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TENTH YEAR. WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 25, 1889. PRICE ONE CENT.

ARTHUR BALFOUR'S RISE.

THE MOST ADMIRED AND THE BEST HATED MAN IN ENGLAND.

How He Supplanted Lord Randy—An Aristocrat to His Finger Tips—Ireland Must Be Governed as a Child in the Nursery—The Present Popular Leader of the English Conservatives.

[From the New Review of London for December.]

When the present Parliament met, and Lord Randolph Churchill was installed as leader of the House of Commons and Chancellor of the Exchequer, he seemed assured of the prospective leadership of the Conservative party. Mr. Balfour, formerly a more or less unattached member of the fourth party, was not even in the Cabinet, but occupied one of the subordinate posts in the administration of his uncle. To-day Lord Randolph Churchill is out of office and out of power, while Mr. Balfour, as chief secretary for Ireland, is universally acknowledged as

The Future Leader

of the English Conservatives. Nothing in recent times has been more sudden and more striking than the transformation that has been brought about in the position of the two men. Until the winter of 1886 Mr. Balfour was not even in the running. Since the winter of 1887 he has had the race absolutely to himself. The sudden plunge downward of his former chief brings into clearer relief the upward swoop by which Mr. Balfour gained the vacant place. Yet so much does it seem in accordance with the nature of things, and so completely have we become accustomed to the new relationship between the two men, that it requires an effort of memory to recall the fact that only a year or two ago their positions were diametrically reversed.

From the moment men saw Mr. Balfour seat himself firmly in the Irish saddle their eyes were opened, and the astonished and delighted Conservatives recognized with rapture that Providence had raised up for them a leader out of their own ranks, after their own heart. From that day till this Mr. Balfour's progress from the point of view of his party, has been one continued triumph, and he is now far and away

The Most Popular Man

in the Conservative ranks. If, by any chance, it were to fall to the lot of the Tory legions to elect a leader in place of the Marquis of Salisbury it is Mr. Balfour who would instantly be raised upon their shields. He is the heir-presumptive to the Conservative leadership, without a rival and beyond dispute. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for the last two years he has been the government. There have been other ministers in Downing-street but the electoral battle has raged round Mr. Balfour and Mr. Balfour almost alone. Mr. Ritchie might pass his County Government Bills, Mr. Goschen might reduce the interest on consols and Lord Salisbury might write despatches at the Foreign Office, but the nation at large was not much concerned about these matters. When the lists were opened and the tournament began it was Mr. Balfour and Mr. Balfour alone who had to bear the brunt of the fray. All the hostile knights made at him as the only adversary who was worthy of their steel. It is scarcely too much to say that for two years English politics have been little less than a prolonged execration of Mr. Balfour on one side, answered on the other by an equally sustained chorus of laudation. He is on his own side the great central figure of the political arena.

The Cause of His Rise.

To what causes does Mr. Balfour owe his unique ascendancy? What are the gifts by which he has achieved so brilliant a success? How comes it that Mr. Balfour should, at the comparatively youthful age of forty-one, command the devotion and excite the enthusiasm of the whole Unionist party? Opportunity, of course, counts for much. But for the retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach Mr. Balfour might to this day have been worrying along in more or less nonchalant fashion through the humdrum business of the Scotch department of the Home Office, nor would any but his most intimate friends have dreamed that he had in him to eclipse Mr. Goschen and to cause men to forget that Lord Randolph ever existed. But the opportunity which brought fame to Mr. Balfour might have brought shame. The chief secretaryship is a perilous post for reputations. How came it that an office which broke Mr. Forster, and nearly killed Sir George Trevelyan, and drove Sir Michael Hicks-Beach into retreat, should have landed Mr. Balfour in the very forefront of the State?

The root of Mr. Balfour's success lies in the one great distinction which differentiates him from Lord Randolph Churchill. Lord Randolph, although belonging to one of the proudest of our ducal families, is, au fond, a democrat. Lord though he is by title, he is at heart a plebeian. It is the secret alike of his strength and of his weakness. But Mr. Balfour, although not necessarily even a courtesy title, is an aristocrat to his finger-tips. And the more his career is studied, the more we probe into the secret of his phenomenal ascent to all but the first place in the State, the more surely are we driven back to the conviction that the truth lies here. It is because he is, through and through, every inch of his tall, spare form an aristocrat of the aristocrats, that he is at this moment the idol of the Tory democracy. That which might have been his ruin in other circumstances has proved his salvation. For the moment, England is governing Ireland on aristocratic principles, and for Mr. Balfour she has found an aristocrat who might have been created expressly to serve her purpose.

Every Englishman an Aristocrat.

There is a great deal of the aristocrat latent in every Englishman. The indefinable sense of race superiority which even the most violent Radicals feel in presence of the colored races is at bottom essentially aristocratic. The sense of equality which is so great a passion with the French has not eaten into our masses. Down to the last general election the most commonplace Radical M.P. would have felt hurt if you confounded him with the Irish M.P.'s. The mere Irish have never been recognized by the masses of Britons as beings quite of the same flesh and blood as ourselves. Mr. Gladstone himself felt this as strongly as any one when he clapped Mr. Parnell into jail for offences for which he would never have dreamed of imprisoning either Englishman or Scotchman. The whole system on which Ireland has been governed for centuries has been based upon the assumption that we of the larger island are obviously and always the superior race. It is this which constitutes the whole difficulty in the way of the Home Rulers. They base their scheme upon a diametrically opposite principle. To them an Irishman is a man and a citizen as much entitled to the privileges and liberties and prerogatives of manhood and citizenship as if he were Scotch or English. If once that were recognized, Home Rule would follow as a corollary; if, indeed, there were any longer a demand for Home Rule, a scheme which has been nursed into popularity solely by the resentment of the Irish at the inferior position to which they have been relegated by the dominant Saxon. The Unionist majority was elected in fierce antagonism to the democratic doctrine of Irish equality. When, after a period during which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach attempted to reconcile opposing principles, the impossible enterprise broke down, the majority fell back upon the aristocratic system of race ascendancy. The Irish were once more taken into hand and ruled as a subject race. And for such a work Mr. Balfour was peculiarly fitted, because he, more than any man in the Conservative ranks, was aristocratic to his heart's core.

The Irish Not Equal to Self-Government.

That is the secret of his strength. That which the majority of the nation for the time being wanted done he felt naturally called to do, and did it without arriere pensee, without any shame-faced feeling that he was doing wrong. Mr. Gladstone has coerced Ireland before this, but always at the back of his mind was the horrid, haunting doubt whether after all he was not mistaken. Mr. Balfour has no doubts; he is as calmly cocksure that he is right as Joshua was when he exterminated the Canaanites. And for this reason. With the splendid intellectual arrogance of an aristocrat he has satisfied himself that the Irish are, politically, distinctly inferior to the English and Scotch. "They have great gifts," he often says; "they have wit, imagination, eloquence, valor; in many respects they are our superiors. But in one respect they are our inferiors, and no amount of Gladstonian rhetoric can make them otherwise. They are politically incapable of self-government. Why not govern them as the Scotch, you ask? Because they are not Scotch. They cannot be trusted to govern themselves, for the simple and sufficient reason that Providence, in giving them many gifts, omitted to give them the qualities which ensure stable self-control. The Irish are no more fit to be trusted with the control of their own destinies than your little children are fitted to be left in charge of your house, to pay rates and taxes, to direct the servants, and to manage the household. Some day your nursery may break out in rebellion and demand the keys of the house. You will not, unless you are mad, comply with the clamor of the children. For their own sakes you must not. If they persist in smashing the crockery and proceed to break the windows unless they are allowed to be 'masters in their own house,' then you must, however reluctantly, take measures to reduce them to obedience. What you do in your nursery, England must do in Ireland. You may call it coercion if you please. It is simply the exercise of the minimum of authority necessary to secure the retention of the reins of government in the hands of the natural head of the household. There is my policy in Ireland in a nutshell. I am in charge of the mutinous nursery." Almost in these very words Mr. Balfour may be heard to justify to his friends and to his own conscience the policy he is enforcing in Ireland. All that he does, all that he says, grows naturally as a logical deduction from this foundation principle. If he is right in believing the Irish are gifted children, incapable of the self-control of manhood, then his policy can hardly be regarded as other than necessary and inevitable. There is no doubt something superbly arrogant in this calm ruling out of a whole nation as permanently incapacitated for the ordinary elementary right of free citizens, but this supreme arrogance is the distinguishing note of the aristocrat. Aristocrats always imagine that they are gifted by the gods with the character of sovereignty over the rest of mankind. In the beginning they are right. Aristocracies come into existence and grow strong because they are wiser and stronger than those over whom they rule. But nations do not always remain in statu pupillari, a fact which aristocrats forget until they discover their mistake under the knife of the guillotine or in the horrors of a stricken field. The temper, however, which is thus bred is invaluable up to the point where the system breaks down. It stifles all qualms of conscience. It stifles all self-reproach. It hears the cries and reproaches of the victims of its measures of repression as though they were but the bellowings of oxen goaded out of the clover field into which they had trespassed. It leaves its possessor in complete control of all his faculties, at ease with himself and distracted by none of those attempts at self-justification which paralyze the energy of the half-convinced. "This people which knoweth not the law are accursed," and that is the end of the matter. "The negro is unfit for freedom," was another formula which left the planter quite at ease among his slaves. So Mr. Balfour, having assumed that the Irish are even as infants in a nursery, sets himself to the duty of restraining the naughty little dears within due rule and compass with absolute sang froid and nonchalant self-complacency.

That is the first and the greatest secret of Mr. Balfour's success. Aristocratic work being demanded for the moment by a democratic people, he, a born aristocrat, seems actually a Heaven-sent minister. From this spirit spring the qualities which impress both friend and foe. His friends declared that there never was

A More Charming Man

than Mr. Balfour; while his enemies maintain that no more odious and offensive personality ever affronted the House of Commons. The charm and the offence are largely due to the same causes. He is charming to his friends, because he is so thoroughly at his ease that he can put all those around him at their ease. His temper is unruffled, his style polished and refined. He has all the fascination of manner that distinguishes a great noble who is too sympathetic to be haughty and too intelligent to be dull. But to his foes the reverse of the same qualities seems by no means admirable. His imperturbable good temper is exasperating beyond endurance. His easy insouciance seems intolerably insolent, and his light-hearted mode of disposing of his assailants is infinitely more aggravating than invective or abuse. It is galling in the extreme, after you have called him base, bloody, brutal Bomba, to find that you have only slightly bored Mr. Arthur Balfour, who revenges himself with a merry quip or a parting jest. That indifference is the dead-liest of insults, for it indicates far more forcibly than words the immeasurable disdain which does not honor its assailants even with an emotion as active as contempt.

There is a certain apparent callousness about this aristocratic temperament which misleads the superficial observer who imagines that Mr. Balfour is heartless. In reality, there are few men in politics who have so tender a heart or whose human sympathies are so fresh and sincere. But, like all aristocrats, his sympathies are limited. The woes of Mr. Conybeare, the wrongs of Mr. O'Brien, even the sufferings of Mr. Mandeville never got home to the chief secretary any more than the torture of a salmon comes home to an angler. The people are without the pale. They have to be reduced to submission, and the process would only be impeded if you paused to think how the operation affects the feelings.

His Police.

This brings us to another feature of Mr. Balfour's strength. He believes in his police. He swears by them as a schoolboy swears by his side. They are engaged, in his eyes, in the noblest task committed to human hands. They are the champions of the law. Therefore he backs them up with a thorough-going stick-at-nothingness which is almost sublime. "The police can do no wrong" has almost come to be with him an axiom of State. When they speak, controversy is at an end for him. He repeats their reports as if they were gospel. No shade of doubt, philosophic or otherwise, is allowed to cross his mind when the police version of any incident reaches him from Dublin Castle. If he does not exactly say Credo quia impossibile, there is no doubt that he believes them none the less implicitly, even though their story should be impossible. This intrepid spirit of unfaltering faith in every police report, this unwavering support of every official who works under his orders, is a great element of strength for the time being, although it accumulates wrath against the day of reckoning which is steadily drawing nigh. It increases the gulf between him and his subjects, and by a natural law confirms and strengthens his original tendency to stand by his men, as a general stands by his soldiers when in the face of the foe.

Mr. Balfour has learnt two great lessons necessary to the modern administrator. He understands the virtues that reside in a free hand. He understands equally well the sovereign efficacy of a blind eye; he allows his men a free hand, and when complaint is made of their doings he claps his official telescope to his blind eye. It is a device which has often stood him in good stead.

His Mental Qualities.

Mr. Balfour is an aristocrat, but he is not one of Lord Beaconsfield's aristocrats, who read nothing. He is, on the contrary, a great but desultory reader. He is the man of letters of his party. He has an excellent literary taste, and would much prefer discussing books with Mr. Morley or Mr. Gladstone over a dinner-table to debating politics with them in the House of Commons. He is a bit of a philosopher, also, in his way; thoughtful and reflective, with a dash of pessimism alternating with glimpses of a happier faith. It is difficult for a Conservative to be an optimist, even when bye-elections result in Unionist victories. The whole movement of modern affairs must seem so wretched a pis aller that the wonder is that they struggle any longer against the inevitable. There is a somewhat cynical vein of humor in Mr. Balfour which, while it lightens his survey of life, effectively damps all enthusiasm. He is not much of an idealist, but a somewhat sombre observer of men and things. Among modern statesmen he knows but one man who believes in England, as the Elizabethans believed in her, and who is capable of taking a comprehensive survey of the whole range of the empire, and that man is Lord Salisbury. He believes in his uncle more than he believes in himself, and, although he believes in England, he believes and trembles.

The intellectual quality of the man is high, not perhaps of the highest, but still very good. No one can listen to him, or even read his speeches, without feeling that he is a vigorous swordsman, a lert and adroit, nimble of fence, and prompt to take advantage of every weak opening in his opponent's guard. In the Irish melee it is to be feared that his finer style has become somewhat degenerated. "Whenever you see a head, hit it," has come to be too much the mot d'ordre of the Irish Secretary. If the apostle had fought constantly instead of only once in a way with the wild beasts of Ephesus, the apostolic character would have gradually merged in that of the gladiator; and it is no reflection upon Mr. Balfour to say that his long wrangles with the Irish brigade in St. Stephen's have tended somewhat to vulgarize him as a controversialist. But on the whole he has emerged from the ordeal comparatively unscathed. His geniality is unimpaired. His wit has a keener edge. His capacity to appeal to the deeper sympathies of a great popular audience has been proved and developed. He is a hard hitter, and always comes up to time. He is not a maker of epigrams like Mr. Morley; neither is he a professional joker like Mr. Labouchere. But when the man in the street reads Mr. Balfour's speeches he smiles, and his political opponents turn white with rage.

Mr. Balfour is more sworn at and sworn by than any man in politics, save Mr. Gladstone. In some quarters it is regarded as the unpardonable sin to suggest that Mr. Balfour possesses a single virtue, or is not laden down with every vice. In others he is lauded to the skies as if he were a hero and a demigod. We never hear the last of his courage, his chivalry, his open-handed justice, his pluck. All this is very exaggerated. Mr. Balfour is neither fiend nor archangel. He is a clever young aristocrat, early trained to the service of the State, who has made a bid to the service of a capital chance. He has a considerable literary gift, great personal and social charm, and a good Scotch habit of application and persistence. In the substance of his character there is true grit, and he is a tough fight any one who found himself in a very tight place would have good reason to thank his stars if he had Mr. Balfour at his back. He is perfectly sincere, and he is as free from self-seeking as most men. If only he had more popular sympathy, and a little more English faith, he might be one of the most popular ministers of modern times.

His Future.

It would, of course, be absurd to predict that Arthur the Debonnaire, who played the dilettante for so many years, will never develop into the stalwart leader of a passionately national party. He has already developed so far that there is reason for believing that he may develop still further. The silken youth of peaceful times often turn out in the fray to be of tempered steel, and so it may be with Mr. Balfour. So, indeed, it has been to a considerable extent already. When he accepted the office of chief secretary his friends thought it would prove fatal. The far from arduous work of the Scotch Office had nearly broken him down in previous sessions, and none of those who saw him when the House rose in 1886 are ever likely to forget his haggard face. To place him in the Irish Office seemed like giving him a ticket for the grave. He was always taking medicine, needing fresh air and generally ailing. On the very day on which his acceptance of the chief secretaryship was announced the mantelpiece of his library in Carlton House Gardens was liberally littered with pill boxes and medicine bottles. The strain of the Irish Office had grizzled Sir George Trevelyan's hair as if in two years had fallen the snow of ten, and to those who served Mr. Balfour—and he is one of those men whom to know is to love—his acceptance of the post seemed little short of suicide. He had not, however, acted without consideration and consultation. Before volunteering for active service to the front he submitted himself to a close personal examination at the hands of Sir W. Jenner. That distinguished physician not only pronounced his patient sound, but assured him that, so far as he could judge, no better prescription could be ordered for the maintenance of his health than the steady collar work of an all-absorbing department of Irish administration. Mr. Balfour took his doctor at his word, and the result has abundantly verified the soundness of his judgment. Mr. Balfour has never turned a hair since he took office. The old dyspepsia has crept upon him as a positive tonic. He has slept better, eaten better, and altogether enjoyed better health since he became the butt for the shafts of the whole Irish party. His case deserves to be placed on permanent record as a signal example of the beneficial effect of continuous excitement and heavy responsibility upon certain constitutions.

As it was in physique so it was in the moral or mental character of Mr. Balfour.

His Besetting Sin

was not exactly indolence, but a certain easy-going indisposition to take trouble. He needed rousing. He was in his way just a little bit of a Sybarite. Of this, the most familiar illustration was his absolute refusal to read the newspapers. He probably reads them now, but until he became a Cabinet minister he made a rule of never reading a single line in a paper. This was exasperating, with his neglect of the chronicles of our time he used to reply: "I much prefer hearing the news from the people who are making history to reading the more or less inaccurate reports of third parties. I always hear all that is worth hearing. As for the rest what a corvee I escape by never opening a paper!" The reply was characteristic of the man, with his epicurean preference for receiving the plums of the news from the men who gathered them fresh from the tree, and a supreme indifference to all that could be served up in that dainty fashion. The poet Thomson, who is said to have eaten peaches from the tree as he leant up against the wall in the sun, had a touch of the same quality. But that cannot co-exist with any very keen interest in the movement of the world. A certain lazy, self-indulgent habit which also found expression in lying in bed till noon vanished under the stress and strain of Irish administration. There used to be a good deal of the Miss Nancy about Mr. Balfour. But the rough-and-tumble of active warfare has caused most of us to forget that he ever was Miss Nancy. Who knows but that the habit of responsible authority and the constant pressure of the real burdens of the empire, may make of him a much greater man than seemed possible twelve months ago?

Is there depth enough in his nature to move men greatly? That is

The Crucial Question,

and one on which everything depends. It would be premature as yet to return an answer. His speeches are clever and smart. He is an expert at the foils, and occasionally can handle a rapier very deftly. But does that affectation of cynicism cover a real faith, or is it only the mask behind which there is nothing but a sorry void? Those who know him best say that, au fond, Mr. Balfour is a true man with a deep, underlying faith in the reality of things, which will every day make itself more and more apparent. We all know him to be kindly hearted, sympathetic, and full of humane sensitiveness to the suffering of all who are not outside the pale. But hitherto there has been an absence of the inspiring note which thrills the hearts of those who listen. There is, to use an old phrase, no unction in his speeches. They seldom or never touch the deeper strings that vibrate most intensely in the human breast. The absence of all purple patches in his oratory is an illustration of the lack of that glowing emotion of which they are the natural outcome. It may be that for him life has been too smooth as yet to enable him to strike these deeper chords. Adversity is the greatest schoolmaster; those who have never suffered have seldom the power to make others feel. If, however, Mr. Balfour could but sometimes rise into the higher region of patriotic and imperial ideas, and make men feel that he was not so entirely absorbed by the cut and thrust and parry of the party game as to lose sight of his country and all that she stands for in the world, we should have more confidence in his future.

There is one quality, unfortunately a rare quality among his contemporaries, which Mr. Balfour possesses in ample store.

He is Magnanimous.

He is not personal. He can tolerate abuse and he does not resent criticism. He retains friends who denounce every act of his administration, and even the cloaca maxima of Hibernian abuse does not excite his disgust or indignation. Nothing is more characteristic of the man than the fact that after two years at the Irish Office he has learned to like and to appreciate William O'Brien. When he entered the Irish Office he took an amused interest in some of the Irish members, but William O'Brien seemed to him, as he seemed to many others, more than flesh and blood could stand. Gradually, however, as he came to know the redoubtable editor of United Ireland, his distaste dwindled, until at last he absolutely began to feel for him some kind of personal regard. This has not in the least prevented him from clapping Mr. O'Brien in jail once and again, but that is all in the day's work. The fact that it was necessary to imprison him was indeed, in a certain way, a tribute to his power and to his importance. It is, of course, quite true that a shrewd sense of gratitude should keep Mr. Balfour from feeling resentment at the oratorical brickbats which the Irish members hurl at his head. They form no small part of the pedestal which enables him to command the gaze of the world. But how few ever recognise the fact that no friends ever help us so much as our foes! Mr. Balfour does, and does so with good grace and frank sincerity. When Artemus Ward's steed was weary, he hung a hornet's nest upon his tail, "to kinder encourage him." The perpetual roasting which Mr. Balfour undergoes at the hands of Irishmen does him a similar service. It keeps him from relapsing into the region in which it is always afternoon, for which he has constitutionally a very dangerous predilection. But, taking things apart, Mr. Balfour is a big enough man to disdain to regard difference of opinion as a personal offence, and to recognize the intellectual honesty of those who regard his policy with detestation. Perhaps this may be due to the absence of keenness which we have already referred to. If so, then that is a quality of his defect which stands him in better stead than many of his virtues.

Relentless as Cromwell Radical as Parnell.

Whether or not Mr. Balfour will be a great statesman depends upon whether or not he is capable of sympathizing with and of responding to the needs of the masses of his fellow-countrymen. He is a political economist at bottom, and very little of a sentimentalist. But he is shrewd enough to see that mere repression is no policy. When he took office some one said to him that he could not expect to succeed where Cromwell had failed. He replied: "Cromwell failed because he relied solely upon repressive measures. I am not Cromwell and I imitate. I shall be as relentless as Cromwell in enforcing obedience to the law, but at the same time I shall be as radical as any reformer in redressing grievances and especially in remedying those that were in relation to the land. It is on the two-fold aspect of my policy that I rely for my success. Hitherto English governments have stood first on one leg and then on the other. They have relied upon all for repression or all for reform. I am for both: repression as stern as Cromwell; reform as thorough as Mr. Parnell or any one else can desire."

Great Auction Sale of standard rare and curious books at "Piddington's," 250 Yonge-street. This evening.

Advances made on merchandise warehoused with Mitchell, Miller & Co., 45 Front-street east.

THE SEASON OF GOODWILL.

Emperor Creighton Receives a Congratulatory Address and a Handsome Watch.

A pleasant incident occurred yesterday afternoon at the Empire office. The proverbial good will of the Christmas season was exemplified. The employes of the business and mechanical departments gave Manager Creighton a handsome Christmas box. Mr. George Scroggie read a congratulatory address, in which Mr. Creighton's "kindness of heart, clever tact and great business ability" were extolled. The employes asked the manager's acceptance of a gold watch and kind regards for himself and family. The presentation of the watch was made by Miss Fannie F. Lumsden. Mr. Creighton made a grateful and happy reply, and Mr. W. R. Brock, chairman of The Empire board, endorsed the sentiments of both employes and Mr. Creighton.

The man in the moon is sighing for "Athletes." 136

All the Rage.
Crawl into your cage.
Here comes the "Athlete."

The sweetest, the purest and the best value. 136

Look at this List of Furs for Christmas Gifts to be Found at Dineen's, Cor. King and Yonge-Streets.

Bear skin boas and muffs, Alaska sable boas and muffs, seal muffs and capes, seal mantles and dolmans, storm collars and muffs, children's fur coats and caps, children's hoods and boas, children's carriage robes, children's gray fur caps, ladies' and gents' seal gloves, gentlemen's fur collars and cuffs.

Merchants can warehouse goods in bond or free with Mitchell, Miller & Co. Negotiable warehouse receipts issued; rate of insurance lowest.

Tried and found unequal for the cure of coughs, colds, asthma and bronchitis, Dominion Tar Syrup prepared by Dan Taylor & Co., Arcade Pharmacy, 153 Yonge-street. Sold by all druggists. 246

Honest Journalism.

The chief business of a newspaper should be a sincere purpose to serve the public, and we doubt very much if a greater service could be rendered this holiday season than by announcing the literal fact that quinn is sho[illegible] a larger stock of Christmas necktwa[illegible] than any five retail stores combined. Sixteen carat gold safety pins for "once-over" scarfs just arrived from England today.

Trowern, Jewelry Manufacturer, has removed from Yonge-street to 115 King-street west, south side, four doors east of Rossin House. 246

The only positive cure known for Consumption — The Cannabis Sativa Indian Remedy. Dan Taylor & Co., 153 Yonge-street. Sole agents for Canada. 246

Dineen greets his patrons and wishes them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Art in Dress.

The three-button cutaway sack is steadily growing in favor. It is a very handsome garment. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 89 Yonge-street. 136

Xmas annuals, viz: London Society, Belgravia, London Truth, Tinsley's Annual, Sandfon's Annual, St. Nicholas, London World, Boys' Own Paper, Girls' Own Paper, Leisure Hour, Quiver, Sunday at Home, Good Words, etc., etc., at Wimlifrith Bros., 6 and 8 Toronto-street.

Great Auction Sale of standard rare and curious books at "Piddington's," 250 Yonge-street. This evening.

It Must Be a Fine Mining Location.

Mr. John Leys has been offered $20,000 for his mining location in the township of Blake, Thunder Bay district.

Diamonds and Jewelry

Money is saved in buying diamonds, watches and jewelry at D. H. Cunningham's, 77 Yonge-street, 2 doors north of King. 136

Select for your gentlemen friends from our stock of dressing gowns, smoking jackets, umbrellas, scarfs, silk mufflers, etc. Finest and newest designs in the trade. Wheaton & Co., 17 King-street west, corner Jordan. 246

The Brazilian revolution has not affected Whites' once over scarf trade.

Accidents.

This is a year of accidents, the unfortunate effect of which are largely ameliorated by a policy in the Manufacturers' Accident Insurance Co., 33 King-street west, Toronto.

NOT READY TO ARBITRATE

SENHOR GOMEZ HAS MADE NO SUCH PROPOSITION.

The Lisbon Press Confident that an Early Agreement Will be Reached With England—Italian Anarchists Urge the People to Emulate the Example of Brazil—The Influenza Epidemic—Cable Notes.

LISBON, Christmas Eve.—The semi-official press is confident that an early agreement will be reached between England and Portugal in the South African controversy. Senhor Gomez, the Portuguese Minister of Foreign Affairs, has made no proposition to submit the question to arbitration.

Portugal's Claim.

LISBON, Christmas Eve.—The Dia (official organ), in an article on the relations between Portugal and Great Britain in regard to African territory, declares that Portugal is justified under Article 34 of the Congo treaty in appealing to the powers that signed that treaty against the British claims to the territory of the Makololos.

SNIVEL AND SNEEZE.

The Influenza Epidemic in Many Cities—A Malignant Type.

PARIS, Christmas Eve.—The influenza epidemic reigns and rages. The conference of lawyers which was to have convened yesterday did not because most of the speakers were ill. Reports from Berlin are that there is no abatement of the evil there. In Brunswick it has assumed a malignant type and there have been many deaths. At Frankfort it is increasing. The tramways there have ceased operations because the employes are all ill. Mannheim has been very severely visited. At Munich the cases increase and the transaction of business is much interfered with. The theatres announce that the programs of the play are not to be depended upon, as the illness of actors may make it necessary to change the names at any moment or even to change the piece. At Antwerp the disease is increasing, but it is diminishing among both the garrison and the people at Amsterdam. It has appeared at Dordrecht, among the soldiers and sailors and in the factories. It is very serious in the barracks at Brussels and half the carabineers and grenadiers of the Corps des Guides are ill.

Lung Inflammation Follows Influenza.

VIENNA, Christmas Eve.—A frequent sequel to cases of influenza here is an attack of inflammation of the lungs. A number of persons in the hospital who had been suffering from influenza were stricken with inflammation of the lungs and several of them have died. Influenza has appeared in a Jesuit school at Kolksburg, the pupils of which are the children of Conservative aristocrats. Sixty-eight of the scholars are ill.

The German Attitude Toward Stanley.

BERLIN, Christmas Eve.—The Vossische Zeitung has an interesting article on the German attitude toward Stanley, in which it says that if the German enthusiasts for colonial development should attempt to follow lame attacks upon England by assailing Stanley they would prove themselves mean-spirited people in the lowest sense of the word. In the reception of Stanley the people of Berlin should not allow themselves to be influenced by any other feelings than those of admiration for his courage, resolution and his achievements. They must honor him at once as the guest of the Emperor and as the greatest living African explorer.

The Pope Receives The Sacred College.

ROME, Christmas Eve.—His Holiness the Pope received to-day the Sacred College of Cardinals, the Supreme Councillor Senate of the church. In addressing this chosen body of advisers the Pontiff said: "In these times when the church is assailed and persecuted because it is the great stronghold of faith and truth, it is a consolation to know that among the children of the church themselves there is perfect unity." His Holiness announced that he would shortly issue an encyclical letter defining the duties of Catholics in this crisis.

Sedition in Italy.

BERNE, Christmas Eve.—Italian anarchists have posted placards in Lugani calling upon Italians to follow the example of Brazil and overthrow the monarchy.

Royalty Set a Good Example.

MADRID, Christmas Eve.—During the performance at the Opera House this evening an accident to the electric light machinery caused a panic, a cry of fire having been raised. By the efforts of the actors and the manager the alarm was checked and the audience dispersed quietly. The Queen Regent and the Infanta Isabella were in their box and remained standing during the commotion and were the last to leave the house.

Cable Flashes.

At Charleroi, in Belguim, 6,000 strikers are out.

Gen. Da Fonseca claims that the safety of the Brazilian republic is assured.

The influenza is rapidly spreading in Belgium. Thirty per cent. of the school children are suffering.

As soon as the Samoan question is finally settled Knapp will resume his position as German consul there.

Berlin official circles know nothing of an invitation to the Kaiser to arbitrate the Anglo-Portuguese dispute.

A vague feeling of uncertainty and distrust among civilians and much discontent among the soldiers exist in Brazil.

It is reported that Austria and Hungary have agreed to resume specie payments in two years hence, and to introduce at the same time the decimal system.

Piddington's Great Book Auction begins to-night.

Good Cheer for the little Ones.

Yesterday evening will long be remembered by the poor children of this city who crowded Shaftesbury Hall. During the afternoon the ladies had been preparing the bags of candy, oranges, etc., and more than 4000 were ready to cheer the hearts of the youngsters. At six o'clock the doors were opened and on passing into the room each child was given a bag containing apples, oranges and cake. There was a magic lantern entertainment which the children greatly enjoyed. On passing out each child was given another bag containing candies, raisins and cakes; street car tickets were also given to those who had to go a long distance. Mr. J. J. Kelso and City Missionary Hall had charge of the proceedings, and among the ladies present were: Miss Howe, Miss Alexander, Mrs. McDonald and the Misses McDonald, and Miss Sims. The Broadway Tabernacle orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. The subscriptions amounted to $300. The surplus will be devoted to the Fresh Air Fund.

Killed at Blackwater Junction.

A GrandTrunk brakesman named Maloney, living at Lindsay, was killed at Blackwater Junction yesterday. He had gone up on the train to bring his wife home, and in endeavoring to jump off the cars when in motion fell beneath the wheels and had both legs cut off. The body was removed to Lindsay.

Stop Watches.

Intricate and complicated watch work my orte. E. Beston, High Grade Watch Special st. Opposite Post Office.

The Sheffield House Importing Company (Registered).

65 Yonge-street (below King), New Sterling Silver Goods suitable for Xmas Presents. We receive new goods every day. C. E. Robinson, Manager.

Families leaving the city or giving up housekeeping, can have their furniture carefully stored at moderate cost with Mitchell, Miller & Co., 45 Front-street East.

J. R. Armstrong & Co., of the "City Found ery," have removed from 104 Yonge-street to 219, 221 and 223 Queen-street east. 4

SIXTEEN BURIED

In the San Andreas Mine—No Hope of Them Getting Out Alive.

SAN ANDREAS, Cal., Christmas Eve.—The latest report of the mine disaster states that the cave-in occurred Sunday evening in the Lane Mine, owned by Howard & Hobart, on the west side of the Angels. Nineteen men were sent into the drift on the 400-foot level to repair the timbering, which had become loosened. They had not worked an hour when the supports of the upper timbers suddenly swerved to the right, and the roofing, earth and rocks fell, burying 16 men underneath the debris. By last evening the rescuing party had succeeded in getting eight feet into the pile of earth and timber, and none of the victims had been reached. There is no prospect of getting the men out alive.

There is no hope of rescuing the sixteen miners buried by the cave-in. Working parties have found two dead bodies, but will not be able to reach them until to-morrow and it is feared they will not be able to reach some of the other victims for several weeks. It is believed all the sixteen men were crushed to death by falling rock.

Information reached here this afternoon that the surface of the mine has caved down to a depth of 40 feet, and the cave extends along the vein from the north shaft to the south shaft, a width of 30 feet. This makes it necessary to stop all work of recovering the bodies. There is little doubt that the hoists have been drawn into the cave.

Useful Christmas presents in Umbrellas Waterproofs, Satchels, Purses, Plush Jewe Cases, Toilet Cases, Shaving Cases, Dressing Cases etc., at East's, Yonge-street.

ANOTHER RAILWAY COMPANY.

The Hamilton Junction Railway Applying for a Charter.

HAMILTON, Christmas Eve.—Bruce, Burton & Bruce are applying for an act to incorporate the Hamilton Junction Railway, with power to construct a railway through Hamilton and to erect a central union station; also with power to extend eastward to a point at or near Burlington and westward to a point at or near Copetown.

This morning a reporter waited on A. Bruce, Q. C., to obtain some information about the new railway enterprise, but the gentleman would not be interviewed. He declined to say anything further than that an application was being made for a charter. Bruce, Burton & Bruce are solicitors for the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo Railway, and it is thought that the new charter is for that company. The Brantford, Waterloo and Lake Erie Railway, which has been acquired by the T., H. and B., has a charter for a road from Waterford to Brantford and thence to Toronto. That will hardly suit the T., H. and B. projectors, who want to get into or near Hamilton. A couple of years ago it was announced that the T., H. and B. would not run its Brantford line into Hamilton, but that the road would cross the Grand Trunk near Copetown and continue on to Burlington. As Copetown and Burlington are two of the points mentioned in the application for the charter, it is quite likely that the T., H. and B. people are interested in the new company. Mr. Helm and Secretary Miller are still in New York.

Many rare volumes to be offered at the Great Book Auction at "Piddington's," 250 Yonge-street. This evening.

CALLAGHAN IS WRATHY.

A Hot Letter To a Magistrate Who Befriended Powderly.

SCRANTON, Pa., Christmas Eve.—Edward Callaghan, who has achieved notoriety through his efforts to have General Master Workman Powderly arrested, has written this letter from Scottdale to Alderman Fuller of Scranton:

"Your failure to endorse the warrant for the arrest of T. V. Powderly is a flagrant violation of your oath of office. The charge of conspiracy is specific and is clearly and distinctly set forth in the information made before Squire Kener of Greensburg, Pa. This charge in substance is: Charge 1. T. V. Powderly, John R. Byrne and Peter Wise of falsely, wilfully and maliciously conspiring to injure me in my reputation and business. Can you make the crime of conspiracy more specific? I think I can prove the charge and as for Mr. Powderly bringing counter charges against me, tell him I will be only too glad to confront a scoundrel like him. I warrant you that if the arrest was in accord with my sworn information I shall hold you and Judge Robert W. Archbald responsible for obstructing an officer in the discharge of his sworn duties. I enclose newspaper clippings containing account of your decision, also Judge Archbald's. It is shameful to both if it is true."

Manufacturers, by warehousing their surplus stock with Mitchell, Miller & Co., receive negotiable warehouse receipts.

WHAT HE PROPOSED.

Hon. Mr. Chapleau Explains his Correspondence with Premier Mercier.

OTTAWA, Christmas Eve.—Hon. J. A. Chapleau has written a letter explaining misstatements arising out of his correspondence with Mr. Mercier on the Jesuits estates matter. He shows that this proposal was as follows: The estates were to be treated not as the property of the Jesuits but as reverting to the Crown in consequence of the abolition of the order. But instead of handing them over to the church he desired to place a fair valuation on them, say $500,000, and pay 5 per cent. yearly interest to the church on that valuation, or say $25,000, as a subsidy for Catholic superior education, and about one-sixth of that sum, or say $4,000, to some Protestant educational institution, or if there should be a divided among more than one Protestant institution.

Beautiful holiday volumes at "Piddington's" Book Auction, 250 Yonge-street. This evening.

Gobbled by a Trust.

ST. LOUIS, Christmas