

and you have no claim either in law or in equity for compensation."

Now what does this show? Why, that Government in issuing licenses, instead of granting a right, actually takes that right away, actually robs the seller of a liberty he possessed and exercised without let or hindrance, as his fathers had done before him, and compels him to pay for it as a privilege. And now prohibitionists take the position that because the seller or the manufacturer has been made for years to pay for this privilege, they deny his possession of the right altogether, and refuse his claim for compensation.

Do prohibitionists know that in England a gentleman may not ride in his carriage without paying license, in the shape of an annual tax to the Government? Will they go so far as to say that as the Government has the power to tax they also have the power to prohibit his riding altogether? If so, where is our liberty?

Mr. Burgess says: "The vote of twenty millions to the West India slave holders was a vote of money to purchase property in order to liberate it." It was more than that; he may put it in that way if he likes, but it extinguished at the same time the right of the property-owners in that kind of property for all time to come. Will prohibitionists agree to pay brewers and distillers for their property, and for the extinguishing of their rights?

PARLIAMENTARY POINTS—NO. 2

BY J. E. COLLINS.*

"THE DIGNITY OF PARLIAMENT."

The hour of meeting is about three o'clock, when, if you stand in the lobbies, you see a general flutter occasioned by the movement of a procession consisting of the Mace-bearer, a rough, rude, unkempt lictor, without the rods and axe, and Mr. Speaker, in long black gown and three-cocked hat. Should any one by chance happen not to see the majestic bronze type of sovereignty borne aloft, and not uncover his head, he is generally brought to his senses by a rude thrust and a surly growl from the rough lictor. The dignity of Parliament must be preserved at all hazards, but it is going, I think rather far in this direction to be obliged to uncover, stand straight and look awe-struck at the approach of a thing cast in brass in the image and likeness of a very ugly crown. I thought, as I saw the burly lictor give a rude look to an absent-minded man the other day, and say "Take off your cap," that I heard faintly come to my ears from out of the far barbaric past, "Bow down ye slaves, bow down."

IN THE COMMONS CHAMBER.

In the Commons chamber, however, as you sit in the gallery, the feeling of resentment disappears. The brass sovereign is stretched on the table like another armless Dagon, and the people are supreme. Whenever a message comes from the Viceroy, however, the metal king is straightened up, and an atmosphere of majesty and awe fills the chamber. Mr. Speaker Kirkpatrick, who says the prayers and is the tongue of the House, has a rich, deep manly voice, and to this good quality he adds that of a tall, well-built substantial presence. He does not seem to be as quick to detect disorder, or to settle questions that arise, as his predecessor. Usually, indeed, he is fortified or deterred by a wink or a nod from one of the Ministers, and should a sturdy Oppositionist develop a sudden spirit of contention as to whether a Ministerialist is out of order or not, he shows his confusion for a period by a "masterly inactivity." But left to himself, and given time, he can arrive

generally at sound conclusions. He should endeavor though to master his charts. It does not look well to see the Clerk of the House, who is a very poor authority on such matters, wriggle nervously around in his chair and sharply whisper out a correction or a piece of advice.

WASTED TIME.

If some wealthy man, whose affairs were so numerous that he could not attend to them himself, were to appoint a number of men to discuss and arrange his business for him, and if the persons so selected were to conduct their duties as our members do, with so much unnecessary delay and formality, so many quibbles and squabbles, with such an innumerable number of words and so many repetitions of the same statement, I am satisfied that he would at once turn them all about their business. Whole days are spent, sometimes, on a matter that should not occupy five minutes. For example, Sir Richard Cartwright made a bitter, scolding speech, showing that Opposition members were not provided with their fair share of rooms. A general acrimonious discussion followed, eating up the greater part of the day. It turned out afterwards that Sir Richard Cartwright was incorrect. But whether it was true or not, the question should not have been brought up in the House at all till the Speaker, who attends to the apportionment of rooms, had been appealed to. Five minutes of conversation would have settled the matter; but Sir Richard's method, considering the time wasted, must have cost the country nearly a thousand dollars, without accomplishing anything further than to evoke some bitter and unbrotherly remarks. It seems to be the notion of nearly every member in the House that if he does not make a speech his constituents will be displeased with him; consequently, after a discussion has dragged itself along for many weary hours, some dull, dreary member will arise and treat the House to "points" that have been already stated over and over again. I have sometimes heard one point repeated in an elaborate word setting as many as a dozen times. As a rule the more dull and unoriginal a member is the more long-winded and elaborate is he. One of Mr. Cameron's speeches is enough to make a small volume, and it is as dry as the crackling wind that sweeps its parching way across the Saharan desert. Mr. John White, whom many look upon as the successor-apparent to Sir Leonard Tilley, is the most voluminous speaker on the Ministerial side; but in great part he reproduces his speeches from year to year, always presenting the same varnish, never succeeding in eliminating the hollow ring. There are a hundred other defective points about the procedure of the House of Commons that I shall point out as circumstances arise during the session to give them emphasis. I shall also take a look in upon the Senators, bye and bye, delighted in their employment of divorcing husband and wife, and listening to the indelicate *morceaux* related by witnesses for the litigants.

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The man who considers that home duties of a woman are inferior to the political work of man must be either a bachelor or blind. The very highest qualities of the heart and intellect may be exercised by a mother, sister or an elder daughter, in watching over the physical, mental, and moral growth of the children in her care. Heroic patience, a vigilance that never tires, an adaptation of means to the end, a careful study of individual traits, keen psychological insight may find ample room for exercise within the four walls of even an humble home.

AN OLD JOURNALIST IN OTTAWA.

BY COL. D. WYLIE.

DEAR TRUTH,—My long service as a reporter and journalist naturally led me to the transcribing room occupied by the Parliamentary reporters, where I received a most cordial reception, and an invitation to take a seat in the reporters' gallery, which invitation was most willingly accepted "for auld langsyne."

On looking round the House memory went back for a period of thirty-six years, when their Ministerial benches were filled by Messrs. Hincks Baldwin, Lafontaine, Price, Malcolm Cameron, and other notable men of that day, while the Opposition seats were occupied by Sir Allan McNab, Sir John Macdonald, Col. Prince, and other well-known Conservatives. In these days the Rebellion Loss's Bill was the great subject of interest in the country, responsible government being then a settled question. The Bill was warmly contested. Col. Prince was fierce. His order to shoot those he deemed rebels and his reply, "they were shot accordingly," was not forgotten either by the colonel or the country. Col. Prince was a good speaker, but his most finished speeches were generally delivered after having "dined and wine," his firm hold on his seat as he addressed the House being proof positive of the latter fact. All now know how the agitation culminated—the riot and burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal in 1849.

In scanning the faces of the members Sir John was the only man recognized as holding a seat at the period spoken of. In place of the senior Mr. Blake, his honorable son now takes the father's place, whose great ability is inherited by his glorious predecessor. In place of Mr. Malcolm Cameron, may be placed Mr. McKenzie, and Mr. Cartwright takes the place of Sir Francis Hincks as a financier. All, with the exception of Sir John Macdonald, were men of a later age, and the lucky knight, as he addresses the speaker, showed that "there was life in the old dog yet." This brings to remembrance a true story connected with Sir John, which took place last summer at Frazerville, where Sir John was located at the time. The worthy knight was in conversation with an old political friend when he saw one of his life long opponents on the street, whom he called over to where the knight and his friend were standing. After a few remarks of a friendly nature, Sir John addressed his political opponent by asking how old he was. "I am older than you, Sir John," was the reply. "You will be the nearer Heaven, then," said the gallant knight. The gentleman thus addressed laid his hand upon Sir John's shoulder, and replied, "Sir John, if all the tales that are told about you be true, I am afraid you will never get there." Sir John immediately made reply, "Blessed are they who are reviled." The reply was so ready, that all joined in a hearty laugh. The story is true, as the writer of this was one of the parties concerned. By such flights of presence of mind in repartee Sir John draws his political friends around him, while his opponents cannot help admiring his tact.

The press has its representatives in the House. Mr. Thomas White, now a most zealous Tory, was at one time Parliamentary correspondent of the Brockville *Recorder*, one of the best known Reform papers in the Dominion and the oldest living paper in Ontario, having been started in 1830, and published continuously ever since, without suspension. Wonder if political exigencies could bring Mr. White back again to his early home. Whether or not, he now sits as a member of the House, whose proceed-

ings it was his privilege to report for public benefit, and is now one of Sir John's ablest lieutenants. Then, on the Opposition benches, there are Mr. Somerville, of the Dundas *Banner*, and Mr. James Innes, of the *Guelph Mercury*, who are doing good work in searching out the corruption abounding in the printing jobs scattered among the organs supporting the present Government. While it is perfectly just that newspapers ought to receive the support of their friends in power, yet there is a limit beyond which support ought not to go. In this respect the Mowat Government is most miserly, while that of Sir John was of the most opposite character.

While on this subject I may state that the fracas between a French member of the House and a French press representative occurred at the time of my visit to the press gallery, and caused no little flurry among members. The member had attacked the family of the pressman. The latter replied with interest, through the columns of his paper. The subject was discussed among the member's friends, when it appeared that a conclusion was come to that a whip should be provided and the heavy end used in an attack on the pressman. On his appearing in the gallery a message was sent that a gentleman wished to see him in the lobby. On arriving there, he was met by the member, who struck him several blows on the head and face with the whip, to the effusion of blood. For this vicious and unprovoked assault the member and an accomplice were summoned before a magistrate and fined. Such ripples are scarce, but still there is generally some life in the House caused by loud words, if not by hard blows, as there is little love lost between Tory and Reformer.

DIED IN THE DESERT.

BY H. H.

The fierce African sun beat pitilessly down as they bore him to the rear. A small red rivulet trickled across his forehead, and from a wound in the breast there welled out a stream of the red life.

Tenderly they placed him on the burning sand, and two comrades watched and listened to the mutterings and ravings of the dying soldier. For twenty-four hours he had tramped the dreary waste without tasting water. Now as the life-blood ebbed away, the terrible pangs of thirst became more and more intense.

One moment he would be laying his fevered brow in the sparkling streams by the side of which he had sported when a boy. The next moment he would call out piteously for "just one drop of water!" In his delirium he muttered:—

"See! there's the bubbling spring on the hill. Please don't hold me. I'm nearly there now. Oh, water, water; beautiful, delicious water. But—why—see, it's stopped running! Oh, the hillside spring has gone dry and I must die of thirst!"

A comrade bent over and whispered in the rapidly-dulling ear.

"Yes," murmured the dying man, "the fountain of life is flowing, flowing, flow—"

They pulled off his heavy soldier's boots; the weary, blistered feet were already cold, and as the death-chill crept slowly upward the delirium increased, and he talked on incessantly:—

"Now I'm in the little stream behind the school house. How clear and cool is the water. But I cannot drink! My throat is burning. Yes, I will wade out. Deeper, deeper, deeper!"

And now, greedy death is grappling at the vitals. There was one quiver of the half-closed eyelids, a smile of exceeding sweetness lit up the bronzed face as the lips whispered:—

"Mother—home—Heaven!" Then a sigh like that of a slumbering child—a little gasp—and all was over.

Think you that nameless grave in the desert holds naught but the body of that soldier? Yes; with the inanimate clay of her boy there also lies buried a fond mother's heart.