

Dorion and his friends have been made in judicial proceedings now pending, and Mr. Dorion, himself a lawyer, should have been content to let the courts decide. He rushed into print instead, regardless of expense, and ~~involuntarily~~ <sup>involuntarily</sup> ~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> the ~~public~~ <sup>public</sup>, so far rendered, and the Senate,—and some notice of his effusion was called for. But it is manifestly waste of time to further discuss the matter, at this stage, in the newspapers with one who feigns not to perceive the false position he occupies and accuses others of dishonest conduct, instead of quietly waiting until the courts have vindicated his character, if he is innocent.

As to the washing of ditty linen, however, to which Mr. Dorion alludes, I must correct him. The dispute now under investigation, in the Police court, is not between strangers to the Company, but between its Vice-President and one of its principal members up to a recent date, and Mr. Dorion will be lucky if he can escape being disagreeably mixed up with one or both. While I deny Mr. Dorion's assertions regarding myself, I add, any person who knows both of our characters will at once appreciate each of our statements at their true value.

This ends my newspaper correspondence as far as Silver Plume is concerned,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. F. LIGHTHALL.

Montreal, April 12, 1881.