



HIELANT TOO, AN' WHAT FOR NO, McINNES?

(Notice of motion by Senator McInnes of B.C.)

Whereas the Gaelic language is the mother tongue of, and is daily used by a large number of her Majesty's subjects in Canada, therefore her Majesty by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada enacts as follows:—

The Gaelic language may be used by any person in the debates of the Senate and House of Commons of Canada and shall be used in the respective records and journals of those Houses, and may be used by any person in any proceeding or process in or issuing from any court established or acting under the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada.

be another issue of the *Mail*? Yes, sure enough, dated Saturday, 20th Feb. And just cast your eye on these two long, seductive columns of matter headed "Fortune's Temple." Attractive title, hey? What is it all about? Gentle reader, it is the most skilfully contrived advertisement of this very same Louisiana Lottery fake! Great is consistency!

Since the above paragraph was written, action has been taken to punish the *Mail* and some other Toronto journals for advertising the lottery, contrary to law. This will, perhaps, have even more effect on the wrong doers than any caustic remarks of ours.

A GENTLEMAN by the name of Montague has defeated a gentleman called Colter in a contest for the representation of Haldimand in the House of Commons. It is alleged that there was bribery on the part of the successful candidate, however, and the seat is to be contested. . . The foregoing sentences we propose to have cast in a solid stereotype to save the printer all future trouble during the natural lives of the gentlemen in question.

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students are coming forward with interesting theories to account for the large majority of Dr. Montague—over 200. It is not usual for him to have more than fifty, and occasionally Colter has the big end of the vote. The *savant* of the *Globe* believes the result was due largely to serious frauds in the holding of the election; others incline to the view that the popularity of the Government among the farmers, due to the high prices of grain, is what did it; others again think that Dr. Montague's comparative youth gave him the advantage in the baby-kissing contest: while it is the fixed conviction of the Equal Righters that Haldimand has pronounced its emphatic condemnation of the shifty policy of the Liberal Party on the dual language question. Our own opinion, after a careful examination of all the facts and circumstances, is that the real reason of Colter's defeat—is hard to tell.

A PROPOS of this latest election in Haldimand, a leading citizen of Dunnville writes us as follows:

"It is a great pity that you had not had an artist on the Indian Reserve in Haldimand the night before the election, for certainly there must, as the saying is, have been 'a scene for an artist.' Dr. Montague had lashings of beer and liquor and eating supplies carted in there, and after feeding the Indians and giving them all they could drink, and giving them a good time generally, they got up a dance, which was kept up until daylight, and my informant tells me that the Doctor took part in the dances, swinging the squaws around in the loudest kind of style. Then, next morning, he headed a gang of bucks, numbering at least forty, and led them down the road to the polls and voted them.

Such electioneering is certainly novel, and speaks volumes for the Indian voter. It occurred to me that if you were in need of a subject for a cartoon you couldn't have a more apropos subject. It actually took place, for my informant saw it and is reliable."

IT is too bad about poor Mr. Louis Kossuth. An interviewer who lately talked to the grand old Hungarian patriot in his secluded Italian home found him in a frame of pessimism as blue as indigo. He is convinced that nothing will solve the labor problem except a cataclysm, in which the present population will be swept from the surface of the earth and a new race, capable of a new civilization, may appear. There can be no doubt that this *would* put an end to the mundane troubles of the present inhabitants. It is pretty bad, Louis, old boy, but not quite so desperate as this!

THE interviewer would have done Kossuth a kindness by leaving him a copy of "Progress and Poverty"—a work which he has evidently never read, though it has been translated into all the European languages. His description of the present condition of things is almost in Henry George's own words—"the progress of civilization has given the great mass of the people desires