

suffering because they did not confine themselves to their legitimate *métier*. They both forgot that they were sent abroad only to tell white lies for their country. It is worse for Mr. Bayard than for Lord Sackville. The latter was only a poor, simple, green Englishman. The former is a sharp, clever American—and it is his own countrymen, his fellow clean-skaters who are angry with him. Someone blundered and that someone was Mr. Bayard—and now off goes his head—quite in the style of Richard III.

Canadian
Copyright.

At the time the draft of the new proposed Copyright Act was published we pointed out that the manufacturing clauses in it were a concession to the protection doctrines to which Canadians are apparently bound. The objections made to the proposal by the other members of the Berne Union appear to us to be perfectly sound. They say, as we foretold they could say, "If Canada does not want to live up to the terms of this Convention she must leave it. She must not expect to have the free run of our territory, and at the same time keep us out of hers." The foreign publishers and authors submitted to the United States playing that game because at the cost of manufacturing (i.e., printing and publishing) they secured a sixty million market. Out of that market they had previously been kept altogether by piracy. Canada has no such advantage to offer. If we insist on a manufacturing clause, with what can we tempt an author to print here—a restricted audience and a population which cannot afford to buy expensive books. What is the use of cheating ourselves? Consider what we shall lose if we are excluded from the Berne Convention. Our authors lose the unrestricted French, German, and English market. They lose everything and gain nothing. What do our publishers gain? How many good books will they be asked to publish for Canada in the course of a year? Not half a dozen. It is impossible to write too strongly on the way our people have been misled on this question. There is no dispute between Imperial interference and Dominion legislation. Canadians have the right to cut off their own noses if they choose, but are they going to do it? To confuse the issue by raising a clamour that our rights and liberties are being trampled on is the result of ignorance or treason. No other alternative is possible.

Silver
Dollars.

The Americans will still be able to carry about in their pockets the small silver dinner plates which are Uncle Sam's promises to pay bearer one dollar. These promises must not be gauged by their intrinsic value, but by Uncle Sam's general ability to pay his debts. In themselves, they are not worth a dollar. They are a token that if they are presented on certain conditions to the United States Treasury they will be received as if they were really a gold dollar. A paper issue would be just as good. The only difference is that the holder of these dollars, instead of having only paper in his hands, has, say, about forty cents worth of silver. It is said that at the mines the original cost of each silver dollar is sixteen or twenty cents. The Government pays the silver kings on each dollar the difference between that amount and anywhere between forty and sixty cents, and the people pay the Government the balance of the dollar. Thus ultimately each citizen pays each silver king the difference between twenty cents, and say, about eighty cents. It would pay the United States Government to confiscate the mines and go into the silver mining business themselves. The hopeless struggle to make silver equal to gold will go on at the people's expense, unless the Lower House corrects the

bad legislation of the Senate. Undoubtedly, some change will have to be made in the Constitution of the American Upper House or the end will be a dissolution of the Union. The Eastern States will not suffer themselves to be plundered much longer at the dictation of the Western. The best minds in the States are getting anxious over this too apparent divergence of interest between West and East.

The Planet
Mars.

Mr. Lowell's account of his discoveries on the surface of the planet Mars, which was lately reviewed, in the columns of this journal, have not been received with much respect as yet. In this age of wonderful discoveries and extraordinary inventions people are prepared for anything. The world, therefore, will at first accept any new announcement as true if it is only stated circumstantially and positively. A man who commences an investigation in the humour of being prepared to discover what he wishes to discover is likely to find what he wants. Mr. J. A. Paterson, the President of the Toronto Astronomical Society, has called attention in a sarcastic tone to Mr. Lowell's alleged discoveries. He points out that Professor Holden, of the Lick Observatory, has not been as fortunate as Mr. Lowell. In fact, the Professor rather "sits upon" Mr. Lowell. We have even heard it suggested that the gorgeous plates in Mr. Lowell's book have been touched up. It would be a matter of some satisfaction to the scientific world if other people besides Mr. Lowell had made the same discoveries. Meantime, the planet beams upon the earth as of yore and he and his other friends, and his and their moons continue their course as hitherto. There will be plenty of time to make further observations, and Mr. Lowell or Professor Holden may be able to say yet, "I told you so."

The Equanimity of our Politicians.

THE *London Spectator* has a very interesting article of a psychological character on the equanimity of Mr. Balfour; and there are few politicians of our age who have been so noted for this quality. It is indeed difficult to characterise it in plain English. Equanimity is hardly the word. We try the French, and *sang froid* helps us a little, and so does *insouciance*. Mr. Balfour seems to look out from his own place of repose with a kind of wonder that other men should put themselves in a rage, and very commonly this makes them rage more fiercely, which again makes it easier for him to be calm.

Perhaps this quality came out most conspicuously in his conflicts with some Irish members of the Home Rule party. We are familiar with the epithets which those not at all equanimous persons were accustomed to throw at his head. We forget whether the phrases "bloody Balfour" and the like raised the echoes in the House of Commons; but they were common enough in the organs of the party. It was highly edifying to listen to an Irish member denouncing Mr. Balfour in quite unparliamentary language, to see an English member getting up in indignant remonstrance; and then to mark Mr. Balfour's languid protest, "Don't mind it; I don't," which was the most provoking of all. Mr. Balfour has always been the same—the same calm, languid, bored sort of person, who seemed unable to understand why people should make such a fuss about things.

It is perhaps unreasonable to expect such equanimity in Canadian politicians. Perhaps it is not desirable. Mr. Balfour, on his mother's side, is the grandson of a Marquis, yet this cannot quite explain the matter. It may be true that there is a certain "repose, which stamps the caste of Vere