

I want to call the attention of the Government to a piece of gross iniquity which is being perpetrated by their agents in Great Britain. Almost every day I am applied to by immigrants asking for employment. Generally they are respectable men who have held positions as clerks and first-class mechanics, and men in a small way of business in the old country. When I enquire why they came here, the invariable answer is, that they have heard lectures by emigration agents, and read glowing accounts in the newspapers as to the abundance of work to be obtained in Canada. They tell me that no discrimination is made as to the kind of labourers needed, but all are urged to come. Now this is a shame and a sin. Instead of needing more clerks, and such like, we could well afford to ship several hundreds to some other part of the world. We have no place for book-keepers and educated men without means, and emigration agents ought not to be allowed to persuade men to come here, who, besides being bitterly and disgracefully deceived, instead of enriching do actually help to still further impoverish the colony.

Here is a case in point. A man has come to me to ask for help. He had a comfortable situation in the city of Gloucester in a hardware house; a Canadian emigration agent lectured for two nights in the town hall, who depicted this colony as a sort of El Dorado to which all might and should come, sure of finding ready employment at a high rate of wages; his story was believed, many threw up their situations and started for Canada—my applicant among the rest. He paid his passage here, accepting no help; went direct to Toronto and spent all the money he had in trying to get a situation. His money gone, the emigration agent in Toronto furnished him with a pass to Kingston, renewable to Montreal. He tries to get work at Kingston and fails again, having to pledge his clothes in order to live meantime; leaves for Montreal, where he arrives with just five cents to buy a cracker and a bit of cheese. And what then? He is not above doing anything, but there is nothing for him to do. He would cut wood, but nobody wants to have wood cut; he would shovel snow, but the snow is gone; he would do ordinary office work, but we can get a boy at three dollars per week to do it just as well; he could run a store, but has got no money; he could manage a business, or edit a newspaper, or superintend the general working of the Grand Trunk, or anything else, but unfortunately there is no particular demand for men in those quarters. What is he to do? I know not; but I know that the man is cursing the folly that induced him to believe the emigration agent; and I know that we are impoverishing and embittering the lives of hundreds of people, and that the Government ought to put a stop to this system of lying on the part of their agents.

Dr. Dawson has published in pamphlet form an article he wrote for the *Princeton Review* in answer to the theories advanced by Prof. Hæckel, the great apostle of Monism. The work was well worth the doing. Dr. Dawson's arguments are purely critical and destructive, and they are, perhaps, the best work of the kind he has done for some time past. To my thinking he not only criticises, but destroys the monistic theory of evolution, and the pamphlet should be read by all who in these days call themselves "Free-thinkers" and "Rationalists" and what not.

The *Witness* has been taking a fresh turn at its old tricks. It published some very flippant and foolish remarks, and also some very grave criticism on the P. M., M. Dugas, as to the lack of order in his own court. But after awhile the *Witness* discovered that errors had been made, and undeserved reflections had been indulged in on M. Dugas, and then, having some sort of an axe to grind, it came out with a leading article saying it did not mean this, and should not be understood to say that, and if other journals had been foolish enough to believe its reports it hoped they would correct their own impressions, and modify their utterances, &c. If among "other journals" the *Witness* mentally included the SPECTATOR, I beg it to accept my assurance that I did not take my impressions from, nor base my remarks upon the reports in its columns. I have long had a profound distrust of reports in the *Witness*, and now I have the testimony of the Editor to show that I am right in my opinion. I am sorry that the late revival did not reach to the *Witness*

A writer to the *Star*, signing himself "Fair Play," says he has caught the CANADIAN SPECTATOR napping, because I wrote "try and make it plain." The sentence reads: "It would be well for the daily papers to take this matter up and try and make it plain to employees that they had better work and wait patiently, and not try to force matters." It is a bit clumsy, I confess. The word *attempt* would have been better in place of the second *try*, but "try and make it plain" is by no means incorrect; custom has sanctioned the phrase. The second objection taken by "Fair Play" is to the words "in close proximity with." He is right; it should be "proximity to," but this Editor only "napped" over that as a proof-reader; it was written by a Toronto contributor.

"The injury to the ear caused by the sleigh accident to the Marchioness of Lorne, on Feb. 14, is much more serious than it was thought to be at the time. Every sudden or loud noise that the Princess hears brings on severe pains and inflammation in the ear. She will shortly return to England."

This is most distressing news to us, and probably accounts for the fact that the Princess did not visit the House much after the accident. But how does *Truth* get to know all these things? The Canadian Press appears to be entirely ignorant of them.

Two extraordinary documents have just been issued in the form of pastorals, one from each of the Roman Catholic Archbishops of Quebec and Ontario. The first, from Archbishop Taschereau, in condemnation of Sunday excursions, and other violations of the Sabbath and feast days, is remarkable for its timeliness and good sense. A very prevalent evil, to which young people are more especially exposed by Sunday rollicking, is uttered with a boldness and frankness quite refreshing in these days when the pulpit only dares to hint delicately at the most popular forms of vice. Reading the pastoral one finds it hard to regret that over a certain class of minds the clergy have such great influence, and it is impossible to disagree with the Archbishop when he says of these pleasure excursions on Sundays, that they "ought rather to be styled journeys of sin, of disorder, and of malediction."

But Archbishop Lynch of Toronto is by no means so likely to command public respect for his pastoral. He addresses the members of his church on the subject of Infidelity in general, and Infidel lecturers in particular; forbids his flock to give the latter a hearing of course; scoffs at the young men who are so easily carried away, and then endeavours to comfort the faithful by loftily promising to preach in absolute demolition of all infidel arguments. This would be cheering but for the fact that the letter bears on the face of it evidence that the Archbishop is promising what he cannot perform. It is too pompous to convey the impression that the writer is a man of culture and power; His Grace tries to put on airs of theological infallibility, and fails. And I venture to predict that he will fail when he undertakes the work to which he is now pledged, for he is as far behind the age in theology as Col. Ingersoll is in atheism, and that is saying a great deal, for the Colonel is considerably antiquated.

The Prince of Wales has made a most commendable effort to wipe from Mr. Gladstone's mind any memory of past possible slights, for he has called upon the new Premier and declared that he had no sympathy with the hostility which exists, or is supposed to exist, in certain high circles. The Prince assured Mr. Gladstone that the Court should stand aloof from all the political struggles of the parties and manifest an equal friendship for all. The Prince of Wales has made a good move and it will be thoroughly appreciated, for while Mr. Gladstone is a man of somewhat quick temper—as every earnest and sensitive man must be—he is not the man to remember a slight or prolong a difficulty.

The people of Ireland may well be grieved at the departure of the Duchess of Marlborough from the Vice-Royal Castle. She has wrought for them with a true woman heart and energy, and will long be remembered by those on whose behalf she so bravely fought famine with charity. The bestowal of the order of Victoria and Albert upon her by the Queen is in every way, a graceful tribute to her work, and if anything more were needed to prove the tenderness of her