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Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.
 Associate Editor PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



SIR HECTOR'S MAUVAISE QUART D'HEURE.—The scandal mills are still on the grind at Ottawa, and every day adds to the strength of the *prima facie* case against Sir Hector Langevin, as chief of the Public Works Department. It may be possible for that gentleman to show in due time that the evidence against him is a tissue of slanderous inventions, and if he succeeds in this we will be very glad to see the false witness punished. Meanwhile, on the principle that misery loves company, it may be some consolation for Sir Hector to know that he is not the only minister who is at present receiving the attentions of the wasps of the witness box. His colleague, Haggart, of the Post Office Department, and Dewdney of

the Interior, are undergoing an experience very like his own.
THE RADICAL TEAM OF THE OPPOSITION.—One of the best speeches of the Budget debate was that delivered by Mr. Fraser, of Nova Scotia. The House had listened—or rather, a member here and there who couldn't find anything else to do had listened—to what promised to be an interminable series of orations, for the most part consisting of quotations from the Trade and Navigation Returns

or other enlivening statistics, or else of denunciations or eulogies of the N.P. It was a hard House to talk to, but Mr. Fraser caught its attention and held it firmly for an hour. By what means? He is not so eloquent as Davin, nor so polished as Cartwright, but he eclipsed them both because he gave Parliament what it badly needs—a straight talk on the rudimentary principles of political economy. This is sometimes ignorantly called the Dreary Science, but such speakers as Mr. Fraser, who regard it as the handmaid of religion, never make dreary speeches. Need it be said that he is a Free Trader—not a tariff reformer merely, but a free trader who believes that customs houses and all their belongings ought to be swept into oblivion as relics of barbarism. A man who holds these views and can give a reason for the faith that is in him in good vigorous English is a speaker who can hold any audience. There is at least one other man in Parliament who goes in the harness with the big member from New Glasgow—to wit, Mr. Gilmour, of New Brunswick. He is also a straight-out Free Trader, and in moments of special inspiration makes speeches which are gems of humor and wisdom. These Maritime representatives are in advance of the rank and file of the Party, and are liable at any time to indulge in radical utterances which will astound their brethren of the Opposition, and even the amiable leader thereof, who as yet does not see his way to going “the whole hog” on the trade question. They will, therefore, require watching.



HIO Democrats have vindicated the long standing reputation of that party for blundering. They have thrown away a golden opportunity, and, as a consequence, will in all probability lose both the Governorship of the State, and the chances of the Presidency of the Republic. It was like this: The Republicans nominated McKinley for Governor, which of course meant a

straight challenge on behalf of the high protective tariff. The Democrats took up the gauntlet and nominated Campbell. On the tariff issue the State would have almost surely gone Democratic by a handsome majority, but, just in time to spoil everything, the Democrats met in convention and declared for free coinage of silver, which is simply poison to thousands of voters in the party.

WE have had occasion before to remark that in our judgment ex-Ald. E. A. Macdonald is nobody's fool. His recent sensational action in connection with the street car case, in which he was posing as prosecutor of the alleged bribed aldermen, was such as would have occurred to few of the longest-headed politicians. His object being to force the city to take up the case, a duty which never should have been left to the hands of a private citizen, he coolly writes a letter to his solicitor, instructing him to drop the suit, as it had been made worth his while to cease the prosecution. At once the conclusion is drawn that Ernest Albert has been bribed, and the city authorities hasten to do their duty in the premises.

THE deadest duck in Europe to-day is Charles Stewart Parnell. In view of the flat and emphatic failure of his emissaries to America to evoke a cent from the people who heretofore poured out dollars without stint, the line of the poet comes forcibly to mind: “But yesterday he might have stood against the world—now, none so poor as do him reverence.” There is a sufficient reason for this change of sentiment. Parnell proved himself to be the embodiment of selfishness, and there is no vice more hateful to the public mind than this. His grosser lapses might have been overlooked, but when he plainly demonstrated by his actions that he loved himself better than the cause of Ireland, he was dropped beyond recall.