

after all is but human. Alas! for Parnell, he erred in a hypocritical age; erred, when jealous eyes were watching his every movement intently, only too anxious to discover one superlative flaw that would serve as a pretext to hurl an otherwise exemplary character from the pedestal of power and popularity into the mire of scandal and shame.

But his sin was so terrible! Why, the way people talked, and giped, and harped on the virtues, would lead us to conclude there was but one bad—really very bad—man in the world, and he, Parnell. Yet those who have "sized up humanity" with its own distinctly figured tape are well aware that the great Irish parliamentarian—the greatest tribune Hibernian agitation for Home Rule has produced, this century at any rate—was not worse than many of his fellows. True, he did wrong while he was endeavoring to right the wrongs of others. He did wrong. Love, however, is not responsible for all its actions; perfidy is; for while the former acts blindly, the latter does so systematically with a dastardly object in view.

History will do justice to Parnell. It will say to a more just, a more character appreciating age than this, that Parnell was less a sinner than a victim to that civilized savagery which seizes an opportune moment to incarnate its iniquities in a being conspicuous among mortals for his intellectual abilities, his power and influence, his genius! If Parnell had been a clodhopper, nothing would have been said against him, for all men are, more or less, the fools of passion. Let us be frank over his ashes. His faults were not greater than other men's. He loved not wisely but too well. His enemies, his rivals, tore the laurels from his brow not because they admired virtue, but because they were ravenously hungry for the fame he had acquired by his unswerving devotion to and sturdy, unquailable defence of the Irish cause.

Do you know that selfishness is the great curse of the age? If people would only act on the principle of live and let live, what a grand world this would be. Sermonizing, eh? Well, no—not for want of a text, however. Look at the hundreds in this city who might, if they so elected, be serviceable to humanity, who prefer to pursue a listless, conservative, unpopular course of existence, doing nothing for their neighbors, utterly impervious to anything, practically speaking, outside of their own limited circle, eating bread put into their hands by accident or inheritance, and otherwise droning away their lives—who actually grow richer and less useful year by year through the exertions of poorer but more industrious citizens.

Toronto is not a solitary exception as regards municipal degradation, but it will be a disgraceful exception, as a large city, if it fails to discover some means of re-establishing itself in the confidence of the people. Time was when New York was badly governed. But there arose a mayor inexorably bent on reforms, who wielded the civic axe with such deadly effect that he sent the electric light poles of a corporation which had long defied public opinion sprawling in the dust. True, the experiment nightly plunged successive sections of the city into darkness, and occasioned more incon-

venience than can readily be imagined. But what did the citizens care about that? They sympathized with the mayor, and certain millionaires were taught a lesson they will never forget this side of Hades. A mayor of this stamp is what Toronto needs just now to hew down the taxes. BENDIGO.

#### ALDERMANIC PASTELS.

As Mr. Pope, who wrote the *Dunciad*, is, unfortunately, dead, the task of immortalizing the aldermen of the city has fallen upon me.

The first man to call for comment is Ald. Saunders, chairman of the Executive Committee. Ald. Saunders has had considerable experience in the Council, and whilst by no means an orator, like "the McMATH" of St. Albans ward, he has a talent for committee work. As a civic financier he is not very successful. His bungling over the city loans is said to have cost Toronto a nice little sum, which went into the coffers of the local banks. Ald. Saunders is a mild man, and might be left at home next year without creating an aching void in the Council Chamber.

After the distinguished leader of the Council comes the father of the Council, Ald. Boustead. Ald. Boustead is a man of great parts when he gathers all himself together. He would make a fine study for Aristides the Just, and it is even whispered about town that on several occasions he has been caught comparing his pose with that of the figure of the great Athenian in the Normal School building. Ald. Boustead has white hair and white whiskers, with a steely blue eye. He has been looking at the Mayor's chair through the large end of a telescope for a number of years. Upon one occasion, when the people jumped with both feet upon one of those everlasting waterworks by-laws that are constantly bobbing up, Ald. Boustead took the matter to heart and resigned his seat in the Council Chamber. He expected that this act would bring the whole fabric down about the devoted heads of those who remained. No such result followed his retirement, much to his surprise, and no doubt disgust, so he took the first opportunity afforded him to crawl back to his old place. Since then he has not posed as a man of destiny.

Ald. Hewitt is young and a fair specimen of impertinent incapacity. He is the "kicker" of the Council, and he has not so far learned to hide his selfish ends under the saintly cloak of public interests. Ald. Hewitt would be better at home next year studying Ald. Graham's celebrated work on "Ashbridge's Bay, or the Bubble Burst."

If Ald. Shaw lived in New York State he would be one of the tigers in Tammany Hall. As a professional politician he has no equal in this city. His folly in forcing City Engineer Jennings into a false position shows that he either lacks tact or else gave the worthy engineer what in sporting parlance is called the "double cross." Whiskerander Shaw will probably stay at home next January.

Ald. McMurrich is the possessor of a happy combination of bland smile and blonde whiskers. He is one of the few rising men in the Council. He is a fair speaker and does not give all his time to the furthering of his own interests.

Ald. J. K. Leslie is another alderman whose services the city cannot

afford to lose. He is painstaking in his work, and takes the trouble to post himself on all the matters that he undertakes to deal with in the Council. He has hosts of friends in all parts of the city, for he is congenial in character and "a friend indeed."

Ald. Macdougall is a man of medium height and medium ability. He is very much impressed with the importance of Ald. Macdougall, and it would be simply impossible for anyone to be as wise and important as Ald. Macdougall looks. At present he is doing the hand-shaking act in anticipation of being in the field as mayor. He said he was going to run, but not long ago Ald. Macdougall stated that Mr. Badgerow, the County Crown Attorney, had asked him to act for him while he was absent for the good of his health, and that he (Mr. Macdougall) had agreed. Much to his surprise, the following week the Ontario Government appointed two younger men to fill the County Crown Attorney's office, and Ald. Macdougall found that he had been a trifle too previous. He may find himself in a similar position on the mayoralty question if he bids for the office. CIVIC CRITIC.

#### HOW IT IS DONE.

"Ah,—how do you do, Mr. Franchiseman. How do you do! Nice weather, eh! Fine for the crops—of ice, you know. Very fine indeed."

"Very" laconically replies the gentleman accosted.

It is a January morning. The streets, snow clad, thoroughly Canadian in their winter drapery, present signs of unusual activity and bustle. The jingle of sleigh bells; the rapid flight of cutters racing against slower but still fast-driven vehicles such as buggies and coaches; the hurried movements of pedestrians—all betoken that there is some spirit foreign to ordinary days animating the citizens.

So there is—the spirit of electioneering. For this is the great annual vote-bargain day of Toronto's civic year.

Mr. Franchiseman is on foot. He is a respectable-looking man, with a not unintelligent face. His garments suggest that he is a middling to fairly well-to-do tradesman. He may be on his way to a polling station, which is precisely the case.

He does not seem overjoyed at the encounter, for he is quite aware that Mr. Wardheeler, with whom he has been acquainted but a short time, is a "man with a mission." He even suspects the nature of the mission, but says nothing, preferring to await developments.

"You are looking first class," exclaims Mr. Wardheeler with an emphasis that speaks volumes under the circumstances.

"Glad to hear it."

"Yes, indeed, first class. Say, though, isn't it cold! How's the family; first class too, I hope. Ah! Mr. Franchiseman, you should be a happy man to have such a nice family; those girls of yours are really handsome, and the boys so promising, too, fine healthy lads. They will be a credit to the country, sir, some day."

"Hope so," Mr. Franchiseman answers, briefly. He is not displeased—what parent could be?—at hearing his progeny so highly commended for their merits. But he struggles to master this natural feeling, because he instinct-

ively guesses at the motives of the man who has aroused it.

"And how is business? Good I hope, although things just now are pretty dull. You see the season, so far, has been bad—rotten in fact. No money, at least very little in circulation. Ah, well, times will mend, let us hope."

"Business might be worse," says Mr. Franchiseman, who, by unflinching energy and integrity, has secured a footing in the grocery line which has placed him above want at any rate.

"The trouble is, taxes are so high."

"That's so."

"It's a crying shame!" Mr. Wardheeler exclaims energetically. "Half the aldermen are no use. Now if we only had such men as Mr. Leatherfortune, or Mr. Oattleseller, or Mr. Contractor so-and-so in the Council this state of affairs would soon end."

"Possibly."

Mr. Wardheeler is beating his way about the bush, and Mr. Franchiseman knows it.

"There is Mr. Goldbug, the lawyer, you know. Grand fellow that. He goes in for reduction of taxation and civic reform generally."

"Yes," Mr. Franchiseman smiles. The cat is out.

"So generous, too."

The Goldbug generosity consisted of a recent and well-timed gift of money to various charities in the ward in which he and, of course, Mr. Franchiseman reside.

"I suppose, however, it is too late to ask you to vote for him—you have already voted?"

This is a dexterous attack. Mr. Franchiseman stammers "no." He is not educated enough in municipal matters, nor does he know sufficient personally of the candidates in his ward for aldermen to decide definitely off hand which of these candidates most deserves his support.

He has heard of Mr. Goldbug before. In fact Mr. Goldbug of late has, through his housekeeper, patronised the grocery of this Mr. Wardheeler-besieged pedestrian, who, therefore, recollecting the circumstance, thaws into a humor which gladdens the heart of the besieger.

En route to the ballot box, intending to deposit his vote in favor of a man in whom he has a vague sense of confidence without comprehending exactly why—such is human nature's blind credulity more often than we imagine—he is just in that state of mind to be easily persuaded.

Politicians understand what's what in these matters.

So, after a while, he "caves in," as the boys would say, gives his promise to vote for the Goldbug aspirant to aldermanic fame, and conscientiously fulfills it.

That this is the consummation of a cleverly arranged campaign scheme by the Goldbug and his adjutant, Mr. Wardheeler, the simple souled grocery man does not for one moment suspect. His earlier suspicions have been dissipated by the stratagetic approach of his conqueror. BENDIGO.

Government statistics show that French smokers consumed in 1880, 2,000,000,000 worth of foreign cigars, 2,000,000,000 worth of home cigars, 10,000,000 of cigarettes, 29,000,000 of snuff, and 91,000,000 of pipe tobacco. There is an increase of 700,000 in the expenditure for ladies' cigarettes. There is one anti tobacco society in France.