

ARCTURUS:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND LIFE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1887.

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Advertisements.—\$4.00 per line per annum; six months, \$2.50; single insertion, 20c. per line. No advertisement charged less than five lines.

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SIR JOHN, SIR HECTOR AND MR. CHAPLEAU.

AND so Mr. Chapleau is to be next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The idea is startling when one comes to consider the character of the game that he has been playing during the last year or two. A few months before the elections he held the hand of the desperate gamester. He had staked much on Chambly, and Chambly went dead against him. Langevin and Caron took no such odds. They knew their people better, or perhaps they thought they did, and when Chapleau lost a seat in his district they simply laughed, for there is no love squandered between the rivals for Cartier's mantle. Chapleau gave Sir John a turn last winter, when he threatened to leave his ministry unless certain conditions were fulfilled; and if the chieftain had not acceded to his Secretary of State's wishes at that time, who can say where the ancient statesman would be to-day? We must not forget the overtures which Mercier made to Chapleau. We must not forget the significance of Chapleau's position in the Cabinet, where he was forced to play second fiddle to a man he hates with an inveterate hatred and whose downfall he is ever praying for. Sir John is a jealous chieftain, and Sir Hector's too palpable bids for the Premiership, during those memorable trips through Ontario, spread alarm in his breast. He could not brook a rival so near the throne, and he at once took steps to circumvent his soaring assistant. To that end he sent for Chapleau, translated him from Quebec to Ottawa, and forthwith provided himself with a dual French leadership. Open revolt was out of the question between these two, but the private bickerings must have been intense, and what they said about each other to personal friends must have made the gods blush. Sir John, astute observer that he is, knew his men, and no one now talks of Sir Hector as a possible successor to the chief. Tupper is the light of the Tory camp, and to him the faithful will look when the old man dies, or enters the British peerage, which is the same thing. Well, Sir John, when cornered by Chapleau, gave that distinguished supporter all the promises he asked. But in this instance—the first time on record, probably—he has been compelled to keep his word, and the Senecals and the Churches and the brothers of the Minister and the Würteles and the Dansereaus have all been provided for. The Secretary of State, too, complained that his office in the government was not good enough. Sir John promised to

regulate that too, because he understood his man, and he knew, moreover, that Mr. Mercier stood outside, ready to make an alliance with his colleague for defence or offence. Sir John never yields to dictation unless compelled to do so, and this time he found his friendly adversary too many guns for him. Well, the elections came, and were carried by the Conservatives, but while Langevin and Caron failed entirely to carry their divisions against the tactics of Laurier, Langelier and Mercier, Chapleau won all along the line in his part of the country, and knelt for his beloved chieftain's blessing. Then he pressed more friends on Sir John, and the premier, it is said, cried when he had to accept Ouimet, the hero of the North-West Rebellion, for first Commoner. He wept again when another suggestion was made, but gulped down his feelings, and listened to the voice of the siren. But everyone here is asking: What is to become of Montreal when Chapleau goes to Quebec? Montreal is all right. In Chapleau's place there will be Mr. Lacoste or Senecal if Chapleau insists upon it. We have already Abbott leading in the Senate, and if Sir Adolphe Caron is sent to the right about, Ouimet will take the fighting minister's place, and Girouard will take the hat and miraculous robes of the Speaker. It is all planned, and the Quebec district which did so badly for the party must shift for itself.

But Langevin will lead. Of course he will. He will be a sort of *locum tenens*, as it were. Chapleau, at Spencer Wood, will do as he has ever been doing since he embarked in politics. He will look after the particular fortunes of Mr. Chapleau, and if, after a while, Mr. Mercier wants an ally badly, he won't have to look far for one. A few months ago he offered Mr. Chapleau the leadership of his countrymen. Circumstances at that time forbade the acceptance of the honour. Langevin never offered to do as much for Chapleau. Mercier is the only rival Chapleau ever feared, and when a man cannot fight an enemy, there have been instances when a combine has been effected. If Chapleau remains at Government House a full term, what is to prevent him coming down to active politics again, and making the best bargain he can with Mr. Blake, or Sir Charles Tupper, or Sir Richard Cartwright, or Mr. Mills, or whoever may be at the time the party of the second part? Chapleau always works for Chapleau. He will pull no wrong strings as governor. The Letellier spectre will keep him straight on that score. Besides, he has in Mercier a man of iron nerve to deal with. This he knows by past experience, and it is a significant fact that the Mercier statesmen are all delighted to hear that Chapleau is coming to them for advice. If Mercier and Chapleau do not really effect a combination before many months have passed away, we shall all be greatly surprised. The translation, it is said, will not take place until July 1st. What a delightful way to celebrate the natal day of the Dominion!

There was a rumour some time ago that the next Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec would be an English Protestant. I think I told you not long since that it was an unwritten law that the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec must be a