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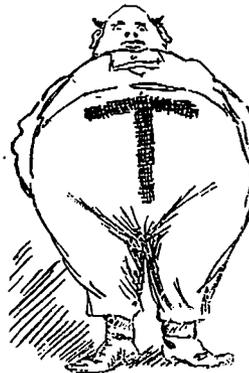
THE "MAIL'S" CHRONIC NIGHTMARE.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Mail*—on the whole the ablest paper in Canada—does not enjoy perfect repose, notwithstanding its consciousness that it is doing excellent work for the cause of freedom, and growing every day stronger in the respect of the public. The malady which troubles our neighbor is nightmare, and a very unpleasant complaint it is, too, when it becomes chronic, as we fear it has in this case. Nearly every night, when the editor sits down to pen the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" upon the fourth page of the *Mail*, a horrible monster imposes itself upon him, and the consequence is that next morning his readers are confronted with a column or

two about French aggression, *La Verite*, tithes, fabrique assessments, etc., etc. The *Mail's* monster takes the form of a gigantic Jean Baptist, who is gradually but surely absorbing the English element in Canada, and whose intention it is ultimately to transform this Dominion into a mediæval Province of Popedom. And yet these articles, startling as they are, have no appreciable effect upon public opinion, because one-half the people regard them as the result of a too-vivid imagination, while the other half, convinced of their truth, can frame no sort of answer to the question, "What are you going to do about it?"

PROTECTING THE WORKINGMAN.—The horny-handed son of toil is as dear to the Protectionist politicians in the United States just now as he was to their brethren here during the campaign of

1878. The workingmen are appealed to to support the high tariff because it "protects labor," and without it "wages would fall to the level of the pauper labor of Europe." In support of these veracious claims the affectionate friends of the toiler are quoting "extracts from the British press," written to order in New York, and are resorting to all the other lies of a moral, philosophical, statistical and economic kind that their fertile imagination can produce. The horny-handed son of toil over there is not such a fool as he was a few years ago, however, and we should hope that in this country, also, he has made considerable progress under the tuition of that eminent schoolmaster, Experience, since '78. And yet we have no manner of doubt that the Protectionists here will have brass enough to declare that the N.P. protects labor when next it becomes necessary for them to get votes. How such an absurd falsehood was ever credited by the most stupid workingman passes our comprehension, for there is not now and never was a tax upon emigrants entering Canada. And if competing labor is on the "free list," how can it be possible to "keep up wages" by any duties whatever upon foreign goods? Everybody knows that wages are regulated by the number of persons seeking employment, and if this law of political economy has been in any way modified, it is owing to combinations among the workers themselves, such as the trades unions, Knights of Labor, etc. The tariff certainly has no influence in the direction of raising wages, but it *does* raise the cost of living—for its imposts are upon goods, not upon emigrants. We hope there are very few workingmen in Canada now who cannot see this plain pikestaff. And it would only require a little thinking along the same line for them to see that labor (in connection with the raw material of nature) is the source of all wealth, and not, as Protectionists teach, the puny child of Capital, needing to be codded by monopoly. What labor needs is freedom.



HE *cause celebre*, Parnell vs. the *Times*, has been fairly begun—let us hope it may be fairly conducted and concluded. By the bill of particulars submitted by the defendant's attorney, the world is practically informed that Mr. Parnell is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde combination, in the one character sitting in the House of Commons as a respected and influential member, and in the other sneaking through the bogs and lanes of Ireland inspiring "crimes and outrages, boycotting and intimidation." If all this is fully substantiated, there will be reason to suspect that Parnell knows more about the Whitechapel murders than he cares to tell. The legal job promises to be a long one, however, and a very "fat take" for the lawyers.

THE adage that "doctors differ" would seem to be verified to a slight extent by the Mackenzie-Bergmann-Gerhart embroglio over the case of the late Emperor of Germany. The row has had the effect of adding somewhat to our store of interesting biographical information. We learn on high authority, for instance, that Morell Mackenzie is a perfect duffer at his profession, and an awful story-teller; and we also gather that certain German specialists hitherto regarded as eminent are quacks of the most pronounced type. All this will be highly encouraging to the young men attending our medical colleges, as the dullest of them may now have hopes of learning more about medicine and surgery than all the Emperor's attendants put together.

THIS young man Billy, the present Emperor of Germany, appears to be on a drumming tour for some Berlin jewellery house. At least we thus conclude on reading this news item from our morning paper:—