



POLITICAL DENTISTRY.

WYOMING, February 26th.—A convention of the supporters of Canada's New Party, in the County of Lambton, was held here this afternoon, representatives from the East and West Ridings being in attendance. It was decided that Mr. Charles Colter, dentist, of Petrolia, be the candidate of the New Party for the West Riding, and Mr. Samuel Barnes, of Warwick Township, for the East Riding, at the next general election of the local legislature. In the evening a public meeting, slimly attended, was addressed by Principal Austin, of St. Thomas; also by the candidates named, and one or two others.

MR. MOWAT is rather a decent sort of citizen, but still he has some bad political stumps in his head which ought to be extracted. This professional gentleman, if elected, will, no doubt, be glad to give his services to that end.

And what has he done to deserve such unfeeling treatment? What can this wicked woman have against him, for instance? In all probability he has done nothing beyond having her father, brothers, husband and sons sent to Siberian prisons for life for suspected political opinions, and perhaps having a few of them butchered by Cossacks out there. Surely a Czar can do a little thing like that, or what's the use of his being a Czar? This depraved writer of threatening letters probably doesn't understand that the murderous savage rules by divine right.

OCCASIONALLY it happens by accident that bits of refreshing candor slip into the Party papers. For example, the other day the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent, who speaks with editorial authority, made a neat little break. Commenting upon the proceedings in Parliament he said: "The distribution of public buildings has become a part of the organized machinery of the Tory party, and they are allotted not according to local needs, but with the sole view of making votes for the Government." Then he adds, with fine frankness: "We have pretty nearly exhausted the resources of political corruption." Wonder how Laurier likes that confession? The moral would seem to be that mere correspondents should not be allowed to monkey with the editorial *We*.

IT is evident that as long as Sir John Macdonald remains at the head of the Dominion Government

the authority of Parliament will remain simply a pleasing fiction. We occasionally hear about the "sacred rights" of the people's representatives, and the more or less awful dignity which hedges them when assembled within the chambers of the Commons; and now and then the awfulness of the dignity is made manifest when a stranger in the gallery so far forgets himself as to interrupt a debate. It is all the merest jest to Sir John, however. He habitually acts as if there was no Parliament—as indeed there isn't, in any proper sense, when he can count for certain upon the vote of a majority to sustain anything he may see fit to do. Amongst the rights of the House one of the most profoundly sacred is that of controlling the expenditure of money. According to our Constitution not a copper of the public funds can be spent without the sanction of both branches of Parliament previously obtained. We have a current instance of how much regard Sir John has for this time-honored rule.

LAST session the Government asked for a large appropriation for some fake railway scheme in New Brunswick. The Commons voted it through, of course, but, wonderful to tell, the Senate rejected it, on the ground that the requisite information about the railway in question was not at hand. Mr. Abbott, the Government representative in the Senate, in reply to a question, stated specifically that no money would be spent on the railway until the appropriation passed the Senate. When the House had risen, what did Sir John do? Why, he went right on and spent over \$22,000 on the project, getting the money in a virtually fraudulent manner by means of Governor-General's warrants. You see, there were constituencies down there whose vote he wanted, and he couldn't afford to wait for the sanction of Parliament. He knew his perfectly unjustifiable conduct would be promptly condoned by his slavish followers, and in this he was right. They have the same amount of respect



Painter Sherwood prosecuting his studies on "Color in Nature" in the Noble Ward.