

'cheap and nasty' Yankee goods have won a new lease of life; and with the support the country must derive from an abundant harvest, there is the promise of greater prosperity than Canadians have known through a series of years. If these are the facts, the Canadian experiment is likely to exercise considerable influence before long upon English opinion."

That Toronto correspondent must know things of which other people are entirely ignorant. It is true that business is revived, but then it does every year at about this time, even when the harvest is only moderate. This year the harvest is an exceedingly good one, and the demand for grain of almost every kind for exportation to Europe is very strong; so that business must of necessity be brisker. But is any thing of this due to the N. P.? Although a Free Trader in theory, I have been driven to the advocacy of Protection in Canada by the very evident selfishness of the American policy. Still, I am persuaded that the "new tariff" has not done such great things for us yet as the Toronto correspondent would have the *World* believe. Some very good friends of the N. P. are afraid to express a decided opinion that it has worked any good for us yet; they have faith and hope, but are by no means certain. Only correspondents can afford to be imaginative and confident.

The people of British Columbia—better known as that portion of the habitable globe represented by Amor de Cosmos—are holding meetings to protest and petition against the employment of Chinese labour in the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway. The British Columbians claim Canada for the Canadians, but they seem to forget that at the last census it was discovered that in Canada there were no Canadians. There were French, English, Irish, Scotch, and settlers from all those regions situated between the rivers and the ends of the earth, but no Canadians. There were a few Chinese numbered among them, and why should not they be allowed to invite over their friends and relations as well as the English and Irish and Scotch? Is the Celestial Empire outside of Amor's Cosmos? Probably. But then, the Government will want cheap labour, and if the Chinese can and will do the same work for less money than the British Columbians or any body else, then all the worse for the British Columbians and every body else.

MECHANICS' BILLS.

I asked last week, Who took the Mechanics' Bank bills over to Europe by which intending settlers in Canada were disgracefully swindled out of the little money they were depending upon for a start in the new country? but although the late Manager, Mr. Menzies, has written a letter to the *Witness* to defend what he is pleased to call "mismanagement of some sort,"—but which reads more like an apology for inability—he has not condescended to say a word respecting the forced circulation of Mechanics' bills. But perhaps some one can tell those who are anxious to know how it came to pass that the Dominion Government was compelled to cooperate actively in the circulation of those bills in Canada. The Government account is kept at the Bank of Montreal, but when the Mechanics' Bank had failed it was found that Government employees on the canals had been paid with Mechanics' Bank bills instead of the Bank of Montreal bills. Who is responsible for this, the Government or the local paymaster? Who received the commission? These questions will probably be asked in the House when Parliament meets; but meantime, for the credit of the Government and especially in defence of the reputation of the Minister of Public Works, they should be answered.

An enterprising and enthusiastic Quebec *Rouge*, determined to immortalise the "usefulness" of M. Letellier in spite of Sir John to the contrary, has just got out a broad-nibbed pen with the ex-Lieutenant-Governor's name upon it. And a very good pen it is.

Apropos. The above-mentioned "martyr" to his Province, and patron of a pen, is credited with a joke, which happily proves that he bears his sorrows with a light heart. He was one of a company at dinner; the talk turned on the wandering remains of the late Mr. A. T. Stewart. A gentleman was vehemently declaiming against the advisability of the executors offering a reward. "No," said the de-capitated Lieutenant-Governor; "I think Mr. Stewart's usefulness is gone."

Speaking of the remains of Mr. A. T. Stewart—I am told that they are in this city, and in that part of it called Griffintown. They say also that the body was not taken away in order to get any reward that might be offered by the executors, but in revenge for the disturbance of the bodies of some Irish Catholics when Mr. Stewart built his hotel for women. It is a fact, I believe, that the ground on which the hotel was built had been a graveyard in the aforesaid, and that in digging the foundations the resting-place of some bodies was broken up; but whether the information given to me, that the friends have taken this peculiar way of wreaking vengeance is correct or not, I cannot say. On the whole, I am inclined to think it is. They say, however, that dear as revenge is to them, they will sacrifice it for five hundred thousand dollars. If any body, or bodies, get that amount for it I shall say that M. Letellier was witty, but no prophet.

PETTY ABUSE.

They say—that is, those who ought to know, that better times are not only at hand but entered upon. I sincerely hope that with prosperity will come a more generous spirit of judgment and speech. Criticism is a good thing—it is the salt of our life; even cynicism has its uses and place, but this petty abuse which almost every man heaps upon almost every other man is very demoralizing. If one were to judge by what men say of each other, honesty is a discarded virtue in Canada. Mention ten names to a friend and the chances are that he will accuse nine of them of some disreputable actions, and say he is not acquainted with the tenth. Pass into the next street, and the friend who has just put you on your guard will be denounced as a man not to be trusted, &c.

But I ought, in all fairness, to say that this holds true more particularly with regard to members of Christian churches. They strike at the religion they profess and hold in common, through each other's character, as if they exalted their Master and made their salvation the more sure by vilifying a brother. They have the kind of charity which transforms suspicion into sin, and rejoices in the iniquity. This is one of the most painful things I meet in the way of experience.

ENGLAND.

The political situation in England is every week becoming more pronounced in favour of the Liberal party. Many of the differences which have been threatening the disintegration and destruction of the party have been healed, and as the popular mind has become more and more alive to the gravity of home and foreign difficulties, it is felt that Mr. Gladstone is a safer guide than the brilliant but erratic Earl who has landed England in troubles of which the end is not yet seen.

It is the most evident of all plain facts that England cannot, with safety and success, pretend longer to support the first-class military *role*. It was adopted by Palmerston, and by the sheer force of bluster he managed to make it succeed; in these later years Beaconsfield has played the same part, and by constant loud, and occasional brilliant, talking has turned it into a partial success—but the game is about over. Of course she has a splendid navy, which is more than equal to all needs for defence, but to reckon the British army alongside of the enormous forces owned by Germany and France and Russia and Austria is to be guilty of the absurdest sort of self-conceit. The best work the Government can set its hand to is that which will stop the hazardous process of annexation, look after the commercial and agricultural interests of the country, and in military matters act on the defensive.

IRISH MORALITY.

Mr. Parnell has started a new school of morality in advising the Irish to refuse to pay rent until the times shall mend. The condition of the Irish farmers is one of great distress, owing to the destruction of crops by the deplorably bad weather. Mr. Parnell is convinced, and has no difficulty in convincing the poor distressed, and illogical people, that in some way or another the ungodly landlords are in a measure responsible for these untoward circumstances—although Mr. Parnell never suggests that if the weather should be extraordinarily good, and the crops abnormally fine next year, the landlords, as having some hand in these matters, should receive more than the usual rental. We can hardly expect that a starving people shall be