

respectively twenty-seven and eighteen minutes' play, went to the home team, who thus by their victory have attained the title of Champions of the World.

MR. JAMES ALLEN replies with the gallantry and vigour characteristic of his pen to Mr. Blake's attack on the Orange lodges. The strength of his case lies in the undeniable fact that the Roman Catholic Church, to repress the encroachments of which the lodges have been formed, is not merely a religious body, but a great social and political organization, directed, as the Encyclical avows, against what Protestants deem the rights and liberties of mankind. Were Roman Catholicism purely spiritual, Mr. Blake would stand on more tenable ground.

It would seem that British officers in command during action, though they may prove themselves incompetent for the post, are treated with more leniency than was the custom with the Romans of old; for the latest *Gazette* announces the appointment of Lieut.-General Lord Chelmsford to the valuable post of "Lieutenant of the Tower of London." Amongst the few grievous disasters which the British forces have sustained in action, must forever stand out that ill-fated day at Isandlwana in the beginning of 1879, which, even at this date, still recalls the errors of the general in command. And though a generous country would fain forget the mistakes of that expedition, it must ever be remembered, as a more heinous blot in the escutcheon of General Lord Chelmsford, that he sought, with apparent rancour, to lay the whole blame of the misfortunes of the day upon a brother officer, who fell on that field in defence of his country and his flag—Colonel Durnford. Those charges were never proved, for the "powers that be"—those somewhat mysterious officials who preside at the Horse Guards—refused to open up the question; yet the present appointment of the living general cannot but be regarded as a tacit approval of his conduct in the matter, and consequently is by many military authorities regarded as a slight to the memory of the deceased colonel.

DETAILS of the "Grand Prix" at Paris are now to hand. Waterloo has, for the eleventh time within the last twenty years, been avenged, and the Parisians, who dearly love a victory over "les Anglais," at their own game, too, are rejoicing accordingly. Useless is it for us to urge that at least the horse which won—"Little Duck"—was English-bred, was even ridden by an English jockey and trained by an English trainer: the horse was born in France, so aught else would be regarded as jealous criticism. The Duc de Castrie has thus for the second year in succession placed the great classic race of France to his credit. "Place aux jeunes" seems at present the motto there as in England, when, in this go-ahead age, young blood comes so rapidly to the front.

THE records of benefit and charitable institutions very rarely exhibit such a condition of incompetence, blundering, laxity, and dishonesty, as the following which comes to us from the Antipodes, and which shows that human nature is much about the same, the world over. At an adjourned meeting of the shareholders of the Prudential Sick and Mutual Benefit Society, held a short time ago, it was deemed desirable to dissolve the Society, which was started in July, 1882. It is the old story, how much easier it is to get people to subscribe their money than to devote time and business-like attention to secure good management:—"On account of the widows' and orphans' endowment, medical, and sick funds, attached to the society, there had been £3,072 0s. 9½d. received from the 1st July, 1882, to the 31st December, 1883, and that with the exception of an expenditure of £187 15s. 8½d. the whole of the money had been swallowed up by preliminary expenses and management." The issue was that the society became insolvent before it commenced to disburse any money towards the objects which it was formed to secure. The meeting attributed a great share in this result to the conduct of the late secretary, whom there was some talk of prosecuting, had there been any money left to pay the costs of prosecuting. But that this official did not stand alone in bringing about the downfall of the society was proved by the statement that "there had been no less than seventeen embezzlements by agents found out." But still the secretary, Mr. Nicholls, must have been quite equal to the work single-handed if we may judge from an advertisement which he inserted at the cost of £20 18s. in the English papers, and was as follows: "Immediate employment on arrival in Melbourne, Australia, for 500 energetic resident superintendents, agents, and canvassers for the Prudential Mutual Industrial Society; the only one in Australia. Good men can make ten pounds weekly. John Nicholls, secretary."

TORONTO'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

HISTORICAL retrospects should at least have this value, that they enable the youth of the present to appreciate the heritage which it enjoys from the toil of the past. In a busy and somewhat material age, not many of the community have the time, and some not the inclination, to dip very deeply into local history; but the week's festivities in connection with the Semi-Centennial celebration of Toronto's incorporation as a city suggest as not inappropriate a glance along the lines of what may be termed the historical backbone of the Province's metropolitan life. Judged by Old World measurements, fifty years in the annals of a town is but the brief period covered by a single adult life. By the standard of the New World they are as "a cycle of Cathay." How eventful has been the period, not only in the history of Toronto, but in that of every portion of the country, do we find the marvellous record. In many instances, so incredible seems the transformation from the wilderness to the city, that it requires some power of imagination to picture the primitive beginnings, or to realize and locate the period when Nature had sway over the place. But, the while, more than Nature was being transformed. The whole aspect of things has in the space of a lifetime undergone change. Our good home-spun forefathers had no railways, no screw-propelled steam-boats, and no telegraphic and telephonic life. Neither had our grandmothers the sewing machine, the photograph album, and the penny-post. As yet, indeed, the place knew them not, for the saddle-horse and the *bateau* had brought no Loyalist to the northern shore of the lake; and the trading-post by the Humber had long been abandoned by France. Prior to 1793 the forest had scarcely ever borne the tread of a white man's foot. Through the region there was but the streak of the Indian trail, and the "pass" by which the Iroquois blood-hound found the fold of the Wyandot. Even the name of Toronto hovered for leagues over the district, no one even dreaming where or when it would alight. With the advent of Simcoe the scene changed, though at his coming the circumference of the city was but the line of stake-pins of the Mississauga's hut.

Three years under this active administrator saw York rise into existence; Yonge Street cut through to the Holland River; Castle Frank shoot its pinnacles over the pines of the Don; and Russell Abbey made ready for the meeting of the First Parliament under President Russell, his successor. More than simple must have been the attractions of the place, when the next few years saw it visited by the Duke of Kent and the Marquis de Liancourt, and the town emerge into an emporium of commerce, a theatre of journalism, and the seat of the professions. But its rise was not wholly due to the enterprise of civilians or to the undisturbed pursuits of a time of peace. The rude nursings of war cradled the city's limbs into lusty life. The year 1812 gave Dr. Strachan to York and took from the field of honour the gallant Brock. Three summers afterwards, despite Chauncey's sacking of the town, York visibly commenced to grow apace, and the first steamboat began its traffic on the lake. In 1815 the census enumerators record the town's possessions as 300 buildings and a population of 2,500 souls. Ten years later, the Canada Land Company, under its Commissioner, Galt, began its operations; the sciences of philosophy and natural history burst into local blossom, and society had its first Public Assembly and Grand Ball. Now, we may be sure, the town was on its feet.

Presently Toronto neared the second great episode in its civic life. Sir John Colborne, in 1828, had come upon the scene, and four years previously Mackenzie had founded *The Colonial Advocate*. It was a period of great activity: Osgoode Hall was being built; the foundations of Upper Canada College were laid; and King's College had been given its charter. With the town, however, it was not all smooth sailing. Personal government and the Family Compact bred political dissension, and the framework of the Province was shaken in its socket. It was the day of small trials and large grievances; of expulsions from the Legislature and petitions to the Assembly; of fierce harangues in Parliament and violent arraignments in the Press. Even the incorporation of the city became a subject for wrangle, and its municipal system was founded amid the noise of faction and with the bitterness of party strife. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the population of the town rose to the neighbourhood of 10,000, and "Toronto" superseded the old appellation of York.

The year 1836 saw the arrival of Sir Francis Bond Head, with, as he tells us in his *Narrative*, "Mackenzie's heavy book of lamentations in my portmanteau and my remedial instructions in my writing-case." Unfortunately, he was no political physician, and the air became quickly charged with the din of treasonable meetings, insurrectionary projects, appeals to the people, and the culmination of these heated vaporings—the Mackenzie "rising" and the *emeute* on Montgomery's farm. From now to the union of the