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FUTURE OF THE G. W. R.

Brighter Prospects Ahead—The New Avenues of Trade and what they are Likely to Bring to this Fine System of Railways.

In their special report anent the proposed fusion of the G. W. R. and G. T. R. Railways, the Directors of the Great Western Company give a very interesting narrative of the history of the Company, and speak in the following cheering manner of the future of the line:

"In concluding the narrative part of this report, the Directors would add that the numerous financial and other difficulties existing when they took office have for the most part been surmounted; and that the road and equipment are throughout in excellent order, and carefully and economically managed. The general depression in trade, and the serious reductions in rates caused by the unwise competition of the Trunk lines, have prevented, for several years, the earning of dividends, but these causes have injuriously affected all railways alike. The revenue of this Company has, in addition, suffered from the operation of the Canada Railway Act, the prohibition by Order-in-Council, of cattle traffic through the Dominion. Trade, however, is reviving, with the result that already the tonnage now carried by this Company exceeds that of former prosperous years, and wiser counsels are prevailing amongst the competitive railways. Satisfactory relations exist with the New York Central and its subsidiary lines, the Canada Southern and the Michigan Central, with all of which this Company exchanges or divides a very large traffic, and it has lately entered into similar relations with the Wabash Company, whose system embraces a vast area of country from which the Great Western has hitherto been practically excluded. Moreover, the Detroit & Milwaukee railroad has been acquired and reorganized, and is now being satisfactorily worked in connection with this Company. These circumstances can hardly fail materially to improve this Company's revenue."

The following is what is said of the reason for declining the overtures of the G. T. R.—

"It must not be supposed from anything that has been said that the Board are desirous of being on hostile terms with the Grand Trunk Company. On the contrary, they wish to enter into such arrangements as will put an end to competition; but they are not prepared to do this upon terms which it can be foreseen from the beginning must fail, and the failure of which would plunge the Company into an unknown depth of difficulties, from which it might never be able to extricate itself."

The *Railroad Gazette*, discussing the future relations of the Great Western Railway, expresses the opinion that the combination sought by the Grand Trunk would be disastrous to the Great Western. It says the best alliance for that road to make is with the Vanderbilt roads, and adds: There are some indications that some kind of an arrangement has been made by which the Great Western gains something from its western connections at least, such as a share of the southwestern traffic, from the Wabash, which heretofore it could not get for want of a connection with Toledo not interested in carrying to other roads. The Lake Shore, of course, does best when it carries this traffic to the east over its own line, instead of taking it to Buffalo, and so does the Canada Southern; neither wish to carry it to Detroit to deliver it to the Great Western, but of course they may do it for a consideration. The difficulty is to make an arrangement which will not profit the New York Central at their expense. This may be obviated by making the Wabash connection with the Great Western through the Eel River line, which the Wabash has lately secured, and it is not easy to see what other use can be made of that road; but the preparations actually making, it is said, are for using the Lake Shore line between Toledo and Detroit. In any event, there seems to be now no probability that a third line will be built between Toledo and Detroit; and instead of a combination between the Grand Trunk, the Great Western and the Wabash, the prospect is of some kind of an alliance between the Canada Southern, the Great Western, the Wabash and Michigan Central, while the Grand Trunk, with a line of its own to Chicago and an alliance with the Flint & Pere Marquette, will lose its present connection with the Michigan Central and remain without one with the Wabash. It will then be pretty well situated to get a share of the northwestern traffic—that from Chicago and Milwaukee—but will not reach the southwestern. But such an arrangement might give a permanent and strong position to the Great Western, strengthen sensibly the New York Central and profit the Michigan Central also. For freight the Canada Southern connection might be as good as more, but the Great Western has a hold on passenger traffic with its line past Niagara Falls, which is not easily shaken. And in its relations to the New York Central the Great Western should not be looked upon simply as an alternative through line between Detroit and the Niagara River. It is by itself a large railway system of more than 800 miles, commanding most of the traffic of western Canada, a great and growing community.

Business in California.

We continue to receive very encouraging reports from California as to the steady recovery of business affairs there from the slough of despond into which they were precipitated by the communistic agitation of last summer. The people have had enough of Kearneyism for the present, and are now turning attention to more profitable things. The latest received *Commercial Herald* sums up the situation in this way:

"There is certainly a very marked improvement in commercial circles. Every one upon 'Change seems to be greatly encouraged, There is more enquiry for goods, wares and merchandise generally, and purse strings appear to have been loosened. Our banks are more willing to loan money. Capitalists are seeking investments for their idle surplus. Real estate is more sought after, and for many staple articles of merchandise there is an increased demand. Ships are now eagerly sought for, and at advancing rates of freight. Wheat seems to be on the jump. Flour is also the turn dearer. Wool is diligently sought after. Altogether there is a decided change or the better."—*N. Y. Bulletin.*

Militia Notes.

Haldimand citizen soldiers are looked after. Nyaga magistrates lately fined one $20 and costs for having a waist belt in his possession; and a Jarvis Justice fined another $30 and costs for refusing to put in his six days' drill.

37th "Haldimand" Battalion of Rifles, No. 1 Company, Hagersville. To be Lieutenant, provisionally, Benjamin Griffith, gentleman, *vice* Almas, resigned. No. 7 Company, Caledonia, to be Lieutenant, Lieut. Robert Henry Nelles, M. S., from No. 8 Company, *vice* W. H. Nelles, resigned. No. 8 Company: The headquarters of this Company are hereby transferred from Mount Healy to Cayuga. To be second Lieutenant, provisionally, Sergeant Thomas Bridger, *vice* Sabin Stevenson, deceased.

In India, before the birth of her first child the wife, often not more than 13 or 14 years of age, is placed in a pisanquin and borne in triumph, accompanied by music, to her father's house, and at every street corner she passes in her progress, a cocoanut must be broken and abandoned to propitiate the ever present demons. Numerous ceremonies attend the advent of the infant, which must be washed, clothed and fed in a particular manner. Its ears, nose and head are pressed and pulled with a view to improve its appearance and bring it good luck, and it is laid to sleep with a penknife and small coin, endowed with some highly occult significance, under its pillow. The mother is treated with great care and kindness, but as etiquette forbids a doctor to be called in until those around her recognize the fact that her life is in extreme danger, it is not surprising that he often arrives on the scene too late to save his patient.

Extravagance in the dressing of children is run riot abroad, and they are become luxuries that entail the costliest penalties. "At Dinard, in the Hotel de la Plage," somebody writes to *Truth*, "there is an English lady, and not a *parvenu* either, whose juvenile daughter is attended by a French governess, two maids and a valet, and is dressed undressed and re-dressed in the morning, at noon, for dinner, and for the children's ball at the Casino. If the worm of vanity does not eat into this human bud, and blight it before it has time to blossom, I shall wonder with great admiration."

Miss Moffat, of England, skilful horsewoman and whip, capital sailor, accomplished musician, perfect singer, fine painter, champion solver of double acrostics, tall, handsome, with the world at her feet—Miss Moffat, of England, is dead.

Occasionally you will find an exchange that will talk in this manner:—"Bring him into the house now, girls, it is too chilly to loaf around on the front stoop; you can make the gas bill light by keeping the parlor dark."

A new mode of collecting honey is being tried in Germany. A small apparatus, with wires, gives the bees an electric shock, and they fall to the bottom of the hive, remaining motionless for several hours.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

Were a romantic maiden to be pictured to my reader's mind, modesty would never allow me to suggest that the modern Cinderella and I were one and the same. But this is not the story of the charming and abused Cinderella whom we all know in childhood. This is an entirely new and original one, a commonplace Cinderella with no step-relatives, no ashes to live in, and, what is worse than all else, this nineteenth century reproduction wore a number four boot. Instead of being in the kitchen, where she should have been, to deserve her name, she was boarding. Remember this in no heroine of *ye olden time*, but of the Centennial year 1876, and boarding too, in the most forlorn little town that ever lured a visitor by a dishonest advertisement in a city newspaper *of charming summer board.*

My uncle John had spent the last four years of his life dragging Julia and me through Europe. After he had urged us up every elevation and down every shaft and hole in the Eastern hemisphere, and had personally examined every pebble in Switzerland, I fondly hoped he would have settled down. He didn't, though; he took to politics, and my sister Julia was keeping the Senator's house in Washington, and I was in Boston. Had the hotel in Munson such luxuries as piazza or hammock, Mrs. Ray and I certainly would have taken advantage of it that warm June afternoon. There *was* a lilac bush, and under its meagre shade we sat reading. It was well our party was so small, for that lilac gave the only shade about the premises, and, as it was, an umbrella was found necessary to piece out the shadow.

"What a capital preparation this quiet is for Philadelphia! We shall be as fresh as possible for the sight-seeing!" Mrs. Ray always spoke cheerfully, and had we been stranded in Spitzbergen instead of Munson, she would have found something to be thankful for.

"You certainly take a cheerful view. But after two weeks of the *table d'hote* here, and its damp under-crusts, I should doubt my ability to do any hard work."

"Only keep the vital spark alive until to-morrow, and then I feel sure we can bid a long farewell to Munson. Bill, my dear Ruth, you are not emaciated as yet, even after two weeks of rhubarb pie."

"Don't—don't, please, allude to my weight. To think of my coming so near starvation and not to lose a pound. I don't believe, though, Libby Prison would have told on me. But I believe it's an exploded idea now that Mr. Libby set rather a mean table." Then followed a long sermon from Mrs. Ray on the sinfulness of wishing one's self a little thinner than one was, and she ended as usual by assuring me that, for a sensible girl, I was very silly on one point. Mr. Ray had written us to meet him the next day in New York, and no instruction had I received from Washington telling me where my family would join me in Philadelphia.

"There must be some word from Julia, and I'll begin my hard work by a walk to the post-office. She certainly will write me to go with you or stay here, or unfold some lucky plan of hers for shelter in the good Quaker City;" and picking myself up, I shook myself free of countless animate and inanimate things that had crawled and fallen on me while I sat reading.

A two mile walk in the dust and sun for one postal card. And that an old one! Dated the 20th, and more than a week old.

"Why haven't you delivered this to me before? I have been here every day for letters."

When for answer the little old man laughed I saw the reason of his being behind the iron grating—to protect himself from injury from angry individuals who had been served as I had been.

"You wouldn't mean to tell me that card was *addressed* to you. I only handed it out to git you to read it. It's puzzled lots of folks. Some thought it was for some of the Myers, and they've been in Westcounin since the Lemmon broke. *Miss Ruth Wyman.* Wa'al, I never should have mistrusted." For fear that even at this late day the postmaster of Munson should be investigated by the postal authorities for this irregularity, I must be candid and confess, though I criminate one of my own family, my sister Julia's writing is stylish. Legible? No, never. But it is *awfully* stylish, the girls at school used to tell me, by way of consolation, when I could not read one word in ten in her letters. A vigorous correspondence of a winter enabled me to improve on that proportion, and I read without much difficulty:

WASHINGTON, July 20.

Come with the R.'s Saturday. Uncle and I will meet you at the station. In case either are delayed, go directly to our boarding-house, 707 Maple street. I was lucky to hear of the place. Swell house; were rich, but have a spendthrift son. We behave like friends. Oh, how hot!

JULIA.

There in an egg-shell, or rather a postal card, were my sailing orders. Go ahead and join the crowd of patriotic free-born American pilgrims who were thronging to celebrate their nation's advanced birthday at Philadelphia. Mrs. Ray was much pleased that we could together shake the dust of Munson from our feet—a duet we executed with great spirit. Mr. Ray failed to meet us in New York, as his partner or partner's wife had died or done something inconvenient; so Mr. Ray sent Mrs. Ray's Irish—no, I believe they are called *French*—maid.

"Yes, madam, Washington train two hours late."

"Any accident?" I asked, sadly, for that train contained the only family I had in the world.

"Misplaced switch;" and the official turned away, evidently thinking he had told me something very consoling. Misplaced switch! Why, that was always the trouble when trains ran down embankments and nobody survived to tell the tale.

"He certainly would have told us if anything serious had happened, Ruth. So don't begin to anticipate horrors." I believe Mrs. Ray thought it sinful ever to look serious. I did not long oppress her with my sadness, for I cheered up at once after Mrs. Ray cornered a busy official, and by dint of much questioning extracted the pleasing information that nothing in the least alarming had occurred to the Washington train.

"Now, dear, come immediately with me to the Continental. Mr. Ray has engaged a room, and Julia and your uncle can call for you when they arrive."

"That plan doesn't please me much. I think I shall go, as Julia said, to our boarding-house, or rather brown stone front where we are to visit, and pay dearly for the privilege."

"I know she said so, but you will be quite alone. I shouldn't feel easy a minute to leave you."

"Nonsense; I sha'n't mind waiting until three alone. You know I'm used to living in boarding-houses, and I know how to manage to get things comfortable. I fancy this one isn't so unlike others I've been in. Then I must at least dust myself before meeting my fastidious sister."

"Seven hundred and seven, marm!" and our driver stopped before a row of elegant houses. In vain I tried to discover one a little less stately or less liberally provided with plate glass and lace curtains. Even to the third and fourth storey that degree of elegance ascended.

"This is much pleasanter than anything I could have offered, but I feel most unwilling to leave you alone. Were it not that I feel my nearsight coming on, I should stay with you."

"That I won't hear of for a minute. Ah, charming! here comes the colored attendant;" and I hurried to put into his hands all my small traps.

"Being Julia to me as soon as she comes, and good-bye for an hour. I kissed my cotton glove to the dear old who was peering from the window of the room I had left, and which, by the out of sight, having was standing alone, save for the servant who stood ready to usher me in.

"Missus was sorry, but she was really 'tiled to go out. Said you was to be quite at home, and she would be at home very soon."

I followed the apologizing darkey up the steps, and through a dimly lighted hall.

"Never mind. Only show me the ladies' parlor, and I will wait for the rest of my party."

"Yes'm. Here's the drawing room." He seemed to resent my choice of words.

"Well, this is luxury," I said to myself as I stepped under a curtain into a large room. In the dim light I could see little excepting the sparkling chandeliers. But the soft carpet on which I stepped, the subdued rich coloring, and the unmistakable air of wealth everything, which I felt rather than saw, convinced me that the son had been slandered. He could not have been such a dreadful spendthrift after all, or he would not have left his mother so many comforts in the way of plate mirrors and fine bouquets. Perhaps, though, he had disposed of the attic, which was living down to the cellar. Feeling sure I was alone, I walked up to a long mirror and took a survey. Certainly Jane Eyre in Rochester's ancestral halls could not have presented a more indicrous reflection. My hair, which curls enough always to look as though it had taken a prominent part in a hurricane, was in its usual condition; gray stuff dress, it must be confessed as good as when I started, but with such surroundings it looked shabby enough; dusty boots and dusty collar; and it was well my hat was gray by nature, for veil and gull's wing were thick with dust; gloves torn; I guess that Mrs. Ray insisted were the only fit things for travelling. "I must have a room and repair damages," I thought, on turning from the mirror, and I began groping for a bell cord.

"Sam?"—I started, for I thought the voice came from the mirror—"sam!"—no; the voice came from the room beyond the curtain, and that voice was the voice of the spendthrift—"has the young lady come?" I could only hear one voice, Sam answered so softly. "And my mother not in! Rather awkward, or I don't know her name. Look on her trunk." I heard Sam go into the hall. "I shall be glad enough when we can shut up this boarding house. She makes the eighteenth mother has taken in." As if it wasn't all his fault that she had to have me in her house, where she ought to have been!

"No, Sah, there's a J. and a W." Sam intended to whisper, but his voice came to me clear and distinct.

"Is she upstairs? In there! You stupid! why didn't you say so?"

I hoped that was the beginning and end of our interviews, but I evidently regarded it incumbent on him to come in and entertain his mother's boarder. If the doors had not been cut with a view to his height, he would have had to come in sections. He looked ten feet tall, and equal to some more muscular labor than dawdling about his mother's house.

"I am very glad to welcome you to Philadelphia, though it would have been pleasanter had my mother been here to present us. I have never been so happy as to meet you before."

I was surprised at his cordiality. Doubtless, though, in our departure this would be explained—address of welcome, extended by son, so much. I did not shake hands with him, though he evidently expected that greeting. Julia had said we were to behave like friends, but to shake hands with a stranger, and be a spendthrift, was too much.

"Thank you. I am glad to get here, though I wish the rest of my family could have come with me."

"I wish they might. I am sure you flatter us greatly if, on so short an acquaintance with our city, you think your family would enjoy it too. Why can they not come?"

"They are coming. My uncle and sister will be here very soon. Their train was late."

"Indeed! Mother neglected to tell me we were to be favored with two young ladies. Though she has had so much on her mind for weeks, that is hardly to be wondered at."

"Did she order dinner for us? We shall want a substantial dinner when they get here."

"Certainly. Travelling in this country is hungry work. Our station restaurants are so abominably conducted. I wonder people with delicate appetites don't starve." This country! he wished me to understand he had travelled. By his patronizing tone he probably thought this my first appearance from the backwoods. I decidedly wished I hadn't come. He stared so rudely when I said nothing, and even worse when I made a remark. "Is this your first visit to Philadelphia? It is rather an unfortunate time, the city is so overrun with queer people who have come to see the elephant."

"I told him I had come to see what he called the elephant."

"Pardon me, I hoped you came, I was vain enough to think you came, partly to gratify us. Was it all on account of our having something to show you?"

"I came solely for the Exhibition, though I don't believe I shall be repaid for my trouble." He had the rudest way of looking at me, and almost laughing in my face when I spoke.

"You said your uncle was coming. Have I ever seen him?"

"A third person is hardly the one to ask." I tried in every way to make him understand that I wanted the view my remark seemed obtuse to my meaning, and persistently revived the one-sided conversation.

"You come from Maine, I believe. Is not the climate of Maine most delightful?" He was trying to be cynical.

"Especially March."

"I imagine the snow-bound until June."

"Oh no, our climate is tropical. March is our most oppressive month." I always have disliked those people who assume such ignorance of the eastern boundary State, and think polar bears our boon companions.

"I am delighted to have my impression corrected. Would it be safe to go from this cold climate to Maine in, say, July?"

"Perhaps, if you keep near enough an iceberg."

"That I could do easily. I believe you live in Maine. The climate of Maine is good to your inhabitants, however. Are all in Maine given such complexions?" Had I been able to speak, I certainly should have called Sam. Such personality was most offensive. It seemed hours that I had been alone with him, but by the clock I saw all my discomfort had been crowded into one half hour. "I have never met any one from Maine before. Are they all so—cold, so brusque, in Maine?"

"Can it be possible you have had no one from Maine this summer? Those in boarding-houses have a great opportunity to study character. I see you have profited by your position."

"Position of landlord!" And he looked very much amused at the thought. "Well, our friends and the travelling public have been very kind to us this summer. Seriously, I think of inserting a slip in the dailies, *thanking the public, etc., I hope by a strict attention, etc., to merit their patronage through the winter months.* You know the Exhibition lasts only three months more, and then I'm afraid our friends will all desert us." He became quite pathetic when he spoke of losing his boarders, but I knew well enough by what I had overheard that he didn't enjoy keeping a boarding-house any more than I did boarding in it. All this time, which seemed hours, but in reality was thirty minutes, I sat motionless, travelling-bag in hand, gazing through three thicknesses of curtain, in hope of seeing a carriage draw up and deposit my family.

The excessive friendliness with a complete stranger which Julia had enforced was wearing, especially when the stranger turned out to be so loquacious and bent on entertaining me. I wanted Julia should come and take my place, and give me some hints on showing friendliness to a spendthrift. In no young ladies' guide had I ever met a chapter on such an emergency.

"Mother will be so annoyed to be detained! I believe some little orphan has eaten too many unripe peaches, or something like that, and she was sent for to go to the Asylum."

"I hope she won't hurry on my account."

"Thank you. That must mean that you can endure this sort of thing a few minutes more; though upon my word your anxious expression and repeated sighs made me fear I was making but scry progress in entertaining you."

"Entertaining me? A basin of water and piece of soap would have been more congenial entertainment than any he had favored me with; though doubting this was always the proper way of doing in Maine, I had smiled, bowed, uttered of welcome, then compliments and exchange of conversation, to make the new comer perfectly at home, and banish any little stiffness that might otherwise occur.

"Do you anticipate much pleasure from the Exhibition?" He shoved the question at a man behind me who was determined to make himself entertaining, no matter what rebuffs met him. "We Philadelphians find it rather tiresome, though I own I enjoy immensely showing mother's young lady visitors the wonders." I should feel sorry to deprive my humble being of enjoyment in this world, but I resolved I would not consent to have that creature show me a single *wonder*. Julia could, and probably won d, do as she pleased, but Uncle John and I could go together, and it would not be the first time Julia had deserted the family ranks.

"I anticipate much pleasure. Will you please see if I may not be shown my room? And please tell your mother we shall want dinner as soon as the rest of my party comes;" and I rose, bag in hand, determined to put an end to the *tete-a-tete.*"

"Certainly. I will see where the delay is.

I was glad to see he replied that there had been a delay. Giving my bag to Sam, I followed him up a flight of broad oak stairs, and into a room as luxuriously furnished as the lower part of the house. I could not make an elaborate toilette had my feelings prompted, as my trunk was below, and no move had been made to take it to my room. I arranged my hair more snugly, and dusted my boots, and hoped my appearance was more satisfactory to meet my sister. Those bare stairs! They were signs of the son's extravagances. He had drunk up or gambled that carpet, I felt sure. I once knew a maiden lady who relied on the velocity of Irve alone—"sim!"—no; the voice came from the room beyond the curtain, and that voice was the voice of the spendthrift—"has the young lady come?" I could only hear one voice, Sam answered so softly. "And my mother not in! Rather awkward, or I don't even know her name. Look on her trunk." I heard Sam go into the hall. "I shall be glad enough when we can shut up this boarding house. She makes the eighteenth mother has taken in." As if it wasn't all his fault that she had to have me in her house, where she ought to have been!

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