

**In Dear Old London.**

Last week we had to record the decision of the London County Council to arrange for the introduction of an electric street railway system. Following close upon the announcement of the doom of the omnibus and its interesting driver, comes the intelligence that the Fire Brigades Committee of the great city are considering the question of motors for fire engines. Visitors to London, hailing from this side of the Atlantic, have been in the habit of indulging in much harmless merriment at the apparent slowness of the people of the world's metropolis to adopt new ideas and modern improvements. But it would seem that, when once convinced of the merits of anything, the rulers of dear old London usually do the right thing and do it thoroughly.

**The Arm-Chair Critic Again.**

The arm-chair critic is again at work. His latest screed is a bitter indictment of Lord Kitchener, who is accused of meditating "a reckless and ruthless extermination of the Boers." Worse still, this critic affirms that the successor to Lord Roberts "hopes to execute his atrocities amid silence." This is simply dreadful. If Lord Kitchener would only promise to hang, draw, and quarter recalcitrant Boers amid sufficient noise to drown their cries, perhaps his critic would be satisfied. However, while this insufferable nuisance, from the comfort and seclusion of an arm-chair, is expressing his opinion that Kitchener is an inexorable scourge, and while Kruger, now being feted by the people of the pleasant land of France, is denouncing the defenders of his wife and homestead, Lieutenant-General Lord Kitchener is probably doing the "atrocious" work assigned to him with that thoroughness which gained him distinction in the Soudan. It seems a pity that the splendid soldier, so recently honoured by Lord Salisbury and the British Cabinet, has not consulted garrulous Mr. Charles Williams and his companion critics before deciding upon any plan of campaign against the Boers.

**The Queen and Our Countrymen.**

A good friend of the colonies of the Empire, Lord Grey, has planned a programme of entertainment for Colonel Otter and his men, which is likely to make every one of them a centre for the propaganda of the majesty and glory of Great Britain. They are to be reviewed by their Queen and the Prince of Wales. They are to be taken to the great naval yards in the South of England, and all the sights of London will be free as the air to our home-coming representatives.

As a result of the attention showered upon them, it is certain the men of the Royal Canadian Regiment will spread the praises of the land they love, and the Queen they have served so faithfully and well, all over the Dominion, and, as a result of the South

African war, Great Britain and her Colonies, in bonds of respect and affection together tied, will never again be in danger of underestimating each the other's worth.

The men from the British Isles who have lined the same trenches with their kinsmen from distant parts of the Empire will, in their turn, proclaim from John O'Groat's to the Land's End, that the comrades in Oom Paul's country from across the seas were "all right" under fire, and "splendid chaps" in camp.

Each of these returning guests of Lord Grey and his friends will become a special missionary to his own country, propagating love and good-will between Great and Greater Britain.

**The Demoralizing "Sun Dance."**

We frankly admit that the "Sun Dance" and its attendant practices are not familiar to us, and we almost hesitate to meddle in matters which concern us not. Yet, seeing that the missionary doing service on the Blood Indian reserve in Alberta, N.W.T., has interviewed the Governor-General, the Premier, and the Deputy Minister of the Interior, with the view of stopping the dance in question, we suppose there is something sinful and demoralizing in what poor Lo has hitherto regarded as innocent amusement.

The reverend gentleman is said to have received encouraging responses from "the authorities of the Government," and we are told that His Excellency, who witnessed "a modification of the Sun Dance" during his visit to the West last summer, is opposed to the idea of permitting any future Governor-General seeing the same sights on an Indian Reserve.

But, before any steps are taken to prevent the young Bloods indulging in Terpsichorean exercise, we trust the Government will appoint a Special Commission to ascertain if the Sun Dance is anything like our waltz of the period, to which some of the "unco guid" entertain very strong objections. Let us begin at home.

The European nations engaged in introducing Western civilization into China, and, incidentally looting the palaces of that interesting old country, were, it is said, instigated to undertake the impossible task by missionaries. Perhaps then it would be well to pause before we commence this crusade against the pursuits of our peaceful and happy North-West wards.

Is it not just possible that a Blood Indian amazed at the spectacle of a debutante waltzing around a Montreal ball-room in the arms of her male partner might grunt his disapproval and express a preference for the weird and interesting "Sun Dance," which has been witnessed without condemnation by Lord Dufferin and other distinguished visitors to our Indian Reserves?