



I SUSPECT that few of us realise what deadly dull elections we would have had recently in Ontario and Quebec if it had not been for the *Toronto Globe* and Mr. Bourassa. Whatever they accomplished in the field, they were "god-sends" to the "fans." The *Globe* flailed around as vigorously as if every stroke laid out a Tory M. P.; and Henri Bourassa fought for his two seats as hard as if an entire party fought behind him for office and the sweets thereof. Both knew—I assume—that they could be nothing more than mosquitoes bothering a man at work. Yet both succeeded in convincing no small section of the public that they were fighting a real battle, and that effective victory might perch on their banners. I notice that some criticise the *Globe* for over-zeal. I hope that the *Globe* will pay no attention to them. What is a party organ for if not to fight furiously every time the party flag is advanced? The *Mail and Empire* does it three-hundred-and-thirteen days out of the three-hundred-and-sixty-five. Why should not the *Globe* get into a wholesome perspiration once in four years?

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WE have enough calm and superior publications which call themselves newspapers, and scorn the term "organ," in these sophisticated days. They pride themselves on counting the ballots before they are cast, and do their solemn best to rob an election of all its excitement. They are like the pests of the theatre who insist on telling you during the first act how the play turns out. Why should our forefathers have had all the fun that politics furnishes? Go to! Let us be thankful for a good old party organist who has survived into our own drab day, and rightfully takes his place in the chair of George Brown who believed that one man and himself might make a majority—if they talked loudly enough. Then there is Bourassa. What cares he who runs the Government, so long as he obtains lots of advertisement, top of column and next to good reading matter! The woods are full of politicians who will only fight when they see a chance to "get next" to the national strong-box; but Bourassa has a soul above office and an eye on the future.

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BOURASSA is the subject of much debate down in Quebec. Is he the coming man; or is he a "false alarm"? Certainly he has no equal outside of Sir Wilfrid as a magnet to draw Quebec audiences. His achievement as a drawing card in St. James Division of Montreal during the late fracas, was a marvel, whether he had been elected or not. No hall was anything like big enough to accommodate the people who wanted to hear him. He had to hold his meetings in the open air, speaking in the market-places and on the school grounds. He excited among the people of his division that passion of hero worship which was so evident in 1896 when Laurier was sweeping Quebec. Of course, while Laurier survives, he will be the hero; but what when he goes? That is probably the subject of many a thought in Bourassa's virile mind. His change from Dominion to Quebec politics was possibly intended to save him from appearing as an enemy of the great Laurier, and so alienating many of his possible followers.

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THE effect of the elections upon the Ottawa parties amounts to nothing more than a little additional emphasis on the fact that Ontario is still Tory. That it will increase its Conservative delegation to Ottawa is, however, by no means certain; for a different set of leaders and conditions come into play there. Still a prudent Dominion Government would pay particular attention to its fences in this province. In Quebec, it is a case of "as you were," with the Bourassa movement removed from the Ottawa field. Even with the magic name of Laurier only heard dimly as an echo, the Conservatives made practically no impression outside of the Montreal district. With Laurier in the fray, not a few of the divisions which the Opposition carried for the Legislature would be safe for the Liberals. As I ventured to conjecture above, I do not think that you will find Bourassa fighting Laurier. He has too much political shrewdness

for that. And you may have also observed that you did not see Laurier fighting Bourassa.

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BOTH provinces, in any case, seem to have the sort of government they want. They came as near as possible to making it unanimous for Whitney and Gouin. It is a pity that we have not more people who will take upon themselves the duty of providing an effective Opposition in such cases. Our political system demands two parties if it is to work well; and we have a disquieting tendency in this country to all vote the same way. There is not an effective Opposition at Halifax, at Quebec, at Toronto, at Winnipeg. It is not as large as it might be at Ottawa. If Ontario had supported the Government at the last elections, the Federal Opposition would be in a pitiable condition; for it was nearly annihilated in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. This is not the way to keep up our system of alternative parties and vigilant criticism. A Government is always the weaker for having no formidable Opposition; for there is no better weapon in the hand of a well-meaning minister than the probable criticism of a watchful opponent. It gives him the best of reasons for standing firm against the sordid elements in his own party.

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M. JEAN DE RESZKE, the famous tenor, has recently been the victim of an amusing practical joke. A short time ago he was visited by a poorly-clad man, who represented himself to be a cloth pedlar, and implored the great singer to test his voice. M. de Reszke consented, and was amazed at the richness of the stranger's vocal powers. "Why," said he, "it is absurd for you to earn your living as a pedlar; with such a voice as yours you could soon be singing at the opera." The man departed, apparently much gratified, and for a long time M. de Reszke wondered about this gifted singer who was a seller of cloth. Later on, it transpired that the poorly-dressed stranger was none other than a famous Viennese tenor, who, in order to obtain the real opinion of M. de Reszke as to the quality of his voice, had disguised himself in the manner described.



WORKING AND SHIRKING.

Citizen Soldier. "Now then, Mate, why don't you join us?"
 Loafer. "Not me. I like my liberty. This is a free country."
 Citizen Soldier. "Well, it won't be a free country much longer if everybody goes on like you!"
 —Punch.