

them, stand up and form themselves into a league for the purpose of facilitating the scheme of a federation of the empire, are nothing more or less than foolish. They are not wise enough to have any voice in the administration of public affairs.

For Federation, while in a poetic sense magnificent, is for the practical purpose of the people of the British Empire, absurd and impracticable. The first proponent of the scheme was Mr. Justin McCarthy who in the latter portion of his book, "A History of Our Own Times" thought it best to talk in a semi-prophetic strain with respect to the future of the empire. Then as he cast his glance into

"the future far as human eye could see" he perceived the federated might of Britain's empire. From the banks of the Ganges and the shadow of the Himalayas went representative Hindoos to sit in the Parliament of Westminster; South Africa sent its quota; and from Musakoka there hied away a wise statesman, and he sat in that ancient parliament and discussed once again the constitution of a scientific frontier between Great Britain-in-Asia, and the Dominions of the Shah. Now, per contra, imagine some stupid Hodge in corduroys standing up and telling listening England what route a branch line from the C. P. R. should pursue till it "tapped" James Bay!

There are now English, Scotch, and Irish peers, and the House of Lords seems to be a permanent wheel in the constitution. Now we should like to ask the simple hearted gentlemen who threaten to come to Toronto on the 27th of the present month to air 'Federation,' where the colonial peers are to be obtained. Clearly we shall either require such peers or the House of Lords must be destroyed.

And for the enlightenment of the dozen or so of more or less primitive-minded gentlemen who propose changing the current of the world's history in this high-handed way, we shall oppose a case. A father and mother bring up to maturity a large family of sons and daughters. In due time the sons take wives and leave the home of their father. Some of them go away and settle in San Francisco, and others establish themselves at the Cape of Good Hope. The daughters are wooed and won by foreigners, and likewise go abroad and settle themselves in their new homes. But after a little while it dawned upon the mind of some of the kindred who remained at home that it would be a capital thing to reunite, to federate the whole family again. "We shall live," this wise-acre says, "just as we did when we were all children. There will be the same domestic authority; we shall get our groceries at the same store, and our dry goods at the same shop." "But three thousand miles of ocean rolls between the masthead and the homes of some of the children," a bystander observes. That was nothing; what did distance amount to? But Sir John Macdonald, whose head has become a little turned by the imperial fancies conferred upon him—as his predecessor Sir Allan MacNab's for a like reason had been—actually gives the proposal his support. Straightway a hundred flaming tin swords are drawn from the thighs of doughty followers; and these gather in the public places and cry, "Federation must be." New Sir Macdonald has been in the habit of a good deal—perhaps too much—of saying in this country; but he will find it no easy matter to get even a part of the people to take kindly to a scheme which is the birth of over-governed vanity. When in the time the New England co-

lonies covered the feeble chord that bound them to the mother, and sat up housekeeping for themselves, their act was first declared treason and then revolution [Mr. Griffin declares that he is yet unable to admit that revolution is the proper term for that revolt.] Is it possible for any man whose opinions are entitled to respect to say that it would have been best for these New England colonies to have continued in subservience to the empire? Can any one believe that if they had so continued we would now be able to witness to the south of us a community of people presenting in numbers, intelligence, comfort and progress such a spectacle as civilization has never before seen?

So far as we are concerned we do not pretend to "advocate" anything with respect to a disposal of ourselves as a people. But any man who has watched the trend of constitutional events in this country; who has kept his eye upon the march of human progress, must know what the tendency is. It is sufficient to say that 'tis not in the direction of a federation of the empire. In conclusion we have only to say that we are surprised to see men like Walter Shanly, and D'Alton McCarthy mix themselves up in such a ridiculous an undertaking. We perceive upon the list the name of Sir Alexander T. Galt;—but this does not surprise us. For he is the same gentleman who at one time in Montreal, with a number of others, signed a declaration favoring the annexation of his country to the United States. Sic volere, &c.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has gone to England for the summer; and he will be in the thick of the fight over Mr. Gladstone's Irish measure. It is a great pity that the cables should take the trouble of conveying opinions of Goldwin Smith to and fro across the ocean; it is to be regretted that leading English newspapers should attach any weight to his utterances. If they know him as well as we do they would not bother their heads about what he says. He is probably the clearest, tersest and most polished writer of English living; but he has no convictions. He is "everything by starts, and nothing long." For years and years he has devoted himself to sneering at British connection; now he has turned a howling jingo. Every letter that he writes upon the Irish question now gives the lie to the opinions which he has been expressing for the past ten years. In England just at this juncture he is likely to do much mischief. He will be regarded by many as the very essence of colonial opinion; and when he disapproves of a measure of Home Rule for Ireland, Englishmen will look upon this as the disapproval more or less of the Colonies. It is a strange fact that while Goldwin Smith has devoted his life to criticism, to pulling down and picking to pieces, he has never been known to make one practical suggestion as to how things may be made better. He is out of harmony with the aspirations of Canada; and cries down above all other things, the system of Party. Well; it must be either two parties or one party. We have tried the one party system; Family Compactism was the lovely name that man gave to it. Is that what Mr. Goldwin Smith wants? Really we do not believe that he knows what he wants. He is simply bent on having his opinions printed and repeated; for fleeting popularity of this sort is the breath of his nostrils. For all his gifts and for all his worth he is one of the most mischievous men of the day. How well Dierael described him in Lothair in these words, "a wild man of the cloister going about the country maligning men and things."

Harper's Weekly is one of the few American organs of opinion that espouse the Knights of Labour movement in what is called its "beyonding" features.

The French Canadians are determined that their race shall be preserved in La Nouvelle France, as they would like still to call this western hemisphere. All the French Canadians in Canada and the United States have formed themselves into a union entitled "Alliance National des Societes St Jean Baptiste."

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the late lamented Col. Williams, M. P., at Port Hope. A considerable sum of money has already been collected for that worthy object.

For a long period of time the Montreal Witness posed as "the only religious daily in Canada"; and for almost a like period Mr. James Beatty, M. P., Q. O., was held to be "the only religious member" in the House of Commons. But the Witness has lost religion and become partisan, and now and again violent. Mr. Beatty, too, has turned from religion and gone the ways of the wicked politician.

Chicago has been scourged with a socialist outbreak. The police were attacked, and retaliating fired upon the mob, whereupon the community seemed to become terribly inflamed. Some assassin socialist threw a bomb charged with dynamite, afterwards, among the police, several of whom were killed by the explosion.

There is great rejoicing among the Liberals of Vercherre over the election of a Reformer to the Provincial Legislature. There is no doubt that the stream sets just now against the interests of Le Malcom Bleu in Quebec.

The Government of Nova Scotia has introduced, through Provincial Secretary Fielding, a resolution into the Provincial Legislature which at first reading sounds like insanity. It gravely points out that Nova Scotia has been a sufferer by Confederation; and it desires now just one of two things; either that a maritime union be formed comprising the provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island; or that Nova Scotia be allowed to withdraw from the union and become once more a colony of the crown. The bore of some of the provincial politicians is not very large.

The city of Cologne was for so many centuries noted for the perfumes that exhaled from its midst that some French chemist in irony labelled a particular sort of scented liquid can de Cologne. We should advise some Toronto druggist, following the same plan to make a perfume, labelling it Eau de Toronto or Aqua Torontonensis. For most assuredly one of the finest-smelling cities in Canada is the fair "Queen of the west." These bright spring mornings, when the sun is hot, one who walks our streets—any street in the city—has a sense of horror that at the next step a foul stench may puff up in the face. There is surely some way of ameliorating this state of affairs. If the drain age is not sufficient it ought to be made so, and those in the employ of the health office should see that residential back yards or lanes, and other nests of foulness are made pure. There is another matter, too, which the health authorities should have an eye for. It is a usual thing in blazing summer weather to see a taxicab drive through the most public streets with a load of half-putrid, poisonous offal from the slaughter houses or large meat shops. Typhoid fever

has of late years found Toronto to be an excellent place to thrive in. It is the duty of those into whose hands the affairs of the community are entrusted to do everything in their power to make the city wholesome. There is never a sufficient flushing of drains here in the summer time.

If the "Grand old man" accomplish an acceptable and a good measure of constitutional legislation for Ireland, how revered he will be in the eyes of civilization. What a reception he would get if he could but come to America! Nor would Canada be behindhand with her pawns.

Brigham Young left \$1,000,000 when he died; but it did not go far when it came to be divided up amongst his children.

The appointment of Judges to the position of roving officers the Globe describes as "debauching the bench." If there is nothing else in the phrase it is alliterative.

There is over \$450,000,000 invested in Canadian railways.

The coast guard-boat Lanadowne has captured a water pirate, an American fishing Schooner, and taken it to Digby.

The Ulster Orangemen are organizing to resist the Gladstone measure. We shall soon hear of Goldwin Smith turning up at Belfast. He is suffering for notoriety and law is his chance.

A Liberal picnic is to be held at Beaverton on the 22nd of July; and Mr. Blake will speak at it.

The Powers have ordered a blockade of the Greek ports.

Ploekicking on Saturdays at High Park has commenced. Fair hands gather there now arbutus, mayflowers, hepatica, violets, (viola Canadensis) cowslip and one or two other rath blossoms.

Big Hearts in Little Bodies.

A blind man sat beside his hand organ. He raised his sightless eyes and appeared to be waiting the arrival of some one, as his remaining senses told him that a storm was brewing.

A small bootblack came round the corner. His trousers, being too long, were rolled up at the bottom. His coat was also made for a boy of larger frame. He stuck his thumbs under his dilapidated suspenders and relished himself of a mouthful of tobacco. Catching sight of the blind man, whose evident anxiety was pictured on his face, he ceased his swaggering gait and brought himself to a standstill.

"Is that you Willie?" queried the blind man.

"My name ain't Willie," replied the street Arab.

"Can't you take me home? I'm 'fraid it's going to rain and Willie is late," continued the organ grinder, getting ready to move at once.

"Bet your life I kin. Whar do you eat? Hain't you made nothing to-day?" continued the boy as he saw the man take two cent pieces from the tin cup on the organ and deposit them in his pocket. "Only made them two! Well, just wait a holy minute, till I call the kid."

A shrill whistle brought a still smaller boy, whose visible wardrobe was made for his companion. He had a cigar in his mouth. "What's de racket, Cully?" propounded the new comer as soon as he was within speaking distance of his fellow workman. The latter explained, and in a jiffy the two boys were out with caps in hand begging for the blind man, who stood as if half uncertain what was going on. The boys took different sides of the street and stepped every pedestrian, man and woman, and asked for a nickel to help the blind man.

As the rain began to fall they returned to their blind charge, and having cooorted him to a neighboring store for shelter, turned over to him the money which they had collected. It amounted to \$1.65.