



**S**O Blair has resigned again! I had to take my Monocle out, rub it carefully, and read the news twice over to make sure. This time he resigns from private life—which is all he has to resign at the moment. He intimates, if his old constituency is positively languishing for his services, that "Barkis is will-in'." Just what those services will be, it would make a good holiday game to guess. His career in the past has not worn any perceptible rut. He reminds one of that blundering British orator who assured his constituents that it was his purpose to be "like Caesar's wife — all things to all men." Mr. Blair has been the greatest master of coalitions in Canada; he has been the shadowy hope of a fallin' Conservative Administration; he has been a Liberal Federal Minister; he has been a ten-days "bolter" and then an office-holder under the Government he "bolted"; and he has been the sky-rocket of a general election campaign of which not even the "stick" came down. If a New Brunswick constituency sends him to Parliament labelled as a Liberal, Sir Wilfrid will probably insist that it become responsible for his good behaviour.

Still the Monocle will like to see Mr. Blair back in public life. He will relieve the monotony. It will not always be certain just what he will say and do on a given occasion. He is not a man who will jump at the pulling of a string. If he and Tarte were to get back into the Commons, the proceedings of that eminent well-behaved boys' school would become more lively. As it is, Bourassa has to contribute about all the excitement—with an occasional prodding up of the somnolent Opposition by "Billy" Maclean. A member who thinks out loud in that decorous chamber is "sent to Coventry." They will not let him into their "caucuses"; for the chief business of these gatherings is to "cuss" the independents. With Blair and Tarte to the fore, however, there would be some debating in the Commons. We should not be ruled entirely by "caucus." They would ask awkward questions and make the people curious. The professional party "chuckers out" would have something to do nearly every day.

Duncan C. Fraser—now Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia—is one of the best democrats who ever stood on two broad feet in this democratic Dominion of Canada. He used to get up in the House of Commons and make free trade speeches which caused even the then "front bench" of an alleged Liberal Opposition to shudder; and he would cap the climax by quoting Henry George to the shocked members. Happily he somewhat tamed his heart of fire when the Liberals came into office, else the shudder of the "front bench" might have developed into an earthquake at the impact of such free trade dynamite with the modified protective tariff upon which they were then sitting. However, the "new Liberals" played a joke on Duncan. They made him Lieutenant-Governor of the most "English" and aristocratic provincial capital in Canada—that of Nova Scotia. Here was more red tape and gold braid and official "dog" than was to be found anywhere else on this democratic continent; and here was the prize democrat of Canada set down in the midst of it. He was to be the First Eunuch of this epicene courtlet; but he has become its Lord High Executioner.

Every little while the sorrowing telegraph wires bear

the burden of some new outrage committed by this Jeffersonian Governor upon the tender sensibilities of the "upper circles" in Halifax. Instead of letting them utilise the Governorship and its functions as the rallying point and outward demonstration of their superiority to common mortals, Duncan seeks out the people, though they be in the highways and the hedges, and compels them to come in. He is for the people, and the whole people, and no one but the people. His latest betise is to do away with the fifteen minute private and select New Year's Day "levee" which has usually preceded the public function. This year everybody came at the same hour; and Duncan was equally glad to see them all — though a trifle gladder to see those who were gladdest to come. It is to be feared that the ex-Guysboro Giant will never be a success with the "upah clawses."

### Spoiling the Landscape

**I**T is not every person who sits in the railway carriage and drinks in with pleasure the beauty of the landscape. It requires a trained mind and an educated eye to see the Creator's wondrous work in nature. Yet there are many who do enjoy this and to these the setting-up of ugly signs in the fields and on the sides of the hills is decidedly objectionable. Of course, the advertiser must advertise, but may we not plead with him to leave the landscape to us, if he cannot improve it? If he insists on doing bill-board advertising along railway and steamboat routes, let him make it harmonize with the surroundings, as suggested in the January "Century Magazine" and in some of the best advertising journals.

### The Indians and Wheat

**O**NE hundred thousand bushels of grain and \$6,000 worth of cattle were sold this year by the File Hills Agency, which comprises four Indian reserves in the West, near Qu'Appelle. This is a fairly good record. It speaks well for the Government's treatment of the Indian, each farmer being given all the land he will cultivate. It speaks well for the system of education which has been adopted. Most of this production is due to the younger Indians who have been pupils in the Indian schools and who have adopted the English language as well as the agricultural methods of their white neighbours.



A Hot Return.

"Oh, I'm so sorry I could not come to your 'At Home' yesterday."  
 "Dear me, weren't you there?"  
 "Why of course I was—how silly of me—I quite forgot."—PUNCH.