

probable that he voiced the voices of the others. He said that his constituency had paid heavily in municipal bonuses for railways, and not only were they not "recouped," but the railways they had built under control of the Local Legislature had all been taken charge of by the Dominion of Parliament, and all the people of the Dominion given a right to say what rules should govern them. He protested against his constituents being compelled to bear their own burdens alone, and to help other parts of the country also, as this Bill would compel them to do. Mr. Sutherland's opponents call this "Sectionalism."

The Insurance Bill for the regulation of the business of co-operative or assessment benefit societies, was dropped at the last moment. The question is a ticklish one for the Government to deal with, because such bodies as the Masons and Oddfellows have societies of this kind in connection with their order, and to "regulate" such matters may alienate a good many votes.

The day of prorogation was marked by pleasant weather and a much larger turn-out of people than usual to see the closing ceremonies.

ED. RUTHVEN.

Ottawa, April 21.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Several important contributions are unavoidably crowded out, and will appear next week.

JEAMIE GRAHAM.—The subject is treated in this column by another correspondent besides which your letter arrived too late for insertion this week.

J. P. M.—"The Bribery Case" traverses the same ground as an article which was in type when your contribution came to hand.

### THE BRIBERY CASE IN ITS SOCIAL AND MORAL ASPECTS.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Permit me a few words in reply to Mr. Armour's article of your last issue. In his preliminary question he asks, "Was it consistent with a high tone of morality that the instruments of detection should toy with the blandishments of the seducers, and finally surrender themselves to be debauched in order to induce the actual commission of an offence which could not have been consummated without their consent." The italics are mine. In subsequent portions of his article Mr. Armour follows out the same idea, viz: that the approached members allowed themselves to be corrupted.

I contend that this is an entire misconception. The gravamen of the offence of bribery, so far as concerns the receiver of a bribe, is the *intent* with which he takes the money. If he takes it with the corrupt intent of allowing it to influence his parliamentary action, he is debauched. But if he take money with a legitimate and proper intent, how can he be "debauched" by its receipt? The detection of crime is a legitimate and proper intent. If Mr. McKim had taken those hundred dollar bills with the sole object and intent of receiving payment for a quantity of grain, sold in the ordinary course of commerce, that would have been right. Was it less right to receive the bills when his sole object and intent was to detect crime? How could he be debauched when the corrupt intent on his part was absent?

As a well known example of the importance of the intent with which an action is committed: You may take away a man's property without his consent, and the intent, with which you take it, makes all the difference whether you are guilty of larceny or whether you have done a correct and proper act. I am surprised that a clear-headed lawyer like Mr. Armour should have committed himself to such an evident fallacy. He uses as an illustration the case of allowing a woman to be seduced in order to bring the seducer to punishment for a completed offence. Bearing in mind the foregoing, it will be seen how misleading is the attempted analogy. Were it permissible in these columns, a few plain physiological words would show this completely.

Suppose that an honourable and high-minded man, by a combination of remarkable circumstances, found himself in such a position that by descending to the work of an ordinary detective for a brief period he, and only he, could bring to justice a murderer or a well known robber and depredator. If he had the requisite courage and address to do the detective's work, and bring the criminal to justice, would he not be doing right in every sense of the word, and be deserving of the greatest credit? And is not this a fair analogy in reference to the conduct of the approached members, put in perhaps a bluntly offensive way?

Like Mr. Armour, I of course assume the correctness of certain facts in the case, merely for the purpose of argument.

"I love not to meddle with politics, sir:" but these points struck me and for once I depart from my rule.

Yours truly,

OUTSIDER.

### INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor of *The Week*:

SIR,—Much as one may admire the manner in which "Bystander" generally treats the various topics under review, I beg to take exception to his treatment of the temperance question, in *THE WEEK* of April 10th. Without dwelling particularly on the case of "the cities of Maine," I think abundant proofs have been adduced to show that the evils of drinking have been very much reduced. If contrabandism exists, it cannot be truthfully said that the evils of contrabandism have been added to ALL the evils of drinking! The assertion that "even the Crooks' Act has resulted in the multiplication of illicit grog shops" I hold to be utterly foundationless. Let such authorities as can be found be consulted on this matter. Take the population of the cities before the Crooks' Act came into operation, the number of licensed taverns then, and the number of illicit grog shops; compare that with the population of to-day, the number of licensed taverns and the number of illicit grog-shops, and I venture to express the opinion that the number of illicit grog-shops will be found to have proportionately decreased instead of increased. Gladstone's experiment of light wines and beer to drive out the stronger drinks will hardly, even by him, be claimed as a very marked success.

Again, "Bystander's" assertion that concomitantly with prohibitory legislation in

the States, the importation of opium has increased by fourfold, would be more forceful if it were accompanied by some statistics showing the connexion between the two—that opium was being largely consumed by individuals who could not gratify their depraved appetite for stimulants (an appetite created and fostered by intoxicating liquors) in any other way. If there is a "new wine" of prohibitory argument, is it not just possible that the "old wine," which condemns without showing proof, may be a more dangerous spirit still?

Yours,

JAMES THOMSON,  
Sec. Toronto Prohibitory Alliance.

## THREE LOVE LETTERS.

CRISS-CROSS she writes to him,  
Dots and dashes rather dim—  
All to please a girlish whim:  
Sure it doesn't matter.

Criss-cross she writes again,  
Dainty paper, ditto pen,  
Just to tease "these horrid men:"  
Thinks it doesn't matter.

Criss-cross she writes no more,  
Someone's heart is getting sore,  
Wonders if—"Well he's a bore—"  
So it doesn't matter.

Toronto.

D. J. MAC.

## THE ADVENTURES OF A WIDOW.

By EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "A Gentleman of Leisure," "A Hopeless Case," "An Ambitious Woman," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc.

### X.—Continued.

"It is a challenge then?" she asked softly.

For a second he seemed not to understand her. Then he nodded his head. "Yes—a challenge," he answered.

"She gave an inward sigh. . . A little later she had made the desired introduction. . . Presently, as Miss Upton moved away on Courtlandt's arm in the direction of her aunt and Sallie, she burst into a laugh of whose loudness and acerbity she was equally unconscious.

Martha Dares, appearing at her side, arrested the laugh. Pauline grew promptly serious as she looked into Martha's homely face, with its little black eyes beaming above the fat cheeks and the unclassic nose, but not beaming by any means so merrily as when she had last given all its features her full heed.

"You don't laugh a bit as if you were pleased," said Martha, in her short, alert way. "I hope nothing has gone wrong."

"It seems to me as if everything were going wrong," returned Pauline, with a momentary burst of frankness which she at once regretted.

"Good gracious!" said Martha. "I'm astonished to hear you tell me so."

"Forget that I have told you so," said Pauline, throwing a little delicate repulsion into voice and mien. "By the way, your sister is not here to-night, Miss Dares."

Martha's plump figure receded a step or two.

"No," she replied, in the tone of one somewhat puzzled for a reply. "I came with my mother."

"And your sister had a headache."

"A headache," repeated Martha, showing what strongly resembled involuntary surprise.

"Yes. So your mother told me."

"Well, it's true," said Martha. Pauline was watching her more closely than she perhaps detected. "Cora's been working very hard, of late. She works altogether too hard. I often tell her so. . . Here comes Mr. Kindelon," Martha pursued, very abruptly changing the subject, while her gaze seemed to fix itself on some point behind her companion. "He wants to speak with you, I suppose. I'll move along. . . you see, I go about just as I choose. What's the use of my waiting for an escort? I'm not accustomed to attentions from the other sex, so I just behave as if it didn't exist. That's the wisest plan."

"But you surely need not be afraid of Mr. Kindelon," said Pauline.

"Oh, we're not the best of friends, just now," returned Martha. . . She had passed quite fleetly away in another instant. And while Pauline was wondering at the oddity of her departure, Kindelon presented himself.

"You and Martha Dares are not good friends?" she quickly asked. She did not stop to consider whether or no her curiosity was unwarrantable, but she felt it to be a very distinct and cogent curiosity.

Kindelon frowned. "I don't want to talk of Martha Dares," he said, "and I hope that you do not, either. She is a very unattractable topic."

"Isn't that a rather recent discovery?"

"Oh, no. . . Shall we speak of something else? Your aunt's arrival, for instance. I see that she is quite surrounded."

"Surrounded?" replied Pauline, falteringly. Her eyes turned in the direction of Mrs. Poughkeepsie and Sallie.

It was true. Seven or eight ladies and gentlemen were gathered about the stately lady and her daughter. Both appeared to be holding a little separate and exclusive reception of their own.

"Courtlandt was right!" exclaimed Pauline, ruefully, and with a stab of mortification. She turned to meet the inquiring look of Kindelon. "I thought Aunt Cynthia would be unpopular here," she continued. "I