

Norway and Switzerland; that artificially produced, and that cut in the ponds and pieces of water round Paris, and well known to be full of impurities. The first two kinds cost 30 frs. the ton, the other 15 frs. The inferior ice is in request for butchers, poultry dealers, and fishmongers, and it is exactly that impure variety which the costermongers employ. The Prefect of Police, in presence of the dangers to be caused by bacilled ice, insists that all ice employed for alimementation, must be pure; that from stagnant ponds and uncleansed basins in parks, etc., must be rejected. There are shanties that sell ices by the score, at 50 per cent. reduction in price; several small boys unite and buy a stock. Also other shops vend by a wheel of fortune, where twenty ices can be had for the winning one sou; the ices can be exchanged for ginger-bread—safety that way lies. Z.

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At Street Corners.

THE editor has handed to me a letter from Mr. S. Sherin who is disposed to complain somewhat about certain remarks I made last week as to the Pan-American Congress. I hasten to assure Mr. Sherin that I am very sorry if I have unintentionally hurt his feelings, and that my remarks had no special reference to him at all. In firm but gentlemanly language, which I hope the editor will publish, he demands that I shall retract what I said. I do. I alluded to the "astute and commercially-disposed engineer of the enterprise." As a matter of fact I wrote "engineers," but in the printing the word got transformed from plural to singular. It was quite an impersonal observation and does not apply to Mr. Sherin, as no doubt those who know him have already recognized. I had no intention of suggesting that Mr. Sherin was "in it for money," and from his kindly-expressed letter I feel sure that he will receive this explanation in the spirit in which it is offered.

I am sorry to hear that Mr. J. C. Innes, a talented local artist in black and white, who for the past year has been doing effective work for the newspapers and magazines, is laid aside by illness, and has had to go to country quarters to endeavour to recuperate. Mr. Innes is the son of Dean Innes, of London, and has a large circle of friends who will be glad to hear of his speedy recovery.

I went to the Barnum & Bailey circus and took a small boy there. It was hardish work to sit through the performance, on an inconvenient seat, but to do this in company with about 14,000 others was an experience not to be missed. The animals and anthropological specimens were worth the entrance money. The eye of the hippopotamus, as he (or she) looked plaintively at one from his or her cage, almost made one believe in transmigration, it was so human. It seemed to say, "Am I not a man (or woman) and a brother (or sister)." The theosophists should have arranged to have that hippopotamus at one of their meetings. It would have added weight to their platform.

Twenty-four elephants, too, in a row are not to be sneezed at, nor are a pair of tigers of magnificent proportions, nor a rhinoceros, a number of camels and a giraffe. The small boy had never been quite sure that the pictures in the books were representations of realities. He knew they were now. Within the great tent, the three rings going at once, the acrobats, the riders, and finally the racing, were almost too much for him. He slept till noon next day.

The way that great show moved with all its appurtenances, stock, lock and barrel before midnight, while the last of the visiting crowd was not out until after eleven o'clock, was a wonder. A man of my acquaintance who has long wanted to remove his residence, but dreads the hour and article of moving, says he is encouraged, and is now looking out for another domicile. He is going to remove on the Barnum & Bailey plan. Nine o'clock, breakfast. A quarter-past nine, ten waggons at the door, with twenty-five men. From a quarter-past nine to a quarter to ten a continuous procession of household goods from the various rooms to the waggons. Nine forty-five to ten, packing same. Ten-thirty, arrive at new residence. Ten-thirty to ten forty-five, the twenty-five men put down carpets. Ten forty-five to eleven-fifteen, procession of household goods to various rooms. One o'clock, a

party of friends invited for lunch. My friend says he knows it will work splendidly. Asked if he had told his wife, he answered in the negative.

Strolling along a quiet street the other evening I overheard a unique but forcible way of saying one had been in a fix. A girl was recounting the incident, whatever it was, to a party of friends, and concluded with, "I can tell you I was in the worst muss next to dying." The tone in which it was said conveyed volumes.

While on the subject of original expressions I might mention an effort at coining words by a small maiden of three years. Her aunt had given the dog a drink of water and being a gentlemanly dog he barked his thanks. The little woman afterwards recounting the incident to her mother, was at a loss to describe it as she did not know the verb "to bark." So she just said: Auntie gave him a drink and he just dogged at it."

Here is yet another example of a small child's verbiage. A little fellow of my acquaintance was once very angry with his mother who had corrected him. He didn't say: "I won't love you any more." Oh no, he was much more tragic. He said: "I'll take off my clothes, I'll take off my flesh, I'll take off my bones and sit in my blood." This is genuine, for I heard it shouted at the top of the little fellow's voice, in an agony of wrath.

Mr. E. Frohner, formerly connected with the Ontario School of Art, and who has resided for some years in this city, where he has earned the respect of many friends and pupils as a conscientious teacher of drawing, is, I understand, going to Philadelphia to undertake work in connection with newspaper illustrations. He will carry with him the good wishes of a large circle of acquaintances.

The meeting in the Pavilion the other night, which was called to consider the problem of providing work for the unemployed, proved as abortive as some others that have been held with a like view. I am curious to see what the authorities are going to do with the anarchists who on such occasions endeavour to air their hateful principles. This is a free country, but when a man is fool enough to say, "Down with law and down with property," he should either be promptly placed in a lunatic asylum or given plainly to understand that we will have none of such notions here.

DIAGENES.

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Montreal Affairs.

THE OTTAWA RIVER ROUTE; IT WILL BRING MONTREAL 435 MILES NEARER FORT WILLIAM AND CHICAGO; ONLY 29 MILES OF CANAL NEEDED; AN 18-FOOT CHANNEL CAN BE PROVIDED FOR \$15,000,000—THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL; CANADIAN WATERWAYS SERIOUSLY ENDANGERED BY IT; THE LEVEL OF THE LAKES MAY BE REDUCED THREE FEET; AMERICAN FRONTIER CITIES ARE ALREADY PROTESTING, BUT CANADIANS LOOK ON IN SILENCE.

THERE is growing interest here in the agitation for the development of the Ottawa River route as a channel for the transportation of the cereals of the Western prairies to the sea-board. It is remarkable what a strong case can be made out for this undertaking. The utilization of the Ottawa and French rivers as proposed would bring Montreal 435 miles nearer to Chicago and Fort William, which translated into transportation charges would, it is estimated, lower the carriage cost of a bushel of wheat over that distance from 2½ to 3 cents per bushel—quite sufficient to deflect the bulk of the carrying trade of the Western States to this port. The attainment of such a stupendous commercial advantage would be worth whatever it might cost since it would enormously increase the tonnage to and from the St. Lawrence ports; but the estimates are that the cost would not be excessive. According to surveys made for the Dominion Government in 1860, by T. C. Clarke, an eminent New York engineer, a twelve-foot channel could be obtained by cutting 29 miles of canal, the cost of the whole enterprise to be \$12,000,000. No further surveys have been made, but those promoting the scheme estimate that an eighteen-foot chan-