

How can it be explained that we never hear of drug clerks combining for self-relief? Dry goods clerks, and grocery clerks, and clerks of other kinds do so frequently, for shorter hours, or larger pay or something else that seems to them necessary for the due enjoyment of existence. But drug clerks—why, from all that publicly appears to the contrary, they are the most contented lot of people going. And yet if reports speak truly they have more cause than almost any other class of employees for complaint. Their hours are long. In some cases absurdly so. In many quite needlessly so, and in a few, it is to be feared, almost criminally so. Even the most favorably situated among them have not the time they ought to have for needful relaxation and recreation. Many of them cannot even get that one day in seven which is such a precious boon to the great majority of workers. The responsibility too, resting upon them is by no means inconsiderable, while the compensation is in many cases quite inadequate, when their responsibilities and the time necessary to learn the business are taken into consideration.

The Moody meetings in this city were a very wonderful success. They gave a very extraordinary proof of the power which the old old story has when told in a peculiar way. Nobody could say that there was any thing particular about what Mr. Moody said or about the manner in which he said it. His grammar was not very perfect. His taste not what the fastidious could fully approve of. He but told what clergymen by the hundred are telling every week. Yet what crowds! What interest! Perhaps the great secret is the very plainness and directness with which he spoke. It was all done after quite a distinct and business fashion. He used the language of common life. He eschewed all pulpitese. His illustrations were homely, sometimes slightly ludicrous, and yet after all the fact is unquestionable that crowds of all classes hurried to his meetings and hung on his words. No doubt of it, Mr. Moody is quite a level-headed man. He has good practical common sense, can "run" a meeting first rate and can keep every one in his place without much apparent effort. What some folks would say about his assault upon long prayers is not clear. At the same time it was all as true as truth. The prayers of a good many people are not prayers at all, and then their length, wearisome repetitions and inherent dullness are simply awful. He might have said a good deal about long sermons also. Indeed he did. Ten times better for people to go away wishing that the services had been longer than have them exclaiming "wasn't he an old dry stupid?" It is amazing how much many can stand who devote part of their Sunday leisure to the labor of hearing sermons. It is not well to try them too much though.

A lady friend writes to us that she entirely sympathizes with us in the idea that ladies should go to the Public Reading Rooms and sit beside and take their chances with the men. They would meet with no incivility. Their presence would have even a harmonizing influence, and if they can meet with men in church and sit beside them, why not in a reading room? We are quite sure that there are plenty of women who feel exactly with our correspondent. What is the use of procuring two sets of periodicals? Let all mix pleasantly and harmonizingly in the same room. If the accommodation is not sufficient, let more be provided. Come, ladies, you can ride with gentlemen in street cars, why not mix with them in a reading room?

The theatrical critic of the New York *World* thus discourages a recent Henry Irving's Hamlet. His personification, says the critic, will challenge comparison most closely with the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, "whose personal advantages enable him to present a picturesque, ideal Hamlet which fills the popular eye and mind, but which after all is pleasing only because it is conventional—an assemblage and reproduction of all the surface merits of all the traditional Hamlets, and this is precisely what Irving's Hamlet is not. Booth's Hamlet is electric, Irving's Hamlet is electric. Here is an actor, a great actor, weighed down by mannerisms, a bad accent, here and there positively bad reactions, who yet presents a wholly new Hamlet, so full of new beauties, his conception so perfectly presented, the mere playing of the part so thoroughly well done, that all physical disadvantages disappear for the time—are lost in the admiration which the satisfying completeness of the impersonation compels."

Few mistakes have been so expensive, as the mistaken construction of the new English double-screw, armor-plated turret-ship *A. Aemmon*. It has been terribly bungled, and is for all practical purposes absolutely useless. The rudder has been contrived so as to work only in dead water, and the result is that expensive monster rolls about in water of any kind, in a way that is quite uncontrollable. The only thing that can be done with her now, it is thought, is to convert her into a single screw. This will cost a large sum, some say not far short of \$1,000,000.

We have great respect and great sympathy for every well-meant effort for the spiritual welfare of young men. At the same time we believe there is a tendency on the part of many excellent persons to pay much too exclusive attention to such. We put in a plea for young women. They have souls to be saved as well as the men. And if their souls are saved they can do as much as the men can for the salvation of others. Their influence, for good or evil, is the stronger influence of the two. If the young men are to be the fathers of the coming generation, the young women are to be the mothers, not a less important function surely. Perhaps it is thought that young women are naturally more religious than young men. Perhaps they are, but that is no reason why they should be neglected. Let the next evangelist that visits Toronto, if he will hold meetings for a special class of the community, give the young women a chance. There are hundreds of them that need it very badly and can't get out during the day.

A number of books in our city public library are conspicuous for their absence. Chief among these is Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," in some respects his masterpiece. We do not wonder much at none of "Ouida's" books being there. The atmosphere of the library is much purer without them. Some other lady novelists, however, are equally unrepresented, for whose exclusion there does not seem to be so justifiable an excuse. Among these are Mary Cecil Hay, and Mrs. Southworth; there may be others, but they do not occur to us at present.

An inventive American proposes to revolutionize agriculture by a new kind of cultivator. This is nothing more nor less than a wind plough. It is a machine rigged with large windmill sails. It has a tiller for steering, will travel up hill or down, and with the wind in any direction. A full sized one of sixty horse power may be de-

pendent on to draw the ploughs four miles an hour, and needs but one man to attend to it. It will also harrow, and furnish the power to sow, reap, and mow, thresh, grind, or carry loads to market or irrigate lands. Will travel ten miles an hour in any direction and carry twenty persons if there is a good breeze. Then finally it is not expensive to build. We are naturally inclined to be trustful. We always try to be open to conviction at any rate. But such a machine certainly strikes us as being open to the objection made to many patent medicines—it does too much.

An ounce of prevention is of course proverbially worth a pound of cure. A faint idea can be formed of the expensiveness of war and its consequent pound of cure, by the enormous sums spent every year on its so-called prevention. To take one item only, that of the maintenance of naval efficiency by the leading nations of the world. During the last 15 years, for this purpose, and for the construction of new ships since 1865, England has spent \$805,000,000; France, \$630,000,000; Russia, \$345,000,000; Italy, \$112,000,000; Germany, \$144,000,000; United States, \$251,000,000—a total of \$2,317,000,000.

Lord Randolph Churchill is the latest Englishman of note who is announced to visit America. He is on his way now, we believe. At least he was expected to leave England on the 3rd of this month. He will no doubt be heartily welcomed to the United States, and in Canada, too, if he wishes to come, which is to say the least of it very doubtful. Distinguished Englishmen have a faculty for ignoring their fellow-subjects who live north of the Great Lakes of the American Continent. Of course we can get along well enough without them, though we are always very glad to see them if they come to look at us without being too patronizing. Lord Churchill, by the way, though a terrific fellow in Parliament, and in the eyes of his wife and other admirers, a perfect terror to the Liberals, is spoken of as being in private life an exceedingly genial, liberal-minded, courteous gentleman.

A villainous woman was checkmated in Montreal some few days ago before she could complete her devilish work. This was the decoying away an innocent girl to a house of shame in New York, under the usual pretext of a pleasant situation with high wages.

We wonder if there are many unmarried ladies who are treated with as little consideration by their fathers as Miss Coleridge was by hers. Not many it is to be hoped. There can be little doubt, however, that there are some. And some of them perhaps, wholly unknown to any but the sufferers themselves. They have the grace of being able to suffer and show no sign. We have heard of one case in which an unmarried woman of forty was treated like a child by her father and mother. She was watched over with a jealous eye, and not allowed to go anywhere without first asking permission, and being closely questioned afterwards, if she did go, about all she had done. Petty tyranny of this kind is the most insufferable of all. Happily such instances as this are rare.

A wonderful depreciation in the value of land has taken place in England within the last few years. Just what might have been expected. Not only have English farmers felt the pressure of American competition very severely, but they have discovered, slowly it may be, but yet surely, that the

only way to avoid competition is by emigration to some country where they can possess land for themselves. There can be little doubt of it that the days of extravagantly high values for land in England, are numbered.

A good deal of unnecessary sentiment, it strikes us, was expressed on the woman Boutel, condemned to death for the murder of her husband, by which her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. It was never shown that there were any extenuating circumstances about her case, unless the fact of her being a woman was to be considered an extenuating circumstance. We fail to see any force in this. If there is a law on the statute book, making death the penalty of murder, then when sentence has been legally passed, the question of sex it seems to us, ought to be left out. Let the law as it stands so impartially administered, or changed—one or the other.

New York people "went into perfect raptures" over the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Adelina Patti's debut in that city. There has seldom been anything like it. People went frantic altogether. Men fairly shrieked themselves hoarse with applause when she made a neat little speech, thanking them for all their kindness, while ladies in their own quieter way were equally enthusiastic. Great verily, is the power of song over the hearts of man.

Mexico has more enterprise than she generally gets credit for. At the New Orleans Exposition she has made up her mind to have a grand blow-out, and astonish the natives, and has voted \$200,000 towards the accomplishment of that laudable design.

The congregation worshipping in Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, seem to form anything but a happy family since the new incumbent took office. The questions of a surplined choir, and east facing worship, have caused a divergence of harmony between the rectors and a good many of his parishioners. Did we not know what small things people will quarrel about, in matters of opinion, particularly religious opinions, we should be disposed to feel astonishment at the harmony of a congregation being disturbed by anything so apparently trifling as the dress of the choir boys.

A new steamship line has been established, to run direct between Canada and France. Heretofore all Canadian products going to France have been forced to go in vessels sailing from New York, because if shipped to England from Canada in any other way, they are subject on entry into France, to an extra charge for passing in bond, which amounts to as much as the freight, and is practically prohibitive. The Dominion Government has granted to this line a subsidy of \$500,000, equal to \$2,000 a voyage, for fortnightly vessels to leave, in summer from the St. Lawrence and Halifax alternately, and from the latter port in winter.

The Reform newspapers still continue to poke fun at Sir John and his red breeches. It may be funny enough, but there is no use running the matter to seed. After all there is a great liking in the human breast for some distinguishing mark. Even the critics and the sneerers at Sir John's G.C.B.—many of them at any rate,—like to be marked off in some way from the ruck of humanity. The three letters, G.C.B., may not have much intrinsic value, but they very effectually accomplish the purpose for which they were designed in the first place—that, name-