

States? Is it really better to have a market a thousand miles away by water than five hundred miles away by land? Is it sound business to build a wall between four millions and forty-five millions of people? Surely it is not—and the best and most reasonable thing for us is to get the biggest markets nearest at hand. England is committed to a policy—to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest. If the English trader can buy goods cheaper in the United States than in Canada he will buy them there, and if he can make more out of his goods in the United States than in Canada he will sell them there. We would do precisely the same thing. Why not, then, try to secure access to the nearest market, so as to satisfy the demands of commerce without even considering any political changes?

The bill for giving the Presbyterian College of Montreal power to grant honorary titles has been passed by the Quebec Parliament of course. And there was no substantial reason why it should not have been passed, for the more we can increase these "fountains of honour" the better, since they have ceased to be real fountains of anything like honour. An honorary title is getting to be the rule and not the exception—it is generally given as a matter of personal favour and friendship and not in recognition of any particular service; so that what we need now is just this increase of degree-giving institutions to make the thing not only common, but ridiculous. Why should not some of our ladies' seminaries have the power to grant honorary degrees? The ladies who manage them are just as capable of judging the fitness of aspirants for honours as are the heads of some colleges—and the honour conferred by the title would be just as great.

The intimation just given to the public that the Pacific Railway is to be built by British capital and that the Dominion will be called upon for nothing but a surrender of lands is a piece of news which is really so good that one is disposed to fear it cannot be true. It has long ago been evident to all but our most shortsighted or self-interested politicians that the building of the railway may in some remote way be to the advantage of Great Britain, but will entail a burden upon the Dominion which it cannot carry; if English capitalists can make it pay! well and good. At any rate let them try, and if Sir Charles Tupper can induce them to make the great experiment he will deserve well of all the Canadian people.

I have long waited and looked for some newspaper denunciation of the New York *Herald* for its "Personals." It would be foolish to deny the marvellous and successful enterprise of the *Herald's* management—just as foolish as it would be to say that editorially it is not below mediocrity and consequently without much political influence—but anything more atrociously indecent than its column of advertisements under the heading of "Personal" can hardly be found in even those sheets of ragged morality which professedly pander to the lowest vices of the community. The parade of prostitution on the streets is one of those evils of which we cannot altogether rid ourselves, but when a popular newspaper opens its columns for the vicious to make their whereabouts known and appoint places of rendezvous, it becomes an unbearable scandal.

It cannot be said that the New York *Herald* is alone in this matter, unfortunately, for many of the Western papers abound with the same nasty advertisements. And the worst part of it is that this seems to be quite in accordance with public sentiment; hence there is no word of indignant protest. But the *Herald* is the leader in this bad way, and if it would put an end to the practice other papers might in time be induced to make a similar change in the interest of common decency.

There is a paper published in Toronto which is devoted to abuse of Roman Catholicism, and occasionally attacks those who are Protestants; but the thing also professes to be fair in criticism and manly in debate. It came down upon me the other day in a slashing style for what I had said about the practical side of the ministry. Although it never learnt anything about the matter, of course it knows a great deal. Speaking of me it says: "The heavens are not clean in his

eyes, and the angels are charged with folly." Now, I never charged the angels with folly—never dreamt of doing so—it is quite a different kind of being I find fault with. No, no, I have not a word to say against "the angels," only the other ones—such as the writer I speak of.

In the same paper the Jesuit priests are spoken of as "those fellows," and the Episcopal Bishop of Saskatchewan as "His Lordship." The name I should give to that sort of thing is "snobbery."

We are generally ready to quote the English as being very exemplars in all the niceties of social and general decorum, but evidently they are still capable of doing the ungraceful and foolish. For example:—

"Meanwhile, the Princess of Wales, who was already the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, had not been idle. She had devoted several hours to the fancy fair at Kensington House under the most trying circumstances. Her Royal Highness consented to assist at a stall with her unfailing kindness, and for an admirable purpose. Englishmen and Englishwomen may well blush at the reception which awaited her. She was mobbed, hustled, assailed with the rudest of stares, and commented upon in the most audible of whispers wherever she went. She was treated by the well-dressed snobs of both sexes, who gathered about her, less as a Royal lady who was doing a good and gracious work, than as a human eccentricity escaped from an itinerant menagerie. Altogether the experiences of Royalty, last week at Kensington, suggest a doubt whether, in the present state of the public mind, it is desirable or even safe for Princes and Princesses to take part in these shows."

And again:—

"I sincerely hope that such a *fitz* as that which was given on Sunday week, not 100 miles from the town of Marlow, will not be repeated; or, at all events, that Sunday will not be the day selected. A procession of drags, some of them driven by distinguished ladies, causing the church-going rustics to gape with undisguised amazement; a banquet of fifty covers, followed by lawn-tennis and dancing on the green to the strains of a regimental band, are wholly inconsistent with the usual observance of an English Sunday. Considering the illustrious position of some of those who were present, such a rowdy entertainment never should have taken place."

Some muddle-headed people are determined to make Bradlaugh a martyr. Already he has had vastly more of the time and attention of the public than he deserves, and it would be well to let him take his seat and sink back into the obscurity for which his character fits him; but those persons above-mentioned have decided to indict him in a Court of Justice for illegally sitting and voting in the House of Commons. This is exactly the kind of treatment the man desires. It will keep him before the public; he can pose as one persecuted; he can declare himself as the champion of popular rights; and the people so easily gulled, will support him with enthusiasm. Bradlaugh will carry everything before him, oaths, affirmations, laws and customs, and achieve a notoriety in doing it to which he has no claim.

Although the Montreal *Star* "cannot think that matters are so grave—in Ireland—as Mr. Gladstone is represented as saying they are," it is evident that Mr. Forster's compensation disturbance bill gives just the kind of help required. Evictions are increasing rapidly and strong measures are necessary to ensure the peace. Of course Parnell and his banditti opposed it as not going far enough—it would be difficult for Mr. Forster or any one else to go far enough to please this incapable leader of a handful of men—but the Secretary for Ireland has a ready hand and a strong will, and the work he has undertaken will be well done.

The July number of *The Bystander* is to hand. It is sensible, critical, trenchant, and brilliant as ever. Some day, perhaps, the people of Canada will generally learn to appreciate the honesty, vigour and culture of Mr. Goldwin Smith. An honest and outspoken critic is of infinitely more value to us than the man who makes it his sole business to follow after blarney.

"Canada: a Satire, by one of her sons," is the title of a pamphlet I have lately received. It is written in rhyme with some reason, but