

by "Defiance," in a field of seven, brought the day's racing and the most successful meeting ever held in Canada to a close.

THERE is, unfortunately, only too much truth in the statements made public by the Rev. John Nichols, of Montreal, as to the unwillingness shown by many immigrants to work. He adduces several instances where employment was offered, but was declined by men who preferred to loaf, and live upon charity. The fault lies between the immigrants and the agents on the other side. The latter turn the heads of workmen coming out, by promises of high wages and "soft jobs." And so it happens when they arrive in Canada that low wages are refused. The remedy for this is clear. Let the Charity organizations give no relief—except in cases of emergency—until it has been earned, and let the charitable entrust their alms-giving to these societies. When it becomes known that such a regulation is strictly adhered to, loafing will receive its death-blow.

WITH the probability that England will be able to get wheat from India, if not from Australia, at a lower rate in London than the North-Western farmer can deliver it in Liverpool, it behoves the latter to turn his attention to the capabilities of his land for other than agricultural productions. It seems to be granted that large tracts of the North-West, notably north of Minneapolis, are suited for diversified farming, and that stock-raising in that territory pays well. The failure of a crop, in a country wholly given up to one grain, would be embarrassing, if not disastrous. Such a result would scarcely be possible where a variety of food was raised. Experiments have proved also that some districts of the North-West are well adapted for the production of flax, for which there is a large and increasing demand.

IN January, 1883, Vanderbilt told an intimate friend who dined with him one day he was worth \$194,000,000. "I believe I am," said Mr. Vanderbilt, "the richest man in the world. In England the Duke of Westminster is said to be worth \$200,000,000, but it is mostly in lands and houses. It does not yield him two per cent. a year. From now I shall be worth more than \$200,000,000, and will have an income equal to six per cent. on that amount." Vanderbilt can take life comparatively easy on an income of \$12,000,000 a year, and watch his wealth pile up without any effort of his. From his Government he draws \$2,372,000 a year; from his railroad stocks and bonds, \$7,394,320; from his miscellaneous securities, \$575,695, or \$10,342,045 from his investments alone. Thus every day they earn for him \$28,334 25c. Every hour sees him \$1180 25c. richer, and every minute means \$19 67c. added to his hoard. Besides this, he calculates to make \$2,000,000 every year by fortunate sales. It is not supposed that the recent financial crisis has seriously affected Mr. Vanderbilt's securities.

THE English climate must have altered considerably since the days of Dr. Isaac Watts, who wrote of the rose that it was "the glory of April and May." In these more degenerate times we are accustomed to see the rose in its glory in June and July; so that either Dr. Watts must have dealt in poetical license, and used the word May so that it might rhyme with day; or we have two months more of cold now than the people had then. Possibly the truth is that at that distant period the seasons came at their proper time—cold in January, spring in April, summer in July, autumn in October. This is not the case now according to the latest reports. From them we learn that it was warmer in January than in April; and as to the "merry month of May," described by a poet of the olden time as the fairest of all the year, for a long while past it has been associated with the memories of frosty nights and bitterly cold days, when the north-easterly wind is laying low the aged and the infirm, and gathering the sickly young into premature graves.

THE authoress of that unsavoury book entitled "Sarah Barnum" has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for offending against public morality by the publication of her notorious work. Proceedings have also been taken by law against both the manager and printer of the publishing firm which gave the book called "Marie Pigeonnier" to the public. The last-mentioned book was written as a reply to the nauseous production of Mlle. Marie Colombier. Judgment was pronounced last month against the seller, printer, and proprietress of the paper called the *Succès*, in which was lately reproduced the "Cent Curés Paillards." The proprietress was fined 1,000f, and condemned to four months' imprisonment. This judgment, however, was given by default, which will enable the accused to obtain a delay.

A PRINCE'S death is much too interesting not to increase the literature of the day. Mr. Frederick Myers has given a very poetic account of the Duke of Albany's intellectual and moral development. The letters the Duke wrote and the speeches he made are likely to be given to the world in a volume; and the biographers are already at work upon him. Meanwhile, Mr. T. H. Stockwell has collected the chief of the funeral sermons delivered over the prince's bier, and Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co., have published them under the title of "Garlands for a Royal Grave." The book has been sent in advance to the Queen and the Duchess, and it is a very graceful memory of a day when a nation was saddened in sympathy for a mother and a widow.

MOST people will be surprised to find that Lord Derby has only just been created a Knight of the Garter. They will be still more surprised to learn that until this month Lord Derby was undecorated. He could hardly help being a member of the Privy Council, but that is absolutely the only honour which has been conferred upon him by a Sovereign whom he has served as Secretary for the Colonies, as President of the Board of Control, as Secretary for India, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and again as Secretary for the Colonies. He has been distinguished, as was Lord Cowley at St. Petersburg, by being without a riband. No riband blue or red has he worn across his evening dress, no star took with him the place of a button-hole. Of course, he might have been what he pleased long ago, had he desired the gew-gaws which public men covet. He has never been ambitious for such distinctions. The passion of being *decoré* was never his; and those who know him are somewhat surprised that he has become Knight of the Garter. He never so much as hinted that he desired the Order, but when the Queen offered it to him it would have been ungracious to refuse it. Lord Salisbury was perfectly welcome to forestall him with it; and at fifty-eight years of age the Earl probably feels as little moved by his acquired dignity as he was moved to acquire it. Folk wonder whether it will be quite a consolation to him for missing the Premiership. That was his for certain had he stayed with Lord Beaconsfield. It will probably never be his now; Lord Granville and Lord Hartington are preferred before him, and, if any cataclysm takes place to defeat their privileges, the chieftainship will go to men of less modern views than are held by the Stanley.

COMMENTING upon the absurd proposal to open a fund for the relief of General Gordon, Mr. George R. Sims, of "Outcast London" fame, points out that it is a remarkable feature of English charity that it is always more ready to begin abroad than at home. Had the word only been spoken, not £200,000, but two millions would have been raised in a fortnight to carry on a war in Egypt. But to carry on a great moral or social war necessary for the happiness of our fellow-citizens at home funds are proverbially hard to raise. There are at the present moment hundreds of excellent charities languishing for lack of proper support. In England millions of men and women are living in semi-starvation and absolute degradation because public favour is so slow to develop itself in their behalf; and yet missions for propagating the Gospel in foreign parts positively wallow in wealth. A glance down the lists in the *Times* will show fabulous sums contributed for expeditions to places which nine men out of ten could not find on the map under an hour's search. Another peculiarity of these same subscription lists is this—that while the entire world begs of John Bull, and gets its petition answered, the compliment is rarely returned. If a chimney catches fire in Schnoddeldorf, on the Rhine, a fund is immediately started in London to replace the family washing that was damaged by the soot. If the villagers of somewhere in Iceland have no am with their bread and butter in consequence of the fruit crop failing, the Lord Mayor of London will invite subscriptions that a shipload of jam may be sent to them. If the butt in somebody's back garden in Hungary overflows and inundates a Hungarian back kitchen, you will find English millionaires vying with each other to make the damage good. Now look at the reverse of the picture. Glance through the list of subscriptions raised for the various calamities that happen in England. Where are the subscriptions from France, from Germany, from Iceland, or Hungary? Never a farthing. The compliment is never returned, and yet, strange to say, where John Bull will give a shilling at home he will send a sovereign abroad.

AN English correspondent writes: "Mr. Bright is quite well and very cheerful, though very weary of his long confinement to his house. His doctors, however, absolutely forbid him to face the east wind—his attack of congestion of the lungs having been so severe while it lasted as to make it dangerous for him to take a draught of cold air. So soon as milder