The Daily Mail.

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"Curious Coincidence."

The London *Globe* of May 26 prints the following letter under this head:—

The very special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* who has been delighting a portion of the British public with his graphic letters written *en route* to Khiva, concludes his letter, published on the 20th ult., with a significant sentence, in which he states that his letters possibly will not be dated, "for the places whence they are forwarded will also be kept a profound secret, in consequence of his being with the Russian army." Strangely enough, this very special correspondent has refused permission to accompany the expedition. When you read the following extracts it may occur to you, as it did to me, on carefully perusing *All the Year Round* of Saturday last, that the omission of places and dates was not entirely owing to these circumstances:—

Daily Telegraph, April 8, 1873.—"The Khiva Expedition."

"As we descend towards Balaklava (we are) . . . A fine-looking old man, who is seated on a sheepskin in the door of his hut, with sets of wooden spoons, tables, little square carpet stools, and other articles of manufacture, in a strange weird manner, are the two ages of Russian history; on the one side the railway and telegraphs, the light of civilization; on the other the last generation of the ancient barbarism, unchanged since the days when his forefathers swept all Russia at a gallop, and ravaged half Europe. Ages ago, Mr. Tartar, courage must be, and has been, not without some of the attractiveness of ferocity. Your ancestors, sir, were a wonderful race. For a moment the mind is impressed with the birthright of all civilized races. In all our travels I have seen few grander, more touching sights than this grand old savage, lingering in the land of a world which has long since outgrown him and repudiated him.

"Strange that both these travellers met the same old man whose 'doubly grim' appearance caused the same wonderful thoughts to rush through their brains! To ordinary minds it may suggest the thought that it is more than probable that the 'Special Correspondent' is incurring no greater dangers than may be met with daily in an 'expedition' through Fleet street.

Next day the *Telegraph* printed the following explanation, which the *Globe* receives with drowsight incredulity:—"The *Globe* of last night extracted from *All the Year Round* a passage contained in an article on the road connecting Sebastopol and Balaklava, which is almost identical with a portion of a letter sent to us by one of our special correspondents now on his way to Khiva through Persia. Nor is that surprising, since it is written by the same hand. We have represented to Mr. Charles Dickens, the proprietor and editor of *All the Year Round*, that our interference with the special insertion in question is to write exclusively for the *Daily Telegraph*; and Mr. Dickens, who was fully acquainted with the circumstances, has undertaken that no further contributions from the same author will appear in his journey, be printed in *All the Year Round*. The writer, for reasons sufficiently weighty in themselves, omitted all mention in our columns of the precise locality whence his letter was dated, and his dates were designedly kept a considerable time in order that our correspondent might be well on his way at the date of their insertion."

ANOTHER "CURIOUS COINCIDENCE."

(London Times, May 31.)

The following letter appeared yesterday in the youngest of our contemporaries, the *Hour*:—

"*To the Editor of the Hour.*

"SIR,—Will you permit me to throw a little light on the controversy now being carried on between the *Daily Telegraph* and some of your contemporaries? I ask nothing more than that you should print in parallel columns the two following extracts, the one taken from *Chambers' Journal* of Oct. 21, 1871, in a description of 'Siddah;' the other to be found in a special correspondence's letter, published in the *Daily Telegraph* of May 7, 1873, and purporting to be written from Tiflis:—

TIFLIS, May 7, 1873.

(*Daily Telegraph.*)

Here, cross-legged on the doorsill of his father's shop, sits Aladdin, as we may have sat on the memorable evening when the magician invited him to share the expedition of which we all know the result. There, with his face propped on one hand, and his pipe behind his ear, he smokes with an air of indifference upon his weather-beaten features, of anxiety upon his brow, of wonderment upon his lips, of longing upon his eyes, of thoughts upon his mind, of—Heaven knows what else—upon his whole soul. Its great mouth is so drawn that it seems to hang in a long curve, which, with the two sets of wrinkles, one on each side, gives it a strange weird aspect, we the two ages of Russian history; on the one side the railway and telegraphs, the light of civilization; on the other the last generation of the ancient barbarism, unchanged since the days when his forefathers swept all Russia at a gallop, and ravaged half Europe. Ages ago, Mr. Tartar, courage must be, and has been, not without some of the attractiveness of ferocity. Your ancestors, sir, were a wonderful race. For a moment the mind is impressed with the birthright of all civilized races. In all our travels I have seen few grander, more touching sights than this grand old savage, lingering in the land of a world which has long since outgrown him and repudiated him.

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Editor Cabonnek Irradiation:

I got through that little piece of business for the *Globe*, and returned to Toronto shortly afterwards.

I found abundant scope for my exuberant fund of humour in the funeral ceremonies of the deceased baronet, and had lots of fun.

On the day of the funeral I was in the best of spirits, though the spirits which were in me were not the best. The liquid nutriment procurable in Montreal is of inferior quality.

But as Brown was so concerned about the question of pay I was bound to get even with him on "expenses."

The funeral procession was very disorderly. The mourners wobbled unsteadily, the horses staggered about wildly, the volunteers couldn't keep the line of march, even the houses and trees seemed to sway up and down in some unaccountable manner, which in ancient times would have been regarded as a portentous mystery.

I felt tired, the sidewalk was beginning to join in the demonstrations, so I didn't follow very far, but just got a general impression of the affair, and left the *Globe*'s regular correspondent to get the details.

"I'm about used up, old earline," said I; "you can fabricate the balance yourself I guess."

"What, sir," said he indignantly, "do you insinuate that I am a fabricator?"

"Yes, you admitted it yourself."

"Never! What do you mean?"

"Didn't you say a short time since that you were down on the ecclesiastical institutions here?"

"Yes; what then."

"Then, of course, you are a *Fabricyte*, hater."

Anglo-French humourism. The Fabricyte is one of the institutions of the Catholic Church.

Greet for that of Rev. J. Langley on the Quorum Purpose Committee.

The Synod re-assembled at two o'clock.

On the motion of the Lay Secretary, the report of the Church Music Committee was adopted.

Rev. Provost Whittaker moved that an address be presented by the Synod congratulating his Excellency the Governor-General on his entrance on his high office, and that His Lordship be requested to appoint a committee to draft such address. Carried.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. McLean, the following resolution, which was adopted the year, was brought up for confirmation, but, after discussion, was rejected:—"That the fifth section of the by-law adopted at the last session of the Synod, for the expenditure of the Mission Fund, be amended by adding after the words, 'The Synod of 1870,' (in the fourth line of the said section) the following clause:—'Except that a less stipend may be accepted by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese and three-fourths of the members of the Mission Board present at any quarterly meeting thereof.'

The unfinished business of last session was then taken up.

Rev. J. B. Worrell moved "That whereas the Legislature have, in an Act intituled 'The Rectory Patronage Act,' established the principle that it is desirable that all semblance of connection between Church and State should be abolished; and, whereas, the Legislature have, in an Act incorporating the Synod of this Diocese, given power to the Church to manage its own affairs through the Synod, and to hold property, real as well as personal, for the use and benefit of the Church; and it is highly desirable and expedient for the well-being of the Church that all property of every kind whatever, be vested in and by the Synod; a petition be presented to the Legislature for an Act transferring to the Synod, subject to the rights and interests of the present incumbent, all rectoral lands and property in this Diocese now vested in the Crown, with power to the Synod to lease, sell, and dispose of the same; and to invest the proceeds, along with all lands arising from the same source, and which may be in the hands of the Synod, as the date of the passage of the Act, in aid of a general sustentation fund for the Diocese, or in such other way as the Synod may deem most conducive to the interests of the Church."

Mr. A. H. Campbell seconded the resolution.

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Mr. A. H. Campbell seconded the resolution.

Rev. Canon Bethune moved the amendment, that—

After a somewhat lengthy debate, it was almost unanimously agreed that the matter should be left over till the next session of the Synod.

President Whittaker submitted a draft of an address to the Governor-General, which was adopted, and which was as follows:—

"*To His Excellency, the Right Honorable the Earl of Dufferin, K. P., K. C. B., Governor-General of Canada, &c., &c.*

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

"We, the Bishop, Clergy, and Lay representatives of the Diocese of Toronto, in Synod assembled, beg most respectfully to convey to your Excellency the assurance of our devoted attachment to the Throne, and of our profound respect for yourself, as the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty in this Dominion.

"The long period which has elapsed between your Excellency's entrance on your arduous duties and this, has afforded us an opportunity of judging of the manner in which your Excellency has discharged the onerous duties of your exalted station, and this we do most cordially and sincerely, and not simply because it is the fashion of the day, but because we feel it to be our bounden duty, and because we feel it to be a pleasure to do so, we do, from the depths of our hearts, thank your Excellency for the manner in which you have discharged the duties of your exalted station, and