

THE TORONTO WORLD.

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The Parliament Buildings

The Globe has brought up the question of new parliament buildings for Ontario in a way which implies that Mr. Mowat is ready to take action, and is even very desirous of doing so.

Everything allowed for, we doubt whether this contention will hold water. If Mr. Meredith really opposes, he does so as the member for London, and not as the leader of the opposition.

We have no idea that Mr. Meredith would risk anything of the kind. But as Mr. Mowat is the man in power, it is his duty to bring it to a test, so that the whole province may see without the shadow of a doubt who is who in this matter of the parliament buildings.

The Price of Glory. It is going away from the truth of the matter to represent that England's bill of expense in Egypt is "the price of glory."

It would be nearer the truth to say that it is the price of England's existence as an independent nation. And the price would have been but trifling in comparison with what will now probably have to be expended, had this been recognized two years or three ago.

Following the bombardment of Alexandria, had the Indian troops been retained somewhere or near the Red Sea coast, and had a sufficient force been despatched to Upper Egypt, the amount being made up at the same time that the country would surely be held until the trouble was settled, there would have been a different tale to tell.

Most probably the false prophet would never have been heard of at all, outside of his own district. But the Gladstone government invited aggression by proclaiming that England had quit fighting. And the result is that ten times as much fighting as might have sufficed is now to be done.

It is telling over again a story that has often been told before. Somebody supposed to be speaking on behalf of the nation ostentatiously proclaims to all the world that England has done with fighting, and will fight no more.

Immediately enemies that before were "cowed" pick up courage, and the England that is to be "cowed" is the England that should be.

This is substantially the record of many wars, some big and some little, in which England has been engaged. Witness the wars with Kaffirs, Zulus, and Boers, in South Africa, and now the present war with the Arabs. In all these cases the ounce of prevention would have been far better than the pound of cure.

And the fighting has to be done at last, that is the pity of it. If following the counsels led to peace, then the talk of some people about "the price of glory" might have more or less of reason in it. But what happens is precisely the opposite.

Time and again has it been proved that all this crazy talk of peace leads straight to war. It will require a large force to dispel what a small force would have sufficed for two years ago. Against this weakness abroad there will surely be a rebellion at home.

A Chimerical Combination. The utopians who are predicting an adventuring alliance of all the English speaking populations of the earth, as fore shadowed by Mr. Gladstone in his direct overture for the opinion of the people of the United States upon the subject, have been guilty of a most shameful reference to the relation to be done at last, that is the pity of it.

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The snow has at last apparently got the better of the street railway company, and the managers have determined to introduce their sleighs to-day.

At a recent Sunday school convention in St. Mary's it was declared that all consumers of tobacco are "on the broad road to hell." It is said that where there is much smoke there is always some fire. In this case there will be no necessity for taking any matches along. But Spurgeon says that he finds nothing in the bible which forbids him to smoke, and he smokes accordingly. A good many decent people would rather take their chances with Spurgeon than with the saint of St. Mary's.

The World's private affairs continue to receive the careful and kind attention of some of our contemporaries. For instance, when on Saturday, to settle whether the proprietor of this paper had an equity in two old machines owned by us, they were put through the shrift of the office, and on these facts our "dear friend" (to quote Mr. Jarvis the junior Rindor organ said Mr. Jarvis had sold us out. On the same facts our other enterprising sheet, the Mercantile, tells of Dan, Wiman & Co. (Erastus W. is another "dear friend" of ours), undertook to "put" us. Really "these things are well meant" but they are ill-directed. We trust that the former paper will set the matter right, as we are confident that neither Mr. Rindor nor Mr. Bunting would attempt to do us the slightest injury. Moreover, the News is no longer a rival of ours—it having some weeks ago retired from the morning field. The World rolls on!

It appears that at this late date Canada is called upon to pay \$12,000, the cost of a proclamation issued some years ago in acknowledgment of the goodness of providence in restoring the Prince of Wales to health after a dangerous illness. Most people can think of the provisions by word of mouth and free of cost, but perhaps prices and politicians are expected to display more formality. The most peculiar feature of the item is its related appearance. Some country publisher must have been ransacking his book numbers lately.

Grover Cleveland is probably the most anxious man in the United States today. He won the race by a head, barely, and now it looks as if there would be a split in the last murder among from the hold-up. Unlucky the head of the incoming tenant of the White house.

It would be sound policy to put up the new parliament buildings now, while work is slack and materials comparatively cheap. Herein we feel compelled to say "alitto" to the Globe, for the reason that the same thing was set forth in these columns months ago. Now, as the Mail appears to be willing to do, we don't see why the job should not be pushed right along. Please Mr. Mowat, do not make a baguette of Mr. Meredith's alleged opposition.

A gentleman has handed to The World a card from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association that he received by mail on Saturday morning. The card has on one side the names of its board of directors, the names of the Hon. S. C. Wood, G. W. Yarker, C. J. Campbell, J. W. Langmuir and Chas. O'Reilly, M. D., being prominent, when the fact is that these gentlemen long ago stated that they were not directors, in fact the association has no directors in Canada. The face of the card states that \$50,000,000 deposit with the insurance department at Ottawa has been applied for. Sir Leonard Tilley distinctly told a deputation of Toronto and Montreal insurance men who waited on him at Ottawa a few days ago that as

present he could not see his way clear to accept a deposit from the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association even if it were tendered. The general manager for Canada does not seem at all particular as to what means he uses to place his scheme before the public.

The case of the lamas is, or ought to be, an ever-present duty for our legislators. Ontario is justly proud of her system of asylums, but they have one serious fault. They are not large enough. A dietetic of easy remedy, and yet it has gone unremedied for years. From time to time juries and newspapers have called the attention of the government to the deplorable fact that many lunatics are now incarcerated in common jails, without proper attention and amidst improper arrangements, because of the neglect of the powers that be to provide asylum accommodation. This is a serious matter, and it is difficult to understand why it should be ignored. Members of the opposition in the legislature are keen to catch the government napping in less important affairs. Why are they not stirred up on this question? With a full treasury it is mighty mean economy to send our lunatics to the county jails.

The governor of Ontario receives ten times as much pay as the governor of Michigan. But the governor of Michigan don't have to go to the expense of gold lace, a cocked hat, and all that sort of thing. Some of these are good enough for him, unadorned plod that he is.

The London Advertiser has come out straight in favor of new legislative buildings for Ontario. When will the Free Press of that city and Mr. Meredith take similar stands and why does not Mr. Mowat go with the buildings irrespective of what the Free Press or the member for London thinks.

The Acadians, as the French Canadians of New Brunswick call themselves, want one of their race in the senate. We will next hear the French in Essex county asking a similar favor.

Mrs. Dudley says that she will fight Rosa at fifteen paces, but his answer