



CRUEL.

Lanildy (remarking the absence of one of her boarders).—Mr. N.— must have been asked out to dinner.
Young English Boarder.—By Jove! how jolly fortunate.

REFLECTIONS ON DOMINION DAY.

BY OUR OWN REFLECTOR.

Eighteen years of Confederation! Is it a success or a failure? It is, undoubtedly.

What a grand thing it would be if our country's financial and commercial outlook were just a little in consonance with the outlook from this upper window of mine on the first of July? The weather is perfect; the lawns and trees and everything within the range of vision are rapturously beautiful. Our public debt is just about three hundred millions of dollars.

I pick up my *Mail* this morning and I am called upon by the comfortable and well-fed editor thereof, to rejoice and feel proud and secure in view of the vast things Parliament has done in the present session, and especially to fall down in renewed adoration of the marvellous work of the great Chieftain. When I am paid to onthuse at the same rate as my disinterested advisor, I will no doubt do it. Meantime, in common with most of my countrymen, I feel tired and sick when I think of the sheepfold at Ottawa.

It is refreshing to look in other directions, and here and there to light upon something one can feel proud of in connection with Canada. The brilliant success of Rev. Frederick W. Archibald, of Truro, N.S., in winning the degree of Ph.D., at Boston University, is one of those cheerful things. This was no mean triumph, as the degree in question is only conferred after severe examinations. Mr. Archibald passed the ordeal splendidly, distancing several American college professors who were in the competition. He is a nephew of Sir G. A. Archibald, of Halifax.

Mr. Abalom Greeley, an American writer, reminds his countrymen, through the *Chicago Current*, that the idea that Canada has not

prospered in the past in an equal degree, relatively, as the United States, has not been duly considered. He proceeds to prove that the "agreeable statement" to the contrary is quite the reverse of fact. In 1799 the population of the Republic was more than seventeen times greater than that of Canada. It was not so in 1880. The trade of the United States has not been seventeen times greater during the last twenty years, nor has the railway development of that country ever been greater relatively than our own.

Mr. Greeley is decidedly of opinion that Canada's destiny is to play a part in the grand scheme of Imperial Federation. Independence, he thinks, would end in French occupation; and annexation could not be accomplished, and ought not to be thought of by the Americans if it could.

French occupation the sure upshot of Canadian independence! If Bro. Sheppard only believed that he would burn down the *News* office and make for the woods without a moment's delay! Let him take this into his serious consideration before he gives us another hot-shot editorial on the subject.

It is observed by many readers of the *Globe* and *Mail* that those organs are a great deal more local in tone than they used to be. A few years ago they were recognized as in a fair degree provincial, if not national; now they are looked upon as Toronto newspapers. One indication of this narrowing process may be found in the head-lines over the rebellion news. Wherever Toronto regiments were concerned the type used has been bigger and blacker than that which announced the doings of other forces.

I am glad to observe that the Canadian Club is an established fact in New York City. The officers selected are men of rank, and the quarters secured are all that could be desired.

The club cannot fail to fill a want long felt in the big city over the way. Indirectly, its permanent success will have an important influence in favor of Canada amongst our neighbors, who are still generally under the misapprehension that Canadians eat hay.

Do you ever read that column in the *Globe* headed, "Other People and I"? It appears every Wednesday, if I am not mistaken, and I commend it to the notice of all admirers of a brilliant and witty feminine style. This naturally comes up amongst my Reflections to-day, because I think I recognize the writer hidden under the pretty *nom de plume* of "Garth Grafton," as one of our cleverest Canadian women, formerly a resident of Toronto.

And that reminds me that Canada can at present boast of many very competent lady writers. Some of these are well-known in Toronto journalistic circles as the wielders of graceful pens.

It is pretty well known that one of GRIP's very best contributors is a lady—the writer, amongst other things, of the amusing and popular Scottish letters of Hugh Airlie.

The long delayed recognition of woman's rights to a university training, and the signal success of the ladies already admitted, ought to result in a good many additions to the ranks of feminine *litterateurs* in Canada. If any of them turn out to be very, very funny as well as awfully deep and learned, GRIP will get them on his staff without delay.

Just now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to R. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.