

should be the leader. Of course, though, it is fair to say that it is still held that it will take Sir Charles to carry the country.

Tuesday afternoon Sir Hibbert Tupper made a speech which was entirely different from Mr. Foster's. It had in it a strongly developed personal vein. It could not be characterized as a great speech, and yet it was meat for Mr. McCarthy's speech to-night. The galleries were crowded early, and Lady Aberdeen took her seat upon the floor soon after the proceedings had commenced. She was carefully gowned in a shot silk showing gray and rose colour and draped and decorated with black lace. She followed the very sensible habit of appearing dressed for evening, and without hat or bonnet. In the Speaker's gallery one lady was also in her coiffure—Mrs. White. Such a pleasure it was to look at her, too, after nodding and bobbing and peeping among the picture hats with the eccentric brims and audacious plumes.

Mr. McCarthy was amusing in his repartee. Mr. Foster and he crossed swords in a series of queries and replies, and the clash of their weapons made the galleries lively with murmurs and half-suppressed titters, while the members laughed and shouted as is their privilege.

Mr. McCarthy referred to Sir Hibbert Tupper as "the youthful minister," and some stray remarks on his speech this afternoon appeared to reddens the face of that gentleman as he sat in his seat over nearer the Speaker.

The old wordy war of Manitoba and her wrongs and the power of the Legislature of that province was waged with the undecorated English of the able member for North Simcoe. He referred to the days when the question of representation by population was before the country, the days when another minority question bid fairly for another solution.

At a few minutes to ten Mr. McCarthy was still speaking. Ottawa, March 17.

Montreal Affairs.

It looks as though our mayor, Mr. R. Wilson Smith, is, in a minor way, a man of destiny. His rise has been phenomenal in its rapidity. He was by no means well known three years ago when he accepted municipal nomination in St. Lawrence ward on a civic reform platform. His opponent retired before election day, and he was elected by acclamation. A year later when he offered himself for re-election he was returned without opposition. This year he entered the race for the mayorship, and ran it alone. Thus in three years' time he advanced himself from comparative obscurity to the chief magistracy of this city, without having to fight a single battle at the polls. Remarkable as this record is, it may yet have another singular chapter added to it, for there is a possibility that he will be returned to Parliament by acclamation in the St. Lawrence division of the city. He has not been allied in the past with either political party, and is being strongly urged by his friends to offer himself for Parliament as an independent candidate. If he does, an attempt will be made to secure his return by acclamation. In view of his past achievements in the way of making opponents get out of the road, no one can predict failure for this enterprise with any degree of certainty; but I, for one, will be not a little surprised if in so debatable a constituency as St. Lawrence there is not a red-hot battle at the coming elections. There is not much doubt but that the Conservatives will nominate a candidate of their own—in all probability McDonald Macmaster, the eminent lawyer, who has already been a member of Parliament. Mr. Macmaster would make a strong candidate, and, if chosen, an able representative. The Liberals may agree not to oppose Mayor Smith if he runs. This is not likely. They will probably put Alderman E. Goff Penny in the field, and by the fortunes of war Mr. Penny is a son of the late Senator Penny, in his day the foremost journalist of Lower Canada; and being a gentleman of good abilities, with leisure and an independent fortune at his disposal, he would make a not unworthy representative. A requisition in his favour is being largely signed. St. Lawrence is one of the new electoral divisions, and will send a representative to Ottawa this year for the first time.

The forecasts made in this correspondence of the attitude of the Liberals towards remedial legislation have been fully justified by the facts. The Ontario newspapers apparently found it impossible to believe that they would directly oppose

the Government proposition; but in well-informed circles here no doubt was felt on this point, though the moving of the six months' hoist was unexpected—a veritable bolt from the blue. In this city, at any rate, Mr. Laurier's course is warmly approved by the French Liberals, and I am assured by one whose knowledge is extensive that the same feeling of unswerving loyalty to their leader is universal throughout the province. Mr. Beausoleil will be the only French Liberal "holter," so far as is now known; he will be joined by Mr. Devlin, and possibly by Mr. McIsaac. For the two latter there will be forgiveness; but, oh, it looks very much as though Mr. Beausoleil is to be driven into the outer darkness. He has always been regarded as insubordinate, and it is by no means improbable that this opportunity will be taken to get rid of him. A striking illustration of the temper of the French Liberals was afforded by an incident at a political dinner given a day or so ago by the Club National in honor of F. G. M. Dechene, M.P.P. Mr. Beausoleil was one of the speakers, and, while protesting his devotion to Mr. Laurier, defended his action on the school question. He spoke to a grim and silent audience, which a moment later became warmly enthusiastic when Mr. Geoffrion, M.P., proceeded to give his reasons for opposing the measure. I again repeat what I have said more than once in this column, that Mr. Laurier's personality in this province dwarfs every other issue, and that the Conservatives must match him with Chapleau if they are to hold their own here, let alone making gain. Those who imagine that his attitude in the House will cost him dear in French votes will be mistaken. If the Church were to declare war against him, he would suffer, of course; but it appears now that this danger has about blown over.

The great United Empire Exposition which was to have been held here during the coming summer has collapsed, and buried its projectors in ignominy. The city has been sadly compromised by the acts of officious outsiders; and it is now trying to find out whether it will be possible to retrieve its injured reputation by getting up an exhibition international in its nature for the summer of 1897. The history of this ill-starred enterprise is easily told. A year ago there arrived in this city one Joseph H. Stiles, who, having had positions of some responsibility in connection with the British exhibits at the World's Fair and the California Midwinter Exposition, was burning with a desire to emulate the glories of those expositions in this city. Mr. Stiles is a man of great energy, and, as results have proved, of a hopefulness of surpassing guilelessness. He set to work to get an exhibition organization together, with poor results; for while he met with a certain measure of support, it was altogether inadequate to justify him in going on with the enterprise. The Dominion Government declined to grant a subsidy; the city council was equally unenthusiastic; and none of Montreal's citizens went as far as to place their thousands at Mr. Stiles' disposal. An ordinary man at this juncture would have recognized that the city failed to appreciate him; and would have disappeared. Not so Mr. Stiles. There are two explanations of this subsequent conduct: either he went along, Micawber-like, trusting in everything coming out all right; or he made up his mind to so seriously compromise the city that, for very shame's sake, it would be obliged to come to his rescue. So on he went; he advertised the exhibition in the four corners of the earth; he appointed foreign commissioners in all parts of the universe; he had the most gorgeous lithograph of a great exhibition park designed by imaginative artists and scattered broadcast; he sold concessions; he engaged for exhibits; he did everything that could possibly be done to make the world believe that we were going to have in Montreal, from May 24th to the end of September, an exposition that, to quote from his own circulars, would surpass the World's Fair. Three weeks ago, The Star, apprehensive at the way things were going, demanded an examination by citizens. This was made, and it was found that the exposition had no money, but was in debt to the extent of thousands of dollars; and that the gorgeous buildings which were to be opened on May 24th had never got beyond the brain of the promoter. Mr. Stiles, and those associated with him, virtually threw themselves on the mercy of the citizens, and urged that enough money be raised to permit the exposition to open on July 1st, but this was denied; and a citizens' committee is now considering whether an exposition can be held next year. Exhibits are now beginning to arrive. I met to-day a man who had arrived from London, with his wife and four children, and a