

the unrestricted commercial intercourse, which is so dear to the heart of the Grit free-trader and the annexationist. We submit that there is not much that is *imaginary* about that wall, but a great deal that is real, tangible and stable, and it will take a longer time than Mr. McLagan has got to live for the efforts of *moultiworts* of his type to undermine that wall—a wall which, whether the necessity for its further existence be obvious to Mr. McLagan or not, has preserved the industries of Canada from being crushed by the competition of their older and stronger rivals on the other side of the line, and has contributed, more than anything else, to make the trade, commerce and manufacturers of this Dominion what they are.

The only "correction," made by Mr. McLagan, of the version of the interview, given by "the well-posted young gentleman" of the *P.-I.*, that amounts to anything, or that bears any semblance of being justified, is where he claims that, when he is represented as having spoken of the vast majority of the people on the Mainland as "far-seeing people," he meant to have said (he does not assert that he actually *did* say) "designing politicians." The latter term would have been more in harmony with Mr. McLagan's previous characterizations of the men whose necks the Davie yoke chafes; but then, who may say what the effect, in the way of tongue-loosening, the sense of release from the supervision of his "boss" in Victoria may have had on Mr. McLagan? We believe yet, notwithstanding that "the ostensible editor" doth protest so much, that he *did* say "far-seeing people," and that "the well-posted gentleman" of the *P.-I.* reported him correctly.

*Au reste*, Mr. McLagan in his letter to the *P.-I.*, dated the 17th inst., which our too credulous friend, the paragrapher of the *News-Advertiser*, accepts as a denial and repudiation of the interview published on the 13th, beyond noting, with something like horror, that the reporter, rashly and sacrilegiously, ventured to call "the silver-tongued orator of Canada" "Henry," when his name is "Wilfred," really denies nothing—not even that he himself is a Grit. The whole lucubration is simply a highly unsuccessful effort to patch up his reputation as a loyal—not to say lickspittle—henchman of the Premier, and amounts to nothing more than a proof, if proof were needed, that Mr. McLagan has yet some hopes of "the juice" not having quite given out, and that he is still full of that peculiar brand of gratitude to Mr. Davie which some cynic has characterized as "a lively sense of favors to come."

By the way, this is not all that we have got to say to "the ostensible editor" of the *World*. In Monday's issue of that delectable sheet, he falls foul of Rev. George R. Maxwell, because that gentleman, at the fishermen's meeting, on the evening of Saturday, the 22nd inst., in Market Hall, had the audacity to stand up where, if anywhere, free expression of opinion is the privilege of all sorts and conditions of men, and to call attention to the fact that the situation, as between the cannerymen and the fishermen is aggravated, and the former class backed up and encouraged in their fight against their employes, by the fact that a member of the Provincial Government is a canneryman!

Mr. McLagan does not deny this fact, nor does he attempt to show that the "pull," thereby given the cannerymen, seriously handicaps the fishermen. No; but he dodges the issue and wanders away from the subject to emphasize the fact that the Provincial Government has nothing to do with the direction of the salmon-fishing on the Fraser, or the management of the Indians, but that these matters are en-

tirely in the hands of the Dominion Government. Everybody knows that, and one fails to see why Mr. McLagan should waste his own and his readers' time by rehearsing it. He is very careful, however, to ignore this other fact, that the Dominion Government has absolutely nothing to say in the matter of the regulation of the fishermen's wages, for one reason, because none of its members are cannerymen. The case is different with the Provincial Government; and, disguise the fact, and try to screen his beloved friend, the Minister in question, as Mr. McLagan may, it is, nevertheless, a fact that the Minister-canneryman alluded to, has a "pull" and an influence which makes the fishermen's fight all the harder. This was, in effect, what Mr. Maxwell said, and he had a perfect right to say so.

We do not venture an opinion, one way or the other, as to the wisdom of Mr. Maxwell's putting in his oratorical oar in this matter. That is his own business. But we do most emphatically protest against the absurd contention of "the ostensible editor," that clergymen have no right to intervene in questions that affect the social or political welfare of the community. Does a clergyman, when he assumes the clerical garb, lay aside the *togæ virilis*, and become a cipher in the community? Does he forfeit his right to form an opinion on public questions, and to endorse that opinion by his vote? Is he, while retaining the right to marry and beget children, supposed to have no voice in the direction and settlement of those conditions of social and political life on which the future well-being of his family must, necessarily, so much depend? This were, indeed, political emasculation, and, if we believed, for a moment, that Mr. Maxwell and his co-presbyters were so gagged and bound, and coerced into such silence and inaction in the community, we should be the first to agitate for the introduction in the Legislature of "a Bill for the Removal of certain Disabilities under which British Columbia Clergymen suffer." There is, however, no necessity for the adoption of any such measure, but there certainly appears to be a clamant need of getting an Act passed, if its enforcement were only practicable, "for the Prevention, in future, of Mr. McLagan's making an ass of himself."

This jabber about "political parsons" is very tedious. It gives one "that tired feeling" the patent medicine fakirs talk so much about. It is like the drinking water of Victoria, "stale, flat and unpalatable." Why should not a clergyman have opinions on politics and express them in forcible language, if he feels so disposed? It seems to us that we have read somewhere of a certain parson, named John Knox, who was not only a magnificent preacher, but a first rate politician. In the latter capacity, his shrewdness and firmness did more for Scotland than the sword of Wallace. What has "the ostensible editor" to say to *him*? Dare he denounce *him* because of his outspokenness in the criticism of the policy of the Government of *his* day? We trow not!

We furthermore take emphatic exception to the terms in which "the ostensible editor," aforesaid, speaks of Mr. Maxwell. We had some hopes that a reformation had taken place in the language of the *World* editor; that he had sworn billingsgate and resolved, for the future, to write cleanly, but our hopes were rudely dashed when we read, in a recent issue of his paper, a tissue of mingled innuendo, cant and outspoken ribaldry, entitled, "A Clerical Diatribe." In almost so many words he charges Mr. Maxwell with being untruthful and dishonorable! Now, whatever may be the reverend gentleman's faults—and, of course, being only human, he has his share of them—no one can charge him with lack of candor or of straightforward honesty. He is not a smooth-tongued, time-serving, hypocritical, self-seeking,