

majority of 100, and therefore they demanded law. The Premier lately replied that 22½ could not be considered a sufficient majority, and therefore that his government would not propose a law to Parliament. Ever since he has been denounced, even more violently than Sir John was. Sir John was an "old bird," and nothing better could have been expected from him! But Sir Wilfrid is young, ingenuous, and had promised that he would respect the voice of the people!

For the action taken since by the Alliance at Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa, see the daily papers. It is evident that the movement as a political force is succumbing to the fissiparous tendencies which destroy all parties based on single issues, without reference to the general conditions of society. Are we to do nothing then? zealous men ask! Take for answer the remark made by Dalton, captain of our hockey team, to the question of a Toronto man, "How is it that you get together so good a team?" "We take no man who drinks, smokes or chews," was the answer. Every man can prohibit himself, and he can urge his brother to do likewise? Appeal to reason and to conscience, rather than to the police.

## Contributions.

### "MY TRIP TO EUROPE."

#### EDINBURGH.

THE tourist who expects to find most of the people in Edinburgh wearing the kilts and playing the bag-pipes will remember that the city does not, by any means, lie in the heart of the country of which it is the metropolis, and that it is less representative of Scotland, as a whole, than might be expected.

Indeed, the aspect of Edinburgh is not unlike other great cities in the British Isles, only with a greater suggestion of uniform culture and refinement. True, it is not what it once was, socially or politically; it has seen better days.

Holyrood Palace, once the scene of many a merry gathering, knows nothing of its former grandeur. The Castle frowns over you from its grey height, but has been changed to a soldiers' barracks, and the crown, with many another ensign of royalty, rests within its walls, a thing for tourists to look at, and historians to dream over.

But unlike many cities one could name, that are content to rest half-way up the hill, Edin-

burgh has built a "new town," and the matchless promenade of Prince's street looks across its gardens toward the ancient town, as if to challenge the complaint that "The former days were better than these."

We cannot refrain from quoting here:

"Dun Edin! Caledonia's Queen:  
Thou sittest like Empress at her sport,  
And liberal, unconfined and free,  
Flinging thy white arms to the sea,  
Thou gleamest against the Western ray,  
Ten thousand lines of brighter day."

When the rays of the setting sun are reflected and refracted from the many tin roofs and spires and windows, Edinburgh looks like a scene in Fairyland. A thousand scintillating jets of light form a bed of diamonds, and remind one of the "city set on a hill."

#### PRINCE'S STREET.

There is no street in Europe that surpasses Prince's street. London has its Piccadilly and Regent street.; Paris, its Champs Elysees and Bois de Boulogne; Berlin, its Unter den Linden (under the lime trees); St. Petersburg, its Newsky Prospect and Grand Marskyai; Brussels, its Boulevard Anspach and Rue Royale,—all crowded with endless rows of carriages, and all sorts and conditions of men. But there is no other street which one would be content day by day to tread,—not for the sight of grand equipages and visions of nobles and snobs, and not for the sake of studying varieties of human faces and figure,—but for its own sake. These streets, when empty, are dull and uninteresting compared with Prince's street, which is always attractive, either from its situation, which looks across fair gardens to

"The dark cloud with umber'd bower,  
That hangs o'er cliff and lake and tower,"

or from its facing the sun, or from its length, which makes it the measure of a delightful promenade.

Close your eyes now to the outer world, and we will go arm and arm for a stroll down Prince's street.

We begin at Scott's Monument, one of the handsomest monuments ever reared to genius by popular subscription. It is the most elegant structure of its kind in Scotland, or, as some partial admirer might venture to say, within the United Kingdom, the Albert Memorial not excepted.

At first view, one may easily mistake it for a church or shrine.

Its style is Gothic. In the various niches are placed statuettes of the chief characters celebrated in Waverley novels, and under the canopy sits Sir Walter himself, with his favorite dog, "Maida," at his feet. Thus like a father