

edict "Shave or resign," and in religious circles a man who permitted Nature to adorn his upper lip was looked upon as an apostate. On one occasion a worthy elder, whose zeal was greater than his good sense, took upon himself to reprove a younger brother from whose face the down had not been removed, remarking that "he was surprised that anyone professing to be a Christian should wear a moustache." To which he got for answer that there was no picture of our Saviour extant in which a beard was wanting. But times have changed, and now the shaved clergyman is a comparatively rare sight, and excepting those who affect the appearance of the Romish priest almost every man in holy orders is "bearded like the pard."

For the benefit of those who hear too much—and their name is legion—an instrument called the "antiphone" has been invented, which, being placed in the ear, deadens for a time all sound. It shows what a turmoil we live in that anyone should wish to be deprived of hearing even for a moment. The instrument in some cases may be a blessing. In church or chapel when a long and tiresome sermon is being delivered, or in a political meeting when a wearisome windbag has possession, the antiphone would be useful.

DISEASE is a myth—it is only the fear of it that exists. A patient is no longer to be called upon to swallow nauseous medicine, neither is he to be awed by the mysteries which surround ordinary medical treatment. His ailment is to be "thought out of him." This is not an emanation from a lunatic asylum, as might reasonably be imagined, but is a simple description of a wonderful discovery which has been made by some clever people in Boston. This, we suppose, is the modern Boston theory. It is worthy of the philosophers of that philosophic city, who are going somewhat wild on the subject. Disease is a "myth," is it? We had a rousing attack of the toothache the other night, and we can assure philosophers that there was nothing "mythical" about it. It was a stern and severe reality. No amount of "thought" could affect it. We did some thinking on the subject. We thought it extremely unreasonable for a diminutive nerve in an unsound tooth thus to vent its irritation, and deprive a decent man of some hours of sound sleep. But the ailment was not to be "thought out of" that tooth. Not much! It worked its own wicked will until it had sufficiently punished an inheritor of the infirmities of human nature. On the whole, therefore, our experience does not enable us to place much faith in the newly-discovered science of "thinking a disease out of a man." But the Boston philosophers go further; they say that disease may be thought into a man, and a lady actually declares that her husband was murdered by having "arsenic thought into him." Here we are lost in the wonderful scientific abyss of an absurd craze.

HOLIDAY-MAKERS are well advised in an American hygienic journal to make careful enquiry into the sanitary condition of the hotels and houses selected for use when away from home. Too often this point is lost sight of, travellers chiefly concerning themselves with the salubrity of the locality selected for their holidays, or with the reported efficacy of waters for which it may be notorious. A worthy example has been set by Mr. Irish, of the Toronto Rossin House, who has fitted his hotel from roof to cellar with the most perfect sanitary system known, having apparently spared no expense to make that hostelry as healthy as it is comfortable.

It may be remembered that a type-setting contest took place a few days ago in New York. An unexpected outcome was a large amount of correspondence upon the printer's art, with more especial reference to the work of a compositor. Often his actual work of composition is the plainest of plain sailing compared with the difficulty of deciphering his copy. Writers for the press are notoriously negligent in the matter of caligraphy. The popular author is often a more grievous sinner in this regard than the regular journalist. Mr. Wilkie Collins, for example, is said to write on the stoutest and best of paper, and certainly his penmanship requires a sufficiently solid material. Its only uniformity is a uniformity of erasures and other corrections on nearly every page and line. Thackeray wrote a small, exact, and artistic hand that was easy to read, and Dickens was on the whole not hard to follow on the printer's case. Mr. Ruskin's handwriting has a most malicious appearance of legibility, but is really a vexatious thing to a compositor; while the most prolific of modern novelists, Mr. Payn, writes a hand so amusingly hieroglyphical that the production of each of his books must be of the nature of a marvel and a mystery to his printers. Carlyle usually wrote an excellent hand in a letter, but was so hard to please with his own work that his manuscript often became all but illegible from its numerous erasures.

THERE is a story among printers of a certain Scotchman who had set by a good deal of Carlyle's manuscript in Edinburgh. Carlyle became his bug-ear. The "eternal rubbish" of the author of "Sartor Resartus" was the poor man's nightmare. At last, to escape from Carlyle, the printer left Edinburgh and travelled to London. He secured work there, and had set before him for his first job a slip of the "Letters of Oliver Cromwell." "What!" he cried, "has the fellow followed me, then?"

MR. GLADSTONE's handwriting is swift, neat, and at least ordinarily legible. Tennyson's is laboured and somewhat inelegant, but a marvel of precision and legibility. The Laureate is so exact and perfect a stylist that the most trifling misprint would give him too much anxiety to admit of any negligence in penmanship. Mr. Browning writes an extremely beautiful hand, as plain as print and as easily read. The handwriting of

journalists is usually swifter and more negligent, but Mr. Sala writes a hand as small as type itself, and almost equally free from flaws. Usually the journalistic hand is not very artistic or very easy to read, and hence the more reason for surprise at the comparative rarity of typographical errors in the best newspapers.

THE compositor has generally his own particular object of aversion among the producers of "rubbish." He knows the man who sends him copy in letters so small as to strain the eyes—full of erasures, written up and down and crosswise. The appearance of such a man's copy suggests ideas of economy; and the compositor sometimes reflects with bitterness on the fact that the economic principles are not wide enough to embrace himself as well. Horace Greeley's handwriting has established caligraphical traditions. "I wish he had to set it up himself on twelve cents an hour and six children at home," said an angry printer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

ABSTINENCE BY FORCE.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—Those who wage war against intemperance occupy two separate camps. One of these camps is occupied by the advocates of force; the other by those who operate by persuasion. The first rely upon gaoles and constables, the latter upon moral and religious agencies. It appears that I have done Mr. Wells an injustice by counting him as a settled occupant of the first of these camps, whereas it appears he is permanently neither in one nor the other. These are his words in his last letter: "Let me say that I have grave doubts as to the effectiveness of Prohibition." I hope these doubts will fructify into an open opposition to such an impracticable absurdity as Prohibition. At the same time I think that anyone after reading his first letter would conclude, as I did, that he had ranged himself among the followers of the constable.

My principal object in taking part in this discussion was to endeavour to refute what I conceive to be a dangerous doctrine advanced by Mr. Wells; namely, that although the drinking of fermented liquor may have been countenanced by the Saviour and his disciples, yet owing to what Mr. Wells terms the "ever changing social conditions," the practice may not be permissible in our day. Such a doctrine may be very convenient when applied to many practices and injunctions which are clothed with divine authority. But it is necessarily calculated to alarm those who believe that the Christian dispensation was designed by its Founder to stand through every age unmoved by social variations. Mr. Wells, I think, evinced his desire to discover some divine warrant for total abstinence, so as to furnish an authority for the application of force; but it is not to be found. The next thing is to try and modify the divine teaching and example so as to comport with what are deemed the social emergencies of the present day. But I find that Mr. Wells has not returned to the support of his former dangerous proposition, and I assume that he has abandoned it. He is to be commended for doing so.

Mr. Wells, however, has discovered in my letter what he terms a "logical fallacy," and he also takes exception to other portions of it. But these exceptions do not bear materially upon the question whether force or persuasion is preferable, and I let them pass. I may, however, add that perhaps Mr. Wells will excuse me when I say that I do not know what he means by the application of this term, "logical fallacy," to my statement that total abstinence does not necessarily produce happiness or prosperity or absence from crime, as is shown in the case of Mohammedan countries where that abstinence prevails. Of course other evil influences exist in these countries. But still the fact remains that total abstinence and misery and crime may be, and are, in some cases, coincident.

No one ever has successfully contended that the moderate use of fermented liquors is an offence against conscience or against the divine law. There lies the inherent weakness on the side of the coercionists. If they could place the moderate use of these things in the same category with theft, or perjury, or dishonesty, their contention might prevail. But since they cannot succeed in that line, they will find that forcible measures are doomed to disappointment and failure. No military force which this country could command will succeed in effecting exclusion; every effort of the kind must inevitably end in defeat. The Scott Act, which is said to be the first step towards Prohibition, can never be more than partially enforced. Does any one believe that before a pint of wine, or ale, or cider, can be purchased the applicant will go, according to that Act, and submit to a medical examination to procure a certificate that the state of his health requires the article, and that with this certificate he will go to a druggist to procure what he wants? I feel well assured that such an absurd piece of legislation can never be carried into full effect, and I look for nothing but the ill consequences which must inevitably flow from an enactment which is odious to many, and which lacks the hearty support of the community at large.

At the opening of the Cobden Coffee House on the 29th of August, 1883, Mr. Bright, after expressing his hostility to drastic measures in the furtherance of temperance, said that German Saxony had been so drunken that once it was common to say "as drunk as a Saxon"—but now so abstinent had the people of that country become that it was common to say "as sober as a Saxon." The result was obtained by an admirable system of schools established forty or fifty years since, by which children have been brought up with better habits, and with great self respect, and therefore they have had greater strength to withstand the temptation of drink.

By similar means and with the aid of the Christian Church, and not by constables, abstinence, or the moderate use of fermented liquors, will be effected in Canada. When Oliver Cromwell was solicited to adopt some severe remedy to stop the progress of what was deemed error, he said, in his letter to the Scottish Universities: "Your pretended fear lest error should creep in, is like the man who would keep all wine out of a country lest men should be drunk. It would be found an unjust and unwise jealousy to deny a man what he hath by nature upon a supposition that he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge!" I wish we had more of this solid, strong brain of Oliver, and less of prating, canting quackery amongst us.

I observe that a well-known clergyman has inserted a letter in a public print with his signature appended, in which he says that he is credibly informed that a reverend brother of