

by Gordie Brawn, the old leader of the party. He was an orator, a patriot, and a true politician; and, although an adopted son of Anglaise Kawata, he had the good of this country more to heart than many of our native-born politicians. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the people, and in him one might well say the confidence of the country was not misplaced.

He sought not the advantage of his party, but only the country's good. True for a time, associated with Le Rouge, he led the party; in this he had but small success. 'Twas at his congenial profession as Editor that best he thrived. Here, with his bulwark of type, like Jove of old, he could launch his thunders against a corrupt government. A man of principles, good and noble aspirations, he could, with wonderful adroitness, mould public opinion to his view, and sway the minds of thousands.

But he is gone. The assassin's bullet took away his life. Britain's greatest poet and sage has said:—

“The evil men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones.”

Not so with Gordie Brawn. Neither spot nor blemish now remains to mar his glorious record of the past, which, like a golden trumpet peal, sounds into the ears of the present generation, and is destined to ring into the ears of the generations yet to come, a worthy example and watchword to all patriotic politicians.

For one sitting Le Rouge ruled the country. Although the Beaver had strayed to the slough of depression, and drank of its brackish waters, muddying its fine coat and stagnating its blood, Le Rouge contrived to keep the public machinery running without any increase in the tribute. When the election was drawing nigh, Sir Nero, who had wily kept in the background, came rapidly to the front, and backed by Sir Stuart and Sir Judas (who, like Sir Nero, was an outcast from his