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THE TIMES.

Those same times are decidedly political in Canada just now. All Europe is in a state of ferment, owing to the "peace with honour" which the Earl of Beaconsfield has brought about; but we have not much concern for the peace or the honour. In the United States the problem of community of interest, as it concerns the North and the South, and is being worked out in a satisfactory way; trade also showing signs of revival; but we are not concerned about that. In truth, we are concerned about nothing but the coming elections. "To be (in office) or not to be, that is the question" which troubles in the mind of each party. But I hold to my expressed opinion that the Liberals will have another lease of life. How they will use it only a prophet could tell us; for, be Mr. Mackenzie never so honest, he must yield a little here and a little there, and much to the presiding genius, Mr. Brown of the *Globe*.

I listened as well as Mr. Perry and his cow-horn brigade would let me to Sir John A. Macdonald's speech on Saturday last. On the whole the address was a good one—not eloquent, but occasionally witty, occasionally wise, and always interesting. The proof that Mr. Mackenzie in office is not exactly what Mr. Mackenzie was in opposition was conclusive; the charges of Governmental incapacity were well sustained, but I am more than ever convinced that "Protection" is only an election cry, and the question cannot come before the country as a direct and distinct issue. If Sir John be returned to power he will act very slowly and cautiously in the matter, and if Mr. Mackenzie retain office he will have to move forward on the "Protection" lines. The election will really have to be decided on the question of men, and not on the question of measures. For myself, I shall vote for the best man.

I am quite willing to allow that the Liberals had strong provocation to the breaking up of Conservative meetings—for the Prime Minister has been treated with roughness and rudeness more than once, and Mr. Darling's meeting in Montreal was most unwarrantably disturbed—but then, ever so many blacks can never make a white, and they should have allowed Sir John a respectful hearing. He deserves that, and a great deal more, at the hands of the public—for he is a friend of the Canadian people in spite of a few sins that may be laid to his score.

But—if I had led that cow-horn brigade, and got a crack on the head, I wouldn't have whined in the papers about having been on a sick bed, etc. I have seen worse election fights than that we had on Saturday night, and to my thinking Mr. Perry got off cheaply.

Said the *Gazette*—10,000 attended the meeting on Saturday night to hear the words of the Chieftain. Said—the *Herald*—2,000—not more. I walked carefully around the crowd, and carefully through it, and judged that it numbered about 5,000. So much for reporters.

But the *Gazette* had not the slightest right to speak as it did of Mr. Darling. To rake up a matter of the kind to which he refers, and to pit brother against brother, was not even fair in matters political. It was simply spiteful, and stupid, and old-womanish.

The *Montreal Herald* has taken to telling *flams* in capital letters. That is the Ultima Thule, thank goodness.

The Orange trial in Montreal has got to be a weariness to the flesh. It seemed awhile ago as if Orangemen were prepared to glory in the name; but it turns out that they are afraid "to criminate" themselves. How is this? Where are the martyrs? I should have thought that at least five hundred would have come forward to say "We are Orangemen." But not one can be found to do that. Mr. Murphy has caught a Tartar, and a Tartar has caught Mr. Murphy, and each is sorry on account of the bargain. Why not put some one

forward to say, "Here I am, an Orangeman, what can you do with me?" Then we might get to know what is the law in the matter. At present it seems to me that both sides are fencing.

It is time to call the attention of the Montreal City Councillors to the state of things existing at the Protestant School on Sherbrooke Street. That school is crowded, and overcrowded, and still more parents want to send their children. I am told that the Commissioners are aware of the fact, and are trying hard to meet the difficulty; but they have to deal with the City Councillors, many of whom can hardly appreciate the advantages of a good education, and so they demur to the needful tax on the public. Further accommodation must be found, and the sooner it is done the better. The Councillors may as well try to believe the truth, that this is the most profitable investment they can make of our public funds.

But one reason why the school is so overcrowded is that wealthy parents send their children there. Now, the school may be quite equal to many private schools—as I believe it is—still, private schools are a necessity and should be encouraged—and parents who can afford it should leave the public schools to the children of the poorer classes.

The election in Toronto bids fair to be a severe struggle, with the usual amount of calling of hard names on both sides. For the Western Division, the *Globe* claims the field for Mr. Hodgins, the "only honest and capable" candidate as against the "Corporation sinecurist," Mr. Robinson; and, in the Centre Division, Mr. Macdonald's success is said to be certain over Mr. Hay. In Toronto East the supporters of Mr. Galley are working hard, with perhaps less chance of success, Mr. Platt's party claiming the victory with confidence,—perhaps, however, "the wish is father to the thought."

A New York school teacher was the other day fined fifteen days' pay for boxing the ears of a small boy, whose adopted father declared him to be an angel without wings. A few days afterward said father had the boy committed by a police justice and sent to the House of Refuge. The question of remitting the teacher's fine is now under consideration.

When the British flag was hoisted over Cyprus it was consecrated by Greek priests, Sir Garnet Wolseley aiding and abetting.

The *London Times* is said to have decided not to send a correspondent to the seat of war in Bosnia, because it would give the insurrection too much importance. What a troublesome thing is greatness.

Germany seems drifting into difficulties in spite of the wisdom and strong hand of the great Chancellor. One of them is Socialism. In the new Parliament eight Socialists have seats, which is proof that this enemy to civil life is gaining strength. The Government has introduced proposals for the suppression of it—which proposals the Conservative parties are ready to accept—but the Progressists, or advanced Liberals, reject them all decisively,—while the National Liberals—acting under the sincere dread of Socialism on the one hand, and of Prince Bismarck on the other—hesitate in the choice of a policy. They are interested quite as much in the negotiations going on at Kissingen as in the best way to ward off a national peril. They are alarmed at the coalition between Prince Bismarck and the Ultramontanes—by which he hopes to put down the Socialists—and they regard with equal disfavour the Prince's effort to maintain the Imperial army. And there is reason for the alarm. To keep Germany in a state of readiness for war, Bismarck has devised a number of financial schemes which he is trying hard to force upon the country. There is to be a Government monopoly of the tobacco trade; the railways are to become the property of the State, and native manufactures are to be protected by heavy prohibitory duties. On the whole, it may be considered that German affairs are in a state of muddle, and it will tax the powers of the astute Prince to make them clear again.

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