

upon them; often rejects them, but, assuredly, cannot claim the credit of having originated them.

Nevertheless it cannot be said that Mr. Taillon has become estranged from his profession; on the contrary, I believe him very strongly attached to it. He has occupied the highest positions among his legal confreres, having been bâtonnier for the Montreal section, and bâtonnier-general of the order for the Province of Quebec. He bears the title of Queen's Counsel, which is a presumption, I do not say *juris et de jure*, but a legal presumption of juridical science since these counsels hold the official title of *Her Majesty's Counsel, learned in the Law*. He has not lost his legal acumen nor his knowledge of jurisprudence; he has been engaged in many celebrated cases, among others that of Auger *et al.* versus Labonté *et al.*, better known as the affair of the churchwardens of Notre-Dame de Montréal. He has often been designated to fill vacancies on the bench, and it is there that he will find a worthy ending for his career.

Outside politics, the Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec has none but friends. The young men, especially, receive the most kindly treatment at his hands. Absolutely unaffected, his modesty is the more beautiful that his sincerity cannot be doubted. In society he prefers reunions where music forms part of the evening's entertainment, and a baritone voice of agreeable quality enables him to take part in the improvised concerts that take place on such occasions. For those who are fond of parallels I would add that in this respect he resembles the present Prime Minister of England, who, returning from a stormy sitting in the House of Commons, does not fail, it is said, to seat himself at the piano to forget, amid the harmonious strains of music, the discordant notes of political discussion.

These few pages are sufficient to depict—for those who do not know him,—if really such there be—a statesman truly worthy to figure in the series of *Men of the Day*. In reperusing them, the idea occurs to me that perhaps those who do not know Mr. Taillon—I need not apologize to those who do—will think that I have not found enough defects in the subject of this article, who, like all other mortals, must be formed of clay and exposed to the