

thing more than merely exhilarating. A quarter of a mile in fourteen seconds, the first part of the journey down a hill the descent of which is like falling off the roof of a four-story house, is calculated to quicken the pulse to a point which "exhilaration" is not sufficiently strong to do justice to. Yes, tobogganing is becoming an institution, and a hair-raising, breath-catching, glorious institution it is.

The date of the Governor-General's ball is not yet announced. The social season so far has not been so gay as it usually is during the Session.
Ottawa, Feb. 3rd. ED. RUTHVEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH HOME RULE.

To the Editor of "The Week."

SIR,—In the article on current events, in the last number of THE WEEK, your distinguished correspondent, "A Bystander," seems to have allowed his judgment to be obscured by the depth of his feelings on the Irish question. It is not unreasonable, I admit, that an Englishman by birth, education and social ties, should feel his blood stirred at the wanton and cowardly butcheries that have been perpetrated ostensibly in the interest of an agitation for Irish rights; yet it might have been hoped that a writer so liberal and broad in his general views, and so cosmopolitan in his sympathies, could have dissociated himself from the exceeding bitterness too many Englishmen evince to-day against the unfortunate people of Ireland. In addressing the intelligence of this country, as he does through your columns, he would carry conviction to many more minds, if he were to deal with this question rather more from the standpoint suggested by his *nom de plume*.

As a native Canadian of British descent, it seems to me both natural and highly proper that my fellow-countrymen should feel and express a desire to see the experiment of Home Rule tried in Ireland. Whether our Parliament should again offer formal advice to the British Government, who apparently resent such action, is quite another question. Although we have had our soil invaded, and our sons murdered, by Fenians, the most ultra-protestant loyalist amongst us has not seen in that a ground for agitating to deprive an Irishman in Canada of a single political privilege. We cannot, therefore, be expected to understand why the action of the same American Fenians, who invade and murder in Dublin or London, should be held to justify a refusal to grant local self-government to the Irish at home. Those who best know the temper of the people of Canada, cannot believe that we would submit for a day to be without our Home Rule. Some may think that we might concede to an Imperial Federal Legislature with safety a few of the rights of self-government we possess; but none dream that we would ever assent to having our local control over local affairs transferred to a Parliament across the sea, to which we might send a few representatives. Is it, then, a matter for either surprise or indignation, that nine out of ten Canadians should feel, as they do, a sympathy with the Irish struggle for Home Rule? This sympathy, however, is said to be an evidence of a desire for the dismemberment of the Empire. Truly, our Canadian experience teaches a different lesson. The far-sighted statesmanship of England has, for over forty years, yielded to each demand that we have made for an extension of our self-governing powers, so soon as it was shown to be the settled wish of the people. No one will argue that Canada could have been still retained as a part of the Empire, if these demands had been refused. But, we are told there is an important minority of the Irish people who are opposed to Home Rule, and their wishes must be respected. I wonder what would have happened in Canada if the English Government had regarded the wishes of the highly respectable minority here who were bitterly opposed to our having responsible government? The Empire has certainly been saved from dismemberment, in this part of the globe, by the enlightened concessions of Home Rule that have been made to Canada; and the refusal of similar concessions to Ireland seems to be followed by most disturbing and discouraging results.

It is lamented by some that our system of self-government involves too many popular elections; and it is feared that the well known vivacity of Irishmen would have altogether too much scope on similar occasions. I think that our various elections, ranging from those for school trustees up to those for the Commons, are productive of much loss of time and personal discomfort to the citizens. Yet, they create among these same grumbling citizens a certain feeling of self-satisfied contentment, an impression that affairs about which they are so often consulted cannot go very far wrong; and these contests are the means of working off the surplus energy and ambition of thousands in our midst. They are perennial safety valves for our body politic. Who can tell what restless and dangerous spirits are quieted by running for small elective positions? How many noisy aldermen are potential Nihilists who would have burnt, killed and destroyed, and revolted against Society itself, had they not been permitted to run for a ward, and to plunder their fellow citizens in a more respectful way? If the Irish wish for more elections, I say they should have them. There is nothing else that could possibly have so soothing an effect upon the relations between England and Ireland. Engaged in the task of enlightened self-government, the Irish would of all races in the world, be the most likely to have continual and important differences of opinion. This would produce a wholesome state of excitement at home, which would tend greatly to interest and satisfy the people. Their own concerns and squabbles would engross their active attention. Obstructionists would soon migrate from Westminster to College Green, where they would find ample scope for their talents. It must be that some panic has seized the

great Liberal Party of England, which prevents them from acknowledging the moral right of the Irish, as well as the Canadians, to local self-government. Apart from the inherent right of separate civilized communities to manage their own local affairs, there is no other practical way to have them so well managed, or to have them managed at all in conformity with the wishes of those interested. Yours etc., J. D. EDGAR.

MR. BLAKE AND THE PACIFIC RAILWAY.

To the Editor of "The Week."

SIR,—You say in the last number of THE WEEK, echoing a previous statement by "Bystander," that Sir John Macdonald can view with serenity the difficulties which surround the additional grant to the Pacific Railway Syndicate, well knowing that he commands an obedient following, and that Mr. Blake's record on the question will not permit of his attacking the most vulnerable point—the original construction of the road. I hope the followers of Sir John will do their duty by the country. As regards Mr. Blake, you assume, I suppose, either that he favoured or did not oppose the construction of the road in the first instance. If this is your meaning, I don't so understand his record. My recollection is, that Mr. Blake very strongly opposed the terms of the union with British Columbia on account of the provision they contained for the construction of the railway, and that his opposition to the railway was emphatically expressed by speech and vote. But granting that Mr. Blake either had favoured or did not oppose the building of the road when the British Columbia terms were under consideration, how is he precluded from commenting on or condemning the Government's bargain with the Syndicate? How is any member of the House, whether a supporter or an opponent of the Government, precluded from taking any course he sees fit on the original bargain with the Syndicate, or on the modification of it now before Parliament? Does the mere fact of a member having at one time favoured the construction of the road bind him to support any bargain which the Government may make for completing the work, no matter how infamous its terms may be? Consistency is a good thing, and I think Mr. Blake can readily maintain the consistency of his course on the Pacific Railway question; but conceding that his record has been what the Editor and the "Bystander" indicate, is he bound by it as a man of honour and a representative of the people to acquiesce in the terms of a bargain not necessary to the carrying out of the original agreement? Is he bound to acquiesce in any bargain for the construction of the road, no matter how outrageous its terms may be? I confess that I have not so learned the morals of politics or the duties of statesmen.

Toronto, February 4th.

ONTARIO.

THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

VI.—Continued.

Just at this point, and somewhat to Pauline's secret annoyance, Kindelon returned with a lady at his side. Pauline was soon told the lady's name, and as she heard it her annoyance was swiftly dissipated by a new curiosity. She at once concluded that Miss Cora Dares bore very slight resemblance to her mother. She was taller, and her figure was of full, if not generous, moulding. Her rippled chestnut hair grew low over the forehead; almost too low for beauty, though her calm, straight-featured face, lit by a pair of singularly luminous blue eyes, and ending in a deep-dimpled chin of exquisite symmetry, needed but a glance to make good its attractive claim. Miss Cora Dares was quite profuse in her smiles; she gave Pauline, while taking the latter's hand, a very bright and charming one, which made her look still less like her mother.

"We saw you and Mamma talking very earnestly together, Mrs. Varick," she said, with a brief side-glance toward Kindelon, "and so we concluded that it would be safe to leave you undisturbed for at least a little while. But mamma is curiously unsafe as an entertainer." This was said with an extremely sweet and amiable look in Mrs. Dares's direction. "She sometimes loses herself in gentle rhapsodies. My sister Martha and I have too keep watch upon her by turns out of pity for the unliberated victims."

"I need not tell you how I scorn the injustice of that charge, my dear Mrs. Dares?" here cried Kindelon. "It would be late in the day to tell you of my devoted admiration!"

"I fear it is early in the day for me to speak of mine," said Pauline; but the laugh that went with her words (or was it the words themselves?) rang sincerely, and took from what she said the levity of mere idle compliment.

"But you will surely care to meet some of our friends, Mrs. Varick," now said Cora Dares.

"Oh, by all means, yes!" exclaimed Pauline. The girl's limpid, steadfast eyes fascinated her, and she gazed into their lucent depths longer than she was perhaps aware. It was almost like an abrupt awakening to find that she and Mrs. Dares' youngest daughter were standing alone together,