

otherwise be exposed to it; but it is by no means uncommon for grocers to create and foster the habit of intemperance in their female customers by treating them in order to promote the sale of their goods. Many and many a family owes its utter misery, in the ruin of the mother, to the circum-

stance of liquor being sold in the grocery or provision shop. But this is of little account, so that the grocer may go on making his large profits. If a little of the sympathy shown to those who *live* by the traffic, could only be extended to those who are *killed* by it!

CURRENT EVENTS

THE retirement of M. Cauchon from the Government, is one of those unspeakable blessings which even his friends of the past four years can enjoy with mute complacency. So far as we have observed, none of the Liberal journals has honoured him with a political obituary. He died and made no sign, and no survivor has decorated his tomb with *immortelles*, pronounced a eulogy, or penned an epitaph in honour of the man. It may be that the grief of the dominant party lies too deep for tears, and many fathoms out of hearing, if it could form itself into words; but it seems far more probable that, having exhaustively analysed his character during his public lifetime, it finds there is nothing left for flattery or censure to utter. It is said in the Scriptures that 'the memory of the wicked shall rot;' M. Cauchon, if we may accept the strictures of his recent allies, was, while yet alive, in a state of moral putrescence—or at least his offences were, or they would not have ascended so rankly to the upper air. Such being the case, it is perhaps wise in them to bury their dead out of their sight in silence and without display. The charitable maxim which bids us 'speak nought but good about the dead,' may be applied to the politically, as well as the physically, departed; and, in that case, the only proper thing to say about the future Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, must be, to use a Hibernicism, to say nothing. The ex-minister, whatever his moral weaknesses may be, has proved himself a man of unquestionable energy, and he is the master of a certain forcible and flippant fluency which is none the less effective because

it is adorned by a jerky and spluttering utterance. The *Parliamentary Companion* informs us that he is descended from a member of the *Conseil Supérieur*, who came to Canada in 1636; but it does not tell us whether he was any connection of the famous Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, who betrayed his country and sacrificed poor Joan of Arc, in 1431. Judging from the political course of the Minister, we should think it not improbable that the relationship might be traced. Be that as it may, our ex-minister has been a busy man in the world of Canadian life, social and political. An editor, wielding a vigorous and trenchant pen, a colonel of militia, a mayor over and over again, a railway and steamboat projector, an author in a small way, and a legislator and minister, it cannot be said that M. Cauchon has been an idle or useless member of society. He was a member of the Lower House from 1844 to 1877, with the exception of about four years and a half, during which he was Speaker of the Senate. A member of three or four Administrations, he seemed to have been born to be a placeman, singularly indifferent to the complexion of the Cabinet, anxious only to keep in, or restlessly intriguing till he succeeded in getting in. Resigning the Speakership after the session of 1872, like the war-horse in Job he said 'Ha! ha!' for he smelt 'the battle afar off,' the thunder of the captains, and the shouting,' and hied him down to the Commons to be ready to do service on the side of virtue in the matter of the Scandal. In due time the *ci-devant* Conservative found himself in office once more—the leader of the party