

Oct. 31, 1873....\$2.07 per \$100	Oct. 31, 1887....\$1.61 per \$100
" 1874.... 2.02 "	" 1888.... 1.54 "
" 1875.... 4.73 "	" 1889.... 1.28 "
" 1876.... 4.30 "	" 1890.... 1.26 "
" 1877.... 4.45 "	" 1891.... 1.24 "
" 1878.... 4.56 "	" 1892.... 1.14 "
" 1879.... 4.90 "	" 1893.... 1.34 "
" 1880.... 4.24 "	" 1894.... 1.55 "
" 1881.... 2.58 "	" 1895.... 1.94 "
" 1882.... 1.90 "	" 1896.... 1.70 "
" 1883.... 2.45 "	" 1897.... 1.58 "
" 1884.... 3.57 "	" 1898.... 1.01 "
" 1885.... 2.45 "	" 1899.... 0.83 "
" 1886.... 1.63 "	

We must leave it to our bank managers to explain this extraordinary improvement in the attention given to obligations by customers of banks.

Our Diplomatic Neighbours.

It is rather a pity that the United States had not, in the past, exhibited the same diplomacy towards Great Britain as she has certainly exhibited towards China. Much ill feeling would have been prevented. But then, the United States does not count the Chinese vote as an election factor, while the Irish are certainly a power.

To one who has followed events in China, it must be evident that the United States has scored a decided diplomatic triumph. The refusal to institute a state of war threw the initiative on China, which that nation was loth to take. The insistence upon free communication with her minister at Peking before considering any question whatever in connection with true peace was the first to be successful, and the United States has generally been from twelve to twenty-four hours ahead of other powers in the receipt of valuable information.

But the United State was most fortunately placed in the negotiations. Although her interests in China are very great, she had not possession of a foot of Chinese soil. She had not aroused suspicion that she had territorial aggrandizement at heart.

We need not further enlarge. Our object is merely to draw a comparison between the diplomatic and grave action of the United States in China, and her bludgeon methods that were always resorted to in the past in dealing with England.

Having shown that she can be truly diplomatic at will, the excuse of innate savagery and boorishness, which was wont to palliate her past rudeness will no longer be accepted among nations. The "shirt-sleeves" diplomacy of threat has become a thing of the past, and the United States have taken their proper place among the leading nations of the world. In dealing with the Chinese difficulty, the President of the United States has had no superior among the numerous able diplomatists of Europe.

The Carts that Pass in the Night

In publishing the complaint lodged by a much respected correspondent, of nights made hideous by the noise of passing carts, we cannot refrain from comment thereon. The dustmen employed by the city to carry away the dirt and filth from our doorsteps are, it is true, too apt to proclaim their arrival in somewhat boisterous fashion, and it cannot be said of their carts that they progress in silence like the noiseless foot of time.

"So noiseless would I live."

sang the English poet, Dryden.

But the dustman knowing little if anything of and caring less about the poets, seems to be a veritable apostle of noise. We sympathize with our sick and suffering subscriber whose insomniac trouble is deepened by the dustmen. We know of what our friend complains. The cart that passes in the night has sometimes stopped at our door. The driver and his companion in toil usually announce their arrival by an adjuration to the horse: Whoa! It is an exasperating, long drawn out order to stop, and it rends the silence of the street into shreds. Then, having aroused the inmates of the house, these ugly visions of the night engage in an apparently endless wrestle with the waiting ash-barrels. The work, we are sorry to say, cannot be performed in silence. Yet why does the dustman delight in dashing the emptied barrel down with noise enough to wake the dead and make even a golf-player swear, and why does he follow its flight from his hands to the pavement with a volley of rude remarks upon the unattractive work to which it has pleased Dame Fortune to call him, finally filling the innocent night air with another picturesque entreaty to his horse and fellow-scavengers to get a move on.

From the carts that pass in the night, and those that noisily rumble along at an ear-splitting trot in the day, we have often asked to be delivered. Yet appeals to our civic fathers seem to be as fruitless as requests for relief from those other nuisances—the fiends who obstruct our daily walk to business, destroy our clothes, and disturb our temper with long handled mops, buckets of water, beastly brooms and clouds of dust.

The cry of our correspondent tells us that something must be done. We have had to submit to reproaches from strangers upon the dirty condition of the streets of Montreal. Are we also to have it said that they are sleep murdering with noise.

Yet it opens a curious train of thought if this complaint of our correspondent should be the means of causing citizens further trouble by leading to a strike among the toilers of the night. That a dustman should find it necessary to be much in evidence