

whole concern becomes a scandal and a swindle. This has been the case the world over, in horse-racing, pedestrianism, rowing and the rest—professional competitions in any of these bring together the betting element, and in its train come the greatest blackguards in the community. It is impossible as yet to say what is the key to Hanlan's reverse—whether he has indeed met a better sculler, or whether, tiring of winning mere stakes which do not pay his expenses, he has sold himself to the pool-ring. Be the upshot what it may, his glory is departed, and the people who made a demi-god of a man of no calibre and questionable antecedents merely because he had the knack of using his knees better than other scullers he had met, may well profit by the lesson, and be more discriminating in conferring future honours.

THE gentleman who perpetrates the "Editorial Notes" of the *Mail* may some day develop into a writer, but his knowledge of business is exceedingly crude. He quotes a remark made in *Pan* referring to a pictorial satire on the depression of trade in England. "I assure you, miss," a merchant is made to say to a customer, "business is so bad that I have been compelled to enlarge my establishment and put in larger plate-glass throughout." This the *Mail* writer thinks is an "unconscious hit-off of Canadian calamity-hunters"—meaning by that, those who claim that the N. P. has produced rotten trade. His ignorance of the elements of commercial affairs, however, causes him to miss the point of the satire. Experience has taught that when trade is booming the retailer has no need to push his business; purchasers with full purses go right to the store they have been accustomed to patronize, without any extraneous inducements such as puffing or structural attractions. But it is when trade is depressed—when money is scarce, and customers buy cautiously, comparing quotations and qualities—that the man with true business instinct keeps his name and occupation constantly before the public, makes his warehouse more attractive, and even extends it, to induce customers to buy his goods. Indeed, the first thing a retail business man has to learn when "things are bad" is: If you cannot any longer sell small quantities at a large margin of profit, purchase more extensively and be content with a reduced margin. In a word, go in for small profits and quick returns. This is precisely what is going on in England. The cotton trade has gone through a period of terrible depression. On every hand failure and loss have been experienced. Goods made on this continent are sold in the Manchester market. Yet there are new factories springing up every day, especially in the Oldham district. And the investors expect to make money—why? Business being so bad, they have "enlarged their establishments," and the distributors of the goods they manufacture will probably put into their shops "larger plate-glass windows" to show them off and tempt new purchasers.

It has come to this: That the insane attempts to discover the North Pole which originated in research and were continued in foolish emulation, have now ended in horror. There seems no escape from the conclusion that the survivors of the Greely Expedition were compelled to eat their dead comrades to preserve their own lives. Conceding the truth of the report, it is difficult to read with patience the screeds of writers who stay at home in ease, glibly express abhorrence for cannibalism under any circumstances, and declare they would perish rather than prolong existence by eating human flesh. It is very doubtful whether most men similarly situated would not have done the same thing, slow starvation being by consent one of the most horrible of deaths. But the fact that the expedition cost near a score of lives, and brought the survivors to cannibalism and the verge of death once more brings the question to the fore: Is the game worth the candle—ought Arctic Expeditions to be encouraged? Absolutely nothing of great value has been added to the world's knowledge by later attempts to fathom the secrets of the polar seas, and from the time of the *Hector* and the *Fury* down to the present the records of "polar expeditions" are also the chronicles of fearful sufferings and agonizing death.

AN enthusiastic writer in the *Philadelphia Progress* claims that New York provides its visitors with an unceasing and varied round of public amusements. It talks of doing very much more in this direction than it accomplishes, but he questions if there is any city in the world where the attractions, so-called, are so many and so much worth spending money to enjoy. Its latest project is an establishment which it is hoped to open early in the fall, and which will include under one roof a great roller skating rink, archery courts, bowling alleys, gymnasium, etc., with a grand hotel for balls and carnivals. The company is called "The Elite Roller Skating Rink Company," and they have secured the estate of Peter A. Hegeman, covering half a block on the west side of Eighth Avenue,

between Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh Streets. The decorations of the hall are to be of the most elaborate and magnificent description.

PROF. THOROLD ROGERS' article in the *Fortnightly Review*, which more fully traverses the same ground as that written for *Bradstreet's* on the House of Lords, is causing quite a furore in England. One distinguished writer says that "six months ago no editor would have published it." Now it is copied all over the country. The general impression seems to be that the paper must be taken *cum grano*. Mr. Rogers finds there is neither law nor precedent for some of the Lords' most cherished privileges. Having demonstrated that the House of Lords has no legal existence, he points out that its peerages are nearly all modern. He writes in an amusing manner of the House of Cecil. It was the most distinguished created in the days of the Stuarts. The family had become opulent by the plunder of the church. The first noble of the younger stock was the adviser of that arbitrary taxation which led to the fall of the monarchy. His son was a parliamentarian and a regicide. The fourth earl was a Papist.

Thenceforward the family became obscure, was duly raised to the marquise, and is now represented by the reputed leader of the Opposition, who has been educated in the House of Commons and by the *Saturday Review*, from the latter of which teachers he has probably derived his incessant and startling inaccuracy, his habitual recklessness, and his lofty contempt for anybody but himself.

The Duke of Argyll is accused of being wanting in human sympathy. Lord Rosebery, even, receives a passing shot. In fact, the whole house is bad and superfluous. The Cabinet is the only second chamber necessary.

THE *Fortnightly* has yet another paper in which Lord Salisbury is handled without gloves. The writer concludes by proposing that Lord Salisbury should retire from a political career in which he is damaging his reputation as a great nobleman, a scholar, an exemplary head of a household, a generous landlord, and a fine gentleman.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY is an English gentleman who usually has some "theory" in hand. His latest theory is that Shakespeare's sonnets are not Shakespeare's—or, at any rate some of them are Marlowe's. In an interesting article in the *Nineteenth Century* he explains all this—to his own satisfaction—his chief reason for the new departure being that the sonnets are wanting in unity of thought and expression. It is not at all probable that Dr. Mackay's latest theory will be generally accepted, his reasons for scepticism not being deep enough. All the same, the paper is well worth reading.

THE English Civil List, just published, once more shows that the State recognizes merit, other than military merit, very cheaply. Eight pensions were granted during 1884. Mr. Matthew Arnold and Dr. Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary," are down for \$1,250 a year—not a fabulous recognition when compared with \$135,000 awarded to the winner of Tel-el-Kebir. Mr. Furnivall, Shakespearean scholar and literary critic, gets \$750; Sir Richard Owen, comparative anatomist, \$500; and Mr. Edward Edwards, \$400. Rev. Charles Southey, because he is the son of the poet Southey, Mrs. Moncrieff, because her husband, the commander, was killed at Suakim, get \$500 a year each.

AN English "society" journal is responsible for the *on dit* that a new club has been opened in London, and it is attended, it appears, by some of the most elegant idiots to be found. The young gentlemen are instructed in the mystic arts of chaffing a cad, bonneting a bobby, and drinking B. and S. All the slang of Piccadilly and Brighton is poured into their willing ears. Instruction is also imparted upon the "Darby," the "h'Ascot," and the "h'Oaks." They are posted on the rowing gossip of Oxford and Cambridge, and are also initiated into third-rate club scandal concerning the aristocracy. "Burke's Peerage" and a sporting paper are the text-books used. Clubites are posted on the latest London swell fashions in canes and dogs. If a good strong hose could be played upon the intellects of the creatures every morning it might save them from an early grave.

WHEN the late Mr. Solomon's remarkable picture, "Waiting for the Verdict," was exhibited at the Royal Academy, it took the world by surprise. Amongst the spectators was Thomas Landseer the engraver, brother to Sir Edwin, and a few congenial spirits. "Waiting for the Verdict" was hung above the line, but the Royal Academicians had their own pictures exhibited on the approved level. Thomas Landseer was in ecstasies with the young, and up to that time undistinguished, artist's work, and waving his hand towards it, exclaimed: "There is Solomon in all his glory, but he was not R. A. 'd (arrayed) like one of these," pointing to the paintings of the favoured Academicians.