

*Herald* specimens of news construction, especially when it happens to be the case that those headings and paragraphs affect the memory of dead heroes. What can the *Witness* or the *Herald* know about what the former calls "A Terrible Story" in connection with Sir John Franklin's party? There is not the least evidence that the poor men were driven to feed on their weaker companions, unless dead men be classed among newspaper scribes as "weaker companions." A fine narrative will one day be written of the relation borne by national vanity and national heroism towards the realization of the best north-west passage to China and all the east. Nations, even the greatest, sometimes determine their courses by insufficiently comprehensive views.

Our Premier has returned to a grateful country. When, with his *confrères*, he left for England, the Opposition raved and stormed in a promiscuous manner, declaring that another effort was to be made to betray the country into the hands of some undiscovered Philistines; we ought to build the Pacific Railway ourselves, and make money out of it; it was a political blunder and misdemeanor to give millions of acres of our fertile lands to a foreign company, and the people were implored to utter their voice against the contemplated iniquity. But gradually the storm died down, and now that the Syndicate is formed, and the contract to build the entire road in ten years only awaiting an order-in-council for completion, all parties are pleased.

"Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer."

The Hon. L. S. Huntington has not cabled an indignant protest against the use of his name in connection with Sir John and his scheme. The *Herald*, of Montreal, is absolutely satisfied, and almost gratified, saying:—"Assuming as we are bound to do that the contractors give good security to carry out their bargains, we believe that the disposition of the work, by calling in private enterprise and vigilance, is by far the best method of attaining the desired object." Even the *Globe* has moderated its fury, and speaks of the scheme in a temper that approaches to the calm and the reasonable.

All this clearly indicates that Sir John and his colleagues have achieved a great deal more than a partial success. If they have not done all they themselves had hoped, they have done a great deal more than their opponents anticipated. The Syndicate is no land monopoly, but a veritable railway company, undertaking to construct the road and work it for ten years when constructed. This is business of the best kind for the country; it will bring here a vast amount of money, labourers for the building of the road, and settlers for the newly-opened up districts. No wonder the people are pleased with the men who have opened up this prospect to us.

What a happy family gathering the next meeting of Parliament at Ottawa will be? Mr. Blake, of course, will not be of the brotherhood, for Sir John had not been in the country many hours before he supplied the opposition leader with the subject matter for a speech in self defence and recrimination. But he will be almost alone in his nebulous patriotic glory. Mr. Huntington will not be in the humour to give one of his characteristic speeches against Sir John, for they say a new sentiment has sprung up in his heart, and he views his old antagonist in a new light altogether; Mr. Mackenzie will as a natural thing, utter a few reasonable criticisms about it, and perhaps solemnly turn a witticism, but beyond that, there is every prospect of our having a parliamentary gathering as happy and peaceful and self-congratulatory as a meeting of Mormons.

Rumour has it that M. Chapleau is to remain at his post in Quebec and that M. Caron will be taken into the Dominion Cabinet. If this prove true it will be a good move on the part of the Conservatives. Not that M. Chapleau does not deserve the consideration of his party on account of the services he has rendered to it, and not that he would fail as a Dominion Cabinet Minister, but just now his removal from the premiership of the Province would throw the government there back into chaos again. It is quite certain that no other man

could hold the party together as it now stands, and it is more than probable that it would get back to its late condition—not strong enough to govern, but able to make government by others impossible.

M. Caron is comparatively young, but has a good deal of ability, a sound reputation, and a well deserved popularity. If it is according to unwritten law and general understanding that a French Canadian shall fill the post vacated by M. Masson, it is hard to see that anyone can do it better than M. Caron.

A not unimportant part of Sir John A. Macdonald's speech on his return to Canada was the reference to the fact that Mr. T. Brassey, the English millionaire was anxious to purchase of the government an extensive tract of land for colonization purposes. Sir John might have added that Mr. Brassey would upon the acquirement of the land open it up with a railway to connect with the Canadian Pacific. This is a good way to dispose of lands and people the country.

I want to give a hint to all who have anything to do in Britain with the promotion of the cause of filling up Canada. Never use the word emigrant, or emigration. It is detestable in British, especially English ears; for it smacks of the old days when emigrants were simply paupers, and the lowest class at that. Call it colonization, or settlement.

The following from *Truth* confirms statements made to me a few weeks ago as to the condition of social life in England to-day:—

"Not long ago a strange scene took place in a pretty garden not a hundred miles from London. The tree-shaded lawn was scattered over with seats, with here and there a bright-coloured Persian rug for the special behoof of any guests who object to open-air amusements on account of the "damp grass." To some minds grass is always damp. It was early in the afternoon, and the only tenants of the garden were the servants, who were arranging refreshments upon some tables under the trees. They seemed full of nods and becks, and whispers of apparently mysterious import passed among them. A carriage drives up to the gate, and two ladies, entering, look round for their hostess. The servant who has admitted them goes in search of his mistress, and a few moments afterwards a young and beautifully dressed woman issues from the house, her face deeply flushed, her eyes half closed, and her gait uncertain. Just at this moment another carriage drives up, a gentleman and lady being the occupants. They, too, enter by the garden gate, and advance towards the house across the lawn. As they approach the uncertain, swaying figure of their hostess they look at each other significantly, and the lady says in a low voice: 'I was afraid of this. Where can Mr. X. be to allow her to be seen in this state?' The interpretation of those wild looks, that disordered hair, and those meaningless words is that Mrs. X. is intoxicated, though not sufficiently so to be quite helpless. She wanders among her guests, her condition, however, being so palpable, so unmistakable, that the majority laugh and titter, while the friendly few pity though they condemn her. The painful scene was ended by the arrival of her husband, whose look of misery, as he led his wife on his arm through the groups of gaily-dressed people into the house, touched even the laughers with pity. This is no exaggeration of facts. It is, unfortunately, a scene from real life, and, I fear, not an uncommon one."

The Irish troubles continue, and there seems to be no end to them. Mr. Gladstone passes through and is cheered with every manifestation of affection; they have discovered at last that Mr. Parnell is at best an agitator, and in no sense a statesman; so the murder of landlords goes on, and Irish discontent will not be pacified, although the crops are good, and there is no chance of England perpetrating a famine there this year. What the end will be no one can venture to predict, but what we are sure of is, that the Irish will not get their grievances redressed by the murder of landlords. The present Government is undoubtedly pacific in its attitude towards Ireland, but there is a point beyond which Mr. Gladstone will not go. Home Rule, infuriated by an occasional assassination is not likely to become popular in England. If the Irish want any further concessions from the British Parliament; if they want to help Mr. Forster in his endeavours to secure justice for the unfortunate tenant, they had better put a stop to the murdering business.

As the Eastern question appears to be on the eve of a final and bloody settlement at last, we may as well have a clear understanding of the situation. By the terms of the Treaty of Berlin—which