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TORONTO.

THE TORONTO WORLD

FRIDAY MORNING, AUGUST 10, 1883.

COMMUNISM.

You can scarcely take up a paper to-day, not a magazine, nor a review but teems with communism. From one end of society to the other runs the dread of it. Strikers and anti-strikers denounce each other as communists, socialists, nihilists,

"With more, both horrible and awful,
That e'en to name would be unlawful."

What seems strange to us is that everybody knows precisely what communism is till he is asked the question. But ask it, what answer do you get? The Mail tells you "gritism" or, as a synonymous term, "grit satanism." We admit that gritism is in bad plight, whines dolefully, seeks after a platform, and prays that it find none; but scarcely thinks it fills the measure of iniquity meant by communism, nor can we conscientiously dub our grit friends "communists," "spoliators."

The Mail does well, but the Edinburgh Review better. Here we have an ogre of fierce aspect, with bloodshot eyes, sword in one hand, pistol in the other, shouting, "gimme gore," "gimme gore." Other magazines, a little more refined, condense the image into dynamite a less vulgar, a more speedy and scientific mode of destruction. One would choose rather to be blown into the vast inane of a sudden than done to death piecemeal with a rusty sword, or splintered with a flintlock. But how much communism is there in dynamite, or how much dynamite is there in communism? Was Plato, the mellifluous, a dynamite fiend? He was a communist. Were the first christians of Judea "spoliators?" That small section of the public, which reads an old fashioned book called the new testament, knows them to have been communists. Were the monastic orders of Europe, say before their degradation, "grits?" Did they dabble much in nitro-glycerine? May be they, too, were communists; yet we had thought the world more indebted for this rapid extinction process to certain latter-day saints.

But what is communism? Canadians know something of the matter for we have it in our midst. Our Indians, what are they but communists? Their traditions, customs, laws, beliefs, holdings, properties, all are communistic. Who more peaceful than they? more tractable? Our government knows what communism is and how to handle it. Have we not the mildest mannered mode of filching, not so, "protecting the rights" of the red-man yet extant, and for this, if for nothing else, is not the dominion the wonder of an admiring world? What are commercial treaties with civilized nations worth to us in comparison of negotiations with the heathen of the plains? For a glass bauble or two, a blanket striped with red, a little fire-water and a plug of tobacco, and a plug of a hat, we get thousands of acres of the richest grain-land that the sun shines upon. Now transport yourself to the standpoint of the noble savage, and ask yourself this question: Who is the "spoliator," the "satanic grit"—the holder in severalty or the communist? The Yankee filibuster who knows not, as we do, to humor his victim, or the child of nature that is victimized? Probably loss of patrimony means little to the Indian; to him the great ruffian, the great robber, the unpardonable dynamiter is he who would wrench away his tribal standing, tribal traditions, tribal rights and properties to substitute therefor the "sacred" rights of individual ownership.

Whence this "sacredness" of private property, which seems to us so natural, so plain that it must always have been, *semper ubique*, and which we read into all histories. It obtains among few people. By far the majority of mankind, the hundreds of millions, are communists. Our fathers in the fens of Germany held their properties in common. The peaceful portion of the Russian population, the civilizations of the east, the politics of all uncultured peoples of whom we have accounts are communistic. Without this key there is no understanding the transitions of mankind, the direction of its progress. Among ourselves, are not individual rights of late date, of mushroom growth, compared with the ages man has passed since he left the hands of his Creator? You can trace every step of the process in our extant English law. Not till Cromwell reigned was real estate in England, except in a metaphorical sense, private property; in our own day only was the latent communistic right of the villager absorbed or abolished in the enclosure of 'commons." But we go further and ask a question about these "indisputable," "unimpeachable," "exclusive" rights of property, the "absolute" right of each man to do what he likes with his own; and the question is: Does such right exist? Is it known to English or Canadian law? The merest tyro in legal science will tell you that it is not. The claims set up on behalf of private property may be premonitions of a coming time, for literature often forecasts what is to be, and to-day they are not realized and may never.

A work entitled "Progress and Poverty" has recently drawn down upon its author the ire of the Edinburgh Review, and its strictures are echoed by the small fry. We are not of Mr. George's disciples. We do not regard his book by any means as perfect, nor his remedy for the "ills we suffer" any remedy at all. To us it neither appears original nor calculated to bring about the end he desires—the extirpation of poverty. The postulate-fundamental of free trade and direct taxation, while it might reasonably have ensured him milder treatment from our British contemporaries, does not commend to The World. We admit that his book is vigorous, opens fresh problems in the dismal science, and sets old ones in a new light; but, on the one hand, we cannot coincide with him in his reasoning, nor upon the other, can we see how the reviewer, except by an abuse of terms, can denounce Mr. George's book as communistic, and himself as a communist.

Suppose, for a moment, that his panacea were carried into effect; suppose that, without changing the tenure of our holdings, all taxes were laid on land, that these amounted to the "unearned increment"—that rise of land-values for which, 'tis said, the landlord "toils not neither does he spin," to which, it is further said, he is not entitled as a legitimate return from his capital, but the annual increase of which is paid him as "economic" rent; suppose that such rent, in the shape of taxation, is paid to the agent-general of the dominion, and not to an individual landlord, would that make us communists. We are not concerned with the question, would it extirpate poverty? We scarcely think it would. Nor does the question how the tenant would be benefitted; affect us much. We admit the benefit to be doubtful. May be the closing of land speculation offices would be the sum total of the change as the gold exchange some years ago was closed. May be the whole proposition is "a deleterious compound of anarchical principles and false political economy." It may be expropriation; it may be robbery: worst than all, it may be "gritism"; and how is it communistic? In what sense, if carried into effect, could it constitute a communism? The parties are the same as before, the properties the same, the tenures the same. We fear the reviewer hurled the epithet as a matter of abuse and not of judgment and with a very indistinct knowledge of its meaning.

The name of Herbert Spencer stands higher than that of Henry George, and receives the severer castigation. In the whole realm of literature to-day, who has advanced the claims of the individual, his immunities, duties, rights, so far as Mr. Spencer? Well, in his "Social Statics" Mr. Spencer broaches the idea of nationalization of land with compensation to holders as an improvement on our present tenure. He wishes the government to hold all land and lease it for terms at certain rentals to be paid to itself, and denotes space to showing that his proposition is *individualistic*, not communistic. The reviewer who, no doubt, knows what Mr. Spenber means better than Mr. Spencer himself, says it is pure communism, and, if we recollect aright, adds something like "miscreant" to the end of his tirade. When we glance along the *Rue de Lombard*, or travel the western counties of Ontario, we do not go into ecstasies over corportions, whether ecclesiastical or lay. On the other hand, we are not necessarily opposed to them, whether made up of few members or comprising the whole population; and have at hand a means for testing the "communism" of Mr. Spencer's state land scheme. But, first, let us ask if Mr. Spencer is so vile a person for merely propounding his theory, what term can the English language afford us to describe those who reduce his idea to fact, and live under it? In lake Ontario, and within a mile and a half of the city of Toronto proper, may be within its bounds, there stretches a long, low-lying sand-bar out up by lagoons, bristling with bull-rushes and luxuriating in poplars. The corporation calls it the Island, and is supposed to lay out moneys there. Part of this Island, we are informed, is staked into lots and leased to certain individuals on terms of building and payment to the city of ground rent. These parties, their sublessees or assigns, have built houses and inhabit them. Such, we believe, is the fact; were it not from fear of complicity we would admit that, once, The World sent a reporter to the Island, who actually saw the people on the sand lots with their wives and families, and reported very favorably of them. To him their appearance was anything but "grittish," and anything but "ferocious." If it be objected, as a saving clause, that the city of Toronto and not the dominion is landlord over there, and, the city being so much better than all Canada, the natural consequences do not follow; let us take the Thousand Islands. The ladies and gentlemen who are now "summering" in the St. Lawrence might be as much astonished as our own islanders to see themselves described in quarterlies as "dynamiters," "communists," "at war" pursues the *Edinburgh*, "not only with the first principles of political economy and of law, of social order and of domestic life, but with the very elements of human nature." When the Edinburgh reviewer makes his lecture tour to America, as he no doubt will, we hope some kind lady will secure him to spend an evening at the Island, and teach him a little on matters whereof he writes so glibly. Meantime, we commend him to the foreign mission society.

The dynamite, the ruffian, the revolutionist *et omne hoc genus*, is always dangerous, and a proper subject for criminal law. We have these, and, may be in ever increasing numbers, without communism, and communism for many ages was without them. It is not the force which binds men to, and makes him one with his family, his tribe, his state, that commits all iniquity; with as much, nay, with more show of reason, may we say, the guilty power is another and an opposing force, that force, namely, which breaks the ties of family, tribe and state, induces revolt against them, isolates each man and each man's interest, and tends, when carried to extremes, to cut him of from social, moral and religious affinities. Of communism, in our civilization, we say it was. In its time it may have done much good. It is now fast disappearing from amongst us; of its decline and fall the record is written in our laws. Its rival is growing mightier day by day, becoming the directing principle of our civilization, the characteristic of our growth. But let it not vaunt itself too much, charge the outcome of its own creation on its more ancient fellow, betray so aggressively the marks of the upstart, for it has dangers peculiar to itself and rocks ahead, which to save us from will tax the whole energies both of church and state.

LOOK TO THE EAST.

We are not too far west here to take an interest in what is going on in the east, say anywhere between Montreal and the seaboard. Just now we are hearing of certain railway events down there, which appear to deserve more than a passing notice. Yesterday we gave, taking our information mostly from the New York Tribune, a pretty full account of the failure of the Hon. Bradley Barlow of St. Albans, Vermont, involving also the suspension of a bank there, and at least the temporary bankruptcy of the Southeastern railway company, he having been president of both institutions. It was well understood, and was plainly stated, that the immediate cause of Mr. Barlow's embarrassment was the sudden backing out of the Canadian Pacific syndicate from an agreement to purchase the Southeastern, which was so clearly considered a settled thing that the necessary papers were all drawn up and ready for signature. Now the Mail also copied from the Tribune, but, remarkable to tell—managed to leave out what was by far the most interesting paragraph of all, while careful to print the one next before and the one next after. A paragraph deemed worthy of having special pains taken for its suppression, was likely to be very interesting indeed; but we here repeat it in order that the public may judge:

"The negotiations for the purchase of the road were continued and were nearly consummated on Saturday last, and Mr. Barlow had every reason to believe the syndicate were acting in good faith. The necessary legal documents for the sale and transfer of the property had been drawn up, and the directors negotiating the sale in behalf of the Canadian Pacific assured Mr. Barlow they were ready to pay the money for his road, something over $3,500,000. The Canadian Pacific company, however, declined to make the purchase for some unexplained reason. At one time Mr. Barlow refused an offer of $3,750,000 for the Southeastern from the syndicate. The Grand Trunk railway also had the purchase of the road under consideration, and it is not improbable that it may yet buy it. Mr. Barlow considers his railway property worth $4,000,000 to-day, and if he could realize this amount he would be relieved from his financial troubles and have a handsome surplus."

The true inwardness of the omission will be better understood if the above be read in connection with the following, which is from yesterday's Globe:—

MONTREAL, Aug. 8.—Mr. Bradley Barlow is at present in New York, where he has gone, it is stated, to negotiate with Mr. Vanderbilt for the purchase of the Southeastern railway. A junction of the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain roads with the Southeastern would open a direct line from Ogdensburg to Portland and the New England system. It is believed that the Canadian Pacific railway will find more than one road desirous to possess the Southeastern. A syndicate has been formed in this city to obtain possession of it, one entirely independent of either the Grand Trunk railway or the Canada Pacific. A gentleman well versed in railway matters in commenting on the affair stated that for a long time the Canada Pacific was negotiating with Mr. Senecal for the purchase of the North Shore line, and that frequent inspections had been made of the road. Mr. Senecal, like Mr. Barlow, thought matters were reaching a happy conclusion, when he was suddenly informed that $250,000 of money he had borrowed on demand must be paid in 24 hours or his notes would go to protest. He discovered the animus of this was to force a sale of the North Shore at the purchaser's own terms. He went immediately to the Grand Trunk people. Governor Smith, of Vermont, was telegraphed for, and he met Mr. Senecal and Mr. Wainwright at the Windsor hotel, and in a few hours the the North Shore railway was sold. In less than the time specified the notes were redeemed and the Canada Pacific lost the North Shore.

Taking up this brief narrative of Mr. Senecal's lucky escape, out of the lion's mouth, as it were, we instinctively feel as when reading one of those triumph-of-virtue novels, in which the black-hearted villain of the piece gets properly checkmated at last, while the goody-goody hero settles down for life in a pink and blue paradise of earthly happiness To connect Mr. Senecal with a triumph of virtue does seem rather incongruous, to be sure; but we cannot help being glad that he "saved his bacon" that time, also that the Grand Trunk was plucky, and prompt, and generous enough, to come to the rescue. It seems a pity for Mr. Barlow that he had not Mr. Senecal's good fortune.

But there is also another railway affair pending away down east, to wit—the dispute in the matter of the European Short Line, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It seems that the company could not pay the contractors, who in their turn could not pay the men, some thousands of whom have been suddenly thrown idle with two months wages in arrears. The whole outs and ins of this rather mixed up railway embroglio it seems as if only a blue nose lawyer, graduated from Philadelphia, could fairly fathom. But we notice the Montreal Witness throwing out the hint that "the Short Line railway is neither more nor less than the eastern claw of the great octopus, the Canadian Pacific railway, being extended to grasp the coal supplies and trade of the maritime provinces, in addition to forming the most direct route from the west to Europe." Evidently there are railway operations going on away down east which are worth watching.

A FARCE AT AN INQUEST.

Any one who was present at the inquest now taking place touching the death of James Moroney, who was shot in York street on Tuesday night, can form but one conclusion as to its usefulness. Last night's sitting in the police court room was little short of a farce. Dr. Philbrick may be eminently fitted professionally for the duties of a coroner, but the mere fact of his being so deficent in hearing is a drawback which precludes a thorough investigation. The present enquiry is a very important one, touching as it does the facts of the murder of a respectable young man. The jury, the spectators, the officers of the law and everyone else appeared to be thoroughly disgusted with the modus operandi of the investigation. In addition to this Coroner Philbrick acted in a very arbitrary manner in not allowing Mr. R. S. Neville, a sworn counsel, who appeared in behalf of the accused, to cross-examine a witness. Mr. Neville misunderstood a statement made by the witness to the coroner, and asked him so and so. The coroner turned fiercely on him and forbid him to make further speech. The counsel remonstrated, when the coroner told him that if he did not immediately shut up he would have him removed from the court. Such arbitrary measures on the part of a coroner are certainly open to censure. If Mr. Neville had asked an improper question all that was necessary was not to allow it.

Philadelphia Record: The anti-administration party in the Ontario (Canada) government are called "Copperheads." This adoption of a worn-out party nickname, borrowed from this side of the border, indicates a poverty of vituperative invention among the Canadians that is by no means discreditable.

A general election was held in Utah on Monday last, at which members of the legislature, probate judges and other local officers were chosen. It is said by the Utah commission that this election would test the strength and efficacy of the Edmunds act, which provided that no polygamist or bigamist, male or female, should be allowed to vote or hold public office in the territory. The votes have been counted, and it is plain that the territory is as completely under the control of the mormon church as it was before the commissioners began their work. In every county, with perhaps one exception, the mormon ticket has been elected. It is true that no one of the persons chosen has been, or is, a polygamist in practice, but it is also true that every one of them was supported by the polygamists, and was "slated" for office by the authorities of the church of latter day saints. The question now is what are the commissioners going to do about it.

THE AGE OF MAN.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: In The World of to-day the article headed An Extraordinary Age, contains a great *general* mistake. Mr. John Smith is said to be "118 years of age, having outlived by nearly half a century the period allotted to man." Now there is no evidence that the age of man has been shortened since the time of the flood by any providential design or decree, but that God said, "His days shall be an hundred and twenty years," Genesis vi. 3. Seventy to eighty years was the average duration of life in the time of Moses, and he mourned or lamented that it was unnecessarily so. He knew they could not live to the age of 1000, but because they died at seventy he grieved. Your readers will find by carefully reading the ninetieth psalm that it is a prayer or lamentation of Moses (not of David) We mourn in the nineteenth century because the average of human life is only thirty-five years, because of unhealthy habits; but that does not hinder our children from living to 120 if they obey natural laws.

VICTOR B. HALL.

Toronto, Aug. 9, 1883.

THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

To the Editor of The World.

SIR: The Darwinian notion that all progressive existence, comprising the earliest as well as the actual cosmos, has proceeded on one process of evolution from then, whatever that may mean in the connection, until now, is contradicted by the earlier discovery of Dalton, known as the "atomic theory;" and enthusiastic Darwinists will do well to give time enough from their pet theory to master the terms of Dalton's discovery, and the conclusive evidence on which it rests. If they will do this they will see that the material which includes the mechanical chemical and electrical order—is not merely antecedent, but unsympathetic towards evolution or life—whatever be the law of this last, which thus has to be classed as an order later in date and superimposed—thus involving the idea of creation as an act. The following passage from the London Quartely for July is remarked upon by the Christian at Work as in harmony with the views held by Herschel, Kant, Dawson, Cooke, Dunn, Hill, Whatelely and the vast majority of scientists. The stic development, says the Christian Journal, is rightfully asserting itself. The following is the extract: 'In the heavens we discover by their light and by their light alone, stars so distinct from each other that no material thing can have passed from one to another and yet this light, which is to us the sole evidence of the existence of these distant worlds, tells us also that each of them is built of molecules of the same kind as those which we find on earth—a molecule of hydrogen, for example, whether in Sirus or Arcturus, executes its vibration in precisely the same time. No theory of evolution can be formed to account for the similarity of molecules, for evolution necessarily implies continuous change, and the molecule is incapable of growth or decay or generation or destruction. None of the process of nature since the time when nature began have produced the slightest difference in the properties of any molecule. We are unable to ascribe either the existence of the molecules or the identity of their properties to any of the causes which we call natural. On the other hand, the exact equality of each molecule to all others of the same kind gives it, as Sir John Herschell has well said, the essential character of a manufactured article and precludes the idea of its being eternal and self-existent. Though, in the course of ages, catastrophes have occurred, and may yet occur, in the heavens, the ancient systems may be dissolved and the new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built, is the foundation stones of the material universe. They continue this day as they were created, perfect in number and measure and weight; and from the ineffaceable character impressed upon them, we may learn that those aspirations after accuracy in measurement and justice in action which we reckon among our noblest attributes as men, are ours because they are essential constituents of the image of Him who in the beginning created not only the heavens and the earth, but the materials of which heaven and earth consists." That is the extract. Talking about science is unsatisfactory. The essentials of scientific economy are simple, and it is always best to master these, to begin with. Then we may speculate if we desire to. RATIO.

Quebec, Aug 7, 1883.

Himalaya (the abode of snow from the sanscrit "hima," snow, and "alaya," abode) is the most elevated and stupendous system on the globe. The tea plant can be cultivated along the entire southern face of the Himalaya to an elevation of 5000 feet, but the best is produced at from 2000 to 3000 feet above the sea, and the best only is sold by the Li-Quor Tea company at 39 cents per lb.

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Catarrh—A New Treatment.

From the Weekly (Toronto) Mail, Aug. 3d.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the Dixon treatment for catarrh. Out of two thousand patients treated during the past six months fully ninety per cent have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissue, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination—this accomplished, he claims the catarrh is practically cured and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him two years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Mr. A. H. Dixon, 305 and 307 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for his treatise on catarrh.

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Stratford, London & Goderich Express	3.45 p.m.	11.05 p.m

SUBURBAN TRAINS.
For Mimico, calling at Union station, Queen's wharf Parkdale, High Park, and the Humber, going and returning (every day except Sunday).
Leave Union Station 6.45 and 10.35 a.m., 2.05, 4.15, and 5.40 p.m.
Returning, leave Mimico 8.15 11.15 a.m., 2.40 4.50, and 6.40 p.m.

NORTHERN AND NORTHWESTERN
Stations—City Hall, Union and Brock streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Express	5.10 p.m.	9.10 a.m
Accommodation	11.55 a.m.	1.45 p.m
Mail	7.45 a.m.	8.25 p.m

Trains leave Union Station Eight minutes and Brock Street Fifteen minutes later.

CREDIT VALLEY.
Station—Union depot.

LEAVE	St. Louis Express. To the North, West, Southwest, South and Northwest	7.10 a.m
	Orangeville Express	7.55 p.m
	Pacific Express. To West, South, Northwest, West and Southwest	1.00 p.m
	Express. To the West and North	4.50 p.m
	Through cars, Toronto to Detroit, on 11.30 p.m.	
ARRIVE	From Orangeville, Elora and Fergus	9.30 a.m
	And Express from Orangeville	10.30 a.m
	From St. Louis, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit	10.15 a.m
	From St. Louis, Toledo, Chicago and Detroit	3.40 p.m
	From Orangeville, Elora and Fergus	6.35 p.m

GREAT WESTERN.
Union Station foot of York or Simcoe streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
New York Mail	3.35 p.m.	4.05 p.m
N. Y. (Central) & Erie Express	8.55 a.m.	12.30 p.m
London Local & Detroit Express	7.15 a.m.	11.10 p.m
Susp. Bridge & Detroit Express	6.10 p.m.	10.15 a.m
Detroit & Chicago Express	12.50 p.m.	10.30 p.m
New York & Chicago Express	11.50 p.m.	7.45 a.m
Mixed from Hamilton		9.10 a.m
Hamilton Sunday Train	1.00p.m.	4.25 p.m

TORONTO, GREY, AND BRUCE.
Union Station, foot of York or Simcoe streets.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Owen Sound, Harriston, and Teeswater, Mail	7.30 a.m	11.45 a.m
Owen Sound, Harriston and Teeswater Express	4.35 p.m.	9.35 p.m

MIDLAND.
Station, Union Depot.

	Leave.	Arrive.
Through Mail	7.00a.m.	9.15 p.m
Local	4.55p.m.	10.30 a.m
Mixed	6.00 a.m	8.00 p.m

STAGES

ECLINGTON STAGE.
Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, 11.10 a.m. 3.30 p.m., 5 p.m. and 6.20 p.m.
Arrives 8.45, 9.55 a.m., 2.30 and 6 p.m

THORNHILL STAGE.
Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, 3.30 m.
Arrives 10.30 a.m.
Mail stage leaves Clyde hotel, King street east 3.20 p.m

COOKSVILLE STAGE.
Leaves Bay Horse hotel, Yonge street, p.m.
Arrives 11 a.m.

HIGHLAND CREEK STAGE.
Leaves Clyde hotel, King street east, 3.15 p.m.
Arrives 11 a.m.

KINGSTON ROAD TRAMWAY.
Summer Service.
Going East—Leaves Don Bridge 6.40, 9.00, 10.00 11.15 a.m.; 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.15, 6.30, 7.30 p.m.; Saturdays only, 8.30 p.m. *Going West*—Leaves Norway 6, 8.30 a.m.; Woodbine 6.10, 8.20, 9.30, 10.20 a.m. Norway 1, 2, 1.10, 2.20, 3.20, 4 p.m.; Woodbine, 4 2, 5.35, 7.10 p.m.