

An organ is on exhibition in Milan that is built entirely of paper. The maker is a priest and a Lyceum professor, Don Giovanni Crespi-Righizzo. He was assisted by a workman, Luigi Colombo. They have already received a patent for the invention, for which a German house has offered them 50,000 lire.—*American Musician*.

"A Transcription of Bonnie Doon," said Mary, reading from the title of her latest piece of music. "What is a transcription, papa?" "A transcription, my dear," replied papa, "is a composition in which the tune is lost in the process of spoiling the music."—*Boston Transcript*.

#### A UNIQUE WORK ON CANADIAN TOPICS

Mr. Erasmus Wiman, President of the Canadian Club, writes us as follows:

"It is the intention of certain members of the Canadian Club, in New York, to issue, in the form of a beautiful book, the papers which have been delivered before the Club during the past winter by prominent parties, together with those which are to be delivered during the remainder of the season.

"These papers will include a speech on 'Commercial Union,' by the Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, member of Congress, who is said to be one of the most eloquent men of that body; a remarkable production by Prof. Goldwin Smith, on 'The Schism in the Anglo-Saxon Race.' A paper by Dr. Grant of the Queen's University on 'Canada First.' One by J. W. Bengough, Editor of the Toronto *Grip*. By Mr. Le Moine, of Quebec, on 'The Heroines of New France.' By J. A. Fraser, 'An Artist's Experience in the Canadian Rockies.' By Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College. By George Stewart, Jr., of Quebec. By the Rev. Dr. Eccleston, on 'The Canadian North-West.' By John McDougall, on 'The Minerals of Canada.' And by the Editor, G. M. Fairchild, Jr., on 'The History of the Canadian Club.' The work will also include extracts from the speeches and letters of the President."

We have no doubt this volume will be well worth its price. The book is to be issued in beautiful style, at \$1 per copy.

Parties desirous of obtaining copies can do so by enclosing the price of the book to JAMES ROSS, Canadian Club, 12 East 29th Street, New York.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

#### A MONCTON HOLIDAY.

A day in the country is always a refreshing experience for city people, and a holiday in a country town gives one a sort of kaleidoscopic view of ruraldom. Last Friday being Dominion Day, I decided to remain in Moncton and witness the celebration. Well, Dominion Day began at the usual hour in the morning; but the beginning of the celebration was not quite according to time-table. From an early hour the country people kept pouring into Moncton, taxing to the utmost, and beyond the utmost, the stabling capacity of the town. The principal streets were perfectly gaudy with bunting and evergreens. A New Brunswick sun beamed rather warmly upon the scene; for, before the end of the day, the mercury had soared up to 93 in the shade. Up and down the burning sidewalks wandered troupes of the rural population, waiting for the arrival of an excursion train from St. John. An empty box in a shady lane a few feet from the sidewalk, where the varied crowd passed and re-passed, afforded me at the same time a welcome seat and a rare chance of enjoying the attractions, the appearance and the remarks of the passers-by. A trio of well-dressed young ladies are detailing in no very confidential tones the extent of their preparations for a hot day. "I left off my—, and my—, and my—," says one. (Being a bachelor myself, the names were unfamiliar, and have escaped my memory; but, if there is a married man in your office, he may be able to fill these three blanks.) In another place a crowd has gathered round a small boy, who is distributing something which seems to be in great demand. What can it be that is thus given away gratis? Small handbills, describing the wonders of Frank Robbins' circus. The country-people actually ask for, read, fold, and pocket these specimens of imaginative literature. How different is the experience of the bill-scatterer who offers his bills to the cold, cautious, pre-occupied inhabitants of a city! A newsboy passes, calling out, "St. John Sun, St. John Sun." "Is it anything like as hot as Moncton sun?" asks a facetious countryman. "No, my son," is the ready and effective reply. Steadily and silently through the babbling crowd a figure moves, holding aloft a monstrous cluster of red and blue toy balloons. I recognize the philosophical countenance of a Greek who, two years ago, was a fellow-passenger with me from Boston to Halifax. On that occasion he was bent on smuggling a gun, which he expected to sell at a good profit. True to the commercial instincts of his people, this man, whose ancestors may have fought at Marathon or moved the refined Athenians with their elegance, is now selling children's toys in a distant New Brunswick town! A large proportion of the crowd are French people, chattering in little groups, exchanging words of welcome, and giving their mincing little hand-shakes. For the rest of the people, they are evidently out-and-out New Brunswickers, no English, no Irish or Scotch characteristics being noticeable in their dress, appearance, or speech. Each little group has its leading spirit—one who, whether from strength or vivacity, is listened to by the rest, and whose jests are sure of applause. He walks half-a-step ahead of his companions, looking to the right and left to discover a person or thing about which he can raise a laugh. When all is done he will be voted either a jolly good fellow or a jolly big fool, and he doesn't care which.

But meanwhile the laggard excursion train has arrived, the procession

has been formed, and is now approaching. From my box I can see and hear all. Brass bands, fife-and-drum bands, engine companies and polymorphians, make up the first part of the procession. One troupe consists of Chinese with the Eastern dress and parasols. Another is made up of Zulu warriors, blackened to the proper shade and carrying Zulu weapons. The New Brunswicker makes a very imposing Oriental or Zulu, except when he has occasion to exchange English with a friend in the crowd: then he comes to impose. Several figurative chariots are scattered along the line of the procession. One has a figure of Britannia sitting on the front, a well-polished cannon on either side, and a Union Jack waving over her head; while behind sits a ludicrous figure of Uncle Sam, stealing fish out of a pool in the centre. Another chariot represents fairyland, the fairies being clever little girls attired according to the latest fairy fashion-plate. The effect of the added figures, artificial beetles, butterflies, &c., made on a gigantic scale, was really good. Another waggon held an enormous shoe, from the top of which and from numerous holes in its sides, the heads of children were thrust. The latter part of the procession was illustrative of the various trades which flourish in Moncton. Many of them had miniature establishments on the waggons, where the employees were at work. Moncton is a thriving town, if we may judge from the trades' procession, the bustle in her streets, or the customs returns, which have doubled during the past year.

The afternoon was occupied with sports in the Park, and the event of the evening was a torchlight procession. These occurrences are of so common a character that I have not space for them. All the proceedings were highly creditable to the management; and the vast crowds which thronged the streets seem to prove that Dominion Day is looked upon as a red-letter day in this part of New Brunswick.

SILENT OBSERVER.

#### COMMERCIAL.

The trade movement has been fairly active, but there has not been any new development tending to affect the current of affairs. The markets have, however, been more or less affected by the lassitude incident to the season; still the distributive volume of business has continued to be satisfactory, with every indication of a healthy fall movement. The prospects of a good harvest are excellent, and with the splendid agricultural condition of the country have begotten a feeling of confidence which promises to take tangible form in a good autumn business.

Quite a flurry was caused in liquor circles by the discovery in the last days of June that, by the terms of an act passed at the recent session of the Dominion Parliament, all liquors, whether of home distillation or imported, must after the first of the current month be warehoused in bond for one year before they can be entered for consumption. Dealers were thereby obliged to clear and to pay the duty on all the liquors that they expected to sell between that date and the 1st of July, 1888. The result was that our wholesale liquor merchants were necessitated to pay all the money that they had in hand or could borrow to pay these duties, and the receipts in the Inland Revenue and Customs departments were enormously large for a few days. The wisdom of this policy of forcibly withdrawing from circulation in business so large an amount of capital is questionable, and it is but little consolation to those who find themselves pinched to know that the difficulty will last only one year, and that after the 1st of July, 1888, stocks will "mature" regularly and that thereafter they will be able to take goods out of the warehouse and to pay the duty on them as they are needed. A similar "trick on trade" was proposed several years since with regard to native whiskey in the United States, but the very proposition evoked such a storm that it was hastily withdrawn. It was held that, even for the purpose of obtaining a large sum of money in an emergency, the government had no right to cripple the business resources of the country by suddenly withdrawing large amounts of cash from general circulation. Besides this, though, after a year passes, the public may be reasonably sure that the liquor that it consumes is at least one year old, still, in the meanwhile, it is almost as sure that new unmaturing stuff will generally be absorbed.

The Chicago bucket shops closed their doors and went out of business on the evening of June 30th in compliance with an act passed by the Illinois legislature making their business illegal. The managers and proprietors of the establishments popularly supposed to belong to the class of gambling concerns called "bucket shops," were very angry at what they termed an unjust discrimination between their methods of "trading" in grain, provisions and stocks and that in vogue upon the regular board of trade. They threatened all sorts of retaliatory measures, injunctions, etc., but when the time came they quietly submitted and closed up. It is expected and to be hoped that their branches and offshoots in other cities on this continent will soon be forced to follow suit.

The drouth and excessive heat of the past ten days threatens to do injury to the grass and early vegetable crops. A heavy rain is much needed and would do an incalculable amount of good.

A new telephone company, organized under an act passed at the late session of the legislature, has been formed and is now engaged in erecting its poles and stretching its wires so as to connect Halifax with Truro, New Glasgow, Pictou, Amherst and other northern and eastern points. It is contemplated to send out branches to Acadia Mines, Stellarton, etc., and shortly to erect a main line along the south-western shore, at least as far as Lunenburg and eventually further. We wish the new company the fullest measure of success, as they will satisfy the feeling that there is a signal want of rapid inter-communication that is rapidly growing in all parts of the province.

The following is the only business change in this province during the past week: John A. Brown & Co., saw mill, Lawrencetown, dissolved, John A. Brown continues and liquidates.