

It is a mistake to think that the Toronto Ladies' Repository is used by ladies who are well off as a means of getting a little more money for gloves. It is a genuine charity, and really relieves that "genteel poverty" which is the bitterest of all. Let not support be withheld from it under any false impression.

We wish to be just, but we cannot admit that Mr. Blake has not surrendered to the N.P. The ground he takes is that Government extravagance has rendered the increased revenue necessary. But Protectionism, as we have said before, is a sacrifice of revenue. Let Mr. Blake say whether he is in favour of Protection.

OUR Protectionists are always lecturing England on the folly and wickedness of her free trade system. Do they want her to protect the British farmer by laying protective duties on Canadian grain and cattle? Farming, we presume, is a "home industry."

It is not easy to say which of all the ways of celebrating the Jubilee is the best. But the worst is a wholesale prostitution of public honours. We are threatened with twenty-five Jubilee knighthoods for Canada. Why not? Where nobody has any claim at all, no distinction can be made. It is to be hoped that here and there a man will have the spirit to refuse, and by his refusal brand this spurious coinage of distinction.

A LATE addition to the Senate is Mr. Senecal, a man whose name is too well known. Never was patronage more ignobly used than the appointments to the Canadian Senate. Electioneering services and subscriptions to election funds are probably the best passports to one branch of the national legislature. We talk of the abuse of patronage by kings and their favourites; what could they do worse than is done by the party leader and demagogue?

It seems that treachery has been rife among the men employed in the British arsenals, and that there has been a regular traffic in the betrayal of secrets. This is most deplorable. But we must not be too hard on Terry and the other miscreants of the artisan class. The decay of public honour and patriotism has begun at the top.

Two letters of Mr. Blake's, which the *Globe* reproduces, refusing to help candidates by bidding against the Government in corrupt promises to the constituencies, are eminently creditable to him. Here, we say again, is his strong point, and we hope he will show it in the coming session. He will have some difficulty, however, in protesting against corrupt demands when they are preferred by his friends in Quebec.

MR. GRANT ALLEN is a man of picturesque genius, and he may perhaps have overpainted the moral glories of Kingston. But he remains a strong witness against the operation of the Scott Act, and his evidence is corroborated on all sides.

THE worst abuses, Mommsen tells us, in Egypt were connected with religious feuds for the precedence of the ibis over the cat, and the crocodile over the baboon. "In the year 127 A.D., on such an occasion, the Omlites in Southern Egypt were suddenly assailed by a neighbouring community at a drinking festival, and the victors are said to have eaten one of the slain. Soon afterwards the community of the Hound, in defiance of the community of the Pike, consumed a pike, and the latter, in defiance of the other, consumed a hound, and thereupon a war broke out between these two nomes." We wonder whether the leaders were named Macdonald and Blake.

THE death-agonies of Grant were watched by reporters stationed in a house opposite. Death has been almost as much desecrated by curiosity and sensationalism in the case of Ward Beecher. Obscurity has its privileges; it has the privilege, at all events, of going quietly and with decency out of the world. It is right to say, at the same time, that the Beecher family have given little encouragement to sensation seekers, and abstained from all foolish parade of grief.

CANADIANS who visit England will be sorry to hear that the Crystal Palace is in danger of being shut up. It always seemed to us to have, besides its attractions as a place of amusement, a pleasant social significance. It was the Versailles of the people. It showed that what was once the monopoly of the few had become the heritage of the many. Millions enjoyed these gardens, fully as beautiful *fêtes*, fully as magnificent as those, the enjoyment of which, in the days of the French Monarchy, was confined to Royalty and its courtier train. There is a set of prints representing the most splendid of the Versailles *fêtes* in the time of Louis XIV., with fire-works on the grandest scale; and it seems that the guests numbered a few hundreds at most.

"BY CAR AND COWCATCHER."*

(Respectfully dedicated to Lady Macdonald.)

WE sped away in the morning gray,
Through the sleeping country towns,
Or in mid-day sheen and pastures green,
And summer woods and downs.
The river smiles
With its topaz isles
Of emerald garb so bright,
All lying still
Without the will
To wake with its stormy might.
It basks away
In the scorching ray
Of the ball of fire on high;
And the shadows stand
In the depths so grand
As our train goes flying by.
We are off, and the gaunt pines guard our way,
And the distant rocks of the Laurentides
Stand up, with their heads in the clearer day,
And mirror the waves in their centuried sides.
We are off, from the East, to the sunny slope
Of the bright Pacific strand,
Where the Ocean's pulse throws fields of dulse
And shells on the shimmering land.

Now far behind you must look to find
The fields and the homesteads fair,
With thrilling scream from our steed of steam
We dash through the panther's lair:
The bear growls fierce in his distant den,
And the wolf by the hidden lake
Flees north from the threatening might of men,
And hides in the thickest brake.
We skirt the shore of the Nipissing,
Where the brave Algonquin roamed;
Where he stalked the roe on the frozen snow
Till himself and his tribe were doomed:
We fly through the Huron hunting-grounds,
Where, two hundred years ago,
The towns of a mighty nation stood
With their tale of war and woe.
The long day draws to a sultry close
As we rush by Thunder Bay:
Through the forests dense of Rainy Lake
We speed on our quest away,
Till the summer prairie stretches wide,
With its carpet of living green,
And the wolf-rose flings its perfumed breath
The slats of our lattice between;
Then we leave the flowers,
And the stately towers
Of Winnipeg are seen.

We are off o'er billows of waving grass,
By towns and their pastures fair,
And fields of wheat that turn gold to greet
The life of the summer air.
The dusky Blackfeet gather to hold
With my chief a big pow-wow;
And boast that they never, by forest or river,
Have broken a plighted vow—
They are true to their mother over the sea,
Though billows may roll between,
And the white man's lodge on their hunting-ground
On every side is seen.
Calgary sleeps by the peaceful Bow,
And the Rockies lift on high
Their hoary heads, with their crowns of snow,
To flirt with the azure sky.
We are threading now the mountain side:
The friendly cowcatcher gives us a ride—
As the coupé's glass,
In the Alpine pass,
When the burly Diligence toils and heaves
By chalets and churches all the day,
So a picture all new
Is spread out to view
"As fresh as the month of May":
The kings of the forest wave on high
Their arms, and the torrent's roar
Leaps down, and is lost in the cañon's gloom,
And we hear its expiring sigh.
Hurrah! we are up in the world just now,
But soon we go rolling down,
Till the ocean's blue
Comes again to view,

* Vide Lady Macdonald's contributions to *Murray's Magazine* for February and March.