

in ordinary conversation is quite British. You would recognize but little difference either in appearance or speech between the better dressed ladies of Toronto and those of Boston. The turnouts are quiet, and the coachmen have the English dress. Near Scollay Square are certain streets with shops entirely for the sale of the innumerable articles that enter into female attire; these are known as "the ladies' streets." *Meberle!* what a turn out of the weaker sex there is on a pleasant afternoon there! Your readers may remember a picture of the American young lady on the Continent that went the rounds of the magazines a few years ago, under the title, "The American Girl." It was regarded as a remarkably true portraiture of a certain class of Americans, and has almost become a classic sketch. There seems, however, little in the conduct or demeanour of the Boston young lady to justify such a picture. The Boston young lady prides herself on her art culture and acquaintance with the "ologies."

It is questionable whether Harvard is not a more noted name than Boston. Across the Charles River from Boston, leads a bridge to the City of Cambridge. Four miles from Boston are the splendid buildings of Harvard—some of them of gray stone, most of them of a dark red brick. They mark the oldest university in America, founded in 1638. Two hundred and fifty years of university life in America would be many "cycles in Cathay." It is with solemnity one stands in front of the flag-stone, resting on granite supports, in the old village churchyard in front of the university, on which is recorded the name of Henry Dunster, the first President of Harvard, who died in 1659—think of it—in the time of the English Commonwealth. In the same burial spot are the tombs of many leading men of Harvard, but of none more notable than that of John Bridge, who taught the first school in Cambridge in 1635, became one of the prominent men of his town and time and in honour of whom a beautiful bronze statue on a granite base was reared by a lineal descendant of the sixth generation, in 1882. The recital of the great man's deeds leads off with: "This Puritan," etc., and there seems to be an aroma of Oliver Cromwell about the man. A short distance away is the quaint old residence of the departed Longfellow—America's greatest poet. Fervent admirers of him constantly come to gaze upon the antiquated façade of his dwelling, as upon the shrine of the great dead, and chip a fragment of wood from the neighbouring tree to be borne away as a precious treasure. Another great tree of Cambridge is that under which General Washington took command of the American army on July 2nd, 1775. Cambridge has been great in arms as in letters. Here, as elsewhere, the college has been the nursery of patriotism. A splendid freestone monument on the green of the city commemorates the names of nine hundred and thirty-eight men of Cambridge who fell in the Civil War. In Harvard, whether in equipment with its one hundred and twenty-five of a teaching staff, and 210,000 volumes in its two libraries, or looked at from the achievements of its sons, may be seen the greatest American University.

AJAX.

HERE AND THERE.

ONE important lesson taught by the fire in Toronto on Monday is the necessity for regulating the class of buildings erected on the water-fronts of large cities. Had the gale which fanned the flames on that unfortunate occasion blown from the south, imagination fails at the thought of what might have been Toronto's fate. The light wooden structures dividing the railway-tracks from the bay, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun of weeks past, and some of them occupied by steam machinery, offered themselves a ready prey to any conflagration, being a sort of "kindling" which under certain circumstances might have fired the whole city. The wonder is that material so inflammable has not long before been lighted by sparks from the constantly-passing locomotives or otherwise. Had the oil works, abutting upon the bay, been included in the general destruction, it is more than probable that the resultant damage would have been limited only by the length of the Esplanade, since the liberated oil would have enveloped the whole bay in a sheet of flames which would have spared neither shipping, wharves, nor adjacent property. Buildings so exposed to danger as those on the Toronto water-front, and in that danger jeopardizing such an extent of valuable property, should be fire-proof, or at any rate they should be built of brick or stone. And the Corporation ought to see to it.

THE *Huron Expositor* prophesies that "ere long" there will be another insurrection in the North-West. It is at least a curious coincidence that the prognostication is echoed by some of those who have been at the front, and who are not by any means alarmists. The reason assigned is, not that the Half-breeds or Indians are threatening, but that white malcontents, government agents, commissariat contractors, and speculators made a tremendous haul out of the late *emeute*, and it is feared they are likely to foment another when opportunity serves.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Globe*, who signs himself "Prohibitionist," has come to the conclusion that the Scott Act cannot be enforced in Toronto, giving as a reason the fact that the grocers' license bye-law, which could be more easily enforced, is inoperative. "Prohibitionist" is quite right; but instead of anathematizing the authorities for not wholly separating the sale of groceries and alcoholic beverages, he might rather blame the precipitancy of his co-workers in forcing upon an unwilling community a law for which it was not prepared. For it is to be presumed that "Prohibitionist" does not imagine a majority of the voters are in favour of the restriction in question.

It is not long since we were told by a Toronto journal that Sir Charles Tupper was England's premier-elect. Now it is that, next to the Prince of Wales, Canada's High Commissioner has come to be one of the most prominent men in London! That Sir Charles is a man of ability most people will readily concede; for the rest—well, let us in charity hope that our contemporary is not read by the less favoured ones whose birth and abilities have not saved them from being compelled to give the *pas* to a colonial magnate.

THE *Chicago Current* comments upon the Dominion Government's railway policy as follows: "It would seem to the unprejudiced foreign friends of Canada that her Parliament, which adjourned a week ago last Monday, committed a serious error in advancing any more money to the Canadian Pacific Railway. It must be remembered that Canada had not the money, and was deeply in debt, owing to the generosity of previous sessions. To borrow \$35,000,000 more to put into a railway not owned by the Government was not prudent, and coming generations of Canadians will suffer for it, just as present and future generations of Americans are now carrying and will carry burdens that they had no part in accepting."

THERE were fifteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-six in the preceding week, and twenty-seven, thirty-two and nine in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and eighty-four failures during the week as compared with two hundred and fifteen in the preceding week, and with one hundred and ninety-nine, one hundred and fifty-five and one hundred and five, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-six per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

BOTH the Toronto party organs are mistaken in speaking of Lord Randolph Churchill as the "accepted" or "selected" of the English Tories. That volatile apostle of tin and tinsel forced himself upon the party, to the dismay and disgust of the reputable portion of it; and the *Standard*, which is at once the ablest and most respected English Conservative daily, merely voices the protest of leading clubs when it scarifies the man who would sacrifice his party and his friends for a passing notoriety. But who ever knew good come out of a Marlborough?

REFERRING to her volume of essays the *Philadelphia Progress* criticizes Miss Cleveland with more freedom than might with delicacy be used by Canadian journals. That there should be many untrue rumours with regard to Miss Cleveland and her book our contemporary thinks is entirely natural. Miss Cleveland laid herself open to all sorts of exaggerations when she consented to the publication of the volume in question. It was not a thing which a lady in her position should have consented to. As Lady of the White House the very last proposition she should have agreed to was to go into print. Doing that, she was bound not only to be misunderstood, but there was sure to happen something which would embarrass her brother, the President. Miss Cleveland is too intelligent a woman not to be aware that her book will be read mainly because she occupies the position she does. No matter what she may write, as Lady of the White House it would be read. And this being so Miss Cleveland should have written nothing at all. And so on.

As was foreshadowed, the example of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been followed by the sensational press, and it is scarcely possible to take up a local paper without being offended by some nastiness or other. A more lame and impotent conclusion than that reached by the London Inquiry Committee could not well be imagined, though it would hardly be rash to suggest that Mr. Stead expected nothing else. Without having done any good, he has let loose upon the community a flood of filth which has shocked all decent men and some of which must have poisoned hitherto innocent minds. The dignity of the press has also received a severe blow; the *Pall Mall* in former times had ranked as a high authority; as the organ of spurious morality looking to Salvation Army methods for success it is now beneath contempt. No wonder it has been sent to Coventry.

WRITING upon this matter, Mr. Geo. R. Sims—who knows more of London life than most people, and whose philanthropy is infinitely higher than that of Mr. Stead—says: "There are bishops and philanthropists, and benevolent ladies falling upon their knees and thanking Heaven for the issue of a paper for which, in their greed for nastiness, men about town paid as much as five shillings a copy. On the other hand, there are English gentlemen who are thirsting for the blood of the man who suddenly thrust upon the unsuspecting women-folk of their families this mass of disgusting details, spiced and dished to tickle the most depraved appetite. The bishops and Mrs. Booth see only one side of the shield; the fathers of families see the other." And after all the disclosures are due to General Booth! A Salvation Army boom—\$50,000 wanted.

ENGLISH papers announce the appearance of a life of Colonel Fred. Burnaby. What qualification the biographers—J. R. Ware and B. R. Mann—had for their work does not appear, but one capable authority declares that the book they have produced is neither new as to facts nor well digested as to existing material. Burnaby was just the kind of man of whom a really good book might have been written. He lived a marvellously active life, mixed with men of all sorts and conditions, chatted easily with