

It should not be forgotten, however, that the blood may with facility be impregnated with deleterious substances taken internally, and that if the stomach will "take" pure lymph it is equally apt to absorb any poisonous matter introduced in a similar manner. In which case, it is hard to see sufficient reason for substituting an experimental for a well-tried preventive.

OUR American neighbours have apparently made up their minds that Montreal is given up to the small-pox fiend for an indefinite period, and that they may not hope to take part during the approaching winter in that annual saturnalia known as the "Carnival"—at any rate in the afflicted Canadian city. Montreal's extremity, however, proves to be Saratoga's opportunity, and the fashionable American resort is to have an ice palace on the lake, three toboggan slides, a grand ball, sleighing procession, and all the concomitants of a winter carnival.

THERE were twenty-three failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week, against twenty in the preceding week, and thirty-three, thirty-two and eleven in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882, respectively. In the United States there were one hundred and seventy-two failures reported during the week as compared with one hundred and forty in the preceding week, and with one hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and sixty and one hundred and twenty-two, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1884, 1883 and 1882. About eighty-four per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was less than \$5,000.

It is impossible, without confirmation, to accept the statement telegraphed as coming from the London *Daily Telegraph*, to the effect that the Literary and Art Pension Fund in England has been "diverted from the purpose originally in view to go toward the payment of Cabinet debts." Diversion there undoubtedly has been; but it has rather taken the direction of alms to aristocratic paupers, who have not hesitated to accept assistance from a fund intended for the nobility of intellect. £1,200 a year, moreover, could hardly prove an irresistible temptation to a British Cabinet!

A VERY striking development is going on in many London constituencies in connection with the approaching general election. The Radicals insist upon being so styled. They object to be called Liberals. "I belong to the Radical wing of the Liberal party" used to be the phrase. It is so no longer in some places. "I am not a Liberal; I am a Radical," say these lovers of clear distinctions. If they are summoned to a public meeting, they insist upon being summoned as Radicals. "A meeting of Liberals and Radicals" is now the announcement required of party managers. The same sort of movement is going on in some provincial districts. Of those who are leading it one may ask whether it is quite wise. The name of Liberal has an advantage in itself which Radical will never suggest. The Conservatives use Radical as a term of opprobrium, which they cannot do the name Liberal. They would offer up Lord Randolph Churchill as a gift to the gods if only they could thereby discover a name for themselves as good as the old-fashioned "Liberal." They plead that their name is the worst thing about them; that Tory means nothing, Constitutional is flabby, and Tory Democrat too new. There is a moral meaning in the word Liberal which makes it of value. Yet the advanced men are going to throw that away if they can, and to take a term which has no moral associations. "I have tried to argue them out of the prejudice," a chairman of a Liberal association complained, "but they will not be comforted with any appellation except Radical." What's in a name? A good name is better than riches.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.

"May I come with you, my pretty maid?"

"You won't understand it, sir," she said.

"What is the subject, my pretty maid?"

"The final extinction of man," she said.

"Then you won't marry, my pretty maid?"

"Superior girls never marry," she said.—*Anon.*

THE "Café and Boulevard" lounge who represents London Society in Paris says that the struggle for feminine ascendancy in France is yet in its infancy, but that the infancy is a very troublous one. "The latest invention of the disturbers of the good old-fashioned jam-making and stocking-mending ideas of woman's rights and duties is 'female candidatures.' The General Election is coming in here, and although women's votes have no electoral value in France, several ladies have come forward as candidates for seats in the Chamber of Deputies." The ungallant unbeliever gives a racy sketch of some women candidates, with specimens of their oratory which we would prefer not to reproduce: they are—too French. We cannot, however, resist culling the following characteristic description of a more moderate victim to man's brutality: "Another prominent female candidate is Madame Roger, who was arrested at Père La Chaise 'pour tapage public' about three years ago. She is a waistcoat maker by trade, but her public duties absorb so much of her time now that the waistcoats have to go without buttons and binding. . . . The Citoyenne Roger is always at meetings of one sort or another, but she has an ideal husband, who stays at home and skims the *pot au feu*, sweeps the apartment, washes the platters, cleans Maria's boots, warms her slippers, and

waits upon her at her meals. In him the man of the future is prefigured. The women of the coming time will do all the work of the world in which honour and renown are to be sought, and the men will stay at home and nurse the babies—if these encumbrances are not suppressed by a higher civilization—look after the dinner, and think themselves lucky if their wives, on their return from a parliamentary fight, do not make them dance for some neglect of duty."

THERE has been a scare on the European continent lately as to the danger of persons being buried alive, and a Belgian has invented a new species of coffin to prevent such a calamity which he is excessively indignant the committee of the Antwerp Exhibition has declined to exhibit for him. It seems that the peculiarity of the newly-designed coffin, called "le cercueil perfectionné," is that there is fitted into it an ingenious piece of mechanism which effectually obviates the possibility of being buried alive. The coffin contains a species of stiletto, which is so placed that on being disengaged by the presence of the earth thrown on it, it pierces the heart of the occupant. Had this latest invention been known to Meyerbeer he need not have asked his friends to bury him with a loaded pistol in each hand; nor should we hear of clauses being inserted in French wills directing that a surgeon shall be called in to perform the operation which is effected automatically by the Belgian coffin. One cannot but think that the energies and skill of the Belgian inventor would have been better applied, not to take away life in the coffin, but to devise adequate means for preventing the rare but possible cases of persons being buried wittingly or unwittingly who were really not dead. As years go on, and among other burial reforms in this country the time of keeping bodies so long above ground is still further curtailed, the possibility of premature burial will be such as to make any proposal for testing, so to speak, the reality of death by others than professional men a really useful addition to our scientific knowledge.

It is not generally known that the Pope is a poet. But he is; and recently he distributed among his Cardinals copies of an *édition de luxe* of his Latin effusions. The book is printed on rose paper, with a border of engravings. The total number of poems is thirty-three. They are arranged in chronological order, the first being dated 1828. His Holiness has also translated them into Italian verse, and these translations are included in the volume, which is an octavo, bearing the title "Leonis XIII. Pont. Max. Carmina."

"I READ a few days ago in a Tory journal," says Mr. Labouchere, of London *Truth*, "an enthusiastic allusion to Lord Beaconsfield's 'fine epigram' about critics being 'those who have failed in literature and art.' Lord Beaconsfield's novels are very brilliant and amusing, and often highly instructive; but he was a most audacious plagiarist, and only very innocent or ignorant people will quote his good things with admiration. This very epigram, which occurs in 'Lothair,' is boldly gleaned from Walter Savage Landor's 'imaginary conversation' between Porson and Southey, in which the former says, 'Those who have failed as writers turn reviewers.' One constantly finds that Lord Beaconsfield's undiscerning admirers are giving him credit for inventing the phrase 'gondola of London' for the hansom, but this felicitous idea was a crib from Balzac."

THE well-preserved skeleton of an enormous aurochs has been found at Aken, on the Elbe, by some workmen occupied in digging a canal. The horns, from one extremity to the other, measured over nine feet. The vertebrae and ribs resemble those of the antediluvian monsters. As the aurochs avoids the proximity of man, and as the district where the skeleton has been found was thickly populated at the time of Julius Caesar, it is believed that the skeleton is about 2,000 years old.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

THE SPY SYSTEM.

To the Editor of The Week:

SIR,—A remarkable phase of modern times is the development of a class whose source of income is an occupation which a generation or two ago would have made them the objects of universal contempt, and which in the times of chivalry could not have existed for a day. We refer to the numerous army of detectives of various kinds to be found at every centre of population. With regard to the properly constituted detective staff in connection with the police department of every city, who are under authority and on the civic salary list, we have nothing to say, except that where they are well conducted and conscientious in the discharge of their duty they are entitled to the respect and support of the community as a valuable branch of the police service. Our business is at present with the outside volunteer class. A prominent citizen, a few days since, was reported as deploring the spy system, he having seen instances which convinced him that its inevitable tendency was to make men suspicious of their neighbours, and to create a general distrust and want of confidence in the community. One thing is quite apparent, that, if the system is to be permitted, it should be placed under legal restriction, and be supervised by responsible officials of undoubted integrity and sound judgment. What is the object of the detective business? Evidently the bringing of criminals to justice, and thus protecting society against their deprivations. But it is to be observed that it is not to the interest of the detective to prevent the commission of crime; his interest lies the other way, because the more crimes committed the more money for him. Bank losses arising from forgery, defalcation, etc., make a harvest for him; and they appear to be.