

requires limitation. Apart from great and general causes of national decay it may be doubtful whether anything has ever done more to corrupt the character of a nation than the Turf has done to corrupt the character of England. It has opened a gambling table in every newspaper and in every tavern. People who have never seen a horse-race, who cannot tell the points of a horse, who would not know the favourite from a screw, bet on races, and if they lose, steal money to pay their bets. The regular answer to all protests is that the system is necessary to keep up the breed of horses. We should know more about that if, besides tests of mere speed, there were tests of endurance, and also tests of longevity and of the number of years for which the working powers of the animal last. Some famous breeds of horses, such as the Arabian, the Barb, and the Turk, have been produced at all events without a betting ring. Probably a cock-fighter would tell you that cock-fighting was necessary to keep up the breed of poultry. Preaching against a fashion is perfectly useless; one might as well preach against an epidemic. But those who have misgivings will do well to encourage, as the best antidote, the sports which are still free from blacklegging, and which deserve the epithet of manly rather better than does the pastime of sitting in a stand to see horses cruelly punished. Managers of banks and other men of business hardly need to be warned against betting officers and clerks. Napoleon, who knew good men from bad, though he made a bad use of them all, never would employ a gambler; and about the worst of all gambling hells is the betting ring. It is to be hoped that honourable men on the Canadian Turf itself will do all that is possible to preserve their sport from stain, and to prevent it from becoming here as it is in England—the bane of the people.

A BYSTANDER.

#### HERE AND THERE.

THE long-cherished hope of advanced Methodists was triumphantly consummated on Sunday last, the day named in the Act legalizing the union of the various Methodist bodies. There can be but one opinion as to the result of such a drawing together of congruous elements. The Methodist Church must become the stronger, the more capable for good, with less friction or wear and tear, and less waste of men and means. Sectarianism, schisms, splits of all kinds, have been the prominent weaknesses of Christianity, have kept its ministers poor, its flocks ill-tended, and done much to prevent the teaching of a comprehensive Gospel. This gathering of the clans of Methodism into one Canadian Church is an example many good men and true would gladly see imitated in England.

NOTHING could better testify to the increasing popularity of Lacrosse in Canada than the large sprinkling of ladies present at the championship contest on the Toronto grounds on Saturday. The very simplicity of the game is probably the main cause of this. Cricket is so much more a game of skill, and is so intricate, that few ladies can understand it, and the crowds of ladies who form a considerable attraction at the brilliant assemblages at "Lord's" and the "Oval" go more to see and be seen than to pay critical attention to the game. Besides which, cricket is too slow for the average Canadian spectator or player. A half-day is not sufficient to enable two good elevens to play a game, whereas a longer period could not be spared by the more go-ahead young Canadian, however fond he might be of either lacrosse or base-ball. Furthermore, the number of Canadians with means and without vocations, from whom to draft the "gentlemen players" who are the backbone of cricket in England,—not altogether as players, but as liberal contributors to the fund out of which "ground men" are paid—is very small. These and other reasons render it extremely improbable that the more intelligent game will ever become thoroughly naturalized alongside its faster, if less skilful, rivals, lacrosse and base-ball.

THE arrest of John C. Eno, the defaulting New York banker, at Quebec, and the subsequent failure to fasten a sufficient charge upon him to justify his detention under the Extradition Treaty, is an additional argument for the strengthening of that instrument. Both Canada and the United States are sufferers by the defective character of the treaty, and the importance of negotiating an amended code of extraditable offences is recognized by both the United States and the British authorities. It is absurd that offences such as larceny, embezzlement, misappropriation of funds, swindling, fraud, and obtaining money by false pretences, should not be included in an extradition treaty.

"CROWN WAD," writing from Rochester to the New York *Forest and Stream* says: "A young man who did not know a setter from a pointer, or a trigger of a gun from the hammer, went from this city to Toronto, and

became acquainted with some Canadian sportsmen, to whom he vaunted of his skill with the shotgun, and success in the field over dogs. He was welcomed into the circle of shooters and promised by them a day's sport, they volunteering to provide him with gun and dog. A party was made up and duly repaired to a locality where birds were known to be abundant. Our hero (who told the story himself), with gun in hand, followed a setter, and after some tramping through the brush noticed the dog moving slowly and finally stop as if paralyzed. He thought that it was a hunting dog's business to hunt, and that a dog which grew tired and gave up so soon in the day deserved punishment for laziness, so picking up a piece of wood he hurled it at the offending setter, and started in amazement as a 'lot of big brown birds' burst up before the dog."

RELIGIOUS people whose sense of decency has been shocked by the fantastic exhibitions of the people who call themselves "the Salvation Army" are rejoiced to see the authorities of London, Ontario, have the courage to suppress the musical (*sic*!) street performances which have become so intolerable a nuisance in many cities. A by-law has been passed to the following effect:—"No person shall on the market place or on the streets blow any horn, ring any bell, beat any drum, play any flute, pipe, or any musical instrument, shout or make any unusual noise calculated to disturb the inhabitants anywhere within the city." Hereafter residents in "the Forest City" will be free from the ear-piercing sounds by which the "Salvationists" advertised their demonstrations and made day and night hideous.

THE versatile and successful journalist, playwright, and philanthropist, George R. Sims, is accustomed to handle abuses and humbugs without gloves. This is how he writes concerning a begging letter circulated by the Salvation Army's "General":—"General Booth is sending out a circular for 'special contributions,' in which he puts it very plainly that he is desperately hard up. The roaring, ranting, drum-beating, horse-frightening, Christy Minstrel emotionalism, which has been mistaken for religion by folks who ought to have known better, is evidently in a bad way. The general does not disguise the fact. After an ad misericordiam appeal for cash, he requests the recipient of the circular to 'put the amount you feel God wishes you to give into the small envelope enclosed,' and he adds: 'To help those unaccustomed to send money, I may add you can send coins or stamps if you like, but it is safer to send postal orders. Altogether, the last begging letter of the general is a remarkable document, and is well worthy of study. I have omitted the most striking paragraph, by the by. 'Our friends will please note that this is an Extraordinary Fund, in addition to the usual contribution. Nothing will be gained if, in contributing to this fund, less than usual is given to others.' It would be interesting to know how many funds the general controls."

DOES anybody in England regard our American cousins as "foreigners"? The question is raised in an original manner, with a view apparently of further discussion, by Mr. Henry James in the first portion of a story he is contributing to the *Century Magazine*. How does common sentiment run in the matter? When an Englishman of celebrity, judge or writer or actor, is entertained by the hospitable people across the "line," one thing is sure to be dinned into his ear. By the shades of Shakespere and Milton, he is assured that he is with the members of the race which oceans cannot sever, and so on. Foreigners, forsooth! Mr. Grant White, in one of his brilliant paradoxes, might say that the American was the only man left who was not a foreigner in England. More seriously-speaking men on each side the Atlantic practise thus much reciprocity of feeling that neither is made a foreigner in the country of the other. But Mr. James's heroine meets the proposal of marriage made to her by an American gentleman with the remark, "I have never supposed I should marry a foreigner," and presently she adds, "Really, you know, you *are* a foreigner." He, like most of Mr. James's cultured Americans, is enormously rich; she is not, though the daughter of a hundred earls. Still, she does not "jump at him"; we are left to presume that she is meditating on a question of races, as though her suitor had been a Pole, or a Portuguese, or a gentleman from Honduras.

The question is interesting in a literary sense, because it bears upon a prominent characteristic of recent American fiction. Who that reads Mr. James, or Mr. Howells, or Mr. White, will not remember the always-recurring suggestion that this generation has made greater change in the American character than a century in that of England? There was a time when the similarity was close; but that was in America's days of darkness. "When the light of the higher culture fell on the Western land, her sons and daughters basked in it, absorbed it gladly, until whatever society is fullest of great thoughts, of refined manners, of chivalry and