

If the North West mounted police are in the condition reported, it is more than time that a searching investigation was made. It is to be feared there is very much in connection with that force that could not well face enquiry. There are rumors of lack of discipline which it is to be sincerely hoped are not true. The country spends enough money on that force to expect good service, and there can be no honest doubt that in the past they have done good work. They are yet to a very large extent a necessity in that new country, and it is of the first importance that they should be in a thorough state of efficiency, and one of the first things to be looked at in this connection, is the maintenance of proper relations between officers and men. If it is true, as alleged, that the majority of the men act as servants for the officers, a proper *esprit de corps*, and the most thoroughly efficient discipline, can never be secured.

For a time, there was every prospect of a serious disturbance in Hamilton the other day, when a number of farmers, acting in accordance with Judge Sinclair's decision, refused to pay toll at a bar within the city limits. The whole system of toll-bars is a relic of the old time which ought to be swept away. The people are tired of it. It is not a system in accord with advanced civilization.

Poor Spain has been dreadfully shaken up for a week or two past. It reconciles one wonderfully to the rigors of a climate like our own, that we are pretty well out of the range of these terrible convulsions.

Now it is said that Germany covets Heligoland, and would be willing enough to give Agura Pequena, and the rest of her claims in the east coast of Africa in exchange for it. This is of course not improbable, though we incline to regard it as not very likely. Germany at the present moment evidently possesses a strong craze in the direction of colonization, and foreign possession. Of course it must be a galling thing to have an island so near one's own door in the possessions of a foreign power. But even were Germany over so willing to trade Heligoland for possessions in East Africa it is more than doubtful if Britain would be equally ready. Heligoland is a place of very considerable strategic importance, while Britain has just about as many colonial possessions in the meantime as she knows what to do with. And if she wants territory in Africa she is just as able to get some as Germany was—by hoisting the national flag over, it that is to say.

The Irish party are not going to be very troublesome next session, as far as appears from any new projects they have in hand. Only one is spoken of, that of their local self government scheme, namely, to establish counting boards, etc. This would seem to be a reasonable enough measure to hope for, but if these dynamite outrages continue it is to be feared that English temper may not be in the most conciliatory mood to grant it. Reasonably or not, the Irish race get the blame of these mad attempts.

The intolerance of Roman Catholics in Montreal seems to be rivalled with Protestant intolerance in Newfoundland. Whether from Catholics or Orangemen, such exhibitions are only disgraceful.

Will the United States ever pass a Bill to establish International copyright? There is one before the Senate just now, but we have our doubts about its passing.

Franco has her work cut out for her in China. She has quite as big a contract there as she cares for, and unless we greatly

mistake she will find before the same is played out that the Celestials are more than a match for her. The Chinese are throwing out splendid baits to German officers in the shape of such offers as \$1,000 a month to serve in her navy. There can be no doubt of her getting plenty of volunteers on such terms. What a chance for many a poor officer to exchange his beggarly stipend in Germany for what, if he is lucky enough to escape getting shot, will in a few months enable him to retire and live like a fighting cock all the rest of his days.

The appointment of Gen. Lowal as Minister of War is said to promise a more vigorous policy on the part of France. It is thought in a high degree likely that she will soon really and truly declare war against China, and show her definitely what she can do in the way of fighting. From this way of talking we naturally conclude that France wishes to convey the impression that she has hitherto been merely playing a war with China, and that as soon as she makes her formal declaration, she will march on Peking straightway without any ado. It seems to us that she has been doing her best all along, and that that "beat" has been nothing very much after all. And it is likely that any formal declaration will do not much to mend matters.

It was regarded as a symptom of decay in the Roman Empire when the Emperor and other grandees made public exhibitions of themselves in the circus and elsewhere. Is it coming to this in England? We read that among the upper classes the latest fashionable craze is exhibitions of athletics in private circuses by both men and women performers. A well known Marchioness, it is said, has made a great reputation by the skill with which she jumps through the hoops, while a Duke is an acknowledged master on the trapeze.

John Chinaman is everywhere making his way into prominence. One Celestial, Yan Foo Lee by name, recently captured a class prize at Yale College for English composition, and is also the best chess player in all New Haven. The white men had better look "a leedle outd." The women are pressing them hard for first honors on the one hand, and if they are going to let Chinamen beat them in the use of their mother-tongue at that rate, they had better go out of the education business altogether, and remove to the diggings at once, or to some other locality where they can get on quite as well without the ability to write good English.

We should think that Baron Tennyson, after that last poem of his, would feel some hesitancy about drawing his perquisites as Poet Laureate. Not he, however, for he has just laid in five pipes of fine old port. There is no use, of course, of a man letting his modesty wrong him, but if we were in Alfred Tennyson's place just now, we should feel as if we hadn't given a poetical equivalent during the past year for all that good stuff.

Andrew Carnegie is a Scottish American millionaire who has learned the Yankee art of self-advertising to some good purpose. He recently proclaimed himself a Socialist to some newspaper interviewer, and that fact has been duly chronicled in and commented upon by every paper from Maine to California. Just what special importance it has to call for such attention one is at a loss to determine, but then there the fact is. If the ranks of millionaires were diligently searched it would not be a hard matter to find some, perhaps quite a few of these favored individuals who would quite willingly confess to the possession of some mildly social-

istic views. It should be no such wonderful thing that a very rich man should occasionally ask himself why it was that he had so much while others had so little, and whether he really deserved all his superabundance, and if, theoretically speaking, it would not be the right thing for him to "divide up" among his less favored brethren. That surely would be no such rare thing that it need occasion any surprise, or afford a text for wise editorial utterances. Carnegie is no doubt sincere enough in his so-called socialistic beliefs, nor can one fairly doubt that sincerity because he is not yet ready to divide with Tom, Dick and Harry. He no doubt thinks he can use it for them better than than they could for themselves. But give him time, there is no saying what he may come to yet.

Speaking of Socialists reminds one of a band of dangerous cranks—male and female—who meet periodically in Chicago and amuse themselves by inciting one another to murder. In speech they are all very bloodthirsty, both men and women of them, but more than half-crazy, most of them, no doubt. Half-crazy people, it must be remembered, have often worked far more mischief than could be easily remedied, as witness Guiteau, for example. Bloodthirsty fanatics like those in Chicago should be closely watched.

These dynamiters manage to give plenty of annoyance, if nothing more. London is no sooner out of one panic, than they throw her into another. An attempt on London Bridge one week, and on the underground railroad the next. It is all very alarming, and so mysterious, too. The rascals get off every time and leave no trace behind. Are they bad spirits in the guise of men, or what, that they manage to elude detection in this way?

One unfortunate result will be that a very bitter feeling will be stirred up against all Irishmen, and a great many innocent persons will be made to suffer for the sin of a few. This may not be right, but one can hardly say that it is unreasonable. There is such a thing as raising spirits that one cannot quell, and Messrs Parnell & Co bent their energies some time ago to foster feelings, some of the results of which we hope they have lived to regret. We don't believe that the vast majority of Irishmen are anything but out of all sympathy with these dynamite outrages, but for all that it can hardly be wondered at as we have said that the Irish race should be shouldered with much execration because of them, and Parnell and others with a large, if not the lion's share, of the responsibility.

Boston is all eyes and ears just now in trying to discover who the benevolent lady was who went to the superintendent of the city's schools and offered \$50,000 as a fund to provide for the care of the children's teeth. The Athens of America finds great difficulty in suitably expressing its cultured surprise. They are perhaps a trifle indignant withal, regarding the offer as an implied slight, perhaps, on Boston brown bread and baked beans, the favorite dishes of the philosophers, young and old.

New York feels herself insulted by the appointment of an untried and almost unknown man from Boston as the Commissioner of Public Works. Capable or incapable, he will have most to say as to the new Croton Aqueduct, which is to be one of the greatest feats of modern engineering. Strange-like thing, surely, bearing a remarkable resemblance to a job of portentous proportions. The little African who is somewhere in the neighborhood will doubtless

reveal himself in due time. Not, however, perhaps, before much time and many millions of money have been irretrievably wasted. But New York is so much accustomed to "big jobs," that by this time it ought surely to be able to say in all seriousness and earnest sobriety, "O, its nothing when you're used to it." What with elevated railroads, and a big bridge, and Broadway given over to a company, they have had practice enough by this time in "getting used to it."

Who wouldn't live in the North-West! Only 55° below zero. Why, that's nothing. They never feel the cold up there. That clear, bracing atmosphere, so warms the cockles of all hearts that, let the mercury sink clear out of sight as it likes, what matters it? They never really feel cold, not they. Look well after your nose and ears, for Jack Frost can't be fooled with, even in Winnipeg. Wrap yourself in a fur coat, and bundle your feet in a dozen pairs of socks, and a pair of moccasins, and you are all right.

Louis of Battenburg, the German prince who is to marry Princess Boatrice is described as an awkward looking fellow anywhere but on horseback. The British taxpayer will, of course, have to foot the bill for the wedding and the maintenance of the subsequent establishment.

The young man it is said is being put through his facings as the Queen's future son-in-law. He has dined with Her Majesty and furnished the escort on various occasions of pomp and ceremony.

He is one year younger than his future wife, but that is no greater objection.

It is to be hoped that the Prince of Wales will treat him better than he treated his brother-in-law Lorne.

It is said that Princess Beatrice had begun to feel a little sore against her royal mother for keeping her so long from the honors and joys of matrimony. But can one wonder that the Queen should be anxious to keep one daughter with her as long as she can, that even after she has formed other ties, she should wish her to remain by her side. Her Majesty, like humbler folk, no doubt feels the need of close and affectionate companionship, a blessing which one in her position can hardly look for except with one closely connected by birth.

The person who does the public printing at Washington ought to get rich if he does any thing like proportionately with what some government printers in Canada are said to have done. The bill for printing last year was not less than \$3,000,000. What dream of a margin for profit does not this vast sum conjure up!

By the death of Mr. William Johnson, last week, the Reform party lost one of its most noted workers. Mr. Johnson, had he lived, gave every promise of a highly successful career. He was an energetic, painstaking able man. As an organizer and conductor of political contests, the Grit party will find some difficulty in replacing him.

By last accounts Rev. Mr. Withrow is getting on so nicely. The doctor is a able man, and an ornament of the great church to which he belongs.

Mother Mandelbaum has not fared well in Canada as many of her cotemporers in crime have done. These awkward bottom laws, you know, which impose a penalty on the importation of precious stones, proved a barrier to her feeling of blissful security, which she did not anticipate.