

This is lamentable enough.

But more to be deplored is the existence of a journalistic few who, from purely commercial motives, cater to the American public in this manner. In glancing through the big American dailies, one is constantly coming across Canadian correspondence from Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, or smaller cities, in which Canadian affairs and conditions are misrepresented, Canadian "blue ruin" prophesied, the national sentiment ignored and the Government decryd,—not because the writers believe that which they pen, but because they know what will be acceptable to the papers in question.

These journalists sell their articles, but they part with honor and patriotism in the transaction.

The temptation is great, since these big American papers pay promptly and well, but the sacrifice is greater.

It is not pleasant to call names; yet, as the *Sun* avers, there are times when such conduct is traitorous.

It is hardly to be wondered at that Balington Booth and his charming little wife have rebelled against the autocratic command of the General and resigned from the Salvation Army.

The news of their order of recall came with a shock, not only to themselves, but to United States citizens of every grade, who long ago recognized their disinterestedness and good work.

On February 3rd a mass meeting was held in Carnegie Hall, New York, to urge that the order be rescinded. Chauncey Depew was in the chair; Mayor Stronge, Bishop Andrews and other prominent men of all callings were upon the platform, while letters from many men of note in public and religious affairs were read expressing warm sympathy with the object of the meeting. The minutes adopted by the meeting contained the following words:

By their wisdom, fidelity and "sweet reasonableness," they have disarmed prejudice and won the love of all, without regard to creed or social distinction.

The order for their transference was not rescinded nor any explanation of it offered, whereupon these genial, wise and spiritual Army leaders sent in their resignations to headquarters.

Since General Booth is in India, and he has reserved to himself the right to accept such resignations, it will probably be some time before any certain results of the resignation are known.

In view of the splendid work wrought by Commander Booth and his wife in the great American cities, and of the love and respect they have won, it is hardly to be expected that they would leave their post without strong protest. To do so would have been to have declared themselves puppets in the hands of a shrewd old autocrat.

Yet, so stringent is the Army rule of implicit obedience, that the struggle must have been severe before resigning.

THERE is a present agitation in New York for a three-cent street railroad rate; and the people object to limiting the reduction to batches of thirty-three tickets for a dollar, or even five for fifteen cents. They do not believe in paying a premium to the well-to-do, at the expense of the out-of-work.

The sewing-girl, with just three cents in her pocket, is as much entitled to her ride, they say, as the man with fifteen cents or a dollar. If the three-cent rate is fair for one, it is fair for all.

At present one of the taxes upon a Canadian's purse, as he explores New York, is

the nickel he is constantly dropping into the box of street car or elevated.

The New York roads are taking in over \$25,000,000 a year, and the citizens are calling them down as a consequence.

Toronto has possibly one of the cheapest and best trolley services on the continent; but we will come to the three-cent rate by-and-bye.

IN CANADA.

VIEWING Sir Charles Tupper, sen., in the light of a new political leader, one who looks and listens to this veteran for the first time, is struck with the wide difference between him and the Conservative party leaders of the past. He is utterly unlike either of the Sir Johns; he has neither the genial finesse of the Old Chieftain, nor the reserve of character power of Sir John Thompson.

He impresses one as a man of strong attack, rather than defence; one who, without fence or feint, carries war direct into the enemy's country. He possesses to the full the fighting qualities,—he is aggressive, combative, tenacious,—a Jameson rider who never retreats.

His speech at the citizen's reception tendered him in the Ottawa City Hall, upon his return from the Cape Breton campaign, was almost amusing in its unconscious revelation of the baronet's character.

Instead of the ordinary amiable courtesies of response to the municipal greetings tendered,—which most men would have uttered,—he plunged instantly into a stirring campaign speech, attacking the Reformers, and denouncing their methods in the Cape Breton election in a manner that left no doubt concerning his future tactics. It was vigorous, and certainly stimulating, if not timely.

THERE is something in human nature that responds to the fighter;—the man who, pushing aside finesse, diplomacy,—even courteous amenities,—throws down the glove and enters the ring.

We grow weary of the politics that is all cunning and hiding within lines. Human pulse beats a quicker response to the tournament than the chess board, and we prefer the open field to guerilla warfare.

Mind is greater than matter—the diplomat is above the man of muscle,—and yet, we are not far enough removed from our sturdy ancestors to miss the thrill that comes of leaping from ambush into open attack.

A Jameson will always find support and sympathy, even from those who take no part in the fray.

ONE of the noticeable things in present Canadian public life is the instant response to Imperial sentiment. No matter what the party or the purpose of a gathering, however widely the factors may differ in creed, race or bias, any reference to patriotic or Imperial ideals, to the Motherland and the colonial relation,—to the national development of Canada under British rule,—evokes an applause which is not meaningless, but expressive of strongest assent.

However the Dominion may be divided on questions of fulfilment of these ideals, the desire for national development through the maintenance of Imperial connection and colonial autonomy is unmistakable.

The voice of the people is as one in this matter.

A TWO days' debate took place in the Commons over Sir Charles Tupper's charge of Cape Breton bribery.

The honorable member charged that

Reformers had spent \$25,000 in an endeavor to win. The Opposition declared that the amount was something less than \$2,000.

Why the time of the House should have been wasted in discussing the exact amount, which neither side could prove, it is difficult to understand.

Twenty-five thousand dollars or two thousand dollars—the principle is the same. Either money should or should not be spent in election contests—the amount matters little. In many out-of-the-way constituencies an election campaign cannot be carried on without a fund; since the candidate is unable to meet the incidental expenses of travel, use of halls, etc.

It is impossible to check or confine such a fund to proper uses unless it were a joint appropriation, placed under the control of a judicial court or board,—which might not be an impossible idea.

Any plan that would serve to rid the country of these charges and counter-charges that follow elections would be a relief.

THE Canadian Government has no cleverer man in its employ than Professor James A. Robertson, Dairy Commissioner.

Apart from his many attractive and rare personal qualities, he has a genius for work and an organizing and executive ability that places him in the foremost rank of Canadian public men.

Since his appointment in 1890 to his present position, he has brought the dairy work to the front of Canadian industries, and has placed its products in unrivaled competition with those of every other country. The dairy stations established throughout the provinces, the cold-storage shipment of butter, the great cheese export,—all these are resultant from his clear judgment, planning, and indomitable perseverance.

His latest project for establishing a trade in chilled meats, between Canada and Great Britain, has been received with favor by the Government, and will probably be initiated as soon as the loan appropriation of \$300,000 is granted.

Professor Robertson's previous successes predispose the Government to listen favorably to his schemes.

A few more men of the Dairy Commissioner's ability and tireless devotion to our industrial interests, would give Canadian trade first place in the commerce of the nations.

THE anti-remedial meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto, on February 23rd, was well worth study as a gauge of the public feeling.

That the great hall was crowded was no indication of strong feeling, since the prospect of stirring speech on national or political topics is in itself sufficient magnet—whatever the bias.

A gallery estimate of the meeting pronounces that, while the audience was as a whole opposed to remedial legislation, it was far from being a unit on the satisfactory disposal of the question.

It was a tolerant, good-natured and unenthusiastic audience,—a condition partly due to its appreciation of the almost ludicrous many-mindedness of the speakers, and the lack of any really trenchant and effective speeches. Beyond Messrs. E. F. Clarke, and D'Alton McCarthy, the speakers were either pointless, hedgers or ranters, and altogether uninteresting.

The attitude of the audience indicated not so much a burning interest in the question as an amused desire to see how the various party men were going to entangle or disentangle themselves.

EDITOR.