

speaker, a mace also, and a resplendent sword for the sergeant-at-arms. Swords come expensive to be sure, but a very pretty tin one might be got at a trifling expense.

Toronto still continues to be a very paradise for thieves. They can carry on their operations with very little fear of molestation. Driven out of New York, Buffalo, Chicago, and other wicked cities in the States, they can come here and ply their trade in all peacefulness and security. Burglaries have been more or less a nightly thing for two or three months back, and yet there has not been a single arrest. How is this? Have the detectives fallen asleep altogether? Can they get no trace of the thieves? Do the robbers vanish so completely that not the slightest clue is left of their whereabouts? Perhaps if those citizens whose houses are burglarized, would bring actions against the city for the loss of their property, there might be some improvement. The city authorities undertake to protect us. We pay for protection. If we are not protected is there any good reason why the city should not be responsible for our losses?

It is that the new minister of Charles St. Presbyterian church in this city is likely to do well. All his people are well satisfied, and he seems likely to harmonize certain discordant elements which have hitherto proved insurmountable obstacles in the way of a pastor's success. It is said that he means to hold his own in the session, and that if he is not, both in name and in deed, the presiding elder of that congregation, he will know the reason why.

There is a very evident inclination on the part of farmers generally throughout Ontario to enter heart and soul into the question of Agricultural Institutes. There have been several of those held within the past two or three weeks in different parts of the country, and a very gratifying degree of interest has been taken in them. They have been well attended, farmers from all parts of the surrounding district being present, in many cases accompanied by wives and daughters. The papers read on different subjects bearing on farm management have all been good, and many of them have been excellent. The discussions have been able, earnest, and always thoroughly practical. In every way these institutes are commending themselves to the farming community as a necessity of their existence. For one thing, they afford a pleasant break in the monotony of existence. At a time of year when there is not much work to be done about the farm, they give the farmer and his family a capital excuse for a little holiday trip. Then the benefits which the farmer gets by meeting with other agriculturists from different parts of the country, and exchanging views with them on various topics connected with their industry, can hardly be over-estimated. He gets a number of new ideas. His mind is quickened and enlarged. He feels an increased respect for the large and influential body of citizens of which he is a member. He listens to the speeches made, and is glad to think that the men who can make such good speeches are farmers like himself. He may be even moved to air some of his own pet theories of farming, and all he knows, may in so doing be conferring a very great benefit to his country. We are confident that these institutions, conducted as ably as they have been, and with the improvements which may be expected from year to year, will do much to reconcile many young men to farm life, and prevent them from rushing off to the cities, crowding still further the already crowded

avenues of work there, and entering upon a life for which, in many cases, they are not at all suited.

Widows ambitious of big houses are not confined to any localities. We have them in Toronto as well as elsewhere. But the one who caps the climax has just stepped into the arena. This is Mrs. Mark Hopkins, and she has begun operations on a mansion which with its grounds is to cost something like \$5,000,000. Toronto must throw up the sponge. Five millions can't be beat. To what purpose all the waste?

A fraudulent creditor in Rochester, N. Y. has recently come to grief. H. B. Clafliton & Co., of New York, got a judgment against him a year ago for \$209,886.73. The execution issued was returned unsatisfied. On December 20th, 1883, the debtor made an assignment to one Wolf, making his wife a preferred creditor for \$5,000. The Judge before whom the case came found that the preference was made to defraud, and that the debtor had about \$200,000. The rogue will now have to pay the amount of the judgment and the costs of the action.

Geo. Augustus Sala, the famous English journalist, was refreshingly frank in telling the Yankees that he had come among them to make money. He will not find his candor tell against his pocket. Americans know how it is themselves, and they can respect a man who tells them, without any beating about the bush, that he has come after their shekels.

What, by the way, is the law about shaking hands? Some, far from bad fellows, and neither nervous nor suspicious, are bothered about the whole subject. We know one man, for instance, who once, many years ago, thought he knew a distinguished politician so well as to offer to shake hands with him. He accordingly "extended" in the usual way, but there was no response, and he dropped the "member" by his side and he talked as foolish as a young lad caught in his first kiss. Many years have passed, and never yet have those two men joined hands, and never will though they should live to the crack of doom, and though both are on the same side. But here comes in the mischief. To prevent a similar rebuff, that man's dexter is often not ready when others are extended, and there is an awkwardness. Perhaps others have registered the same vow as himself. Who knows?

The whole philosophy of hand-shaking, by the way, is curious and frequently suggestive. There is an old curmudger of a fool seen frequently on the streets of Toronto who has a graduated scale of "shakes" from one finger up to a whole hand. He tried the "two" once with a fiery young man who seized the offending digits, threw them back in the owner's face, and merely said as he turned on his heel, "You confounded idiot." Was that wrong or right? Who shall say? It is always well, however, to be sure. Another got perfectly angry, nay furious at one who, in his estimation tried the same dodge but, after he had fumed for about a week, he learned that the sinews of that man's hand were so shrunk up that two fingers was the utmost he could give to any body.

What shall be said of the different kinds of hands? It would be difficult to enumerate or describe them, yet every one it is to be supposed has its own particular significance and its appropriate value. A friend of ours tells us that he never was so dreadfully taken aback as when one of the learned professors of Toronto lifted his hat to him. It sent a cold shiver down his spine. "What

have I done," he asked that "that man should insult me so?" "I never was so treated in my life." "Does he mean to poke fun at me?" "He knows he is infinitely my superior in every respect, why then mortify me so? Is this his way of saying, you should lift your hat to me?" We rather think that hat lifting has never been explained, though possibly nothing either bad or mocking was meant by it after all. Perhaps the man really had a great respect for the shy mortal. Who knows?

Last week certain blackguards entered the house of Mr. Pearson, a Methodist clergyman of Napanee, while he was absent at a Scott Act meeting, and rudely demanded entertainment from the family, saying they had been sent by the Licensed Victuallers. After they had been refused and ejected, they smashed all the windows with stones. Now if this is the liquor-sellers' idea of what is right and proper conduct, the decent people of Napanee will no doubt know how to deal with them. If they imagine that rowdiness of that kind is going to help them they are hugely mistaken, as anybody not fuddled with whiskey can understand. We hesitate to believe that any but the lowest of the liquor-dealers of Napanee had anything to do with this outrage. Indeed, we are certain that the respectable men among them, who not only love fair play, but who know what is best for their own interest, will be the strongest in their condemnation of such rowdiness.

Speaking neither as a Tory nor as a Reformer, neither as a lover of Sir John A. Macdonald nor a devotee of Edward Blake, but as an independent watcher of the course of public events, that tries to form an opinion according to the actual facts of the case, TRUTH fancies that Sir John Macdonald is not nearly so anxious nowadays to meet workmen and talk with them about their grievances and the hard times, discussing various plans for improvement and all that, as he was during the last hard times in '73, when he got into power largely through the influence of workingmen, and unemployed workmen at that. It is clearly a case of *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*. Times change and we change with them. It is "hard times" now as it was "hard times" then, but things have changed so far that Sir John was out of power then, and very badly wanted to get in; he is in power now and wants to stay if he can, and as a consequence feels a little shy at meeting men whom he persuaded so plausibly as to the merits of the N. P., that if they would only vote for him and bring the N. P. into being, hard times would ever afterwards be either altogether lonely, or deprived of its terrible sting of penury and want of work; everything would be lovely, and if they did not every one of them sit under their own individual fig-tree, it would be their own fault, and not the fault of the glorious policy which was to place Canada in the front rank among the nations of the world.

Robinson, the irrepressible, has again been posing in Congress as the champion of pure and undefiled Americanism. He had the usual platitude to utter about "snobs" and "dudes" and "love for American institutions," and "contaminating influences of foreign aristocracy," etc., etc. He is keeping his hand in as tail twister in oratory to the British lion.

Suppose that Britain and France were again to catch each other by the ears in brute dog fashion, and try to do each other as much hurt as they possibly could, how would the French Canadians act? Would

they be enthusiastic in their resolution to cut the throats and blow out the brains of their brethren in La Belle France? We don't believe they would, and more than that, we don't believe that it would be right for them to show any such alacrity. This throat-cutting, brain-blowing-out brutality which men have been calling glorious war, is just about as detestable a thing as one can think of, and why, of all people in the world, the English should think of the French as their national enemies, is just as difficult to see as anything well can be. Things, we suppose, have not got that length yet. Surely it won't be long till the time when any inter-national difficulty will be settled in a rational fashion by arbitration, or, for the matter of that, by the toss of a copper. Better, even the latter, a thousand times, than that old beastly plan of getting thousands and tens of thousands of people, who had never a quarrel with each other, to fly at each other's throats and make corpses of each other.

There is one great thing to be said in favor of annexation of new lands by Britain, and that is that absolute freedom of opinion goes wherever her power and influence is felt. Under the British flag men can speak as they will, and that is more than can be said of almost any other power on the face of the earth. It is a ticklish business to hold and avow an unpopular opinion in many parts of the States. Of course people are free, and all that, "over there," yet they can stand less talk against their particular institutions than one would expect from people who have breathed the air of freedom so long. In short, a great number of our neighbors are thin-skinned, too much so for their own comfort. We venture to say that all our political ways and works could be criticized with greater freedom by a Yankee in any part of Canada than could be attempted on the other side, without the risk of the hat being knocked over the offender's eyes. Perhaps, however, this cool, almost indifferent spirit, is a bad sign. Who shall say?

But at the same time we must add that an exception must be made in religious matters. It would be difficult, nay impossible, to find any place in the States where the brutal periodical religious riots of Montreal and Newfoundland would be tolerated for half an hour. The stupid bigotry of such proceedings as the Chiniquy or Gavazzi riots, let us hope, could not be met with out of Canada or Mexico. Of course there was, and could be, no religion about them, but it speaks ill for the moral and religious atmosphere of such places that such things are still possible.

The most recent fashionable conversion from English Protestantism to the Roman Catholic Church is Sir Phillip Rose and his family of six. The event is having a good deal of attention paid to it in religious journals. Sir Phillip is the son of Lord Beaconsfield's solicitor.

All lovers of justice, liberty, and fair play must rejoice at the decision of a judge in California who recently gave judgment in the case of a Chinese girl born in the country against the lady principal of one of the public schools, that all Chinese children born in this country are entitled to all the privileges provided for by the fourteenth amendment.

Bismarck is having some very unpleasant experiences in these days. He has been so accustomed to play the tyrant in the Reichstag, that the frequent defeats he is now meeting with must be galling.