

There are signs that the great strike which so seriously affected the well-being of London is gradually coming to an end. One by one the various employers of labor are conceding the reasonable demands of the men, who are in these instances gradually returning to their work. It is probable that in the end good will result from the movement, as employers will scarcely court a repetition of so formidable a combination.

We cannot help once more noting the fact that, while the American Atlantic coast has again been visited by storms of unusual severity, accompanied by great tidal waves, overflowing the usual highwater mark, to it is roughly said, 100 feet inland, our own favored Province has been, so far, happily exempted from the great oceanic and atmospheric disturbances of which the records for all parts of the world have been so full both last year and this. Truly Nova Scotians may not only be proud of their Province, but thankful to be residents within its peaceful and equable boundaries.

At a Conservative picnic about a fortnight since, held at St. Hilaire (Quebec) the Hon. Mr. Chapleau made one of his best speeches. Dwelling at some length on the mischievousness of the anti-Jesuit Bill agitation, he made, among many others, the following remarks:—"I am addressing French Canadians. We are the minority in confederation, but we should not so consider ourselves; we must not look upon ourselves as a separate nationality having rights to favors. What we must ask are our rights and not favors. We have but one desire, and that is to live happy in Canada. All the races which compose the population of Canada must consider that they form but one nation, the Canadian nation. Each must forgive the difference of creed which must divide us. We French Canadians and Catholics have no more, no less rights than have our English Protestant compatriots." Surely utterances so absolutely right and so purely patriotic should appeal to every Canadian mind not distorted by the factiousness of political intrigue.

A Revd. Canon of the Episcopal Church has intimated his intention of introducing at the next Synod another sort of canon forbidding clergymen of the Ecclesiastical Province to celebrate the marriage of any person whose divorced husband or wife is still living. We doubt the wisdom of issuing manifestos which cannot but prove futile, and will therefore do more harm than good. We should be very sorry to see in Canada any approach to the laxity of the incoherent divorce laws of the various States of the Union, or to the public opinion which permits their enactment and tolerates their existence. Yet even in far less impatient and more self-restrained communities thought is tending towards the opinion that where two persons become incompatible, and one of them becomes criminal, there is no valid reason why, at all events the innocent one, should be debarred from all chance of happiness in the future, while it is not inconsistent with Christian charity to permit the same privilege even to the guilty. At all events this is what the law of the land sanctions under certain moderate restrictions.

A somewhat curious question has arisen out of Mr. Greenway's determination to suppress the efficient use of the French language in Manitoba. The Government of that Province has already stopped printing the official Gazette in French, the legislature, it is implied, being prepared to decline to vote the requisite appropriation. On the other hand the Constitution provides that all public documents shall be printed in French as well as English. Mr. Greenway's action would therefore seem to savor of illegality, yet it is impossible to compel a legislature to vote supplies when the majority refuse to do so. The abolition of the altogether superfluous and expensive use of the French language is undoubtedly a desideratum; but, as a morning city contemporary justly remarks, "even a good thing requires to be done decently and in good order," and it is to be regretted that Mr. Greenway's methods so often err on the side of precipitancy. We are in accord with that Minister's desire in the matter, but it might perhaps have been well if he had taken time to set himself unmistakably right on the constitutional question.

In vain it would seem did Hood write the most pathetic of his poems, the Song of the Shirt. The day in which he wrote it was one of universal hope of social reform of all kinds, and the sweating of the unfortunate women by the greed of heartless wholesale-men, and their still more brutal agents, was vaguely supposed to be merely a lingering remnant of the tyranny of capital which must certainly go down after such an appeal. In point of fact the appeal did have a great effect, and much effort was put forth in behalf of the helpless creatures whose life was being crushed out of them. But, like many other good impulses it died out, and when the lofty hopes of peace and progress which animated the period of the Reform Bill ultimately gave way to an adoration of wealth more cynical and unblushing than the world had perhaps yet seen, the oppressors great and small quietly resumed their starvation tactics, and, there being none to check them, became, as before, a law unto themselves. Some startling facts have been elicited by a board of tailors, cutters, and manufacturers, as to the methods by which ready-made clothing is made in New York. "By working," says the report, "sixteen hours a day a man can earn \$4 a week, the sick and well are huddled together in a stress of poverty. Men and women work, eat and sleep in one small room. Twelve are crowded within walls where six would be too many. Sanitary arrangements for both sexes are simply indecent, contagious fevers abound, and woollen clothes are good conductors of disease. The people employed are chiefly foreigners, but that does not lessen the piteousness of such a state of things, and even Montreal has not been without a suspicion of methods of oppression, not, it is true, so bad as these, yet verging on the uttermost use of capital to extort the last farthing's worth from the helpless.

A correspondent in the *Island Reporter* has turned our reference favoring a Maritime Union into a plea for repeal and disunion. Let the writer not be mistaken; we have no part or lot with the politicians that cry repeal with their lips, while their hearts are far from it. Repeal is an impossibility, a mere political subterfuge, a shameful delusion, but patriotism and an honest desire to further the interest of the land in which we live, and more particularly the Provinces down by the sea, lead us to believe that Maritime Union would be a strong factor in advancing our material prosperity.

The Provincial Government have shown not a little boldness in their Railway, Bridge and Road policy; but after all they have failed to grapple with the great question of immigration, which is of such vital importance, more particularly to our agricultural interests. It avails nothing to throw the responsibility on to the Dominion Government. That Government has vast tracts of land in the West yet to be occupied, and hence aid from the Federal authorities need not be looked for. We want an active immigration policy as vigorous, as persistent, and as comprehensive as that of the American States.

It is the half-heartedness of so many of our people that makes some persons lose faith in our sea-washed Provinces, but the spirit of renewed hope is abroad. We shall not be slow in heralding the gospel of progress. The man who is satisfied with the farming methods of a gone generation is not likely to be a successful farmer of to-day. What we are anxious to see is a desire on the part of the bluenoses to farm, to fish, to mine, to manufacture, to do what they have to do in the most expeditious and the most economical manner. Let this be the aim of our people. Nova Scotia's prosperity will advance by leaps and bounds.

A few Nova Scotian divines are evidently tooting alarmist horns over the Jesuit question, and trying to frighten us into the belief that the Jesuit order is again likely to gain a foothold in Canada. Can such men believe for a moment what they preach, or are they ignorant of the wonderful march of intelligence which marks this age, and which would render Jesuit supremacy under obsolete conditions as impossible as it would be to abandon modern means of travel, and depend upon the stage coach. The agitation is silly and unchristian, and if the foolish agitators imagine that the intelligent people of Nova Scotia are going to get into a fevered state of mind over the question, they have counted without their host, and will most assuredly find themselves in an ignominious minority.

Says the *Popular Science Monthly*:—"The surface waters in the Gulf stream teem with minute life of all kinds. There the young of larger animals exist, microscopic in size; and adult animals which never grow large enough to be plainly visible to the naked eye occur in immense quantities. By dragging a fine silk net behind the vessel these minute forms are easily taken, and when placed in glass dishes millions uncounted are seen swimming backward and forward. When looked at through a microscope we see young jelly-fishes, the young of barnacles, crabs, and shrimps, besides the adult microscopic species, which are very abundant. The toothless whale finds in these his only food. Rushing through the water, with mouth wide open, by means of his whalebone strainers the minute forms are separated from the water. Swallowing those obtained after a short period of straining, he repeats the operation. The abundance of this kind of life can be judged from the fact that nearly all kinds of whales exist exclusively upon these animals, most of them so small that they are not noticeable on the surface." The Prince of Monaco read a paper recently, having for its object the possibility of a shipwrecked boat's crew keeping themselves alive, (with some necessary appliance) like the whales, but it seems to have escaped His Highness that probably no part of the seas is so richly furnished with this means of sustaining life as the gulf stream and the adjacent Sargasso sea. Elsewhere, so far as we know, the chances of sustenance would be very much less.

Colonel Sir W. F. Butler, who when a lieutenant, did good service in the Red River Expedition of 1870, and who is the author of *The Great Lone Land*, and *The Wild North Land*, has recently written a very interesting *Life of Charles George Gordon*, the hero of the Taiping War in China, and of Khartoum, where a vacillating ministry left him to close his heroic career in what may be called martyrdom. The life of such a man is of course full of points of interest far too numerous to admit of our attempting any notice of them, but Col. Butler's book, which is written in the crisp and original style peculiarly his own, will well repay perusal. We will, however, mention one circumstance in Gordon's family history which happens to be connected with Halifax. The great clan of the Gordons were almost to a man supporters of Charles Edward. One of them, however, David Gordon, was in the Hanoverian service in a regiment known as Liscelles', and was taken prisoner by the victorious Highlanders at Gladsmair. This gentleman was the great grandfather of the late General, and, it seems, continuing his service, died at Halifax six years after the battle of Culloden, leaving an only son called William Augustus after the Duke of Cumberland. The young orphan thus left in Halifax, bereaved of his father and under some obloquy which still attached to the Highland clans, succeeded in getting "a pair of colors," as an ensign was then called in the common parlance of the day, while yet a mere boy, and subsequently saw service at Louisburg in 1756, and a year later stood in the memorable fight on the plains of Abraham. William Augustus married in 1773, and had a large family, among whom was William Henry, born in 1786, who became an officer of Artillery, fought at Maida, and died a Lieutenant-General at an advanced age in 1865. This gentleman also had a large family, one of whom was Charles George, born in 1833, and destined to die at Khartoum fifty-two years later all but two days.