

(For the Torch.)

## PARLIAMENTARY PORTRAITS.

PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GALLERY BY OUR ARTIST.

No. 12.

The handsome man of the House is Adolphe P. Caron, of Quebec. The ladies visit the gallery for the sake of seeing him, and he is the life of the gay social circles of the capital. Like Mr. Domville of King's, who is his inseparable companion, Mr. Caron is always neatly and fashionably dressed, his clothes fitting him to perfection. He is watchful as a legislator, and never rises to speak except when he has something to say which has not been said by other speakers. Then those who have met him only in the social circle, and got the impression that he was fitted to shine there alone, see their mistake, as he speaks methodically, earnestly, pointedly and incisively, holding the attention of the House easily, and making his opponents squirm under his courteously cutting satire. He is equally ready in French and English, but like other French members who have English at their command, rarely uses French in the House, as speakers in that tongue are understood only by a minority, while there is not a member who cannot get the sense of an English speech, and are always bunglingly reported. English is the language of Parliament, and French will grow rarer in its debates. Mr. Caron's handsome features, youthful air, jaunty eye-glass, and general appearance, fail to prepare one for his display of power as a parliamentary debater. So many great statesmen and able lawyers are regardless of their personal appearance that one is apt to associate banded hair with brains, but Mr. Caron is one of the notable exceptions in this respect. His father was Lieut. Governor of Quebec, and some of his political influence, therefore, came to him by inheritance, but he could not have kept and increased it, and made for himself the position which he now holds, if he had not been a man of great ability and industry. One is astonished to learn that this handsome young man, with sleekly brushed hair, fair eyes, delicate hand, fresh face, and good-natured soul, is a Queen's Counsel, but such is the case. His standing is very high in the Quebec bar, where he is recognized as one of its ablest pleaders, and has the confidence alike of English and French. He is also a Bank Director, and one of the Directors of the Cold Brook Rolling Mills. Mr. Caron as a debater, has the faculty of concentration in a high degree. He sees his objective point clearly, and goes for it determinedly. No interruptions or interjections can make him deviate from his original purpose. His advance may be either direct and dashing, like a cavalry charge, or cautious and winding, like that of an engineer corps, but he is sure to reach the intended point of attack, at its weakest place, and charge gallantly on the entrenchments of the enemy. He is not in the habit of leading forlorn hopes, or speaking against time, or talking, for the sake of talk. The House knows when he takes the field, that his weapons are sharp, and that somebody will be hurt. They know that when he attacks a minister for wrong-doing that he has ground for the charge, and that when he objects to a bill he has reasons for the objection that will not be easily answered. In his great faculty of sticking to a chosen line of assault or defence without deviation—a peculiarly legal faculty, and yet one which many of our great lawyers are lamentably deficient in—Mr. Caron has no equal in Parliament. Nothing is sufficiently seductive to draw him aside, for more than a remark *en passant*, from his logical line of argument, and, if you have never spent considerable time in a Parliamentary gallery, you can not know how rare such debaters are. Many of our best speakers box the compass every time they rise, and thus lose all influence with the House. They seem to take pleasure in the

sound of their own voices, and speak for their own glory, but Adolphe Caron speaks only for the purpose of making his impress on the legislation or the party records of the country. If several prominent members who might be named had his power of repression, his faculty of keeping profoundly silent except when he has something important to say, and his ability of concentrating all his power on the question under consideration, it would be much better for their reputations as statesmen. If a Parliament could be chosen, all of whose members had these good qualities, it would be the model legislative body of the world. There would be no vain repetitions, no bombastic buncombe, no anxiety for fear some one else was appearing more prominent than another, no discourtesy, no wearisomely enduring speeches, and no introduction of subjects which properly come before other tribunals. Now this is what can be said of hardly another member of the House. What, for instance, would we do with a Parliament of Alexander Mackenzies, with every man in it bound to rule the rest? What would a Parliament of Dr. Tupper's do with only 356 days in the year for the purposes of debate? What would be done in a Parliament of Chevals, except playing on jewsharps and blowing tin whistles? What would become of a Parliament of Dymonds, with every man hunting after something scandalous in the acts of every other man? Mr. Caron will have a seat in the next Liberal-Conservative Cabinet, without doubt, and will be an excellent Minister, in and out of Parliament, understanding his duties, attending to them, and always being ready to defend and justify his acts. Mr. Caron is a living proof of the fact that high birth, rich inheritance and good looks, are not necessarily inconsistent with good education, professional industry, and political success.

## PITHY PERSONALS.

—Sheriff Smith of Digby will oppose Wade for the Commons.

—Lieut. George F. Smith, eldest son of W. Smith, Esq., Deputy Minister Marine, has been presented to Her Majesty.

—Peralto, the Mexican rider, failed in his attempt to ride 305 miles in 15 hours, at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Saturday, on account of a shower, lacking ten minutes of winning.—*Ec.* Which shows that we are never shover of anything in this world.

—Miss May Howard's dramatic company is not financially successful in Halifax. This May be to show how 'ard the times are in that city.

—Bonanza O'Brien left \$6,000,000 to be divided between three orphan asylums. We have orphan thought, since reading the above item, how we should like to be one of these asylums.

—A coach driver named Watson "struck" for more pay from his employer Mr. W. T. Carlton. The strike cost him \$20. For striking a baritone he should have been sent to Sing Sing.

—"Judge" Morrell, the gentleman who "went through" Mr. George Philips, is still at large. The Judge wasn't a very good Morrell, but a good Moral may be learned from it. "Never be in too much of a hurry to cash Gold Drafts for gentlemanly looking strange Judges."

—Mr. J. C. Costello, lately of the U. S. Hotel in Morrissey's building, has opened a new hotel in McCoskey's building, Prince Wm. street, near Reed's Point.

—Rev. John Lathern, of Charlottetown, is visiting Halifax, N. S.

—Mr. Milner of the Chignecto *Post* has been visiting the city.

—The Boston *Post* announces that George Canning Hill will in future be editor in chief

and Robert G. Fitch managing editor. Who said Hi 'll Fitch a lot of strength to the *Post*.

—The British Government has ordered a large quantity of lint for war purposes.—*Ec.* "An ex-sell-lint idea" say the lint manufacturers.

—Bishop Medley leaves for England to attend the Council of Anglican Prelates.

—Jas. Domville, Esq., was sworn in Alderman of King's Ward, on Wednesday afternoon.

—Tuk Boss Ewe.—Willet Cain, of Springfield, King's County, has a ewe that has raised nine lambs in three years, being triplets each time. *Daily News.* There's not much ewes in any other ewe trying to beat that Cain-nine lot. What, not Abel to see the joke?

—E. D. Taylor, (J. Joshua Jenkins) late the sharp and pungent philosopher and wit of the *Rome Sentinel*, has "gone west young man." He has taken the management of the *Stillwater, Minn., Lumberman.* Success brother Taylor, is our wish.

—Miss Mary Alcott, the artist, and one of the "little women," was married recently in London to Mr. Ernest Nieriker, of Baden.

The Hon. T. R. Jones's letter in the *Globe*, attacking Messrs. Knowles and Cassidy, has attracted a good deal of attention, and set people to remembering Mr. Jones's own history as a member of the Common Council, and the neat little pickings with which he feathered his nest while a member of that body.

The charges made against ex-Coun. Knowles are, that he was comparatively unknown in the community when he went to the Council, that he is not a heavy tax-payer, and that he charged the exorbitant sum of Fifteen Dollars for leaving his own business to go to Fredericton on City business. Mr. Cassidy's offence is that he accepted the temporary appointment of Inspector of the Buildings at present in course of erection for the city, and of the city buildings generally.

Why Mr. Jones should come up from that grave of defunct politicians, the Legislative Council, and fill a column of the *Globe* with such paltry charges as these, it would be difficult to understand, were it not for the concluding sections of his letter.

From these it is apparent that the real object of the gentlemanly Councillor's attack is Mr. Robert Marshall—and not either Mr. Knowles or Mr. Cassidy. And what is Mr. Marshall's offence? Simply that he will not submit to being bull-dozed by the Hon. Thos. J. Jones, who seems to think he was created for the express purpose not only of running the Legislative Council, but also of making everybody outside that venerable body submit to his whims.

It is well known that the city has seldom in its history had a more active, intelligent, or energetic representative than Mr. Marshall. Mr. Jones, however, whose public career has always been characterised by selfishness and arrogance cannot appreciate Mr. Marshall's devotion of his energies to the public service. We are much mistaken, if Mr. Jones's spleenry attacks do not rather help than hurt Mr. Marshall.

A hungry boy always delights in a pie-row-technic display in a baker's window.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*