

up to his present standard it will not be long before he demonstrates to the world the truth of what we have constantly asserted, that a large and enthusiastic following awaits any honest and fairly capable leader who is alive to the interests of the country and not afraid to go forward.

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WHICH reminds us, by way of contrast, of what Sir Richard Cartwright has just been saying to an interviewer. Sir Richard is one of the most gifted men in this country, and has high qualifications for leadership. Moreover, he knows pretty well what is wrong in Canadian affairs, and in what direction to look for the rectification thereof. But he feels obliged to suppress himself out of a sentiment of loyalty to the party, as we suppose. In the interview referred to we find this able man straining his ingenuity to justify the course of the majority in the Jesuit Bill matter. The very best he can do in that line, however, is to repeat the chestnut about "Provincial Rights." He probably sees clearly enough that the arguments against the disallowance of the Jesuit Bill, would be precisely as good against the disallowance of a Bill granting Provincial funds to a society of Anarchists or Fenians. In other words, it abolishes the vero power altogether, for no case can possibly be suggested in which, according to the new doctrine, it would be justifiable to interfere with the action of a Provincial Legislature. So much does the machine require of its well-meaning but too faithful followers!

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IT is an up-hill job to reform the respectable family newspaper of the day, and we are aware that words are simply thrown away on the task. But might we ask what useful end was served by devoting three or four columns per day to the miserable Maybrick case for the past month or so? It was almost as nauseating as the Court-waddle they inflict upon a patient public as a regular diet.

WHAT HE MIGHT SAY.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has been selected to perform the ceremony of unveiling the statue of Col. Williams, at Port Hope. As is customary, an address will be expected, and as Sir John is just now very busy doing nothing in particular, we kindly submit a draft of what he might say, which may, perhaps, save him the trouble of preparing an original speech.

Citizens of Port Hope. Ladies and gentlemen: It is with mingled feelings that I come before you to-day to perform a ceremony at once pleasant and painful. I am glad to be the medium of formally unveiling this statue—a splendid work of art which will be an ornament to your enterprising town. I am sorry that the statue is a memorial of Col. Williams, one of my dearest friends in other days, for it recalls the fact that he is gone. Ladies and gentlemen, he died upon the field of battle, a gallant soldier in the discharge of his duty. He fell at Batoche, in the engagement which crushed the late rebellion. He was a grand man in every respect, and our country can poorly spare him. As for myself, I can hardly express my sense of the loss. Col. Williams was one of my staunchest supporters in Parliament, and an active and efficient officer of the Party of which I have the honor to be leader. But he is gone! The fatal bullet found its way to his loyal heart, and our country mourns the loss of one of her noblest sons. This magnificent statue will worthily perpetuate his fame as a soldier to distant generations, but as for me, his old friend and leader, I can

only have the consolation of knowing that I supplied him the opportunity of dying in action. Had it not been for the imbecility, the stupidity, the wanton carelessness and the hard-hearted stubbornness of myself and colleagues, there would have been no rebellion, and consequently no battle of Batoche, and consequently no slaying of this hero, and consequently I would not have been here to-day unveiling this memorial. But in view of the facts, I feel that you could not have made a more appropriate selection than myself for this duty, and I thank you that you have thus recognized my logical right to be the one to perform the ceremony.

It's only after reading the Pennells' book that one begins to wonder whether the Scottish Highlands are as Black as they've been painted.

GEMS FROM THE POETS.



"A moment more and they shall meet.
'Tis past; her lover's at her feet!"—Byron.



—"And many a sinner's parting seen
But never aught like this!"—Scott.



"Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade!"—Tennyson.