

EDWARD BLAKE.

Conservative papers have lately contained paragraphs in which is announced, more or less positively, Mr. Blake's resignation of the Liberal leadership. With various appreciation of the proprieties, this news has been sent abroad in accents equally various. One organ affects to bewail such a step on the part of the honorable gentleman as a calamity to the whole country. Be it here noted that this paper which poses as independent gave in the recent election the most slavish support to Sir John Macdonald, and was quite unable to detect the smallest trace of aught meritorious in anything that Mr. Blake has even said or done. Another organ finds in the supposed abdication matter of regret for the Liberal party. A third discovers in it cause of congratulation for that party. And so on throughout the whole dreary round of cant, affectation and hypocrisy.

We have not been admitted to the secrecy of the great Liberal leader's intentions. Yet we venture to declare that if ever he has contemplated withdrawal from the leadership of the party which he has so well led, he certainly will not select any subsidised Tory sheet as the herald of his plans. Canada, from a political point of view, is far from holding a position either dignified or exalted. But what Canada is, she owes in the main to that large portion of the fourth estate whose duty was at least to speak the truth, but whose steady course has been, and is, to sell the truth for lucre.

Mr. Blake has already made enormous sacrifices for his country. Yet, in his deep devotion to the common mother of us all, he has declared that his best is not good enough for Canada. We are so prone to undervalue that which lies near at hand that it has occurred to few that in Mr. Blake we have one of the greatest orators and parliamentary tacticians that ever adorned a popular assembly. His powers as a speaker are of the very highest order. With a mind capable of grasping in its very smallest details the most obtruse and extensive public question, he possesses in a rare degree that rhetorical finish of style, that comprehensive vocabulary and that logical power of arrangement which constitute all that is best in the art of speaking.

But Mr. Blake's oratorical attainments are the least of his endowments. In an age when the demagogue easily passes himself off for a statesman, when the arguments of gold outweigh all the arguments of honor and justice; in an age when Cabinet Ministers are forced to spend three-fourths of their time in the lamest excuse-making for testimonials from contractors, for subsidies to works in which they are most deeply involved; in an age, in fine, which finds nothing to blame in a gerrymander, or in a Revising Barrister, the Hon. Edward Blake stands, says the Mail, without stain. In the eyes of Mammon, bloated with boodle and blind shares, such a man is simply a fool. In the eyes of those who believe in the ultimate triumph of truth over fraud, of honesty over pillage, such a man is a hope and prop. He is the salt that prevents the whole mass from becoming putrid.

Well might Canadians deplore the loss of one, unfortunately, almost unique. Well might they consider near that deluge which surely now threatens to overwhelm the land. But we trust that Mr. Blake will see his way to continue to lead the Liberal party, whose triumph is much closer at hand than is by many suspected. Whatever may be his resolve, one thing is certain. History, tardy though it may be in arriving at a true estimate of men, never fails in the end to bestow honor where honor is due. And in the scroll of the names of those who have been, intellectually and morally, greatest of the sons of Canada, among the very brightest and fairest will be that of Edward Blake.

THE TORONTO MAIL.

Not many weeks ago, THE LIBERAL contained an article full of unbelief and disdain of the Toronto Mail's declaration that thenceforth it would pursue a thoroughly independent course in its treatment of all public questions. The special cause of our anger on that occasion was the ferocious attack made on Mr. Mowat for his pretended favoritism of the Roman Catholic Church, while Mr. Meredith was held up as the man best calculated to restore (?) religious equality. Now, such a line argument was, in the face of the now

historic facts for Irish Electors, extremely exasperating, and we still stand by all that we then said.

But here justice calls a halt. Without knowing, or, indeed, caring to know what its motives were, we frankly admit that, however little like a fair-play journal the Mail was in its attitude in the Mowat vs. Meredith struggle, its tone and spirit have been, and still are, on all other matters, thoroughly independent. We think that we have every reason to believe that the Mail has cast off the shackles of partizanship, and it goes without saying that its power for good has been indefinitely increased.

'It is only the first step that costs,' says the French proverb, the truth of which the Mail is sure to discover. But perseverance in its present path must result in success. The number of those who are sick and tired of *ex parte* journalism is very large, and is constantly growing. They are thankful if a paper affords them even a small fraction of undistorted truth. What will be their feeling when they discover that there is at last one paper which, to the best of its ability, deals in nothing else?

We have always contended that the first requisite of a truly great paper is to give reliable, unvarnished statements of the facts of every subject that falls beneath its notice. It is then at liberty to pursue in its editorials any line of argument it may see fit, for its news columns will contain a sufficient antidote against all false reasoning. Canada will have good grounds for rejoicing, should she become the possessor of even one paper that acknowledges and acts upon this prime principle.

We differ widely from the Mail in many of its contentions. We find that it is far astray, nay, to us it seems, very unjust in its treatment of not a few questions. But we wish it every success so long as it pursues its present course. It cannot fail to become in time a mighty instrument in securing a proper appreciation of the pros and cons of the many vexed subjects now of the utmost importance to Canada and Canadians.

A SUGGESTION.

It would seem that there is no time of the year when our village is altogether free from mischievous and, we are forced to say, vicious perpetrators. At one time we hear of trees, which should be the pride of every citizen, being barked and stunted. Then again window-sills and sashes are cut and carved as if we lived in the days of Egyptian hieroglyphics. The breaking of window panes is a common occurrence, but in this particular it is only charitable to say it may be the result of pure accident. Since the arrival of the Salvation Army—and we do not wish to speak disparagingly of the religious enthusiasts—many complaints have been made by persons who have had occasion to pass the barracks while service was being held. The cause of accusation has not been with members of the Army, but with those who frequent the place as idlers, and stand around the doors outside.

The question is often asked, could not a remedy be arrived at whereby such offenders might be detected and made an example of? In Aurora, and we presume in other villages where a constable is appointed, that officer is supposed to be in any part of the corporation, and at any time, where his services may be required, and is held responsible for the punishment of guilty parties. At public gatherings in the evening where there is the least likelihood of a disturbance taking place, he is invariably at his post. Since his appointment a few years ago, we have reason to believe the work performed has given entire satisfaction to the law-abiding citizens of the place.

The residents of Richmond Hill can also boast of a village constable, one who possesses every requirement necessary in the maintenance of peace and good order. Why then does he not do similar work to that allotted the officer in our sister village? The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Brownlee's salary only covers work which may be performed between 7 o'clock a. m., and 6 p. m. We believe that any additional services at other times are given gratis. If the Council could raise his salary in order to look after the village in the evening as well as during the day, it would be money well invested, and in the end prove beneficial to the rising generation. It is well to remember the old maxim: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

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