

tid-bits, begin jabbering the praises of Mr. Foster over this achievement. The reflective powers of these birds are hardly worth mentioning. Yet, even they ought to know that if this surplus is not merely the result of certain book-keeping hocus-pocus, it is worse—an evidence that more than four millions of money have been squeezed out of the people over and above the legitimate requirements of the Government. When our rulers can earn a surplus by selling Ottawa river sawdust in a foreign market, or in some equally business-like way, we will think it just to praise them for their cleverness. But, as Sir Chas. Tupper once remarked, no Government has any business to have a surplus secured by taxation.

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HE pros and cons or the important question of how best to dispose of the Street Railway franchise are being debated on every hand. The feeling in favor of running the cars for the benefit of the city treasury is decidedly growing. The arguments against the city taking over the road, and managing it through a commission, are found to be very flimsy when investigated. One point is plain to the dullest reasoner—the city could make nearly twice as much money per annum out of the franchise worked as a corporation department as any lessee will pay in the shape of rent. We are glad to note that the aldermen

who take this view of the matter are receiving accessions to their ranks in the Council.

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IF the Labor Congress which lately sat at Ottawa may be regarded as fairly representing the views of the workmen of Canada, Sir John is going to have a time of it in the next campaign, if he expects to make the labor vote dance to N.P. music. "Protection" is emphatically played out with the horny-handed son of toil in this country. It was roundly denounced as a fraud by several speakers in the Congress, and there were none so poor to do it reverence. The old proverb—a lie has no legs—is thus once more vindicated.

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THE hypocrisy and shilly-shallying of the Grits on this question will, and should, prevent their receiving much benefit as a party from the popular awakening to the absurdities of Protection. The *Globe* and other organs of Gritism habitually assail the N.P. by arguments which, if they mean anything at all, imply that they are out-and-out Free Traders. But when we come to enquire what they really propose, we find that it all simmers down to mere tariff-tinkering, cutting down the duty a little here and there, so as to give "incidental protection," a "revenue tariff," or some other compromise. Between them and the Tories there is no question of principle. The Grits are just as much under the control of capitalism and landlordism as their opponents, and judging from the do-nothing policy of the Mowat Government, which seems to use its power mainly to put

its friends in fat offices while rank abuses flourish unchecked, neither Labor Reformers nor other progressive elements have much to hope from Sir John's overthrow.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

HOGABOOM—"Here is my picture by Bugletoot, the leading photographer. What do you think of it?"

CANDID FRIEND—"I don't think the likeness is very good—and the execution is faulty. It looks blurred and indistinct."

HOGABOOM—"Why, I think its a triumph of photographic art."

CANDID FRIEND—"And I should say that the perpetrator was a foe-to-graphic art."

He worked off his little joke successfully, but he lost an invitation to drink, which Hogaboom had intended to offer him.

A BAD CASE.

JAGGERS—"Hello! Moseley. How's things? Have you seen our old friend, 'Fairplay Radical' lately?"

MOSELEY—"No; poor fellow. I guess he's in a pretty bad way—not likely to recover, I fancy."

JAGGERS—"You don't tell me! I'd no idea he was sick. What's the matter with him?"

MOSELEY—"Why, Dr. Goslingbury was telling me, not long since, that he never knew a man so badly afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* in his life. I tell you when one of these here new Latin diseases ketches holt of a feller's system, he don't have much of a show."



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PROPOSAL.

HE—"Shall we marry, darling, or shall we not?"
SHE—"I shall not! You can do as you please."