

## HERE AND THERE.

WHILE the hotel-keepers and retailers of Montreal are busy booming their Winter Carnival, certain railroad magnates look askance at their enterprise. One of these gentlemen, an owner of many square miles in the North-West, recently observed to an English visitor: "The trouble of all this Carnival business is that it spreads the notion abroad that Canada is an arctic country. An ice-palace an hundred feet high is a poor advertisement for emigrants. Every man who sends his photograph to England must, even in July, with perspiration thick upon him, don fur cap and coat, and be sprinkled with salt in default of snow, for the sake of picturesqueness. One of these Carnival collectors asked me for a subscription this morning, and I told him he could have twenty-five dollars if he would get up a series of views next summer of people prostrated by sun-stroke on St. James Street. He left!"

THE Librarianship at Ottawa has now been vacant for nearly a year. Why is there no appointment? The habit into which Sir John Macdonald has got of keeping places open, whether it arises from senile procrastination or from a desire to keep patronage dangling as long as possible before the eyes of expectants, is very injurious to the public service.

CANADIAN readers of *The English Illustrated Magazine* will notice with pride and pleasure that the illustrations accompanying the paper entitled "Clovelly," in the Christmas Double Number, are by L. R. O'Brien, Esq., R.C.A., of Toronto. They are nine in number, and are excellent in conception and execution, especially those bearing the legends "Return of the Herring Boats," "Down Along," "Herring-nets, Drifting" and "North Hill."

ENCOURAGED by his reception in Convocation Hall, Mr. Samuel Brandram returns to Toronto on Saturday next, when it is understood there is every prospect that a large and intelligent audience will assemble to hear his marvellous recitals.

How can the citizens of Toronto be expected to leave the erection of a new court-house with confidence in the hands of a Council which stands paralyzed in the presence of muddy streets and defective drainage? Even Ottawa might have blushed for the Queen City on the evening of Saturday last, when slush was from four to six inches deep at the corner of King and Yonge.

THE acting of Mr. Dion Boucicault, jr., in the Toronto theatre last week elicited a considerable amount of favourable comment amongst lovers of the sock and buskin. His *Danny Mann* in "The Colleen Bawn" was an especially fine performance, and would have reflected great credit upon an actor of much more extended experience. In the second act, where *Mrs. Cregan* gives *Danny* her son's glove as a proof of his supposed desire to have the Colleen made away with, and again where the misguided cripple plunges *Eily* into the river, Mr. Boucicault's acting left little to be desired. Every feature, every gesture, every tone bespoke the horrified youth who, to oblige, as he thought, a beloved master, undertook a crime against which his whole soul revolted. His portrayal of the death-bed scene was equally effective. Miss Nina Boucicault also, despite a little nervousness, is rapidly improving, whilst the irresistible *Myles na Coppaleen* is as popular as ever, and seems totally impervious to the attacks of Time.

THE following is cut from the *Liverpool Mercury* :—

The Provincial Board of Health of Toronto, Ontario, which is to the Province of Ontario what the Local Government Board is to Great Britain, has been doing good work in sanitation. But it needs a library of hygiene and vital statistics, and has no money wherewith to purchase the books. Inspired by a happy thought, it has sent out to the principal publishers of Europe, and proposed that they should supply the library, assuring them that if they will give the books "ample and proper space" shall be provided for them. Governments supported by voluntary contributions would hardly seem to be a Utopian dream if this kind of thing goes on. Shipbuilders will next be asked to furnish ships, and gunmakers arms, to our colonies.

THERE were thirty-four failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, as compared with twenty-five in the preceding week, and with thirty-three, twenty-three and four, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. In the United States there were 296 failures reported as having taken place during the same period, as compared with 237 in the preceding week, and with 246, 247 and 169, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882 and 1881. About 84 per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

THE general opinion in England with regard to the case of *Adams v. Coleridge*, seems to be that the judge ought to have nonsuited the plaintiff on the ground that Bernard Coleridge's letter of warning to his sister was confidential, and that there was no evidence of malice. The course which he took of allowing the case to go to the jury, and then entering a verdict in accordance with the law, is not unusual in ordinary cases, but was not suitable to a personal case of this kind. His object apparently was to escape responsibility; and he has done this, not at the expense of Mr. Adams, but at the expense of the Coleridges, who, relying on the legal plea that the letter was confidential, produced no evidence on their side.

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT, by whose death the Principalship of the University of Edinburgh is rendered vacant, was a man of some mark. He had held an important educational office in India and had published the

best edition of Aristotle's *Ethics*. The candidates for the Principalship are said to be Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Huxley and Sir Lyon Playfair. Scotch orthodoxy must have relaxed its rigour to an amazing degree if it can accept Mr. Huxley. Mr. Matthew Arnold has been less aggressive; but there are passages even in his writings on religion which would make the hair of any devout Presbyterian stand on end. Sir Lyon Playfair is a Liberal; but he has not meddled with theology. His candidature also appeals to the national sentiment, which, though less uncompromising than it was, is not extinct.

WITHOUT notoriety "society" journalism (so-called) would soon become a lost art—as is frankly acknowledged by Mr. Edmund Yates in his recital about the establishment of his organ *The World*. But it is possible to pay too dearly for the law-courts advertising which is occasionally the outcome of unscrupulous attacks upon private character and of the retailing backstairs gossip picked up by eavesdroppers. The fates appear to have been somewhat unkind of late to the social pests who wax fat upon the circulation of scandal. The recent attacks upon Lord Coleridge in *The World* have recalled the scathing castigations given by the Chief Justice to Mr. Yates when the latter was sentenced to fine and imprisonment for libel. The Labouchère-Lawson incident—the result of a scurrilous paragraph in *Truth*—has also been unearthed in this connection; and now the editor of *Vanity Fair* is attacked in his own sanctum by an indignant nobleman, whilst the proprietor of *Modern Society*—a piratical hash of the various society journals published in London—has been fined \$5,000 for a vile slander upon a lady of position. In the course of an article upon "Property in Letters" the *English Queen* takes occasion to say :—

The invasion of the sanctity of private life is one of the evils of the day. Gossiping writers of memoirs and recollections of deceased persons contribute no inconsiderable portion to our current literature, and what are termed the society journals pander to the curiosity of the public for piquant scandal. As has been truly said, it would almost add a new terror to death to reflect that every letter that had been written, possibly in haste or anger, should be printed, not for the edification of the public at large, but for the gratification of scandal-mongers and the retailers of prurient gossip. Thanks to the existing law, as re-enforced by Vice-Chancellor Bacon, such a disastrous state of things is not possible at the present time; and, whilst sympathizing fully with Lord Lytton in having to suffer the annoyance of bringing the family jars of his parents before a public court, we cannot but thank him for maintaining so successfully the sanctity of communications which are made by letter from one person to another. The receiver of a private letter is in the same position as a physician, a solicitor, or a minister who receives a private communication, and the publication of the former may be as infamous a breach of confidence as the divulgence of the latter.

If the House of Lords, as a political institution, has ceased for a moment to agitate the public, the Lords, as private persons, are more to the fore than ever. The other day Lord Perth figured in one court, Lord Garmoyne and his father, Lord Cairns, in another. Lord Coleridge, charged with being the cause of a libel for which his son, the Hon. Bernard Coleridge, is made actionable, appeared in company, if one may say so, with Lord Marcus Beresford, who is indicted for assaulting Mr. Bowles, of *Vanity Fair*. Love letters; letters intended to kill love; the way a peer deals with a son contemplating a *mésalliance*; the way a peer deals with a daughter about to marry a man whom he does not approve; the peer; considered as a man of business; the nobleman considered as a pugilist of the lord who joins a board of directors without reading the prospectus of the company he is to manage; the lord who breaks off a match without reading the letters of a daughter-in-law expectant; the lord who resents a libel with his fists; the lord who is charged with suggesting a libel against a man who may yet be his daughter's husband; the lord who deserts a woman whom he professes to love, to please his very religiously-minded mamma, and forfeits \$50,000 to be free; the lady who leaves the house of her father, a peer, because her love for her betrothed is stronger than her love for her old home—all this we are talking about to-day. Much of it is very painful; some of it is truly scandalous. But the public interest in the doings of these people with titles shows that England loves a lord. Its curiosity is born of affection; nothing less would sustain it at such a burning point. The lawyers at all events ought to love them. They have put several thousands of pounds into legal pockets during the last few days.

HAS it yet occurred to the public that Her Majesty will complete the jubilee of her reign on June 20, 1887? It has occurred to many people about the Court, and, according to the last English mail, schemes are already being formulated to keep the festival in the grandest style, with all national honours. The last Royal Jubilee England had was in 1809, when George III. was King. That was merrily kept. But it is proposed to make the whole season of 1887 a sort of recognition of Her Majesty's long reign. Many ideas are already afloat, and the one which has most likelihood of being adopted is the use of the parks for a great show. The scheme has not yet taken shape, but there is a talk of reproductions on a large scale, à la "Old London" at the Healtheries. Then a whole week is to be spent in carnival. June 20th is to be kept as a national holiday, and every form of amusement is to be provided. It seems early yet to think of what will be done in 1887, but if any of the more magnificent ideas now afloat are adopted, much preparation will be necessary. Parliament will have to be asked for money for any such a National Fair as that contemplated in Hyde Park.

THE American Exhibition of the inventions, manufactures and resources of the United States, which is to be held in London in 1886, will in many ways be a new departure in international exhibitions. The various buildings, sections, etc., will be so arranged that the visitor, in what he sees around him as he traverses the Exhibition, will make a trip from the