



THE LOGIC OF THE SITUATION.

"BUT not only are the risks of the farm great—not only is the labor onerous and the chances for profit few, but by the policy of the Government which the farmer himself has created and sustains, he is so shut out from the market where he can best sell his products, that he has to pay a quarter of his output for the privilege of entering therein. Were it not that the whole body politic were dependent upon the farmer's prosperity, this condition would not be so remarkable; but there is nothing got in Canada unless it is dug out of the ground, and it is the farmer that does the digging.

The manufacturer, the professional man, the aggregations that go to make up the towns and cities, the transportation agents, the educational, the mercantile and even the sacred calling, are all dependent upon the farmer. Without him and his prosperity all these go to the wall. So there is no subject so important before the public as the prosperity of this tiller of the soil. Whatever will contribute in the greatest degree to his prosperity it is the duty of the patriot to encourage. Any policy that puts the farmer at a disadvantage is the policy of disaster. The country cannot survive an attack upon the chief fortress of its industry, and if one class is to be preferred above all others in the policy of the Government it must be the farmer. Hence, the Government of the day will either learn this lesson, or be compelled to give place to another that will. The logic of the situation is inevitable."—Erastus Wiman.

HOW SAD.

"CANADA is governed by faction," said Prof. Goldwin Smith. "Responsible government is a failure. Party names are meaningless. No one is interested in the general welfare of the country as a whole, but each clique and faction is striving to bring influence to bear to accomplish its petty ends."

"There is one faction," observed a solemn looking person "which has not been represented in the governing forces to any appreciable extent."

"Ah, to what faction do you allude?" enquired the Professor.

"Satisfaction," said the melancholy person without a smile.

And the Professor cast upon him a look of mournful reproach and without replying moved to another part of the room and began talking to a young lady about the Carnival.

THE Glass of Fashion—an eye-glass.