

SAMPLE EDITORIALS.

THE GAZETTE.

One can hardly refrain from smiling at the eagerness with which our morning contemporary replies to charges that were never made. When it taxes us with saying "that a prohibitive tariff upon soap would be fatal to the cleanliness of the average newsboy," it stated what it knew to be a deliberate untruth. We never said that a prohibitive tariff would be fatal to the cleanliness of any portion of the community, and least of all to that part of it which so greatly needs a free bath. What we said was "that a retaliatory policy of protection in soap was more needed by the news boys of Montreal than by any other class of consumers." And, therefore, our contemporary proceeds at once to insinuate that we are purposely misleading the public in order to make capital out of an industrious and hardworking class. Such tricks are too manifest and will not succeed. To paraphrase a trite expression they are void of solidity, and intelligent people—as the young gentlemen who retail public news undoubtedly are—will not fail to see through the artifice. Were it not that the charge is so obviously untrue, we could afford to laugh at it. But it is in keeping with the policy of our St. James Street contemporary to manufacture statements out of whole cloth.

THE HERALD.

The Conservative organ in this city is desperate. Not content with libelling His Honor the Lieut.-Governor, it has taken under its wing unoffending purveyors of *gallettes* and has endeavored to prove that our pastry manufacturers are compelled to go on the street for a living. "The piteous, but imploring cry of '*gallette, gallette, gallette*!'" says our contemporary, "accentuated with all the poetry of despair, is a telling reproach to our Grit Government. No one who hears it once can forget it." Hard up for a grievance it finds one readily made, and we may naturally expect to hear next that our grain merchants are ruined and our farmers bankrupt. But, as usual, our contemporary forgets that were it not for American flour, those toothsome *gallettes* would never have been made, and, by way of revenge it takes the opportunity to prejudice the public mind and to kill a profitable industry. Nothing can be better calculated to shew the insanity of such an argument and the weakness of that policy of which our contemporary is the champion. This is another case of the engineer hoisted with his own petard. What shall we hear next?

THE WITNESS.

We have been accused of inconsistency; because we pointed out the fact that Ginger ale taken immoderately is harmful. No one who has read the WITNESS steadily will believe that truth loses any of its force by being told. And we shall continue to tell it, kindly—but plainly. It is in no unchristian spirit that we point out the fact that Ginger ale contains two poisonous, soul-destroying ingredients. They are alcohol and carbonic acid gas. By analysis which will be found in another column, made by an eminent and total-abstaining chemist, it will be seen that of alcohol it contains five per cent, of carbonic acid gas fifteen—quite enough for explosive purposes. It is so well known, as to be almost unnecessary to repeat the fact, that we are no friend of the bottle. But the bottle—in this instance, is the least harmful. Parents will do well to pause ere they give it to their children, or taste it themselves. But if they will take it let it be well iced, with something in it to correct the deadly qualities of the carbonic element.

THE STAR.

Some one has said Rome was not built in a day. The wisdom of the observation is brought to our notice by the fact that our roads are in a sad state of unrepair. Sir FRANCIS HINCKS, at Halifax, fully bore out the justice of the remark when he reminded his audience at that luncheon, that the timber trade was one of the most important industries in the Dominion, and should be fostered. In a great city, like Montreal, we are constantly reminded of the wisdom of this great truth, and it is high time that our coffin manufacturers were fully alive to their interests. What are the facts? We find there were only 65 deaths last week! Why is this? It is because our people have ceased to longer patronise a trade which has become paralysed through the folly of a government which is in its dotage. And so a valuable industry is crippled because Party prejudice and presumption is allowed to continue, while a valuable branch of manufacture is allowed to die through neglect.

THE CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

Trouble is looming o'er the land. Finality is not yet reached—but the end is near. We saw it. We said so. We knew it. BEACONSFIELD is now Dictator of Europe. To him people look, wonder and tremble. In sober truth England does not, herself, breathe freely. That changeable thing Public Opinion is mercurial. It rises and falls with every variation in the political atmosphere. BEACONSFIELD will do well if he heeds the warning forecast by the distant storm. But what about Europe? How does *she* stand? Like the troublous thing that she is she must be coaxed. Even BISMARCK has failed to soothe her fretful temper. Russia is to play second fiddle, the great Dictator holding the bow. Turkey will gain her freedom. Russia will be taught her place. Austria will henceforth become the guardian of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Roumelia will fall into the clutches of Greece. Balance of power will be restored. We have spoken.

PLAIN ADVICE TO THE MAYOR.

At your inaction	But be firm
Last July,	And recollect,
Party Faction	You've public safety
Raised a cry.	To protect.
People wondered	Public right
And the Press	Must have a voice;
Said your blundered;	Dont let spite
Made a mess.	Decide your choice.
While the Public,	Bear in mind
Discontent,	The awful loss,
To opinions	If the Law
Gave free vent.	Dont take its course.
Now I ask you,	Let honest dealing
Mr. Mayor,	Be your plan;
What you <i>will</i> do?—	Do your duty
Pray act square.	Like a man.
Party fond	If to do this
And bloody riot	Don decline
Is bilious food,	You had better,
You'll not deny it.	Sir, resign.

THE HORSE AND CHINESE QUESTION.

The question of "what is cruelty to animals" and how far it is punishable here; also that of the rights and exemptions of the heathen Chinese from our local laws, is likely soon to be settled in Montreal. It seems by a New York court decision "that docking a horse's tail is not an act of unjustifiable cruelty." But in as much as opinions in Montreal are divided on the necessity, utility, wickedness and cruelty of the early "docking" process, our idea would be that the frisky colts should, as His Honor the Recorder has been heard say, "get the benefit of the doubt" and be allowed to cultivate at least as extensive caudal appendages as the top knots worn by Montreal's Oriental Immigrants.

The present prominence given to the above subject has necessarily brought forward another form of appreciable cruelty, in which Montreal may or may not bring about a national war with China! Since the Dominion has been officially informed that the worthy FOOCHON Celestials of Craig Street have been appointed and are shortly to receive their Exequatur as Consular Agents to Canada, it will become Mr. FRED. MACKENZIE'S Society for the Prevention of cruelty, to see whether or not "hoof and toe strangling" does not rank as coming within the prohibitive clauses of the above act. The question thus at issue is a broad and important one, while it is brimful of many nice points of International Law and Theology, upon which much may be written *pro* and *con*. In the compression of the ten toes and feet system to about three cubic inches, the object or *animus*, as the lawyers say, of the cruelty will have to be established to gain a conviction;—while the question of proving whether the squeezing was done with or without the consent of the infantile heathen chinee, will no doubt elicit much learned research and wise erudition of Law and Eastern Classics. In the meantime, the Consular Agents of "Joss" in Craig Street will not bring on their families to Montreal until after the legal holidays and the Courts with the McGill law classes are re-opened in September. This arrangement will permit of time being given for the arrival of the accredited representatives of Foreign nations who are all equally interested in the trial. This delay will also permit of the entire legal profession of the province being present to watch the *proces verbal* of a trial, which promises to be renowned in all ages to come, and is to settle the legality or otherwise, of the fashionable eccentricities of wearing pigtails in Canada and "box packing" the "heel and toes" of Juvenile Heathen Chinese.

AROUND TOWN.

THE potato bug is vegetarian.

MAYOR BEAUDRY'S policy of Protection is very indefinite.

THAT glass seizure was a very transparent but painful affair.

MOTTO FOR BAND JUDGES.—Judge not and ye shall not be judged.

THE pen is weightier than the sword. But how about the scissors?

MOTTO FOR THE ROAD COMMITTEE.—"It is never too late to mend".

THE girl of the period (!) never comes to a full stop this side of fifty.

SWIMMING should be learnt by all women. It keeps their mouths shut.

PASTE is the connecting link between other people's literature and original art.

To "freeze on" to anything this kind of weather must be quite a pleasant change.

We read that "Maria Monk" is advertised for sale, price 30 cts. Maria is dear at the money.

ADVICE TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH (if there is any). Beware of pitfalls in the human countenance.

THE kind word which turneth away wrath has no material or permanent effect in turning away a book agent.

If we "had a donkey wot wouldn't go," we'd name him LOUIS BEAUDRY and make a mare of him—if that were possible.

THE decline of the stage can be seen any day on St. Lawrence Main Street. We advise you not to go to Terrebonne by that route.

A Boston man upon being shown Dominion Square greatly admired its vastness, adding "its quite a place to lose oneself in, aint it?" We told him it was no Common affair and he agreed with us.

SINCE the Provincial Elections we dont hear as much about the wants of the working man. But wait till the fall elections and he will suddenly grow up into an "intelligent and independent elector."

It is the custom for some city merchants who live at St. Ann's to have servants who carry a pair of clean boots for them to the station, where the owners put them on and send back their dirty ones. Truly, man was born to a high destiny who can afford luxuries of this kind.

CORN ENOUGH IN EGYPT!—Since last Ascension day we hear that the Montreal Corn Exchange has been repenting somewhat and last Saturday being a Church holiday, the Board actually adjourned on the Friday previous until last Tuesday—even observing Dominion Day. Wheat is evidently looking up and no missionaries need apply.

PRESENT AND FUTURE.—We noticed last week that master "Dunbar Brown of Montreal" was awarded a Diploma in the Elementary branch of McGill Normal School. Let us hope he may continue his studies and excel in a knowledge of the merits of the China-Jan-Tea production, with which our respected Collector of Inland Revenue is so familiar.

EMBLEMATIC.—The General Hospital authorities consider that in the past, patients and visitors on entering have not been made sufficiently sensible of the anomalous and sacred character of the building on Dorchester Street. With a view to remedy these errors of the past, the Hospital Governors have engaged a new hall Porter and the new official now discharges his duties in a uniform of black cloth, with red facings and gilt buttons, signifying life and death—with a brief glittering interval between.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PREMIER has ordered a "lot of stained glass in the windows of the Parliamentary Library." We hope this will be the only stain in his career. This naturally accounts for his glassy stare.

COMPARISONS, &c.—A recent Toronto dispatch says: The number of Dog tags issued by the License Inspector to date is close on 2,200. Why, that's nothing compared to Montreal—where we have three times that number without any tags on whatever.