

Algoma writ as from any other ; not the seventh, for that gives express powers to pass just such a law as the one in question. We have omitted to consider the effect of the enactment on the section quoted under the sixth head (86 sec., B. N. A.), as the several sections have been passed in review, and for this reason : it is the only one that might, by a remote contingency, be negatived or voided by the Algoma clause. The case is put thus : If the Lieutenant-Governor were advised to dissolve the Legislature at a date, say in October, too late to allow an election in Algoma to be legally held that year, while the Legislature had been prorogued in March or April, no election could take place in Algoma until June or July of the following year, or, contrary to the Statute, fifteen or sixteen months instead of a year from the last sitting of the Legislature at its previous session.

The guarantee against such an event from caprice or without absolute neces-

sity, is the need the Executive has of obtaining supplies, of which it would have none without a Legislature at or immediately after New Year's Day. But, if an emergency of the kind arose then it is submitted that, as no penalty nor disability would attach to the holding of the Legislature *after* the expiration of the year dating from the last sitting of the previous Legislature, so, if in providing for the general convenience, and ensuring the due constitution of the Legislature (a fundamental principle in the constitution), the Algoma clause came into collision under wholly exceptional conditions with the annual-meeting clause, then the last enacted Statute must prevail over the earlier one, and in so far as may be necessary to the carrying out of the latest expressed intention of the Legislature be held to have repealed it. But the Act which has just become law removes even this possible if improbable source of difficulty.

IF.

BY W. P. DOLE.

IF life were all a summer day,
 If o'er bright fields, from flower to flower,
 Like butterflies—as careless, gay—
 Chasing each radiant, glowing hour,
 We might flit on
 Till set of sun,
 I'd ask no fairer mate than thee
 To whirl through that light dance with me.

But rigours of our Northern skies
 Cast o'er my life too sad a hue ;
 The breeze that round me swells or sighs.
 Would prove a certain death to you
 Who ne'er may know
 How cold winds blow,
 How poverty makes life a chill,
 Dark, dreary winter day, Lucille !