



"LET US LIVE UP TO IT!"

Our Montreal Commissioner.

WINDSOR HOTEL, Montreal.

"News of battle, news of battle,
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street."

No slight skirmish, no encounter of mere rank and file, but something infinitely more terrible. Archi-episcopal robes are the panoply in which the combatants are arrayed. Mighty ecclesiastical champions are they, and the earth shakes as they meet in the shock of battle. Sword in hand, each endeavours to discover a weak spot in his opponent's armour, whilst awe-struck spectators look on with bated breath. Yes, we have had a veritable sensation. Dropping metaphor—for is it necessary in discoursing on such lofty themes?—let me simply say that there is war between the Archbishops. He of Quebec and he of Martianopolis have exchanged blows with a vigor that reminds one of the martial Templars of old. Monseigneur Tache wields the more treacherous sword, but the venerable Bourget is a foeman worthy of his steel. Less rapid, less vigorous, but more dangerous are his feints and passes, and in all probability victory will perch on the banners of the more aged warrior. From this martial exordium can I descend at once to a plain statement of facts? No! I decline to be plain, although my excellent great aunt Elizabeth once suggested that nature had left me no option in the matter. "Plain you are and plain you always will be," quoth she. I always did think my aunt a little coarse, but let that pass.

"Joseph," said I, to my devoted admirer, the head porter of the Windsor, "Joseph, there is war between the dignitaries of your church—wherefore?" "Lor! sir, 'taint for the likes of me to git to the marrow of such questions as they, but I have heard as it's about a chair as one Archbishop wants to set up in Montreal, and t'other don't—seems like a queer thing for sich holy men to fight about, don't it, sir?" "But no doubt, Joseph, a principle is involved worth fighting for, or these great men would not have girded on their swords." "I know'd it, sir, I know'd it," exclaimed Joseph briskly, and with a relieved tone of voice, "I know'd as how the Archbishops wouldn't a cum out in the papers and said hard things about each other if there wasn't a principle somewheres, but I couldn't deazactly say where. 'Taint for the heads of the church to go wrong, sir, nohow." "Faith, Joseph," I replied, "faith in matters ecclesiastical is of the utmost importance—retain yours in the meanwhile, and when I have studied the question I shall be happy to explain it to you." "Thankee, sir, your honor ought to a bin a Archbishop yerself; long life to yer."

Later on I found an opportunity of explaining to Joseph that Laval University had proposed to establish a branch in Montreal, and also to hold chairs at any other point in the

province it saw fit; that certain Montreal gentlemen opposed to the predominance of Laval, and looking forward to an independent University for Montreal, applied to Archbishop Bourget to know if it was permissible for the faithful to oppose the establishment of a branch of Laval in this city. To this application His Grace of Martianopolis replied in the affirmative—a declaration of war against Laval, which was promptly replied to by a discharge of grape and canister from the batteries of His Grace of Quebec. This elicited a return fire from the guns of Martianopolis. Meanwhile the authorities of Laval had applied to the Local Legislature for legislative authority for their proposed course. Petition after petition has been poured in against the bill from the district of Montreal, and as it is claimed that the conditions of the royal charter which Laval holds conflict with the permission which the Holy See has given it to extend its borders, the fight is a pretty one and excites much interest throughout the province. Joseph listened attentively to my explanation, and when I had finished said he thought he understood the principle better now, and that he always had known as Archbishop Bourget was one that ud stand up for the rights of Montreal. I have had some idea of offering my services as mediator between the belligerent Archbishops, for my diplomatic talents are, as you know, of a high order; but the fight being transferred to the Local Legislature, I have refrained. Should, however, a fitting opportunity for mediation occur, I shall listen to throw myself in the breach.

From giants ecclesiastical, I turn to a material one. The *Parisien*—largest and most magnificent vessel that ever steamed up the river—came, was seen of thousands, and has left. She sailed from Quebec on Saturday last with a goodly number of passengers—John A. Macdonald and DeCosmos—John A. Macdonald and Gordon Brown among the number. If the health of the right honorable knight and his good nature permit, fancy how the wrongs of British Columbia will be ventilated on the voyage. And again, I wonder if our astute Premier will catch the autocrat of the *Globe* on the promenade deck of the *Parisien*? Will Gordon return with a stout belief in the N. P. and the Syndicate, and will the great *Globe* thenceforward vie with the *Mail* in laudations of the greatest statesman of the age, since the departure of his only rival—Beaconsfield? Your red hot Liberals have vetoed the possibility, by refusing to permit Mr. Brown's being shut up for ten days, in the same vessel, with the wily capturer of men. Let them tremble for the consequences of their lack of forethought.

By the way, a remarkable trio attracted a good deal of attention on St. James street in this city on Friday last, the day before the sailing of the *Parisien*. It is not often that the Montreal public has the opportunity of witnessing such a remarkable conjunction as the Hon. Mr. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, G. B., and your Special Commissioner. We were engaged in an animated conversation. Do not expect me to violate the proprieties by revealing its nature, save to intimate that Mr. P. congratulated himself on the fact that the *Globe* had not yet succeeded in killing him, and that G. B. replied the *Globe* had no murderous intentions, but that it grieved him to see that Ministers were preparing the happy despatch for themselves with such indecorous haste. Your Special Commissioner enjoyed the encounter, and with that delicate wit, for which he is famous, threw in here a word and there a word, which acted as oil upon a waning flame. At length, however, the fire burned itself out—we shook hands and each wound his separate way.

Having an appointment with the learned Principal of McGill, to aid him in elucidating a knotty geological problem, I close my despatch in haste.

Your

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER F. T. P. O. Q.



ASTONISHING FORGETFULNESS.

Golly Smith. (Excitedly, running after the acting editor of the *Globe*).—Hi there! Hello! Hold up! You've forgot something! You haven't got no article in this morning's paper pitching into the Smith Dinner!

King Street Phenomena.

"We are the King Street walkers. This sidewalk is ours. We know no other street. Queen, Yonge, Simcoe, York—we have heard of these and other streets with disgust and unbelief. There is no other street than this. No one ever sees us come to this delightful promenade. Do we live here? No. Do we spring out of the pavement? No. And yet at a certain hour every day here we are, as if by magic a number of the cedar-blocks had been endowed with life, and decked with spick and span new garments, and frizzed and well banged hair. We scorn the insinuation that we would ever be seen on any other street. Here, day by day, coming by some mysterious process from our, of course, elegant drawing rooms, where we have been, no doubt, under glass cases since yesterday afternoon, we appear in all our startling beauty, our loveliness, which as you see never fades or grows old. Do you, base plebeian, dare to assume that we were ever vulgar infants, sucking with greedy delight at bottles of warm pap, without any knowledge of the fashions and glories of the life we now lead? Perish the thought! Wo, whose every lock of hair is arranged with geometric precision, whose boots have never known what mud is, whose clothes are always new and spotless, whose faces wear an eternal smile of self-satisfaction, and whose mustachios curl no doubt by the force of the over-abundance of life that flows from our very important persons? Surely we never had such a common thing as a napkin swaddled around us? We know nothing of suffering or care. These are too vulgar to attract our notice. And death, what is it to us? Shall we not walk King street in this same fashionable attire, with these same curls, or those self-same wonderful mustachios for ever? Will not our high toned snarls glorify this street, and the fragrant smoke of our high-lit cigarettes perfume its otherwise common and worthless atmosphere to time immemorial?"

DEPARTED.—Mr. Henry G. Vennor, it is announced, has gone to live in the States. His forecasts made for Canada generally struck away south of this line, and as the weather would not come to the Prophet, why, the Prophet has gone to the weather.

Who was the poet Laura ate?—*Elevated Railway Journal*. Lamb, probably.—*Somerville Journal*. Possibly Drake; girls are fond of canvas-backs.—*Yawcoob Strauss*. If she is a Boston girl it is probable that she has de-voured a good deal of Hogg.—*Ee*. Ho'd you say? Hay? Don't know Howitt it strikes you but isn't it Moore probable in was a Knox or a Wolfe? In the "Course of Time" some of you will sug-jest a Pollok.