

CONCERNING the recent visit of the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company, of Boston, to London, it is reported that the Hon. Chauncey Depew, in his speech delivered at a banquet given to them there, made a joke which some of the corps were afraid their entertainers might take seriously.

Mr. Depew explained that America owned three kinds of military bodies: the regular army, which fights; the National Guard, which fights when called upon, and the Ancient Artillery, who would not fight under any circumstances.

There was just point enough in this witty after-dinner speaker's fun to give it piquance, and somewhat disturb the equanimity of the noble Company.

Having permitted or invited these armed guests, it was only within ordinary courtesy that they should be hospitably entertained.

The occasion, however, gains significance in view of the disturbed relations between the countries that began the year. The marked recognition extended them by royalty and the lavish entertainment provided for them may be correctly interpreted into expression of desire for a perpetuity of good-will and friendly alliance between the two countries.

DETAILS of the disaster caused by the terrible tidal wave in northern Japan have been slow in reaching the western world, which has had time to forget its slight realisation of the same in nearer and more present issues.

The tragedy occurred on June 15th, while the people were celebrating one of their simple, time-honoured fêtes. Within a few minutes from the first warning a wave from twenty to forty feet in height, resulting from a submarine earthquake, swept over two hundred miles of coast of Hondo, the largest island of the Japanese archipelago, destroying all the towns and hamlets, and drowning 30,000 persons.

We read it calmly. It seems far away and foreign. The very extent of it possibly prevents our realisation. Humanity cannot feel in thousands, even as it does not suffer in thousands. But there is something very pitiful in the thought of a whole province made desolate; a host of those simple, engaging little people, in the midst of their childlike enjoyment, being lifted, crushed and beaten lifeless by the great wave that left them, with all their laughter gone, lying bruised upon the sand.

IN CANADA.

THE letter forwarded by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen to the mother of the young Scotch groom who was accidentally shot in Rideau Hall grounds, gives evidence of that tender sympathy and deep motherliness which has shown itself in a thousand ways since she has been among us.

It is not a formal condolence, nor yet the courteous expression of a real regret, but the relation of the details so longed for by a mother heart,—so dear and comforting to loved ones denied the last presence. The complete understanding, the simple tenderness, make of this kindly act a most beautiful thing.

If the dynamic of politics be devotion to a person, there is every probability that Canada's new Premier will prove a splendid force in Canada's empiric progress. The magnetism of his personality, his stainless record, his fine honour, courtesy and chivalry, his courtly presence and eloquent yet dignified speech, unite to win a passion of devotion from his friends, and a cordial admiration and goodwill from all who have come within the spell of his influence.

That he is statesman rather than politician,

time is rapidly proving; that he has strength beneath the sweetness, has been already revealed.

Canadians of both parties like to be proud of their Premier, and in Hon. Mr. Laurier they find one who at every point gratifies their pride.

THE 'cross of gold' of the United States becomes the crown of gold in Canada, since British Columbia is prepared to supply from her rich revealed veins sufficient of the yellow metal to make us all kings and princes.

The question arises whether, in view of these undeveloped riches in British Columbia and South Africa, it will not soon become necessary to 'demonetise' gold and institute a silver monometallism.

Bryan and his Populist followers might find the pick and pan of British Columbia mines a speedier road to riches than even a Presidential campaign.

Speaking seriously, in the rush of speculation which the discovery of Rossland gold has engendered, there will be the usual false bait and reckless investments, the usual mad haste to be rich, with its concomitant ruin: yet the gold is there, the climate is healthful, the country beautiful, and it is of our own Dominion.

All hail to British Columbia!

Now that the elections are over and the new Government established, a general confession and now-we-may-say-what-we-think attitude marks both Conservative and Liberal with refreshing and cleansing effect.

A contemporary recently remarked, ironically, that it is surprising how many Conservatives have discovered since the election that a period in Opposition would be beneficial for the party.

It is not surprising that they failed to give utterance to this sentiment before the election. Any man, Liberal or Conservative, who believes in his party platform naturally hesitates to refuse it his support merely because of some measure or view of his leaders in which he does not concur.

He realises that he may not understand the full bearing of the case, or the many side issues involved, and, if he be a sensible man, waits for further enlightening.

Again, a man may not approve of his party leaders, yet remain loyal to his party principles. And whichever way he may feel impelled to vote, at least he is not called upon to make public the weaknesses of his party.

THE question came up recently among a group of Toronto journalists regarding what constitutes a good political cartoon, and whether humour is an essential element.

The writer put the question to many men of many minds during the past month, and the consensus of opinion was that a cartoon should be pointed, humorous and free of detail, with a touch of exaggeration sufficient to accentuate the situation depicted.

In this connection it will not be amiss to voice the enjoyment afforded by the excellent political cartoons which appeared in our Toronto journals during the campaign.

All were good, but the palm must be awarded to the *World* and its clever cartoonist, Mr. Sam Hunter, to whose witty pencil, pointed yet never aloof-dipped, we owe many a laugh.

ONE further word concerning newspapers and the elections. There are no brighter average newspaper men to be found than in Canada. We refer not merely to the staffs of the city dailies, but to the editors of country weeklies. While bound by limitations of small means, yet the weekly and daily town and country journals of the Dominion show in every page the quick appreciation of their editors for clever points and good work. The general commen-

ation of the Toronto *Globe* made by the newspapers throughout the country is an evidence of this.

The contrast between the *Globe* of ten years ago and the *Globe* of to-day is a marvellous instance of what the true newspaper instinct can do.

The *Globe* of to-day is edited with a tact, skill and good judgment that makes it not merely the first newspaper in the land, but one of the strongest influences among the people. To its efforts is largely due the Liberal success in the recent elections. But greater than this—far greater—is the influence it is exercising in moulding the minds of the Canadian people into a true patriotism, and stimulating them to a large and noble empire building.

IN a recent letter to the London *Times* on woman suffrage, Prof. Goldwin Smith makes a funny digression from the discussion of woman suffrage to the 'new woman,' as he conceives her, and whom he evidently considers responsible for the movement. He writes:

I find general opinion in the United States, as far as I can ascertain it, adverse to the change. The new woman, perhaps, shows herself there even in a more startling way than with you. She is now asserting her right to appear as a riding master and as a clown in a circus. The other day there was a public match of 'basket-ball' between two bodies of female athletes, before a large body of spectators, who, according to the report, were "paralysed to see the proficiency in slugging suddenly developed by the gentle players."

The learned professor apparently considers the time-honoured pink and gauze circus equestrienne a safe institution. Although why she as well as the clown should not demand woman's suffrage is not apparent.

The professor concluded with an ominous, far-sighted prophecy to the British Parliament:

We shall presently see a woman in the House of Commons—for to that, if woman suffrage is carried, you will logically come.

THE resolution pressed by certain members of the Dominion Alliance in its recent convention in Toronto, raises rather an interesting question as to how far a man should subordinate all other qualifications, in a candidate for Parliamentary honour, to what he deems a chief plank, or even a leading principle.

Should any man be pledged to support a candidate because the latter is a prohibitionist or a free trader or a remedialist—or advocate of any other political principle?

Should not any voter be left free to exercise his own judgment, concerning not merely for whom he should vote, but to whom he should give public support?

Those members of the Alliance who censured Hon. G. W. Ross for giving support to other than a prohibition candidate surely forget that the highest type of citizenship is in that man who, in the disposition of his vote, as in the exercise of all other public and private judgment—endeavours to hold things in their right proportion.

ONE longs for the good old-fashioned days in these times of thirty-two page dailies and four-ringed circuses. Both are weariness of the eyes and vexation to the spirit.

When shall we return to the neat four-page or even two-page daily, with its concise summary, and clear print; its freedom from flare headings, mournful woodcuts and Saturday supplements?

And when, oh when shall we return again to the one-ringed circus, with its blessed sense of a full money's worth, no distraction and nothing missed?

The thirty-two page daily is less than that of four pages; and the four-ringed circus than that of one ring. Where is the wise manager who shall arise to understand that this, also, is human nature?