

TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

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Truth's Great Bible Competition No. 16, closes on the 30th of next month. The number who have competed, each and all of whom have received a gift of some kind, has thus far been very large. The present, however, is an excellent time to enter the Competition, as anyone sending a dollar will be almost certain to secure one of the large rewards, together with the half-dozen silver plated teaspoons each competitor receives whether answers are correct or not. Truth itself is becoming increasingly interesting, and is alone worth the subscription price. The prizes are simply gifts generously awarded by the publisher as a means of establishing and maintaining a pleasant, permanent relationship with his many subscribers.

THE LATE L. S. HUNTINGTON.

Canadians will learn with sincere regret of the death of Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington, which occurred at his residence in New York City on the morning of the 20th. The immediate cause of his death was laryngitis complicated with congestion of the lungs, but he had for some years past suffered from bronchitis. The remains were taken to Montreal where there was a public funeral. The career of Mr. Huntington in Canadian public life has been a prominent one; and it was on the whole creditable. Mr. Huntington first assumed prominence upon the assembling of Parliament after the general elections of 1872. Previous to that election negotiations had been going on between the Government of Sir John Macdonald and two powerful companies, the one the *Inter-Ocean*, at the head of which was Mr. David L. Macpherson and the other the *Pacific*, the chief spirit of which was Sir Hugh Allan, for the construction of a railroad between our Eastern system of lines to the coast of British Columbia. It is not necessary to go extensively over the grounds now. Sir John Macdonald seems to have been of the opinion that Sir Hugh Allan had a greater recognition in the British money market than any other Canadian; and he was without question right. And what man could be more competent to undertake such a gigantic project than the enterprising spirit who had put upon the ocean such a splendid fleet to ply between our shores and Great Britain? It was therefore made plain to Sir Hugh that he would get the government support for the Parliamentary ratification of his charter. Politicians in this country always use money for election purposes, and in the contest of 1872 cash was circulated freely. Sir Hugh had too great an interest at stake to be an unmoved spectator; so he informed members of the ministry that if they needed money for usual elections expenses, he had a bank account. In fact they were given carte blanche. Sir John was not slow to avail

himself of the offer; nor were the other members behind hand. Altogether, as the evidence afterwards showed, a sum of about \$340,000 was paid to members of the ministry during the campaign. Sir John and his followers were successful; Parliament assembled; Conservatives seated themselves at their desks with unruffled brows, and business proceeded. No whisper had gone abroad of the generous manner in which Sir Hugh had assisted ministers; and no member of the Cabinet had the remotest suspicion that tidings of it would transpire. So for some weeks things moved on in the ordinary way. Then it was whispered, by whom no one could say, that the country was on the eve of startling disclosures. There were many enquiring eyes in the Commons chamber; but if the disclosures referred to the ministry, members of that body showed no concern in their faces.

The fateful day at last arrived; members were as usual sitting at their desks; chatting in little coterie, or writing letters. The clerk sat at the head of the table tapping the surface with the end of his pen; and pages flitted with notes here and there among the benches. Suddenly an honorable gentleman, Mr. Lucius Seth Huntington, member for Sheffield arose. His face was pale, and he held a paper in his hands. Upon that paper was written the well-known resolutions relating the facts to which we have already alluded, and affirming that the moneys advanced had been given for a consideration; that this consideration was the ratification of the Railway charter to Sir Hugh; in other words that the ministry had corruptly sold the charter to Sir Hugh Allan.

The feeling throughout the greater portion of the House was one of amazement, and it seemed, for a time, as if the entire chamber had lost the power of speech. All eyes were turned towards Sir John Macdonald; but he sat at his desk silent and motionless as a stone.

What afterwards happened it is not pertinent to this article to state at length. In the new ministry which came in, Mr. Huntington held the Post-office portfolio. As a public man his career is without stain; and his ability was quite beyond the average. He could make a very effective speech, and the temper of his utterances was usually restrained. He was master of an abundant fund of anecdote, and he had the knack of illustrating and giving force to a point by "telling a story." When Mr. Blake made his tour through the maritime provinces he was accompanied by Mr. Huntington; and there was many a person—nor were they Tories either—who preferred listening to the lively speeches interspersed with racy anecdotes, of the ex postmaster-general, to the more pretentious, rigid, and solemn utterances of the leader of the Opposition.

When Mr. Huntington found himself out of the political race he began to centre his attention upon literary projects. He always had been a wide reader; and had a great

fondness for the standard authors of prose and verse. To a study of abstract social and political problems he was likewise deeply devoted, and the advancement of the people in those respects was his sincere desire. There are too few men of that reflective and speculative turn of mind in Canadian public life. The most that the ordinary Ottawa politician can do is to write out a resolution. The Premier himself cannot make a grammatical speech.

The most important outcome of Mr. Huntington's literary application was his book, *Professor Conant*, which appeared in New York, and was likewise issued from the presses of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co. This book met with a cordial reception in the United States; and in Canada the sale was also extensive. The book was what might be described as a political novel, and was wrought upon much the same plan as one of Lord Beaconsfield's books, *Lothair* for example. The writing was vigorous, the plot fairly entertaining, and the lessons taught wholesome. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family left by this distinguished and upright Canadian publicist.

Mr. Labouchere, M. P., the editor of London *Truth*, has been reading some sarcastic and witty remarks in the House of Commons. He does not admire Mr. Chamberlain, and therefore likened that gentleman to a Conservative jester, or a whipper-in for the Whig cave. Among Mr. Chamberlain's many good qualities, he said, was a magnificent confidence in himself, which led him to consider that nothing could be good that had not been originated by him. His impulsiveness, however, made him leap before he looked. He thereby compromised himself, and he felt obliged to continue in what he knew to be an erroneous course. He likewise asserted that Mr. Chamberlain was noted for nothing save his "cocksureness." That gentleman, he said, reminded him of Moses on Mount Sinai. The member for Birmingham would be as much surprised if anybody doubted that he was right as Moses would have been if an Israelite had risen and proposed an amendment to the Ten Commandments. When Mr. Labouchere suggested that the Bill be dropped after the second reading, Mr. Gladstone leaned forward and closely watched the effect of the speaker's remarks upon the Parnellite members. Mr. Dillon and other Irish members arose simultaneously and shouted an emphatic "no." It is generally believed that Mr. Labouchere was "put up" to make this motion; for it is a trait in the Hon. gentleman's character that it is always possible to "get at" him.

As to the struggle between the Street-Car Company of Toronto, and the drivers on strike, we have nothing whatever to say. We take it that the question is one to be settled by the parties interested, and that sooner or later upon this and all cognate questions a *modus vivendi* will be reached. But with the excesses, and the wrong doing of the sympathizers with the strike or other in this contest, all organs of opinion

have to do; and their duty is plain speaking. And here are some plain words: If a cause can prosper only by force, and terror, then it is better that such a cause should perish. If in the appeal to reason, in this enlightened age, it fails to succeed, then it is a pity that it should succeed. Some young ruffians have been for many days busy in placing explosives along the track, and thus terrifying persons travelling by the street cars. Perhaps any one supposes that this sort of proceeding will help the cause of the men on strike. No view could be more delusive; for instead of serving the said drivers it will beget sympathy for the street car company and the actual hostility and disgust of those who travel by the cars. The Knights of Labour, before all others, will find it in their interest to decline allies who come to them with a brick or a bomb-shell.

The sale of intoxicants of every kind is prohibited upon the Island this summer. The Island now will be a safe resort for ladies and a genuine boon to all respectable persons on sultry summer afternoons and evenings.

In the Conservative party, usually so well managed, so long the type of those birds that "in their little nests agree," there have been of late many infolities. The first outbreak of note was between Mr. Woodworth and Mr. James Beatty, both "white-headed boys" of Sir John. That breach is by no means reconciled;—and there is yet another, to wit that between Senator O'Donohoe and Sir John. We have seldom read of anything in party politics more discreditably than this last-named episode. The *Mail* describes the Senator as a "bell-weather," and we like the phrase. The question is just this: how long will the Irish Catholics of this country permit men of the stamp of this Senator O'Donohoe to treat them as a flock of sheep to be led to whatever shambles offers the highest price? Sir John has too many men of the stamp of Senator O'Donohoe about him; and he has not hesitated at any time in his political career to make such selections so long as he was promised a party gain. Another notable case was his "thick friendship" and ultimate smash with General Butt Hewson. Sir John was attending the wedding of his son, and was the guest of Mr. Goldwin Smith at the Grange. The silence was suddenly broken by a clatter of hoofs, and looking, the Prime Minister, the chief of police dismount. "I have a warrant for your arrest, Sir John," "For what offence, pray?" asked the servative chief, while at the same time a decided blush came in his face. "On a charge of perjury laid against this morning by General Smith." "Oh, is that all, Major?" "A serious example set by General Smith was not without its lesson," both any more about the Senator observed. "I am, you know, a Conservative."