

IN the course of some instructive comments upon the lapsing Fishery Clauses of the Washington Treaty, the *American* makes the following significant remarks:—"Canada cannot eat her cake and have it. She cannot hang on to an European Empire and enjoy the facilities furnished by its military and diplomatic system, and then strut about with the airs of an independent country. She may cut 'the silken rein' as soon as she likes, and we will deal with her as a nation. But so long as she wears it, she is to us merely an outlying province of the British Empire, and our dealings with her interests are but a part of our diplomatic relations with that Empire."

THE May meeting of the Toronto Jockey Club, which will be held on Saturday and Monday, the 23rd and 25th May, at the Woodbine, promises by the programme to produce some good sport. The principal events are: (First Day) "Trial Stakes," for all ages; "The Queen's Plate," for horses bred, raised, and trained in Ontario; "The Woodbine Steeplechase;" "Open Cash Handicap;" "The Welter Cup;" (Second Day) "The Ladies' Purse," for all ages; "Queen's Hotel Stakes," open to all; "The Woodstock Plate," for three-year-olds; "The Railway Steeplechase Handicap," open to all; and a "Hunters' Handicap," open to half-bred horses regularly hunted with any established pack on this continent.

THERE were nineteen failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty-six in the preceding week, and twenty-two, thirty-two, and five, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were 196 failures during the week, as compared with 174 in the preceding week, and with 155, 160, and 86, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883, and 1882. About 84 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE most zealous anti-prohibitionist would hardly argue that his use of wine was inspired by patriotic motives. All the same, he contributes much more to the public revenues than his teetotal fellow-citizen. This fact has been seized upon by a Glasgow financier, who points out that total abstainers in the Old Country, by not consuming wine, spirits, or beer, contribute no part of the thirty millions of public income which are derived from this source. This he maintains is not just, and he proposes that the lighter beverages which abstainers consume might be made to pay a certain tax, which would add to the income of the country and give a more equitable distribution of the burdens of the State. The proposal is not without its serious aspect. Why should the man who takes brandy-and-soda be compelled to pay on the former and the man who takes the soda without brandy pay nothing at all? If it be contended that wine, whiskey and beer are luxuries, the same argument applies to apollinaris, ginger ale, and other compounds. In reply to the teetotalers' objection, should they ever raise it, "Why tax us for being sober?" any argument which may be supposed to tell against aerated beverages tells equally against the duty on tea. In fact, aerated beverages are not a necessity of life, while the universal use of tea practically elevates it to such a position.

ARE the Royal Family Spiritualists? People tell tales of the Queen; they know that the Princess Louise has been at seances; they recall the story of the Duke of Albany's death-warning from his sister Alice. They put down the whole Royal Family, therefore, as Spiritualists. So far has this belief spread that Sir Henry Ponsonby has been commissioned to deny it. He does not quite deny it. He only says that the Royal Family are not believers in Mr. Eglinton's Spiritualism. Mr. A. Yorke, the late equerry of the Duke of Albany, has also been called upon to give his testimony, and says that he is in a position to declare that his Royal Highness never attended a seance with Mr. Eglinton or presented him with a slate. The inference drawn by the Spiritualists from this correspondence is that the Queen and several of her children are believers in communications between the next world and this, but know nothing of Mr. Eglinton and his slate.

THE new halfpenny morning paper, the possible appearance of which in London was recently referred to in *THE WEEK*, is to be a reality. It is to be called the *Morning Mail*, and to be thoroughly Radical in tone. No peace with Whiggery is to be permitted; and working-class interests are to be set before all others. Mr. Emmett, who conducted the *Umpire* some time ago, is to manage the new paper. Its great difficulty will be in distribution—the prejudices of the trade being against a halfpenny paper, as the failure of the *Summary* proved. Mr. Walter dropped a small fortune over that venture—which, it may be added, was a condensed halfpenny *Times*—and his successors in the experiment will have to make a very long effort if they are to succeed.

THE friends of peace can quote Scripture in abundance in support of their principles, but the advocates of war are the popular party, even among Christian professors. Mr. Ruskin cites the following verse from the New Testament as an injunction from the Prince of Peace, whose precepts we all profess to follow:—"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." That is according to the ancient translation. The modern version is, he says, this:—"Blessed are the war-makers, for they shall be adored by the children of men."

AMERICANS have no titles of their own, but how they delight in any one who has all the world knows. The following is from the prospectus of a St. Augustine journal recently started:—"The editor is Captain Ham-

ilton, of Kensington, London, a gentleman of wide and varied experience, and much culture. Captain Hamilton belongs to a younger branch of the Duke of Ambercom (*sic*), and is of noble blood. He has served through two revolutions and one Indian War." There is not much of the old Puritan simplicity—if such a quality ever really existed—in this amazingly snobbish announcement.

THE question of the extent to which the eyesight is favourably or unfavourably affected by civilization is being discussed at some length in the columns of *Nature*. Mr. Guppy, one of the correspondents, gives the results of a few observations recently made by him with a view of determining the degree of acuteness of vision possessed by the natives of certain islands of the Solomon group. He employed the square test-dots used for the purpose of ascertaining the powers of vision possessed by recruits for the army. The conclusions at which he arrived, from the examination of a number of young men whom he tested, are that in the islands in question sixty feet is the average distance at which natives could count the dots—fifty-seven feet being usually looked on as the distance at which the normal eyesight can separate and count them. Facts like these, which no doubt might be multiplied, fall in with prejudices of our own as to the decay of physical power among civilized people. The keenness of the senses has always been a strong point with the savage, and in our boyish days we were regaled with many stories in illustration of the preternatural acuteness of sight and hearing possessed by the wild men of the woods. All this is a mere matter of habit—individual expertness acquired by practice and inherited habit. Savages who have to live on the fish, game, and plants which they hunt or search for themselves, prove almost miraculously quick in hearing and seeing. On the other hand, the civilized man with a specialized faculty performs prodigies of memory, incredible skill in discriminating flavours, shades of colours, or texture of goods. Mr. Guppy tells us that the natives of the Solomon Islands, who live in huts lit only through a partially open doorway, pass from the utter darkness of their dwelling-places into the dazzling sunshine, and *vice versa*, without any of that inconvenience or partial blindness felt by Europeans under similar circumstances. They do so because their eyes are trained to these sudden contrasts and transitions, just as the skin of a man who daily "tubs" in cold water is trained to endure sudden transitions of temperature without evil consequences.

HAVE you a good ear for music? If you have you will appreciate the following little anecdote, told by Mr. G. R. Sims, the popular and successful literarian and dramatist. "My editor and I once started to walk to St. Albans with a valued friend, now, alas, some years dead, who was by profession a pedestrian and a pianoforte tuner. Midway we put up at a snug hostelry, and ordered, for the comfort of the inner man, a dish of rump steaks. While this was being prepared we sat in pleasant converse, which was interrupted by a peculiar hissing and frizzling sound that unmistakably came from the kitchen. 'Why, hang me,' suddenly exclaimed Pendragon, with his hair almost on end with horror—'hang me, if they're not frying it!'—the 'it' of course having reference to the steak. Our lamented friend thereupon drew from his pocket a tuning-fork, struck it upon the table, and quietly remarked, as he applied it to his ear, 'Yes, and hang me if they're not frying it in G!'"

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN has taken a long time to produce the little memoir of her sister which is prefixed to the Princess Alice's letters. In the opinions of the critics it was worth waiting for, though evidently the work of an amateur, and wanting in certain literary finish, it is said to be well written—much better written than the Queen's diaries—and to be full of tenderness and love. There are passages in it, we are told, which can hardly be read without tears; and, though there is very little really new in it, the suggestion of sisterly affection and pride is very touching. In all the relations of the Royal Family to each other there is the same mutual dependence and ready helpfulness. We take all this for granted, and think that it is just what it ought to be that Marlborough House should be the most loyal house in England. But the spectacle is almost new in English history of a perfect union between powerful members of the same family; and people are not half thankful enough for it. An eminent man, contrasting our times with others, said the other day that if we had had princes like those of other days—"I do not know what you think, gentlemen, but I think, and probably you will agree with me, we should have had very rough times."

A PAPER called *Nature*, published in Paris, has picked up a story almost eclipsing that of the cock and bull, for which it cites as an authority the director of a glass factory in the district of Aniche. This gentleman had a dog, and this dog was turned out to play with other dogs in the open field behind the factory. It was the time of hard weather, shortly after the recent snowstorm, and the dog, which was a rough-haired terrier, had not finished his gambol when he was attacked by a whole flock of birds, described by the French paper as crows. By this, probably, rooks are meant, for the crow, as Yarrell informs us, is a solitary bird found only alone or in pairs, whereas the glass manufacturer writes that there were a hundred of the black birds in question in the field where the dog was, out of which only about thirty joined in the onslaught. However, the battle, once begun, proved a very one-sided affair, half the attacking squadron keeping in front of the wretched quadruped and the other half behind him or on the flank. The former, hovering at a height of about six feet, made dashes from time to time at the head of the victim aiming their beaks at his eyes and at a particular spot in his neck, where they soon established an open