

Republicans for use in their late campaign across the lines. It would have been a clincher on the subject of "English pauper labor," sure enough!

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THE Eastern Question has long been an insoluble conundrum to the world, and now the Western Question looms upon the horizon of Methodism. It is "How in the mischief did the *Mail* get hold of that report of the Jeffrey trial?"

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IT was good to see Hon. Edward Blake arise in his accustoming place in the House to-day, even if it was only to present a petition from the millers of Bowmanville asking for an increase of the duty on flour."

This brief extract from the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondence expresses with something of pathos the sentiment of the country toward Edward Blake. The hour has arrived. We had believed he was the man. The great heart of the people cries out for a tongue of eloquence to wither in its scorching indignation the shams of a "protective" policy; to impeach the misgovernment which is making Canada discontented at home and despised abroad; and to sound out the clear, ringing note of a new departure in favor of equal civil and religious rights, and the separation of Church and State! The golden moment is at hand; we want an orator with not merely a silver tongue, but a wise head and a patriot heart! We have such an one in Edward Blake. The eyes of the people are upon him; the public ear is strained to catch his fiery words. He rises in his place, and with a tremendous effort the shouts that would drown his opening words are suppressed. Breathlessly the country awaits his magnificent onslaught. He speaks: "Sir, I beg to present the petition of the Bowmanville millers, praying for an increase of the duty on flour."

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CORRESPONDENTS of the daily papers are throwing out suggestions about the formation of a new party which shall have a clearly defined policy with regard to civil and religious equality. Do not these publicists know that the thing has been done? Are they not aware that the regularly called convention of the New Party is to meet in Toronto on the 21st and 22nd days of the present month? We admonish old-line Grits and Tories to keep their ears to the ground. They will hear something drop about that time.

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WE doubt very much whether the Jesuits will allow their suit against the *Mail* to go to court. They probably know that if the case were appealed to the Privy Council, as it undoubtedly would be in the end, the original act of incorporation, under which they now exist in Quebec, would be pronounced unconstitutional. It would belie the Order very much to suppose that they would thus deliberately put themselves "in the soup."

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MR Alderman Gillespie undoubtedly owes his life to the interposition of his peace-making fellow-members on the occasion of his late misunderstanding with Ald. Baxter. We do not mean to deny that the fistic ability of Mr. G. is perhaps equal to his fiscal ability, but a rough-and-tumble fight is full of dangers. Just suppose that the man from St. Thomas Ward had slipped and fallen and the man from St. Patrick's had sat down upon him suddenly and violently! We tremble to think of the consequences!



MR. S. E. WALT, who sang at the Foresters' concert, had been brought all the way from Boston, at an expense of probably \$100 or thereabouts. We have at least twenty-five tenors in Toronto who are as good, and about half-a-dozen almost infinitely superior to him, any one of whom could have been secured at half the outlay. But vocalists, like prophets, are "without honor in their own country." It would be safe to bet that Mr. Walt is not often heard in Boston.

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THE Mendelssohn Quintette Club has disbanded, and Mr. Sims Richards has duly published in the daily papers what we hope the wrathful people of sundry towns have read, viz., an explanation of how he came to have Mr. J. W. Bengough's name upon his bills, although that gentleman had no connection whatever with the company. Mr. Richards attributes the misunderstanding to his own bad judgment in wording the announcements. What he meant to say was, that he was going to display some pictures done by Mr. Bengough. The error proved a costly one to Sims' reputation, but, now that he has explained, we hope the public will calm down and overlook it.

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LEVY, the world's greatest cornettist, tooted his golden horn at the Pavilion on the 4th, before a large and demonstrative audience. For the most part his selections were of a highly popular character, and he rendered them in a manner that justified the double *encore* he received on each appearance. The *encore* fiend was out in force, however, and he did not always discriminate. Nearly everything was re-demanded,

although, aside from Levy himself, the members of the company scarcely deserved the honor. It is clear that the great cornettist is not an Israelite in vain; he has a keen eye for cheap articles, when it comes to forming a concert company.

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HIS much-belauded *prima donna*, Mlle. Della Costa, turned out to be a singer of the third or fourth grade—not so good, in fact, as the other lady whose name was in a far more modest style of type. The baritone and tenor—the latter rejoicing in the attractive name of Tamberlik—were also billed as "European artists." We would be sorry to challenge the veracity of a show-bill, but if we haven't seen both these gentlemen in the vicinity of Coney Island, then we are mistaken. The pianist, Herr Max Mozart—another good musical name—was a clever performer, though his style at the instrument is not what we would recommend as a study

