

blunders, or Griffin's gyrations. Now, in the light of scientific research, I am mystified no more. The *Asclepiad*, speaking of felicity as a physiological quality, observes:—"The centre of the emotion of felicity is not in the brain."

"Green-gilled oysters" are esteemed a great delicacy, and I notice several able essays in the papers on the nature, habits, physical conformation, taste and price of the emerald-jawed mollusk. Well, all this may be entertaining reading for those whom this sort of reading is calculated to entertain. But as for me, when I want to talk about oysters I want to talk about oysters, pure and simple, on the half shell. Questions as to the race or creed or political leaning or color of the bivalves have no interest for me. I respect The Oyster in the abstract—and the season. If ever any thoughts of "green gills" enter my head it is only when I, being impecunious, observe a man entering an oyster parlor, with that unmistakable air of grace and appetite. I then turn green in the gill with envy of him and his princely means.

That editor of the *Globe* whose occupation it is to be sarcastic or lose his job, admits his lack of acquaintance with "East Indian orthography," but offers no excuse for spelling "duet," "duette," and "petit-jury," "petite-jury." Probably his French yet bothers him slightly, and one mustn't be too hard with a foreigner and alien. That he is a foreigner and alien in a moral as well as a national sense must be apparent to any one reading his merciless critique on Mr. Collins' new book. You could perhaps name an historian who takes higher rank than Mr. Collins; but you would have to scour a great stretch of country in order to find a book-reviewer more bitterly uncharitable, more unredeemably malevolent, more grossly and unconscionably vindictive, than the *Globe* editor whose occupation it is to be sarcastic or lose his job. The *Mail* reviewer's veal vapidly and verbosity does not surprise me half so much as the *Globe* reviewer's vulgar, voluminous virulence. The alliteration is as unstudied as the sentiments are free-born.

Who on earth is the "Wm. Macdougall" who has been writing up the law on the question of telegram production, or rather the production of telegrams—in court. I remember—it seems to me several years ago—a party named Macdougall who used to have something or other to do with politics. He was in Parliament, if I remember aright, and supported the Reform party? Or, stay? Was it not the Conservative cause he upheld? Or did he own allegiance to any party? That is to say, did he not try both parties and make a miss of it in each case? This man, of whom I have such a vague recollection, disappeared suddenly from public notice—how or when or why or where to, don't task me! At all events, there was no reason, to my thinking, why Mr. Macdougall, whoever he is, should have taken up a couple of columns of print to advise a Telegraph Company that the best way to settle the question of producing tell-tale telegrams required in a court of justice is to destroy the tell-tale telegrams.

The Great Story, A Gilded Sin, is now being published in the *Evening Mail*! This is the run of a powerfully written advertisement in Mr. Bunting's paper. It is a wonder to me that Mr. Bunting's fine sense of the eternal fitness of things is not outraged by this freak of the advertising agent. This "Gilded Sin" of romance is so painfully suggestive of that other Gilded Sin of reality! The trouble with that other Gilded Sin, by the bye, has never yet been fully and satisfactorily explained, and the consequence is there are num-

berless persons hastening to a premature gratification, conclusion regarding it, which the natural facts might not at all justify. The premature conclusion is that the Sin was not Gilded enough for the Sinners, although, doubtless, the sinners considered that it was. At all events the Gilded Sin has been knocked higher than Gilderoy's kite—always assuming, of course, that the *Mail* is mistaken when it declares there was no sin except on the part of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues.

Good-bye, Mr. Blake! Good-bye! I wish it could have been otherwise. But I see no help for it, since the *Mail* says you must go. It is unfortunate that at this particular juncture you are going to quit the arena and hang up your tights for good. The chances were never so much in your favor as at the present time. The Tory Government has seen its best days and its stock is far below par and still sinking. Your opportunities for points are more and more frequent, and I notice you are taking advantage of them better than ever before. People are beginning to believe that you are more than a mere theorizer! Your party are at last learning the value of perfect unity and of perfect confidence in their leader! The Fates are really becoming propitious to the Liberalism you enunciate. In a word it seems to me that Blake's Boom has Begun! And yet you must go! Too bad, sir, too bad entirely! You have—But what is that you say? Maybe the *Mail* is a little out in its calculation? Well, that's so! Yes, yes! Maybe it is. I had not looked at the matter from that standpoint.

The other day Alderman Harry Piper, in a fiery burst of eloquent admiration called forth by the rapid growth of Toronto, exclaimed:—"Look at her now, boys, and think what she was twenty years ago! I tell you nothing can stop her!" To remove all doubts as to the genuineness of this incident I may mention that I take it from the city news of the *Globe*, which never makes a mistake as to a local fact, but only as to the particulars—in the way of grammar and orthography and other minutiae of that description. Evidently the reporter has omitted a trifle of the figurative ornamentation in transcribing the speech; but yet, unconsciously perhaps, he stamps the imprimatur of the author indelibly on it when he makes him assign the feminine gender to the city. It is "so like 'Arry!" who, in the excess of his true-hearted gallantry, would actually assign the city—to the feminine gender—or rather the female sex—if he owned it and they asked him to. There is a whole sermon in Ald. Piper's unstudied outburst! The city must grow! Let her go on, I say! Go on in size! Go on in wealth! Go on in importance! Go on in frequency of lectures at the Zoo!

I never could fully understand which was the ruling motive in those who promote fancy fairs and the like for charitable objects—pride or philanthropy, pleasure or profit? It seems to me that although nature never endowed me with faculties constituting me a born mathematician, yet I could sit down and work out a problem proving conclusively that it costs to engineer a charity entertainment, money, time and trouble, in an inverse ratio to the object and the net financial receipts. I say I could do such a sum; but, like the Yankee and the boiled crow, I do not positively hanker for the job, because it would entail the entry on the 'debit side of the account of so much that would wound the *amour propre* of hosts of well-meaning but—well, peculiar people. My idea as to a charity ball is to have the ball at one time and the charity at another. In fact, it might not be a bad plan to give the charity all the attention and postpone the ball—or the concert or the

bazaar, or the *fete*, indefinitely. Benevolence, alms-giving, or active goodness look better away from the glare and glitter of Fashion's frivolities and gaities.

The Scott Act has been described as the Dunkin Act minus the five-gallon clause. But there appears to be no cause for alarm on the part of those who were satisfied with the Dunkin Act, as an accommodating doctor, an enterprising druggist, and any sort of layman—or rather lie man—are capable, if they combine forces, of restoring the five-gallon clause pretty nearly in its pristine beauty and fullness—in its fullness at all events. Of course the medical men are all ready to go into print and explain that it is a grave mistake for the newspapers to charge them with being active and interested middlemen in the perpetuation of the Liquor traffic in Temperance districts. Because grave mistakes are not unknown to them, the doctors fancy that editors are likely to commit some in commenting on returns from Scott Act counties. The whiskey dispensed may, as they allege, be legitimately prescribed. At least, the patients will support this view of the case. But, if the returns are correct, either large quantities of whiskey are good for certain people, or else certain people are good for large quantities of whiskey—and get them easily. The doctors are thus placed between the horns of a dilemma. Their patients are also between horns—and not a long time between them either, it seems.

THE PASSING SHOW.

The Royal Museum closes at the end of this week, and Manager Montford offers his interest in the establishment for sale, being obliged to be absent from the city during the summer months in connection with other business. The programme this week is first-class.

Mr. Waugh Lauder gave a brilliant recital of piano music at Mason & Risch's warehouses on Saturday afternoon, before a large audience.

Everybody will be glad to hear that Mr. Denman Thompson is back with *Joshua Whitcombe*. If you want to laugh, go and see him.

The complimentary benefit to Mr. J. F. Thomson, on Monday evening, was a great artistic success. Claxton's orchestra made a pronounced hit on the occasion. We are afraid Toronto isn't worthy of such a company of musicians.



THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR OF SOLIDIFIED WHISKY.