

Foreign Offices are centres of unscrupulous and provocative intrigues, which may at any moment plunge us into a great war. It is time for the proletariat to rise up and put an end to this vicious vicarious action, of which they are the playthings and the victims. Free people ignore their own power when they allow their rights to be juggled away by ambitious diplomatists.

LORD DURHAM has fulfilled a noble function. He has proved that the most incredible dream of a melodramatic financier may be true. When "Called Back" was published, nobody thought it possible that any sane man would wed a wife that said nothing, showed no signs of affection, was indifferent to the world, and ignored her own lover. Mr. Conway, in fact, had to invent circumstances to palliate the improbabilities of his story. He need never have done so. Lord Durham has appeared in the Divorce Court, claimed that his marriage was null, and told one of the most extraordinary tales of love ever related. He married Miss Milner, though she never showed love, though she had no conversation, though he could get nothing but monosyllables out of her, though her longest sentence was "I don't know," or "It's too dreadful." And after his marriage it came home to him that she was mad. The Divorce Court, however, has refused to give him "relief" on the grounds that there was insufficient evidence to show that Lady Durham's mental weakness dated back to their marriage—a natural conclusion from Sir James Hannan's judgment being that the Milner family are responsible for the present sad condition, by forcing her inclinations and effecting a "desirable" match. A more pitiable tale of love for beauty's sake was never unfolded. Lord Durham was thought to be a man of great promise to Liberalism as a young peer. He was the choice of his leaders to move the address to the Crown in the House of Lords in 1883, and is said to be a man of great intelligence; yet he marries a woman who never showed him by any way that she had either heart or soul. If this is the way that marriages are made in aristocratic circles, it is little wonder that one hears of scandal.

MR. WHISTLER excelled himself the other evening. He asked people to go to a mysterious meeting, which he called his "ten o'clock." When he got them there in evening dress after dinner, he gave them a lesson on art. It appears to have been the most amusingly amazing performance ever witnessed. With the most perfect *sang-froid*, Mr. Whistler managed to make out historically, philosophically, and socially that the only people who ought to enjoy art were artists. He was epigrammatic, paradoxical, eloquent, but he sustained his theme. He kept it up to the end. He was the real true artist, and, therefore, the only prophet of art. James M'Neile Whistler is the real man of the age. He did not blush to prove it. He gloried rather in his consciousness that he was alone as a genius in the world. He has been capped, however. Such glory cannot remain unchallenged. Mr. Oscar Wilde appeared in the *Pall Mall* of the following night, insisting that the painter is not the greatest artist. Who is it that is the supreme artist, then? Surely the poet. Poe and Bodelaise are instanced as the really great ones of the earth; and one can imagine that as he wrote the lines Mr. Oscar Wilde looked up in his room, and, his eye lighting on a parchment-and-gold-bound copy of certain immortal works, exclaimed, "I also—I am a poet."

THOUGH Victor Hugo is perhaps the most characteristically French of all modern French writers, he is better known in England than any of them. It is his novels which are most read in that country, and, in spite of their many glaring faults the commanding genius of the author has compelled his recognition as a romance-writer of the highest merit. Among his own countrymen Victor Hugo is known also, and perhaps more favourably, as a poet; whilst he has additional claims to their notice as a dramatist and politician. Notwithstanding the virulence of French politics and the very pronounced part which M. Hugo has taken in them, his gifts are too commanding to be slighted by men of party. His eighty-third birthday has been made the occasion of a series of ovations on the part of the Parisians. A banquet was given to him on the eve of his birthday at the Continental Hotel by his publishers, to which authors and journalists were also invited. The next day he received a deputation from representatives of the foreign press. Innumerable other deputations waited upon him, and of enormous throngs passed by his house and cheered him with the greatest possible enthusiasm. The aged author was compelled at frequent intervals to present himself at the window to receive the respectful salutations of the crowd. This was a tolerably trying ordeal for an octogenarian to pass through. But he successfully surmounted it, and it is hoped will be none the worse. Perhaps nothing has done more to endear Victor Hugo to the French and foreigners alike than the touching simplicity of his family life. He and his children and grandchildren are almost inseparable, and in the festivities of the last few days their appearance in his company has added greatly to the popular interest. To the feelings aroused by these tender relationships M. Hugo gave fit expression in a poem published so long ago as 1877 entitled "*L'Art d'être Grand-père*."

A HUMOROUS feature of the Socialism and Communism of the day is the way in which prophets and high priests of either fall foul of one another. It is satisfactory to know that, when the great change does at last arrive, Mr. Chamberlain's stalking-horse, the landed proprietor, will not be the only victim. No; it will be difficult then to distinguish between the rich man who owns the land and the rich man who has his money in the stocks and shares or draws a handsome income from a manufactory. If we ever do have a revolution—and what is going on now might by the after-light of facts look terribly like the premonitory symptoms of one—

depend upon it that the wave which overwhelms us will hardly stop to make any special exceptions; no, not even among those who foolishly brought about the worst part of the catastrophe.

THE French and American system of attracting subscribers for periodicals by a lavish outlay in the way of premiums or gifts appears to be gaining a strong footing in England. One of the most remarkable instances is afforded by the promise of winning, for a modest subscription of a florin, either \$5,000, \$1,000, \$500, \$100, or \$50 in money; or one of innumerable gifts, from pianos to pictures, and from silk dresses to watches. This somewhat unhealthy form of literary enterprise appears to base its prospects of success upon the familiar principle of all prizes and no blanks. Altogether, the projectors of this enticing attack upon the weak side of human nature claim to be prepared to give away money and gifts to the value of \$50,000. Wherein this plan differs from the illegal lottery system is hard to see, and it may some day lead to a cry for State interference, especially as at many bazaars raffling is now frowned upon.

IN Australian waters a shark was recently hooked, and on being opened was found to be literally a perfect "marine store," and to contain portions of a coat, a waistcoat, and a pair of trousers, a gold watch and silver chain, a sum of money in silver, two keys, a pipe, a human arm and a portion of the human skull. More surprising still, the articles of clothing and watch were identified by a gentleman as belonging to his brother, who was drowned in a yacht which recently foundered. There have been sailors' yarns without number giving accounts, more or less circumstantial, of the strange things eaten by sharks, and of the stomachs of captured specimens being found to be old curiosity-shops and perfect museums, but none of these tales have been so well authenticated as the above. When jingling a few coins in the pocket, speculation often arises as to what may have been the previous vicissitudes through which those tokens have gone, but it is rarely that the imagination will lead to the idea that they, or the gold watch hanging in the pawnbroker's window, may have previously travelled thousands of miles through the wide wastes of the eastern seas, and caused violent gripes and gurglings in the interior of the man-eating sea-tiger.

A ROLLER pulp machine has been invented by Mr. Pond, of Rutland, Vermont, by which sawdust, shavings, chips, and pieces of wood can be made with great rapidity into a pulp of clean, fine fibre. The machine will also manipulate the stalks of cotton, sugar cane, wild hemp, etc., at the rate of from two to three tons of dry pulp per diem. The resulting pulp is stated to be far superior to any other form of wood pulp, because the fibre is preserved intact and the cellulose is left with it, giving it great strength, softness, and pliability. The tensile strength per square inch of newspaper, which contains from fifty to seventy-five per cent. of ground wood pulp, is said to be from eight to twelve pounds, and to stand a test of seventeen pounds to the square inch, showing that it is much stronger than paper made out of one-third rags. As all kinds of paper can be made from this pulp without the addition of rags, cotton, or jute, we understand that it can be manufactured at a reduction of from thirty to fifty per cent. of the present cost. The unbleached pulp is also useful for wrapping paper, and is equal in colour and strength to the best manilla. The woods most adapted to the process are soft woods, such as spruce, fir, pine, poplar, and hemlock, the latter making the strongest fibre, being quite equal to jute in strength. Besides the manufacture of paper, the pulp can also be utilized for wood ware, such as pails, barrels, and mouldings.

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.

THE PRESERVATION OF NIAGARA VERSUS DOLLARS AND CENTS.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—I observe some remarks on the Niagara Falls Park question in your last week's number, and as your impressions on some points are not quite correct, I ask your forbearance by way of explanation of the method and purport of the movement.

The original suggestion is ascribed to Lord Dufferin in a letter addressed to the Governor of the State of New York in 1876, and the spirit of which found universal response from both continents.

The question of the hour, however, is how best to accomplish an object so generally desired. Unquestionably the idea of an *International Park*, paid for and administered by the joint Governments, would be the most acceptable; but after frequent conferences and years of delay, neither the Dominion nor the Ontario Governments see their way to devote the public money to such a purpose. The alternative of a private company, under Governmental control as to charges and limits of space, presents itself; and as funds to the extent of \$1,000,000 must be subscribed for, it is indispensable that there should be some commercial value attached to the project. As the visitors now number annually over 200,000, and are yearly increasing, it can be easily seen that a very moderate charge per capita for their transport, comfort, and security, will secure a perfectly legitimate source of revenue.

The Restoration and Improvement Company's Bill provides that access to the falls and river shall be free and open to the world for ever, and that all charges shall be subject to the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor and Council. The restoration and preservation of the scenery is also provided for. The other bill, under the specious title of the "Niagara Falls Railway Company," seeks for a charter, and I venture to say with such powers and privileges as will forever destroy the establishment of a park. There are no limitations