

Girls should follow the example of Miss Terry, the celebrated actress. It is said that this sensible lady always expresses her horror of tight stays. Says she could not be bothered with them, that they destroy all real gracefulness of carriage. They are both ugly and dangerous. Now girls, surely you will admit that a woman like Miss Terry knows what she is talking about. Why, it is a great part of her business to look as well as she can, and certainly a graceful easy carriage is a very large part of looking well, and if she condemns all but very easy shoes, then surely her example may be very safely followed. It is said that her shoes and boots are made to fit so easily that she can even take them off without unlacing them. The result is that she has a very model of a foot, but not any better than the feet of thousands of women would be if they only gave nature a fair chance, and did not force her in spite of herself to produce a monstrosity. Corns, bunions, in-grown toe-nails, swellings, and callosities etc., etc., are all the results of this silly craze for wishing to appear to have very small feet. It is only a question of degree after all between the Christian lady and the heathen Chinese. They are both equally foolish, and both suffer because of their transgressions of nature's laws.

Not a few persons profess to believe that it will not be long before Mr. Gladstone retires from public life, and as Mr. Disraeli did before him, hides himself and his fame under a title—Earl Hawarden, or however else it may be. For our part we shall act the part of Thomas the Doubter and be content to believe such a thing when we see it. It is true, as is said, that Gladstone has not gone the lengths in the Franchise Bill agitation in condemnation of the House of Lords, as some other Liberals have done; but it is building a very unwarrantable structure on a slim foundation, to conclude from this that he has his eye fixed on a peerage for himself. It will be a grievous disappointment to thousands if Mr. Gladstone consents to die adorned with any other title than that highest of all titles, "The greatest of the Commons." Gladstone could gain nothing by a title. He would lose much. In his case a title would be even more unmeaning than it is in other cases. He has made the name of "Gladstone" famous and immortal, why should he wish to bury it under a feudal title? Of course it may be said, there is no necessity for him burying the name of Gladstone. He could just as easily be Lord Gladstone of Hawarden as Tennyson is Baron Tennyson of D'Lyacourt. That of course is true. Still it is by no means certain that Tennyson exalted himself much in the eyes of mankind by accepting what he did, and the same thing we think could be said of Gladstone if he should do likewise. In the meantime however, speculation is out of the question. We must just wait patiently till events declare themselves. In the nature of things it can't be very long now before Gladstone has to retire to more private life. Even his marvellous mind and no less marvellous body must find their limit of endurance beyond which they will refuse to be urged. It remains to be seen whether he will chose to end his days in the dignified retirement of the House of Lords, or as simple Mr. Gladstone of Hawarden. Our own belief is that it will be the latter.

In a Manchester (Eng) paper we see the following mention made of some common sense advice given by a doctor of that city to a young man who had come to him asking for a sleeping draught. "Go home and eat a good supper; that's all you want." It was pretty late at night. Somewhere in

the neighborhood of eleven o'clock. The young fellow was prejudiced against eating anything after supper, and said as much. Whereupon the doctor proceeded to enlighten him still further. He told him it was the merest prejudice the practice of not touching food between six or seven o'clock in the evening and seven or eight o'clock the next morning. It is perfectly true, as many could testify from their own experience. If there is no desire for food before going to bed, there is no need to take any of course. The probabilities are in such a case that it will be very much better not to take anything. But if one is hungry, the probabilities in nine cases out of ten are in quite the opposite direction. The hunger is nature's own call for food. The stomach is saying as plainly as it can, "I've rested long enough. I can't rest till morning." If its cry is unattended to, it does not cease right away, but keeps up its clamor for two or three hours it may be, after its owner is in bed, and succeeds very effectually in driving away sleep. Let that owner have sense enough to get up and take some slight refectation, and the likelihoods are that when he again lays his head on the pillow he will soon find himself in dreamland.

Mary Anderson, the American actress, whose beauty and talent have been so cordially appreciated in England, has not been spared the lash of severe criticism on these accounts. Her "Juliet" has been all but universally condemned by the London critics. Some of them spoke of it in terms that were severe even to bitterness. The very mildest of them say she is a complete failure in that part. They agree in saying that she has no appreciation of the character of Juliet. One critic says she never gets beyond the ranting of a school-girl well pleased at having a lover. Another says she never for a moment loses self-consciousness, and that she always thinks more of effective posing than of the emotions she is trying to depict. In the balcony scene they say she is worse than anywhere else. Altogether, if Miss Anderson heeds what the critics say of her, she will conclude that a great deal of hard work is needed yet before her "Juliet" is even passable. Many of the most judicious London critics deny that Miss Anderson has histrionic genius, though they all admit that she has plenty of talent, and what, perhaps, is even more useful than talent when genius is wanting,—beauty of face and figure.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, has added a fresh bitterness to life, by giving a new impetus to that old question, "What is a gentleman?" In a recent lecture he ventured on the statement that no Englishman can be a gentleman, because he is continually looking down on somebody, and looking up to somebody else. There is no Englishman, he says, so humble or so high, that is not at once condescending and humble, a state of things which he considers fatal to all chance of gentlemanhood.

Every one who has a large correspondence with the American States must often wish that we had the same two-cent postal law that our neighbors enjoy. There seems no good reason why we should not. The two-cent regulation works well enough over there. The results have been very satisfactory, the receipts being now but little short of what they were when three cents was the rate, and with very great likelihood that before very long they will be greater. The receipts of the U.S. Postoffice Department for the year ending June 30th, 1883, amounted in round numbers to \$45,

000,000. Then came the two-cent rate and the total for the year 1883-4 fell to \$42,681,800. A considerable deficiency of course, but still one that showed that the volume of business had largely increased and that in a few years gain and not loss will be the result of the change. The question for our Government to decide is whether they can afford, in all probability, an immediate decrease, for the sake of ultimate increase of revenue.

Every year it may be said with greater truthfulness of the fur-trade of Canada "the glory hath departed." It is scarcely a shadow of its former self. The day when Montreal was the great fur-emporium of the continent has passed away—it is much to be feared, forever. The buffalo from the North-West have been almost exterminated. At the present rate of destruction it will hardly be many years before they are numbered as among the extinct animals. It is said by some, indeed, that Canada has almost ceased to be a fur-importing country. The Montreal *Witness* says this is partially due at least to the fact that of late years fashion has called most loudly for Asiatic furs and seal-skins. As a sign of the changed state of things it is pointed out that many years ago the beaver skin was the raint of exchange for \$1. But now a good skin of that kind will bring \$10.

The prevalence of cholera in Europe during the past summer, and the likelihood that America also will be visited before very long, has compelled more attention to sanitary matters than would otherwise have been given them. We are glad that a Sanitary Association has been formed in Toronto. There ought to have been one long ago. Better late than never, however. Now that there is one, we trust that its members will do all in their power to create a right public sentiment with regard to sanitation. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages of cleanliness, or the dangers of unsanitary conditions of person and surroundings. Many lives are lost every year, there can be no doubt of it, that might have been spared had the most ordinary hygienic principles been attended to. Why should attention not be given to sanitary science in all our schools? Children cannot begin too young to learn at any rate, the elementary laws of health. As far as we know there is no suitable text-book on the subject, and no systematic endeavour to give correct ideas on this important subject to the rising generation. If children nowadays must learn everything, then let hygienic science form part of their regular curriculum. If they can't learn everything, and selections have to be made, then let some other study, less important than this, give place. It is more necessary if both cannot be learned, that children should be instructed in the necessity for personal cleanliness, and cleanliness in all their habits and surroundings, than that they should study the names of rivers in Africa, or the mysteries of intricate analysis.

A new departure, and a sensible one, has been made in University College. Noted lecturers have been engaged to give several lectures on their special subjects during the season, the lectures to be open to all who choose to pay for the privilege. Professor Proctor's astronomical lectures were largely attended, and the Literary Society, under whose auspices this course has been adopted, has good reason to be pleased with its success.

We were under the pleasing delusion that,

big hats had been banished from the domain of feminine adornment. But alas for our budding hopes! The other night at a concert, despair overwhelmed us again, for a girl sat right in front of us with a hat so large that it took fully half a minute to stretch one's neck sufficiently to get a peek round the edge of it at the platform. Women who wear such hats ought really to be charged double price. It isn't fair to other ticket holders who have the misfortune, as we had, to get behind them. They make good fire-screens, but a fire-screen is just what a fellow don't like to see in front of him, when he would very much rather look at something else. There is an impertinent affronting about these hats that is specially aggravating to anyone who is naturally irritable. They force themselves on his attention in a way that is so totally uncalled for. They circumscribe his view in a maddening way, and compel him to study them in all their hideous, over-grown enormity whether he will or no. Every ribbon flaunts itself defiantly before him. It dares him to touch it with a finger, knowing right well as it does that he would give almost anything, to snatch the whole barbaric edifice away, and spoil its haughty pride forevermore. We don't care how pretty the face in front of the hat may be, it's mighty uncomfortable to be forced to sit for an hour or two with nothing to look at but an ugly mass of felt or straw, some strapping hairs, and may be just a gleam of neck, not always like the snow drift."

A terrible tale of inhuman cruelty was reported, the other week, from the neighbourhood of Hamilton. Two devils in human shape, poured kerosene oil on a dog, and set fire to it. The poor brute of course, was horribly burned. If any crime ever deserved severe punishment it was the crime of these two heartless wretches. But shameful to relate, the J. P. before whom they were brought, dismissed them with a fine of \$10 and \$5 respectively. It seems almost impossible that such a man should be allowed to continue in office. He is a disgrace to his order. As the *Globe* said in an editorial on the subject, such a sentence was even more disgraceful than the crime it intended to punish. Happily for the credit of the race, such cases of fiendish cruelty on the one hand and infamous leniency, or worse, on the other, are very rare.

The periodic demand for street cars on Sunday is again to the front. As usual the epithets of Pharisee or hypocrite are either expressly or implicitly hurled against those who conscientiously object to what they believe would be a needless interference with the seventh day rest of many hard-working men, who have only that release from the wearying grind of daily toil. It is somewhat amusing to hear such a paper as the *Toronto News* calling out for Sunday street cars in order that people might go to church with a saving of shoe leather. This looks a little like a case of devil turned angel for a purpose.

What numbers of people seem never to have been taught to shut doors behind them! Who is there that has never had occasion to remark this? Everyone, no doubt, sins occasionally in this respect, but there are those who never, even by accident, shut a door behind them, without being directly admonished to do so, or touched to intelligence on the subject by a hint sufficiently broad. We have sat in a room where people were coming in to a meeting, and it was astonishing to see how many came in without shutting the door. It was a cold night too, and the wind came in through the open