

—A Political Economy Society, founded the other day at Montreal, has had the satisfaction of entering the world with *éclat*. The sensation was produced mainly by an effort of the ever-enterprising New York *Herald* to blow a brilliant bubble, and by the unvarnished tales which garrulous malice poured into the ear of the *Herald's* Montreal correspondent. The Society appears to have had its origin in the anxiety caused by the state and prospects of the Province of Quebec, which, in fact, unless it can do something for itself, is not in a hopeful way. Something has been done for the moment by the good harvest, and possibly by the N. P., or rather perhaps by the impulse of self-help and self-reliance which the N. P. has called forth. But the settled feeling is one of gradual impoverishment. The government holds out hopes of encouragement to Beet Sugar which can hardly be fulfilled in any substantial way, while the demand indicates an ominous craving for State aid. The finances of the Province are in an almost desperate condition. She is an applicant for relief to the Federal Government, which she asks to buy of her the North Shore Railroad, and recourse to direct taxation begins to stare her in the face. In the City of Quebec we hear of poor people compelled to eat unclean food.

The Society announces its intention of discussing all questions affecting the policy of the country with perfect freedom, and without regard to the censorship of Knights or to anything but the interest of the Canadian people. For this it has been reviled with farcical fury and warned that it will be attacked "with all accessible weapons" including, as we know by experience, some which are not found in the hands of honour or in the armoury of civilized war. But the dagger has been a good deal blunted by being used for some thirty years upon every character, however upright and respected, the possessor of which crossed or seemed likely to cross the path of a third-rate ambition. The Prime Minister, raised to power by an overwhelming vote of the people, is daily traduced as a common felon. The return of Sir John Macdonald was, at all events, a deliverance, political and social, from a tyranny of libel.