

the signature of *Fiat Justitia*, simply served to show it in more glaring colors. By the admission of the writer of that letter, the Trustees not only prevented Rev. Mr. McLeod from preaching in the building—doing so from a high sense of official duty—but they deemed it necessary to evict the people and their children, to whom, if to anyone, the right to occupy and use it belonged, from the building. The excuse that the conflict between the two clergymen left those trustees no other course but to shut up the building and exclude both, is too diaphanous to be accepted by any man of common sense. The wonder is that the trustees had the gall to offer it. One wonders if that excuse was intended by them to be retroactive, and to justify their action in advertising their preference for a teacher of the Episcopal shade of belief.

To use a Hibernianism, last Monday evening was something of a field day in the City Council. Towler was there in full fig, no doubt confident "in the region of his wesket," that victory was about to perch on his banners, and that his not very melodious name would go ringing down the ages as the father of the by-law entitled "A By-law for the Purchase of the Vancouver Electric Railway and Light System, the exhausting of the borrowing powers of the City, the saddling of the citizens with a big addition to their load of taxation, and the gratification of the personal spite of the editor of the *N.-A.* against the present shareholders of the Company." This would have been glory enough for him, and, had he obtained the object of his ambition, he would, no doubt, have been ready to turn up his eyes after the manner of a duck in a thunderstorm, and have chanted something in the shape of a *Nunc dimittis*. But it was not to be.

Alderman Henry Collins, too, was on hand, as full of snap and vinegar as ever, but no one gave his Irish a chance to get up until Alderman Salisbury, somewhat inadvertently, as it appeared, trod on the tail of his coat by insinuating that he did not know what he was talking about. This put the military alderman on his mettle, but he did not get a show to do anything but a little skirmishing, and a general engagement was prevented by the taking of the vote which doomed Towler's bantling to "die a-borning."

There was something very funny in the labored way in which Mr. Hamersley floundered through the task he had set himself of proving that Towler's by-law, though identical, in every essential, with the by-law which had been killed on second reading, was yet sufficiently different to justify its introduction as an entirely new measure. Of course, everybody knew that the by-laws were precisely the same, and that the *ore rotundo* deliverance of the City Solicitor was nothing more or less than a piece of specious special pleading, but the "deliverance" of the great benchman sufficed to effect the purpose for which it was conceived, and the revamped by-law, having received his *imprimatur*, as being "precisely the same only different," was allowed to be introduced.

Then what little fun transpired began when Alderman Brown moved, in amendment, that the by-law be, gently but firmly, given a six months' hoist. Alderman Salisbury made a remark, manifestly based on the aforesaid *orotund* deliverance of the City Solicitor, that, if this was a different by-law from the one that was previously hurked, there had been a slight, but important, detail overlooked, namely, the necessary notice of its introduction. Then Alderman Towler got on his hind legs and flatly contradicted the "opinion" of the City Solicitor, by saying that the only difference between the two by-laws consisted in a pencil mark. In fact the two

measures were just as much alike as Lord Dundreary and his brother Sam, of whom it is recorded that "one of them was born a twin, and not a soul knew which," or like the historical darkies, Cæsar and Pompey, who were said to have been very much alike—especially Pompey.

Then Mr. Hamersley brought the powers of his great forensic intellect to bear on the task of proving that Towler had, as usual, opened his mouth and put his foot in it, without putting the humiliating fact in so many words; but the candid chronicler is compelled to record that Mr. Hamersley did not make a brilliant success of the attempt. The truth is that Towler, for once, was right, and there was no getting around it. After considerable jangling, hair-splitting and tinkering of the by-law, so as to get it into shape to justify its introduction, Alderman Hobson seconded the amendment to give the "hoist," and, on Salisbury voting for the amendment, Collins, metaphorically speaking, jumped on his neck and challenged his right to vote.

What earthly right he had to do so it is impossible to say. What conceivable object he wanted to serve, unless that of getting the by-law read the first time by hook or by crook, we cannot tell, but he was very promptly squelched by the gentleman assailed, who virtually stated that he knew his own business possibly a trifle better than Mr. Collins did, and that Mr. Collins did not know much, if anything, of what he was talking about. At this Mr. Collins "took umbrage." There was nothing particularly strange in that, however, for the worthy Alderman is, above all things, "touchy," and has done little else, lately in the Council, but "take umbrage." It is a defect of temperament that he ought to get cured of, even if he should have to take medical advice on the subject. We would suggest that he consult Dr. McGuigan.

When the vote was finally taken, the City Solons were equally divided, and the Mayor's casting vote settled the fate of Towler's bantling, and, as we have already stated, it "died a-borning." This was too much for Towler, and he made a remark regarding the Mayor, for which he richly deserved to be kicked. His Worship, very properly, brought him up with a round turn, and threatened him with expulsion. We sincerely hope that, the next time the microbe from Mount Pleasant makes a similar "break," the Mayor will not waste time in threatening, but order his instant removal to the fresh air. The best way to abate a nuisance is to abate it.

One would have thought that the matter was settled when the vote was recorded and Towler reprimanded, but it wasn't. Not by a large majority. Where, precisely, the shoe pinched, was indicated the following morning, when the *N.-A.* squealed, like the proverbial pig under a gate, for considerably over a column of its more or less valuable editorial space. The article was a cross between a jeremiad and the Athanasian creed. The wail was chiefly audible between the lines, probably because our worthy contemporary had not sufficient honesty to be out-spoken and admit that, it was annoyed at its failure to get its spite gratified, and grieved, to the bottom of its being, at missing its share of the commission, which would accrue to it from the sale of the road. But the commination—called in the vulgate, "cussing"—was loud and vigorous. It denounced the Aldermen who voted for the amendment as slaves sold at auction, asserting that its "memory was irresistibly carried back to the scenes so often witnessed in the Southern States in *ante bellum* days." We did not know that the editor of our contemporary had ever been in the Southern States in *ante bellum*, or any other, days, as he must have been, to have his memory