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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE British capital has narrowly escaped a revival of all the nauseous Dilke and Crawford business. The missing Fanny is missing no longer, having been discovered living quietly with her husband (!) in a quiet little Kentish village, where she has been *perdu* ever since the beginning of the notorious trial. Her discovery is alleged to be due to some mysterious anonymous communications which have passed to and fro between her and her sometime paramour. The Queen's Proctor, however, does not appear to feel himself officially called upon to revive the proceedings, and unless some private individual sees fit to take upon himself the responsibility of setting the law again in motion, the world has probably heard the last of this scandalous iniquity. Meanwhile, Sir Charles Dilke appears to be doing his utmost to obliterate from his mind the unsavoury memories of the past. Independently of his magazine articles, he is understood to be writing an important book about Russia, which is likely to do much to enlighten Englishmen as to the Great Northern Bear and his subjects. Sir Charles's offence was of such a nature that society can hardly ever be expected to condone it, but it will at least vouchsafe some consideration to the man who is sincerely repentant, and who devotes the remaining years of his life to laudable objects. Repentance, if sincere, ought never to be wholly in vain.

WE in Canada have had our full share of log-rolling and bonussing, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that we have had a monopoly of them. The State of Minnesota is at the present moment passing through a more aggravated form of the disease than has ever been developed in these regions. A new State Capitol is to be erected, and the various towns and hamlets of the State are vying with each other to secure the locality. The prosperous milling centre of Minneapolis opened the ball a short time ago by offering to build a new capitol at an expense of \$2,000,000, on condi-

tion of its being located there. The site was to be an eligible one, and both structure and site were to be handed over to the State in perpetuity. One-fourth of the sum required was promptly subscribed by the citizens. But before the Legislature could find time to take the matter into serious consideration, the town of Duluth came forward with an offer of \$2,500,000. St. Paul felt that the emergency was one imperatively calling for strong measures, and promptly advanced the bidding to \$3,000,000. Then, Crookston comes along with an offer of \$4,000,000 and a quarter section of land. Minnesota follows with a bid of \$4,000,000 and 640 acres. Wabash goes a million better, and several other small villages are now holding meetings with a view to out-bidding all rivals. In a word, the State Capitol is regularly put up to auction. It is to be hoped that the Legislature will be far-seeing enough to ignore all temporary considerations, and to be guided solely by what will ensure to the permanent good of the community. But meanwhile, the spirited auction is an edifying spectacle—a spectacle from which Canadians, in common with the rest of the world, may learn a valuable lesson.

THE St. John *Sun* is clearly of opinion that it is possible to have too much, even of a good thing. That independence, in the abstract, is a good thing, goes without saying. But how about independence in the concrete? The *Sun* finds no end of fault with the perpetual jeremiads of the Toronto *Mail*, which it pronounces to be even worse than the "indiscriminate falsehoods and diurnal vituperation" of the *Globe*. "The *Globe* at least finds some virtue in its own party," says the St. John luminary, "but the *Mail* finds no bright spot in all the universe. If this is the necessary condition of an independent journal, let us have dependence." Certes, the rôle of a mere fault-finder is anything but a grateful one. No part is more difficult to play with permanent acceptance than that of a hunter-up of abuses: what Iago, in the play, calls "a finder-out of occasions." There are abuses enough and to spare in the world, but they force themselves upon the attention often enough, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, and one dislikes to be reminded of them six days in the week, more especially if one never has anything served up by way of antidote. The *Mail*, however, occupies a peculiar position. It has cast loose from the traditions of a lifetime, and its present policy does not appear to be defined with mathematical precision. Those by whom it was once looked up to are now disposed to contemplate it in the light of a renegade; whereas the Reform journals are by no means desirous of welcoming it to their ranks. For some months to come the *Mail* will have no