

reliable papers" and high-souled editors—for we might drop them a word of warning and advice, to the effect, that men who would so seriously maim themselves "rather than pen a falsehood for sensation sake" should be careful not to do that same thing for the sake of anything else. Surely it was their duty to know that the priest was speaking truth before giving currency to such a statement, and a preacher should hardly lend his pulpit to scandalous gossip from reports carelessly given in newspapers.

#### CHINA AND JAPAN.

Latest advices from China and Japan indicate that agents of European governments continue to do their utmost to foster bad feeling between the two countries. In what manner hostilities between the Celestial Empire and its nearest neighbours would promote the interests of all, or any part of Europe, it is difficult to see; but what an idea those heathens must be getting of the policy of so-called Christians? The Japanese have, within the last few years, begun to study the laws of progress; they have evinced a desire for development after European models; they have sent the brightest over to Europe for the purpose of getting an education; they have cultivated commercial relations with England especially, and now they are getting a taste of the real morality of what is popularly known as Christianity. It foments quarrels between peoples who have hitherto lived in peaceful neighbourhood. It is a pity that under the sacred name of Christianity men should set up such a bad business among heathens.

#### 'GRIP' ON TORONTO INTELLECT.

Our Canadian comic journal *Grip*, always trenchant, yet always good and pure, so far as its cartoons are concerned, has not always however been brilliant in its literary and humorous efforts. But lately it has improved amazingly in this respect. "The Dyspeptic Papers," so far, are extremely good. No. 1 takes a somewhat bilious, nevertheless tolerably correct, view of "Toronto as an intellectual centre," and says: "If a man wished to lay Toronto under an eternal obligation to him he could not do better than try to shake the self-satisfied Provincial vanity of this absurd city." "What makes this city an intellectual centre?" queries *Grip*. Where are the great authors, big-hearted, eloquent preachers, eminent *savants*, high-minded politicians, great actors, sweet musicians? Where are the literary *coteries*, the poets, the cultivated society of people who measure success by some other standard than dollars and cents." That is good as it is vigorous, and healthy. For it is a hopeful sign of possible, even of probable advance, when a community, if not conscious of defects, is at least willing to laugh *with*, and not scornfully *at* those who are faithful enough, and brave enough, to tell it of its faults. Vanity in a people, as in a person, is not an incurable disease, and *Grip* may yet, by its honest and harmless raillery at a foolish conceit, "lay Toronto under an eternal obligation to himself."

You have heard of "A Daniel—a Daniel come to judgment!" and you must know the ancient puzzle: "Out of the eater came forth meat; out of the bitter came forth sweetness!" well here is a beautiful illustration of those sayings: The Montreal *Gazette* of last Monday had an editorial, in which it was stated that: "The Liberals in England are falling into the ways of the Grits of this country, in the manner of treating their political opponents, and in the recent speeches of the leaders of the Opposition from Mr. Gladstone downwards, the strongest terms which the vocabulary affords have been employed to denounce the policy of Lord Beaconsfield and his Cabinet." Fancy the *Gazette* protesting against the use of "the strongest terms" to denounce an opponent! But after the old saying has been muttered, "physician heal thyself," one may be permitted to ask why the *Gazette* should so persistently stultify itself against its own better judgment, as it does when it says:—"It may be set down as an axiom that the people of this country, like those of England cannot be influenced in their political opinions by mere violent denunciations, prompted by jealousy and disappointed ambition, and unsupported by reasonable argument and substantial proof."

The official assignee in the insolvent case of the Mechanics' Bank has made a call upon the shareholders for the amount of their

stock under what is called the double liability clause. I have little sympathy with the directors who undertook their responsible positions and led the public to believe their interests were entrusted to safe hands, while really they were left to the tender mercies of Mr. Menzies.

The name of the institution and the person associated with it attracted a number of the workmen of the Grand Trunk and other shops, who took stock at the time the Bank was started. It is very distressing that hard-working men like mechanics who have saved a little money, and now, after losing it, should have their homes threatened by the unyielding and inexorable course of the law, in which there is no power to exempt even the widow and the orphan's provision from its relentless claim.

In England railway employees organise savings banks, and the companies, I believe, take charge of the money and allow as good a rate of interest as can be got at a bank, without the chance of losing their investment.

*Apropos* of savings banks, it is hardly encouraging to advise provident people to put their money in such institutions as we have here, when they will lend the investments for the purchase of an American speculative stock, and not even take the margin which brokers, who buy stock for their clients, exact. This fact was developed in the Court House the other day. But then it is asserted that the men were very reliable, and able to make up a loss, if one had occurred,—let them be enumerated, and I think it will be found that several are anything but wealthy.

#### LABOUCHERE AND LEVY.

Labouchere, owner and editor of *Truth*, is at present a very much abused man. What are called "society journals" are denounced in most uncaring language, and great sympathy is expressed toward Mr. Levy-Lawson and the members of the "Beefsteak Club," who tried to expel Labouchere but failed. But what has the editor of *Truth* done to bring upon himself all this abuse? It began in this way: The *Daily Telegraph* was at one time—when Mr. Gladstone was in power—a servile, fawning, and slavish upholder of the Government. It said a loud amen to all the Liberal party did; and went into hysterics of grief and anger over any charge preferred, by evil-minded persons, against the heaven-guided Premier. This fulsome adulation disgusted all reasonable people—even those who admired Mr. Gladstone to the fullest extent of his deserts—and they often implored the *Telegraph* to bring its language down to the ordinary levels of decency. But the *Telegraph* would not be entreated, and kept up its thunder of high heroics. The elections of 1874 sent Mr. Gladstone out of power, and Mr. Disraeli reigned in his stead. To the astonishment of everybody but Mr. Lawson, the *Telegraph* took a very sharp curve in a very short time. Disraeli was the idol; no words of laudation could be found worthy of his merits; while no phrases the facile writers could invent were strong enough to express their hate and scorn of Gladstone. The thing was unprecedented in English journalism. Even the *Times*, which professed to be constant to nothing but inconstancy, had never been guilty of turning with so much as a suspicion of such indecent haste and venom; and then all knew that the *Telegraph* cared for nothing so much as Government patronage.

But Lawson's paper had an immense circulation, and it is a well-known fact that just as it is difficult to work a paper up, it is difficult to pull it down; and Labouchere determined to let a deluded public know how much the pretentious "we" of the *Telegraph* was worth. A good mission surely for any man to undertake. For that "we" is the silliest thing in all the literature of the day. It may mean the editor—or the manager—or the maker of items—or a railway contractor—or an actor's agent—or a friend whose head is clear after dinner. In the case of the *Daily Telegraph*, however, "we" stood for Mr. Levy-Lawson, the man who had so long, and zealously, blacked Mr. Gladstone's boots. And when he took to throwing dirt at the man he had formerly so bepraised, Labouchere said: "I will tell the people who and what the man is, and what value they ought to put upon what 'we' of the *Telegraph* may say." And he did it, and Lawson, who was Levy, having lost his hold on the public, lost his temper, and I hope he will lose the trial against his antagonist.

EDITOR.