

its judicious attitude during the panic, by which, we beg to say, the banks were placed under great obligations to all our trade and financial journals who have any influence, as, had they followed American examples, our banks would have been seriously troubled. It is true a slight attempt was made to create excitement at a very critical time, but the quarter it appeared in was too obscure for any mischief to arise, and it was stamped out like an incipient fire.

In regard to the third protest, there is unfortunately too much reason for complaint. It is very suggestive, to say the least, that, after one murder of a most revolting character, the details of which were worked up in the latest style of reportorial sensationalism, two others followed strikingly like it. This may have been merely a case of *coincidence*, but it looks very much like one of *imitation*, of the second and third murders having been the result of the morbid excitement stimulated by sensational descriptions of the first. It is well known to social students that many crimes are committed from this cause. It was owing to this that many years ago stage representations of "Jack Sheppard" were prohibited, as many other plays ought to be which are lessons in criminal arts, and stimulants to crime by glorifying its perpetrators as stage heroes. It is most degrading to the Press to treat criminals as it does distinguished public characters, by interviewing them, and publishing all manner of details as to their looks, diet, and opinions, as though any decent person could possibly read such descriptions without disgust. Instead of murderers being held up to infamy they are sought to be made objects of sympathy. The only rational, healthy interest the law abiding have in those who have earned the gallows is in their extinction.

We trust the Press given to the disreputable practice of serving up the ghastly and sickening details of crime, and giving us such garbage as sensational descriptions of miscreants as though we were longing to be on terms of intimacy with them as interesting public personages, will leave this wretched business to "penny dreadfuls," and those who cater to the tastes of the rowdy element.

Other forms of sensationalism in the Press are highly offensive to literary taste, being vulgar in tone, and mendacious in spirit. One of these is seen in the virulent attacks made on persons in public life, which lose all force from being so manifestly inspired by reckless sensationalism. Flinging the party stink-pot can be done by the brainless; such work is unworthy of a literary profession. Sensationalism indeed lowers the dignity, weakens the utility, and neutralizes the moral influence of the Press. "It is not, nor can it come to good."

FAVORITE DRINKS OF GREAT MEN

There is a peculiar interest attaching to the lives and habits of great men; men who have made a nation's history, or a nation's ballad, guided its philosophy or

initiated its laws. We have gathered some interesting facts concerning the beverages which have from time to time found favor with those, who in working out their own destiny, have "left foot-prints on the sands of time."

We are told that even the moderate drinking of wines, spirits, or alcoholic beverages, is alike destructive to body, soul and intellectual development. History shows that this is wrong. Poets from the time of Anacreon have woven the vine into the warp of their social songs, Pindar, Euripides, Virgil, Horace, all sung the praise of wine. Brilliant orators, leaders of senates and debate, have drunk, and some deeply of the ruby cup. Profound thinkers, astute politicians, erudite scholars, have found no exception, and apparently suffered no diminution in the activity of their brain power, or the keen force of their analytical acumen. It has been said, "he who drinks beer, thinks beer," yet the man would be bold who would apply the adage to glorious John Milton, the author of "Paradise Lost," who was a beer drinker. The stern inflexibility of Cromwell's iron will was not weakened by his taste for Malvoisie or ale.

There are no traces of alcoholic fumes in the lucid logical orations of the great English statesmen Pitt and Fox, though both were connoisseurs of Port; nor are the speeches of Mr. Gladstone ever characterized by confusion of ideas, although punctuated by application to a mixture of egg and sherry. Dickens was a lover of good wine. Tennyson, whose ideal of moral and religious life was of the highest, enjoyed port wine, and the hard-headed, clear-brained sage of Chelsea, Thomas Carlyle, took his "grog" with unflinching regularity. Humboldt's "penchant" for Sauterne did not militate against his accurate observations and orderly mental methods. So far we have quoted from the "Wine and Spirit Gazette," to whose list we add Blackstone, the great English jurist, loved good Port wine; indeed we doubt if any British judge could be named who was not a wine bibber. Lord Chancellor Eldon was fond of porter. Queen Victoria takes whisky, and has drunk wine daily since she reached womanhood, as do the vast majority of the most cultivated women of Great Britain. Temple, the great scientist was not an abstainer. The greatest divines of all the churches were moderate drinkers. One of the hardest-headed business men in Canada, and most generous philanthropist, after many years of abstinence, was compelled, for his health's sake, to become a regular user of beer and wine. There is not a book of any fame in any department of literature that was written by a prohibitionist. The men who allow a beverage to do them injury are fools, whose abuse is their shame, but is no argument against its use.

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