

THE TORONTO WORLD.

A One-Cent Morning Newspaper.

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FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 2, 1884.

The Mail's Management.

The proper study of the journalist is his neighbors. We are quite within the journalist's legitimate field when we offer a few observations upon a subject of such deep interest to the members of a great party as the editorial as differentiated from the business management of their chief organ. To utilize aesthetic terminology, the Mail has not lived up to its blue china. Equipped as no other Canadian newspaper was ever equipped before, it has wasted a great deal of blank cartridge. The Globe has lost its ancient prestige, but the Mail has wasted its young vigor. From the day that its manager entered politics and became a party boss to the present hour his journal has suffered from toplessness. An editor has no business in public life. A man whose profession it is to tell everybody else how to do everything ought to let everybody else do it, at least ostensibly. The artist who pulls the wires that make parties move makes a grave mistake when he comes out onto the stage and dances to his own manipulation. Horace Greeley was a man of might so long as he remained in his editorial den, but he destroyed the influence of both himself and his paper when he took to the pen and climbed the stumps. As a party boss Mr. Bunting failed egregiously in his attempt to elect Mr. Close to the mayoralty. As a party boss he and his paper act and react upon each other. As a member of parliament and a candidate for re-nomination, he had to shoulder the offence offered to the prejudices of whole classes by newspaper articles which he never saw until he saw them in print, and because of this his seat was wrested from him by a fellow conservative. Long ago The World warned him of the dangers of his dual ambition, and sure enough that ambition has delivered him into the hands of his enemies, and brought him into court upon a grave criminal charge.

It is now the manager's turn to react upon the paper. Every utterance of the latter is fuelled by the popular consciousness that it is the voice of one speaking in anger—a man whose character and liberty are at stake. The more strongly the Mail inveighs against its political opponents the easier it is to parry its criticism as the outcome of personal effort to clear one's own skirts—if he can. When the bribery question was first exploited there was open to the Mail and Mr. Bunting a dignified course which they failed to take. A calm denial of the charge and his withdrawal from the management of the party organ would have placed with both Mr. Bunting and the paper in the great New York walking match. A sarcastic ratepayer suggests that it would be a good thing if some of our Toronto aldermen would take a long walk in a straight line.

The mere rumor that the reformers of Ontario are about to raise a war fund of \$100,000 ought to attract to them a certain element of support. Where the carion is there will you find the crows. But the conservative contractors may see them and gain several dollars better.

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," says the poet, but the first wife of the fellow Nixon has shown herself less furious than forgiving. Wife No. 2 has also sustained no slight injury at his hands, yet neither of them have been forthcoming against him. Earth has no other charity like a woman's.

The Globe and Mail are engaged in a competition for the fool's cap, the one by inauthenticating that the alleged conspirators put the dynamite where it was found on Wednesday last, and the other by suggesting that Mr. Mowat's friends planted the find. The writers insult their readers by asking the latter to believe what they do not believe themselves.

The Quebec legislative council has at last furnished a reason for its existence. It has long and often been denounced as a useless institution, but by rejecting the lottery bill it has gained the respect of all who abhor the demoralizing effects of gambling enterprises. It is only an appointed body that can afford to resist the pressure brought by active and influential promoters of questionable schemes. Let us not despair of the federal senate. If this question is answered in the negative, and not till then, Mr. Bunting will be in a position to denounce and sacrifice his accusers amid the applause of all honest men. Until then his proper position is one in which he would be beyond the suspicion of using a leading party paper as a weapon of personal defence. In England no editor would seek, or would be permitted, to manage a newspaper while resting under a serious charge of great public interest. It is easy to conceive how the London Times would act in such a contingency.

Mr. Bunting has not chosen the wiser course. He has not only remained at his post, but he has instructed or permitted his lieutenants to prejuge his case. Column after column has been devoted to the violent contradiction of sworn statements, and the private characters of the affiants have been ruthlessly butchered. The conservative party has been identified with the defence, and should the prosecution succeed honest members of that party will be placed in the awkward position of either having to defend bribery or to denounce their own organ. This is not legitimately the party's concern at all. The party knew nothing of any plot to set a new set of men upon the treasury benches and it is most unwise and unjust to pursue a policy which may make them accessories after the fact. No intelligent conservative who respects his own and his neighbor's good opinion will consent to be placed in such a position, and, therefore, if the right parties should prove to have been indicted—upon which we offer no opinion—the result consequent upon the Mail's mismanagement must be a serious loss to the voting power of the party. This is not a result to be contemplated with equanimity by any loyal party man, and every effort should be made, even at this late hour, to avert it. As for Mr. Bunting himself we need not repeat what he now knows too well that the roles of party boss and party organ are incompatible and dangerous of combination.

When John Jay, Marching Major, Le Canadian of Montreal, is decidedly of the opinion that the future belongs to Mr. Blake, and that an alliance with him would be to the advantage of the Quebec conservatives who will be obliged to separate from the Ontario Tories so soon as Sir John A. Macdonald leaves the scene. Nothing could better illustrate the individuality of the first minister than the consensus of opinion that after him must come the deluge. He alone holds together the most powerful party that this country has ever seen, composed of the most diverse elements imaginable. To the blue nose of his coal mine, the habitant in his hut, the Ontario husbandman on his prairie, and the faraway British Columbian pioneer, Sir John is the centre of things political, the one man possible to a maintenance of the status quo. Tens of thousands of liberal conservatives, mostly young men, are kept in the party ranks solely by loyalty to Sir John, and faith in his ability and patriotism, for the sake of which they forgive him many irregularities. Nay, it is not too much to say that the interprovincial bonds of confederation, now perceptibly strained, may not be snapped, but loosened and cast off, when they no longer feel his master grasp. When Sir John quits the helm, never to return, there will be a deal of drifting, and no man knows upon what strange coast the wrecks may land. One does not require to be an unqualified admirer of Harry Piper's "ole man" to foresee this and to foresee also that the man who takes his place will have great opportunities for reconstruction, but equal opportunities for making fatal mistakes. Young men will do well to reflect on this before welding themselves indissolubly to either faction.

In the go-as-you-please contest at New York several of the competitors have been pleased to go out.

The Rev. Mr. Talmage describes the spiritualists as a set of "lank, lean, long-haired, cadaverous individuals." But everybody cannot be as handsome as the Brooklyn son of thunder.

Our United States contemporaries are still looking for the Junius who wrote "The Bread Winners." In Toronto the bread winners are looking for the man who raised the price of bread.

Mgr. Capel estimates that there are forty millions of people on this side of the Atlantic who have only a fragmentary knowledge of Christianity. The conversion of one rich New York widow does not count for much in such a crowd.

Despatches received last night stated that Ald. Fitzgerald was leading Rowell in the great New York walking match. A sarcastic ratepayer suggests that it would be a good thing if some of our Toronto aldermen would take a long walk in a straight line.

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