

proach" the judges directly, it would have been less immoral and less "insidious" than the suggestion which was actually made. The "political functionary" was an important member of the British Cabinet and a colleague in the Government of the Lord Chancellor, who was the presiding judge in the case. It requires no lively imagination to conceive what was calculated upon in making an intimation through a dignitary occupying the peculiar and influential position of Cardinal Vaughan that the hearts of the Roman Catholic citizens would be "alienated" unless some mythical "rights and privileges" were conceded, and an "assurance," which was never given, carried into effect. Mr. Ewart says "the Colonial Minister was to be asked to inform the judges of Lord Carnarvon's promise." What egregious nonsense! Why should the judges require to be informed of Lord Carnarvon's promise (if he had made any) by the Colonial Secretary? This promise, if real, would be dealt with in the evidence. Why did Bishop Gravel suppose that the judges would be more impressed with the necessity of carrying out "Lord Carnarvon's promise," when reminded of it by the Colonial Secretary, than they would be when they learned of it from the evidence and in the arguments of counsel? The reason is very clear when we remember the Bishop's estimate of the *morale* and the motives of the Privy Council.

I assume that that Mr. Ewart is quite sincere and quite in earnest in his extraordinary line of argument. But I have observed that Mr. Ewart's faculty of self-persuasion is only limited by the exigencies of the case which he may be endeavouring to uphold. He has also induced himself to believe that the performance of Bishop Gravel, was a very much less serious offense than the transmission to the Privy Council of a resolution of a Presbyterian Synod approving of national schools and of the present Manitoba school system. It is denied that such a resolution was ever transmitted. But whether it was or not makes very little difference. The comparison of such a transaction with the *affaire* Gravel suggests such a want of all sense of proportion on Mr. Ewart's part as to induce one to believe that there may be a good deal in Dr. Nordau's theory of "Degeneration" and that Dr. Gravel's apologist is an illustration of its soundness.

A. B.

Winnipeg, August 10th, 1895.

* * * Living in Flats.

PROMINENT among the advertisements of the American newspapers are the tempting descriptions of residential flats, from the latest erections with their various attractions of steam heating, electric bells, elevators and all the advantages of modern improvements, to the simple ranges of unadorned rooms possessing merely the rudiments of habitable eligibility. In many cities in Europe the system of living in flats is growing very rapidly. In Paris, in Vienna, and Berlin, the small, separate house is the luxury of the wealthy, while the great bulk of the population live in flats. In St. Petersburg, which is the most modern of European cities, all the houses are flats. London seems to have withstood this modern idea of places of residence as long as it was possible, and those who have approached the great city by any of the numerous railway arteries will call to mind the thousands and thousands of small houses that present their tiny backyards to the visitor as he is borne rapidly along through miles of little domiciles, each with its own separate and particular chimney and its own distinct plan of existence. But notwithstanding the national liking for living in a house of one's own and being secluded by its walls from adjacent mankind, it appears that the demand for residential flats is greater than the supply, although, as a rule, the rent of this kind of accommodation is greater than that asked for a separate house possessing the same space. The change of popular opinion on this matter seems to have been wrought during the past three or four years, till, at the present time, it is understood that flats cannot be built quickly enough for those who want to live in them. Among reasons which weigh with London tenants in favour of flats are mentioned the freedom from many small demands upon the purse which come to the dweller in a separate house—though, of course, he pays for them in a lump sum to his landlord—and the lessening of the necessity for domestic servants. The tenant in a flat, too, when he wants to take a holiday can turn the key in his door and give it to the janitor, with the full belief that he

will find it, on his return, just as he left it, plus, perhaps, a little deposit of dust on his furniture.

There is no doubt that flat-living will be more general in the future than it is now. It has been calculated that in about 170 years, if the population of the world goes on increasing at the same rate as it has during the past quarter of a century, there will not be more than six square feet of space for every inhabitant of this planet. That is, that if the land area of the globe were divided by the number of its inhabitants, in the year 2065, it would give six square feet as the quotient. It may be said, in passing, that if this calculation be true, the days of the bicycle trade are numbered. But among the changes that will be wrought by the increase of population, flat-building will hold an important place. As bicycles and outdoor spaces wane, the halcyon days of high buildings and elevators will come in. Chicago, with its enormously high buildings and its quick running elevators will be eclipsed by the lofty structures of 2065. As the population increases it will have to build itself up in the air, and, having pushed out laterally to the greatest possible extent, it will grow vertically. It would seem that this must put an end to what is properly called architecture, and that travel will be confined to sea trips. There will be no landscapes worth looking at, and the pictures now being painted of vast stretches of valley and plain will be regarded with wondering eyes by the people of the future who listen to the traditions of their ancestors, or read the poetry of a bygone day.

Of course that sort of thing is far off at present, and seems very distant in Canada, where our trouble is that we have not enough people. Here in Ontario with 220,000 square miles we have barely a couple of millions of people compared with the 120,000 square miles of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland with their thirty-nine or forty millions. We welcome emigrants of the right sort with avidity, or ought to. In Quebec they encourage procreative tendencies by giving every man with a dozen children a *douceur* of a hundred free acres. To get a Lorne Park as a reward for a large family shows at any rate that we have plenty of room yet. But nothing is more certain than that Canada will be ultimately populated, and this shows the desirability of sticking to the country and providing for posterity. The interrogation: "What have I to do with posterity? it never did anything for me," was the product of a selfish mind. The man who has taken the responsibility of assisting to bring fresh human being into the world cannot be altogether careless as to their descendants. It is, perhaps, a little stretching the matter for us to go about burdened with solicitude as to what will be the fate of our great grandsons or grand daughters, but who can help looking forward to their day sometimes, and picturing, if he be of an imaginative turn, the sort of world they will have to live, move and have their being in?

This, however, is wandering from the theme. Let us think about the flats of the present. Perhaps it would be to the point to consider how we can help being "flats" ourselves—one permissible meaning of the word being a dull, stupid and silly person. Supposing, however, for the moment that we escape being just that, let us consider living in a flat. The first thing that strikes one is that all the apartments are on a level. There is no going up stairs to bed or coming down to breakfast. Everything is on a level. There is no sliding down the balusters (sometimes called "bannisters") for the youngsters. That is a sad thought, for there was much joy in our young days in those same bannisters. Per contra there is no "getting up stairs" ("such a getting up stairs" was the burden of an old song) so long as the elevator is working, though when that stops there is a great deal of it. Also there is more isolation about living on a flat than there is about residence in a demesne of one's own. The outer world is kept farther off. Even the most adventurous of the beggar tribe does not penetrate to the soaring solitude of the flat. Life is less elementary. Living in one's own house, if the servants are away, one has to chop wood, to light the fire, and to feed the furnace in winter. In a flat you turn the steam on the radiators and cook your breakfast with a gas stove. If it be a modern flat you know nothing of fire and ashes, the engineer sees to them in the basement. I am of opinion that this is a great loss. There is more poetry about fire than about almost every other household thing, and I am sorry for those who will in the future have to live in flats that they will not know its delight, its glow,