

back some months and forward some months; those "most skilled experts" taking up a part of the loan. And that was brilliant in the estimation of the *Globe*. The real difficulty Mr. Tilley has to contend with is the unsettled state of the English money market. If Mr. Cartwright had to place a loan on the market now, and were to pursue the same methods as those he adopted in 1876, his friends, "the most skilled experts," would be his chief, if not his only, patrons.

But if telegrams just to hand may be trusted, Mr. Tilley has succeeded completely—the whole loan having been taken up at the minimum price of 96½. This is a gratifying proof that Canada has not lost credit in the English market.

Montreal has peace in prospect. The Irish Catholic Union has suffered and died from—that very common disease—want of funds. And in addition to that mercy comes the announcement from Mr. O. J. Devlin that he is going to live a new life—one in peace with all men in general and the Orangemen in particular. Mr. O. J. Devlin is not so much a disappointed man as a disgusted man. The intricate ways of shifty politicians have turned his soul to bitterness. He repenteth him of almost all his old alliances, and enters upon his new course with a determination not to "pay up" for past follies. Mr. Devlin has stretched out his hand to his foe and said: "*Pax inter me et te esto.*" How beautiful it will be to see those brethren dwelling together in unity.

The *Witness* says:—

"Mr. James Dykes, the well known draughts champion, who was reported to have died at Wardsville, from an overdose of morphine, turned up in this city (London) on Monday morning, and emphatically denies the allegation."

I should have thought that it hardly required an emphatic denial after he had "turned up." But then some people are stupid, and won't believe that a man is alive when he has been reported dead until he "denies the allegation."

The following is a good specimen of the kind of letters appearing in one of our daily papers:—

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I often wonder you do not follow the example of the good Editor of the *Witness* and publish the innocent thoughts of little children, for you must know if you expect to do a thriving business on the other side of the "River" you must become as one of us.

I'm a little girl, 43 years and two weeks old. I have a black cat and two white kittens; the cat was black once, but one night, in a conversation with the moon, got black in the face, and repeated interviews extended its color. My pa has a farm and two horses, one he calls "Sol," after the great wise man, and the other "Johnny," after the good Editor. Pa ploughs very badly, and is always talking about the battle of the "Boyne;" he was not there, but about a 100 yards in the rear, and heard King William say, "God will be your King this day and I'll be general under." I will write more when I come from school.

SALLY ANN.

Montreal, Dec. 5th, 1878.

I would follow the example of "the good Editor" only I want to do a thriving business on *this* side of the river first.

The Reformed Episcopal Church has entered upon life in Montreal. Bishop Fallows declared that it is the universal solvent which is going to fuse all discordant elements into one—it is the one chemical needed to put cloudiness out of and to bring transparency into our ecclesiasticism; but as neither the thing nor the process was explained, the matter is not clear to everybody. For myself, I agree with the Rev. Mr. Nichols, who wished success to "the Reformed Episcopal Church, the grandeur of whose mission had not yet dawned upon them."

The manner in which the daily press will sell itself was well illustrated on Monday last. Under the heading of "Amusements" the *Gazette* said:—

"The reputation which Miss Fisk's troupe have gained throughout the United States and Canada is a sufficient guarantee that the house will be crowded every night during the week. All the American newspapers speak highly of them as being very proficient in the variety business."

Of course many of us know that it is only a puff, and paid for,—at least that it goes along with the advertisement, as a part of it; but how are the uninitiated to know this? The language is certainly guarded, and may be interpreted any way. But the ordinary reading of it is that Miss Fisk and her blondes are commended; when in truth a more filthy lot could hardly disgrace and corrupt a town. A gentleman tells me that he went to see them in Toronto, and never had the evil fortune to witness anything so disgusting. I am almost afraid that by saying this I shall advertise the dirty thing, and send some men of prurient fancy to see it; but at any rate decent people will be warned not to trust to puffs in a newspaper and so be led to witness what is utterly immoral.

When shall we hear from Mr. Stewart and Mr. Leggo why each of them left out of his book on the Administration of Lord Dufferin in Canada Sir George E. Cartier's letter of the 30th of July, 1872, asking Sir Hugh Allan for money with which to carry on the elections? I hope this matter will be explained.

The Earl of Dufferin has been banquetted at Belfast, and in reply to the toast of his health gave a very manly and frank statement of the principal causes of his success in Canada—his good fortune. The best and ablest statesman is to a great extent the creature of circumstances, and a colonial governor must always be liable to those chances which are beyond human control. He may find himself face to face with problems difficult, if not impossible, of solution. "He may fall upon times of popular discontent which others have engendered, and be compelled to reap the whirlwind which his predecessors have sown. He may be ground to powder between the contentions of unscrupulous political factions. He may be betrayed by his Ministers, or thwarted by the perverse legislation of his Parliament; nature herself may rise against him." The first part of the paragraph I have quoted from the Earl's speech is good and true. He—the Earl—was singularly fortunate in his predecessors; they had done the hard, rough work of sowing, and the Earl came in for the reaping. And no better reaper—the harvest not being whirlwinds—could be found. Those who had gone before the Earl of Dufferin attempted the work of criticism and correction; he had only to praise and please.

But the remainder of the sentence is hardly so clear. A Governor General *would* be ground to powder if he got between our political factions; but, then, he need not get there—as none knew better than the Earl of Dufferin. He slipped in once, just to try,—when up in British Columbia, and had opportunity and time to repent of it afterwards; and how "he may be betrayed by his Ministers" when he never puts himself in their power, "or thwarted by the perverse legislation of Parliament," when he originates nothing, and attempts nothing in his own name or in that of the Imperial Government, it is difficult to see. The Marquis of Lorne in reading the Earl's speech may begin to imagine that he has to prepare the Speech from the Throne, and to indicate the policy to be pursued; he may even imagine that the Canadians will look to him for provision against the capricious uprisings of nature. But we shall not do that. The Ministers will make the speech and ask the Marquis to read it; they will do all the work of legislation, and we shall expect them, and not the Governor-General, to answer for the general good conduct of "nature."

English Ritualism is strong enough when defying all law and the Bishops, but when it courts the Muses it is very weak and maudlin. Here is a specimen, taken from a book recently revised and enlarged, under the Editorship of the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D.C.L., and called "Lyrics of light and life":—

Blest be the whiteness of her throne
That shines so purely, grandly there,
With such a passing glory bright,
Where all is bright, and all is fair!
God make me lift my eyes above,
And love its holy radiance so
That some day I may come where still
Sits Mary on her throne of snow.

The poem—that is, the bit of verse—must have been written when the weather was hot—too hot for the Curate to play croquet.

Says the *World*:—

"Before the electric light is carried any further, it would be well for the various electric-lighting companies to come to some arrangement between themselves. It is said that if a quiet householder wishes to start the electric light nowadays, he stands the chance of thirteen actions for infringement of patent. You will not catch peaceable Paterfamilias pulling down his gas-fittings and dismantling his meter to involve himself in all this trouble. If light means lawsuits, he will come to the conclusion that gas, with all its disadvantages, is good enough for him."

The English papers report that the marriage of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught with Princess Louise of Prussia will take place at St. George's Church, Windsor, on the 7th of February, and that the Queen will take a prominent part in all the festivities. Mr. Henry Irving has been commanded to appear in a drama on the occasion.

Quite naturally it has occurred to many people to ask:—If it was needful to summon Parliament on the 5th of December, was it not still more needful to call it together a month earlier? On the 5th of September the House would have had a voice in the decision of peace or war. As it is, war was first declared, and then Parliament was asked to vote the supplies. This looks more than a little like personal government.

Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Cranbrook differ as to the object of the Afghan war, and the Indian Secretary and the Indian Viceroy