

MR. GLADSTONE is taking a well-earned rest at Hawarden. Meanwhile, there is considerable anxiety in the ranks of his supporters as to his intentions whenever the present Parliament may be ended. The Premier's desire is to leave public life, and this course is strongly urged by his physicians. The Liberal Party, on the other hand, is somewhat like Sir John Macdonald's following—composed of the most diverse elements, and there is no person capable of holding them together as Mr. Gladstone has done. He has, however, sacrificed so much for England that there is hope of his consenting to lead English Liberalism once more to victory.

APROPPOS of Mr. Gladstone's personal habits, the following cutting from the letter of a regular attendant at the House of Commons, and published in the *London Dispatch*, possesses interest: "There is one infallible sign that the Premier intends to make a long and ambitious effort. This is a small bottle filled with yellow liquid—presumably the yolk of an egg in sherry. This is known in the House as his 'pomatum bottle.' On the occasions when the pomatum bottle appears, if one looks up to the Speaker's portion of the Ladies' Gallery one is sure to see the faithful helpmate whose hands have probably composed the decoction for the Prime Minister. Mrs. Gladstone always comes to hear a great speech by her husband. Disraeli's wife was never in the House of Commons except on the night when he took his seat as Prime Minister for the first time."

AN unwary writer in a morning contemporary—probably influenced by some unscrupulous partisan—the other day spoke of the *Dispatch* as a "pot-house journal," and as being generally of no account. This was done to belittle an extract in *THE WEEK* copied from that source. It is not given to us all to know what sort of literature is affected by "pot-house" habits; on that point we defer to the experience of our critic. Probably, however, the journal he adorns would not be severely condemned even if a copy were seen in a saloon, nor would it necessarily be reckoned of no account if its editorial page were perchance used by some inappreciative storekeeper to envelop a pound of butter. In his undue haste to discount an unpleasant fact, he is guilty of an indiscretion. The *Dispatch* is owned by a member of Her Majesty's Government, numbers amongst its contributors many able Metropolitan writers (including, besides its editor, "The Workhouse Casual" and "Dagonet"), has a very large circulation, and is recognized as the most powerful popular Reform weekly in London.

It is worthy of note, as indicative of slovenly journalism, that the newspaper which sneered at *THE WEEK*'s quotation from the *Dispatch* within a few days after reproduced as "special" matter an editorial extract from the same source. Needless to say that in the one case the opinion expressed was palatable and in the other antagonistic to our contemporary politics.

THE Philadelphia *Progress* complains that the Sabbatarians are reforming all pleasure out of the "Poor man's Sunday" whilst their own pursuits remain undisturbed. "Society at home and away," we are told, "take good care that Sunday does not depress it. There is no gloom in its religion. At the summer resorts it does not silence the bands, and at home it taboos very few of its other days' pleasures." "Their Sunday is of their own manufacture, without regard to law, for law does not open the doors of private houses or peep in through window blinds. When they accept as all right the arguments that everything but the church should be closed on Sunday, that the masses may be more inclined to go and hear some preacher, they do so careless of the solemn fact that Sunday is the one day of the week upon which the workingman is truthfully his own master, and that he is entitled to the right to do with that day as he pleases. They would keep shut even the picture galleries and the libraries in order that the church may have no competition. They say aye to all such propositions when they say anything at all. . . . The earnest Sabbatarian will not see that it is because the workingman may not enjoy himself openly in innocent pleasures that he will enjoy himself as best he may, even though his enjoyment trenches sometimes beyond the respectable. He is driven into holes and corners to seek his amusement, and he takes what he discovers. As he must play in semi-secrecy, and his play is branded as illegal, what more natural than that he should care little what the sport is. By having picture galleries and libraries closed on Sunday that they may not lead to Sunday theatres, people are turned into paths leading to worse places. The meanest feature of this heavy-handed Sunday government of the poor is its utter selfishness. . . . It is outrageous that the American poor man should be compelled to sneak to his Sunday amusement. It is in obedience to nature that he craves amusement on his one holiday of the week." This is quoted, of course, without prejudice.

A SOCIAL journalist at Toledo, for assailing private and domestic character has been tarred and feathered. This was a highly irregular proceeding, but how is society to defend itself when the purveyor of slander has neither money wherewith to pay damages nor any character to forfeit by a legal conviction?

THE glib warriors who have every confidence in their power to fight campaigns from editorial rooms, and who, for instance, have scornfully protested against Gladstone's "skedaddling" and Wolseley's "failure" in Egypt, might with profit read Mr. Burleigh's letter on "The Scorching Soudan" in the *London Daily Telegraph*—which journal he represented in the capacity of war correspondent. He is "deeply thankful for his own escape from that terrible country," and tells his readers how he was peti-

tioned by hundreds of soldiers to "tell the public the truth about the situation" and assist to get the troops speedily withdrawn. "Widespread sickness and death" prevail amongst the British soldiers in the Soudan, and Mr. Burleigh thinks a computation made by the medical staff in March—that from forty to fifty per cent. would be invalided or die during the summer if the men were left there, while the remainder would be quite unfit for active service during the autumn—is being literally fulfilled. From May to September temperature in the Province of Dongola ranges from 120° to 126° Fah. in the shade, and the nights are so insufferably hot that no opportunity is afforded for recuperation from the exhaustion following the day. "From Korti to Abu Fatmeh," says Mr. Burleigh, "the troops, officers, and men openly expressed their detestation and dread of the climate, their discontent at being left in the country, and a fervent wish to be for ever rid of the Soudan."

APROPPOS of the artifices used by American office-seekers to gain their ends, an American correspondent tells a story of a military man who applied to President Garfield for a position in the Custom House. During one of his visits the President turned upon him and said, "I notice that whenever you come to see me about this office you always take out your eye, but when you leave the White House you put it back again. I have great sympathy with you in the loss of your eye, but that fact is not sufficient for you to get office over men who are quite as good soldiers, but have not lost an eye." It ought not to be necessary, after this speech, to explain that the eye with which the applicant made so free was a glass one. There is a clerk in one of the departments, says the same correspondent, who tried last autumn to get a Republican nomination for Congress, but failed. He now sits at his desk without the wooden arm which he formerly wore, thus mutely reproving his superiors for their ingratitude to a wounded servant of the State.

THIS is an age of exhibitions. Early in May an international exhibition was opened at Antwerp by King Leopold. It is largely of an industrial character, and contains specimens of the leading products of the principal countries of the world. On the same day the Hungarian National Exhibition was inaugurated at Buda-Pesth by the Emperor. The display is intended to reflect the recent progress of Hungary in the peaceful arts. A week later, the International Exhibition of Inventions and Music was opened in London by the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is upon an immense scale, and promises to be as popular as the "Healtheries" and the "Fisheries." The name coined for it is the "Inventories." The exhibition is said to be wonderfully complete. It will tend to show England's position relatively with other countries in mechanical ingenuity and the application of science to industry. The musical section may be expected to render some service to musical art. Next year London will have a great Colonial and Indian Exhibition, besides an exhibition of American manufactures and products.

LADY JOHN MANNERS in a contribution to the *Queen* on "The Art of Doing Kindnesses in the Kindest Manner," makes the following observations, which may be commended to those who have dealings with busy men and women: "As I have mentioned overwork, I must say how much kindness we can all show to very busy men and women, by letting them alone when they are intent on their special pursuits. If we are obliged to approach them at such times, let us transact our business as speedily as possible. The statesman who is about to make a great speech, the artist preparing for the Royal Academy, the editor who must note every passing event and guide public opinion, the physician on whose skill and judgment hang many lives—all need every moment of time they can secure. Let us show them true kindness by refraining from troubling them needlessly, with letters requiring answers especially. The quantity of applications of all kinds received by persons of eminence in their respective avocations is really distracting. The unfortunate recipient of about forty letters a day probably spends weary hours bending over a desk. He is lucky if he does not get writers' cramp, in addition to that dull feeling produced by long protracted formal letter-writing. George Eliot pathetically refers in her life to the trial it was to her to sit down to answer notes."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed: EDITOR OF THE WEEK, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Contributors who desire their MS. returned, if not accepted, must enclose stamp for that purpose.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

To the Editor of the Week:

SIR,—To some of your readers the active English society of the above caption is known by its achievements the past year or two in the Delta. The recovery of Pithom (of which an interesting memoir has recently appeared), the discovery of Naucratis (the Greek emporium before Alexandria), and the labours at Sān (the site of Biblical Zoan) are among the "results" which scholars, archaeologists, and the Christian public have received with such marked favour. In sympathy with these invaluable explorations, I have consented to act as the Honorary Treasurer for America, and Mr. James Russell Lowell is Vice-President (with Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., of the British Museum). Thirty-two American bishops and the Lord Bishop of Montreal, over thirty heads of colleges, a hundred gentlemen of distinction in science and learning, are already on my list of donors. Subscribers of not less than \$5 receive the elaborate report of the season, and, in addition to my own acknowledgment by receipt and in the press, Miss Amelia B. Edwards forwards an