

such candidate or party, or any newspaper which supports them? It may be that a layman's want of legal training is at fault, but it is not easy for such an one to discriminate clearly between the two cases, or to see why the one may not be as truly a "matter of a mixed spiritual and temporal character" as the other.

How would the general principles on which the decision is based affect boycotting? If any number of citizens have a right to join a religious society, and empower the head of that society to say what books and papers they may or may not read, buy, sell, etc., why may not the same or other citizens also form a society and empower the head of that society to say with whom they may or may not transact business, have social intercourse, or whether they shall even supply certain offenders with the necessaries of life? It is conceivable that no malice could be proved on the part of such head, but only a desire to further certain ends which he may believe to be fair and honest, and for the mixed temporal and spiritual good of the members of the society.

With all due deference to the learned and able judgment of Mr. Justice Doherty, may it not fairly be questioned whether the issues involved in this judgment are not so far-reaching, and so closely related to individual freedom of thought and speech, as to make it very desirable that the judgment should be submitted to a full court or even to the tribunal of last resort? If so it is to be hoped that the plaintiff may be able to obtain such a reference. We might add that the judgment almost ignores the awful threat of the circular on which so much depends.

MONTREAL LETTER.

The struggle for football honors ended, as far as the clubs of this province is concerned, last Saturday, when the Montreal football team was defeated by the team of Ottawa College by a score of 14 to 11. The great fight will now be between the Ottawa College and the leading team of the western league in some Ontario city.

The Montreal Street Railway in its annual report just issued shows profits for the year amounting to nearly \$215,000 as against \$116,000 the previous years. Out of this two four per cent dividends have been paid and the balance of \$37,000 added to the surplus. This is a good showing and proves what can be done under a good system and cheap fares.

The great event in the legal courts the past week was the delivery of the judgment in the famous case of the *Canada Revue* vs. Archbishop Fabre by Judge Doherty. The judgment, which was a most elaborate one, covered about sixty pages of large foolscap paper, and its delivery occupied nearly two hours. The finding was in favor of the defendant whose act did not constitute an invasion of plaintiff's right, although it affected his interests. It was "damnum absque injuria" but did not render its authors responsible in damages. This case arose out of the act of the Bishop in placing the ban of the church upon the plaintiff's paper which had published articles rather derogatory to the clergy.

The Arts, Law and Science students of McGill had their "night" at the theatre last Friday, and from every point of view—attendance, music and noise—it was a great success. They owned the theatre for the

night and seemed also to have acquired a proprietary right to certain streets, before and after the play. They kept the middle of the road, however, and sent the Roman fire balls straight in the air, and no serious results arose from the demonstration except to the students themselves who in the morning conversed among themselves in hoarse whispers. They had a big time in the theatre and out of it; they presented huge bouquets of flowers to the stars of the company during the early hours of the night, and serenaded the professors between midnight and morning. A brass band took a prominent part in the event.

Joseph Jones, Coroner, died last Saturday at the advanced age of nearly 87 years. Mr. Jones was probably the oldest coroner in the Dominion, having been continuously in office for fifty-seven years. It is stated that he held no less than 11,400 inquests during the long tenure of his office. He was the oldest justice of the peace, as well as one of, if not the oldest, lieutenant colonel of militia in the Province. His official experience had been a varied one, as might be expected. He conducted the inquest upon Mason, who was killed in an attack upon the residence of Sir L. H. Lafontaine. He presided over the inquest on the body of Major Ward, killed in a duel by Mr. Sweeny, a local lawyer of celebrity at the time. He also held inquests arising out of the Gavazzi riots, the explosion of the steamer *Iron Duke*, the terrible calamity at Belœil, and many other sad events. Coroner Jones' life was an interesting page of history. He was born in Quebec in 1808, of Welsh parents, was educated there, and at the age of twenty-seven removed to Montreal where he remained until the day of his death.

After a long and severe fight the Hon. Honore Mercier has at last succumbed to the common enemy, and his body lies in a grey, cold vault in the Cote des Neiges cemetery, behind the mountain. The whole city mourned his death, and hardly was there a flagstaff that had not a flag at half mast a few minutes after the news spread through the city. Only the good of the past was remembered. Mr. Mercier's life was an eventful one; honors were showered upon him at home and abroad; and he lived in a manner becoming two centuries ago giving full vent to all his desire for show and pomp regardless of expenses. He was a man of indomitable energy which made his comparatively short life equal to the lives of ten ordinary men; always active, courageous and hopeful, even when his friends were low spirited and down-hearted. It was this energy that made the death struggle so long and hard, and it might be said that he died on his feet. The funeral was one of the longest ever held in Montreal, not even excepting the funerals of Cartier or McGee. Many thousands came in by train from the various cities and towns of the Province; many thousands walked in the procession and many thousands looked on. The demonstration was immense, although having no official character, and it showed the feeling of respect to the memory of the dead Premier. There was considerable show and pomp in connection with the funeral as it dragged its slow way through the principle streets of the city, but it was befitting a man of Mr. Mercier's character, who, in his lifetime, loved much grandeur and admiration.

MY AUTOGRAPHS OF THE "AUTOCRAT."

I venture to think that I am not making too large a boast when I claim to possess a unique copy of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It came into my possession in the following manner:

In the month of February, 1887, through the kindness of William Dean Howells, who personally conducted me into Dr. Holmes' presence, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten privilege of spending part of an afternoon in the beautiful study looking out upon the Charles River.

I well remember the current of our conversation, in which the subject of hereditary and pre-natal influence bore a prominent part, but shall not attempt to recall any of it here, interesting and characteristic as what Dr. Holmes said could not fail to be.

While taking a hurried survey of the books that crowded the room, it occurred to me that I had at home a perfect copy of what I conceived to be the first edition of the "Autocrat." It bore the imprint of Phillips and Sampson, and was embellished with a number of pictures from the pencil of Hoppin. It had been in my possession a good many years, and I always regarded it as one of the choicest of my literary possessions.

On my describing the book to Dr. Holmes he said it must be a copy of the first edition, and in answer to my enquiry was not sure whether or not he himself had a copy.

The happy thought at once came to me that I might effect an exchange that would be mutually agreeable, and I suggested to Dr. Holmes that if he would write his favorite verse in a modern copy of the "Autocrat" I would gladly exchange my copy for it.

He demurred at depriving me of a volume I had evidently treasured, but I assured him that I would consider myself greatly the gainer by the arrangement proposed, and I came away promising to send him the book immediately on my return home.

I did not fail to keep my word, and shortly after despatching the volume received the following acknowledgment:

My dear Sir,—

I am very glad to have a copy of the first edition of "The Autocrat." I am not sure that I have one with the imprint of Phillips and Sampson, and even if one should be found upon my shelves, I have two children, each of whom would be much pleased to own a copy of that edition.

I will send you a more recent edition with the verse in it which you ask for, and which I shall be pleased to copy for you, leaving me still your debtor for a kind and thoughtful service.

Believe me, Dear Sir,

Gratefully yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A little later there came this note, showing the careful nature of the man:

I have the volume of the "Autocrat" all ready, but I want your exact address which I have lost sight of, your letter being misplaced. Please send it on a postal card and much oblige,

Yours truly,

O. W. HOLMES.