

ther such men as those who care to make a living by prize-fighting are temperate or not? They are of no use to society at large, and the more they drink the sooner the world would lose them—and no great loss. That it is a good thing for a man to be able to use the weapons which nature has given him for his own defence when called upon to do so, no one, I presume, will deny, but, when a man makes the pounding of his fellow men for the sake of gain, a "profession," he oversteps the mark.

Mr. J. L. Sullivan is, certainly, a fine animal and is, perhaps, entitled to some admiration from those who admire physical development, but he is infinitely less worthy of it than a fine horse or a fine dog—and if he doesn't like what I say, I hope he won't come to Toronto.

Those almost omniscient British sages who laughed the idea of employing Canadian boatmen in Egypt to scow, must now see that they did not know quite as much as they thought they did. Our voyageurs have proved themselves to have been, essentially, the right men in the right place, and their work and general behavior have called forth the highest praise from all in connection with the Soudan expedition. They performed acts of which, probably, no other body of men would have been capable, and showed that Canadians are just as good as, and perhaps a little better, than any other people.

Certainly English writers on Canada and the Canadians do make the most ludicrous blunders sometimes, but ignorance is at the bottom of most of them. That learned writer who located one end of the Victoria bridge in Detroit and the other at Niagara Falls should be sent to some school for adult ignorance to study geography, and these Britishers who imagine Canada to be a land of perpetual snow and ice should be rigged up in buffalo coats and fur caps, and started out on a pedestrian tour from Toronto to Hamilton during a July blizzard. Then they might alter their tune. The popular idea amongst Englishmen at home concerning Canada is much strengthened by the conduct of their friends out here, who seem to think it necessary, even in summer, to be photographed in fur coats sprinkled with salt or flour to represent snow, and these photographs are looked upon, in England, as correctly portraying Canadian costume all the year round. I trust that the recent visit of the British Association to this country will do something to dispel the peculiar fancies that people on the other side of the Atlantic entertain concerning us and our country.

Senator Alexander insists upon Sir David Macpherson removing the huge portrait of himself from the walls of the lobby in the Senate. Sir David says he won't do it, and so the matter stands for the present. Mr. Alexander's principal objection to the picture is its immense size, which is nearly twice that of any one of the others that hang upon the wall, and he asserts that as Sir David, instead of doing twice as much for the good of his country as the other gentlemen whose portraits grace the lobby, never did half as much, he should not have such a big picture in so prominent a position. It was certainly a piece of ostentatious snobbery on the part of Sir David to have that immense portrait painted and hung where it is, but surely it does no harm. It can't speak, and, if Mr. Alexander feels aggrieved about it, why doesn't he hang a portrait of himself up, three times as big as Sir David's? Our Senators must have mighty little to do when they spend time

in wrangling over one another's counterfeit presentments.

I would beg to make a suggestion in connection with the rules and regulations of the Toronto Free Library, which is, that there should be some discrimination shown in the length of time a borrower is permitted to retain a volume. As far as I can see, the set period is two weeks; well, that is ample time for anyone to get through some books, but, in the case for instance, of Chamber's Journal, two volumes of which, each containing 416 pages of closely-printed reading matter, are bound in one, two weeks is not long enough to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest their contents, for I hold that every line of Chamber's Journals are worthy of perusal. If two weeks is considered by the powers that be a sufficient time in which to read 832 pages of two columns each, of close type, then a couple of days or so ought to be enough for any reader to get through a volume of 300 pages, large type, but the same rule (at least in every book I have seen) is pasted in all.

I think I am pretty safe when I say that the number of good private libraries in Toronto is small. That an extensive taste for reading exists amongst our citizens is proved by the number of books borrowed daily from the Public Library, but by far the greater number of these books are novels and works of light literature.

I am far from agreeing with those people who so boldly declare that novel reading is nothing more or less than mental poisoning. Much information as well as entertainment can be derived from the perusal of Captain Marryatt's works—novels, all of them—and I really cannot see what harm the novels of Thackeray, Dickens, and Sir Walter Scott can do anyone, but I do see that great benefit can be derived from reading them. But to the readers of those villainous dime volumes entitled "Eighteen Toed Jim or the Ruthless Avengers of Gory Gulch," and the like, I would say "Go to; ye be fools, and by your perusal of such works (!) do men see it."

The fact that Hanlan beat Clifford, the Australian, by six boat lengths in a three mile race, rowed during the hottest season of the year, encourages me to think that Mr. Beach, the champion of the world, won't have quite such an easy thing of it with the Toronto boy, when the race for the championship takes place, as he seemed to anticipate. Clifford has been looked on as nearly, if not quite, as good a man as Beach, yet Hanlan walked away from him pretty easily.

It is announced that Prince Albert Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, will marry Princess Clementine of Belgium. It is not stated what this is going to cost the British people, but it strikes me that, by the time the Egyptian business is paid for, the people will not feel like voting any very big grant for the benefit of a young man who is strong, healthy and intelligent, and quite able to earn a respectable living.

I see that Stanley Huntley, an American newspaper man, and the writer of the Spoopendyko sketches has been made chief of a tribe of Sioux Indians. This is, probably, the first instance of a newspaper funny man being elevated to such a position. It is now in order for Chief Huntley to select a squaw from the dusky maidens of his tribe, and, if the Sioux young women are anything like the other Indian females, I have seen, the chief is likely to have much of the Spoopendyko knocked out of him. Since Hiawatha's Minnehaha stole away to

the happy hunting grounds, the Indian maiden has advanced in homeliness with the march of civilization and the increasing cheapness of the death-dealing fire-water. On the whole, I don't think I envy Chief Spoopendyko much.

It is fearful to think of the terrible mental and physical strain to which our Dominion Senators are subjected. A few days ago they actually sat for thirteen minutes. The next day they wrestled with the mighty subjects that came up for four minutes and thirty-five seconds. No man, however great his mental calibre, can stand such wear and tear as that. If this sort of thing continues our Senators will be brought down to a state of complete uselessness, and uncharitable people say that they are already come to it. However, I shall not despair as long as I hear of these mighty laborers being able to crawl up to the time-keeper for their time, and their ability to draw their hard-earned salaries.

The London Standard published an article on tails a short time ago, contending that a tail is by no means an unornamental superfluity, a fact which is acknowledged by many human beings who attach artificial caudal appendages to their dress and bodies, the Lord Chancellor and debutantes in Court attire being given as instances. I partially agree with the Standard (this will be very gratifying to that paper), and I think that if those creatures known as dudes were to attach something in the form of a simious elongation of the os coccyx of the pelvis, they would look far more natural. At present there is a something lacking beside brains about a dude. That something is, undoubtedly, a tail.

I see that Mr. Joseph Hatton states that F. C. Burnand, editor of London Punch has "a quaint fund of humor." It is uncommonly mean of him not to use a little of it sometimes in the columns of his paper. Burnand is evidently one of those editors of comic papers who never contribute to their papers; merely edit them. It would be well for him to bear in mind that the object of a funny paper is not so much to reconcile its readers to death and the silent tomb, as to cause them, occasionally to laugh. Many funny editors overlook this fact. Mr. Burnand is one of them.

It would be a hard matter to designate any shipwreck a blessing, but I think that if the vessel in which Mr. J. L. Sullivan and Mr. Paddy Ryan are to sail for England, were to go to the bottom of the ocean, many people would think it a mighty good thing, and if all the passengers were to escape with the exception of the two "professors" mentioned, it would be a still mightier good one.

Parisian Masonic circles are considerably excited over the alleged expose of Masonic secrets by an ex-Prefect of Police, and he is threatened with most terrible things unless he holds his tongue. As one of the penalties which menace him consists in the tearing out of that unruly member, he will not have much difficulty in keeping silent if he is punished as he is threatened.

I see that an echo has been discovered in Silicia that repeats the sound of a bugle (or anything else) seventeen times. This is certainly a remarkable one and quite caps those famed Irish echoes of which we hear so much. A most extraordinary echo once came under my own notice, and as its character was so unique I feel justified in describing it.

A certain opera company were billed to appear in a city where I was residing,

They came, as advertised, but unfortunately the person who personated Echo in a certain beautiful song fell sick, and the city was scourged for a substitute, who at length found in the person of a Scotchman who possessed a beautiful tenor voice and a very broad accent. He was placed in position behind the scenes, and the audience waited in high expectation for the celebrated echo song.

At length its turn came, the tenor sang verse, the last line of which was "And murky darkness flies away."

Echo was ready for his work and responded in clear and ringing tones, "Flee away." This rather excited a titter amongst the audience, but the song went on. The verse ended with

"The land I love too well, too much"

Nothing daunted the Echo responded manfully to the call, and out upon the stage air rolled the words, "Over well, over muckle." This was too much for the gravity of everybody. The tenor turned from the stage and the audience burst into roars of laughter, and poor Echo was ignominiously thrust forth into the cold street. So much for echoes and lack of preparation.

Hamilton is called the Ambitious City and undoubtedly its citizens are ambitious. Lately some of them were seized with a laudable ambition to help the Girls' Home in their city. With this end in view an amateur opera company was organized, a leader was engaged who received \$150 for his services, and much money and time spent on rehearsals and getting into working order. The managers of the Girls' Home, in the meantime, looking forward to the donation that the Institute was to receive. The amateurs gave five performances which cost (with rehearsal &c.) \$967.97. In return they took \$850.00, and made the Girls' Home poorer of what remained over, namely, a deficit of \$117.97. Thus it will be seen that the ambitious citizens made the Home poorer in the first place of a hundred dollars than that institution would have been benefited whereas now it is no better off than it was before.

I don't suppose the Hamilton people are particularly anxious to pay to see an amateur company perform an opera that they often seen before played by professionals but they patronized the affair under the impression that they were doing something sweet charity's sake. The leader, who received \$150 for his services, seems to be about this ambitious scheme of the amateur ladies and gentlemen of the Ambitious City.

I observe that a "zeer" has prophesied that Queen Victoria will die on Sept. 1, 1889, the Prince of Wales on Jan. 1, 1891, the Emperor of Germany on May 10th, 1890, Prince Bismarck on May 1, 1890, by assassination, and the Czar on Nov. 1, 1900. All I have to say is that one in authority should prophesy that "zeer" will die a violent death on Sept. 1, 1885, and take precious good care that the prophecy doesn't hang fire.

The methods adopted by spirits in shuffling off this mortal coil are as various as they are, in some cases, peculiar. I noticed that a man put an end to his existence the other day in London by drinking a quantity of the much advertised "Rough on Rats." One of the tags claimed for this poison by its