

ties, viz., the Corporation on the one part, and the butchers and the traders on the other part; and by this unrighteous combination, the staple articles of the citizens provisions are enhanced in value at least fifty per cent. Butchers, fishmongers, greengrocers, &c., cannot be multiplied, simply because every stall in each of the leading markets is already occupied. As much as four hundred pounds has been offered and refused for the good will of a butcher's stall.

At another time a trader is brought up for exposing for sale in his own store some article of food, which, according to Montreal feudal law, ought to have been sold in the market. If that article comes under the head of butcher's meat, the penalty for the offence is, \$500 and no less.

Again some unfortunate parties have committed the antiquated sin of forestalling,—for our City Fathers provide, as did the antediluvians,—to whom the people are to sell and from whom they are to purchase the common necessities of life.

Then again, turning over the broad sheets of the Montreal press, we read of an unpardonably ignorant tradesman, perchance some old countryman of the "verdant green" species, who in his simplicity has exposed a sign, as he unceremoniously would have done at home, announcing the sale of bread and butter for the million, but he had not made himself acquainted with the fact, that in this city of "*advanced civilization*," (?) the unwarrantable act is an outrageous infringement on the Corporation Patent of Monopoly, which prohibits any person from selling any article whatever within its limits, until he shall at a ruinous price, have obtained a license from the Municipal patentees, so to do. Poor John Bull is brought up at the bar in order to give him a knowledge of the law, and at the same time to teach him the fact, that as it was in England during the last century, ere the people had shaken off the feudal chains of the barons of the soil, and the barbarous imposts of the Patriarchal Corporations who played their fantastic games within the boundaries of walled cities, so it is to this day within the precincts of the fearfully overtaxed and grossly mismanaged City of Montreal.

What is the upshot of this unnatural interference with the trade of the metropolis of Canada?

It simply amounts to this. Bread made from Canadian flour can be purchased cheaper in any town of England, Ireland,

Scotland or Wales, than it can in the city of Montreal. The flour itself is charged to the retail purchaser of 1 lb. and upward, from 20 to 25 per cent higher than the same article is sold at after it has been exported to the old country. American butter, pork, bacon and cheese, can be purchased in any town in the United Kingdom at from 10 to 20 per cent less than it is retailed in this city.

These market and other monopolies which are sustained with such vigour, tend to enhance every purchasable article, to cripple the commerce of the place, to restrain the energies of traders, and to check the development of the resources of the district.

The only manifestation of vigour in the Corporation, is to be seen in the imposition and the collection of taxes. In this respect they are the true successors of that ancient sect, who well knew how to place heavy burdens upon the shoulders of the people. For all other purposes, and especially for all beneficial purposes, their day is gone; the Municipal Council is twice dead and only bides its time, rotting in, and cumbering the ground, until the citizens shall pluck it uproot and branch. So hopeless a relic has this Montreal Corporation become, that the respectable portion of the constituency has ceased to try to mend it. Hence the Municipal elections are now handed over to the tavern and saloon keepers and their long train of the rag, tag and bobtail of society. If the passing stranger wants to see a fair specimen of the Montreal tavern rowdies, he may fully gratify his taste by watching the manoeuvres of the lords of the pot houses, for bringing drunken sots like sheep to the poll, where votes are systematically and gladly sold from year to year, for a good swill of drugged liquors. Respectability shrinks, as it necessarily must from coming in contact with such questionable characters even at a polling booth, and for the time being the return of City Councillors is handed over to the mob. All that respectability does, is to growl and grumble and pay the piper.

It is a hard case, and very humiliating withal, thus to stand in the distance, and to behold the hands of the dial turned backward by an imbecile Corporation, the clect of the drones of the community.

When will the citizens of Montreal wake up to a sense of their responsibilities, and to the assertion of their high privileges?