

It is impossible to dispute the truth of the overture presented to the Assembly: "By engendering and fostering a spirit of strife and bitterness in connection with political issues it seriously disturbs the exercise of the love and good-will that ought to prevail in a Christian land." Our public prints are daily witnesses to the justice of this statement. Without the excuse of the man who, in the heat of a discussion, expresses himself too strongly, these would-be guides do not hesitate to attribute the basest of motives, couched in the language of the pot-house, to their political opponents. That the creatures of either party are occasionally guilty of practices which deserve hearty condemnation is one of the inevitable results of the extremity to which partizanship has degraded politics. Until an era of public morality is inaugurated, the best men of the nation will naturally refuse to take part or parcel in its councils, and unscrupulous bidders for place and power will continue to engage vile tools to do their dirty work. This is not an evil that belongs exclusively to one party, though at the present moment the party in power is beyond all doubt the most guilty—because it is in power, and is led by a man who makes all things subordinate to the retention of place. But it is unreasonable to suppose that section of the community which calls itself Tory—though heaven knows why—is swayed by baser moral motives than those who are for some occult reason known as Liberals. Neither party can hope to do credit to itself until it is prepared to do justice to its opponents, and though Mr. McDonnell showed in his opening remarks to the Assembly that he is not so free as he supposes from the reproach of partizanship, he struck the right chord when he said: "They wanted to see a patriotic spirit, one which looked to the interests of the country, and not simply to the interests of party, a charitable spirit, which he supposed meant a spirit that would permit a man to be decently fair in his estimate of what his opponent said, and not almost invariably colour and misrepresent him whatever side he was on."

TORONTO if not absolutely gay, has, during the past few days, presented more than an average share of attractions to visitors and residents. The boulevard thoroughfares, the tasteful gardens, the charming suburbs, have looked their very best in their new summer suits of verdure and variegated floral colour. Lawn-tennis grounds have been got into good working order, to the delight of the white-apparelled players, fair and otherwise. The boating season has been fairly opened, and the number of white-winged and long-limbed craft that daily dot the surface of the noble bay give promise of good sport in future regattas. The Island gets more and more popular, and is becoming the location of many picturesque chalets. Daily trips are made by ferry-boats to the Humber, Victoria Park, and more distant places. And Saturday last was a veritable field-day for lovers of out-door sport. Over three hundred officers and men of the Fifth Royal Scots came up from Montreal, were fêted, promenaded the city, and took part in Highland games on the Jarvis street lacrosse grounds. Squads of the Queen's Own, the Grenadiers, and the city police assisted, there being over three thousand spectators present. Simultaneously the annual sport of the Toronto Bankers' Athletic Association took place on the Rosedale grounds, and attracted a large assemblage. The same afternoon many spectators were present at a good cricket match between the Toronto C.C. and East Toronto C.C., and the baseball championship of Canada was being contested about the same hour by the St. Michael's College students and the Torontos.

It is very creditable to the ladies of the Churchwoman's Mission Aid Society of the Diocese of Toronto that they have, in face of a falling revenue, kept their expenditures within their receipts. "We have never yet owed more than we could pay," writes the secretary. There is a too common tendency amongst charities to run into debt in hope that "something will turn up" in the future. One cannot but imagine there is a half-reproachful strain about the pathetic sentence from the annual report, "We might have done much more, and also what we have done might have been more satisfactory if we had received more pecuniary assistance." It is sincerely to be hoped next year's report will not show the gross receipts to be "much less than last year," as we find was the case in 1883-4. We may be permitted to commend the following to the attention of our readers: "We hope that this year our members and friends generally will show more forethought for us, and by working during the summer enable us to make a fair start in September, when we begin to send off our boxes to the more distant places. A few minutes' work every day will produce something considerable in a short time, which has been proved by our Twenty Minutes branch having sent us in goods to the value of \$138.99."

THE Island of Anticosti is likely ere long to be knocked down to the highest bidder. The magnificent domain, "in its own ring fence of spark-

ling sea," is practically for unreserved sale, and the mere enumeration of its advantages fills the mind with wonder. This seagirt "lot" measures one hundred and forty miles between its most remote capes; in breadth it is no less than thirty miles, and within these points lie nearly two million acres and a-half of good firm soil. It possesses all the resources of a free state in itself. Its timber is famous all along the fertile shores of the St. Lawrence Gulf; its mineral wealth has made some fortunes already, and is capable of making others; while in regard to fisheries it goes hand-in-hand with Newfoundland, and shares the unlimited harvests of the deep-sea banks. Says the *London Telegraph*: "Such minor matters as rocky peaks in the Italian seas, carrying titles of nobility to their purchaser, whoever he may be, and forests and moors in our own northern counties, impinging perhaps on a score of parishes, pass occasionally under the hammer of the auctioneer; but all these transfers of land pale before the sale of Anticosti." Such a princely bargain has not been offered since Didius Julianus bought Rome and her colonies of the Prætorians.

It was the punishment of Sisyphus, who was an original seller of strawberries, that he had to forever roll a huge round stone up an impossible hill. The modern strawberry dealer's punishment is somewhat similar, says the *Philadelphia Record*. He is doomed to the perpetual attempt to put a quart of berries in a pint box. He always fails, but he keeps at it with a pluck that deserves commendation.

OUR cousins across the line are terribly exercised by the misdeeds of the English sparrow. This feathered scavenger and worm destroyer emigrated—by an "assisted passage" to America some ten years ago, but its rapid multiplication have made its bad habits all too familiar both in town and country, and residents in both unite in denouncing it as a "pest." The *Springfield Republican*, in an editorial wail on the Anglo-American sparrow says:—"He stands confessed a nuisance; his habits are base and disgusting; his temper pugnacious and ugly; a bully, joining with himself other bullies of his own kind, and the whole posse spitefully attacking a solitary bluebird or the nest of a robin, killing the one and spoiling the eggs of the other. In some localities robins, bluebirds and greenlets, those gentle and careful protectors of the garden and the foliage, have disappeared, driven out by this foreign invader. Instead of the beautiful notes of these aboriginal birds are heard the tiresome and continuous screechings of a bird to whom a musical note is entirely wanting. To the dweller on the quiet streets of the city, if he prefers a musical sound to that of a creaking wheelbarrow, life is becoming a burden. As Mary Howitt has written:—

Chirping, scuffling, screaming, fighting,  
Flying and fluttering up and down  
From peep of day to evening brown,  
You may be sleeping, sick or writing  
And needing silence—there's the sparrow  
Just at your window—and enough to harrow  
The soul of Job in its severest season.

A LADY whose pretty rose gardens near London are well-known to friends by the *déjeûners* she so often gives in "the season of roses" (which owing to her talented gardener, and the many varieties now known, is not as in days gone by, confined to the "month of roses") has found a new use for the flowers other than the making of *potpourri* from their faded but still scented leaves. Taking the idea from the Empress Josephine, whose boudoir was so impregnated with the perfume of the violets she always had in such lavish profusion, that to this day the odour is perceptible, this lady has the fallen rose petals used in sweeping out her special apartments, instead of "tea-leaves," and indulges—indeed in a luxury of luxuries.

ANOTHER story is being added to the many Mrs. Oliphant produced in her "Madam," which is appearing in *Longman's Magazine*, which she is editing. She gave herself up for a time to the supernatural. Her "Little Pilgrim" was one of the results, and an eminent member of parliament reading it with wet eyes in a club the other day said: "It's the first bit of real comfort I've had since I lost my son." Then "The Wizard's Son" was well done. In "Madam" Mrs. Oliphant returns to this sublunary earth, and she again shows her command of the higher passion. Her lack of humour is still obvious, but it is the only lack in this story.

THE London correspondent of the *Liverpool Mercury* writes: "Still the cry is 'Who is 'G.?' " Mr. Gladstone has told his secretary to deny that he is 'G.' Lord Granville has not taken the trouble to deny it, and the world is seeking 'G.' as though its future depended upon the discovery. The latest idea is that 'G.' stands for Gorst, and that the article in the *Fortnightly* betokens a grand new departure in the tactics of the Fourth