

esting story too long to recapitulate, but we may recall Professor Goldwin Smith's sarcastic phrase to the effect that by the choice of Queen Victoria an arctic lumber village was transformed into a political cock-pit.

The lumber industry still survives, although somewhat shorn of its one-time magnitude, and the political mill is bigger, noisier, and more expensive than ever.

The globe-trotter and the cheap-tripper who visit Ottawa in session time, may be pardoned for forming the impression that lobbying, axe-grinding, and wire-pulling, are the chief industries of the place, but in so doing they would be very considerably astray. Always the centre of the lumbering interest, Ottawa has added many other important undertakings. In the use of electricity for light and power, for instance, thanks to the enterprise of a single firm, she long held the lead, and her magnificent water-power will always enable her to maintain a high place among manufacturing cities.

For half the year Parliament dominates, and during that period Ottawa is feverishly busy and gay. It is a harvest time for hotels, boarding-houses, and retail shops, and the money circulates freely, albeit many of the members and senators are of a frugal turn, and contrive to take a substantial portion of their sessional allowance home with them.

The vortex of the social whirlpool is not, however, Parliament Hill, but Rideau Hall, the residence of the Governor-General. Here a miniature court is held, which imitates or, shall we say, parodies in rather an amusing way, the genuine article across the ocean, for, excuse or justify it as one may, this semblance of King, Lords, and Commons, does not set naturally upon the head of an essentially democratic country.

Yet there is something pathetic, too, about the passionate eagerness shown for recognition by Vice-Royalty. The Civil Service, for example, are equal to any self-denial that will enable them to figure

at Rideau Hall. They will even leave their baker, and butcher, their dressmaker and tailor unpaid, in order that they keep their place in the striving throng. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if the successive Governor-Generals are flattered into the belief that they are really something more than costly figure-heads.

Let it not be supposed, however, that there is no society in Ottawa worth taking into account save that which flutters about Rideau Hall. On the contrary, there are whole platoons of people possessing wealth and culture whose names are never signed in the big book in the front hall of that rambling structure. Admirable and interesting folk they are, too, who really constitute the back-bone of the city.

A curious feature of Ottawa, considering its size, is the paucity of higher educational institutions. There is a Roman Catholic college, a couple of girls' schools, a boys' school, a collegiate institute, and that is all. There is no public library, but a fairly good Art Gallery, and an excellent Geological Museum, both belonging to the Federal Government.

Winnipeg

It seems a big jump from Ottawa to Winnipeg, and there are certainly cities lying between, such as Hamilton, London, and Brantford, which should not be passed over in silence, but the necessary limitations of space compel us regretfully to withhold.

For a parallel to the wonderful growth of Winnipeg we must cross the International boundary line. Statistics are superfluous. Suffice it to say that within a single generation she has expanded from a prairie village into a splendid city, with the certainty of a future development that will even surpass the past. There is nothing of the mushroom about her. She has had her boom. The bitter lesson then learned will not be forgotten. The burned child may be depended upon henceforth to fight shy of that fire.