

Ontario, Queen's Counsel can in certain cases, at the request of a judge of the Superior Courts, perform certain judicial duties, such as the trial of civil and criminal cases; that their authority to act by virtue of a patent issued by the Lieutenant-Governor might be disputed, and that if it were eventually decided to be illegal, a failure of justice would be the consequence; that under these circumstances, as the gentlemen appointed by the Government of Ontario, according to the *Official Gazette*, were fully qualified to perform the duties of Her Majesty's Counsel, Commissions be issued by the Government of Canada to those gentlemen, or such of them as might desire to receive the same. This decision was communicated to the several gentlemen interested, with a statement of the reasons therefor, upon which the Executive Council of Ontario drew a Minute on the subject, which received the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor, and by him was communicated to the Secretary of State for the Provinces on the 26th October. In this minute, regret was expressed that the Dominion Government had not thought fit to transmit a copy of the opinion of the Law Officers for the information of the Ontario Government; that while of opinion that the Lieutenant-Governor has the right to appoint Queen's Counsel without any such step, yet in view of the decision of the Law Officers they would have removed all possible doubts upon so important a matter by legislation. They further expressed their intention of proposing such legislation at the then forthcoming session of the Legislature, and hoped that the Federal Government would, for the time, abstain from issuing the proposed Commissions, or at least before doing so, that a joint case on behalf of the respective governments should be argued before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

To this the Privy Council replied:—

That their object in proposing to issue patents to the gentlemen made Queen's Counsel by the Provincial Government was to prevent a possible failure of justice, as all proceedings before a Q. C. sitting by request of a Superior Court judge at the Assizes would be *coram non judice*. No objection was offered to the Provincial legislation suggested, but it was asserted that the prerogative of Her Majesty, through her representative, could in no way be affected by it. As to the proposal that a joint case be presented to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, it was held that the Courts of Ontario should first deal with the subject.—(*Morgan's Annual Register*, 1879, pp. 26-30.)

Since then the Governments of Ontario, Quebec, and Nova Scotia have created Queen's Counsel from time to time; so also has the Government of the Dominion under Sir John A. Macdonald; no patents were issued under Mr. Mackenzie's regime, the Hon. Mr. Blake and the Hon. Mr. Laflamme, Ministers of Justice during that time, favouring the pretensions of the local government.—*Ibid.*

The last stage to be noticed in connection with this question is the case of *Lenoir vs. Ritchie* argued before the Supreme Court of Canada on the 4th November, 1879. In this case the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia had held that the Provincial Acts of Nova Scotia, 37 Vic., c. 20 (1874), affirming the right of the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint Queen's Counsel, and to decide with respect of precedence and pre-audience were not *ultra vires*, but that the Acts were not retrospective, and must be so construed as not to take away or disturb the precedence given to J. N. Ritchie by the Letters Patent already issued to him under the Seal of the Dominion. An appeal from this judgment was made to the Supreme Court of Canada, but was on the 4th November, 1879, dismissed by the majority of the Court. In this case the question was simply one of *precedence and pre-audience*. Some of the judges, however, (Henry, Taschereau, and Gwynne) went on to say:

That the Acts of the Legislature of Nova Scotia in question are *ultra vires* and void, in so far as they invest the Lieutenant-Governor with the authority of appointing to the rank or dignity of Queen's Counsel, which Her Majesty by herself or His Excellency the Governor General, alone has the right to confer, and that no Act of any such Legislatures can in any manner impair or affect Her Majesty's right to the exclusive exercise of all her prerogative powers. They further held that the Act of the Nova Scotian Legislature simply authorized the Lieutenant-Governor to appoint provincial officers under the name of "Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law," but that it did not and could not make them of the rank and dignity of that name granted by Her Majesty.—(2 *Legal News*, p. 373.)

These dicta it will be observed are merely opinions. The only effect of the decision actually given by the Court is to declare—

That the rank claimed by Mr. Ritchie must be maintained, and the contrary claim set up by the Q. C. of N. S. be disallowed; but the Q. C. appointed by the several Provincial Parliaments are undisturbed by this decision and retain their rank among themselves. The validity of their appointment may be judicially presented on some future occasion, but it has not thus far been submitted or pronounced upon with judicial authority.—*Doutre's Const. of Can.*, p. 63.)

PARIS MODELS.

Does anyone ever speculate how Parisian models and costumes find their way to English shops and show-rooms? Who chooses them? At the mercy of whose taste is the feminine public of a great part of England? Whence comes those complicated wonders of silk and plush, those mysteries of drapery, which bear a *cachet* unknown even to the ordinary visitor to Paris, who is acquainted only with the monster shops—the Louvre, Bon Marché and Petit St. Thomas; or, even if by introduction able to go to the Rue de la Paix, may there be easily put of with a *rossignols* of last year. Not so the practised *buyer*, who, a quiet-looking and subservient shopwoman at home, in the Parisian export warehouses becomes a cynical and suspicious customer, not to be put off with anything but the newest and best. Must she not compete with a thousand other shops at home, all eager to outdo her? And then, on the other hand, what triumph if she secure a really original model—something out of the ordinary run, and which will compel from the lucky wearer's acquaintance the unwilling, grudging question, "Where *did* you get that sweet thing?" To find these

hidden paradises of fashion requires a business education, and, I believe, the presence of an agent, who notes down purchases made, deducts discount, and arranges for the sending and safe arrival of the goods. A morning thus passed is an education to the eye, and, alas! rather calculated to discontent the humble owners of a winter gown, and a Sunday one to change, and no more! It is a revelation in the way of shopping, to penetrate in Paris one of her dingiest streets; to enter a *porte cochère* of humble aspect, laden with the brass plates of the various occupants; to hunt out the particular name you want, and find you must ascend the not too clean stone stairs to the *troisième* perhaps the *quatrième*; to stand a moment on the landing, having tinkled a poorly sounding bell, dubiously considering a door whose physiognomy (I protest all inanimate things have one), promises but small things in any branch of trade, unless it be an approaching job for a carpenter; and then suddenly to see the despised door fall back, and in its place the tall and elegant figure of one of that most well-mannered race, a French shopwoman, and, to your astonished eyes, a background of handsome carved wardrobes and heavy curtains, all in irreproachable taste. If your party happens, as ours was, to be a large one, you file in, preceded by your agent, who the while whispers confidentially to *Madame*, who of course happens to be a particular friend of his: "These ladies are from a *magasin du premier goût* in London; show them your best." We then file into an inner *salon*, more *cosy* if possible than the first, and, sinking into delightful sofas with our backs to the light, we await the storm. "We commence with one costume," says charming *Madame*, with an inimitable wave of the hand, as the curtains are lifted, and a tall and stylish young woman walks composedly in, attired in the latest novelty. What it was would be treason to say; but, without committing myself, I may hint that it partook of a conventual character. And I may venture to say that any belle possessed of that triumph of severe taste would relinquish, if ever she had any, all ideas of retiring from a world which could not fail to fall down in admiration of this brown and amber *nonnette*. The young woman paces to and fro, observing our comments, and, secure in the knowledge that she is displaying a "good article," does not quail even before the eagle glance of our English *buyer*! The *nonnette* is put on one side, the young lady divesting herself of it at a side sofa, and displaying underneath a neat little indoor costume, which, though far from worn out as a whole, is completely in rags about the armholes from the constant friction of taking dresses off on. That was the *jam*—now comes the *powder*; another and equally handsome woman walks sedately in. How well they do it! a sweeping measured thread, absolute self-possession, and nature, aided by highest art, in their general make-up. This time, however, our Juno meets with scant success. It is a *Rossignol*! a model of positively three months back! We are not to be taken in by such mockeries, and our valuable time wasted! We wish to do *une affaire sérieuse*. A laconic "Pas ça" dismisses this, our second live lay figure. And now they pass in quick succession; after costumes come evening dresses, in which we admire every tissue known to millinery art, and are inclined to think in some cases—for the trains, for instance—that, not content with their enormous range of material, they have borrowed his choicest wares from the upholsterer. Brocades stiff as those proverbial ones which stand of themselves, shaded by lace which might shame a cobweb, on a foundation of softest richest satin or imperial velvet, all dazzle our charmed eyes. Forty, sixty, eighty guineas are paid for these "millinery dreams." Will they not serve as models?

Paris models! *et tout est dit*. Such an one as this last, for instance, is, in our opinion, much more a work of high art than the "Reveries in drab" or "Nocturnes in old gold" displayed in a fashionable gallery. On an atmospheric ground—for colour it has none—float clouds of white lace, caught here and there with blush roses and sprays of delicate forget-me-not. This is the brocade. The whole of the rest of the costume is of flesh-coloured and grey satin, so cunningly twisted and draped that it might be a reversible material. Such a costume is fit for an empress, and its cost is too great even for an ambitious *buyer's* views. It is reluctantly laid on one side. Enough costumes having been selected of the cream of the stock, we wend our way to another remote street, mount this time *au quatrième*, and in hushed expectation await the advance of the owner of the establishment. Is he not a cutter of Worth—therefore a great man, a man to cultivate, whose sympathies to enlist? Here we see only mantles. Of them I may say that one and all are long and plush-lined; all having falling sleeves, many jelly-bag shaped, and finished off by a tassel, so heavy and massive as to remind one rather comically of the termination of the bell-rope of our youth. In the many places we subsequently visit we see nothing at all to equal these mantles in cut or style.

But now we have abandoned back streets and back stairs. Behold us in full Rue de la Paix, at Virot's on positively the *first* floor. Bonnets and hats of every form and hue. Quiet ones for the Parisians—not that many come here; still, there are the bonnets, if the fitting customer present herself. Hats to attract, alas! the English, eccentric in shape, adorned with bird's claws, and, dare we say it? glaring colours. Bonnets neither too plain nor too *prononcé* for the discriminating American—best of all customers at this world-renowned mart of fashion. None are too old or too young, too fastidious or too exacting, to find something to set off the unattractive or to embellish beauty itself. Only