

of culture upon the time and talents are recognized also, and while in commercial enterprise Toronto is taking such strides as must ere long place her at the head of the business of the realm, side by side with her material progress her intellectual and social growth goes forward in like measure. Toronto enjoys a vast advantage over Montreal in that there is perfect community of interest among her citizens. They speak a common language, and take a common pride in the development of their city.

When Mr. Oxley comes to speak of our literature he becomes very enthusiastic, and declares a certain weekly paper published in Toronto to be "a periodical which encourages native talent, not only by paying well for such of its productions as are available, but by carefully noting and generously praising any good work from Canadian pens that appears abroad." Now our disposition is to be kindly to Mr. Oxley, but he should not have allowed any feeling of vanity to take him upon forbidden ground. This very subject which Mr. Oxley so flippantly disposes of has been already settled by pens fully as competent to judge it as our Ottawa friend. About a year ago it was charged over the name of one of our Canadian writers that the very weekly paper to which Mr. Oxley pays his absurd and flippant compliments did plainly and for unworthy reasons refuse to mention the names of two Canadians whose contributions had appeared in leading American magazines. Perhaps, however, it was not up to Mr. Oxley's standard of "good work." The effect of the letter referred to was to stir up the weekly in question, and that paper has since altered its methods. It has praised Mr. Oxley's work, and republished some of it; and this, no doubt, is why Mr. Oxley says that it "generously praises any good work from Canadian pens that appear abroad." To Mr. Oxley's work *TRUTH* has accorded conscientious praise; but we must all the same object to that gentleman coming into the field to sound his own trumpet in this fashion. "In this fashion," we say, because while Mr. Oxley has the right to tell us that his own work is "good," he must expect a protest when he implies that the work of others is bad. We think that Mr. Oxley will find by and by that modesty, regard for accuracy, and respect for the sensibilities of others, pay best in the long run.

There is a strong agitation going on in philanthropic circles on behalf of "the feathered songster." The movement is not confined to the United States but in a decided way, has stirred our Canadian pulses. This latter fact must be our excuse for "giving space" to the matter. Concerning the practice of killing small birds to be used in the decoration of women's head-dresses Mr. Charles Dudley Warner writes as follows to *Forest and Stream*: "Your note about the Audubon Society followed me to Mexico and here. After this long delay, if it is of any service to you, I should be glad to be quoted as in entire sympathy with its object. A dead bird does not help the appearance of an ugly woman, and a pretty woman needs no such adornment. If you can get the woman to recognize these two things a great deal will be done for the protection of our song birds." Now Mr. Warner, judging from his books, ought to have enough insight into human character to know that it just is the "pretty woman" that "needs the adornment," and the prettier she is the greater is the dear creature's thirst for the blood of "humming birds, and other things of beautiful plumage." Now if the theory which some hold, namely that the swiftness of life but one year be true what great cruelty is there in

killing the creature after it has spent six months upon the earth and giving it an immortality in the hat of a pretty woman. If Mr. Warner be consistent he will have to oppose the killing of black foxes and the owners of those other costly furs which are used more for trimming and for beautifying than for real wear or warmth. But it does not make much matter. The birds will continue to be killed and skinned, and instead of exterminating the pretty things it will but maintain a more steady supply. Dr. Wild preached lately in Toronto concerning the war upon birds. His commiseration went out to the sparrow among the rest; and he affirmed that if sparrows, as well as other birds, get their meals from our gardens or orchards they are entitled to the same, because they feed upon the insects which prey upon the vitality of garden and orchard products. Now, if Dr. Wild will take a sparrow and look at his bill, he will be able to convince himself, without the help of a scientific authority, that the sparrow is not an insect eater, but a coarse-feeding gourmand. Birds that live upon insects have beaks almost as fine as a needle at the point; but the sparrow is in the nature of a domestic bird; he is the product of cities; and is just about as useful in the garden as a hen. Dr. Wild did not know when showing his philanthropy upon the sparrows that in Australia the bird is a positive nuisance, and that the Colonial Government pay handsomely for any eggs or birds brought to them. Bestowing philanthropy upon the sparrow is much like bestowing it upon the grasshopper.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell has gone away from the Government. The parting was in tears, of course; and Mr. Mitchell tore himself away in deference to the promptings of his conscience. Now the truth of the matter is this: Peter Mitchell had been once in the Cabinet. Above all other things upon this earth he desires to be in it again. But Sir John is not filled with love for Mr. Mitchell, because the ex Minister of Marine and Fisheries was ready to join the Cabinet some years ago who would put the Government in the hands of Dr. Tupper. Sir Charles, as we know him now, and Sir John Macdonald, are not upon terms of the heart;—indeed it is a fact that for some considerable time before the High Commissioner set out for the Court of St. James, himself and the Premier were not upon ordinary "talking terms." Hence when a vacancy happens in the Cabinet, and when that vacancy is for New Brunswick, the Province represented by the Hon. Peter Mitchell, Sir John does not think of calling upon the latter gentleman to assume the portfolio. The stars had been kind enough to the member for Northumberland—not "Kestigouche" as Sir John once by a cruel inadvertence stated—during the past year, for it witnessed a vacancy in the Cabinet occasioned by the retirement through ill health of the Minister of Finance. Everybody supposed that "Peter" Mitchell would be called upon to take the Marine and Fisheries. But Sir John has a trick of remembering. When certain members of the Cabinet said to him, "Mitchell is a strong man; would it not be well to take him in again?" Sir John replied in this fashion. "No, Mitchell uses his office too notoriously in the interests of local supporters. His administration would bring discredit upon the Government." Now there was some, indeed a great deal, of truth in Sir John's allegation; but is the same thing not true of every member in the Cabinet, and emphatically of Sir John himself? Peter was

simply kept out because he had at once declared his preference for Dr. Tupper. And because he was not admitted to the Cabinet he now parts with Sir John. There is no other reason;—for Peter Mitchell, like the other politicians, can swallow a camel though a goat choke him.

No newspaper, that we have seen, has announced the "first robin of the season" yet they have come. Our boulevards are now an exquisite green; the grass is growing at the rate of a quarter of an inch a day; the sparrows are busy with their loves and quarrels, as well as their nest-building; and everything out-doors reveal that "mild ethereal spring" has come, and come to stay.

Montreal has been the scene within the past year or better of two severe visitations. Plottie had no sooner ceased its ravages than the city became threatened with flood; and a careful estimate puts the losses by the latter, directly and indirectly at four or five millions.

What is known as the Beatty-Woodworth scandal at Ottawa has created somewhat of a sensation in political circles. Both these men are unquestioning Conservative supporters; and when one seeks publicly to destroy the reputation of the other the spectacle becomes interesting, if it is not edifying.

Traffic between the Island and Toronto has commenced.

The stupid and clumsy fraud perpetrated by a Toronto daily newspaper a few days ago in publishing the retiring address of George Washington and attributing it to Sir John Macdonald for the sake of creating a sensation, is one of the lowest deeds to which we have yet known a Canadian newspaper to descend for the sake of "getting before the public." We call the fraud "stupid" because the brain that conceived of it never could have heard the fable of the boy who had been in the habit of crying "Wolf, Wolf!" Some day when the journal referred to has a genuine sensation to present, its readers will not believe it. We describe the fraud as "clumsy" because the person who "cooked" the address evidently was ignorant of the Canadian Constitution. Fancy holding an "election" for the choice of a "first magistrate." In this country the Premier is not "elected;" he is chosen by the Crown. Fraud associated with cleverness can be tolerated as an intellectual feat; but fraud mingled with stupidity is the most contemptible thing in human experience.

Sir Alexander Campbell is very ill. The Reformers are cudgelling their wits as to who will take his place as Conservative leader in the Senate. There will be a leader. How absurd it is for a paper like the *Globe* to publish paragraphs of this sort.

On the evening of the first of May Reformers of the Commons and of the Senate will entertain Mr. Blake at a banquet at Ottawa. They wish, we presume, to show the public that they still entertain confidence in their leader.

An important question agitating the Canadian Parliament is this: Shall oleomargarine be protected by the Government or not? The Government seem to take the affirmative; but the Opposition seem to think that the imitation butter is a poison. *Grip* follows with a cartoon showing the Hon. John Galt with his hand upon the handle of a churn dasher. The material lying about, from which the churn is replenished, comprises dead horses, cats,

dogs and every description of revolting matter. We think that *Grip* has gone too far, and misses the fact of the situation. Several members on the Government side of the House show that oleomargarine in the main is pure and wholesome as butter, that it is cheaper than butter, and is used largely by workmen with small wages. If it simply comes to a question between oleomargarine and nothing, by all means, if people like the compound, and it be wholesome, let them have it. To talk of putting impure and foul matter into it is to talk rubbish. We are given noses to distinguish the fetid from the pure; and the natural organ will be a sufficient safeguard even against bad oleomargarine.

The reading public have at last grown sick of dry "culture." No more does anybody lose time to read Henry James. He is a very dismal, flat, precise gentleman.

We believe that the Parliament buildings are to be set in the park. Imagine taking away our chief city lung and handing it over as a political squabble ground. It is a grievous pity. Why not have built the new structure where the old one stands?

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, still remains in the gubernatorial office. This fact we do not condemn, but approve. What we cannot approve of is that the matter of tenure or termination should not be made certain. We believe that the re-appointment of his Honor to the office would be extremely popular in Ontario. There is nothing in the constitution forbidding the re-appointment; and if it happen in the United States that a man may be elected for a second term to the presidency we are unable to see why there should not be a second appointment of the same incumbent to the governorship of one of our provinces. We adopt that principle, upon courtesy, in the election of our civil chief magistrates.

It makes a good deal of difference "whose ox is gored." Whenever a judge in any one of the *Globe's* many libel cases, charges in favour of that newspaper, one of the editors announces in the following issue that here indeed is a most learned and impartial judge. But if his honor happen to say anything that does not fit in with the interests of the *Globe* he is straightway either unconsciously biased or ignorant. Sometimes, indeed, he is wilfully and wickedly partisan. Mr. Justice Cameron is the latest of the judges who has suffered himself to be moved by unconscious bias.

Several of our city folk have left, and many are preparing to leave, Toronto for the summer. Many have gone to Europe; some go to the Thousand Isles; and a large number propose regaling themselves upon the deep blue waters and among the fire-riven granite rocks of Muskoka.

Parliament, it is said, will sit for nearly three weeks yet.

One Senator, the Hon. John O'Donahue, suggests that the Senate might be abolished by its members selling out. He would go, like the worthy gentleman in the "Fortunes of Nigel," for a "consideration."

Sir Richard Cartwright openly in the House of Commons characterizes Prof. Foster's application for timber limits as a corrupt transaction.

It is commonly remarked in France that if the Orleans princes were not so rich they would be the rulers of the nation; that is, if they had spent their money more lavishly they would have won a following strong enough to restore them to the throne. Thrift is unpopular.