



TORONTO, June 26, 1891.

The secretary of the Canadian Woman's Enfranchisement Association has received a most kind letter of sympathy from the Central Committee of the National Society for Women's Suffrage in England on "the great loss which has befallen the enfranchisement of women in Canada by the death of Sir John Macdonald." "They bear in grateful remembrance," the communication goes on to say, "that he, as Premier, gave this cause the prestige of his influence by providing for the enfranchisement of women in the Electoral Bill of 1885." This letter is signed: Millicent Garrett Fawcett (in the chair); Helen Blackburn, secretary.

Many of the friends of the Enfranchisement of Women in Canada will be glad that their sisters in England have so remembered the dead Premier. Too many are in the habit of thinking, or expressing the belief, that no matter what the Conservative Premier said on this subject, or did for the cause, his *conservatism*, by which they mean generally a stolid obstinacy, which admits no need of progress—or, as they would call it, of reform—would forbid Sir John Macdonald from being honest in so advanced a matter; this is so far from being a correct view that in a private letter, so long ago as 1886, the Premier expressed a warm desire that women might have the vote, and, moreover, use it for him. That he died before such a consummation as the vote for women had been reached, should spur the friends of the movement to greater exertion on its behalf.

The terrible heat—92 in the shade—and a kind invitation took me to Grimsby for a day or two last week; it was my first visit, and I enjoyed it fully. Over "The Mountain" hung, for two days, a 'mountain mist,' heavy, dark and threatening, an unusual phenomena, I am told, and a novelty to me, a dweller in plains the greater part of my life, with only occasional glimpses of Wales and Scotland at periods when mists do not gather. The Grimsby mist enabled me to realize a little the terrors attending being caught in one, a predicament so often and realistically dwelt upon by roman-cists.

But I did get a good view of that "point," as the great bluff that overhangs the village is called, and gazed at it with a little flutter of excitement at my heart, and a very appreciable degree of enquiring interest in my head when I was informed that it was the signalling station between York and Niagara in the war of 1812. I learned a good deal more of this, however, is not the place for historic disquisition, therefore I will only say that the promise of lovely peach orchards on every hand in that fertile plain is excellent, and that roses are there as plentiful as strawberries, and fill every corner.

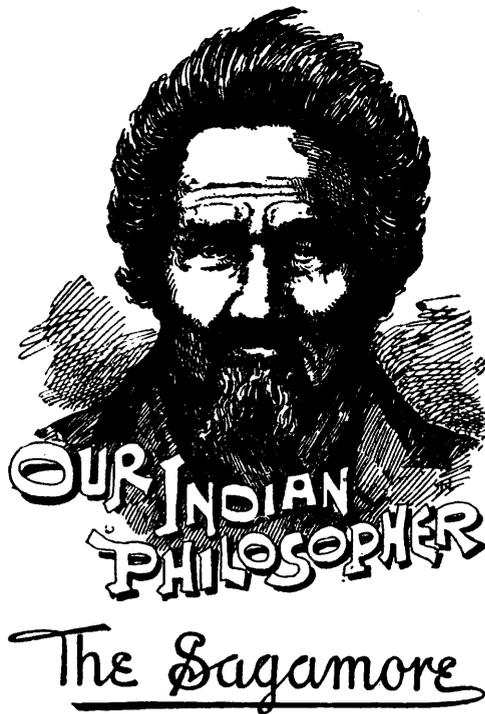
The botanist and fern collector have a mine of riches at their command at Grimsby, and, what is rather unusual, the inhabitants have learned to value and cultivate their ferns.

Grimsby Park, on the lake shore, will be in full swing as a pleasure resort next week. It is a pretty place, affording the usual advantages and disadvantages of suburban summer resorts.

A very strange phenomenon, unexplained as yet, spoils the freshness of the lake air, and probably the water too, namely, millions of small fish, all dead, which have covered the surface of the lake for some days past.

The "Carmona," to and from Grimsby, ploughed her way through shoal after shoal of these fish, and the shores have been so thickly strewn with them at the island that the city health officer, Dr. Allen, has had men at work for a day or two burying them. As fish make excellent manure it is to be hoped their usefulness has not been lost sight of.

S. A. CURZON.



The reporter thrust a Bible (King James' version) into each pocket, and with the sentiment, "Faith, Hope, Charity—these three—but the greatest of these is Charity," singing in his heart its sweet refrain, set forth for the abode of the Sagamore.

Mr. Paul sat in the cool depths of an umbrageous grove, calmly enjoying the prospect stretching away through the deep arched aisles to the edge of the grove and across the meadows to the hills and the sky beyond.

The reporter approached and stacked his Bibles.

"You gonto have camp-meetin'?" queried the sagamore.

"My brother," the reporter answered, with academic fervour, "I have come that we may take grave and earnest counsel together. A CRISIS has occurred!"

"What's crisis?"

"You will understand when I tell you that I met a Roman Catholic last week, and the fellow actually addressed me! I tell you, sir,"—raising his voice to a higher pitch—"the audacity of these people is becoming unbearable. It is a menace to the state and a source of the most anxious misgiving to all good men."

"You good man?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Far be it from me, my brother," piously rejoined the reporter, "to exalt my own virtues. Alas! We are all sinners."

"Huh!" grunted the sagamore.

"But something," pursued the reporter, "must be done to check the arrogance of Rome. Why, sir, who knows but that, if we keep silence, a person—I will not say a man—of that faith—pardon me—of that idolatry, may aspire to become prime minister?"

"Well," said Mr. Paul, "S'pose he did?"

"What! A Roman Catholic prime minister! What did our sainted ancestors fight for?" The reporter raised his voice again. "What did they fight for? Shall we calmly yield up the liberties made sacred by their blood?"

"What liberties?"

"Liberty of conscience, sir!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means, sir, that every man shall be free to worship God in his own way."

"Does that mean Catholics too?"

"Well, of course, if they persist in the error of their ways we shall not treat them with violence. But we must guard our liberties."

"What about theirs?" queried the sage.

"Sir," said the reporter, again with academic fervour, "would you allow an untamed tiger his liberty? Would you destroy the safeguards and allow a pestilence to sweep the land?"

"Ain't seen any tigers round here," said Mr. Paul.

"Ah!" rejoined the other, "the velvet paw—the velvet paw! But the claws are there, ready to be unsheathed and rend us. We must guard our liberties! They were won by our ancestors in the teeth of Rome, witches, freethinkers—and everybody else except people who thought as they did. They did nobly, and it is for us to follow their example."

"Ain't any witches round here," said Mr. Paul.

"True," said the reporter, "our ancestors burned them all. Now, if we can get rid of Popery the world will be all right."

"What about freethinkers?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Alas!" admitted the reporter, "their numbers do not decrease as rapidly as we could wish; but just now we must strangle the Scarlet Woman ere her brood o'erwhelms us."

"Seems to me you got poov'ly hard time to run this world," observed the sagamore.

"The task is no easy one," sadly rejoined the reporter. "The difficulties are tremendous."

"I s'pose," pursued the sagamore, "Manitou told you He give you leave to run this world—eh?"

"I would not presume to claim any such distinction," humbly replied the reporter. "What I do, I do in His name."

"Good many things been done in his name," grimly commented the sagamore, "that I wouldn't like to have done in my name. I don't b'lieve Manitou liked 'um, either."

"True," said the reporter. "The atrocities of the Inquisition were blasphemously committed in His name."

"Wasn't any blasphemy on the other side any time, I s'pose?" questioned Mr. Paul.

"Our cause," majestically rejoined the reporter, "has always been a righteous one. And now a great EVIL threatens us. As I said before, we may even see a Roman Catholic aspire to be Prime Minister. The arrogance of Rome is a growing menace to our country. I sound the tocsin of alarm. I call upon all good citizens to rise in their might and save this Canada of ours!"

"Young man," said Mr. Paul, "I want you to listen to me little while. Whenever I hear any man talk like you talk it makes me sorry—for him. I'm sorry for you. You go round every day 'mong Roman Catholics—you see 'um pay their debts—see 'um do good things—see 'um act same way like other people. You say if they had chance they kill every Protestant if he don't b'lieve what they b'lieve. You try to prove that by goin' back two, three hundred years ago and tell what Catholics done then. S'pose I told you what Protestants done 'way back long time ago—then s'pose I tell you they do same thing now if they got chance. If I tell you that you tell me oople what you call good 'e-u more enlightened now. Ain't that so?"

"It is quite true," admitted the reporter, "that some slight excesses of those days would be impossible in this enlightened age—among Protestants."

"'Mong Catholics too," asserted Mr. Paul.

"Do I understand you to say," demanded the reporter, "that an Inquisition would be as impossible among the Catholics of to-day as witch burning, for instance, among Protestants?"

"That's what I mean. This world ain't stood still for three hundred years."

"But we must not compromise with EVIL," protested the reporter. "There must be no truckling to Romanism."

"It seems to me," said the sagamore, "that if you look all over this world—see how strong that church is—how many good men been in it—how many men from it been ready to git killed in this country and other countries long time ago—how they try to stop slavery in Africa (like I heard one of our boys read about last week)—when you think 'bout all that church is—all it does—how it stood so long and is so strong to-day—it seems to me it must have some good somewheres in it. Mebbe it ain't got enough what you call charity," the old man added with a touch of irony, "but it kin learn that from Protestants like you."

"You're a short-sighted old fool!" cried the reporter, and gathered up his Bibles and went away. If he had met Sir John Thompson or a Jesuit that day there would have been blood on the moon.