



HE Protectionists are hurrahing over the victory over Unrestricted Reciprocity in Richelieu county, where Massue, the Tory candidate, was elected by about the usual party majority. It turns out that the election was won by wholesale bribery of a particularly mean kind, the votes of the guileless *habitans* being purchased by the lavish distribution of bills of the defunct Mechanics' Bank. The indignation and disgust of the wretched dupes on finding out that they had sold their votes

for nothing may be imagined. The whole business is typical of Protectionist methods all through. Finding that they can no longer fool the people by worthless promises of prosperity, they buy adherents to their rotten cause with equally worthless bills. "But," in the words of old Kaspar, "'twas a famous victory."

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THE *Empire* ignores a well-known proverb respecting the inadvisability of stone-throwing by those whose domiciles are of a brittle character, in publishing the remark that "If it be true that Mr. Mercier is at the very end of his financial tether, he will be looking to Partner Mowat for another \$100,000 to keep things going." This will probably strike some of its readers in the light of an unpleasant reminder that there is another concern at the very end of its financial tether, which will be looking to somebody for another \$100,000, or some such trifle, to keep things going. The Tory organ should be more considerate of the feelings of its influential supporters, the protected manufacturers, than to harrow them up unnecessarily, in advance of the inevitable stand-and-deliver demand, backed by implied menace that if they don't bleed freely they cannot expect the Party to keep on taxing the public for their benefit.

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THE Baptists, lately in convention at Ottawa, have shown themselves genuine believers in "Equal Rights," by passing, after a full discussion, a resolution declaring against any exemption of church property or ministerial salaries from taxation as inconsistent with their principles and an impediment to the work of evangelization. They have set a noble example to other churches whose deliverances against Ultramontane aggrandizement are weakened by the persistency with which they insist on their own property being free of taxation. The absolute separation between State and Church by the abolition of all religious exemptions, of whatever character, is the only platform from which an effective fight against Jesuitism can be made.

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SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has bidden America farewell in a sonnet commencing thus :

"America! At this thy Golden Gate,
New-travelled from thy green Atlantic coves,
Parting I make my reverence."

We have often had to complain of the way in which English tourists, after partaking of the hospitality ex-

tended to them by this country, repay us with sneers and abuse. Sir Edwin is evidently not favorably impressed with the people of the East, but we should like to know what particular evidence of verdancy he noticed among those whom he, with a flippancy and vulgarity noticeably incompatible with his high pretensions to culture, disrespectfully refers to as "coves"? Is Prof. Goldwin Smith, for instance, a "green Atlantic cove"? Or has the word "green" a subtle reference to the Irish element in New York and Boston?

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC.

GRIP'S Almanac for 1890 is now ready and to be had of the newsdealers. It is chock full of good things, artistic and literary. In addition to the illustrations, sketches, poems and paragraphs, it presents some new features, including a full calendar of remarkable events. It stands unrivalled for pith, point and humor.

A GENTLEMAN who met Bill Nye in Chicago, when he and Riley were there lecturing, tells a good joke that the humorist got off at the expense of the poet. During the conversation the gentleman had with Nye, he remarked :

"You and Riley make quite a team don't you?"

"Yes," said Nye, in his usual dry style, "I am Nye (nigh) and he, like all poets, is a little *off*."

"J. BIGGLESWADE, Auctioneer and Appraiser," said Bummerson, reading a Yonge street sign. "The latter part of that sign is superfluous." "How so?" queried his friend Glagrunch. "Why, because every auctioneer is a praiser of the goods he sells."

"GOOD wine needs no bush," quoted some one in the hearing of our friend Schnitzelboomer. "Ish dot so?" he replied meditatively. "Vell, mebbe it vas different mit lager. Dere ish dot Aaheuser-Bush, und I dinks

you vind id jüst so better-ish like any oder lager ash refer vash. Vell, auf id don'd need zome Bush vot dey but id dere fur, hey?"



KINDHEARTED.

MISTRESS—"Did you drown the kittens as I directed, Marie?"

MARIE—"Yes, madam."

"Did you warm the water?"

"No, madam."

"What! do you mean to tell me that you drowned those poor little kittens in ice-cold water? You cruel girl!"