

changes by which the condition of things at its north end shades off into the populous necessitousness of the south. Of course there is a sudden jog after passing Knox College, and from calm retirement you plunge at once into shops and lamplight and the stir of city life. When you turn round eastward on King Street you are conscious enough of the work-a-day world. Hardworking people sit about the doors of boarding houses, and in smallish stores, shopkeepers are busy selling small parcels of provisions or adding up their greasy daybooks. Human nature can be happy no doubt under very adverse circumstances, but the memories of Bloor Street are so fresh in your mind that you cannot help comparing them with the smoke-stained dinginess of this lower level.

King street proper begins at York street, and ends at St. James' Cathedral. Beyond that it may have a farming and market interest, but the King street of the tragedies and comedies of life lies between the points named. Its western extremity is our local Ghetto with its miscellaneous stores of old iron, second-hand tools and clothes. Its eastern end is our biggest Anglican church, so that it may be said to begin under the law and end under the gospel. It is the focus of Toronto life, where everybody at some time or other walks, from the Governor-General to the beggar. That quarter of a mile of street is always interesting. It is sometimes pathetic. There are girls walking there to-night whose mothers little dreamt, a year or two ago, that they would be what they are. They did not themselves. There are foolish young men walking there—aimlessly; waiting for the Devil to give them something to do. But here we are at Yonge street, and there is a wholesome rush into the car of people who have been to the Island. They are streaming up Yonge street by hundreds and our car soon fills up. It does one's heart good to see a really jolly, old-fashioned woman of about forty-five, who is nearly as broad as she is long, deposit herself upon the seat with an expression of thankfulness, and begin fanning herself with her pocket handkerchief. She never thought she would have "ketch'd" the car she was "that out of breath as made her feel quite faint." She takes up fully the room usually occupied by two people with an ease of manner and a satisfaction that are to the last degree entertaining. What I like about people of her sort is their naive conviction that everybody is interested in what they have been doing. Of course this particular specimen has a neighbour on either side of her to whom she confides her views. A thoroughly fat person always interests me whether man or woman. I can't help speculating what they weigh, and wondering what I should do if they had an apoplectic fit and I had to help to carry them to a drug store or somewhere. What if the fit were fatal and I had to be a bearer! Fat people are more tolerant too, and better tempered than thin people. They are more accommodating. They know they could not run away if trouble ensued, so they are ready to "make friends with the mammon of unrighteousness" every time. A thin man in a crowd may be aggressive, for he knows that if it comes to the worst he can run away. A fat man never is, nor is he fretful. Mark the melancholy pessimist and see how thin he is. Who would think, for instance, of painting the prophet Jeremiah as a fat man with a double chin? I am quite content to allow that fat people are generally tolerant of themselves as well as of others, and that this, carried to extremes, may lead to a Falstaffian and selfish easiness of disposition—as though nothing mattered. All the same the fat, optimistic people, who believe that everything will come right in the end, and whose content with things exudes from them like lubricative oil that anoints everything around them, are precious in their way. We heard all about the Island, and the afternoon's pleasure, and how the children wanted her to go on the merry-go-round, before this stout, florid lady had been fanning herself two minutes. Moreover she seemed to steady the car; perhaps it was that which prevented my noticing its tendency to pitch.

The gradual change from the uncompromisingly business and work-a-day aspect of the eastern end of the King street and work-a-day aspect of the eastern end of the King street part of the Belt Line route, to the gradually greener surroundings of the homes on Sherbourne street is very instructive and interesting to see. North of Queen street you enter a different zone, and by-and-by you get beyond the belt of smoke which encompasses the lower part of the city for several hours every day because the chimney-owners don't

know enough to burn their smoke and the city council does not know enough to compel them. I know that on the part of one or two of the aldermen there is a positive liking for a high brick chimney that belches black smoke. I should like to hold them up in the inky cloud until they were well smoke-dried and black. They might understand things then.

J. R. N.

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Mr. Armour's Dialectics.

THE reason which Mr. Armour gives for reviewing the Manitoba School case is "that it has been so often misunderstood;" a reason which reminds one (as he notices Mr. Armour's repeated mistakes) of the inflated rustic's contemptuous criticism of some neighbours "who eats their peas with their fingers, instead of their knives." Throughout the whole controversy there has been but one man that has made as many mistakes as Mr. Armour, and that man was aware of his errors whereas Mr. Armour has not got that far.

Not only upon the simplest questions of fact, not only upon the merest quotations of documents, does Mr. Armour err with almost absolute perfection; but his conclusions of law lead to such palpable absurdities that any layman can see that he not only is, but must be, wrong.

1. Here is one of his legal propositions (the seventh of his conclusions): "If the Parliament of Canada passes an Act, in default of the action of the Manitoba Legislature, it must also execute, or carry out, the exact terms of the order, or the Act would be void, as its jurisdiction exists for that purpose only." No statute says this. What the statute does say is that if Manitoba does not pass an Act "then, and in every such case, and as far only as the circumstances of each case may require, the Parliament of Canada may make remedial laws, etc." Mr. Armour would have it that Parliament may make remedial laws, but shall discuss the circumstances only for the purpose of ascertaining whether an Act in "the exact terms of the order" ought to be passed or not. Parliament may come to the conclusion that some small modification of "the exact terms" is advisable, but it is powerless to alter a line of it. It is shut up to Yes or No; and, by saying Yes, to do injustice to one side; or, by saying No, to do injustice to the other. The great Parliament of Canada is compelled to do wrong. It is powerless to escape. If it act it must go to excess; and if it do not act it fails to do equity. It must act constitutionally; and if it does so it does wrong, and cannot do otherwise. If Mr. Armour wants "a curiosity in constitution-building" he need not go to any rational conception of the Manitoba Act, or other where, I think, than to his own handiwork.

2. Take another example of his legal propositions (the eighth of his conclusions): "If the Parliament of Canada passes such an Act, its jurisdiction is exhausted, and the primary fundamental jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature over education remains unimpaired." By this he means that "immediately after the Dominion Act has been passed," if "the Provincial Legislature . . . again deem it advisable to abolish separate schools, it seems clearly to have the power to do so." Which is to say that an *appeal* is given from the Local Legislature; and if the appeal be allowed the Local Legislature may snap its fingers at the award, and itself reverse the decision—that there may be an appeal to the Governor-General in Council; protracted argument and difficulties of all sorts there; a remedial order which sets all Canada debating, and most of the parsons fulminating; adjournments of the Local Legislature for consideration; elaborate debate afterwards; a resolution of refusal; dissensions (possibly) in the Dominion Cabinet over the next step; debate in Parliament, with religious rather than party divisions; an Act passed; public meetings, with Mr. Armour in the front vigorously denouncing; excitement intense; the foundations of Confederation shaken; and all with what result? Veritably with none, for the Local Legislature meets the next day, and Separate Schools vanish again! This is indeed "a curiosity in constitution-building" that surpasses anything hitherto imagined, or, in my opinion, hereafter imaginable. By the bye, if Manitoba "seems clearly to have" this self-reservative power, why all these columns denouncing Federal interference? Federal interference is a myth, and not