

on what is a vexed question wherein general interests seem to conflict with justice to individuals, but the all pervading gloom and the anxious expectancy of the fatal news at any moment spoiled the effect.

The private legislation is now in full course, and the Committees of both Houses are occupied with private Bills, which bring a crowd of promoters and counsel to town to the joy and profit of hotel-keepers. These in some measure off-set the stoppage of delegations. But nowhere is the sudden cessation of business more noticeable than in the emptiness of the corridors, and in the early adjournments of the House of Commons.

At this time of year honours and distinctions are flying about, and not a few have been bestowed on this side of the Atlantic. Sir John Ross, who was in Ottawa not long ago, has been made a K.G.C.B., a well-merited reward for honourable service. We have a new knight in Sir Robert Gillespie, and Sir George Stephen, President of the C. P. R., is created a peer of the realm; the first British peerage conferred on a Canadian, with the exception of Lord Dundonald. There is an aristocracy of enterprise whose ranks are swelling fast in these days, and all those amongst us who are not too conservative to be progressive will hail the advancement of these men of the time who are doing so much to enlarge the scope and the resources of the Empire.

The Royal Society of Canada, which met last week in Montreal, had the honour of a visit from His Excellency the Governor-General, who spoke both in English and French, the latter, especially, being greatly appreciated by the audience. There was a complaint made during the meeting that some of the speakers were inaudible, and many professed elocutionists might envy His Excellency's particularly clear and perfect enunciation.

In Chief Justice Sir A. A. Dorion, who passed away quietly on Saturday at Montreal, the Dominion has sustained the loss of a true gentleman, who upheld the honour of his profession, and who bore the most unsullied reputation through the whole of his political career. A thorough-going Liberal, he yet enjoyed the friendship and esteem of both parties, and that there was a strong tie of friendship between him and Sir John Macdonald is testified by the touching enquiry made by the Chief Justice shortly before his death, "*Comment est Sir John?*" Struck down by the same fatal disease and hardly able to speak, he yet thought of his friend, and has gone before him "into the Silent Land."

MORS TRIUMPHANS.

IT is a chill rainy day in the city. The wooden sidewalk is water-soaked and brown with the earth trodden into it by the many hurrying feet. Little pools stand in the worn hollows of the boards. The crossings are muddy; and in the roadway the liquid filth splashes from every passing wheel. It is not raining fiercely or very heavily; the drops fall in a steady, sullen, incessant fashion.

My way leads through the poor quarter. On both sides of the street are low squalid tenements, taverns and cheap shops with tawdry wares displayed in the windows. Here live the pawn-brokers and second-hand dealers; it is the retreat of the pauper, the harlot, the rough and the criminal. An ugly sight even in pleasant weather, under the grey sky and the unceasing rain, its miserable aspect is rendered ten times sadder. There is no cloak for its hideousness. Yet here human beings spend their tale of years, starve slowly and die, while within a square are the rich magazines and the warehouses, stored with food and fuel and clothing; while but a little way through the park are the many stately homes, supplied with every comfort. The poor must be very patient.

The human stream, that I am breasting, flows swiftly past me. Their lips do not move as they pass; or, if they do speak, any words they may utter are lost in the roar and clatter of countless wheels and hoofs. Mute and unspeaking, they flit by me like phantoms. Can it be that they are really living? Living! What a strange idea to come into my head! Living! when the only certain thing regarding them is that each and all are dead. The unalterable thing! the great fact is death. All else is wavering and unsettled. Ye creatures passing! I do not know your names, whence ye come or whither ye are going, or what errands have brought you out, this desolate day. Of your homes, your hopes, your friends, your history to the present moment, I know nothing. But this one thing I know, ye are dead. Ye are dead even as I am myself. That great, hulking mason in the splashed overalls, I see lying at rest. His rough, cold hands are crossed upon the rugged chest; they hold the crucifix; and he wears his best coat. Is this as he will lie or as he has lain? And yonder slight, old woman in black with the ashen-grey face and hollow eyes has clearly not much longer to walk about in the wet. That cloak about her shoulders looks like a shroud. There are so many of these dead! Such a procession of wan cheeks and hopeless eyes! The only bright spot amidst this black and grey are two rosy-faced young street walkers, new to their trade, who pass by, laughing. Their faces are pretty and they do not heed the rain. But plainer on their brows than on the others is the sign manual of death. The worm is busy with the lips and the blue corruption is showing beneath the skin.

And how busy these dead are! how they haste along, as if each had an errand which must be done before the

dreary afternoon closes down in night. It cannot be long before dark. How swift the tide rushes! *Les morts vont vite, les morts vont vite!*

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S.

A TWILIGHT FLOWER.

THE flower of my heart was glowing red,
Redder than flame, in the sun;
I was like to die when my flower lay dead,—
But there came up another one.

Few cared to look at its petals white,
'Tis the red love they seek to gain;
But they shine for me in the dim twilight,—
This flower is peace after pain.

WILLIAM P. MCKENZIE.

WORKINGMEN'S HOMES.

THE rapid increase in the number of dwelling houses in Toronto, all of them of a more or less expensive character, leads one to ask where the workingman is expected to live, and in what sort of a house. More than two-thirds of the middle class houses rent at over ten dollars a month—perhaps it would be more correct to say over fifteen. Of houses for the wealthy we have more than enough, and of houses for the well-to-do, people whose income lies between one and two thousand a year, there is a plethora. Numbers of the old-fashioned cottage houses, with their roomy kitchen and summer kitchen attached, have of late been pulled down. Where are the tenants gone to?

To answer this approximately one must go to the outskirts of the city, to the end, or nearly the end, of each of our street-car routes, and there we shall come upon row after row of houses, brick fronted—or, as is more suggestively said, brick-veneered—more or less ornate, having a little coloured glass in the front windows, and within, a couple of parlours, one opening with folding doors, half glass, into the other, and a bit of a kitchen.

The kitchen is our text. The rent—which is no small consideration to any of us—we leave, merely remarking that ten dollars is a large, too large, rent for the working man, being usually a fourth, and sometimes more, of his earnings—far too heavy a portion to devote to one claim out of the hundred on his slender purse, even for so necessary a thing as shelter.

From the practical housekeeper's point of view—and by this I mean the mother who has to do her own work, nurse her own children, cook the family food, do the family washing and ironing, and also the family sewing—from the practical housekeeper's point of view, the kitchen is the most important room in the house. Here all the household labour, except the keeping clean of the several other rooms, has to be performed; here the meals are prepared and eaten; here the children cluster round mother; here the baby must be quartered, for it cannot be out of mother's sight, except, perhaps, for the little time it sleeps during the day, and indeed not always then. Consequently, then, it is no jumping at conclusions to say the kitchen ought to be roomy.

But what do we find is the case in the modern house? A kitchen in which there is hardly room for two persons to move quickly without collision, and a couple of parlours, each of them larger than the kitchen. But, it will be asked—scornfully no doubt in certain quarters—why shouldn't the workingman have a parlour? He should have a parlour, but one is enough, a pleasant and pretty one it should be, too, where he and his wife can retire when work is over—if it is ever over for the workingman's wife—and where they can receive a friend and spend a pleasant half hour, free from the presence of commonplace if necessary surroundings, where the pretty things of the family may find appropriate place, and where a cheerful carpet and a few pictures may lighten the bundle of care.

One parlour is enough, because the mother should not be called upon to carry her dishes for any meal into and out of another room, nor to run the gauntlet of anxiety, lest in her absence Polly may try to investigate the frying pan and Jimmy reach up to the cup handle he sees on the table above him.

The kitchen should be, and generally is, of necessity, the common room of the family, and therefore it should be roomy. Outside of it, but not cut off from it, ought to be a summer kitchen, where tubs and pots and pans can be accommodated all the year round, and the hot stove in the summer. For purposes of a roomy kitchen then, more than half the space occupied by the back parlour ought to be thrown in, making a pleasant room of two windows, wherein two tables, one for eating and ironing, another for the dishes and the *miscellanea* the housekeeper has to find place for when preparing a meal. It must have place, moreover, for half a dozen chairs, and beyond this give ample space for the operations of washing, etc.

This leads to the conveniences for housekeeping which are so lamentably conspicuous by their absence in houses of all classes; conveniences which the better-off classes can more or less provide for themselves, but which the workingman cannot, at least without taxing his means inordinately, and leaving his wife too often a prey to much unfair worry and overwork. In the ordinary

house, even the expensive ones, no provision whatever is made for stores or food. A larder is nowadays an unheard-of provision. In a good many kitchens a cupboard of three or four shelves, scarcely the width of a dinner plate, is set against the wall, and here, often in necessary proximity to the stove, is thrust the meat (cooked and uncooked), bread, bacon, eggs, sugar, tea, coffee, fish, plates, dishes, teacups, basins, spices, butter, lard, everything in fact that goes to the preparation of a meal. It is horrible to think of the result, the discouragement to the housekeeper, the effect upon the food, the conditions, particularly in hot weather, of the perishable goods. All this might, and ought to be, obviated by a hanging shelf in the cellar, for mice and rats will find their way to any wall shelf; the wall shelf is most useful for storing gem jars, cans, etc., but not for food. Such cellar, moreover, ought to be shut off closely from the coal cellar, and have a little grated window for light and ventilation.

In taking away a second parlour from the workingman's house a space was left beyond that needed for additional room in the kitchen; this space we reckoned as next to the parlour, and hear we find a couple of conveniences no housekeeper can do without. On the one hand we would wall the space up into a comfortable china closet and store room, with shelves all round and not too far apart, a rack of hooks on which to hang medicinal and cooking herbs and a couple of drawers beneath a broader shelf than the others, in which the housekeeper could stow her household linen. On the other hand we would wall in the space and furnish it with three or four racks of hooks all round one of them, pretty low down, on which the children's and father's out-door clothes could hang, and also their other belongings in the shape of bags, baseball bats, and other toys not accommodated on a couple of shelves where rubbers, boots, etc., could find place.

Such a ground floor for his home as thus sketched could not fail to win the approbation of the workingman and the workingman's wife by reason of the comforts arising from the ordered arrangement of the household thus rendered possible, and surely commends itself to the judgment of the landlord and architect. The cost of such arrangement would not be one cent more than that of the present ill-adapted house to its uses as a home, and therefore no objection could be made on that score.

In the matter of the bath, kitchen, sink, and furnace there is little to say. Such convenience as arises from these no one needs more than the workingman and his wife; but the sink ought to be larger than it commonly is, the furnace a good one, and not one of those that the bottom falls out when least expected; and the bath-room should be large enough. While liking to see the bit of green grass between the house and the sidewalk, it occurs to one to question whether a foot or two more could not be thrown into the size of the house, much to the advantage of the bedrooms which are usually woefully too small and too few; in most houses the attics could be finished, and thus a good bedroom given the big boys, and a lumber room where they could keep their personal possessions.

The question of Domestic Architecture has been only in the hands of landlords and builders, men who have shown by the results of their labours that their idea of a house is rarely that of a home; perhaps an infusion of the housekeeper element into their councils might lead to better results, and since Lady Burdette Coutts, Miss Octavia Hill and other women have spoken and been listened to with effect in England, Canadian architects and builders will not turn away from a word by

A HOUSEKEEPER.

PROMINENT CANADIANS—XXXVI.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander MacKenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander MacLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapeau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., and Archibald Lampman.

JOHN COOK, D.D., LL.D., PRINCIPAL OF MORRIS COLLEGE, QUEBEC.

DR. COOK, who was for forty-seven years pastor of St. Andrew's Church in Quebec, is entitled to rank with the foremost of the men of mark of whom Canada can boast. His personal qualities would distinguish him in any community. The physical proportions of the man have that degree of massiveness which befits his moral and intellectual stature. Strength is embodied in every feature of his countenance. The pose of his head and shoulders is statuesque still, though he is considerably above fourscore years of age. Every movement of his massive frame betokens energy. A stranger, on first seeing him, at once would ask: What remarkable-looking man is that? And a better acquaintance justifies the expectation of greatness of which his *personnel* gives promise. No discerning person can come in contact with