

against liquor-selling to-day is mainly due to the troubles caused by those who refuse to comply with the governmental regulations. There would be less cry for "local option" if the bar-tenders refused to sell to men who are drunk, chased minors out of their establishments, took the curtains off their windows, and absolutely refused to sell liquor during proscribed hours.

**H**OME rule has never won a more notable victory than it did the other day in the Oxford Union. John Redmond carried a motion declaring the right of the Irish people to govern themselves by a majority of 133 votes. Fortune was with him from the outset. A grandson of Mr. Gladstone presided over the meeting, the undergraduates, who were his colleagues in the debate, made a convincing case. But he really secured his success not so much by his clear statement of the Irish claim as resting on the history of the Irish parliament before the union, and the English failure, as by his masterful use of the reports of the Governor from Canada, on the eve of the rebellion in 1837. The Governor assured the home authorities that the granting of the Canadian requests would mean separation and the setting up of a republic. The country was seething with disloyalty; only a minority held for England, but this minority represented all the intelligence, wealth and progress in the community. Political offenders could not be convicted, so that juries had to be selected for their trial, and Mr. Redmond went on to quote similar passages resembling in such a striking manner the current language in regard to Ireland. He made it plain that England could only make an Ireland, frankly disloyal, loyal and contented by such perfect trust as she has placed in Canada and South Africa. And for the first time the younger generation of an Oxford conservative and unionist answered his appeal with a strong and unmistakable affirmative.

**T**HE Toronto Methodist Conference finds that camels get harder to swallow every day. And when they're swallowed it finds them as hard to keep down as the whale did Jonah. One of the camels that caused the greatest straining and which was not swallowed in the end was the practice, daily becoming more common among clergymen of abandoning their sacred profession for more lucrative secular employment. Although few clergymen hesitate to accept a call to a larger field at a larger salary, the Toronto Conference is perhaps right in assuming that a sudden change to a totally different kind of field is not advisable. The call theory, as the Conference sees it, does not contemplate the removal of the labourers from the Lord's vineyard to somebody else's.

The matter seems to have been brought to a point by the Rev. Dr. Chambers' course in accepting the governorship of the Toronto jail. Dr. Chambers has for some years been pastor of the Parliament Street Methodist Church and being within easy sight of the jail, he seems to have cherished a longing, one way or another, to get there. The reverend doctor succeeded in his ambition. Quietly circulating where it would do most good, he eventually landed in jail—a position, in his case, worth about three thousand dollars a year, not to mention the opportunities he will have of meeting persons under conviction and striving with them to save their souls. Now whether it was that his reverend brethren were jealous of his good luck, or whether they hated to see him leaving the pulpit for a worldly occupation or whether they didn't approve of one of their cloth hustling for a political job or whether they contemned all politics in which they didn't have a finger—at all events the Conference seemed to regard Dr. Chambers' conduct as highly indigestible, and proceeded to pass resolutions, if not about it, at least with it in mind. The resolution was to the

effect that ministers engaging in business should resign from the ministry and remit their title of Reverend. The scoffers had their laugh, of course. When a man ceased to be Reverend was he necessarily Irreverend? What would you call him, anyway—Somewhat Reverend, or Suspensively Reverend, or what? The discussion was very warm at the Conference. The vehemence with which some expressed their views showed that with them the question was, What shall it profit a Reverend if he gain the whole world and lose the handle to his name? Others looked upon it as too useful an asset in getting business and seemed to regret that it did not have a specified money value which would make it transferable like a saloon license. Still another asked how Christ's ambassador could keep his conscience and remain in the life insurance business. Another objected that no man could serve God and Mammon, but as another member of the Conference had previously defended the matter of taking a little flyer in stocks his objection was not sustained. The wise ones stood out against the prevailing sentiment. They saw where it led. To resign from the ministry because there was a chance to get into something better! Why burn one's bridges behind one that way? What would happen if a minister wanted to hit the back trail, finding the far pastures not as green as they looked? But these doubts did not find a voice. Indeed, they could not be put into words. Impulse carried the day. The resolution passed. But did the Rev. Dr. Chambers resign? Not he. Dr. Chambers knows that to kill a dog easily you should choke him with butter. Dr. Chambers is a reasonable being and the chief advantage of being a reasonable being is in being able to make or find a reason for what one has a mind to do. The Doctor took the ground that he was not engaging in a business, and that his special work of saving souls would go on at the jail under even better conditions—he might have added, because his congregation couldn't get away. If the Conference finds it hard to swallow a camel the Rev. Dr. Chambers doesn't.

**B**OTH English and United States journals have become wise after the event, in the matter of the Sothern-Marlowe dramatic engagement in England. It seems that the London appearance of these two stars has not been a financial success and conservative journalists are now engaged in pointing out that the press-agent advertised not wisely but too much. One novelty consisted in the provision of motor-cars for the sandwich-men who ordinarily carry the advertisements in a procession along the street. Other striking features were displayed for the edification of West Enders who failed to appreciate the eccentricities for their allurements. Theatrical press agents have about reached the limit, in volume and absurdity, with their articles intended to exploit the beauty and wit of those who employ them. The views of Mr. Barnstormer on the tariff and the new theology are advanced with all seriousness, while Miss Dolly Fluttery's opinions on all matters, from Browning to chafing-dish concoctions, are thickly strewn in the columns of the Sunday papers. Sweetly simple stories are told of their childhood days and their first appearance as youthful elocutionists. Every editor knows the sort of trash that he receives by the yard, until the theatrical anecdote becomes a burden.

This sort of stuff is not so unbecoming a vaudeville performer or a heroine of cheap melodrama. But when it is associated with an artist of the Julia Marlowe standing, it is painfully incongruous. Such an actress does not need to have in circulation yarns about the jewels of which she has been robbed, and the lobster a la Neuberger which she has enjoyed. The better class of theatre-goers will be disgusted by spot-light methods and will be deterred from attending a good performance by the crude vulgarity of the street advertising, which, as Boston arises to remark, helps to degrade alike the drama and its exponents.