

HERE AND THERE.

ON Saturday, St. Luke's Day, the new chapel of Trinity College, reared largely through the munificence of Messrs. James and Elmes Henderson, was consecrated with imposing forms. The chapel by its beauty does high credit to its architect, though its site, breaking the façade of the main building, is unfortunate. Three bishops were present. The Bishop of Ontario preached a sermon on religious education and the relation of religion to science, which showed great mastery of composition, though the flank of the reasoning might perhaps have been turned by M. Le Sueur. The Bishop tried theoretically to admit free and scientific enquiry in religious matters, yet practically to shut it out. The consecration ceremony was followed by a luncheon, with pleasant and hearty speeches from the Lieutenant-Governor and others. Allusions to university confederation seemed to be well received. Dr. Nelles, the Principal of the Methodist university, was present, and spoke in the most kindly terms, not only of Trinity College, but of the Church of England, in the writings of whose great divines he avowed that he had found his best intellectual food.

IF Canadian bakers in the near future find their occupation gone they will have only their own short-sighted greed to blame. As compared with the price of flour, bread is beyond all question too dear, and if the distributors of this prime article of food do not presently content themselves with a less exorbitant rate of profit, the people will assuredly begin to supply themselves, as is generally done in England. The shopkeepers' *bête noir* in that country is the co-operative store—an institution which owes its inception principally to the high prices charged by retailers for necessities of the table and toilet. Scarcely a town of any magnitude but has its co-operative associations, the shares of which are for the most part held by working-men. Under this scheme all business is conducted upon the cash system, profits being divided amongst customers with a limited preferential call to pay interest on the shares. Originally established for the supply of food at reasonable prices, these institutions rapidly developed, and are now practically huge *bons marches* for the retailing of every conceivable article of necessity or comfort. Bread rings, coal rings, milk rings, may succeed in forcing up prices for a time, but only so long as consumers consent to submit: once they are driven to co-operation and the storekeeper's palmy days of large profits are gone.

IF it should unfortunately be shown that the attempted destruction of the Parliamentary Buildings in Quebec was the work of Irish dynamiters, it would not be necessary to go far to find a reason for the diabolical outrage. The Irish National League is not flourishing financially—this much is acknowledged by Mr. Harrington, a prominent member—and that means the disintegration of the Parnellite faction. The Irish "Patriotism" of to-day is a plant whose roots must be constantly nourished by a golden stream or it immediately languishes. It is perfectly well understood that some members—including the most blatant and seditious—of the Home Rule Party in Parliament are men of no substance, whose salaries are paid out of the Irish National League funds, and an exhaustion of these means the ruin of the party as a popular or parliamentary power. In Ireland, subscriptions in aid of "the cause" have dwindled almost to disappearance, and though Mr. Parnell, having secured a handsome share of the spoils, may not be greatly concerned at the situation, his lieutenants who hoped to rise to popularity and a competence on the flood of agitation are dismayed at the prospect. Even in America enthusiasm for Home Rule would seem to have spent itself—or, perhaps, it is overshadowed by the Presidential election. Whatever the cause, no assistance has been sent for some time to Ireland, and it is not at all unnatural to suppose that the fiat has gone forth: "Something must be done." The fact that previous dynamite explosions have often been coincident with an emaciated Fenian exchequer, together with the significant boast of the man who loves to be known as O'Dynamite Rossa, makes it only too possible that the Quebec outrage may have been the work of Irish Thugs.

MONTREAL is, after all, to have another ice carnival. A liberal subscription has been taken up for this purpose, and the promoters give solemn assurance that every effort will be made to prevent extortion and to punish parties guilty of that offence. The enterprising gentlemen who have the management intend that the forthcoming festivities shall entirely eclipse anything hitherto attempted.

THERE were twenty-two failures in Canada reported to Bradstreet's during the past week as compared with twenty in the preceding week and with thirty-one, twenty-seven, and thirteen, respectively, in the correspond-

ing weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. In the United States there were 209 failures in the same period as compared with 213 in the preceding week, and with 180, 141, and 109, respectively, in the corresponding weeks of 1883, 1882, and 1881. About eighty-three per cent. were those of small traders whose capital was under \$5,000.

LADY VERNEY, in the *Contemporary Review*, has, at all events, found a way of delivering a thrust at the Americans which they will have difficulty in parrying. She takes their society and manners as painted by themselves in their works of fiction, and a telling use she makes of this undeniably authentic evidence. "The first and most striking trait," she says, "in their books, is the extraordinary respect for class distinction, position, gentility and money, among the characters described, with scarcely an exception. The highest feature in a girl's cap is to have refused a British nobleman, or at least one of the British 'aristocrats.' Next comes the value set upon dress. The importance of the gown question can hardly be imagined by the European mind. A French heroine is of course *bien mise*, and her *chaussure* is probably insisted on; the *petites mules* or the *bas bien tirés*. An English girl must be picturesque in her attire and her clothes must be becoming; but to say that her gowns came from Paris would not enhance her charms in the eyes of the readers, who would probably consider her very absurd for her pains. . . . A list of Miss Lydia Blood's gowns, as given by so clever a man as Mr. Howells, might be drawn up for the advantage of milliners. Miss Daisy Miller's flounces and the many buttons of her gloves are among the chief points of her portrait by Mr. James." "Dress becomes a nightmare, until at last it is evident that a new commandment has been added to the heroine's decalogue: *Thou shalt have thy gowns from Paris.*"

OF the three new books which are said to be agitating society and literary circles in London—Mr. Froude's "Carlisle," Lord Malmesbury's "Memoirs," and Miss Devey's "Autobiography of Lady Lytton"—the latter, has caused the most painful interest. Nothing since Mrs. Beecher Stowe's *Macmillan* paper has created so great a sensation. Briefly, the *raison d'être* of the book is as follows: Lady Lytton, who died two and a-half years ago in her eightieth year, never forgave her husband for the brutal outrage he inflicted on her fifty years before. She nursed her wrath till her dying day, and put in the hands of a friend, Miss Louisa Devey, the most damning evidence of her husband's evil nature, to be used at the most suitable time "in vindication of her memory." The publication of the life of Lord Lytton by his son has furnished the faithful and remorseless executrix the opportunity for which she was lying in wait. The letters published in the volume she has issued furnish a lamentable exhibition of folly, passion, and crime which makes humanity blush. Miss Wheeler, when Mr. Bulwer began to court her, was a great beauty, and he seems to have sacrificed himself, soul, body and intellect, at her shrine. He invented a "little language" in which he wrote disgusting love letters to her. He addressed her as "My adored poodle," and signed himself "Oo own puppo." In one letter he wrote:

Me is so happy, me is wagging my tail and putting my ears down. Me is to meet oo to-morrow. . . . The best plan about the carriage will be for you to get in it first, and it can then pick me up in another street, so that you will enter it alone. When you are once in put down ye blinds. O zoo love of loves, me ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

In another letter he says:

Did oo not look too pretty, and did not all the puppy dogs run after oo and tell oo what a darling oo was? Ah, me sends oo nine million kisses, to be distributed as follows—500,000 for oo beautiful mouth, 250,000 to oo right eye, 250,000 to oo left eye, 1,000,000 to oo dear neck, and the rest to be divided equally between oo arms and hands.

After six years of unhappy married life a final quarrel came. Lord Lytton objected to his wife going to a christening accompanied by Lady Stepney, saying, as Lady Lytton writes, "My mother calls her that ugly old woman." Lady Lytton did not reply. The scene took place at dinner. The servants had been ordered out of the room. He cursed his wife's soul. He seized a carving knife, and running at her said, "I'll have you to know that whenever I do you the honour of addressing you it requires an answer." He dropped the knife on his wife's remonstrance, but, as Lady Lytton proceeds, "springing on me he made his great teeth meet in my cheek and the blood spurted over me. The agony was so that my screams brought the servants back." Lady Lytton's story is carefully buttressed by corroborative evidence, including the affidavit of her maid, Mrs. Rosetta Benson, who speaks of an occasion at Naples in which "in one of his brutal rages he kicked and banged her ladyship against the stone floor at the Hotel Vittoria till she was black and blue." All this time Mr. Bulwer's greatest ambition, as his letters reveal, was to get a baronetage as a step to the peerage.