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HARRY ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON, Proprietor and Publisher.

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(From "Gossip" of July 4.)

TO THE READERS OF "GOSSIP."

Commencing with this number, GOSSIP is owned and published by HARRY ARMSTRONG LIVINGSTON. By arrangement with MRS. DOBBIN, all of the engagements entered into with subscribers will be carried out, and the several departments of the paper will be maintained with their former interest nowise diminished. Some new features will be added from time to time. It gives us much pleasure to state that the pleasant relations existing between MRS. DOBBIN and her many friends among her former readers will not suffer, as she will continue to communicate with them every week and supply them with the fashionable intelligence of the day; the new arrangement, indeed, by giving her more freedom of action in this respect, enabling her, as she believes and hopes, to do greater justice to the demand for news of this description than was possible under previous arrangements. It is expected that GOSSIP, in its new form and under new management, will not be less acceptable than formerly to all whose appreciation and liberality have sustained it so satisfactorily since the day it was started.

NINA DOBBIN, HARRY A. LIVINGSTON.

MONTREAL, July 1st, 1885.

Meadows of Gold.

Meadows of gold, Reaching and running away, Shod with the mold, And crowned with the light of the day! Ye are the chemists of earth, The wizards who waken to birth The violets blue, and buttercups, too, Under the dark and the dew. Meadows of gold, Winding and wending along, Fair to behold, And merry and mellow with song! Ye are the poets whose rhymes Are rung by the reapers, whose rhymes Are written in wind-rows of grass, By musical sickles that pass. Meadows of gold, Laughing and leaping afar, Fast in your fold Forever the beautiful are. Ye are the Hebes who clip And lift from the loam to the lip The nectar, whose plethoric flood Is tinted and turned into blood.

It is a pleasant custom of several ladies in Buffalo society to offer the hospitality of their houses for a week or longer each summer to a party of young men and women. Mrs. Bronson Rumsey, an elderly and well-known lady of Buffalo, entertains as many as twelve youthful guests, most of them her own neighbors, at a time. But strangers are cordially welcomed at these gatherings. One of the popular New-Yorkers in Buffalo at present is Miss Lizzie Curtis, a daughter of George William Curtis.

REMARKS ON QUEBEC.

I. THE PLACE.

It is with extremely complex feelings that I approach this subject. Respect for age, pity for servility, love of peace, contempt for inaction combine to impress me with a grave sense of responsibility. I do not write these lines to fulfil a supposed duty; I simply jot down, for my own satisfaction, the impressions of a four years' sojourn in a place unequalled probably in the world for a peculiar class of qualities, using alternately the axe or the scalpel, as occasion demands. If I find reason to smile sardonically at any products of my analysis, I hope no one will thereby find cause for offence. I am an apostle of "cold fact," and cold fact is sometimes worse than a thankless child. However, let us emerge from this cloud of metaphor and get to work. Cape Diamond is 160 miles north-east of Montreal, and about 300 feet above the sea level. Over Cape Diamond picturesquely sprawls Quebec, with her head at the Citadel, her skirts sweeping round from the Cove to St. Roch's, and one arm stretched up the river. She sleeps: do not endeavor to disturb her—it will be useless, and she will only sleep the sounder!

With regard to her population, Quebec is entitled to rank as a city; with regard to her energy and activity, she slides through the avenues of time in the rear of any of her contemporaries known to civilization. There is activity in Quebec, of course; so there is in a bed of peat—quite as much; not apparent to the casual observer, and only to be determined by examinations made at the end of long intervals of time.

When you approach Quebec by water, you notice a long stone wall built in military fashion, but surmounted by an ornamental iron fence. Behind that is the terrace, the great promenade, the pride of Quebec's heart. It ought to be. Go upon it on a bright day and you get a panorama of magnificent scenery that will hurl you breathless at Nature's feet in adoration of her beauty. A bluer pen than mine has described what you will see, spread forth by the hand of the Infinite, where the finishing touch is furnished by the contrast to the city, so that, gazing, you feel like Dives reaching towards Lazarus. Brave the horrors of Quebec and go admire that view; it atones for everything.

At night there are light and music on the terrace, and the tramp and clatter of a happy multitude. All Quebec is there, from the *indiscret* keystone of the highest-toned *digue* in the town down to her cook and scullery-maid; and naturally the males to match. The music is good, the air is balmy, the night is lighted by the moon, the stars and the myriad jets of South Quebec, and under their combined influence you feel so good that you could write poetry to your last year's girl—which is saying a great deal. I have nothing but praise and good wishes for the terrace. Let us move regretfully off it and get into that part of Quebec that crowns the hill and is known as the "Upper Town."

Once fairly in the streets, the originality of the Ancient Capital strikes you as forcibly as the boot of a prospective father-in-law. A Quebec street changes its direction every ten yards, vertically or laterally, and its name with every twist. The effect is bewildering. A bird's-eye view of the city must resemble the hallucinations of a dipsomaniac. The essence of a Quebec street is *slope*, and no native ever crosses the street one way without an overcoat, or the other without a palm-leaf fan, owing to the sudden alterations in climate he experiences by reason of his change in altitude. This is a fact. Go down Fabrique street, a magnificent boulevard that cannot be less than two hundred yards in length, and you will arrive at John street, the principal thoroughfare of the Upper Town. There is a street for you! As many as two carriages can ride abreast on John street. All female Quebec does her shopping on a portion of this road included between the foot of Fabrique street and the St. John Gate—about a quarter of a mile in extent. In winter, when the terrace is impracticable, this little nest is the fashionable promenade, and there between five and six in the afternoon are to be met, amongst others, the famous Quebec girls. But of these more anon. John street is filled with the old-fashioned buildings that seem so attractive to strangers; low, and narrow, and dingy—they have no attraction for my taste at least. This celebrated street is generally crowded. Do not mistake my meaning; the word *crowded* here does not necessarily imply a large number of people. Two hundred persons ought to jam

uncomfortably the frequented portion of John street. In winter the place is a most unique promenade; you can shake hands with a friend on the opposite side of the road. I say in winter, because then you are not put out by the peculiar kind of vehicle used in driving; a microscopic *mobile*, which, harnessed to the ordinary Canadian horse, can pass easily under the locked hands. We start along John street from the foot of Fabrique; five minutes' walk brings us to the St. John Gate. There are three of these things in Quebec—all nice and new. One can understand how the original gates would prove interesting from the historic associations that clustered around them, but how these entirely modern structures can possess any utility, either historical or practical, passes my feeble comprehension. This is very possibly the fault of the said feeble comprehension, which will probably be the opinion of the natives, though strangers will side with me in failing to ascertain these gates' *raison d'être*. I am a Montrealer, and believe religiously with my fellow-citizens that Montreal paid for the gates and the entirely useless repairs to the other fortifications; consequently, I feel privileged to sit on them, metaphorically, as well as in a stricter sense. In the stricter sense, I always take a girl along. When we get through the St. John Gate, we shall just look up the street beyond. It bears a strong resemblance to a street in any other city, if you can imagine a street with only six or seven pedestrians on it, and a carriage; or maybe two carriages—I don't want to be unjust.

Let us retrace our steps a hundred yards or so and go down Palace hill which like most Quebec hills can give points to the side of a house in verticality (copyright), and after gingerly scrambling down we find ourselves in the suburb known as St. Rochs. St. Rochs is the best built, the cleanest and most active part of Quebec, notwithstanding the—to an English resident—astonishing fact that it is all French. There is considerable bustle here and a stranger feels at home; but since Quebecers disclaim St. Rochs as representing their dear old town, we shall, with your permission, good and patient reader, just turn to the right and get into Peter Street which with gentle sarcasm has been called the Wall Street of Quebec. We shall glide through it quickly and avoiding the well-called Mountain Hill—for you ought to know enough of Quebec now not to go up any of its hills—we shall take the elevator and land again on the terrace. We cross this and walk out St. Louis Street as far as the hotel (No, thanks, I've sworn off!) where we take a *calèche*. A *calèche* is an indigenous vehicle with trunk straps for springs; a capital conveyance for a seasoned ocean-voyager, though hardly to be recommended to persons of sedentary habits. However, we are "doing" Quebec and we'll risk a trip in one. Hold on tight and away we go! Any of these hills on the left will take you up to the Cape where all the aristocracy live.

Now we cross Ursule Street. All the aristocracy live on this street. That little building just beyond, on the right, is where Montgomery was laid out. Montgomery was the first American tourist of note to visit Quebec, and the shock killed him. He had just time to stagger into that house and be laid out. Further on is the Esplanade. Formerly a real live soldier used to parade here with a gun that would shoot, to keep people off the grass, but now, alas! the festive youth playeth lacrosse and football thereon. Opposite the Esplanade stands the Garrison Club and therein is safe the reputation of no man or woman that hasn't some relation with an awe-inspiring biceps as a member. That hill beside the club-house leads to the Citadel. We won't go up; it is scarcely worth the requisite quarter except to see the view and you can take that in from the Terrace. Let us go through the St. Louis Gate without comment this time—and lo! we are on the *Grande Allée* where all the aristocracy live. On the right is the rink; a fine building with a membership of nearly fifty sometimes, in the winter. Next the Parliament Buildings; once the scene of a little explosion for a cent; very handsome, only the main entrance is ridiculously small. The next edifice, as you may easily guess, is a saloon. We will spare the drill-shed opposite any sarcasm as it is being replaced by a really fine building.

Here we are at the Thistle Lacrosse Grounds. They have a lacrosse match here nearly every year. We have noticed a few neat private residences; we now pass a few more and then we reach the toll-gate. This passed we are fairly out of Quebec, and the road becomes good. This is the St. Louis Road, a very

pretty drive and dwelling-place of all the aristocracy. Lots of trees and comfortable looking houses with attractive gardens are slipped by and we reach the handsome residence where his Ineffable Nibs, the Lieutenant-Governor, dwells. When we have sufficiently recovered from our awe, we turn round and shortly afterwards roll along the Belvidere, a charming spot overarched with lovely trees through which the sunlight struggles and prettily flecks the grassy path. Then we turn into the St. John Road, home of all the aristocracy. The handsomest houses are here, the road is good, there are multitudes of flowers, here and there a streamlet, smiling under Apollo's kiss; suddenly you find yourself at peace with mankind and your soul full of pastorals. Turn your eye to the left and let your imagination soar over the smiling face of nature as mirrored between you and the distant azure-clad Laurentians. Shades of Claude Lorraine and Virgil hover over this road and tell me if this scene is not Paradise!.....

Ah! What is that which breaks this reverie into which I had fallen? O, yes, I see! We have passed the toll-gate and are on a real Quebec Road again. Haste thee, Jehu! It waxeth late and I would not have my reader spend the night with me in Quebec. No theatre, no concert-hall, nothing for the stranger. What's that, Jehu? Two dollars and a half? Out upon thee, I live here, worse luck; here are seventy-five cents,—take them and live.

He has dropped us in front of the Governor's Garden so-called. It is the lover's resort at night. Max O'Rell in his "Filles de John Bull" describes an analogous portion of London. After him I modestly refrain. In this garden is a monument to Wolfe and Montcalm. Brave hearts! Had they known Quebec as I know it, they'd never have fought for it. Bless you, no! They would have tossed up for it and the lucky loser would have stood the drinks.

Now, reader, take the elevator again and catch the Montreal boat, and as you steam up the river shed a tear for the writer whom the Fates have fastened here!

Perhaps at some future date, if you will again accept my services as a *cicerone*, we shall once more stroll round this marsh, and by a little stirring endeavor to ascertain the nature of the living organisms that people its stagnant waters. But remember I only say *Perhaps*.

COUSIN JOE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales.

EASTHAMPTON PARK:—On Saturday afternoon the 20th June, the Prince of Wales visited the Windsor Cavalry Barracks, and was present at the party given by the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, at the close of the festivities of the Ascot week. His Royal Highness drove from Easthamstead Park on the Earl of Fife's drag, and was received on arrival, about half-past one o'clock, by Lieut-Col. G. A. Curzon, the commandant of the regiment. He lunched at the officers' mess, and also witnessed a musical ride executed by twenty troopers of the 2nd Life Guards, as well as a portion of the cricket match between I Zingari and the 2nd Life Guards. On quitting the Spital Barracks, the Prince of Wales drove through the Great Park to the Fishing Cottage, at Virginia Water, where, on his arrival about six o'clock, he joined the Princess of Wales, who had proceeded thither with Princess Louise, Victoria, and Maud, from Easthamstead Park. The weather was somewhat threatening, but, tempted by a burst of sunshine, the Princess of Wales, Prince George, and the Princesses embarked with the ladies and gentlemen of the suite in the boats which had been provided, and rowed along the lake towards the Wheatheaf. They were followed by the Prince of Wales in a small cutter yacht. The boat, steered by his Royal Highness, sailed smartly before a freshening breeze, and had reached the far end of the lake from which the other craft were already returning when its occupants were caught in a storm of rain. With some difficulty the cutter was sailed back to the cottage against the strong wind, the Prince eventually reaching the landing-place about eight o'clock, after a cruise of about an hour and a half. The royal party dined at the Fishing Cottage and drove later on to Easthamstead Park.—The Queen.

The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon has made an appeal for \$50,000 to repair the parish church in which Shakespeare lies buried, which is now 600 years old. The repairs are to be made so carefully and the restoration is to be so faithful and literal that the severest critics will be able to find no fault. This church is in the centre of a village graveyard, in which the dead have been gathered for centuries and which is beautifully shaded with flourishing and wide branching trees. It is one of the quietest spots in all England, and a Sabbath at Stratford is the gentlest memory of a lifetime. The church grounds touch the banks of the Avon, which is still whitened with swan, as in Garrick's time, when the great actor sung:

Flow on gentle Avon, in song ever flow, Be the swan of thy bosom still whiter than snow.

THE WHEELMEN IN CONVENTION.

(From the Philadelphia Cycling Record.)

The Sixth Annual Meet of the League of American Wheelmen is a thing of the past, but it did work that we predict will bear good fruit for the future. The attendance—everything considered—was good, and from a large area of the country. There were present some 600 members, representing a membership of 6,000, 2,698 new members having been admitted in the past year. The value of the cycles taken to Buffalo for the occasion is variously estimated at from \$40,000 to \$75,000, the latter being, probably, not far from the correct amount. This gives a faint idea of the amount of capital invested in the cycle business. The business meeting was one of the most interesting as well as successful ones yet held. The election resulted satisfactorily. Dr. Beckwith has made a good President, and we are glad to see him continued. It was simple justice to Mr. Aaron to re-elect him and continue him as Editor, and the League will find its action will bring a full reward. We have no doubt Mr. F. P. Kendall will make an efficient Treasurer. Mr. Terry, as Vice-President, will not find the duties arduous, after those of Treasurer. The spirit of the meeting was strongly in favor of supporting the cause against the North Carolina Legislature in denying the use of certain roadways in that State to cyclists, and a motion was passed unanimously that the Board of Officers should attend to it promptly. The Amateur vs. Professional question was warmly discussed, and it was decided that the League should remain a strictly amateur organization. Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio delegates were strongly opposed to a change. The Treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of nearly \$7,000. The rain of the first day, which did not interfere with its proceedings, held up during the night, and the parade and races passed off well. There were 600 men in line in the former, which was put in motion with the Sixty-Fifth Regiment Band at the head. Leading the Pennsylvania Division was E. M. Aaron, followed immediately by its oldest club, the Philadelphia; then the Germantown, Pennsylvania, Penn City Wheelmen, etc. Philadelphia had 60 men and Pennsylvania 150 in line. The cyclometer measurement of route was 14 miles. Many houses and stores were decorated. The races in the afternoon were witnessed by some 3,000 people. The one-mile League championship was won by Hendee in 2.44 against a stiff wind. The other races were interesting. In the evening the banquet was held, and attended by about 200 wheelmen. It was not, however, the success it might have been, and there was an absence of sufficient spirit. Taking all together, much was accomplished, and the League stands to-day on a firmer foundation than ever it has before. With a good Board of Officers, a good balance in the treasury, its own cycling newspaper, a fast increasing membership and a determination to fight unjust and illegal discriminations against wheelmen, it will enjoy a prosperity that heretofore it has never known.

The Early Closing Movement in London.

Lord Bramwell presided at a large demonstration of the Shop Hours' Labour League, in support of Sir John Lubbock's Bill, held at the Princes' Hall, Piccadilly, on Thursday, the 18th inst. Speeches in support of the movement were made by Earl Stanhope, the Bishop of London, Cardinal Manning, Lady John Manners, Sir J. Lubbock, Mr. F. Harrison, Mr. S. Smith, M. P., Mr. H. W. Lawson, and others. Lady John Manners said she felt she ought to do all she could to bring the position of the vast majority of shop assistants in this country to the notice of her countrywomen. The business of shopping was preeminently a woman's question, and it was woman's happiest privilege to do all she could to assist the suffering and help the distressed. She hoped all present would do their best to make known how dreadful was the state of things in reference to the hours of shop assistants, and that as a consequence, the efforts of the league would be crowned with success. (Cheers.) Sir John Lubbock stated that in one district in London, out of 250 shops, 200 were open at half-past nine at night; in another 150 were open out of 200, in another 320 out of 400, and in another 500 out of 600. The evil was by no means confined to the metropolis, being deeply felt especially in Liverpool, Brighton, Bristol, Derby, Chester, Huddersfield, Leeds, York, and Manchester. Under the Factory Acts no young persons were allowed to work more than twelve hours in a workshop, and he proposed by his bill to apply the same rule to the ordinary shop. Nothing but legislation could remedy the evil, voluntary action having been tried over and over again, and without success.—The Queen.

The character of the Queen is suggested in this note sent from London during the recent crisis: "The Queen's absence from London is a standing grievance of the Londoner. She cannot endure London, but she might endure it for a few days. She hates coming to Windsor, because next week is Ascot week, and Ascot is so near Windsor Castle that the noise of racing revelries, by night and by day, only a few miles off, disturb, or are deemed to disturb, the royal repose. But if she would come to London for a week, live in Buckingham Palace, give a dinner or two, and drive about London in an open carriage, she might enhance immensely both her personal popularity and the prestige of the crown."

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1885.

HERE AND THERE.

A Mr. W. W. Oakes, writing from St. Thomas, serves up Florida in fine style. He declares "there is not so vile a country within the pale of civilization," and he gives his reasons for the tremendous impeachment. He alleges that in Florida, such is the climate, the system is always in a diseased condition after a residence of a year or two. He explains how the heavy dews at night and the broiling sun in the day combine to produce malaria. He quotes Dr. Howard, a Florida physician, who, to the enquiry as to whether it was possible to have good health in Florida, replied, "Not if one breathes." He states that the insurance companies will not insure the life of a person who spends his summers in Florida. Hay has to be imported from New York, at \$40 per ton, and corn imported at \$1.25 per bushel, and there is nothing grown in the State for cattle or horses to live on. As regards orange grove property, Mr. Oakes says he can buy for \$5,000 groves that cost \$50,000. He speaks of a Chicago colony there in which \$500,000 was sunk, and gave the last remaining man of the colonists money to keep him from starving until he could walk out of the country. Mr. Oakes declares with emphasis that Florida is a gigantic fraud, and I am inclined, from what I have heard from other quarters, to agree with Mr. Oakes. Those Canadians who wish to spend their summers in a finer climate than Canada can boast of must be very hard to satisfy, while those who deem it necessary to leave Eastern Canada in winter, if they cannot afford to go to Europe, will soon be able to reach, at small expense, one of the finest climates in the world, within Canada itself, that of British Columbia, to wit.

Perhaps St. Helen's Island on Sundays is not as bad as it has been painted. A *Witness* reporter saw nothing there, a few Sundays ago, except drunken men and boys, made so by Weiss beer. Two reporters of the *Herald*, on the other hand, visited the Island last Sunday, and saw scarcely a soul under the influence of liquor! Here are remarkably opposite experiences, and when newspaper reporters differ, where is truth to be found? A greater grievance than the sale of Weiss beer the *Herald* men discovered in the practice of people going on board the ferry steamers and staying there, ~~staying back and forth all day for a single fare.~~ It is stated that of a steamer filled with people from the city, not more than fifteen would land on the Island, and not more than fifteen or twenty of the hundreds waiting to return would be received on the steamer at a trip, and that this block continued the greater part of the day. If the facts are as alleged, it shows how liable a concession of the kind by the company or its officers is to be abused. The principle of permitting passengers to remain on the boat, paying but one fare, is a good one, as in this way many persons who need fresh air in summer secure it in its purity in a convenient and agreeable way, and at a cost within their means; but the number of times which a passenger can go back and forth should be limited, and it should not apply to days when tens of thousands need to use the steamers, and when an abuse of the privilege must lead to the most serious inconvenience. Against a recurrence of the state of things prevailing last Sunday there should be ample provision made at once.

Active and unconditional support of the Government is not without its advantages. The *Gazette* the other day was supplied in advance of all its Montreal contemporaries with a copy of General Middleton's official report on the suppression of the North-West Rebellion. It was a very important state paper, and was probably in type several days before it was actually published, waiting a hint from Ottawa as to when to use it. There is something singular about this thing we call patriotism. The Opposition were invited to be "patriotic" during the North-West troubles, and "stand by the Government," but when the orders were given for stores and supplies of various kinds for the troops, did the Government forget to confine their patronage to purely party supporters? I believe they did not, and I hear that when, without the knowledge of the Government, a few dollars reached an Oppositionist's store, a great hue and cry was raised among Government shopkeepers, and the erring officials were warned by authority not to repeat the blunder. This sort of thing, I suppose, passes for "patriotism," but one can hardly assume that it is the kind of patriotism which welds the people together and builds up great nations. As for the early publication of such documents as General Middleton's report I think it should have been handed to the newspapers simultaneously, regardless of the complexion of their politics. There should be no favoritism in a matter of this kind.

And now it will soon be "the children." The circus is coming! Grave fathers, white-

haired men, will be there, but they will go, of course, on account of "the children." They "don't believe in this sort of thing, you know," but they have not the heart to disappoint "the children." Mothers and aunts will go; they "had wished to avoid getting into such a jam," and then they "were dubious about the propriety of the thing," but they couldn't get out of it—"the children would go, you know!" Professional gentlemen will be there; even clergymen will step in "to study the affair from a moral point of view;" old and young, grave and gay; all who are not "at the seaside,"—the seaside sometimes being very convenient to this West End—will go to the circus, but in many instances "only to see the animals." They may say in advance they won't—they may vow that they have "seen their last circus"—they may talk of the demoralizing effect of the institution; but they will be there. How would it be possible to gather 10,000 to 15,000 people under a circus canvas in Montreal if most of the good people did not go? One and all, therefore, I advise to make no rash promises, tell no stories, prepare no subterfuges, frame no excuses. If you think the circus is a proper thing to attend, by all means go, and face the music boldly. If you don't think your duty lies in that direction, say so and stick to it.

The attempt to start a crusade against the Dime Theatres, as they are called, must fail. Do these people really know what a Dime Theatre is? Have they visited one in Montreal this year? Have they made enquiry in the proper quarter in regard to the plays placed on the stage? If they have not, they are not well fitted to pronounce judgment upon them. There was a time when the cheap theatres were vulgar and nasty and the home of sensational plays, which were probably as demoralizing as a vestry quarrel, although they may not have had all the ugly features of a congregational meeting, divided over the performances of a rector. As a matter of fact, in so-called ten cent theatres in this city the best and purest plays of the era are put upon the stage and the acting is in most cases superior. An expression or suggestion or gesture that would drive any modest woman from the building would be hissed to the death and the usefulness of the company, in Montreal at least, would quickly end. Instead, therefore, of instituting a war upon such theatres the object of our citizens should be to countenance and encourage them, so that all the moral backing of the community would be brought to bear to raise the tone of the stage, rather than drive from them the support which alone can elevate them. The thunders of excommunication fall unfeignedly upon the really depraved classes, while those who are disposed to obey the church must see in the unfairness of the crusade reason for doubting the wisdom of a course which is practically indefensible.

The *Star* quotes what Gossip had to say apropos of the *Star's* labors in behalf of the Saturday half-holiday movement, and presents it under the heading, "One word for the Movement and Two for the *Star*," or words to that effect. That was what I intended on that occasion, and now I will say two words for the movement. To make it a success, pay-day in all large labor employing establishments must be not later than Friday. This is the first point to be aimed at. If pay is delayed until Saturday, shopping must be done on Saturday afternoon and evening. There are many in the community who can buy when they please and pay when they please, but the bulk of people, the wage-earning majority, are dependent for their ability to purchase upon their weekly pay. All merchants and dealers desire to secure this custom, as it means cash in hand, and it aggregates an enormous sum. This money is mostly disbursed on Saturday, and it is not to be expected that a host of business men will close their doors to such custom. In fact, if one shopkeeper did, his neighbor could not resist the temptation to keep open. But with Friday for a general pay day, all purchases could be made on Friday evening and Saturday forenoon, and all classes could then take their Saturday half-holiday. It is as easy for employers to pay on Friday as on Saturday, and efforts should be made to induce all large employers to do what some of them find no difficulty in doing now.

While on this subject I cannot refrain from saying that I know of no community that enjoys life so rationally as do the citizens of Montreal. The desire to enjoy country air and freedom seems unusually strong in the Montrealer, and the fishing excursions, the boat clubs, the yachting and canoeing expeditions all attest to the enjoyment of life characteristic of the male Montrealer whose summer is not devoted to lacrosse or base ball. The summer resorts in the vicinity of the city are overflowing with Montrealers, the seaside villages of the Lower St. Lawrence are largely supported by them, and Orchard Beach, Saratoga and other United States watering places, feel the influence of their presence. That Montreal summer travel means a great deal to the revenues of the ocean steamships sailing to and from Montreal, is apparent to any one who

reads the passenger lists. The stipulation for his "holidays," and the desire to enjoy them to the full, make even the Montreal clerk no inconsiderable traveller, while citizens of means, generally speaking, have made the acquaintance of the most fashionable pleasure resorts of Europe and America. It is a safe assertion that what with popular summer and winter sports, country life and pleasures, travel in various directions, social amusements and recreation, the citizens of Montreal take as much out of life as do the inhabitants of any other city. There is, however, a class amongst us who call for consideration at the hands of the well-to-do—the laboring men and women who cannot control their time or movements, who drudge and sweat from Monday morning until Saturday night, and whose only day for rest and recreation is Sunday. It is all very well for the clergyman who gets his month or his two months summer holidays, with a well filled purse thrown in as an extra, to tell the working-man and working-woman that they ought not to take a sail or a drive on Sunday, and that steamboat excursions on that day are unlawful and should be suppressed. What are these people to do? How are they to see the river or the country, if they do not see it on Sunday? It is, in fact, the only day on which they can meet their fellows, or have social intercourse with them, or enjoy any of those natural sights and scenes which are within reach of the well-to-do every day and every hour. This is a matter which the pulpit and the press may as well look squarely in the face. They may make up their minds to find that the tens of thousands of working people in our large cities will have their share of country air, and if they cannot get it on any other day they will take it on Sunday. The question is whether it is better that a "go as you please" policy should prevail or that those who would minimize the abuses and evils connected therewith should take a directing hand. A great deal of real enjoyment can be had by our hard-worked mechanics and laborers in Montreal and its suburbs, including the mountain, the public squares, St. Helen's Island, etc. The City Council would be supported by the citizens in giving special attention to this island resort, making it as attractive as possible, and turning its natural advantages for a public park to the best account possible. With this in view the Parks and Ferries Committee might profitably consult one of those engineer-artists or artist-engineers who have done so much to provide the cities of the United States with delightful suburban resorts. More walks, more shade trees, one or two squares or circles, a lake and fountains are needed, and should be supplied, and St. Helen's Island would become the most charming resort in this part of the Dominion, a boon and a treat to the tired worker on Saturdays and Sundays.

Correspondents seeking admission to the columns of Gossip for the discussion of public matters, must send their names and addresses, in confidence, as a guarantee of good faith. We wish also to impress on such correspondents the necessity of studying the art of being brief. Short, say ten to twenty line, letters in the newspapers are always read, while too lengthy epistles are usually passed over. Gossip is open to correspondence on all subjects, provided the letters do not exceed twenty lines of small type, such as is used under the heading, "Our Mail Bag." This may be made an interesting feature of any newspaper, but too frequently interest in the correspondence column is killed by letters which have "length without breadth." Gossip does not propose to publish lengthy communications, except when the Editor requests or arranges for special correspondence. Volunteered letters must be brief, pithy, and to the point.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.—"We have a terribly dull time at our house now," remarked a lady who is a denizen of a fashionable Montreal boarding house, "we cannot speak a word on any of the topics of the day without offending somebody. If we discuss the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, and the immense amount of English money paid away to those German Princelings, our old German and his wife are up and in arms immediately and for peace sake we must be dumb. Then, the Half Breed and Indian rebellion must be tabooed because we have a half breed lady who takes everything to herself. But, worst of all, if any attempt is made to discuss the alleged punishment of Protestant soldiers for refusing to attend a Catholic *fiat*, we have two young French Canadians who resent any allusion made to the subject. The only topic left to us is the weather, and fortunately we have no weather prophet; so we can say anything we please about that."

—The *Troquois Times* is a forty-column, independent weekly journal, devoted to general and social news. The Editor, Mr. W. Henry Patton, was formerly on the staff of the *Star*, and is known to a large number of Montrealers. His interesting paper bears the marks of honest journalistic work, which, we have no doubt, is appreciated by his reading constituency.

SUMMER RESORT GUSH.

The gushing correspondent of a contemporary, while trying to paint with glowing pen the beauties of a seaside residence, speaks of it as "the — mansion, which in its new coat of paint looks very fine with the dark spruce trees hiding its base." Now, this leads us to wonder how it would look if the dark spruce trees did not hide its base, and is it not rather base to insinuate that its base needs hiding? As a rule mansions are not built of material requiring paint. However, one must say something, and it is not easy to gush over a Canadian village. Of another sojourner in the same salubrious spot this correspondent declares that "he will for the future stand high in our estimation as a man of correct taste," owing to a tasteful application of paint "to his cottage." Poor man, surely he has higher claims to a high standing in the estimation of his neighbors! Was it not the village painter who made the "tasteful application," and should not he get credit for the correct taste?

Another correspondent says:—"It is to be regretted that space will not allow an enumeration of all who are fortunate enough to be spending their summer here, but a few of the principal residences and also those who are boarding at the different hotels may be of interest." It is certainly very interesting to know of the residences that are boarding at the hotels. Further on the same correspondent says:—"A magnificent and novel sight was the illumination of boats last Wednesday evening, about 30 boats and canoes taking part in the procession, headed by the president." (Poor president, had he no boat or canoe? Did he swim? We are left in doubt as further deponent sayeth not.) "And when in line all lit by Chinese lanterns and the occupants (of the lanterns?) letting off fire works from time to time, presented a truly beautiful sight." Was it the "occupants letting off fire works" that presented the beautiful sight, or was it the fire works themselves?

"Cousin Joe" seems to be the only correspondent who can write a jolly interesting letter free from gush and full of fun: His notes on "Ye Ancient Citie of Quebec," in our present issue will be read with interest. "Cousin Joe" should not bury himself at Tadoussac, but rather ramble around gathering bright ideas as he well knows how.

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.")

A LADY BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

By one of those accidents that we call coincidences, the circular was put into my hand of the One hundred and twenty-ninth Annual Commencement of the University of Pennsylvania, containing the name of a lady on whom the degree of Bachelor of Sciences Auxiliary to Medicine had been conferred; and the same week my eye fell on a paragraph taken from an English paper, announcing that the degree of Doctor of Science at the University of London had been conferred on a lady last year. Taken alone, each fact has a significance worthy of remark. In that it shows that it is not in one direction alone that the higher education of women is advancing; but taken together, a grand fact is evolved, namely, that the overhauling of college curriculums and the enlargement of the sphere of University degrees that has been taking place all over the civilized world, notably within the last decade, has not only been not unobserved of women, but has attracted them to branches of learning before regarded as too high for them and altogether without charms.

Remarking upon the success of the English lady, Mrs. Bryant, "whose name," the paragraph says, "is well known to London educationalists," he proceeds: "This branch is known in the University of London as 'Mental and Moral Science.' This includes psychology, logic and ethics, together with a number of subsidiary subjects—namely, the physiology of the nervous system, political economy, political philosophy, and the history of ancient and modern philosophy. This is by far the most severe test of philosophical scholarship, so far as range of subjects is concerned, in this country. The great difficulty of the examination is seen in the fact that though it has now been in existence a good number of years, it has only been passed once before, the fortunate candidate on that occasion being a Hindoo gentleman." Thus sex and color have in the only two successful cases proved more than a match for their antagonists who erst have boasted a pre-scriptive right to success.

The American lady, Dr. H. Augusta Kimball, who received the degree of Bachelor of Sciences Auxiliary to Medicine, at the University of Pennsylvania, was the only lady candidate, which is a pity, but it must be remembered that this University is one of the oldest, and decidedly among the most conservative—if that much abused term may be thus employed—in the United States. But it is to be hoped that Dr. Kimball's brave example, coupled with her success, will animate others of her sex to follow where she has led, and that the Provost next year, instead of being "surprised to find one of the candidates a lady," as on this occasion, will be surprised if, on the next, many of his

graduates are not of the gentle sex. Dr. Kimball belongs to a family of sisters, four of whom have taken up the study of medicine as a life work, Dr. Emily H. Stowe, of Toronto, the pioneer lady physician of Canada, being one. Each of these ladies has had to fight her way against prejudice and educational difficulties, but, having done so, each has opened a path for others, and in Canada—the Province of Ontario, especially, perhaps—numerous young women are entering upon the study of Medicine whose way would not have been so cleared of obstacles had it not been for the example and unflinching energy on behalf of the medical education of women that has distinguished Dr. Emily H. Stowe's career.

Dr. H. Augusta Kimball has opened another path, the path to a science degree, and if, as Mr. Lester F. Ward, of Washington, D. C., says, "the popularization of science is now a leading theme of scientific men," it is surely worth while for our young women to take up a study so full of attraction and so eminently useful, whether they occupy only a domestic position in their future life, or seek to make a good mark upon the social and economic relations of the future.

To the thoughtful woman science must ever offer special attractions, since there is no branch of domestic economy that is not affected by its laws, nor any duty that cannot be better performed by reason of an acquaintance with them. The time is rapidly passing when a woman shall be regarded only as the toy or slave of her master, man.

Man himself is awakening to the fact that she was created for a helpmeet for him in all his relations to humanity, and that if they are to work hand in hand each must be equally prepared for that work. Training and education are the preparation required, and our young women ought to determine to conquer every obstacle in her path to that desired end.

S. A. C.

A Correction.

DEAR GOSSIP: I hope you do not intend to make such misleading statements about your Canadian watering places as those I have seen in some of your contemporaries. I am a Yankee, and find that "things are seldom what they seem," or rather what they are described in the Canadian papers. I have been seeking a pleasant summer resort, and seeing that Pointe Claire was said to be the Saratoga of Canada, I resolved to take a look at the brilliant spot. I went, I saw, and conquered all desire to go again.

Pointe Claire bears about as much resemblance to Saratoga as does an emigrant's list to a fine lady's Saratoga trunk, the contents—viz., the people—being about as far different. Now, I have not the least desire to decry Pointe Claire; it is doubtless a typical little Canadian village, and the people who summer there are no doubt irreproachable in every respect; so far as I could judge, they are quiet, unassuming families, who go to the country for the sake of the children, but who certainly make no pretence to the dress and fashion of Saratoga. Now, I consider such ill-judged puffing injurious to a place, rather than advantageous. Certainly no one who hankers after Saratoga life would care to live at Pointe Claire, while those who desire just such a quiet retreat may be frightened away by the dread of expense and fashion, which are not to be found at Pointe Claire—although we paid more for a poor luncheon than we ever did at Saratoga for a good one.

LULU.

—The funeral of the little son of Mr. George H. Bishop took place on Friday of last week, and was largely attended, owing to the great sympathy felt for the parents in their sad and sudden bereavement. The child was a remarkably beautiful boy of four years, tall for his age, fair, with large blue eyes and long golden hair,—a child who was remarked by all. On the previous day there was probably no happier young mother in Montreal than Mrs. Bishop, who is the only daughter of Mrs. Alexander Ross, the authoress. About two o'clock that day, the child was left alone for a few minutes in the sitting-room over the front door, while his mother was dressing in the next room, intending to take him out with her. Suddenly, she heard a crash, and rushing to the window saw two gentlemen lifting her lovely boy from the front walk. Dr. Wilkins was sent for immediately and found that the fall had caused concussion of the brain; still, there was some hope. Mr. Bishop, who is a traveller for the Messrs. Gault, was down at Halifax, and a telegram with the sad news was sent. During Sunday great hopes of the child's recovery were entertained but on Monday morning about nine o'clock he passed away, so suddenly and quietly that his agonized mother could not be made to believe that he was gone for ever. In mercy the doctor allowed her to hope for a while, and it was too pitiful to see the poor young mother watching in agony of hope, and fear and despair, kissing her dead baby, covered up warmly in the hope that he might come back again. One little girl of six years is left to comfort the bereaved parents. Great sympathy must also be felt for Mrs. Ross, whose heart was in these lovely children.

LACHINE.

Why is it that Lachine is considered the most aristocratic of our suburban watering places? Echo won't answer, so we must try to puzzle it out. Should we ask some of the denizens of the fashionable resorts farther up the river, they would doubtless assure us that the "Lachine people were not one whit better than other people," but then they would know the statement to be quite unworthy of George Washington, not to mention his little hatchet. To be sure there are some really nice people at St. Anne's and some equally charming at Vaudreuil, but taken as a whole the Lachine people are really the most aristocratic, if we may use a term not strictly applicable to any Canadian place or people. We do not like to classify them in the usual way as "very select" since that depends altogether on one's point of view in making the selection. While spending the summer at one of these river resorts a lady, when trying to induce us to attend the Club bonnet-hop, declared that it would be "very select, very select, indeed;" we timidly enquired how they made the selection, knowing that not an individual in the village, including the lady herself, had ever been heard of in Montreal society. Like Paddy she gave us some evasive answer, and departed. Still musing on the meaning of "very select" we wended our way to the back kitchen, where we found the charwoman making ready to leave much earlier than usual, but she explained that she was obliged to go, as her nephew, who was a member of that club, was going to the "hop," and she had to do up his shirt, which she had washed before leaving in the morning. Then we decided that "very select" must mean a man who had at least one white shirt and a good old aunt to wash it for him. After all, nothing is vulgar but the vulgarity of pretence. Had the lady said, "we are all sociable and you will find everybody polite and well-mannered," would not that have been all that one could desire in any strange company? However, we are wandering far from Lachine where, so far as we know, they do not pretend to be "very select." So far as we can see Lachine has grown to be aristocratic by a process of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, and all that sort of thing. Having originally some good families of its own, when nice city people came they found themselves at home and came again, while those not so nice found the atmosphere too chilly, or something of that sort, for they came no more.

Anyway, however it may happen, Lachine is always filled with nice people, who thoroughly enjoy the season and return year after year. The one thing lacking is a large hotel and this will be added by the building of a large addition to the old Lake View House; which has gained so wide a popularity under the capable direction of Mrs. Hanna. We notice that an ungallant contemporary refers to Mrs. Hanna as the old lady. We can only say, would that all old ladies were as young and active. The Lake View House was formerly the family residence of the Hardists, Hudson Bay people. The pretty brick villa further up, now occupied by Mr. James Stewart of the Times, was built by young Mr. Hardisty, father of the young man lately killed in the Riel rebellion, who was also a nephew of Mrs. Donald A. Smith. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the names of the summer residents of Lachine, since they are pretty much the same year after year—Capt. Howard, the Messrs. Strathy, Phillips, Robertson, Pinsonneault, Auldje, Whitney, Ayer (after a three years absence has returned), Stewart, Dinning (two families), Rawlings, Davidson, Stewart, Routh, Rintoul, Ducharme, Meeker, Chante loup, Drinkwater, and the Madames Orr, Amos, Fallon and Brock. Farther up at Dorval are the beautiful summer residences of the Messrs Brown, Murray and Hartland MacDougall, and the cottages occupied by Mr. Hilton Green, who lately married a daughter of Bishop Lewis of Ottawa, Mrs. Fry and Mr. Brandon. There are still some pretty cottages to let at Dorval, and several at Lachine,—one very pretty brick cottage opposite the Dawes Brewery and several down in the village. Board may be had at several private houses.

The following are the arrivals at the Lorne House, Murray Bay, from Montreal: Miss Tait, Miss C. Tait, Master H. Tait and maid, E. W. Riley, J. J. Pangman, John Tasker, Mrs. Tasker, P. J. Ronayne, Alfred E. Roe, Mrs. Roe, Miss Roe, Mrs. John Fraser and family. From Quebec: Miss Rowand, W. C. Gibsons, Mrs. Gibsons, Willie Gibsons, Geo. Gibsons, Miss A. Gibsons, Miss L. Gibsons, Miss J. Gibsons, Miss C. Gibsons, Miss L. Gibsons. Also the following: Mrs. John Ritchie, Mrs. Bates, Master Allan Ritchie, Miss J. Ritchie, Miss M. Ritchie, from the Island of Orleans; E. T. Hankey, London, England; R. Jackson, Boston, Mass.; D. G. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Elliott, New York; Col. Oliver, Mrs. Oliver and maid, from Kingston, Ont.; and J. R. Judson, Mrs. Judson, Percy Judson, E. C. Woodworth, Mrs. Woodworth, from Arlington, Vt.

At Georgetown, about a mile below the Campdown House, there is a new, cosy farm-house, where a couple of families may find good board and clean, airy rooms. Address Mrs. Bailey, Lake View Farm.

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.")
Then and Now.

When we parted years ago,
Thou and I, the ruddy glow
Linger'd on my love-lit cheek;
Ah! that melancholy week!
Shall we e'er forget its pain
Even if we meet again?
Swift the hot blood surges along,
Carrying the old love-song
Through each passion-laden vein;
Now, as summer heat by rain,
Youth's first fire has somewhat cooled;
Thus was young love ever schooled.
Thy love too hath calmer grown,
Doubt and fear have thickly sown
Seeds of sad heart-burning pain,
That we may not meet again;
Yet through all I plainly see
One love lives for you and me.
And through all I plainly know,
That our first love's ruddy glow
Cannot quite be dimmed by fate,
Until we through Death's dark gate
Pass into the land unknown,
Where sits Silence on her throne.

ROYALTY IN RETIREMENT.

It is very evident that the Queen of England and her family have no love of purple and fine linen when "off duty." "Our royal family has always been dowdy," said a loyal English woman at Aix-les-Bains, as she returned from presenting some flowers to the Princess Beatrice on her birthday. "Well," said an outsider, "what did the Princess wear? I desire to know what clothes princesses wear when they are at home in the morning." "An old checked black-and-white silk dress which I should have given to my maid," answered the loyal English woman; "but she was very lovely and courteous, and blushed and stammered and was frightened when we offered her the flowers, just like any other girl. I could not help loving her for it." On another occasion the Queen sent for the doctors of Aix and their wives, who, being French women, were of course beautifully dressed. On being asked what the Queen wore, one of the ladies said, a very plain short black cashmere dress, rather the worse for wear, with no ornament excepting the picture of Prince Albert at her neck. "And how were her manners?" asked her interlocutor. "Very simple, unostentatious, kindly and dignified. She speaks French perfectly, without an accent, and talked to the doctor of the scenery, the history of Savoy, the treatment, baths, etc. I did not feel that she was the Queen until she rose, which was her signal to us that the interview was at an end. Then a certain dignity, a certain habit of command, clothed her short stout figure as with a royal mantle, and she looked the Queen." In her drives about Aix-les-Bains the Queen often drew on her gloves in a carriage—a sign of unusual *laissez-aller*—and wore what would have been called in America a very travel-stained black bonnet and veil. Lady Ely, her dearest friend, constant attendant, and lady-in-waiting, took the sort of care of her which a mother would take of a delicate child. For instance, if the Queen was to make an expedition to the Chambottes, a high mountain overlooking the beautiful lake of Bourget, and which necessitated the use of a *chaie à porteur* for the last half mile, Lady Ely would make the ascent the day before, and have herself carried up in the *chaie à porteur* to see if it were comfortable for the Queen. The next day, all being smoothed for her, the Empress of India would go to the Chambottes, but in nine cases out of ten would alter the whole programme, and generally refuse to be carried up. For she is very capricious and obstinate, this royal lady, although a good woman and a wise Queen. It is no light work to be a lady-in-waiting to her. Often the whole suite, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lady Ely, Lady Churchill, Dr. Reid, and the doctors, Mayo and Common Council of Aix, would be notified to be ready for an expedition, and would stand about for an hour or two, to then have the orders countermanded, and the whole programme of the day changed entirely. "I am very glad I am not a lady-in-waiting," said one of these officials. Sir Henry Ponsonby, her old and tried servant, lives and breathes for the Queen. As she drove up to the station at Aix he stood with his gray head uncovered in the bright burning sun to receive her as her carriage arrived, and then followed her as she advanced alone, with her really stately step (it seems impossible that so short a woman can be so stately), down a covered and scarlet-carpeted passage to the train. On this occasion the platform was strictly guarded, and no one but invited guests was privileged to see the royal party depart. One officious lady strove to offer a bouquet. "You must offer it to the Princess, not to her Majesty," whispered the ever-ready Sir Henry Ponsonby. The baffled lady shrank back, but Lady Ely gracefully covered her retreat, and the bouquet was handed to the young French woman in attendance upon the Princess. The Queen looked about her for her favorite doctor, and summoned him and his wife to her side, wishing them farewell, and thanking them for the courtesies which they had delicately offered to her. Not until the train disappeared did Sir Henry Ponsonby resume his hat. Never do the ladies-in-waiting sit down in the royal presence unless ordered to do so by her Majesty. Few can long stand the fatigue of being "in waiting."

The Princess Beatrice, a very pretty girl, with a blonde effect, and a nose "tip-tilted like a flower"—the real *nez Watteau*, not a turn-up nose, but slightly *retroussé*—made troops of friends at Aix by her gracious manners. To the landlord of the Chambottes, the little mountain inn, she sent her portrait, making him a happy man for life. For all the attentions showered upon her on her birthday she showed a blushing and a bashful pleasure which was exceedingly ingenious and charming. Being the youngest of the royal family, perhaps such demonstrations were somewhat new to her. A flower painter of some celebrity, Madame Haig, of Nice, appeared at Aix with some of her pictures, which she desired to show to her Majesty and the Princess. She had the advantage of being known to Mademoiselle Noirelle, the young French woman who has been in attendance on the Princess for many years, and as the Princess herself is a good flower painter, Madame Haig's work found a ready appreciation and purchaser. The Queen and the Princess bought many of her sketches, and ordered some of the beautiful wild flowers for which Aix is famous to be painted. Branches of the "pomme sauvage" (wild crab-apple), which is particularly beautiful at Aix, were amongst these orders to be forwarded to Windsor Castle.

One of the characters of Aix is a certain fire-looking peasant woman named Charlotte, who is the most distinguished of the *massicse*, or women rubbers. Charlotte had the great good fortune to be selected to rub the Princess Beatrice when she was at Aix-les-Bains, three years ago, for the poor little royal girl has the rheumatism like those "born in the purple." She liked Charlotte so much that two or three times the *massicse* has been sent for to come to Windsor to rub the Queen. Charlotte is also a great favorite with Lady Ely, who employs her for her own case. So when the royal party arrived at Aix, Charlotte, in her cleanest cap and apron, with long ribbon streamers hanging down her back, her handsome brown eyes shining with excitement, was seen walking quickly to the Villa Motter, where the Queen lived, in the grounds of the Hôtel de l'Europe. She had no end of stories to tell of the graciousness of the Queen and Princess, who gave her presents of a baby's cloak for her little grandchild and a watch for herself, besides writing her some letters. She showed one from Lady Ely with great pride, in which she had called her "my dear friend." People laughed a little at Aix that Charlotte, while at Windsor Castle, used to send telegrams to her friends and family, even having the courage to send one to the doctor, dated "Windsor Castle," and signed "Charlotte," as if she too were a royal personage. But perhaps wiser heads have been turned by contact with royalty. Certainly to all such persons the Queen and the Princess are very kind. All the royal family are exceedingly conscientious in their treatment of servants and poor people.

Always preceding the Queen's carriage rode a pad-groom, in boots and tall hat, waving violently, with many gesticulations; to all carriages to stop, and everybody to get out of the Queen's way. But for this queer little man, who looked like a monkey on horseback, the Queen's landau with its two men in quiet livery, with four very plainly dressed people inside, would have often passed unnoticed. The pad-groom, who had the habitual fine carriage of the hotels, except that the royal arms were painted on the doors. But the pad-groom on horseback waving his whip preceded her Majesty everywhere. It was etiquette for every carriage to stop, for gentlemen to take off their hats, for ladies to bow to the Queen on the high-road. Very romantic was it in some of the sweet sequestered enchanting lanes about this most lovely watering-place to turn from a vision of the Dauphiné Alps, to the exciting business of an interview, all impersonal though it was, with England's Queen. It was interesting to look furtively from the mountains to that little dumpy red-faced woman who has held England's welfare in her small hands so wisely and so well for over forty years! Loyal English women would stand up and bow as the coroneted equipage drove past. Even a Savoyard coachman, not easily impressed, generally knew enough to stop his horses as the pad-groom waved his little jockey whip. When the Queen departed, as she disappeared in the shades of the depot, he looked around despairingly. Some one (perhaps Sir Henry Ponsonby) had forgotten to tell him what to do next. Finally he turned his horse's head, his occupation gone, but rode back to his stables waving his whip from very force of habit.

Six of the royal carriages were sent from Windsor, with the attendant servants, for the use of the Queen and her suite while at Aix. Dr. Reid, her attendant physician, was with her, a very handsome and accomplished man, a Scotchman educated at Vienna; he never leaves the royal party. He described her Majesty as very much better for this quiet rural visit to Aix, where, as he said, "she had escaped many little worries." The great worries royalty can never escape. One day the Indian mail came in; another day despatches covered with snow, as the Prince and Princess of Wales were making their perilous essay of a visit, and at all hours telegrams were arriving from England, Germany and Australia. The busy pens of Lady Ely and Lady Churchill were going from morning until night, and the face of the Queen, always flushed—forn she suffers from a perpetual eczema—looked worn and fatigued as she started for her afternoon drive. Only on one occasion was the royal punctuality at fault. Her Majesty has the great virtue—that "courtesy of kings"—she is punctual. When she says she will be at a place, she is generally there. She miscalculated the length of a drive one evening; she had gone up the historical Mont du Chat, over whose cleft rocks Hannibal came from Spain to Italy, and was a half hour late for an appointment with Madame B— and a young Savoyarde, who were to present her with some flowers, the gift of the city. As they sat waiting for her in the soft twilight of a lovely Aix afternoon, she entered, holding out both hands, and asking to be excused for having kept them waiting, but she was most courteous in not keeping other people.

On leaving Aix diamond rings and autograph pictures of herself and the Princess were rained down on her entertainers; gifts to the hospitals and to the poor testified to her humanity. They named an avenue for Victoria. It was a great thing for the enchanted valley, this visit of royalty, and in no respect could any one be hurt to observe that the woman whose every door was guarded by sentries, guard of honor, and such strict etiquette was herself simple in manner and plain in her dress.

A Golden Wedding in St. John, N. B.

Fifty years ago last evening, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity, of St. John, N. B., were joined in wedlock, and in commemoration of the happy event their children and grandchildren determined to celebrate the anniversary with a golden wedding, which, we presume, came off last evening, according to arrangement. Strange to say, not only Mr. and Mrs. McAvity are alive and hearty, but the groomsmen and bridesmaid who stood up with them (Geo. Thomas, Esq., and Mrs. Dan Hatfield) would both be present; and out of eleven children and fifty-six grandchildren, there has only been one death. It is said the presents were numerous and costly. Mr. George McAvity, one of the sons, who had been in Montreal and Toronto on business, left here on Monday evening to get home in time for the joyous event. We congratulate all concerned on the anniversary, and hope they may be spared many more years as an unbroken family circle.

Mr. Thomas McAvity was for several years mayor of St. John, and the hardware firm of Thomas McAvity & Sons are noted for their enterprise, both as merchants and manufacturers. They have extensive trade relations with the Upper Provinces.

OUR MAIL BAG.

MR. EDITOR.—I am pleased to find in my favorite Gossip something sharp and sound on the unfair treatment to which we are subjected in the matter of salary. Why, indeed, should I not get the same salary as the young man at another counter doing almost precisely the same work, but I knowing better how to meet the taste of the ladies I serve? Mr. Carlsley is a reformer and sound on the half-holiday question. Will he not also give this matter his serious attention, and tell us why this inferiority to men and boys in the matter of salary?
A GIRL IN CARLSLEY'S.

DEAR GOSSIP.—Say a good word for a worthy pair of public servants—Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan, in charge of the Protestant House of Industry. Mr. Clendinning at the Governor's visit the other day, attributed a large proportion of the success that the House has had to Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan's services, and my personal knowledge of the lady and gentleman enables me to say the same. I enclose my card.
BURY.

FRIEND GOSSIP.—Don't join in the outcry against the cheap theatres. They are cheap by comparison only, and because the public are calling for something less expensive than they had been in the habit of patronizing. Tell your readers the plays are first-class,—the Companies of Actors and Actresses are excellent,—the order maintained; all that could be required,—and the audiences intelligent and respectable. It is useless for any ecclesiastical or newspaper authority to attempt to talk down or write down such well conducted places of amusement.
A LADY.

EDITOR GOSSIP.—If the scheme to turn the English Public Schools into religious institutions be successful, it will break up those schools and lead to private schools being more generally patronized. People are tired of this kind of interference with the education of their children, and will not submit to it.
TRISTRAM.

DEAR GOSSIP.—Say something on the subject which several of your correspondents treated last week, *namely*, the disparity in the salaries and wages of male and female employes. It is a crying shame. What answer can be made to the proposition: "If a man and a woman do precisely the same kind of work, in the same hours and with equal efficiency, why should they not receive equal remuneration?"
CLARA.

"Justice" writes: "I hope the Chinaman arrested on a charge of murder here will get a fair trial. He has borne a good character and is in good standing. Those who know him do not believe him guilty. Kindly keep your eye on this case, and it will be appreciated by many citizens."
O.

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.")
Extremes.

"Give me a love that will never die,
A love that will never tire";
I gazed in his eyes and saw the light
Of a strange, unknown desire.
Fierce was the glamour of love that shone
From his eyes as I gazed therein;
And I thought, "Is the love that I can give
The love he wishes to win?"
I looked on the sun and its burning blaze,
Relentless and cruel it seemed;
I looked on the sea, and the fierce sun's light
On each wave rippled and beamed.
I heard the sigh of the wind, whose strength
Could snap the tall mountain trees;
Yet I saw that their leaves were toyed about
By the gentle, passing breeze.
Then I knew that his love, though hot as fire,
And strong as the tempest's rage,
Might find its rest in a woman's heart,
That would be its vassalage.

United States Summer Resorts.

LONG BEACH.
Song Beach is distant from New York twenty-five miles, and is reached by the Long Island Railroad (James Slip and Thirty-fourth street ferry to Long Island City) in one hour. Trains run to and fro from early morning till ten at night; fare for the round trip, eighty-five cents. Long Beach is a strip of sand five miles long, lying between the Atlantic Ocean and Hempstead Bay. The sand is nearer white than any sand we ever saw; the beach is hard, making either walking or driving on it a pleasure, and the surf bathing which it affords is both clean and safe. There are no deep holes in the sand, such as occasionally surprise bathers in Atlantic City, and, on the other hand, there is vastly more life and dash in the breakers than you find in Newport, where the surf is always tame, owing to the peculiar formation of the coast there. There is no bold and beautiful bluff, to be sure, as there is at Long Branch; the beach is flat, affording an easy and gradual descent into the water. Bathing at Long Beach has the pleasant features which mark the bathing ground at Narragansett Pier; and the beach for width and for its fine hard quality somewhat resembles the long and wide beach at Cape May.

THE LAND OF THE SKY.
ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 10.—Imagine a land where in midsummer nights one finds two blankets more comfortable than one, where a grate fire is really desirable in the morning, where one may wear the same clothing in July that he wore in New York last November! and just imagine such an Eden in the South. Strange as it may seem, it is none the less true that for forty-eight hours, here in Asheville, North Carolina, it has been cool and pleasant as one could wish. Of course it is owing to the altitude of the place; we are up among the clouds; twenty-two hundred and fifty feet above Wall Street. Here in this little mountain city one may see as elegant turn-outs as in Central Park, handsome carriages and horses, with sable drivers and footmen in livery. Captain Cooke's splendid taly-ho coach-and-four have arrived, and when the genial captain himself comes there will be daily trips over the mountains, and the horn will awaken the echoes in cave and glen. Senator Vance is to be seen on the streets, as well as General Clingman, both men with national reputations. People are coming by every train to this pleasant resort in order to escape the heat of the low country and the crowded cities.
MANHATTAN.

It is rumored that Prince Albert Victor has fallen in love with his second cousin the Princess Victoria of Teck. The young lady is eighteen, a rather pretty blonde, who fully returns the affection of the future king, much to the disgust of his papa and mamma, more especially of his grandmamma. It is said that the Tecks have returned to London to "push" the attachment, and attended the state ball where the *mourner* for the Red Prince danced memorial figures in white and violet,—a mourning dance being the latest brilliant idea of royalty.

Sainte Rose.

STE. ROSE, P. Q., July 16.
As usual, the summer has brought numerous city residents to this pleasant suburban retreat, including the following:—

Mr. James Black and family; Mr. James Grant and family; Mr. J. P. Grant; Mr. D. H. Lowrie and family; Mr. H. R. Richards and family; Mr. John Palmer and family; Mr. R. Scott and family; Mr. E. Von Rappaid and family; Mr. Thos. Fortin and family; Mr. Frank Weir and family; Mr. W. Somerville; Mr. A. Lamontagne; Dr. Filiatrait; Mr. F. X. Lanthier and family; Mr. H. P. Labelle and family; Mr. John Livingston and family; Mr. D. Hatton and family; Mr. H. W. Garth and family; Mr. McGill and family; Mr. H. S. Dickinson and wife; Mr. J. M. Watt.

There is good hotel accommodation, Mr. Bellair's being the most largely patronized by English visitors. Mr. Connolly, at the railway station, supplies boats, as also do the hotels of Mr. Bellair and Mr. Des Roche. There must be twenty or thirty row-boats, and one or two sail boats, owned in the village, and the residents take the full benefit of them. The river, with its numerous islands, is one of the prettiest in Canada. Arrangements are being made by the Ste. Rose boat club to get up a regatta, particulars of which will be made known in a week or two. There is good fishing in many parts of the river—black bass, rock bass, *doree*, pike, etc.

—Mr. F. A. Carter is also at Gaspé.
—Miss Mary Hood, Cote St. Antoine, is visiting friends at Metis.

—CHEAP COMFORT.—Ligget and Hamilton's, \$1.40 Hammocks.

—The family of Mr. J. S. Hall are at the Lorne House, Murray Bay.

—The Hon. Judge Papineau and family left for Murray Bay last night.

—The family of Mr. John Fraser, 1132 Dorchester Street, are at Murray Bay.

—Mrs. Jos. Hutchins and the Misses Hutchins are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warrington and family are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire.

—Mrs. Hollis, 1205 Dorchester Street, will leave for a trip to the Lower Provinces next week.

—Dr. Godfrey and family are down at Gaspé, where they have a beautiful summer residence.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kirkhouse, (nee Macdonald,) have returned from Calgary and taken a residence on Dorchester Street West.

—His Lordship, Bishop Bond and Rev. J. A. Norton, Rector of Christ Church Cathedral, and family are now at Murray Bay.

—Mr. Ross Mackenzie, the Toronto Lacrosse player, has taken one of Mr. Weir's new villas on Dorchester Street West, Cote St. Antoine.

—Miss Amelia Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Duncan Macdonald, left last week for Port Arthur to visit her sister, Mrs. D. Frzser Macdonald, at Port Arthur.

—Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bishop and their only surviving child, a pretty little girl of six years, will leave to-day for the Lower Provinces by the *Buena Vista*.

—The family of Mr. Patterson, 148 Drummond Street, are now at their summer residence, Metis. Mrs. John Wilson, 150 Drummond Street, is visiting Mrs. Patterson.

—Mrs. John Warrington, who is staying at the Windsor, left on Wednesday to visit relatives in the States. Mr. and Mrs. Warrington will probably spend the winter at the Windsor.

—"Cousin Joe" tells us that the only Montrealers at Tadoussac so far this year are the Ven. Archdeacon Evans and family, Mrs. Herbert Smith and family, Dr. Whurer and family, and Mr. J. Browne and family.

—Mrs. Glassford, of Shuter Street, who has just returned from Chateaugay Chasms, says, that it is a really delightful spot, and the hotel is very comfortable; a large, clean, airy house with good table and charming host and hostess, and last not least, most reasonable prices.

—Large rooms to let at Cote St. Antoine. A lady who has no young children, would rent her drawing room flat with extension dining room, or the first chamber flat with bath-room; city water, furnace, and hot water pipes; house thoroughly renovated this summer.—Apply 1991 St. Catherine Street.

—The Montrealers now at the Grand Hotel, Calcedonia Springs, are Mrs. and Miss Monk, Mrs. and Miss Dow and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Craigie Hamilton and the Misses Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Routh, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephen, family and maids, Mr. and Miss Benny and maid, Mrs. Ogilvie, and the Messrs Mitchell, Robertson, Hodgson, Valade and Croil. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. James, of Cote St. Antoine, have engaged rooms at the Grand Hotel for the season.

—M. Louis Hammondi, the Worth of Boston, has come to Montreal, and has been engaged by Messrs. S. Carlsley & Co., at it is said, a salary of four thousand dollars. M. Hammondi is a remarkable artist in dress-making, and his advent in Montreal will be regarded with great interest by the fair sex.

—Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, of St. John, N. B., has arrived in Montreal to open an office for the *Grip* Publishing Company, at 124 St. James street. Mr. Knowles is himself quite a humorist, and it is expected that through his business tact and push quite a boom will start for the *Grip* Company's publications, the cheerful *Grip* and the enterprising *Illustrated War Notes*.

—Lt. Col. Macshane, Brigade Major for Nova Scotia, has been in Montreal and Ottawa for some days. He returned to Montreal from the Capital on Tuesday. The Colonel is an affable gentleman, with a multitude of friends.

