

THOSE Reform malcontents—if, indeed, the existence of such is not an invention of the enemy—who are clamouring for a change of leadership should remember Lincoln's sententious comment on "swapping horses." If a change is to be made it should be made at once; otherwise it should be deferred until the next Parliament is in council. There should be no divided allegiance on the eve of an election or during the actual contest.

HANLAN appears to have become rapidly more shameless in his methods. No person who was not blinded by prejudice was deceived by the Australian fiasco; his subsequent proceedings have savoured more of the gambler than of the sculler; and the culminating "grand water act" (*vide Toronto World*) at Albany, where he fouled the turning-buoy, must have undeceived or disgusted all lovers of honest sport. All of which goes to confirm an opinion before expressed in these columns: that in sport when gambling goes in at the door honour and honesty fly out at the window.

THERE can be no question that the Toronto tailors have acted quite within their rights in following the lead of Parisian milliners, and in opening a debtors' "black-book." The credit system has been carried to absurd and ruinous limits in most callings, though an impression has certainly prevailed that by a judicious arrangement of accounts and a graduated scale of charges shopkeepers contrived to make a good thing on the whole out of their credit customers. Otherwise, how is it that so many of them are anxious to "open a family account"? It must be confessed, however, that from time immemorial the tailor has been a specially-selected victim with the genus dead-beat. That this is an evidence of base ingratitude on the part of that section of a civilized community is not to be contested, since outward semblance is their chief claim to recognition. Responsibility for the rotten business which has called forth this action on the part of Toronto tailors must not be misapplied, however. If it be true, as alleged, that the proportion of dead-beats in this city is exceedingly great, that state of affairs is largely the result of extremely keen competition. It has become too common for both wholesale and retail merchants to push trade without due consideration—to "do business" whether it be safe or not. Three-fourths of the trade of Toronto is done on such a basis, and there is grim humour in the thought that storekeepers are finding out that what is sauce for the goose is *not* sauce for the gander—that though they buy on credit they cannot afford to sell except for cash.

Few English-speaking Canadians are conscious of the change which the Hon. Mr. Mercier has been making in the Province of Quebec by the sole force of his own personality. Whereas a few years ago Liberalism seemed doomed to remain a hopeless cause for perhaps at least a generation, its principles have now become current topics of free and moderate discussion and inquiry, and its representatives are met everywhere with respect. We are assured that the people of the counties everywhere receive Mercier himself with the most marked movement of curiosity and approval, and the great gain in the County of Joliette as the outcome of a campaign merely extemporized by him in a few days is but one indication of the success of his plans and the strength of his influence. A number of priests even vote for him. He is a man whose Napoleonic frame, looked at closely, bears the evidences of vast physical energy, and this he is putting to all sorts of work. He studiously attends every public gathering, and work in the session of the Legislature was simply astonishing. The Ministers, though backed by a tremendous majority, were helplessly forced patronizes every institution that will attain him favour. To-day he is busy organizing his friends as they were never organized before. His energy moreover is second to his marvellous eloquence in his native tongue. Chapleau alone in his best days had the energy, talent and favouring conditions to stand against him, and Chapleau has lost forever the first and the last of these.

A SPECIAL Commissioner who was recently sent out by the proprietors of a well-known morning paper on a voyage of discovery round the world has been electrifying the British public with his descriptions on the Antipodes. One of his letters concludes with the information that a baked sheep's head is a very nice dish. Very likely it is, but it seems hardly worth making the circuit of the globe for the purpose of disclosing this great fact. No doubt the sheep's head is all the more palatable when the stove which cooks it is heated by G. A. S.

APROPOS, the versatile veteran correspondent writes that he is making a "pot of money" at the Antipodes—a result which will be by no means unacceptable even to the *insouciant* Bohemian who racily chats with his admirers through the media of "the greatest circulation in the world" and in the columns of the *Illustrated*.

It is recalled by the *Pall Mall Gazette* that, though not himself a wit, Lord Shaftesbury has one small claim to remembrance, among many infinitely greater, as the occasion of one of the most famous epigrams of our time. Mr. Matthew Arnold has deleted from the last edition of "Literature and Dogma" his comparison of the central mystery of orthodox Christianity to a triune Lord Shaftesbury "infinitely magnified and improved." The great philanthropist, not at all flattered by the allusion, had qualified it as "abominable"; and, this coming to Mr. Arnold's ears, he wrote in the preface to the cheap edition: "The illustration has given pain in a quarter where my deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it." Mr. Arnold acted wisely and

gracefully; but a barbed arrow of speech is not so easily withdrawn. Even to readers of the expurgated "Literature and Dogma" the "three Lord Shaftesburys" will always be present in the spirit, and it may not be altogether rash to predict that if Mr. Arnold's essay is remembered at all a hundred years hence it will be by reason of the "abominable illustration."

A CURIOUS instance of how conscience slumbers when the stomach is empty and revives when it is filled is reported by the *New York Tribune* from California. G. Lavonie, a young carpenter, found himself in San Francisco, desperately hungry and penniless. He snatched a purse containing \$2.65 from a lady, hunted up a restaurant, and stowed away enough for three ordinary men. He gorged himself again in the evening, and then obtained a bed. When he awoke his conscience awoke too, and pitched into him so mercilessly that he could obtain no peace until he had given himself up and confessed his crime. His story awakened public sympathy, and his chances, according to latest advices, were good for getting off scot-free and having a helping hand extended to him. It is a pity that a cynic should spoil such a pretty story by suggesting that he waited until he had spent all the money anyhow, and would have done the same had he stolen a much larger sum.

If the teller of a French bank has doubts as to the honesty of an unknown customer he does not trust to his memory to recall the features of the person he suspects, but calls on science to protect the bank. He gives a private signal to the cashier, and that responsible officer, while the teller is in the act of making payment, brings the photographic camera (conveniently placed beside him, but invisible to the customer) to bear upon the unsuspecting party, and on leaving the bank he leaves a proof of his identity after him without in any degree being conscious of the fact. As this experiment has only been at work for a short time it would be premature to pass a hasty judgment upon its merits.

HERE is a story in which one of the greatest belles that has ever figured in New York society, and who is at present one of its leaders, plays an interesting part. It was told to a writer in *Town Topics*, of New York, by the lady herself. A few days ago she received a letter from an unknown correspondent in Kansas City. He began by saying that he was unknown to her but a gentleman, although she might question that assertion by his writing to her anonymously. He had read in the newspapers of her talents, her wit and her cleverness, and had fallen in love with her. Would she please look upon him favourably, he pleaded, and send him a small piece of blue ribbon by return mail, as an evidence that his letter had been received and that she would allow him to pay his addresses to her after a proper presentation. The letter continued in this way and concluded with a peroration of a most pronounced description. A rich wife with money he did not want, as he had all the wealth necessary to make a man satisfied with what it could procure. The name he signed to the letter he acknowledged was fictitious. The young lady did not send the ribbon and paid no further attention to the correspondence until the other day, when she received a second letter from him, dated Boston, which was in much the same strain as the first. He wrote that she might expect to meet him the coming winter at a Delmonico ball and under any name.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH GRIEVANCES AND THEIR REMEDY.

To the Editor of *The Week* :

DEAR SIR,—A firebrand named Sutton has recently been making speeches in various parts of the Province on the subject of Irish grievances. One would have said that while in Toronto he was as violent and inflammatory as it was possible for him to be; but in a speech at Ottawa a few days ago he surpassed himself. I have believed that the true Irishman—warm-hearted, impulsive, generous, brave—was a gentleman, and while battling for his rights, or for what he held to be such, he would do so honourably and fairly. It is a shock to any such ideas to hear this spokesman of the Irish cause say of the position now occupied by the people of that country that "Irishmen stood ready to stab England in the back at the first opportunity, and it was folly and worse than folly to say that the Irish were loyal to the Empire as at present constituted." Again, "No one could tell how soon England would be engaged in a European war, and in such case if she did not grant every iota of the demands made by Ireland she would have to double her troops in that country." Is this the language of an honourable man, or the attitude of a chivalrous party? "Stab your opponent in the back!" The phrase is ominously suggestive of agrarian outrages, of midnight assassinations. There is, after all, not much difference in guilt between "stabbing" a nation or a party "in the back" and knifing a private foe, and the man who would counsel the one would scarcely hesitate to advise the other. "Wait until England is locked in a death-grapple with her enemies," says Mr. Demagogue Sutton to Irishmen, "and then you may with ease and safety plunge your dagger into her heart." Unhappy Ireland! The counsel of her friends is death.

Now, I believe—and there are many like me—that Ireland should have some form of self-government which will give her control of her own affairs, and remove the battleground of Irish grievances from Westminster to Dublin; but it is such utterances as I have quoted which tend to alienate one's sympathies from the Irish side of the struggle. England, with all her faults, has ever stood in the van of liberty and progress, and any proposal to "stab her in the back" stirs the feelings of many even who do not claim her as the land of their birth, and brings the blood of resentment to their cheeks. I do not believe Mr. Sutton and others of his kidney speak for the majority of Irishmen, but it is the tendency of the violent wing of any party to push its way to the front and give a colouring to the whole, especially if, as is the case, its utterances and actions are not repudiated. At any rate, one result of a crusade such as that which has been begun in Canada will be the driving off from the Irish cause of many who at present are inclined to wish it well.

Yours, etc.,

T. W. G.

20th October, 1885.