

Baillargeon's, and, in the hearing of five witnesses hidden behind a counter, tells him: "You know I have promised to divide with my colleagues. If I don't get that \$500, my honor is gone!"

A Good Judge, but a Narrow Judge.

The investigation has at least effected this, that Gadbois' view of honor is now taken as that of most aldermen. The landslide vote of September 20, involving the cutting down of the Council by one-half and the election by the people of a Public Works Committee, otherwise, tho improperly, called Board of Control, shows which way the tide of opinion has set. It is plain, however, that no serious efforts were made to expose the big crooks. In some respects, the investigation is looked upon by many as a huge farce. They caught the \$33.33 Man and had him pilloried at street corners that the Just might spit in his face, but the impression prevails that among those who assisted in the catch, and shamed the Petty Thief, a closer search would have disclosed five and ten-thousand dollar thieves by the patrol-wagon load. At the time of Cannon's appointment, some sour-dough of a journalist remarked that he could not sentence a man properly to be hanged. He was honest. He really wished the accused to be hanged. But the Court of King's Bench would quash the verdict on numberless counts, owing to his mistakes. He likewise wanted to hang the Crooked Alderman, but turning a city like Montreal inside out, and cleaning all the vermin out of the seams, is a big job, for a former Assistant-Something in a sleepy provincial administration. He tumbled over himself chasing the small bugs, and never saw the big ones.

The Tooley Street Tallers.

In this he was ably, tho no doubt unintentionally, assisted by the lawyers. That small men are fond of