persons who need fresh air in summer secure it in its purity in a convenient and agreeable way, and at a cost within their means; but the number of times which a passenger can go back and forth should be limited, and it should not apply to days when tens of thousands need to use the steamers, and when an abuse of the privilege must lead to the most serious inconvenience. Against a recurrence of the state of things prevailing last Sunday there should be ample provision made at once.

Active and unconditional support of the Government is not without its advantages. The *Gazette* the other day was supplied in advance of all its Montreal contemporaries with a copy of General Middleton's official report on the suppression of the North-West Rebellion. It was a very important state paper, and was probably in type several days before it was actually published, waiting a hint from Ottawa as to when to use it. There is something singular about this thing we call patriotism. The Opposition were invited to be "patriotic" during the North-West troubles, and "stand by the Government," but when the orders were given for stores and supplies of various kinds for the troops, did the Government forget to confine their patronage to purely party supporters? I believe they did not, and I hear that when, without the knowledge of the Government, a few dollars reached an Oppositionist's store, a great hue and cry was raised among Government shopkeepers, and the erring officials were warned by authority not to repeat the blunder. This sort of thing, I suppose, passes for "patriotism," but one can hardly assume that it is the kind of patriotism which welds the people together and builds up great nations. As for the early publication of such documents as General Middleton's report I think it should have been handed to the newspapers simultaneously, regardless of the complexion of their politics. There should be no favoritism in a matter of this kind.

And now it will soon be "the children." The circus is coming! Grave fathers, white-

haired men, will be there, but they will go, of course, on account of "the children." They "don't believe in this sort of thing, you know," but they have not the heart to disappoint "the children." Mothers and aunts will go; they "had wished to avoid getting into such a jam," and then they "were dubious about the propriety of the thing," but they couldn't get out of it—"the children would go, you know!" Professional gentlemen will be there; even clergymen will step in "to study the affair from a moral point of view;" old and young, grave and gay; all who are not "at the seaside,"—the seaside sometimes being very convenient to this West End—will go to the circus, but in many instances "only to see the animals." They may say in advance they won't—they may vow that they have "seen their last circus"—they may talk of the demoralizing effect of the institution; but they will be there. How would it be possible to gather 10,000 to 15,000 people under a circus canvas in Montreal if most of the good people did not go? One and all, therefore, I advise to make no rash promises, tell no stories, prepare no subterfuges, frame no excuses. If you think the circus is a proper thing to attend, by all means go, and face the music boldly. If you don't think your duty lies in that direction, say so and stick to it.

The attempt to start a crusade against the Dime Theatres, as they are called, must fail. Do these people really know what a Dime Theatre is? Have they visited one in Montreal this year? Have they made enquiry in the proper quarter in regard to the plays placed on the stage? If they have not, they are not well fitted to pronounce judgment upon them. There was a time when the cheap theatres were vulgar and nasty and the home of sensational plays, which were probably as demoralizing as a vestry quarrel, although they may not have had all the ugly features of a congregational meeting, divided over the performances of a rector. As a matter of fact, in so-called ten cent theatres in this city the best and purest plays of the era are put upon the stage and the acting is in most cases superior. An expression or suggestion or gesture that would drive any modest woman from the building would be hissed to the death and the usefulness of the company, in Montreal at least, would quickly end. Instead, therefore, of instituting a war upon such theatres the object of our citizens should be to countenance and encourage them, so that all the moral backing of the community would be brought to bear to raise the tone of the stage, rather than drive from them the support which alone can elevate them. The thunders of excommunication fall unfeignedly upon the really depraved classes, while those who are disposed to obey the church must see in the unfairness of the crusade reason for doubting the wisdom of a course which is practically indefensible.

The *Star* quotes what GOSSIP had to say apropos of the *Star's* labors in behalf of the Saturday half-holiday movement, and presents it under the heading, "One word for the Movement and Two for the *Star*," or words to that effect. That was what I intended on that occasion, and now I will say two words for the movement. To make it a success, pay-day in all large labor employing establishments must be not later than Friday. This is the first point to be aimed at. If pay is delayed until Saturday, shopping must be done on Saturday afternoon and evening. There are many in the community who can buy when they please and pay when they please, but the bulk of people, the wage-earning majority, are dependent for their ability to purchase upon their weekly pay. All merchants and dealers desire to secure this custom, as it means cash in hand, and it aggregates an enormous sum. This money is mostly disbursed on Saturday, and it is not to be expected that a host of business men will close their doors to such custom. In fact, if one shopkeeper did, his neighbor could not resist the temptation to keep open. But with Friday for a general pay day, all purchases could be made on Friday evening and Saturday forenoon, and all classes could then take their Saturday half-holiday. It is as easy for employers to pay on Friday as on Saturday, and efforts should be made to induce all large employers to do what some of them find no difficulty in doing now.

While on this subject I cannot refrain from saying that I know of no community that enjoys life so rationally as do the citizens of Montreal. The desire to enjoy country air and freedom seems unusually strong in the Montrealer, and the fishing excursions, the boat clubs, the yachting and canoeing expeditions all attest to the enjoyment of life characteristic of the male Montrealer whose summer is not devoted to lacrosse or base ball. The summer resorts in the vicinity of the city are overflowing with Montrealers, the seaside villages of the Lower St. Lawrence are largely supported by them, and Orchard Beach, Saratoga and other United States watering places, feel the influence of their presence. That Montreal summer travel means a great deal to the revenues of the ocean steamships sailing to and from Montreal, is apparent to any one who

reads the passenger lists. The stipulation for his "holidays," and the desire to enjoy them to the full, make even the Montreal clerk no inconsiderable traveller, while citizens of means, generally speaking, have made the acquaintance of the most fashionable pleasure resorts of Europe and America. It is a safe assertion that what with popular summer and winter sports, country life and pleasures, travel in various directions, social amusements and recreation, the citizens of Montreal take as much out of life as do the inhabitants of any other city. There is, however, a class amongst us who call for consideration at the hands of the well-to-do—the laboring men and women who cannot control their time or movements, who drudge and sweat from Monday morning until Saturday night, and whose only day for rest and recreation is Sunday. It is all very well for the clergyman who gets his mouth or his two months summer holidays, with a well filled purse thrown in as an extra, to tell the workingman and workingwoman that they ought not to take a sail or a drive on Sunday, and that steamboat excursions on that day are unlawful and should be suppressed. What are these people to do? How are they to see the river or the country, if they do not see it on Sunday? It is, in fact, the only day on which they can meet their fellows, or have social intercourse with them, or enjoy any of those natural sights and scenes which are within reach of the well-to-do every day and every hour. This is a matter which the pulpit and the press may as well look squarely in the face. They may make up their minds to find that the tens of thousands of working people in our large cities will have their share of country air, and if they cannot get it on any other day they will take it on Sunday. The question is whether it is better that a "go as you please" policy should prevail or that those who would minimize the abuses and evils connected therewith should take a directing hand. A great deal of real enjoyment can be had by our hard-worked mechanics and laborers in Montreal and its suburbs, including the mountain, the public squares, St. Helen's Island, etc. The City Council would be supported by the citizens in giving special attention to this island resort, making it as attractive as possible, and turning its natural advantages for a public park to the best account possible. With this in view the Parks and Ferries Committee might profitably consult one of those engineer-artists or artist-engineers who have done so much to provide the cities of the United States with delightful suburban resorts. More walks, more shade trees, one or two squares or circles, a lake and fountains are needed, and should be supplied, and St. Helen's Island would become the most charming resort in this part of the Dominion, a boon and a treat to the tired worker on Saturdays and Sundays.

Correspondents seeking admission to the columns of GOSSIP for the discussion of public matters, must send their names and addresses, in confidence, as a guarantee of good faith. We wish also to impress on such correspondents the necessity of studying the art of being brief. Short, say ten to twenty line, letters in the newspapers are always read, while too lengthy epistles are usually passed over. GOSSIP is open to correspondence on all subjects, provided the letters do not exceed twenty lines of small type, such as is used under the heading, "Our Mail Bag." This may be made an interesting feature of any newspaper, but too frequently interest in the correspondence column is killed by letters which have "length without breadth." GOSSIP does not propose to publish lengthy communications, except when the Editor requests or arranges for special correspondence. Volunteered letters must be brief, pithy, and to the point.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.—"We have a terribly dull time at our house now," remarked a lady who is a denizen of a fashionable Montreal boarding house, "we cannot speak a word on any of the topics of the day without offending somebody. If we discuss the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, and the immense amount of English money paid away to those German Prinzelings, our old German and his wife are up and in arms immediately and for peace sake we must be dumb. Then, the Half Breed and Indian rebellion must be tabooed because we have a half breed lady who takes everything to herself. But, worst of all, if any attempt is made to discuss the alleged punishment of Protestant soldiers for refusing to attend a Catholic *fiite*, we have two young French Canadians who resent any allusion made to the subject. The only topic left to us is the weather, and fortunately we have no weather prophet; so we can say anything we please about that."

—The *Troquois Times* is a forty-column, independent weekly journal, devoted to general and social news. The Editor, Mr. W. Henry Paton, was formerly on the staff of the *Star*, and is known to a large number of Montrealers. His interesting paper bears the marks of honest journalistic work, which, we have no doubt, is appreciated by his reading constituency.

SUMMER RESORT GUSH.

The gushing correspondent of a contemporary, while trying to paint with glowing pen the beauties of a seaside residence, speaks of it as "the — mansion, which in its new coat of paint looks very fine with the dark spruce trees hiding its base." Now, this leads us to wonder how it would look if the dark spruce trees did not hide its base, and is it not rather base to insinuate that its base needs hiding? As a rule mansions are not built of material requiring paint. However, one must say something, and it is not easy to gush over a Canadian village. Of another sojourner in the same salubrious spot this correspondent declares that "he will for the future stand high in our estimation as a man of correct taste," owing to a tasteful application of paint "to his cottage." Poor man, surely he has higher claims to a high standing in the estimation of his neighbors! Was it not the village painter who made the "tasteful application," and should not he get credit for the correct taste?

Another correspondent says:—"It is to be regretted that space will not allow an enumeration of all who are fortunate enough to be spending their summer here, but a few of the principal residences and also those who are boarding at the different hotels may be of interest." It is certainly very interesting to know of the residences that are boarding at the hotels. Further on the same correspondent says:—"A magnificent and novel sight was the illumination of boats last Wednesday evening, about 30 boats and canoes taking part in the procession, headed by the president." (Poor president, had he no boat or canoe? Did he swim? We are left in doubt as further deponent saith not.) "And when in line all lit by Chinese lanterns and the occupants (of the lanterns?) letting off fire works from time to time, presented a truly beautiful sight." Was it the "occupants letting off fire works" that presented the beautiful sight, or was it the fire works themselves?

"Cousin Joe" seems to be the only correspondent who can write a jolly interesting letter free from gush and full of fun: His notes on "Ye Ancient Citie of Quebec," in our present issue will be read with interest. "Cousin Joe" should not bury himself at Tadousac, but rather ramble around gathering bright ideas as he well knows how.

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.")

A LADY BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

By one of those accidents that we call coincidences, the circular was put into my hand of the One hundred and twenty-ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, containing the name of a lady on whom the degree of Bachelor of Sciences Auxiliary to Medicine had been conferred; and the same week my eye fell on a paragraph taken from an English paper, announcing that the degree of Doctor of Science at the University of London had been conferred on a lady last year. Taken alone, each fact has a significance worthy of remark. In that it shows that it is not in one direction alone that the higher education of women is advancing; but taken together, a grand fact is evolved, namely, that the overhauling of college curriculums and the enlargement of the sphere of University degrees that has been taking place all over the civilized world, notably within the last decade, has not only been not unobserved of women, but has attracted them to branches of learning before regarded as too high for them and altogether without charms.

Remarking upon the success of the English lady, Mrs. Bryant, "whose name," the paragraph says, "is well known to London educationalists," he proceeds: "This branch is known in the University of London as 'Mental and Moral Science.' This includes psychology, logic and ethics, together with a number of subsidiary subjects—namely, the physiology of the nervous system, political economy, political philosophy, and the history of ancient and modern philosophy. This is by far the most severe test of philosophical scholarship, so far as range of subjects is concerned, in this country. The great difficulty of the examination is seen in the fact that though it has now been in existence a good number of years, it has only been passed once before, the fortunate candidate on that occasion being a Hindoo gentleman." Thus sex and color have in the only two successful cases proved more than a match for their antagonists who erst have boasted a pre-scriptive right to success.

The American lady, Dr. H. Augusta Kimball, who received the degree of Bachelor of Sciences Auxiliary to Medicine, at the University of Pennsylvania, was the only lady candidate, which is a pity, but it must be remembered that this University is one of the oldest, and decidedly among the most conservative—if that much abused term may be thus employed—in the United States. But it is to be hoped that Dr. Kimball's brave example, coupled with her success, will animate others of her sex to follow where she has led, and that the Provost next year, instead of being "surprised to find one of the candidates a lady," as on this occasion, will be surprised if, on the next, many of his

graduates are not of the gentle sex. Dr. Kimball belongs to a family of sisters, four of whom have taken up the study of medicine as a life work, Dr. Emily H. Stowe, of Toronto, the pioneer lady physician of Canada, being one. Each of these ladies has had to fight her way against prejudice and educational difficulties, but, having done so, each has opened a path for others, and in Canada—the Province of Ontario, especially, perhaps—numerous young women are entering upon the study of Medicine whose way would not have been so cleared of obstacles had it not been for the example and unflinching energy on behalf of the medical education of women that has distinguished Dr. Emily H. Stowe's career.

Dr. H. Augusta Kimball has opened another path, the path to a science degree, and if, as Mr. Lester F. Ward, of Washington, D. C., says, "the popularization of science is now a leading theme of scientific men," it is surely worth while for our young women to take up a study so full of attraction and so eminently useful, whether they occupy only a domestic position in their future life, or seek to make a good mark upon the social and economic relations of the future.

To the thoughtful woman science must ever offer special attractions, since there is no branch of domestic economy that is not affected by its laws, nor any duty that cannot be better performed by reason of an acquaintance with them. The time is rapidly passing when a woman shall be regarded only as the toy or slave of her master, man.

Man himself is awakening to the fact that she was created for a helpmeet for him in all his relations to humanity, and that if they are to work hand in hand each must be equally prepared for that work. Training and education are the preparation required, and our young women ought to determine to conquer every obstacle in her path to that desired end.

S. A. C.

A Correction.

DEAR GOSSIP: I hope you do not intend to make such misleading statements about your Canadian watering places as those I have seen in some of your contemporaries. I am a Yankee, and find that "things are seldom what they seem," or rather what they are described in the Canadian papers. I have been seeking a pleasant summer resort, and seeing that Pointe Claire was said to be the Saratoga of Canada, I resolved to take a look at the brilliant spot. I went, I saw, and conquered all desire to go again.

Pointe Claire bears about as much resemblance to Saratoga as does an emigrant's list to a fine lady's Saratoga trunk, the contents—viz., the people—being about as far different. Now, I have not the least desire to decry Pointe Claire; it is doubtless a typical little Canadian village, and the people who summer there are no doubt irreproachable in every respect; so far as I could judge, they are quiet, unassuming families, who go to the country for the sake of the children, but who certainly make no pretence to the dress and fashion of Saratoga. Now, I consider such ill-judged puffing injurious to a place, rather than advantageous. Certainly no one who hankers after Saratoga life would care to live at Pointe Claire, while those who desire just such a quiet retreat may be frightened away by the dread of expense and fashion, which are not to be found at Pointe Claire—although we paid more for a poor luncheon than we ever did at Saratoga for a good one.

LULU.

—The funeral of the little son of Mr. George H. Bishop took place on Friday of last week, and was largely attended, owing to the great sympathy felt for the parents in their sad and sudden bereavement. The child was a remarkably beautiful boy of four years, tall for his age, fair, with large blue eyes and long golden hair, —a child who was remarked by all. On the previous day there was probably no happier young mother in Montreal than Mrs. Bishop, who is the only daughter of Mrs. Alexander Ross, the authoress. About two o'clock that day, the child was left alone for a few minutes in the sitting-room over the front door, while his mother was dressing in the next room, intending to take him out with her. Suddenly, she heard a crash, and rushing to the window saw two gentlemen lifting her lovely boy from the front walk. Dr. Wilkins was sent for immediately and found that the fall had caused concussion of the brain; still, there was some hope. Mr. Bishop, who is a traveller for the Messrs. Gault, was down at Halifax, and a telegram with the sad news was sent. During Sunday great hopes of the child's recovery were entertained but on Monday morning about nine o'clock he passed away, so suddenly and quietly that his agonized mother could not be made to believe that he was gone for ever. In mercy the doctor allowed her to hope for a while, and it was too pitiful to see the poor young mother watching in agony of hope, and fear and despair, kissing her dead baby, covered up warmly in the hope that he might come back again. One little girl of six years is left to comfort the bereaved parents. Great sympathy must also be felt for Mrs. Ross, whose heart was in these lovely children.