

The imports into the other ports and the home-grown cane sugar form together a very considerable aggregate. Thus it will be seen that Great Britain and the United States consume a quantity of sugar equal to the entire production of all the beet sugar on the continent, or equal to one half the entire sugar production of the world ! !

Enough of figures for to-day, we will not even dwell on the probability that this steady increase will not be arrested, but we claim that our Canada shall enter the arena, and shall conquer its place, a prominent place, as producer of this important commodity, and our next article shall dwell on Canada and its opportunities.

Before dismissing the subject for this time, we may be allowed a few general remarks. Statistics tell us that the values produced in all the mines of the United States amount per annum to eighty-two million dollars. Other statistics show us that the value per annum of sugar imported into the United States amount likewise to eighty million dollars, while all the sugar might be grown on the northern belt of the United States. We, here in Canada, have not even the excuse that we are paying for our sugar with the produce of our mines ; we have soil and climate by far superior for this industry than the United States ! Let us suppose gold be suddenly discovered somewhere in the most distant parts of the Dominion, we would witness a general rush—thousands would be off, standing any amount of hardships and privations, risking capital, labour, health and life—and for what ? To obtain gold, which would go abroad to obtain sugar—for which we now export annually ten million dollars. Sugar—which, with far less trouble and investment might be obtained on our own soil. Sugar enough for home use, and even for export. We would at the same time not only improve our land and draw the maximum of revenue therefrom, but would be enabled to enlarge our capacities of stock raising to an extent of which few of our people have the remotest idea. Of this in our next.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Are we going to the country ? Where shall we go, and when shall we go ? Shall we board or keep house ? Shall we rent our town house furnished or keep it for papa when he is detained in the city over night ? These are the questions which are most important to the average city mother at this season of the year. And most important they must be to us, Montrealers, since we generally have large families and small incomes ; big ideas and little with which to carry them out. We all feel that we are just as good as anybody else, therefore wherever we may go we must be just as well dressed as anybody. At home we are obliged to take our standing from our fine furniture and houses and horses—if we have horses—abroad we stand upon the dignity of our clothes. Alas ! 'tis these clothes that make our going to the country a weariness and vexation of spirit. Of course we must have clothes, but our old ones would do for the country ; were it not that wherever we may go—to Lachine or St. Anne's, or Longueuil, or Ste. Rose—we shall find lots of fashionable Montrealers, whose children will be dressed up in purple and fine linen, and we cannot have ours running round in rags. Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness ; far from fashion's giddy throng ; where our children might wear last year's faded patched suits, and toeless shoes, and crownless hats, and we might rest and read all day, or wander about with the little ones, teaching them better things than they would be likely to learn from their ignorant nurses. But, no, the wilderness would be too far from the city, and papa could never reach us by the evening train ; therefore we must seek the haunts of our fellow-citizens and knowing that they are no better and not much better off than ourselves—why should they be better dressed ? Echo answers—but they shan't be ? We shall save and shop and shave down prices and scrimp patterns ; and sew, and stitch and scold, and ruffle and frill and flounce until our wardrobes are to be seen with the best. Of course we shall be wearied and worried and run down when we get to the country, but then we can rest—Oh, no, there is no rest for the weary woman of fashion. We shall find some ladies wherever we may go whose clothes are ever so much more stylish than ours ; so we must rip, and remodel and ruffle and flounce again, and fuss and fume through the best part of the lovely summer days closed up in stuffy houses when we should be out with our children—those children will probably return with their pretty suits that cost so many weary sighs, all mussed up, and ready for the wash-tubs. Ah, little do they trouble their little heads about the big washing bills, over which papa will scold. Poor little ones if their dresses were not flounced and furbelowed to such an extent the washing would not cost one quarter so much ; and Mamma would not scold the children for dirtying their clothes and papa would not scold mamma about the washing-bill. But never mind the scolding, if we can only sally forth in silks and smiles to meet our husbands at the depot in the evening, and perchance outshine Mrs. McShiner, who fancies herself the belle of the place because she has golden hair at two dollars a bottle—that's what she pays for the stuff she puts on it. And even if we be too old and too ugly to outshine anybody, (but nobody ever is too old or ugly to wear good clothes)—are not our children young and lovely ? And then if we should happen to have a young baby—Mrs. McShiner is not likely to have any. Babies are not fashionable nowadays ;

they are too expensive and too troublesome and too everything ; nevertheless the woman who has a house and baby feels herself to be an object of interest if not of envy to her less favoured sister. We put the nurse first advisedly for a baby is of no account without a nurse. Indeed no fashionable mother would be seen with a baby and without a nurse. But given the nurse (and if she be amenable to the picturesque caps and aprons of a French *bonne*, you may consider your reputation for style established). We say given a stylish nurse a baby affords a great opportunity for display. Think of the ruffles and tucks and embroidery that may be massed upon his long flowing skirts ; think of his elaborate dressing gowns ; think of his embroidered flannel shawl—What ? you think a flannel shawl would be too warm for summer ! Not at all—provided it has a deep enough border of rich filoseille embroidery. You think it must be a dreadful drag on the poor baby to wear so many heavily trimmed clothes. Not at all. What are babies for ? Why don't you know ! Orthodox people learn the chief end of man from their catechisms and we all know that the chief end of women is to get married, but it seems some are not aware that the chief end of a baby is to show its fine clothes. Poor little mite ! it may be weary work, but it must learn to do its duty in that station of life to which it has been called. Fortunately it is not old enough to compare its lot with that of the little French babies that creep contentedly round the low door-steps dressed in a single scant cotton garment. Cool and comfortable looks the brown little habitant, and even the baby's fashionable mother cannot help thinking so as she walks home from the station, with her imitation French *bonne* and over-dressed fine baby in front, and Mrs. McShiner making eyes at the baby's papa in the rear. The baby's mamma remembers that the baby's papa is a fine looking man and admires fair-haired women immensely ; and the baby's mamma being tired and overdressed herself wishes she hadn't gone to the depot ; and is quite sharp and sarcastic with Mr. McShiner, who is trying to entertain her to the best of his small ability. For, you see, although the ladies take so much pains to dress up to go down to meet their husbands they generally walk home with some one else's husband ; and this is pleasant enough if your husband happens to be stupid and common place, and somebody else's husband the reverse ; but in that case somebody else may not like the exchange so well. But we can't please everybody and ourselves also.

But where's the moral ? Where's the moral ? Dear me, there isn't any moral. It's just human nature. You mustn't always expect a moral even in domestic economy. But if you want a moral, why don't kill yourself shopping, and sewing before you go to the country. Go down to Carsley's or to Mrs. Gunn's and buy a couple of ready-made plain suits for yourself ; go to the Industrial rooms and get some stout common aprons for the children ; then go to the country and be happy. You'll find some of the fashionable people envying you and calling your ready-made suits prettier than theirs that cost so much worry and time and trouble ; and you will find it costs a great deal less to keep your children always fresh and clean, if their clothes are plainly made. Indeed we think it poor economy for ladies to do so much sewing at home. One may have plain sewing done so cheaply in Montreal, and it is really a charity to give it to the poor women, who need the work ; and if we take into account the time that is spent in shopping, matching trimmings and running to the dressmakers, it is really cheaper to order suits at the stores. Better do with two plain, serviceable suits, even if they do cost as much as three more elaborate costumes. Yes, the moral is : don't spend all your time and thoughts upon your clothes, before going to the country this summer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DO WE NEED ART CRITICISM ?

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—A writer in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR justly observes, that in art criticism we have arrived at a period "when criticism and not flattery is needed."

The Press in a kindly spirit has meted out praise only, no doubt considering art in the Dominion in its infancy. But are not the times changing ? Have not some members of the New Academy claimed for themselves and their pictures through the public prints the honoured title of teachers ? To this we do not object, but if they take upon themselves the office of instructors, is it not fair that the public should enquire into their capabilities for the responsible duties of the position ?

And as all art emanates from the people, we contend that they should see it safely directed into those paths which will ensure its purest and truest interest. In doing this, it would not be wise to avoid the truth of the writer's remarks just quoted. But those who dare to criticise must expect to meet with opposition by parties whose actions spring from interested motives.

In doing this "Art" in his strictures upon art in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR has brought down upon his head the ire of some individuals in the community. Let it be understood that "Art" in his notes endeavours to arrive at an opinion based upon the expression of the taste of the public, or at least that portion of it who had given some study to art, and were in a measure capable of judging. He does not believe in the infallibility of any one man's judgment in art matters, not even Mr. T. D. King's. For if we