

it can do all the harm I have mentioned? For this reason—that it does an immense deal more good. I say outright that it does a deal more good, because it gives a vast deal of pleasure and enjoyment to those who take it with good sense and moderation. Is it not true that it is a source of great pleasure and enjoyment? See the thorough relish with which a tired man takes his glass of beer, the keen pleasure of the first glass of sherry at dinner to the man exhausted with the labour of his brain. But, besides these keen enjoyments, take the more quiet and sober pleasure of the glass of beer at dinner and at supper, or with the pipe. I have as yet only mentioned the pleasure of drink, but there is more in its favour. I will say what Sir James Paget tells me:—‘I would maintain this, and all that can reasonably be deduced from it—namely, that the best, and, in proportion to numbers, the largest quantity of brain work has been, and still is being, done by the people of those nations in which the use of alcoholic drinks has been and is habitual. Further, I would maintain that, so far as I can judge of the brain work of different persons, they have done the best and most who have habitually and temperately taken alcoholic drinks.’ This is the case for ‘drink,’ its pleasure and its utility. Now, what is on the other side? A set of enthusiastic gentlemen, very honest, very much in earnest, have taken the matter in hand. They say that the world has been in error for all time, that drink is bad, that drinkers are wrong, and that those who do not agree with them are wrong, and not only wrong but viciously wrong, ought to be ashamed of themselves, and their practice and advocacy of drink denounced and put an end to. This is hard upon us who think otherwise. A little more charity might be shown us. First of all, we are the majority vastly here in this country. Out of it, or rather out of Anglo-Saxon influence, there is no minority even. Then we may say to our opponents—Your fathers drank, and your ancestors as far back as story goes; let us have time to think it out and see the error of our ways. Those of them who are Christians should, in the Eucharist and the miracle of Cana, have found some excuse for those who think that drinking wine is not in itself wicked. I own at once that disease is brought on, health is ruined, insanity and death caused by excessive drink. Further, the amount spent in drink is enormous, and a large part of it might be better expended. But what does it prove? Not that all the 8,000,000 male adults of the United Kingdom are doing wrong and are drunkards, but that some are; that some have been drinking to excess, and have swollen the average. Now, what is to be done? It seems obvious to answer—let those who drink in moderation continue to do so, and let others leave it alone or learn to take it moderately. No, say the total abstinents—or some of them—that cannot be. If drink is to be had, some will take it in excess. Stop it altogether. Does this seem fair? The glass of beer is taken from the whole of fifty men because one of them will take more than is good for him. In truth, these liquor laws are either to make men better who do not want to be made better, or to make men better who have no self-control, and in both cases at the expense of others. Is that just? Is it warrantable interference? Then see the mischief of such laws. The public conscience does not go with them. It is certain they will be broken. Every one knows that stealing is wrong; disgrace follows conviction. But every one knows that drinking a glass of beer is not wrong; no discredit attaches to it. It is done, and when done against the law you have the usual mischiefs of law-breaking, smuggling, informations, oaths, perjury, shuffling, and lies. Besides, as a matter of fact, it fails. Nothing can show this more strongly than the failure in Wales of the Sunday Closing Act. Can nothing, then, be done by law to diminish the mischief caused by drink? I say, ‘No.’ Whether it is desirable to limit the number of drink shops is a matter as to which I have great doubt and difficulty. But grant that there is the right to forbid it wholly or partially, in place or time, I say it is a right which should not be exercised. To do so is to interfere with the innocent enjoyment of millions in order to lessen the mischief arising from the folly or evil propensities, not of themselves, but of others. And, further, that such legislation is attended with the mischiefs which always follows from the creation of offences in law which are not so in conscience. Punish the mischievous drunkard—indeed, perhaps, even punish him for being drunk in public, and so a likely source of mischief. Punish, on the same principle, the man who sells drink to the drunken. But go no further. Trust to the good sense and improvement of mankind, and let charity be shown to those who would trust to them rather than to law.”

A MASTER ARTIFICER'S HOUSE IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

EXCEPT the dealers who kept stalls on Chepe (a great, open market-place in the old days), the city men of the Middle Ages lived at their places of business. We can get a fair idea from “Fitz-Alwyne's Assize” (the first Metropolitan Building Act, promulgated 1191, by the first Lord Mayor of London) of what an ordinary master artificer's house was like in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. It was neither very large nor very commodious. The party-walls were of stone, three feet thick and sixteen feet high. From them the roof, made of tiles, or in old houses of thatch, ran up to a point, forming a gable towards the street. The rain, running down the slant of the roof into a gutter made along the top of the wall, was discharged from a projecting spout into the kennel, unless the head of a passer-by happened to intercept the stream. The front and back were filled with timber and plaster. Joists at a height of eight feet from the ground supported the floor of the upper and the ceiling of the lower story. The “solar,” as the first floor was called, was probably entered like a modern hay-loft, by a ladder through a hole in the floor. The ground floor

was used as one room, or divided into several, according to the size of the house and the needs of its inhabitants. Glass was scarcely known in dwelling-houses at the commencement of this period, and the windows were simply holes guarded by iron bars and closed at night by shutters. But before the end of Edward III.'s reign glass windows of lattice-work were common. Chimneys likewise were a refinement which Londoners generally did not adopt till about the beginning of the fourteenth century. A movable stall, jutting out into the street, formed an annex to the front ground-floor room, and provided a shop window behind which the master and his apprentice could work at their craft and keep watch over their wares at the same time. A cellar, reached by steps from the outside, existed under most of the houses. Reeds on the floor and whitewash on the walls were usually the only internal decorations of what to our modern notions must have been an extremely squalid, comfortless abode—a mere hut.

Our ancestors' great fear was lest it should be burnt down. The city ordinances abound in quaint regulations by way of precaution against fire. Between Whitsuntide and St. Bartholomew, when the heat and drought would be most severe, everyone was to keep a barrel or large earthen vessel of water in front of his door in case of emergency. The “bedel” of each ward was to be provided with a strong iron crook with a wooden handle, two chains, and two strong cords. This was to assist the neighbours, summoned by the bedel with his “loud-sounding horn,” to arrest a conflagration by tearing down burning buildings. After the fire of 1212, Fitz-Alwyne promulgated a new “Assize,” in which these regulations are repeated, except that the barrel of water is no longer ordered, but, like the sanitary precautions of modern times, only recommended as “a good thing.” In this Assize the cookshops, evidently regarded as the chief source of danger, were placed under stringent rules, a step which was justified by subsequent events, for the Great Fire of 1666 began at a baker's oven in Pudding Lane.—*Quarterly Review*.

THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER OF CANADA.

A “GENTLEMAN farmer” is a wholly different personage in the N.-W.T. (as the North-West Territories are shortly called) from what he is in Norfolk. Here he has to work, and work hard too, with his own hands. I am inclined to wonder, though, why more placeless men in England, to whom all the liberal professions seem to be closed, do not come out here simply (at first) as labourers. Positions deterrent in the Old Country are not merely possible, but more than tolerable to a “gentleman” here. Many a useless member of society at home, who yet is blessed with good lungs, liver and sinews, might not only do good work here in helping to civilize a new land, but be paid more for it at once than he probably would earn for years if he were called to the Bar. In a short time, e.g., he would find himself worth thirty dollars a month, that is, £72 a year, his board (with a magnificent appetite to realize that part of his income) and lodging. Then, too, at odd times, supposing him to bring a gun, he could walk out without question by gamekeepers and fill his bag with wildfowl and prairie chicken. No doubt his life would sometimes be very rough in divers ways, but he would find not a few gentlemen in the same boat as himself, counting it no social degradation to have their hands horny with labour. Then, too, if industrious and thrifty as a labourer, he may look forward to the possession of land of his own, or, using such tact as he possesses, combined with some experience of the country, may see some other door whereby to enter into a better furnished position. Before I realized the condition and duties of the settler I had an impression that the skill of the trained agricultural labourer would put him in an exceptionally good position. But now I am rather inclined to doubt it. He would have to unlearn much. The very neatness of his methods might delay him. No one cares about driving a perfectly straight furrow on the prairie, or trims a hedge with the accuracy of a hairdresser. Hodge would bring a seasoned back and sinewy limbs to any outdoor work, but he would find his conservatism shocked by the untidiness of Canadian farming, and be some time before he could bring his mind to the looking after “his bullocks” full gallop in a Mexican saddle. On the other hand, every departure from established methods of agricultural procedure tells in favour of the man who has been accustomed to none. As a cavalry officer in the old days preferred any recruit to a postboy, so a Canadian farmer may find a “help” ready to fall into his ways better than a man wedded to special ways of toil. Thus a gentleman, however strong and willing, is not likely to be twitted with his ignorance as he would be if he attempted to take his place in a team of prejudiced peasants at home. His freedom from the traditions of labour would assist him. Indeed, if my reader were to explore and examine these new “cities” which are beginning to sprout here and there throughout the North-West of Canada he would be surprised and charmed at the number of “educated” persons who are already taking part in their birth. Every year, moreover, makes the plunge of a “gentleman” into these realms the easier, in a social sense, but the amount of work remaining to be done renders want of employment, to those who really will work, impossible for any time you like to count.—*The Rev. Harry Jones, in the Leisure Hour*.

THE CASE OF THE JINGOES AGAINST RUSSIA.

“STRIPPED of cant and pharisaism generally,” writes a correspondent of a London paper well situated for gauging the real motives which are swaying our public men, “the case of the Jingoes is well summed up by