

WHILE TALKING AT THE GATE.

Blithe Tom and Sue went walking, went walking down the lane,
With guarded words while talking, while talking in refrain;
The sun was gently sinking, sinking slowly out of sight,
The evening stars came blinking, came blinking on the night.

The birds had ceased their singing, their singing for the day,
The evening air was ringing, with ringing roundelay
Of insect life and humming, of humming soft and low,
The moonlight slowly coming, coming on with silvery flow.

The twilight dew was falling, were falling far and near;
The whisp'ring willows were calling, calling sad and low, yet clear;
The flowers were gently sleeping, sleeping with fragrant breath,
Their vigils closely keeping, keeping semblance faint of death.

The brook kept up its singing, singing light spray as it went
Adown the hillside singing, singing songs of sweet content,
In its chorused voice of gladness, of gladness and of gloire,
From its woodland shades of sadness, to sadness nevermore.

Thus Tom and Sue, together, together down the lane,
Regardless of the weather, the weather, wind or rain,
Walked side by side, quite slowly, slowly crossing o'er the stile,
With voice tones sweet and lowly, sweet and lowly all the while.

The hours grew long and longer, grew longer as they sped,
And the falling dew spun stronger, still stronger gauzy thread,
When Tom and Sue, returning, returning up the lane,
Found the light of love still burning, and burning bright again.

Where late it had been darkened, darkened and almost out;
To Dame Gossip they had hearkened, hearkened full of doubt;
But the twain now went roving, went roving down the lane,
And talking of love and loving, of loving and of pain.

Their former life reviewing, reviewing under breath,
Their vows of old renewing, renewing unto death;
So Tom and Sue went walking, went walking to their fate,
And betrothal came while talking, while talking at the Gate.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

IN THE LOBBY.

—They say
They'll sit by the fire and presume to know
What's done in the Capitol.

Coriolanus.

Unquestionably the event of the week was Mr. Dalton McCarthy's speech on Mr. Tarte's resolution concerning the Manitoba school question. On Monday last Mr. Tarte got a chance to explode, and when the smoke had cleared away the exploder was in such a state of mental disintegration that there wasn't enough of him left for Sir John Thompson to figuratively sit down on to any purpose. The trouble is Mr. Tarte has ideas, but he can't always corral them, they are as elusive as the small midnight assassin met with in the bed-chambers of rural hostleries, and when he thinks he has got his finger on 'em,—they aren't there. Mr. Tarte kept opening his mouth in an excited and staccato manner from five minutes to four until ten minutes to six p. m. when the Speaker, with the most unblushing mendacity, declared it was six o'clock and left the chair. During all this time disjointed remarks in the French language reached the galleries, and I imagined he was really saying something which my deficient acquaintance with that tongue prevented me from comprehending. I was assured, however, by one of the members at dinner that he had said nothing that I could understand in any known language. I felt relieved at this because I dislike to lose anything worth hearing in the house; and when Mr. Tarte rose after dinner to continue his harangue in the speech of the "perfidious Saxon" I felt compensated for the two hours I had so unprofitably spent in vainly trying to follow him. In about twenty minutes, however, I persuaded myself that the "compensation" was a little too copious, and when the orator from L'Islet paused from quoting the *Toronto Mail*, *Winnipeg Tribune*, and half a dozen other newspapers, and started in it to paraphrase the Confederation debates, I stood not upon the order of my going but precipitately fled the gallery.

Mr. Tarte concluded his remarks by moving the following resolution, said to have been framed by Dalton McCarthy:—

"That this House desires to express its dissatisfaction at the action of the Government in dealing with the Manitoba school question, and in assuming to be possessed of judicial functions conflict with their duty as constitutional advisers of the crown, which assumption is wholly unknown to the law, and if now acquiesced in would be entirely subversive of the principle of ministerial responsibility."

I can only compare Mr. Tarte's long-promised impeachment of the Government's religious policy to a display of the *aurora borealis*,—very lurid, but, to use the immortal words of a late minister of the crown, "there ain't nothin' to it!"

The Premier replied to Mr. Tarte in one of his clever speeches, but he evidently did not think it worth while to make any great effort about it. Mr. Hugh J. Macdonald followed the Premier in a very sensible speech in which he expressed the opinion that the Catholics of Manitoba had suffered an injustice by being deprived of separate schools, but declared that he was opposed to disallowance.

As I stated at the beginning of my present contribution, the event of the week was manifested in Dalton McCarthy's speech, which took place on Thursday afternoon. It was away and ahead the best speech he has ever delivered in the House,—bright, incisive, good-natured and reasoned with all the splendid skill his twenty-odd years at the bar have taught him. It speaks volumes for the mental training of the legal profession when I say

that the only cogent reasoner in the House of Commons who is not a lawyer, is the Finance Minister. There are many effective speakers amongst the other members but they are not logically sound,—taking them in the general run of debate. But, *revenons a nos moutons*. The report that Mr. McCarthy was to speak sent great numbers up to the House before three o'clock, and shortly after the speaker took the chair there was hardly standing room to be had in the galleries. Among the hundreds of eyes that peered down upon the parliamentary frolic were those of many Roman Catholic dignitaries, who listened most intently to what he had to say. He started out with the remark that the Premier had openly declared that in the litigation to test the constitutionality of the Manitoba Public Schools Act, Mr. Barrett of Winnipeg was merely the nominee and agent of the Dominion Government, and not a litigant on his own account, the real plaintiff being the Government, which, after having instituted and promoted that litigation and carried it up through the Supreme Court to the judicial committee of the Privy Council, and footed all the counsel fees and other heavy expenses, was now assuming the judicial function and sitting in judgment upon the case.

He thought the Province of Manitoba, thus summoned to the bar of justice as a wrong-doer, would very naturally have very little confidence in the impartiality of its judges. What he asked, was the real question at issue. Simply that of imposing the system of Roman Catholic Separate Schools upon a province which had some 20,000 Roman Catholics out of a total population of 150,000. Sir John Thompson had all but said on Monday night that the government was going to force the separate school system upon Manitoba. What do the Government propose to do? "Sir," said he, "they propose to restore the *Star Chamber* in Canada!" Mr. McCarthy then went on to quote from Bagehot and Dyce several passages descriptive of the *Star Chamber* in England. Passing from the historical aspect of the question, Mr. McCarthy said that the policy of the government was a temporizing one in a number of ways, "but," said he, "I fear in this particular they are between the devil and the deep sea."

At this deliverance, Dr. Bergin looked quickly at the speaker, and naively enquired: "which is the devil?" Whereat the House was convulsed, but when peace was restored, Mr. McCarthy looked down at his inquisitor (whose seat adjoins his own) and said "well, I tried to get as far away from you as I could." Mr. McCarthy closed his able speech with an appeal to the government to deal with this question on the basis of broad statesmanship, and called upon the members to remember that upon the vote that every man gave would depend to a great extent the welfare of the Dominion at large. The liberals, led by Mr. Laurier, warmly applauded as Mr. McCarthy took his seat.

On Thursday, Dr. Weldon undertook to show that McCarthy had misquoted Bagehot's book on the English constitution; but Mr. Laurier remarked that if Mr. McCarthy had inadvertently erred in his authorities, it in no way impaired the force or justice of his remarks.

The division was taken on Tarte's vote of censure at 5.30 o'clock this morning. All night long, through good speeches and ill, sat Lady Thompson and Lady Caron in the front row of the speaker's gallery. Not a very restful proceeding preliminary to their departure on their trip to Europe today! The vote stood yeas 71, nays 120.

The Premier and Lady Thompson, accompanied by Lady Caron, left for New York en route for Europe at 4.50 this (Thursday) afternoon. They sail on the *Bretagne* of the Havre line for Havre on Saturday. Thence they go to Paris. The date of their return is uncertain, depending on the length of the negotiations. This being Lent, society is eager to seize any opportunity for a function; and a fashionable throng crowded the station at the Premier's departure, and filled his car with choice cut flowers.

Following are the names of those who compose the court of arbitration: British—Baron Hannon, Sir John Thompson, arbitrators.

C. H. Tupper, agent.

Counsel, W. H. Cross and Christopher Robinson, Q. C., Toronto.

Sir Charles Tupper will also assist.

United States—Justices Harland, Senator John T. Morgan, arbitrators.

Agent in charge, John W. Foster.

Counsel—Ex-minister, E. J. Phelps and Judge Blodgett.

The French arbitrator is Baron de Courcelles, and Italian arbitrator, Visconti Marquis Venosti.

Japanese and Russian interests will also be represented.

Ottawa.

BY-STANDER.

THE EPIGRAMMATIC VICEROY.—In India Lord Lytton's epigrams were famous, and they are repeated with much gusto in Anglo-Indian circles to this day. On one occasion—so the story goes—he gave mortal offence to a lady who sat next to him at dinner, who, alas! did not appreciate his Excellency's wit. Her name was Birch, and tradition says she was beautiful, if not over-intelligent. Said she to his Excellency, are you acquainted with any of the Birches? Replied his Excellency, oh, yes, I know some of them most intimately whilst at Eton—indeed, more intimately than I cared to. Sir, replied the lady, you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine. And yet they cut me, said the Viceroy; but—and he smiled his wonted smile—"I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now." Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point, and so the gossips have it—told her husband that his Excellency had insulted her by openly expressing, at the dinner-table, his desire to kiss her.

Dropped on sugar, children love to take Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for coughs and colds.