

ideas as to what the aldermen and councillors should be like, but fulfilling your wildest dreams as to the grandeur of the Lord Mayor's coach. And we cheered, as it was expected we should, the French firemen, and Sir John Bennett, and the charming trophy-cars, and the elegant lords and ladies from Astley's in their fine gowns, and we settled that we never had seen prettier costumes than those designed by Mr. Wingfield, even though, in the light of a November morning, they reminded one a little of those worn by Mr. Pickwick and his friends at the breakfast given by Mrs. Leo Hunter. A more appreciative audience it is impossible to imagine, the height of enthusiasm being aroused by the passing of the Queen of Beauty, whose bashfulness was such that she never raised her eyes from the ground during her triumphal drive through the city. But we forgot even the Queen of Beauty in the contemplation of His Lordship's coach (by the way, His Lordship is very like Calderon, R.A.), which struck us with wonder and amazement. Imagine the delight of mounting into that golden chariot, of bowing to huzzaing millions, of robing oneself in scarlet robes, and adorning oneself with gold and precious stones. Ambition—a word meaning such different things to different people—has caused Sir Henry Isaacs to achieve his ideal to-day. I wonder if the game is worth the candle, or if, on this same day next year, he will envy not in the least the possession of all this grandeur to the new Lord Mayor. WALTER POWELL.

MONTREAL LETTER.

WE are all children of imitation. Originality is at a discount. But there is much of its counterfeit in the market for applause. When our fashionable New York cousins, competing with each other, have to dine next day in order to find an hour late enough, we are now, before the winds of November have blown themselves out, purchasing our Christmas cards, and ordering our Christmas *Globe* and *Star*. Soon we shall not only turn night into day, but winter into summer. Nothing stands on its own legs. We all look out for some influential coat-tails to tag ourselves on to. We can't read the day's news without wading through piano agencies and new soaps. We refuse to take our theology except in romance-coated pills. We won't even read our Bibles unless we get a sugar-stick.

An annual Bible competition announces itself. We approve as a matter of course. Honesty is the best policy, and we are glad to have it even on these terms, though we need not pledge ourselves to despise it for its own sake. So we rejoice to think of Montreal taking a fresh interest in holy things, and looks out for results. The opening feature of the competition is simple enough and within the range of all. Where is the word MOTHER first mentioned in the Bible? As the young idea turns over the sacred pages in search of an answer, maturer wisdom speculates as to the application of the lesson, and wanders off in dreams of childhood, and visions of the sere and yellow leaf. When the passage is found, and the finder sends it, not home to his own heart and life to see his reward there, but to a certain office, he will be rewarded by the receipt of "a very fine-toned upright piano," "a gold watch," "a salt and pepper cruet," "a china tea-set," or "a dozen silver-plated tablespoons." Other questions of equal importance in the sacred narrative, and of equal intricacy of attraction to the embryo subscriber, are rewarded by correspondingly generous donations, a perfect El Dorado of generosity; and even those who fail to find the exact verse by sending their failure shall receive watches, rings, silk gowns, etymological dictionaries and cyclopædias.

Another genius makes a cigar, and naturally enough wants to sell it. He gives a startling name, "Thunder-bolt" or "Earthquake" will do, and suggests that the winter evenings could not be better occupied by young and old than by taking the name of his cigar, dissecting it, rebuilding it over and over, and sending into another certain office the result. Twenty dollars for the greatest variety of new words made from his wonderful patent divisible and interdivisible appellation. In addition to the dollar bills, the winner of the race will have his name published in connection with the feat.

A third, a long-headed tailor, purchases of a well-known and respected citizen, a bay Shetland pony, a beautiful dog-cart, and Russian leather harness. These, on a given date, are to be put into enormous scales, and, in the presence of high officials, are to be weighed and registered. Meantime, every purchaser of a two dollar coat is entitled to a guess at the weight. Another guess is added for every additional two dollars, and the purchaser who hits the mark of the weight is to receive the pony and the cart.

A fourth enterprise advertises a free luncheon, and a saloon-keeper is said to be organizing a restaurant where the hungry may feed for nothing whenever they please. I suppose most things are fair in love, war, and trade, and so long as the world lets itself be duped, it cannot blame its fleecers. When 'Pears' Soap is able to boast that it expends one hundred thousand pounds sterling, a year, in advertising, the Sunlight may be excused for resolving to out-wit it, and the process shall be a study to the interested. In these cases we pay for both soap and advertisement. But when we allow ourselves to be drawn in to guess at the weight of the pony, one man who has not paid for the pony will get it, and thousands who have paid for it will not get it. Such is trade! And such are we!

Our biennial civic lottery, the winter carnival, cost us

last year, \$17,581, *Le-voila*, the contingent and the arch expenditure:—

CONTINGENCIES.

Rent of office.....	\$100 00
Office wages.....	293 50
C. C. Clapham, Secretary, \$600; bonus \$50.....	650 00
Plans—Capt Bunnet.....	9 00
Auditor.....	25 00
Carters' badges.....	60 00
Advertising.....	109 70
Printing and stationery.....	235 32
Sundry petty expenses.....	19 00
Carnival badges.....	158 75
Incidental expenses—Secretary.....	189 04
P. A. Petersen, valuator.....	50 00
A. B. Major—Law expenses.....	50 00
	\$1,949 31

ARCH.

Timber—Henderson Co.....	\$402 53
Hardware (spikes)—T. B. Paey.....	59 18
Labour—J. S. Tait.....	591 41
Evergreens.....	108 30
Flag poles, cambrie and printing, and hire of snow-shoes and toboggans.....	141 11
	\$1,374 53

Paid additional arch accounts since:

Beullac—Decorations.....	\$75 00
Flags' hire.....	44 18
D. Henderson—Sundries.....	34 40
W. Byrd—Sundries.....	4 00
Radford & Hopkins—Plans.....	50 00
	207 58

Total chargeable to arch..... \$1,582 11

The city is not at home. The Mayor and friends have gone west by special invitation, and special train, to discover how far ahead other cities are in municipal schemes and achievements. To date the party is reported well and progressing.

A Montreal Industrial Exhibition Company with a capital of \$100,000, has applied for incorporation, its object being to hold industrial exhibitions of "any and every variety of thing and being found in animal and vegetable life." VILLE MARIE.

HAWTHORN SPRAY.

AFTER the early spring's dissolving powers
Had eased the earth of winter's icy weight,
I went into the woods with soul elate
To watch the coming of the first-born flowers;
Fair Flora soon began to build her bowers
Of leaf and bloom in forms both small and great,
The trees put forth their canopies of state,
And from the ground sprang up between the hours
Most beauteous blossoms in a glorious band
Of perfect shapes and colours richly blent,
And all my soul was fill'd with glad content;
But one pink hawthorn in a far-off land
Sent all my thoughts like birds on eager wing
Back to the beauty of Old England's spring.

SAREPTA.

PARIS LETTER.

IN point of inconvenience, a rising on the part of bakers is as bad as a rise in the loaf. Now that the London bakers in the matter of "striking" are like Mahomet's coffin it may not be uninteresting to examine how their French colleagues, the "white miners" of Paris, as they are as truthfully as figuratively called, earn and make their daily bread. The city bakers are of extreme antiquity in racial respects, for, like the Troglodytes, they dwell in caverns, or *fournils*.

The Paris bakers have tried every known means to ameliorate their situation, but without any evident success. They have been coddled by Government, caressed and repelled by their employers, deceived and congealed by their own order, so that at one time it seemed that the only solution for their grievances was for every family to make their own bread, as in the time of Charlemagne, who borrowed the idea from the Romans. Every individual who cracks a hot roll in the morning, or squeezes a rusk at a five o'clock, ought to keep green the memory of Posidonius, an ancient and esteemed philosopher, who discovered the way to make bread. He, as the visitor saw at the exhibition, suggested to our cavern householder-ancestors to pound grains of wheat in a stone trough, wet the resulting powder, and when battered into a dough-nut place the mass in a Turkish oven, that is, between heated stones, till it was turned out hot-cake. Before the discovery of Posidonius man ground his own cereals between his teeth—the molars especially; the saliva acted as water and barm and when the mass was rolled into a doll sausage it slid down into the stomach where it was cooked.

The monks at one time in Paris controlled the bakery business; they had the monopoly of the public ovens, where housewives brought the dough to be ovened, just as they do at the present day legs of mutton bordered with potatoes. But no baking was allowed on Sundays and *fêtes*. France then observed Sunday as a whole holiday, and the oven-tax went for the support and burial of the poor. In the middle of the seventeenth century it was prohibited to employ beer barm in making bread; barm, it was alleged, contained disease germs, a fact that Pasteur has corroborated at the close of the nineteenth century under the name of microbes, but of the useful and harm-

less division of that wide-spread family. Up to 1789 the bakers were compelled to sell nearly all their bread in stalls in the public markets, and 900 master bakers monopolized the privilege, for it was only in 1863 that the trade became as free as banking or cobbling. To qualify for a master baker it was necessary to graduate five years as an apprentice, then four more as a journeyman; or nine years in all to make a crust, while three years sufficed to manufacture a philosopher, and seven a doctor.

Napoleon I. abolished the 1611 decree that compelled each loaf to display its own "incrusted" weight on penalty of being seized; but he required each baker, following the importance of his business, to have in stock from fifteen to sixty sacks of flour, of three cwt. each; also that no baker could retire from business till he had given six months' notice. Napoleon III. in 1854 ordered that there should be one baker for every 1,800 inhabitants. During the Siege of Paris, from September, 1870, till January, 1871, the government was the great flour merchant, to which it added, as corn in Egypt began to decline, the business of sawdust, ground bones, sand and earth dealer—in some countries the natives live, not by, but—in the stomachic sense—on earth. From these ingredients the baker of Paris prepared compound loaves and represented sales on the books of the Minister of Commerce, who was metropolitan cashier, in cash or *bons* for frs.33,000,000. After peace, when 2,000 bakers demanded to be paid, no books were forthcoming, the communists having made a bonfire of them.

In 1686, when the population of Paris was estimated at 350,000, the number of bakers was 1,500; to-day, with a population 2,250,000, the number of bakers proper is 3,276, exclusive of 339, whose specialty is making Viennese bread—about which more anon—and 194 pastry cooks. The latter compose a class quite distinct from the pastry cook shop. Bread is not delivered in Paris by vans like the food supplies of butchers and milk-men; there are 712 men who trundle bread in covered carts, and 1,643 women—a race apart, who carry the bread in a labyrinthine kind of blue apron to customers—and when laden—often below a humane "load-line"—have quite a porcupine look, with the ends of three-foot-long rolls spiking forth from their wall of Troy *tablier*. In 1830 the bakers were paid frs.3.75c. per day; in 1859, frs.4.55c.; in 1871, frs. 6, and at present about 40 or 52 francs per week, plus each day a two-pound loaf gratis and four sous for wine. They have to daily turn out 1,000 tons of hot bread, and as there are 2,500,000 of people in Paris and its department who consume on an average one pound of bread per diem, so other sources of supply are laid under contribution. Belgium, from her frontier, sends waggon loads of bread every morning to Paris, and the same early trains bring also intellectual bread in the form of bales of Brussels' journals—hot press editions of course.

From time immemorial, Paris bakers have nursed grievances, not alone the men, but the masters; both have had, and still have, their family quarrels between themselves; both have had to complain of governmental interference, and both reproach citizens for their inhumanity. In demanding hot morning rolls—an innovation due to Louis XIV.—which compels the bakers to work 365 nights annually, and 366 in leap years; they never obtain a holiday, and so are worse than the butchers who have one, that is every Good Friday. In 1886 the bakers petitioned the masters to bake one day's bread in advance so that they could enjoy the fourteenth of July *fête*; the masters replied that were the requests complied with, there would be a revolution in Paris. Since 1830, the bakers have tried strikes, congresses, co-operative societies, part-profits, kneading machinery, but the sum total of these movements does not appear to have very materially benefited them. They follow with keen eyes the present action in the London trade, which if successful, will have its rebound here.

Any person passing by a baker's shop about ten o'clock at night has only to glance down the cellar window, to take in the life the white miners lead. The cellar is a Red Sea atmosphere in time of the dog days, hence, why the men are naked as coolies, save a calico apron for fig-leaf duty. With each hand-full of dough the baker holds above his head, he slaps it down into the kneading trough, with a thud, while blowing off a sigh like that Milo must have expressed when trying to free himself from the rift of the oak in which he was caught. Two hours are necessary to bake a batch of bread, and from five to seven batches comprise the night's work. Exposed for so many hours to an atmosphere full of flour particles, and also oven-dried, when the baker comes into the street homeward bound in early morning, with his regulation loaf under his arm, he is prepared for every form of bronchial and pulmonic attack. He is so fatigued, that he has acquired the habit of sleeping as he walks. On reaching his home, after a hasty meal, he indulges in the German jump-at-once into bed. He pays the house porter to call him at a fixed hour in the afternoon. Another hasty meal and then off to the mill-round. There is no parallel to his situation, save that of a—night editor.

The bakers demand to be emancipated from this slavery before the Brussels' congress deals with the liberation of the Central African Blacks. They relate the usual Homer list of filthiness, due to hand instead of machine-kneaded bread. But Parisians do not the less eat with gusto their appetizing, golden-crust, and sweet-flavoured rolls. The masters are dead against the employment of machinery. The capital required to set up a bakery varies from 8,000 to 10,000 francs independent of the pur-