

EVENTS.

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The Late Dalton McCarthy, Q.C., M.P.

(See page 12.)

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When Laurier announced his cabinet great things were predicted of it. It was a cabinet of heavy weights, and the fact that it contained more wealthy men than any administration in the history of the Dominion was pointed to with pride. Their personal wealth was said to be a guarantee of an honest administration, and Liberals were happy and contented. I was myself as foolish in this respect as any Liberal in Canada, and I have shared with them the shock of revelation. That is the proper word, for the way in which they have turned out has been a revelation—certainly not a realization. It was to be a broad-minded administration, so its prophets said. There would be no smallness, no pettifogging in the administration of the country's affairs. How wofully have all these predictions been discredited! It has done more little, pettifogging acts than any administration in the history of Canada, except perhaps that of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, which killed itself and all who came after it for nearly a quarter of a century by pursuing just such a course, as is now being pursued by the Laurier government. And most remarkable of all, this state of affairs seems due to one or two men only. These men are marked, and the Premier will either have to rid himself of them or face defeat at the next elections.

The man who is rapidly earning for himself the reputation of being the most unpopular Cabinet Minister of the day, is the Postmaster-General. He has done everything that he could do to hurt himself politically, and has shown a spirit of smallness in the management of his department that is surprising in a man of his means. He has done more petty pinching and squeezing, and driving among the unfortunate clerks under his control, than any other man in the government, save only J. I. Tarte, who has probably equalled him. Mr. Mulock, more than any other man in the government, is to be held responsible for the very dis-

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credible way in which the Civil Servants have been treated with regard to the statutory increases. While professing great love for the working man, the Laurier government has shown itself the most narrow-minded employer of labor in Canada. It has broken a well-understood agreement with the peoples' servants, it has cut down the rate of interest allowed on the poor man's petty savings, and it is now taxing the newspaper, almost his only source of information, and all this is due principally to the millionaire who is at the head of Post Office Department. Tarte, I have no doubt, has had a hand in these little dealings, for they are just about the size of the Minister of Public Works. When the formation of the Laurier Cabinet was being discussed just after the last Dominion elections, I pointed out in a paper with which I was then connected, that the coming Premier would begin with at least one wrong step if he took the renegade Tory into his government, and I believe, if the truth were known, that away down in his heart he is sorry for it to-day. One thing I do know, I am not the only Canadian who has had enough of Tarte to last him for a life time. Of Mulock it was impossible to predict anything at the time. He was then known only as a lawyer and a private member of parliament, who was supposed to be a man of calibre. Since coming to Ottawa his reputation has grown wonderfully. That Farmer's Loan Association, of which he was president, came to an end which promises well for the department over which he presides, while his clipping of the interest on poor men's deposits is probably a relic of the Toronto loan business.

The best friends of the government are not those who try to hide these weaknesses, but rather those who expose them with the hope that they may be remedied before it is too late. It is neither Tarte nor Mulock who will be held responsible by the party at large, but the Premier. It is a duty he owes to those who put him where he is to see that his lieutenants are men of the right sort. Mulock is not to be blamed if his capacity for business does not rise above the pay-sheet of his department, and the ten dollar deposit of the poor working man. Nor should Tarte be condemned for accepting a handsome salary for filling a position to which he should never have been appointed. The Premier alone is responsible, and the sooner he realizes his position the better for himself, and for the Liberal party.

It is quite true the Premier has gathered a lot of very weighty men around him, and it is their great weight that seems to be his chief difficulty at present. Each departmental head thinks himself heavy enough to star in a show of his own, and consequently the government is run as a kind of a fourteen-ring circus, with an independent performance going on in each. The Premier is a kind of a talking-machine to tell the people who pay for the performance, what is going forward, but he does not seem to have any control over the performers, who carry on their contortions at their own sweet wills, without regard for the man whose name the show bears.

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There is nothing for it but to let the show go on until the people get tired of it, and it becomes stranded for lack of popular support, unless the Premier can make the raise of a little of that valuable commodity commonly known as back-bone, and uses it in the way it is intended to be used. Let him get rid of those men who are distasteful to the party, get the Minister of Railways to fight shy of "deals" and have the Finance Minister prepare a budget in keeping with Liberal principles and anti-election promises. In short let him get down to business as a Liberal leader at the head of a Liberal Government, and he may yet have time to redeem the record of his administration. Until he does that we will have to continue to watch the tail wagging the dog, and wonder how long it can hold out under the treatment.

I can imagine the broad smile of satisfaction with which my Conservative friends will read the fore-going, but I can assure them it was not written for the purpose of giving them pleasure. The sad state in which the Liberal Government is to-day, is only a mild form of the dilapidated condition in which the last Dominion elections found the Conservatives, and I have no reason to believe that they have improved any since then. When they lost their great leader, they lost their party, for they had no one to take his place. To-day they are led by a sour old politician who has lived long enough to have all his early predictions discredited, and whose defeat at the polls should have been the signal for his retirement to private life. In Laurier the Liberals have the making of a good leader if he will only take a tighter grip on the reins, and do a little more of the driving than he has been doing in the past. Failing him, there are lots of others in the party to fall back upon, but where is there a man in the Conservative ranks capable of leading that party to power again? In fact the whole of the Liberal strength to-day is found, not so much in itself, as in the weakness of its opponents. If, however, they can get a good, strong man at their head, one who is able to hold their rebellious spirits in check, and the Liberals continue in their present course, by the time the next elections come round, they will be so evenly matched, that the independent elector will have to toss a copper to decide for which party he will cast his vote.

* * * *

The nineteenth century gives fair promise of making its exit amidst the horrors of a general war and the upheaval of society. It is a matter open to discussion, as to whether war or revolution worked out in blood is the greater evil that can befall a country. Within the past few days, almost as many lives have been sacrificed—ingloriously sacrificed—in the streets of Italian cities as by Admiral Dewey's guns in the Bay of Manilla.

The rioting and bloodshed in Italy are an ebullition of the long pent-up discontent and hatred of oppressive taxation. Whether the motive be bread, blood or loot, it has

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its origin in the apparently unavoidable asperities attendant upon social inequalities, which in no country in the world, are so conspicuous as in this sunny land. Poverty and opulence, state and degradation, pride and servility jostle each other at every turn.

Italy has been like a young and ambitious noble living beyond his means. She has been, and is, desirous of ruffling it with the best of them on land and sea, and the toiling masses have to pay the piper. A large army and a fine navy—to say nothing of a futile war with a semi-barbaric African state—cannot be maintained except at an immense cost, and her commerce and native industries have not proved sufficient to meet the outlay.

The spirit of militarism dominated her rulers from the time of her formation into a kingdom, and subsequent effort has won for her a fictitious importance among the first European powers. The idea of a United Italy was pushed conspicuously to the front and strained to the utmost limit, and both king and government came to believe that they could do anything with impunity, so long as it was done under shelter of the popular idea.

The general character of this popular upheaval leads to the conclusion, that its cause is deeper and more serious than a casual rise in the price of bread. It points to a widespread feeling of antagonism towards the ruling dynasty and the oppressive taxation that has marked its regime, which not unlikely has been fanned into a flame by the machinations and revolutionary tendencies of the secret societies, with which the country is now, as it was forty years ago, honey-combed. The position of affairs requires the greatest nerve and firmness on the part of a government which does not seem to possess the respect of the people, and, should the troops refuse to shoot down the rioters as seems not improbable, the country will soon be in the throes of a revolution.

• • • •

Since the disastrous defeat of the Spaniards at Manilla, there has been some petty fighting by the blockading fleet on the Cuban coast. In an action with the forts and Spanish gunboats at Cardenas, the Americans met with their first repulse which resulted in the deaths of five of the men of the American torpedo boat, Winslow. It is interesting to read and compare the despatches recording this event with the tone of those referring to the slaughter in Manilla Bay. These brave Americans were the "first to shed their life's blood for their country," while the Spaniards kept up a "merciless fire on the disabled boat, which almost thwarted the humane efforts of the Hudson and Wilmington to rescue the sorely pressed torpedo boat." How much depends on the color of the glasses through which an event is viewed!

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However much the Spanish admiral at Manilla may have been to blame for allowing his fleet to be so utterly and inexcusably surprised by an enemy, it cannot be denied that his men showed the spirit of a heroic nation. They nailed their colors to the mast and went down with their ships. Let us be fair and give the Don his due.

According to a special despatch to London from Havana, the Americans were also repulsed at Cienfuegos in an attempt to land men and arms in barges. Judging by present signs Uncle Sam's army will have no picnic of forty-eight hours' duration in his undertaking to drive Blanco's army either out of Havana or into capitulation. Still there is nothing like going at a thing with a will and in a cheerful spirit, both of which have been displayed by the Americans in a marked degree.

It would seem, however, at this time of writing, that Dewey's victory, instead of cowing the spirit of the Spanish people into making overtures for the termination of the struggle, has only intensified the bitter feeling between the two belligerent powers, and it looks as though the war would be a protracted one. Nor would it be safe for the Americans to build too surely on their first signal and well-won success. So long as Spain's main fleet is to be reckoned with, they will have to take chances, and the Spanish spirit displayed at Manilla will require a good deal of subduing.

* * * *

When once a life and death struggle is entered upon, the spectators are apt to lose sight of the cause in watching the course of events. One cannot help remarking the sudden change in tone of many of the English Canadian newspapers. Up to one point they were almost invariably at least non-sympathetic with the United States, and were constantly decrying the pernicious and apparently indefensible Monroe doctrine. Then suddenly a spirit moved over the face of the waters of Canadian newspaperdom, and the Monroe doctrine was buried in the depths and in its place appeared the noble cause of humanity. This change came about the historic time when Great Britain declared to a somewhat astonished world that "blood was thicker than water," and raising her mighty hand in the interests of fair play presumably, warned interested parties to keep at a safe distance. Canadian newspaperdom, immediately applauded this melo-dramatic move, since which period it has taken some of our ablest editors one half of their time to cultivate a new style and tone towards the United States and the other half to excuse and justify the novelty of their position. One thing is especially noticeable—They never by any chance allude to the cause of the war or endeavor to justify its necessity. "Sufficient for the day" is sufficient for them and the war goes merrily on. It is possible, however, that history may view this war, undertaken in the interest of humanity, in a different light, at least so far as its necessity and justification are concerned.

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If the great American Republic is going to make herself the Quixotic champion and liberator of aggrieved nations, then there is nothing very ludicrous about the incipient agitation in Ireland to ask the United States to undertake the task of freeing the starving and ill-conditioned masses of the Green Isle from the odious yoke of Britain. Consistency is a jewel, but Ireland is not Cuba and the shadow of the regis of the Monroe doctrine scarcely stretches so far.

* * * *

For the special consolation and encouragement of those editors of Canadian newspapers, who are so gratuitously offering their sympathy and moral support to the United States, it is well to recall the ancient yet touching affection evinced towards this country, as expressed in the Articles of Confederation of the United States dated 1781-1788, and thereby make the path for annexation or voluntary entry into the Union smooth and easy. Article XI runs thus:—

Canada acceding to this Confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into, and entitled to all the advantages of this Union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same unless such admission be agreed to by nine States."

Very kind and thoughtful, wasn't it? The only difficulty in the way of accepting the invitation seems to be the dread, on the part of Canada, that it is very much like that which the spider gave the fly.

* * * *

Uncle Sam professed to be entering upon his war with Spain as a pure act of humanity, to put an end to the killing of Cubans by Spaniards. It will be interesting, in view of the killing of priests and Spaniards by the Philippine insurgents, to know the American definition of humanity. In this instance it would seem to be a mere turning of the tables, whereby the Americans are enabling the rebels to rob and murder their former rulers. In the case of the Philippine islands, this is particularly discreditable to the United States, for the reason that the rebellion there was under control until their fleet arrived, and stirred it up again. Nor should the fact be over-looked that it was American aid alone that kept up the rebel war in Cuba itself. In our own rebellion of 1837, it was on American territory that many of the rebel hosts were gathered for their attacks on Canada, and had it been a weak country like poor old Spain, instead of mighty England, that the quarrel was against, the Yankees would have followed the same contemptible tactics that have led up to the present conflict. It is hard to understand how any Canadian can sympathize with the big bully that makes much-a-do about attacking decrepit old age. And if murder and rapine are to be carried on by the rebelsons of Spain under protection of the Stars and Stripes, the boasted emblem of liberty and security, what disgrace will not the over-grown republic bring upon itself in the sacred name of humanity? It makes one actually disgusted with the whole affair, when he contrasts the anti-bellum boasts, with the accomplish-

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ments of American arms. It is quite evident that the American government has undertaken a contract it is unable to fulfil, and before long it will become the duty of the powers to protect the helpless victims of Uncle Sam's humane war.

• • • •

Too much faith must not be put in the reports that thousands of rebel Spaniards are ready to enroll themselves under the Stars and Stripes as soon as the Americans effect a landing. When the American Eagle was screeching along our border in 1812, 13 and 14, threatening to swoop down on us and drive the defenders of British connection into the sea, the same stories were current in the United States. Thousands of Canadians were only awaiting the arrival of Uncle Sam's troops, to join his standard and nestle lovingly under the wing of his pet bird. Their boast was partly fulfilled. The Canadians were waiting for them, and they did join them in battle, and never visitor got a warmer reception. A field of bayonets advanced to greet them, and such a shower of bullets rained upon them, that the eagle fled with drooping feathers, that is such feathers as had not been sent flying to the four winds of heaven. It will be no surprise to me at least, to find history repeating itself in Cuba. While priding themselves on their sharpness, there is no nation in the world so easily gulled as the American.

• • • •

Already the powers of Europe are busy discussing the ultimate disposal of the Philippines. It is probable, however, that the United States will elect to hold what the strong hand hath won, especially as the necessary proceedings to nullify the right of conquest might prove both dangerous and costly to any power or powers disposed to attempt it. Certainly, in view of the defined policy of the United States to favor open ports in China, the Philippines are too valuable a prize to be lightly given up, while their retention would be of inestimable value from strategic and commercial stand-points. It is not likely that Admiral Dewey will forget his experience of being turned adrift at a day's notice on the broad waters of the Pacific, with the option of taking Manilla or immediately making for home.

• • • •

For two weeks, the whereabouts of the Cape Verde fleet was a puzzle to both sides of the Atlantic. It was on its way to Havana; it was reported at the Canaries; it was off the coast of South America; and finally, it was said to have returned to Cadiz, to the intense disgust of the Spanish nation. On the day of its departure from Cape Verde, it was followed by the steamer, Avery Hill, chartered for the purpose by the New York Herald, until it disappeared into darkness and the wide waters of the Atlantic. The New York Herald was the first authority for the news, that this fleet had gone west, and accordingly, everything was made ready for its reception. This enterprising newspaper was also the first to discover its arrival on this side of the

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ocean, as one of its look-outs at St. Pierre, Martinique, was the first to cable its appearance off the coast of that island.

It would seem that the Spanish squadron, after clearing from Cape Verde, pursued a course southward at an easy speed, to save coal and guard the torpedo destroyers against the heavier and more dangerous waters of a more northerly route, and also, perhaps, to escape the notice of merchantmen by navigating a less frequented course. Arriving off the Windward Islands, they refitted the destroyers after their long and trying voyage and put them in order for battle, and, probably, having coaled at some rendezvous it is said to have headed across the Caribbean Sea for Porto Rico or Havana.

* * * *

"Another good man gone," was the expression that greeted one on every hand, as the news of Dalton McCarthy's death flashed over the wire to the remotest parts of Canada. The same opinion has been expressed by the entire press of the Dominion, and it only remains for me to add my tribute to the universal sorrow felt at the sad and untimely end of a brilliant son of Canada--brilliant in more ways than one, and more brilliant in some respects than any of his contemporaries, either at the bar or in the parliament of his country. True he had his faults, all good men have them; he had enemies, all great men have them; and he had hosts of friends, the reward of all true men. On some questions his views were extreme, even prejudiced, but no one ever doubted their absolute sincerity. Dalton McCarthy was no hypocrite, no trickster; his opinions were openly expressed, his ground manfully taken, and once convinced that he was right, he stood to his guns like a hero, and fought the issue to a finish, without any shifting or trimming or quibbling. In short the story of his brilliant career is told, when it is said: "He built on principle, acted with consistency, and was never guilty of a mean or underhanded action in all his life." Such men are too few in the public life of this country, and it is not surprising that the loss of even one is sincerely mourned, alike by the friends and the opponents of the departed.

Born near Dublin, Ireland, in 1836, Mr. McCarthy came to Canada with his parents in 1847, when he was but eleven years of age. The family settled at Barrie, Ont., and young McCarthy was educated at the Grammar School there and afterwards studied law in his father's office. He was called to the bar in 1858, and almost at once rose to eminence in his profession. In 1871 he was elected a bencher of the Law Society, and a year later was made a Q. C. In 1879 he moved to Toronto and established what is now the law firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman, one of the largest firms in Canada. He is said to have realized over \$30,000 a year for many years from the practice of his profession. As a jury lawyer he had few equals and no superiors, while his fame as a cross-examiner has long been the envy of the profession, and the terror of the witness stand throughout the Province. He has repeatedly refused to accept elevation to the bench.

Mr. McCarthy was first returned to Parliament at a by-election in Cardwell, Dec. 14, 1876, having previously tried and failed no less than three times in North Simcoe. In

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parliament, as at the bar, his great abilities were soon felt, and before the close of his first session he was hailed as the coming leader of the Conservative party. After representing Cardwell for two years, he again stood for North Simcoe at the general election of 1878, and was successful, winning the seat which he has held continuously ever since. His parliamentary career is too well known to require an extended notice here. For fifteen years he had the confidence of the Conservative party, and would certainly have become its leader on the death of Sir John Macdonald, had he not broken with it on principle on the question of the Jesuits' Estates Act, and later on the Manitoba School Question. On both these questions he took the Ultra-Protestant side, and perhaps the greatest tribute to his worth, and the respect in which he was held by all classes, is the sincere expressions of sorrow among Catholics, at the untimely end of this bitter opponent of their schools and churches. Even they, who fought him so hard, respected his ability, and gave him credit for sincerity, and honesty of purpose, while combating what they believed his mistakenly unjust views. A man, who, dying, leaves regret among his opponents as well as his sorrowing friends, has been a truly great and good man; and such a man was Dalton McCarthy.

* * * *

In the name of party to what dispicable trickery and falsehood will not the politician stoop? A man who would scorn to tell a lie on any other subject, will deliberately misstate facts, twist figures, misrepresent his friends, blacken his opponents and conduct himself generally in the most dishonorable and discreditable manner to catch votes. But more surprising than that he should do such things, is the fact that he is not utterly ashamed of himself, and afraid to look honest men in the face. Take, for instance, the statement made by Mr. R. Pope, M.P., the other day before the Drummond County Railway Committee. The statement had become public that Sir Charles Tupper had written Mr. Pope prior to the last elections promising that the purchase of the road by the government would be put through after the contest was over. Sir Charles went before the committee and denied that he had ever written such a letter. Then Mr. Pope denied that he had ever received it. Being asked for an explanation as to his having showed such a letter to Mr. Farwell, one of the parties interested in the road, he is reported by a Conservative paper as replying:

"I would not gainsay that as a part of the political machine on that occasion, if I had thought that it would have done the Conservative party good, I should have read him a letter."

This was startling, but there was more and even worse to come. Mr. Lister, the chairman, remarked that the witness had said "he never read a letter written by any member of the government, but he may have shown Mr. Farwell a letter written by himself and purporting to come from a member of the Government." Mr. Pope replied:

"I have given reasons. I would certainly do it if I thought it would do the party any good!"

There is party for you! Mr. Pope is not a dishonorable man in ordinary affairs. On the contrary he is highly honorable, and highly respected by all who know him. He would no more think of writing a letter purporting to come from the member of a mercantile house in order to help on

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a deal, than he would of jumping off the top of parliament tower, yet, in a political contest, the thing is done and justified in the name of party. Is it any wonder that the independent element is growing in this country, and that partyism is dying of its own rottenness?

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The postal changes proposed by the Postmaster-General were severely and not unjustly criticized by Sir Charles Tupper upon the second reading of the bill providing for them. The proposal to reduce the letter rate from 3 cents to 2 cents, Sir Charles said would be of little benefit to the poorer classes, who did very little letter writing, while it would put a good deal of money into the pockets of wealthy firms who carried on a heavy correspondence and were well able to pay. On the other hand the bill proposed to reimpose postal charges on newspapers, and here again the farmer and the workingman who receive nearly all their news through the mails are hit, for the publishers will have to increase their subscription price or cut down the size of their papers to meet this new expense, and in either case the farmer is the loser. To the city man, who is the letter writer, newspaper postage means nothing, for his paper comes to him direct from the office of publication or he buys it on the street, and it never sees the inside of a post-office. Another class who will be placed at a further disadvantage, are the country and town merchants, who already have a hard time competing with the big city departmental stores, that do an enormous mail department trade, drawing from the country merchants their home trade. Reduced postage will be a benefit to those institutions, for when the act comes into force they will be able to send out three letters for what two cost them now. Of course there are good arguments in support of the bill, but these are a few against it that do not seem to have been taken into consideration, and are therefore worth noting.

As far as the newspapers are concerned, they have no very good reason to complain, provided the government puts them on an equal footing with manufacturers of other articles that are offered for sale in the open market. Raw material for manufacturing purposes is allowed to enter the country free of duty, but the government has not yet placed the raw material of the newspaper on the free list. Paper and ink are certainly raw material in a newspaper office. They are consumed in the making of the paper, the same as other raw material is consumed, yet the government imposes a heavy duty on these two articles, in order that paper factories in Canada may overcharge publishers. As compared with the American publisher, the Canadian is at a disadvantage of a cent a pound and more on all the paper he uses, and now the postmaster-general proposes to add another half-cent a pound to it. And all this time not a word is said about imposing a duty on the tens of thousands of weekly and monthly American publications, printed on the cheaper paper, that are allowed to flood Canada. They enter free of duty and go through our mails free of

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charge, to compete with our home papers and magazines, that have to bear the burden of tariff tax and postal charge. Surely something ought to be done to give the Canadian publication a chance for life. If the duty is not removed from the white print, then place it on the printed paper as well, and make things equal. That is not asking any favor. It is only a matter of justice, and surely our citizenship ought to guarantee us that if it is worth anything at all.

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There is an interesting proposal before the Committee on Agriculture, namely, to establish a system of Illustration Stations throughout the Dominion, to illustrate by practical work the results obtained by the improved methods in operation at the experimental farms. According to the Minister of Agriculture's explanation of the scheme by a single example, arrangements would be made with some good farmer, noted for his intelligence and industry, to carry out certain instructions and directions for the treatment of ten or twenty acres of his land. He would have to grow certain things for which the Department of Agriculture would supply the seed. He would own the crops and the land and do the work which would be inspected to see if it was properly done. The people of the neighborhood would then be able to see the difference between that kind of work and the common work of the farms in that district. Any measures to improve the condition of our farmers should meet with the hearty approbation of the whole country. If the Hon. Mr. Fisher and the Ontario Commissioner of Agriculture, if there be such a minister, would lay their heads together and devise some scheme to turn the farmers' sons in the direction of farming, instead of crowding into the professions of town and city life, they would indeed be benefactors to their country. This growth of cities while the rural population is at a stand-still is a most unhealthy sign in the country's industrial life.

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Since Sir Charles Tupper returned to public life in Canada, and learned that the influence he once had was all gone, he has become a very sour old man, never content unless he is flinging into some one. The other day it was the major-general commanding the militia and again a few days later the Governor-General came in for a few raps. The occasion was the discussion of the fast Atlantic steamship service. Sir Charles said that had the arrangement between the late government and the Allans been allowed to proceed we would now have as fine a service as any country in the world. It will be recalled that the Governor-General refused to sign this contract for the reason that the government had entered into it after their defeat at the polls. And now Sir Charles thinks it strange that the House should be discussing a contract with a company whose chairman is the brother-in-law of the Governor-General. It was an ugly insinuation to throw out, and no one but a very sour old politician would have been guilty of it. However, it is not surprising, considering its source. The Tupper family have been feeding on the public so long, and inviting all their

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family connections to the feast, that it is not to be wondered at that they should suspect others. It is only fair to His Excellency to state, that the stand he took on the Allan contract had been indorsed by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary for the Colonies.

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The Senate has thrown out the bill which proposed to give labor organizations the right to place their trade marks on goods made by Union labor. The Senate is to be congratulated on this matter. Labor has certain rights and privileges, and Labor Unions have done much to help the working classes, but it must not be forgotten that the employer has rights also, and surely the least of these is the privilege of calling what he pays for his own. Organized labor, if it wants to retain many of the friends it now has outside its ranks, must take care not to become unreasonable in its demands.

* * * *

On Sunday, May 1st a bill came into force prohibiting the dumping of saw-dust and mill refuse into the rivers of Canada. The act is four years old, and mill owners have had all this time to prepare for compliance with its provisions. Some of them have done so, others have not, and the destruction of our beautiful rivers still goes on. Nor is this defiance of the law carried on in out-of-the-way places. The foaming waters of the Chaudiere hurl the vile stuff right against Parliament Hill, and almost into the very faces of our legislators, who calmly inform the public that it is the right of any private citizen to resent this insult to the authority of the law. If the government is in accord with the Secretary of State, who gave this reply in answer to a question as to what action was to be taken to stop the nuisance, then I say they are not fit to govern one hour. If the enforcement of the acts of parliament is to be left to private citizens, then let it be widely known, and let the people get together, appoint vigilance committees, and enforce the laws of the land in the glorious way it is done by the White Caps of the Southern States, who hang negroes without trial. That is what private enforcement of the law means, and a government that would council such a course is a menace to public safety. If our rulers will not protect us we must protect ourselves, or force them to retire in favor of others who have more back-bone, and are better able to see that the law is respected, and order maintained.

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Mr. John Ross Robertson in his otherwise excellent speech in favor of the new Postal Bill said: "Newspapers are not run for their educational influence; they are run to make money." This may be true of most newspapers, and is undoubtedly true of the Toronto Telegram; but it is certainly not true of "EVENTS."

* * * *

It is a satisfaction to know that our government has at last awakened to a sense of its responsibility, and is putting its Alien Labor Law into operation against the Americans.

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There is nothing that makes a doctor sicker than a dose of his own medicine, and we have delayed too long in testing the truth of the saying. It was discouraging and unjust to our working men to allow Americans to work in Canada while a like privilege was denied Canadians across the border. It is a mistake to try to win Yankees over by kindness. Most barbarians are susceptible to that kind of treatment, but the Americans seem to be an exception.

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It is probable that the most important event of the week is the speech made at Birmingham by the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. A more open and fearless pronouncement, coming as it did from a Minister of the Crown, it would be difficult to cite. But Mr. Chamberlain is at home in Birmingham, and, if he has anything good or startling, he invariably gives it first to his loyal fellow-townsmen.

In it he recognized a fact and a possibility—the fact being the combined assault of the nations of the world on the commercial supremacy of Great Britain; the possibility, her liability of being confronted at any moment by a combination of the great powers. Not since Salisbury, as if with a wizard's wand, called the famous Flying Squadron into sharp existence, has there been a speech made by a Cabinet Minister with such a true and certain ring about it. To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed, and a prompt acknowledgment of surrounding dangers is the best preventive that can be desired. Moreover, there is nothing that will tend more to draw the Empire together than courage and back-bone in its leading men.

But Mr. Chamberlain did not stop there. Against these dangers he opposed a fact and a possibility,—the fact being the established union, commercial and of sentiment, of the various parts of the British Empire; the possibility, an alliance with the United States. This is plain talk, and if the American Government and people are disposed to meet British feeling half way, then—God speed the Union! If, however, the tide of public feeling in the United States should set against this alliance, Great Britain's isolation will but be the more pronounced and her powerful enemies encouraged to make common cause against her. Such an alliance would triumph over any possible combination of the powers. Even if they were worsted at the beginning, the immense resources of the British Empire and the United States, together with their acknowledged lasting power, would ultimately win against all possible odds. It remains to be seen what will be the reply of the United States to this candid British utterance. It remains to be seen, also, how this very plain speaking will be received by the continental powers.

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The House Committee on Foreign affairs, by a vote of ten to four, passed a favorable report on the question of the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United

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States. As a central strategic station in the waters of the Pacific, its importance cannot be over-rated, while its comparative propinquity to the American Republic and its own desire for union form a sufficient plea for the annexation which seems to be assured. No doubt the war has hastened action and will bear down the opposition anticipated in the Senate.

* * * *

They say that coming events cast their shadows before. For those who believe in premonitions, the following story told by a New York Herald correspondent may prove interesting. It seems that four executive officers of the American torpedo fleet whose names began with B, had in quick succession met with either fatal or very serious accidents. Ensign Bagley of the torpedo boat Winslow, who was killed at Cardenas, stated in conversation with the correspondent, that for a week he had had mysterious intuitions of his own untimely fate. "There they are" he said, "Breckenridge, Bostwick, Baldwin and Boyd. I am the fifth and last—Bagley. I will make the list complete—of that I am certain. I only hope that my trouble will not be serious enough to take me out of the fight." The poor fellow's head was shattered by a shell.

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The St. James Gazette has been soliciting answers to the inquiry, "Do we sympathize with America?" Here is one of them from Archdeacon Colley, of Natal, labored enough to please over-wrought Canadian Editors whose feelings are so tense as to be inexpressible in simple language. "Surely blood should ever be thicker than water; and, though, as of the same home and household, we naturally sometimes have little family tiffs with our transatlantic cousins, yet at heart we feel and know that we have a common heritage—the same language, the same name, the same origin, the same destiny, the same mind and will, as, the pivot race of mankind reaching hands across the waves, we unitedly rule to labor for the higher civilization of the world that has yet to be and fulfil our twofold one-shared hopes for wide-spread universal human betterment."

* * * *

Mr. Gilbert Parker is shortly to deliver an address on "Highest Education" at Toronto University. A deserved tribute of appreciation of this eminent Canadian novelist is the issue of a uniform edition of his works by the enterprising publishing firm of the Copp, Clark Co. Gilbert Parker deserves well of his native land, whose romantic story he has done so much to bring before the world. Canadians, as a rule, are not very enthusiastic about their literary men, and it is not at all to their credit that such admirable work as Gilbert Parker's should have had to seek recognition in England, before it could attract ordinary attention in Canada. Yet such was the case. He took with him his talent, his courage and his manuscripts teeming with the love and the lore of Canada and carved

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out a name for himself in the mother land. Then Canada, awakening to the fact that she had—or might have—a novelist distinctly national in tone and character, began to fuss over him. He himself is authority for the statement, that with a single exception he received no pecuniary recognition and but little of any other kind, before he shook the dust of his native country from his literary feet and attempted fortune in other lands. He was famous in England and the United States, before he came to be properly known in Canada. His books were pronounced good by his fastidious countrymen only after they had received the *imprimatur* of the London and American publishing firms.

It is therefore a graceful tribute to Mr. Parker's worth that the Copp, Clark Co. have made, in bringing out a uniform edition of his works and in thus affording Canadian readers an opportunity of adorning their book shelves with a uniform set of these novels. The sample submitted for my examination is "The Translation of a Savage." It is brightly and tastefully bound and a perfect specimen of up-to-date printing. I first read the work several years ago, when it appeared in serial form in the Illustrated London News. That it came from the same pen as "The Trail of the Sword," which had previously appeared in the same journal, was sufficient recommendation to me. And here I venture the opinion, based solely on impression, that Mr. Parker has never excelled this latter exquisite historical romance, not even, in what is generally regarded as his masterpiece, the "Seats of the Mighty."

The story of "Lali, the Indian girl, married in a fit of pique and brandy," by Frank Armour, a scion of an old and aristocratic English family, is full of human interest and pathos. Clad in her native buckskin suit and a blanket, she was sent to her young husband's home in England, all ignorant of the fact that she was being used as the instrument of retaliation on the family for its share in parting Frank from the girl of his choice. Lali incidentally became aware of the true position of affairs and her heart turned against the man who had wronged her. The loneliness of her lot and the injustice done to her won the sympathy and affection of the members of the Armour family, who educated her even to the accomplishments of fashionable society, in which she became a prominent figure. So that when Frank Armour four years later returned home from the Hudson Bay wilds with some faint designs of making the best of a bad bargain, he found his simple savage translated into a beautiful and fascinating woman, the devoted mother of his child, but with no love for her husband. Man-like, he straightway fell in love with his wife, who, with commendable forgiveness and for her child's sake, accepted his somewhat tardy but sincere atonement.

Office Holding Tory—What do you consider the chief weakness of the Laurier Government?

Office Seeking Grit—Its lack of displacement.

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Partyism in politics is dying out in this country. A few years ago a man had to declare himself either one way or the other, that is either Grit or Tory, or be looked down upon. No one had any respect for the man who belonged to neither party. He was called a "straddle-the-fence," and generally considered a very poor specimen of humanity. How different is the feeling to-day. An independent man is respected, the independent newspaper is read, and the new generation is rapidly breaking away from the old party lines, looking up facts for itself, and forming its opinions on its own reasoning powers, without regard to the political creed of its ancestors. No government in Canada will ever again sit as secure in office, as those of Sir John Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat. The hide-bound party spirit that kept them in power is dying out with the old generation, and the young men who are taking their places seem determined not to follow blindly in the lead of any party. This very desirable change has been brought about largely by the independent press, and the day is not distant when the "party organ" will find it hard to make expenses. Already, with one or two exceptions, its influence is gone. No one wants to read what the "Liberal This" or the "Conservative That" has to say, except through curiosity to see what ingenious quibbling they are capable of in attempting to bolster up the party they represent. When you pick up a paper that announces its politics in big black type, you know what to expect; its friends are always right, its opponents, always wrong; the one, all saints, the others, all villains. Then you turn to the Independent paper for facts, and you learn that there are good and bad in both parties, and if you happen to be a man who has the interests of his country at heart, you make up your mind to do all in your power to elect one of the good, no matter of which party or whether he belongs to neither. The greater the spread of this independent spirit the better for the country. It will cause the Government of the day to be more careful of the people's interests, for on its record it will have to stand or fall, while those who are seeking office will avoid rash predictions and false promises. To the independent we must look for the purification of politics; the party man has to get into the mire up to his neck before he will acknowledge that it exists on his side of the fence.

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This is the season of the year when people do their moving which in some instances, amounts to a mania. I will venture to say that at least half the people who will move this month out of the houses they occupied all winter, do not know what they are moving for. Some move to save cleaning up the mess they have made during the winter, some to save rent, but a vast majority exchange houses simply because they have got into the habit, which has become a second nature to them. The funny part of it is they all profess to be doing it because it means an improvement on their old quarters, and in the process it often comes to a mere exchange of houses, each fleeing from his old one as though it were plague-stricken, and going into the other's with expressions of delight. One of them must be fooled, or both be fools; but between them the express man reaps a rich harvest.



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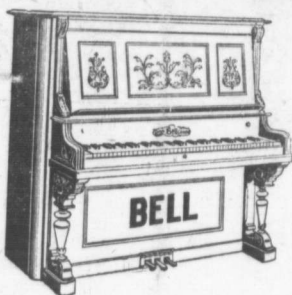
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