

to an opponent's *dicta* as he secures for his own, pays but a poor compliment to the cause he espouses. The good old maxim, *audi alteram partem*, is a manly one, and the journalist who is convinced of the justice of his principles will readily acquaint readers with both sides of all public questions. But it has now become the case that in order to get a true report of a political address one must read the organs of both parties, since each reproduces just what will tell for the particular section it represents, omitting all reference to points scored by its adversaries. This is all wrong. Such a *suppressio veri* very nearly approaches a positive *suggestio falsi*, and does infinite discredit, more especially when—as is only too common—phrases are twisted, Iago-like, “to thicken other proofs that do demonstrate thinly.” It would be amusing if it were not sad to observant minds to note how almost invariably this principle of one-sided reporting regulates not alone the shorthand writer's notes, but even colours editorial comments on the proceedings of the Provincial Parliament. A few excerpts showing how inconvenient points are “burked” and telling ones are dilated upon to suit the purpose of respective writers may be of interest.

Mr. Metcalfe was, as usual, humorous, with some very pertinent points for Grit consideration.—*Mail*.

Mr. Metcalfe's rattling, rambling speech afforded great amusement to both sides of the house. When he promised near the end of his speech to “condense as soon as he had let his steam off,” the hilarity was uproarious.—*Globe*.

Mr. Badgerow was a little boastful and a little partizan.—*Mail*.

Mr. Badgerow made an excellent speech. He cornered Mr. Morris on the validity of the boundary award.—*Globe*.

When Hon. Mr. Fraser rose in the House this afternoon to present a petition, he was greeted with loud applause from both Opposition and Ministerial benches, in token of the respect entertained for him and satisfaction at his being sufficiently restored from his recent indisposition to appear in his accustomed seat.—*Globe*.

The *Mail* makes no reference to this incident.

Mr. Lauder's silver tones fell wearisomely on both sides of the House for a full hour. There were the usual wild statements, inaccuracies, and misrepresentations characteristic of this speaker's harangues. He made a ridiculous exhibition of his methods of logic in his attack on the Government's conduct of the boundary award dispute. He drew out a scrap-book, in which he said he had preserved all the speeches of the Ministers. Then he read lengthy extracts, which urged the ratification of the award, but none of which contained any refusal to consider the advisability of referring the question to the Privy Council. The Opposition felt annoyed; the Ministerial side breaking into laughter with each fresh extract, called, “Go on, give us more”; and Mr. Lauder was forced to collapse.—*Globe*.

Mr. Lauder put a good deal of life into the debate. He very properly went straight at Mr. Ross in regard to the authorization of school books. He went at Mr. Hardy also as guilty, when acting Minister, of a good deal of mischief. On the question of the boundary award Mr. Lauder put a familiar idea in a new way. He made it very clear that during the campaign of February last the Attorney-General and his colleagues appealed to the people to support them in “sticking to the award,” and in refusing everything short of all that had been given by the award. Mr. Awrey had a bad five minutes at the hands of Mr. Lauder. He had been offensive, in some interjected remarks, to Mr. Lauder. Mr. Lauder said the event reminded him of the German story of the claim of knighthood made by the man who had been kicked by the ass who had brayed at the king. A donkey from the South Wentworth farm had once made a similar attack on Sir John Macdonald, who is the Conservative king. But Mr. Lauder explained that he was not in a position to claim knighthood, because, after all, the ass who had kicked at him was not the one that had brayed at the Premier, but only a smaller and less well-bred relative from the same farm.—*Mail*.

Mr. Phelps stated amid rapturous applause that he had an idea in his head, which he then proceeded to unearth. The hon. members were disappointed, however, on finding that the object of the hon. gentleman's discovery was merely a cerebral disturbance.—*Mail*.

Mr. Phelps made an excellent point against the outcry raised by Mr. Lauder and some of his friends.—*Globe*.

Mr. Rayside's speech was one of the best of the week. His style is fluent but concise, and his delivery pleasing to the hearer. He possesses in a remarkable degree the power of retaining the attention of the House.—*Globe*.

Mr. Rayside let the cat out of the bag as to the extraordinary prolongation of this debate by the Government. He stated that he had not expected to speak, having had only two or three hours' notice. Mr. Badgerow, too, on Thursday said he only spoke to fill up a hiatus. The Government are evidently playing a waiting game.—*Mail*.

LE GUETTEUR.

### OTTAWA NOTES.

VERY little has been done in Parliament so far. Up to date the politicians have managed to keep themselves amused with the preparation of motions for documents relating to almost every subject that the Government could be supposed to know anything about, and with discussions more or less unimportant. But it is no longer necessary to make any particular effort to pass the time, for the great measure of the session—the “better terms” to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—is before the House, a *casus belli* between the parties has been found, and the battle will soon rage with all its accustomed fury. The terms of the new bargain, the feeling with which it will be regarded by different classes, the effect it will have in weakening or strengthening the Government—these and a dozen other questions are eagerly discussed. One important matter, which seems, notwithstanding its importance, to receive small consideration in the lobbies, is what length of time the new measure will occupy in passing through Parliament. The probability is that almost, if not quite, a month will elapse before the active discussion of the question will be over. This does not

mean that the country will have to stand thirty days of talk on this subject alone. At present Government measures have precedence on only two days of the week, private members having the right to press their resolutions for consideration for the rest of the time. The debate on this formidable proposition, therefore, will be a case of “linked sweetness, long drawn out.”

Of course there is no doubt that the Government will carry its point. It would be madness for the majority to quarrel with the Canadian Pacific magnates. The country has nothing to gain by a quarrel with these men now that the road is only half completed. Besides which the Government has so large a majority that a bolt on the part of disaffected members would mean only the political suicide of the bolters.

The proposal has small chance of being fairly estimated here because it is one of the class of questions on which the partizans have to vote with their leaders, and on which the leaders feel bound to take as widely divergent views as possible. The Canadian Pacific Company was given such privileges as have never before been given by a free self-governing people, to enable it to construct a railway from the Pacific Ocean eastward to Callendar. From that point independent and competing roads were to carry the traffic to the seaboard, the Canadian Pacific being run on terms perfectly fair to all. Since that time the company, instead of confining its attention to its work, has been playing a grab game for the trade through to the Atlantic, not only that by its own line, but that which comes via Chicago as well. It has spent money with a prodigal hand in buying up eastern lines, apparently determined to secure by this means as perfect a monopoly in the east as that secured to it by law in the west. This brought the new magnates into collision with the Grand Trunk, and it was not till after the crash that they realized they had run against a stronger corporation than their own. Now they come back to the Government to have their broken credit repaired. The Government can not for very shame refuse, for nothing could so discredit this administration as to have the Canadian Pacific fail. But more than this, Canada herself dare not refuse these demands, however great or however impudently put forward. Even were a Liberal party in power to-day, the demands of the company would be granted, perhaps with a worse grace than will be shown now, still they would be granted. There is one point in this bargain which, though a comparatively small matter in itself, indicates how fully the company is master of the situation. This is that the million dollars left with the Government as a pitiful pretence of security for the fulfilment of the contract is to be given up.

The debate was to have come on to-day, but it did not, owing to the fact that the customary notice across the floor had not been given. It is safe to predict, however, that the discussion will show the balance of debating power to be with the Opposition, and nearly all the tact and good judgment with the Government. The Liberals will carefully forget to say what should be done with the case as it stands. And the Government will quietly ignore the fact that the present mischief is due to their policy. They will dwell upon the necessity of completing the road at once. In short, the Opposition will have the satisfaction of showing that they were right, and the Government will win sympathy and carry its point.

But even though the Canadian Pacific new bargain is down, the City is not given over to politics. Far from it. Winter sports flourish here. Tobogganing grows in favour every year, and will soon become an institution like lacrosse. A book will one day be written on the development of tobogganing, and a very interesting book it will be. It used to be necessary to have a hill and to slide down it until the snow was packed hard enough to make the exercise a pleasure. After a time rich men who did not happen to have hills at hand built slides for their children. The idea was taken up, and big slides were built for the amusement of grown people. This was expensive, however, and gave the rich people a monopoly of the sport. Tobogganing clubs were then formed among the young men to put the fun on a more democratic basis. This year sees the best development of that idea hitherto achieved. An enterprising and public-spirited young civil servant has formed a club to maintain a slide on the bank of the Rideau river. Two splendid tracks, each a quarter of a mile long, have been made side by side down the steep bank and across the river. Special toboggans have been made, a club-room built, and men employed to look after the club's property. The slide was opened by Hon. A. P. Caron, minister of militia, the occasion being marked by a torch-light procession, a bonfire, Chinese lanterns, and all the *et ceteras*, winding up with a champagne supper. No special description of the sport is necessary, but it may be worth while to note that both ladies and gentlemen taking part in it usually wear a blanket suit with tuque and moccasins, and a more picturesque scene than a group of these gay young people in the light of bonfire and torches it would be difficult to imagine. The sport is some-