

conscious of being either one or the other, I am satisfied that, whenever these terms were applied to the section or party with which I am identified, I should be quite as sensitive and as ready to fire up as my friend Dr. Williams has shown himself to be.

The inextinguishably funny feature of this episode in Council debates lies, however, in the fact that of all the members of the "Solid Phalanx" Dr. Williams should have been selected as the exponent of the views therein set forth. That he should so warmly recommend the use of plausibility in Council discussion is, as I have said, no more than one would expect from so consummate an artist in that peculiar and sadly unappreciated branch of dialectics—an art in which he is unapproached, and, probably, unapproachable by any member of the "Solid Phalanx," save, perhaps, one other. But Dr. Williams is recognized in the Council as the special advocate of coercion, the man who stigmatizes as dishonest some twelve or thirteen hundred of his fellow-practitioners who, on principle, refuse to pay an unjust impost, and who has not hesitated to draw parallels between them and such malefactors as thieves and murderers, and who, one occasion but a short year ago, was so moved apparently by a lively apprehension that an attempt was about to be made to establish a Chinese laundry in the basement of Micawber Castle for the purification of Council linen, that he was then in favor of having, in lieu thereof, a prize-ring formed in the back yard, wherein members of Council who were unconvincible by "plausible" means might be subjected to the *argumentum ad fisticufficum* at the hands of the muscular representative of No. 17, and thus have conviction pounded into them. And in point of fact, at Dr. Williams' suggestion, his accommodating Ottawa friend with the thews and sinews and inexhaustible wind did then and there challenge one of his opponents to "come outside for a few minutes." Again, if I remember aright, Dr. Williams' plausible mildness on another occasion took the form of describing more than half of the practitioners in this Province as being so pachydermatous that they could not be reached except through the courts of law. *Hic* it was also ———. But it might seem ungenerous to proceed, and I desist. I sat down, I confess, with the intention of having, for myself and readers, a little quiet fun at Dr. Williams' expense out of that lecture; but I have refrained. My pen is, perhaps, too prone to run into mild satire, and to a satirist this and some other episodes in the Council proceedings offer unlimited possibilities. Let my forbearance in this instance be taken as an evidence of my honest regard for the man. Had a less worthy opponent given me the same opening, I would probably have said something