

IT rejoices me to see the Ontario Cabinet Ministers increasing their own salaries amidst a universal chorus of approval. Cabinet Ministers and Judges have long been underpaid in Canada. Their salaries were fixed at a time when they looked very big to the people who agreed to pay them; and we have let them remain—until recently—at the pioneer figure, while every one of us has been getting fatter and fatter pay envelopes with every year. Not only that, but we have been charging more for the things that we do for people, which is—Philosopher Sam Wood of the Globe will be reminding me—only another way of saying the same thing. The consequence is that when a Cabinet Minister or a Judge has wanted me to make him a pair of shoes or you to bring him a load of cordwood, we have pushed the price for these services up and up on him; and all the while we have expected him to perform his services for us at the same old figure which was only just good enough when a thousand dollars a year was the height of the average man's ambition. Cabinet ministers and judges are men in positions of trust; and the community must always be an awful fool—speaking of it collectively—when it conspicuously underpays them.

And I am equally rejoiced to see genial George Graham refuse to let the Government salary him as leader of the Opposition. Of course, he is a newspaper publisher and does not need the money. This makes it easy for him to be virtuous and popular. But there is something incongruous, which the public mind can never adjust its glasses to appreciate, in the spectacle of an organisation paying a man to criticise it in public. It is all very well to say that "the Government" does not do the paying—that it is the country which pays. But that would be equally true of any other item in the estimates. It is always the country which pays; but it is the Government which decides whom it shall pay—and that is the very point at issue. It is the country which pays for that wharf on a lake which never has any shipping on it, and for that post office in a village which mails nothing but Ministerialist election returns; but it is the Government which gets the credit—and the profit—for it. George Graham demonstrated that he knows the people and their ways of thinking when he declined to appear on the pay-roll as Whitney's kept critic.

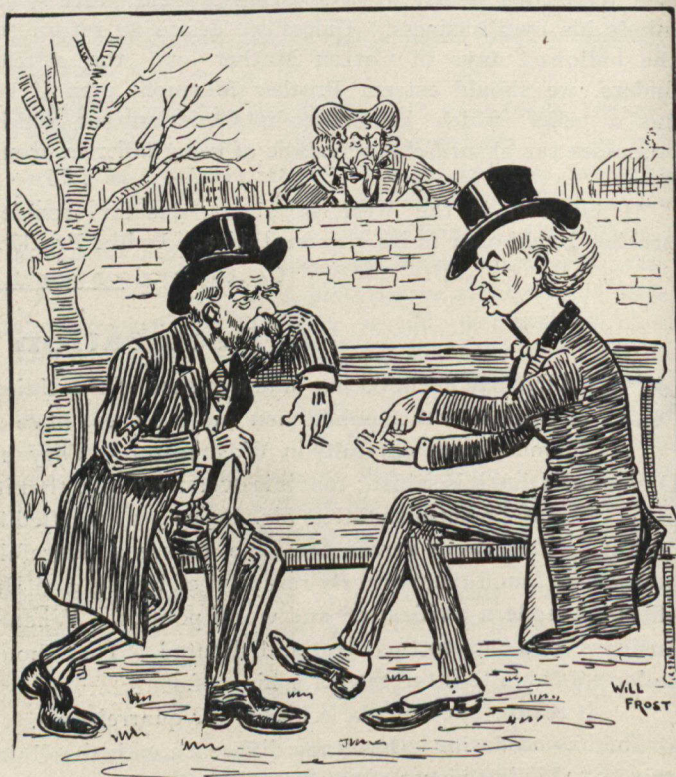
How does the Pittsburg idea of dining as many worthy citizens as it could find, by way of offset to the unpleasant notoriety which some of its other citizens have given the Smoky City, strike you? They set out to find a hundred just Pittsburgers, but they only managed to corral twenty-eight. And Pittsburg is a fairly sizeable town. How many do you think we could dig up in Toronto if we were to set about it? Of course, Toronto has not been producing divorce scandals and Thaw escapades to blacken its fair name; but if we assume for a moment that James L. Hughes had been caught smoking a cigarette and has so brought disgrace on his city, how many righteous could we induce to eat a dinner at our expense and so avert the Evil Eye? Pittsburg unearthed twenty-eight. Who are our twenty-eight? Well, we can make a beginning by putting down Goldwin Smith (Cheers from the Sons of England).

Then there is the mayor (Cheers from the Press Club). Police Magistrate Denison goes down unanimously, no notice being taken of the gaol vote. Lieutenant-Governor Clark also qualifies, having called attention to his existence recently by giving the Canadian Club a chance to cheer.

There are four. Now who shall be the fifth? We could call in the clergy; but that would be a little like begging the question. Hold on—there is John Ross Robertson. Carried without a dissenting voice. We might try Frank Spence; he always looked as if he needed a dinner. But there are usually a lot of people who vote against him for any other position, and without having any particular reason for doing so. If we could lay claim to Whitney—but surely we ought to be able to rival Pittsburg without borrowing. Senator Cox looks good since his explanation in the Senate; but that bars out Shepley. Still if we keep Shepley out, we might get Foster in. Well, I am not the nominating committee. If I were, I would fall back on the Ministerial Association and Osgoode Hall.

Everybody is discussing what it is that Bourassa is looking for. He has broken with his leader; and yet he is not showing any signs of allying himself with the Conservatives. The breach with Laurier looks like a real one. The attitude of the two men toward each other in the House indicates this more plainly than their printed words would betray. Now Laurier is the king of Quebec; and it must be from Quebec that Bourassa will get any personal strength in the future. Yet Quebec does not love people who pester its idol. Tarte looked like a big man until he broke with Laurier; and then he collapsed like a deflated balloon. If Bourassa were thinking of crossing the House, his course would be clear; but his attacks upon Foster and his general policy do not encourage this explanation. This throws us back upon the theory that he is endeavouring to advertise himself in Quebec as the best known representative French Canadian, and in the rest of Canada as a courageous independent, with a view to leaving Lemieux, Brodeur, Gouin, et al, at the post when the race begins for Laurier's shoes. This, however, is calculating that when Laurier's shoes are empty, people will forget that Bourassa opposed the man who used to fill them. And perhaps they will. What is the influence of Sir John Macdonald worth to-day?

### Mr. Bryce at Ottawa



A Lesson in Diplomacy

Sir Wilfrid (to the Hon. Mr. Bryce)—"Above all your excellency, No more Arbitrations and no more Pilgrimages to Washington for us."