

was obliged to walk round the village in order to procure a light for his pipe. His death was as his life—a striking example of frustration and disappointment. Feeling himself at the point of death, he thought he would like to indulge in one more pipe. With no small difficulty he succeeded in filling it. But there was no match in the house! A child went to the neighbours to procure one for him, and returned with it. But Irony was dead, with the pipe still in his hand.

THE Vatican correspondent of the *Tribuna* gives a sketch of the daily life of the Pope during the so-called "Ottobrate"—the October days—the most delightful season in Italy. He rises each morning at six o'clock. With the first rays of the sun he strolls to and fro in the corridor of the palace, which is provided with windows, and behind him paces his faithful chamberlain, Signor Contra. He then reads a private mass in the oratory, at which he rarely allows any one to be present, and afterwards attends a mass celebrated by the dean. Mass over he enters his carriage, attended by his chamberlain and two of the noble guards, and is driven for an hour in the Vatican garden. The fresh air gives him an appetite, and he takes his breakfast in an alcove with the chamberlain. As a rule, not a word is spoken during the meal. After breakfast the Pope amuses himself with his only sport, which consists in netting little birds out of the neighbouring wood. The prey, if he take any, is sent to the nuns of the Convent Tor di Specchi. When this recreation is over, he sets to work for the day, and at eleven o'clock receives Cardinal Jacobini, his Secretary of State. Work continues until 1.15, when the Pope has his second breakfast or lunch. He dines at six in the evening. At both meals he is served in person by Sterbini, the master of the Pontifical kitchen. After dinner he takes a short walk. He then sits down to read the Liberal Italian newspapers, with which he is regularly supplied. The correspondent states that His Holiness considers the Clericalist journals to be scarcely worth a glance.

MR. LANGTRY, husband of the professional beauty who bears that name, "must be a remarkably good-natured creature"; so thinks the editor of the *Boston Index*. The "beauty," having been summoned into court to pay certain bills, claimed that they were contracted when she was living with her husband, and that therefore he was the responsible party. The said husband states that he is unable to pay the bills, because he is entirely dependent upon an annuity paid him by his wife on condition that he does not "molest" her. It is suggested that this explains why he does not enter proceedings for a divorce. He would have to do so on the money paid him by his wife, who would probably regard herself as "molested" and stop supplies. This is a clear case of female tyranny. Mr. Langtry's position is most embarrassing, and the poor fellow is entitled to the pity of the entire male creation. Men as well as women have "rights."

IN Russian Poland a lady recently became her own champion by fighting a duel with the man who had calumniated her. It appears he had offered his hand, which she had refused. Stung by her rejection, he set himself to spoil her good name by spreading false reports about her. Thereupon this plucky lady declared that a duel alone could vindicate her honour, and refusing the assistance of several gentlemen who were anxious to make her cause their own, she invited her traducer to "Pistols for two, and coffee for one." There was nothing for the man to do but accept the challenge, and the combatants met in a place outside Warsaw. Both missed their aim. The lady proposed a second shot, but the seconds declared that full reparation had been made, and she had to defer to their ruling. As for her adversary, he was so moved by her masculine gallantry that he tendered her a formal and ample apology on the spot. She accepted it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

REV. W. BROOKMAN.—Received too late for this week.

THE "SECRET HISTORY" OF PROTECTION.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—In a recent issue you had an article based on a statement said to be made by Mr. W. H. Howland at a Prohibitionists' convention. Mr. Howland is reported as saying, "He was president of the Manufacturers' Association when it was decided to give their support to whichever party granted Protection. The result of that motion was the overthrow of a Government and the establishment of Protection." You preface your remarks with the statement that Mr. Howland's word cannot be doubted, and certainly I must admit, that if his alleged "bit of secret history" were true, your comments would be quite justified. I was not present at the Prohibitionists' convention, and do not know whether Mr. Howland is faithfully reported, but I do know that the statement credited to him is not true. No such resolution was ever passed at any meeting of the Manufacturers' Association, and if Mr. Howland is correctly reported as saying there was, then his word can be doubted, and not only can it be doubted, but the minutes of the Association will show that it cannot be believed. I am a member of the Association, and I assert that not only was there never such a resolution passed, but that at no meeting of the Association was it ever decided—I do not believe it was ever proposed—to act unitedly as an Association in favour of any political party or of any candidate.

As a matter of fact, the great majority of our Association are Protectionists and supporters of the present Dominion Government, and quite a number of them withdrew their support from the Mackenzie Government, and became supporters of the then Opposi-

tion principally, if not wholly, on Protectionist grounds, just as did thousands of others who are not members of our Association; but there were among us some who, to use your words, "believed that in turning out a Reform Government, and putting a Tory Government in its place, they" would be "doing the country a great wrong." They had a right to their opinion; the majority of the Association respected that right, and never sought to pledge them against their convictions. There are members of the Association who, to my knowledge, never voted for a Conservative candidate, and never neglected an opportunity to vote for a Reform one. In the days when Mr. Howland was president of the Association he had not so fully subscribed, as he since appears to have done, to the monstrous doctrine that the majority—or perhaps the noisy minority—have a right in matters of conscience to dictate to their fellow-men; and, despite what he is reported as saying, I do not believe that the Mr. Howland who was president of the Manufacturers' Association would have been a party to a bargain so indecently corrupt as that of which the Mr. Howland who attended the Prohibitionists' convention is not ashamed to boast.

A MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

HUGH CONWAY (F. E. FARGUS).

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—I notice in a paragraph in the present issue of *THE WEEK* a reference to this author in which it is stated that he was an invalid from his youth. The writer of that paragraph has been misinformed. I knew Hugh Conway personally for some years, and had many business transactions with him when he was partner with his uncle in the renowned Bristol firm of Fargus and Son, auctioneers, etc. During the years I knew him he never had more than ordinary slight ailments, and his spare athletic figure might have been seen any day actively moving about the streets of Bristol. For many years he had been slightly deaf, but this was about his only ailment. I believe the only serious illness he had was his last, caught during his sojourn in the Riviera, whither he had gone to get local colour and inspiration for another novel.

Montreal, November 21, 1885.

Yours truly, J. R. POCKLINGTON.

THE LAST PIPE.

WHEN head is sick and brain doth swim,
And heavy hangs each unstrung limb,
'Tis sweet, through smoke-puffs, wreathing slow,
To watch the firelight flash or glow.
As each soft cloud floats up on high,
Some worry takes it wings to fly;
And Fancy dances with the flame,
Who lay so labour-cramped and lame;
While the spent Will, the slack Desire,
Rekindle at the dying fire,
And burn to meet the morrow's sun
With all its day's work to be done.

The tedious tangle of the Law—
Your work, ne'er done without some flaw;
Those ghastly streets, that drive one mad,
With children joyless, elders sad,
Young men unmanly, girls going by
Bold-voiced, with eyes unmaidenly;
Christ dead two thousand years ago,
And kingdom come still all unwon;
Your own slack self, that will not rise
Whole-hearted, for the great emprise—
Well, all these dark thoughts of the day,
As thin smoke's shadow, drift away.

And see, those magic mists uncloze,
And a girl's face amid them grows—
The very look she's wont to wear;
The wild-rose blossoms in her hair;
The wondrous depths of her pure eyes;
The maiden soul that 'neath them lies—
That fears to meet, yet will not fly
Your stranger spirit drawing nigh.
What if our times seem sliding down?
She lives, creation's flower and crown.
What if your way seem dull and long?
Each tiny triumph over wrong,
Each effort up through sloth and fear,
And she and you are brought more near.

So, rapping out those ashes light,
"My pipe, you've served me well to-night."

—Spectator.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

HELPING THE FALLEN.

IN order to have that personal knowledge of each woman which will enable you to win her confidence and persuade her to tell you her story of sin and temptation, and so to regard you as a friend, the number in a home must be limited. No two women are alike; you have to make allowances for dispositions, tempers, and characters as dissimilar as possible, to adapt yourself to each, and never allow the routine of the work to diminish the strong personal interest you wish to impress on each woman as the motive which urges you to befriend her. The darker side of her history need never be alluded to, or but slightly—only as much as is necessary to attain the knowledge which may be wanted in order to