

We shall drop figures for the present, intending to show our readers in our next issue the position Great Britain holds in relation to this industry, both as consumer and dealer, and shall examine the relation of supply and demand to the consumption of this article—introduced hardly 40 years ago.

We shall finally prove that it is no mean bravado, nor the fancy of a sanguine mind, when we proclaim that the day will come when beet sugar will be king in Canada. While thus closing our second article on this subject, we cannot refrain from repeating that our object is to awaken our citizens from the apathy they have always shown when this subject has been brought forward. We must arouse ourselves to a full realization of the supreme importance of producing home sugar, in order to lessen the drain from the country as now paid to foreign planters, and in order to furnish new sources of employment for our people. It is a humiliating reflection upon capital that it can look with perfect indifference upon this great avenue for profitable investment, while the cultivators of Europe, notwithstanding the severe inland revenue derived from the manufacture of beet sugar, have presented to the world a grand product of over SEVENTEEN HUNDRED THOUSAND GROSS TONS of beet sugar for one season.

Any device that will operate fairly to keep in the country the money that is spent abroad, will be of a huge advantage to the nation. It will give to our people, to expend at home, for the enrichment of their fellow-citizens, the whole of the profit which now goes into the pockets of foreign planters and their labourers. It will increase the diversity of industry which is essential to the prosperity of every country, giving new form of employment, and helping to use up whatever of surplus labour may otherwise be going to waste. The general consumption per capita will be increased upon the opening of every new avenue for the employment of agricultural labour, as it adds to the capacity of the mechanical labourer to purchase products which, under different conditions, would be considered luxurious.

One of the great promoters of the beet culture in Europe has for his motto: "Respect the sugar beet, for it improves the soil; it makes land fertile which, without it, would be uncultivated. It gives employment to labourers who otherwise would be idle, and it solves one of the greatest problems of society, as it organizes and elevates labour."

CONSTANTINOPLE AS IT IS.

The state of things in Constantinople at the present moment is desperate, and in any other city or among any other people in the world it would be impossible and incredible. The streets swarm with refugees and penniless, clamorous wretches, starving and in rags. The soldiers who, a week or two ago, received an instalment of two months' pay on account of nineteen months' arrears, are this week robbed of half that pittance by the decree which reduces the value of the beshlik currency. The peasants, who hoarded that currency, are in misery, and the immediate effect will be to depreciate by one half the next revenue receipts. Meantime, the most desperate shifts are resorted to in order to lay hands on any little heap of thousands which comes within view in any direction. As every one knows, Constantinople is without quays. Everything is landed on the filthy stones of a small street, which does duty for a quay, and for the use of which Constantinople and its visitors are indebted to the French Messageries Packet Company. Here all baggage is turned over under the eyes and within the reach of a crowd of beggars and thieves, who gather round with hungry eyes and eager hands; and the packages are remorselessly tossed about and ransacked by customs officers, in seedy and ragged attire, who hold out their hands before the crowd for backsheesh. A French capitalist, of great influence here, offered two or three months ago to build quays on terms most favourable to the Porte, and which would have put money into their hands, employed a large number of the unemployed labourers now starving, while they would have conferred a great boon on the commerce of the city. A concession was negotiated, and the terms settled to the great satisfaction of the mercantile community; the contracts were drawn and signed by the Minister, and handed over. On the eve of Bairam a peremptory demand was made for an advance of twenty thousand pounds, which was urgently required for presents and payments to the household troops on the march. The signature of the Sultan was needed to the Iradé, but the most solemn assurances were given that they would be forthcoming within forty-eight hours, when the Bairam would be over. The money was wanted immediately by the Sultan, and the signature was only a formality. Foolishly, faith was reposed in this apparently inviolable promise, and the twenty thousand pounds were handed over, and the Sultan employed it, but the unhappy Frenchman is now just where he was two months ago, and the Sultan refuses to sign the concession for which he has taken the money. It would be difficult to find an historic parallel for this regal form of chicanery. The public officers follow suit. The money sent from Tunis and from India to the "Red Crescent Committee" for the sick and wounded, and the refugees, has never been handed over. The two thousand pounds subscribed by the Sultan to the fund has never been paid. The Bosphorus and the water-way at either end of it is lighted by the lightships supported by a fund maintained by a tax of a penny

per ton levied on *foreign* vessels. For upwards of two years the men have received no pay for taking care of these lights. The Porte had given orders that these dues should be levied through an Ottoman officer, and although this is money paid by foreign vessels for a particular service, it could not resist the temptation of putting the four or five thousand a year in its pockets, and leave the service for which it was contributed to take care of itself. At last the men threatened to leave the light-ships, and the danger was so imminent that a few weeks ago the Ambassador held a meeting, and insisted that some payment on account should be made, and that henceforth the dues should be collected by an independent officer whom the Porte could not control. Lately a foreign steamer came into collision with another vessel, and sustained considerable injuries. There is a Government dry dock here, and an arsenal with costly machinery for repairing ironclads, where two hundred European engineers were once employed. These are now dismissed, and the valuable machinery is rusting and going to ruin. Leave was asked to use the dry-dock; it was granted on a payment of five hundred pounds for entering and a further payment of fifty pounds a day for the use of the dock. The five hundred pounds were paid and the ship entered. The captain requested then that the water should be pumped out. The reply was characteristic: "That is no business of ours; if you want the water pumped out, there are the pumps; set them to work." The pumps were out of repair, and there were no coals in the engine-room, nor anywhere in the arsenal. In the end, the unhappy owners had to bring the coals up themselves at their own cost, to repair the pumps themselves, and to pay rent for the vessel while they were repairing the pumps and coaling the engines of the immovable Turk. This is the sort of thing which is constantly happening here. By the side of the ruinous old wooden bridge, which connects the European quarter of Pera with the old city, stands conspicuous a fine and bold iron bridge and roadway of recent construction, but it is cut through in the middle by a huge gap which reminds one of the Tay Bridge after its disaster. It has also had its disaster, *à la Turque*. It was erected at great expense by Europeans. When it was opened a dispute arose between the Admiralty and another Government department as to which department should receive the dues. The Admiralty laid claim to them, but the claim was ultimately rejected. Within a very short time an Admiralty ironclad *accidentally* drifted against the bridge, and crashed right through the middle of it. Two years have elapsed, repeated orders have been given for its repair, the old bridge is in the last stage of decay, its wooden footway, which is the one great thoroughfare between the two parts of the city, and is usually crowded by a mob of pedestrians, is full of holes and cannot be crossed by carriages except at a foot-pace and with danger. But for two years the new bridge has remained unused and unpassable by reason of the unmended rent through the centre of it.

The Sultan is openly spoken of by all classes with contempt and even hatred. His cowardice, which takes him out to a distant place on a hill, where he lives surrounded by five thousand soldiers, makes him despicable to the people. The petty acts by which he surrounds himself with Ministers who detest each other, in the hope of preventing them from combining against him; the rapacity with which his agents adopt in rapid succession fraudulent devices by which to capture funds; the recent depreciation of the Turkish dollar—these are all the subject of open and revengeful comment by all classes of society. I have spoken during the past week with people of every class, and in all professions, trades, and occupations. Whatever their differences, they all unite in abusing the Sultan, and in declaring that things have arrived at a pass in which another "revolution" may be looked for at any moment. Of course, what is looked for in such a city of anomalies may easily be the last thing to happen. But the miseries of the unspeakable Turk are beginning now to be felt to be intolerable even in Constantinople.—*Truth*.

LAY THOUGHTS ON MR. BRAY AND INGERSOLL.

I have read the two lectures in review of Col. Ingersoll's lectures, and while many of the points in reply are well taken, it appears to me that concessions are made to free thought not required by the exigencies of the argument, nor justified by fact.

1st. And the foundation of all others. I object to the position assigned by the reviewer to the Bible. The reviewer refers to those who believe all between the two covers of the Bible to have been Divinely given, word for word, and figure for figure, as being ultra orthodox. Well, this is fair.

Some of the historical books are anonymous; we know not when or by whom they were written. But when I read: "Some stood forth in the name of truth and righteousness, and in warning, in rebuke, in appeal said, 'Thus saith the Lord.' They were men of deep and fervent piety, and spoke what they were *sure* was the mind of God, because it was on the side of truth and purity." I am brought face to face with a theory which in my view, wipes out all claim that the Bible is the Word of God. If the only authority it possesses is that the writers were *sure*, I may be quite sure they were under a wrong impression and all *authority* is gone, henceforth I accept or reject