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THE TIMES.

The political fever has subsided in Canada for a while. Sir John has a triumphant majority and Mr. Mackenzie has a defiant and hopeful minority—but the country is neither triumphant nor hopeful. Those who expected that the mere return of Sir John to power with a "national policy" would bring speedy prosperity are learning to moderate their expectations—while others are anxiously waiting for the first move in the way of change.

It is rumoured that the Marquis of Lorne will signalise his advent among us by making Knights of the Mayors of our principal towns. The thing is too ludicrous, and the wag who set the rumour afloat should be condemned to interview the Mayor of Montreal on behalf of the *Witness*. If the Marquis would insist that our Mayors set an example in the way of sobriety, and that they shall not be held as fit for the office until they have been a year at a High School, he would start the work of Municipal reform, and there would be sense in it.

Is there no law against cruelty to animals in this country? If there is, it should be carried out and heavy punishment meted to offenders. The way poor horses are lashed and tormented by unfeeling brutes, to make them drag loads up the hills in this city is simply disgraceful. Let a policeman stand at the junction of Bleury and Sherbrooke streets for an afternoon and he will have a good crop of cases to take before the Magistrate. I hope the Chief of Police will see to this.

And again: Is there no law here against positive nuisances? Those steam whistles that are used for the purposes of calling the workmen in the morning may be of great service to those who own the factories and those who work at them; but why should all the city be roused and roared at by those diabolical things? Factory owners are a most estimable class of people, but they have no right in law or Gospel to annoy and inconvenience others, equally as estimable as themselves, by making such hideous noises. The workmen might be trusted to call themselves in the morning, or some other plan might be adopted less objectionable to the neighbourhood—say, an alarm in each employee's house.

But I fear and tremble, lest having said this against the steam whistle, some irreverent and irreligious man in the city should write to say that he can find but small pleasure in being roused to "list to the convent bells," and that he asks himself, or his other friend, what difference there is, in the spirit of the thing, between "sounding a trumpet" and issuing a bell in the streets as a signal for prayers; and he may go so far as to say that if the big bell is a part of the devotion it ought to be inside the church, as they have it in England. If a man should say such things and some more of them, I shall wonder what answer to give—and why they have not been said before.

The Editor of the *Evening Post* suggested awhile ago that if the officers of the various volunteer regiments would put their heads together they might make a splendid mess. I think he was right. Has it been done?

SIR,—In your issue of last week you advert to an article in the *Witness* in which the readers of that religious journal are introduced to the merits of what you very properly call a new gospel. In making a quotation from said article you also warrantably assert that "the grammar is a bit demoralized"—I regret to say that were the Editor of the *Witness* on the look out for grammatical demoralization, he would discover something to compensate him for the trouble of searching in the first page of the *SPECTATOR*, under the heading

of "The Times." I allude to the following sentence:—"If I used the ponderous *We*, who would it represent?" Here, agreeably to my way of thinking, the relative *who* should be *whom*. Like that great man Goldwin Smith (by the way, I am not anxious that he should *win golden* opinions in Canada) who made an effort to criticise Lord Dufferin on the eve of his departure, and who admitted that he was bold in doing so, I in like manner may be put down as one not lacking courage when I presume to criticise a *savant* whose editorial management opens up a new and auspicious eve in journalistic enterprise.

HUGH NIVEN.

Thanks, Mr. Niven, you are right,—in the matter of my trip in grammar, I mean,—and I am grateful to you for pulling me up.

But what a boon it would be if we not only would be careful to speak grammatically, but also to pronounce our words correctly. I refer to public speakers and singers. I heard a gentleman the other day talking of the little wens (ones)—another of the ballot (ballot), &c. I heard a lady sing, "Now is Christ risun," also "livuth." The vowels suffer many things at our hands.

The Toronto Corporation is in even worse case than was at first anticipated. Including Police, Schools, &c., the amount paid in salaries alone is about \$300,000,—an enormous sum for a population of 50,000. But as may be seen by a letter from "Maple," that is not the whole or the worst of it.

The Toronto *Globe* speaks with small respect of most of the members of the Cabinet. It says: "Mr. Bowell is a nonentity; Mr. Masson, although respectable, is not calculated to make effectual resistance to the malign influences which will control the Cabinet." Mr. Tilley is in a false position, because he does not represent his Province, and Mr. Pope is a thoroughly demoralised politician, &c., &c.

I hope Mr. Blake will get a seat in the House, for he is one of the class of men we seriously need there. He is a speaker of no ordinary ability; he is a very capable administrator, and an honest man. Why the people should have rejected him at the election is a mystery, and in no way to be explained—except on the ground that most of the electors were reckless and some of them were mad at the time. Mr. Blake is as honest as Mr. Mackenzie, and a great deal more able. He was the victim of faction when in the Liberal Cabinet, and had now and then to submit, but on the whole carried himself in a manly, straightforward manner. He has gone through a whole term of Parliament and kept a good character; so that the man is a credit to the country.

Mr. Talmage is hardly advancing upon himself in the ways serio-comical, but he is certainly more of a hero than most of us thought. I see that a last Sunday's sermon describes his visit to a gambling "hell," when he told his wondering people, in a whisper that betokened profound confidence, that had he been recognised as being there on a christian errand his life wouldn't have been worth a farthing. How it comes that the risk was so great Mr. Talmage did not explain; but it may be that those New York gamblers are so opposed to Christianity that they would murder a professor and teacher of it if they caught him in one of their dens—only, nowhere else in the world would a Christian run such risk by entering a place where men gamble; and it may be, after all, that Mr. Talmage's powerful imagination ran away with him, and that he was not valuing his life at less than a farthing.

But the Americans never know how to treat a hero and a saint when they have got him. Mr. Talmage happened to mention, quite accidentally, three consecutive Sunday evenings the Chickering grand piano, and they were mean enough to hint that he was advertising on commission. That is too bad. Here is a man bringing his lofty purity down into contact with the vice of New York; entering the very gates of hell—those gates "that are burnished until they shine in the gaslight, and are set in the sockets of deep and dreadful masonry"; examining those gates, which are four in number, viz., "impure literature," the "dissolute dance," "indecent apparel," and "alcoholic beverage"—examining and describing them one after the other; and yet they can pass all that by and hint that the great preacher is an advertising agent. There is one vice that Mr. Talmage has not described yet, and I hope he will devote a sermon to it.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething, and all Infantile Diseases.