

LORD HARRIS has been telling an interviewer from the *Daily News* that the life of the professional cricketer is not a very remunerative one. The professional is idle, so far as cricket is concerned, half the year, and "in his whole life he never gets such a sum as a good shot at Wimbledon or as much as a jockey of equal calibre has presented to him a dozen times a year." So Lord Harris would have gentleman cricketers act like himself, and put themselves to some trouble to get occupation for the professional during the winter months. But it may be questioned whether Lord Harris is not, in the kindness of his heart, unnecessarily solicitous about the professional cricketer. That popular person may not make fortunes like the jockeys, because no one does; but for a workingman he is really well paid. No professional in a county team, for instance, can help clearing a hundred pounds in a season; and the professional who plays in addition for Marylebone Cricket Club adds materially to his income. Shaw, of Nottingham, has had, as a mere extra, £300 annually from Lord Sheffield for superintending affairs on his ground; and when a professional makes a big score or is "unplayable," the hat is sent round for his benefit. That seldom means less than £10 or £15. Lord Harris, too, could have said that, since professionalism in football has been legalized, a number of cricketers have taken advantage of the new law, and can thus now "play to live" all the year round.—*St. James's Gazette*.

SOME anxiety is beginning to be felt in the United States in consequence of the enormous quantity of arsenic received in that country from Europe, and utilized for purposes not generally known. It seems that there are annually imported into New York, from Cornwall in England and from the mines of Austria, Hungary and Bohemia, about 1,000 kegs of arsenic, which average 400 lbs. in weight each. A dose of two and a half grains of arsenious acid is, according to medical authority, pretty certain to prove fatal. It is calculated that, if the importations of a single year only were divided up into equal portions corresponding in number with the number of inhabitants in the United States, and if each man, woman and child took one of these portions on a given day, human life would on that day cease to exist in the whole territory now covered by the Stars and Stripes. In recent years the importation has rapidly increased; and the fact that numerous cases of arsenical poisoning appear from time to time on the police records and before coroners' juries renders (it is suggested by one of the American papers) it desirable that an inquiry should be instituted as to the purposes to which the huge shipments of this deadly mineral are applied. It seems at first sight improbable that the Old World has devised any iniquitous plot for poisoning the New World; but we live in strange times, and such an inquiry as that suggested, if conducted by a secret commission presided over by an energetic chief director, may lead to astounding revelations.—*St. James's Gazette*.

If there is anything displeasing to you in any of Mr. Howells' novels, all you have to do is to call his attention to it and he will strike it out. It is thus plainer than ever that the new American school of fiction differs from all the other schools of fiction that have preceded it. Mr. Howells' very last novel (when one speaks of an author's latest work nowadays he means the latest when he went to press), "The Rise of Silas Lapham," originally appeared in an American magazine, and there was one passage in it that shocked the editor of the *American Hebrew*. It was really an appeal for fair play for the Jews, but it was written in a sarcastic vein, which the editor of the *American Hebrew* could not follow. The Jews are represented establishing themselves in a certain neighbourhood, and immediately the value of property goes down. "Of course there ain't any sense in it," says one of Mr. Howells' characters. "I think it all damn foolishness. It's cruel and folks ought to be ashamed. But there it is. You tell folks that the Saviour himself was one, and the twelve Apostles and all the Prophets. I don't know but Adam was—guess he was—and it don't make a bit of difference. They send down the price of real estate. Prices begin to shade when the first one gets in." Mr. Howells omitted to explain that there was satire here; and so the editor of the *American Hebrew* did not see it. But he wrote to Mr. Howells saying he was disappointed in him, and then the obnoxious passage was struck from the book, and the complainant apologized "handsomely," and Mr. Howells and the Editor think as much of each other as ever.—*St. James's Gazette*.

MACREADY was one of the most careless actors at rehearsals, and was often an enigma to the country actors. On one occasion he was playing *Virginia*, in which his natural and colloquial style threw the actors off their guard. One in particular imagined the "star" to be addressing him in familiar conversation. For instance, the lines: "Do you wait for me to lead *Virginia* in? Or will you do so?"—were spoken very naturally, and the actor replied: "Oh, I don't mind, Mr. Macready! Just as you like—the way they do it in London." Another instance occurred when he was rehearsing "William Tell." The line was: "Do you shoot?" "A little," was the answer; "but I don't fancy them crossbows, Mr. Macready, though I'm fond of a gun."

RECENT statistics demonstrate that England has 65 square miles of colony to the square mile of her own area; Holland, 54; Portugal, 20; Denmark, 6-30; France, 1-90; and Spain, 0-86 square miles. The area of the British Colonies is nearly 8,000,000 square miles—rather less than the area of the Russian Empire, including Siberia and Central Asia to 509,284 square miles, the Native Feudatory States in India, amounting to 509,284 square miles, be added, over which England exercises as great control as Russia does over much of the territory under its sway, together with that of the United Kingdom itself, 120,757 square miles, then the area of the British Empire exceeds that of the Russian Empire by about 200,000 square miles; and it covers within a fraction of one-sixth of the whole land area of the globe.

## THE PERIODICALS.

WITH the New York Stock Exchange, as with similar institutions in other countries, is associated many a heart-ache and many a blasted home. But to blame brokering for all that is done in its name would be as logical as the fanatic's cry against the use of wine because some have become bibbers. There is a fascination about Stock Exchange business which appeals to daring spirits in all great centres, and it would hardly be rash to predict for Mr. Wheatley's paper on the "New York Stock Exchange," in the current *Harper's*, a more wide-spread perusal than anything which appears in the month's periodicals. Canadians who pine for Independence will find much food for thought in an able contribution on "The Defence of the Seaports." There are several other papers of more than passing interest, and the departments are well sustained. With this number another volume is completed.

WITH its number of October 8th the *Art Interchange* ceases to be a sixteen-page and becomes a twenty-page paper. The first issue in its enlarged form contains many attractive features. In the matter of designs there is a beautiful design in colour for cup and saucer, others for embroidering or painting, for brass-work or china painting, for embroidering on glove sachets, for painting on back of fan mount, decorative arrangement for plate ornamentation, etc.

AMERICA'S oldest family magazine (*God's Lady's Book*) for November is a "thanksgiving number," and truly the review of its career therein given indicates how much cause there is for the gratulatory tone of the proprietors. When founded, forty-five years ago, *God's* was without a rival: to-day it still stands almost unrivalled—but in a different sense—as a lady's magazine. Besides the usual amount of illustration and hints on the ever-changing fashions, as well as much interesting literary matter, the November issue has for a frontispiece a steel engraving of the charming study "Without a Care"—alone worth more than the cost of the part.

THE November number of Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Sunday Magazine* contains one hundred pages of literature and art specially selected for those who have conscientious scruples about reading secular periodicals on Sundays. Those who have not yet made acquaintance with this useful magazine will at once be able to estimate its worth when it is added that Dr. Talmage is the editor.

THE *Living Age* maintains its position as a leading eclectic magazine, giving judiciously-selected reproductions from the leading periodicals.

THE popular idea that no first-class journal can succeed in the States south of New York and Philadelphia is refuted by the success which is claimed by the publishers for *Electra*, which now stands an acknowledged popular journal. Its editors only ask for its further success that the interest, especially of women, be enlisted. The *Electra* has no corporation, no capital stock to back it. It has been, until this juncture, based entirely upon the individual labour and enterprise of two women, though not especially for women.

THE October number of Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine* (London, Eng.) has for a frontispiece a photograph of a recently-discovered portrait of Shakespeare, taken apparently when he was at the point of death. It has been for more than a century in the possession of a family who lived for some generations at Paddington, and is authenticated by an old inscription in verse on the back of the panel.

A MATERIAL change in the editorial management of the *Canadian Record of Science* is announced, and in furtherance of the publisher's attempt to make that periodical "a worthy exponent of Canadian science" they appeal, in the current issue, to scientists for papers and for memoranda of natural phenomena.

## BOOK NOTICES.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS presented to the Toronto Public Library by John Hallam. G. Mercer Adam, Compiler; C. Blackett Robinson, Printer. 76 pp., 4to, 1885.

To deny the utility of Free Public Libraries one may as well deny the utility of free Public Education. Happily, their good work is now so well recognized not only in furthering research, but in providing a healthy mental recreation, that we are relieved of any necessity to argue for their existence. As a favourable augury of interest in their work we are glad to notice a valuable gift which has just been made to our local institution by Mr. John Hallam, of Toronto. We are in receipt of a catalogue which represents this gift to the Free Public Library, and which embraces some two thousand volumes, in an extended range of English, American and Canadian literature. The collection is especially rich in "Americana," a department of the highest interest to the historical student in the new world. This is a branch, particularly the American section of it, we should be glad to see well and increasingly represented in the reference department of the Toronto Public Library. Those who have given any special attention to our native annals know the need of some one library in Toronto fully equipping itself with a collection of works, French as well as English, illustrative of Canadian history, and of the social and industrial life of all sections of the Dominion. Unfortunately, at Confederation this Province lost its share of the valuable Canadian collection now in the Commons Library at Ottawa. We had hoped that the Ontario Legislative Library would have repaired this loss, which it cannot be said to have done, and ere this have made a comprehensive collection of Canadian books and pamphlets and the *incunabula* of the continent. Mr. Hallam's praiseworthy act supplies us with more than the nucleus of a collection of this kind, as well as with a valuable addition to the general works of reference already acquired by the City Library. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that some other public-spirited citizen of Toronto, emulating Mr. Hallam's generosity, will make the needed additions to this important department of native literature. May we, at the same time, express the hope that the management will do something towards opening to public use and inspection the reference department of the Library, and in providing facilities, in the way of reading-table and desk-accommodation alongside the books, for consultation and extract-writing? This boon, if it is practicable to grant it, would, we are sure, be much appreciated by frequenters of the Library.

ESSAYS FROM "THE CRITIC." Boston: James R. Osgood and Company.

One of the last books bearing the imprint of the late publishing house of Osgood was this symposium of essays which had from time to time appeared in the *New York Critic*, and which are well worthy to be redeemed from the fate which too often awaits contributions to ephemeral literature. They are seventeen in number, and are chiefly from the pens of John Burroughs, Edmund C. Stedman, Walt Whitman, R. H. Stoddard, F. B. Sanborn, and E. W. Gosse.