

HAIL Davin! The ladies of the queen city of the plains have presented the Prairie Bard with an address, and in return for this distinction, we are told that the great Nicholas poured forth a *Flood* of eloquence for the space of two hours. Ye ds! What a world of tribute to the lady must have fallen from the lips of this Adonis. What wisdom! What advice! What--bosh. But what on earth could have prompted the Regina ladies to present this bald-headed (early piety) bachelor masher with an address? What has Davin done to the ladies that they should single him out for this distinction? But to be serious; would not the mothers and daughters of Regina appear more womanly in attending to their domestic affairs, than in presenting Nicholas Flood Davin or any other man with an address? "A place for everything and everything in its place" is a saying which never loses its force, and the place for woman is not to gain cheap notoriety in pushing herself before the public gaze. A modest woman will not do it. A wise woman will not do it; for she is aware that men have little respect for forward women. The more woman is unlike man, the more she will be admired by men; and modesty should be the main point of difference between the sexes. The men of Regina will not think any more of their ladies for this address business, and even Nicholas himself would probably smile loudly in his sleeve during its presentation.

EXCEPTION has been taken to a paragraph in a late issue of THE COMMERCIAL regarding Hungarian immigration. Evidence has since transpired to fully justify the remarks then made, and to show that the matter was dealt with in more moderate language than the circumstances of the case would warrant. In the paragraph referred to, it was suggested that the Hungarians who had been brought to Manitoba, might belong to a better class than those who in the United States have become noted for their wretchedness, viciousness, and immorality. However, such does not appear to be the case, as practical experience with the new-comers has speedily shown. The batch who arrived here were taken at once to the Saskatchewan coal mines, where they inaugurated their arrival by looting the neighborhood. The next thing in order was a strike, followed by an attempt to blow up with gunpowder some of their fellow workmen who had labored on a church holiday, against the wishes of the majority. This attempt proved a partial failure, through mismanagement or lack of knowledge in placing the explosive. It is time an outcry was raised against the system of giving Government assistance to speculative foreigners with a handle to the names, to aid them in dumping such refuse upon this province. Before aid is given to these colonization schemes, it should be seen that the settlers who are to be brought in will prove desirable additions to the population of the country. Otherwise our productive lands would be better lying idle or left to be inherited and peopled by the natural increase of population.

"Lo the poor Indian" is not to be entirely lost sight of in this practical age of industrial whirl and commercial competition. A beautiful work of art has lately been reared to the

memory of one of the greatest of Indians, Chief Thayendanegea, otherwise known as Joseph Brant. Second only to Tecumseh, the life of Joseph Brant is familiar to all those acquainted with Canadian history. His name already immortalized in our history, required not the bronze and granite memorial to prevent it from disappearing in oblivion. But the beautiful "Brant memorial," lately erected at the city of Brantford, Ontario, (which city and county bear the name of the great Indian), will exist as a memento of this truly noble man, long after the small remnant of the Mohawk race has vanished from the face of the earth. In the decline of the great nations of antiquity, as well as in those which have disappeared in more modern times, some great spirit has flashed out low upon the western horizon, to lend as it were a glow of splendor to their departing day, and give a beautiful sunset to an otherwise tragic picture. So with the poor Indian, whence came nobody knows, and who appeared to be in his decline ere the Pale Face landed on his eastern shores. His sun is setting rapidly; but his name has been preserved for future generations of the trespassing race, by the noble and heroic deeds of such of his people as Chief Thayendanegea. And in after years, when the mysterious Red Man of America, exists only in the fancy of the historical student, the visitor to Brantford will gaze with curious interest upon the work of art before him, and the departed Indian will live again in the memory of the observer.

"FASHIONABLE society" in England is just now having a sweet morsel of gossip, greatly to the delight of the aristocratic nonentities, who employ their degenerate intellects in discussing society scandals. We are told by a late despatch, that the Court of Queen's Bench is crowded daily by a fashionable audience, to hear the testimony in the suit of Charles Warren Adams against Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. The Lord Chief Justice is the unwilling father-in-law of Adams, and before the consummation of this event, the former made a strenuous but ineffectual attempt to break off the engagement between his daughter and Adams. The plaintiff charges Coleridge with having written letters alleging that he (Adams) was endeavoring to obtain money possessed by Miss Coleridge by compromising her character, thereby compelling her to marry him. Some "spicy" evidence is expected to be developed, hence the stir in society circles. When the so-called aristocratic society of England takes such great delight in scandal, as is shown by the rush of fashionable people (especially ladies) to the courts on the occasion of the hearing of a case bearing on human depravity, it would seem to be high time that such cases were heard in private. There is no question as to the baneful effects which the familiarization of vice exerts upon the community. The boy who imbibes dime novels until he imagines the *ultima thule* of his existence is to become a sea-pirate or an Indian-slayer, finds a counterpart in the precocious miss who must elope with her father's coachman, or the adventuresome madam who gratifies society with "something fresh," all brought about by becoming familiar with similar episodes through the press or otherwise. The saying that "forewarned is forearmed" evidently does not hold good in this case.

THE great damage which has been done by prairie fires during the past season, makes the question of additional legislation in regard to this matter of vast importance directly to the farmers of the province, and indirectly to the merchants and traders in the towns and cities. The laws now on the statute books appear to be totally inadequate to meet the exigencies of the case, as has been abundantly shown within the last few months. The demand for new legislation on this subject seems to be so general all over the province, that it is not at all unlikely that an effort will be made at the next session of the Local Legislature to provide some more efficient and practical measure to take the place of the existing act. A great many suggestions have been made through the press as to the nature of the law required, and the defects in the present law have been freely pointed out; and in this connection we would call attention to a communication, appearing in the last issue of THE COMMERCIAL, as containing some points worthy of consideration, bearing on this matter. Undoubtedly those who reside in districts where the fires have done the greatest damage, will be in a position to give the most valuable suggestions as to the means of preventing similar destruction in the future. The matter is undoubtedly of sufficient importance to warrant the appointment by the Government, of a commission, for the purpose of thoroughly investigating the subject and framing a practical measure for the prevention of prairie conflagrations. It is also imperative that some measure of relief should be extended to the sufferers, and such a commission could also take this matter into consideration. It may be a great many years before prairie fires again prove as destructive as they have done during the past season, but this does not at all lessen the necessity for taking active measures to prevent their recurrence in the future.

CANADIAN journals have been expressing a great deal of indignation at a recent occurrence in London, England. The authorities of that great metropolis conceived the idea of having the colonies represented at the Lord Mayor's "free" show, and the only way in which they considered this country could be adequately represented was in our great staple commodity of ice. Consequently a model of an ice palace was borne along in the procession, as a fitting symbolism of the greatest British colony. The ice feature in connection with that absurd and antiquated piece of tom foolery, the Lord Mayor's show, it is claimed would lend further credence to the belief that Canada is a dreary waste of ice and snow, and perhaps to the half-clad and half-fed multitudes of London, the spectacle would cause rather unpleasant emotions; but when rightly understood this ice idea is not a bad one after all. What would Canada be without ice and snow? Without these luxuries life would hardly be worth living in this country, and would indeed be a more dreary waste than some foreigners vainly imagine our country to be. What would be the use of our snow shoes and our skates and our "stances" and our sleigh bells and a thousand other things, with all their attendant merriment and enjoyment, if we had no ice and snow? It is safe to say that right here in Winnipeg we have had more enjoyment during the past few days since the ice formed on the Red River firm enough to hold a crowd up, than during several months previous, and yet our winter sports have hardly commenced yet. It is estimated that there were 5,000 skaters on the river on Thursday last, all of whom were enjoying themselves as they have not done since the departure of Jack Frost last spring. Roller skating may answer for the effeminate south, but in Winnipeg the large Royal roller rink has been metamorphosed into an ice rink, and the building will henceforth resound with the clear ring of the steel instead of the deafening roar of the clumsy castors.