

as you describe them. We have not fallen so low.

RONALD.—Yes, but we have. It is a rivalry in indecent hypocrisy in which practice and profession are more than usually apart. They out-vie each other first in professions of purity, and then out-do each other, as far as it is possible, in acts of corruption. It is a buncombe struggle—a battle of quacks. Each has his sham nostrum, his delusive specific, and the poor country is the patient whom the betraying drug of the blatant and brawling Pharmacopola leaves worse than he was. In Opposition all is virtue; in power all the reverse.

GEORGE.—Horrible.

RONALD.—Horrible indeed. Aye, Sir, horrible hypocrisy. Fancy a polecat crying out for eau-de-cologne at the approach of a fox and you have an idea of some of our statesmen. Next election decency will be outraged, characters stained, reputations ruined, life's life lied away, in a battle between rival corruptionists, fighting over the respective merits of Condy's fluid and chloride of lime, while our local Government will be the Boss Tavern Keeper of the Province.

GEORGE.—What a picture!

RONALD.—Say, rather, what a picture it would be were there an artist capable of drawing the deformed reality in its proper lines, and painting it in its veritable colours. It is not even the quackery of incompetent or time-serving allopaths who go in for homœopathy; ours is in part the quackery of utter ignorance. We have ministers talking like children about political