

have observed, have been uniformly gentlemanly and dignified, and in some cases even warm and generous, to a degree which is as pleasing as it is unusual. But unhappily, the candidates have failed to control some of their too enthusiastic supporters. There is good reason to believe, however, that the words used by one gentleman of high standing and too ready elquence, in reference to the Opposition candidate in South Toronto, which has been resented as insulting by the friends of that gentleman—a gentleman whose character and attainments entitle him to the highest respect—were the result merely of attempted facetiousness, and were not at all spoken with an intention to be offensive. But by far the most remarkable and we must add, the most objectionable utterances of the campaign, so far, have been those of Archbishop Cleary, of Kingston, and, strange to say, have been directed not only against the leader of the Opposition, but even more violently against the *Globe*, whose offence was a gentle criticism, which did it honour, of an offensive epithet applied by the Archbishop to the leader of the Opposition. Perhaps it is not too much to say that rarely, if ever, have the readers of the political papers in Ontario been regaled with an article so full of arrogant assumptions, abusive epithets, and ecclesiastical bitterness as the four-column letter addressed by this high dignitary to the *Globe*. Its language and its spirit are simply astounding, as coming from one occupying the position of a Christian teacher, and should be rebuked by every independent journal.

But worse by far than any violence of satirical language by a facetious orator, or of epithet by an irate ecclesiastic, are some of the hidden doings and correspondence which have been brought to light. We have no excuses to offer for those who, whether through premeditated treachery, or personal pique, betray the secrets of which they may have been made the custodians. As these were generally partakers in the sins they reveal, their disclosures are usually no less damaging to themselves than to those whom their publication is meant to injure. Nevertheless the public profits, or should profit, by their revelations. No sympathy need be wasted on those whose political and personal reputations suffer from such disclosures. Their security should have been in doing nothing of which they need be ashamed, or which they need fear to have brought to the light.

We have already referred to the Muldoon affidavit, which can hardly fail to do harm to the Government party, unless disproved. A less glaring offence is that brought out in the correspondence between the present Minister of Agriculture, in his former capacity as a private but influential supporter of the Government, and the late Professor Shaw, of Guelph Agricultural College. While Mr. Dryden's letters contain nothing which he

is not prepared to defend as proper in the case of a member seeking to promote the business interests of a supporter, they cannot fail to be more or less damaging to the Government, as throwing light on a kind of pressure brought to bear upon a Government officer to influence his course in a business transaction, which it will be hard to defend on the highest grounds. But by far the most astonishing revelation which has yet been made is that contained in the series of letters published in the *Mail* of Saturday last, between the Premier himself, and a former supporter from the city. The many friends and admirers of Sir Oliver Mowat will most earnestly hope that he may be able to meet with indignant denial and disproof the charge therein made and, unless the correspondence has been garbled, tacitly admitted, that the proposal to appoint his son to the vacant shrievalty was first made by the Premier himself, and that the alleged initiative by the friends and supporters of the Government, who waited upon him to urge the appointment and overcome his reluctance, was an organized sham. We have always regarded the appointment as politically indefensible. If Mr. Ley's allegation be true, it, or rather the mode of bringing it about, was morally despicable.

Sir Oliver's defence against the damaging statements made in the Leys' correspondence is, no doubt, embodied in the article in Monday's *Globe*. The most telling point in that article is the denial that Sir Oliver's interview with Mr. Leys, on April 27th, was the beginning of the movement in favour of the appointment of Sir Oliver's son. It is said that during the interval of eleven days which had passed between the death of Sheriff Jarvis and the said interview, the desirability of making this appointment as a means of rewarding the aged Premier indirectly for his sacrifices on behalf of the Party or Province—the two words seem to have been pretty nearly synonymous in the minds of the party leaders—had been freely canvassed by certain leaders of the party. Giving the Premier, as we gladly do, the full benefit of this explanation, and even admitting, though this is not proved, that he did not initiate the movement, the damaging truth remains that Mr. Leys undertook to engineer the sham not only with Sir Oliver's full knowledge but at his personal request. And yet everybody who has any recollection of the affair knows that the business was made to take on the appearance of a spontaneous movement of the party leaders, with Sir Oliver taken by surprise, more or less sturdily objecting for a time, and finally giving a reluctant consent under pressure. On this ground the appointment has always been defended, and Sir Oliver, by acting his part in the farce, or even tacitly assenting to it, has placed himself on the low level of the political schemer and wire-puller, and left a lasting blot upon his record for straightforward and above-

board dealing. Men of generous instincts, whether supporters or opponents, will be sincerely sorry that he has thus delivered himself into the hands of his enemies.

It is an ungrateful task to gather up these specimens of the frailties of individual politicians and set them in array. The subject is an unsavoury one. Yet it is the duty of the public journalist to do what he can, in the interests of political truth and purity, to sift them and assign their true values. To ignore them would not do away with the ugly facts themselves, while to bring them to the light in all their petty deformity may possibly help to impress upon the minds of younger politicians the truth of the threadbare yet too much forgotten maxim that honesty is the best policy.

But some of the incidents seem to teach a much fresher lesson. The system of Government patronage is, happily, fast falling into disrepute. These incidents can but intensify the popular disgust. Sir Oliver has sometimes complained that the distribution of Government patronage was a very embarrassing duty of the Government. In the light of these incidents, who can doubt it? Take, for instance, the Middlesex magistracy, the bone of contention which gave rise to the quarrel with the Leys brothers, and led to the publication of this correspondence by way of revenge. What a suggestive picture of the uses and abuses of Government patronage have we in the fact that this magistracy has been kept open for four or five years simply in consequence of the inability of the Government to summon courage to make an appointment. If the office could be left vacant so long without detriment to the public interests, why not for an indefinite period, or perpetually? If we remember aright, too, while the interests of individuals and of "the party" are freely referred to in the Leys correspondence, the word public scarcely occurs. The cursory reader would hardly get the idea that the filling of either of the offices was regarded as a public trust, a duty to be discharged with an eye to nothing but the public interests. We have before spoken of the possession of the power of filling such appointments as a serious temptation to any Government. In the light of what has now been revealed, the undesirability of permitting any party government to have the power of appointment to positions so attractive must be evident to the most thoughtless. Surely there must be a better way.

If religion has done nothing for your temper, it has done nothing for your soul.—*Clayton*.

The essence of knowledge is, having it, to apply it; not having it, to confess your ignorance.—*Confucius*.

Hard are life's early steps; and but that youth is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope, men would behold its threshold and despair.—*L. E. Landon*.