

one after another in quick succession, as they can by no possibility get within a certain minimum distance of each other. The motive power is electricity, and the experiments made showed that it works with the greatest ease and celerity. In this case the aerial cars, conveying clay for the purpose of manufacturing cement, were carried right over railway trucks, into which they were tilted with the greatest rapidity. For purposes of modest portage, where power is not required on a large scale, the Telpher railway promises to be exceedingly valuable. The works are light and inexpensive, costing little for construction, and occupying next to no ground. The ease and simplicity with which this method of carriage can be adapted to local circumstances seem to promise for it a very extensive adoption in districts where the goods traffic is insufficient to support the more costly appliances of an ordinary railway.

YOUR American is too prone to laugh at his brother in misfortune. An electric light wire became detached at Chicago the other day, and, swinging around, struck an iron railing, sending a powerful current through it. A coloured man leaned up against it with his hands, and, of course, stuck—he couldn't let go. His contortions and yells for relief soon drew a crowd, and, others touching the railing, it gave the appearance of an enormous string of suckers, squirming and wriggling. The crowd near by roared at the antics until some one recovered his senses and broke the connection between the wire and fence.

AMERICANS have come to the conclusion that red-headed girls can be ignored no longer, and flame-coloured hair is accordingly to become the fashion. The maid whose fiery locks have hitherto prevented her from being wooed and won has only to go to Philadelphia to have the pick of the whole male population. "Carrots" are no longer a calamity, but a good gift of nature with which a girl can go forth conquering and to conquer. Girls with dark hair will be left to languish in despair, for there is no known dye that will turn dark-brown or black hair to the brilliant shade now yearned for. Blondes and towheads will not be at such a disadvantage quite, but it will be no easy task for them to get a bright, clear red.

DAME FASHION, who has thus stepped in to remove the persistent aversion to red hair, is prepared with a defence of the character of red-headed people. She says what has been regarded as ill-temper is in reality extreme sensitiveness. Red hair is significant of a warm responsive heart, deep sympathy, and active generosity. Its possessor is rarely mean or niggardly in disposition. It has been said that red-headed people but seldom grow rich and are equally seldom poor. If such is the case, it is probably because they are generally industrious, frugal, temperate and, withal, generous and liberal. They live well themselves and like to see others do the same. Red hair is significant of warmth, not merely because it is the colour of hot coals, scorching blazes, or red-hot iron, but because it takes its colour from the blood rather than from an opaque pigment secreted by the hair follicle. So red-headed maids may cheer up. The yearning is at present only felt in America, but it will surely cross the "invisible line" in due course, and then all the rich husbands will pass over the most glorious blondes and majestic brunettes in favour of a bunch of carrots.

It is pleasant to know that the oldest man in the States is one who has lived a truly regular life. He is a coloured man, whose first owner was a Mr. James Ewing, and with the Ewing family he has lived ever since. He was born in 1763, and Minnesota may well be proud of a man who has both smoked and chewed for one hundred and ten years. If ever a man has been regular in his habits he has. As for alcohol, he never drank rum when he could get whiskey.

A NOVELTY in magazines, called the *Open Door*, is announced for this month. The specialty of this publication is to be articles by unknown authors. The mute, inglorious Miltons and latent Longfellowes are to have a chance to print their poems in it, and the concealed Coopers and hidden Hawthornes their tales and novels. "I cannot quite make out," says a writer in the *New York Citizen*, "from the prospectus whether the unknown authors are to be paid for their articles, or whether they are to pay so much a page for the publicity. The proprietors say: 'Our object is to tempt these unknown authors from obscurity into print, knowing we shall thereby enlist for them the interest and appreciation of thousands of readers, while the publication of their valuable contributions will enrich the literature and thought of the times.' Quite so; but how much are the unknown authors to receive, or how much are they to pay? Then there is a hint that contributions which do not come within the scope of the *Open Door*—which is not to be wide open, after all—will be printed and published 'upon favourable terms.' This looks as if the unknown authors were expected to put up the money as well as the copy."

JOKES about printers' errors are always in order, and one of the funniest recently occurred in a serial story, by Mrs. Annie Edwards, published in a London magazine. The hero is represented as taking for breakfast red mullet, "accompanied by five old graves." What sort of a hero is this, who not only indulges in "graves" for breakfast, but actually devours "five" of them? When you have puzzled over this problem sufficiently you may discover that the authoress intended to write "accompanied by fine old Grave"—the grave she meant being a favourite wine to drink with fish.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—“Nevertheless it moves.” I can hardly accept on behalf of those who, like myself, favour, without feverish haste, the Federation of the Empire, your judgment that the Federation of the Empire “stands still.” Let me with a due regard for space, which I respect with a professional knowledge of its value, briefly state my reasons for differing with you.

In the first place, the Federation of the Empire does not “stand still” as compared with other movements of the time. It has, I think, a greater momentum, for instance, than the Disintegration of the Empire which some seem to favour and others seem to fear. As compared with that well-known, but so far not favourite movement, the Continental Policy, the Federation of the Empire seems to me to be quite a progressive scheme. As compared with the more ambitious and poetic scheme of Anglo-Saxon Union which some daring minds have entertained, the Federation of the Empire has quite an aggressive vitality. And as compared with the dream of Slavonic Unity, about which the statesmen of Europe have been and still are so much troubled, the Federation of the Empire is certainly a most practical affair.

In the next place, the Federation of the Empire does not “stand still” at all in any sense. It has been the thought of Colonial statesmen for half a century. It is at present one of the favourite ideas of the men who are at this moment adding one more chapter to the sparkling and splendid constitutional history of Great Britain, which has been, from the days of Philip de Comines to the days of Guizot, the object of the admiration of every man of parts in Europe. Mr. Gladstone has uttered a strong protest against being classed with those who do not favour the unity of the Empire. Lord Randolph Churchill has sounded a trumpet to his friends and followers on the subject. Lord Salisbury is in favour of the scheme and has not been silent. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper have given their adherence, with a due observance of caution, to the general principle of the policy. Mr. Dalton McCarthy has made a vigorous and brilliant appeal to the British public. Mr. Plumb in his speech at Montreal has put forth a strength which I have learned to admire. Principal Grant has flung himself into the movement with a propagandist power not surpassed in this country. I spare you the extracts which would prove my statements, but would unduly burthen your columns. How can you contend that a policy so fathered, so favoured, so vigorously patronized, “stands still.”

The absence of Parliamentary action is no proof of the absence of public, or even of Parliamentary, opinion. It does not take long to translate opinion into resolutions, and resolutions into legislative acts. The time was not long between the Leeds Conference and the Franchise Act which accomplished a revolution in English political affairs. The time was not long between the proposal for a Federal Council in Australia and the Act of Parliament which accomplished it. Next Session of the Imperial Parliament may witness a movement in England. Next Session in Canada we shall see what we shall see.

Your obedient servant,

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

Ottawa, October 28, 1885.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER,

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

He, holding Sin and Misery as one,
Stern to the strong, yet shielding tenderly
The weak, went forth; and, stirred with solemn glee,
Coped the grim Foe. A hundred victories won
Dulled not the keen edge of his falchion,
New-whetted from his Master's armoury;
Now, from all smoke and toil of battle free,
He rests in God's Valhalla, and is gone!

Aye, and indeed—is gone! Yet, ere he died,
He sowed such grand example round as calls
To fight his fight a thousand champions;
As some tall oak, the virgin forest's pride,
Which very old has shattered, fails and falls,
And leaves the large air to its last-born sons.

—Spectator.

“WONDER where Splashpen gets the big words he uses so plentifully in his writings.” “Out of the dictionary, of course.” “That accounts for it! He used three words in ten lines, the other day, of which I did not know the meaning. I went to the dictionary, but they weren't there. Probably, as you suggest, Splashpen had taken them.”