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



## Comments ON THE 'Cartoons.'

THE FARMERS IN THE RED PARLOR.—Mr. Longley's suggestion to the farmers of this country to meet Sir John in the Red Parlor, *a la* the manufacturers, was regarded by the audience at Chautauqua as a witty in-

spiration, and evoked a roar of laughter. Why should the idea seem funny, when red-parloring by the protected classes is looked upon as good business on their part and good politics on the part of the Conservative leader? Why? Because the farmer is such a notorious chump, where his own political interests are concerned, that to conceive of him looking after them is the height of the ludicrous. As was pointed out by the same speaker, farmers are the only class of the community that will not combine to defend themselves, or to promote their mutual well-being, although their prosperity really means the prosperity of everybody. The most they can begot to do in the co-operation line is here and there to go into the Grange order, by which they are able to save a trifle on the purchase price of certain commodities. Meanwhile they patiently and passively submit to legislation which artificially

raises the prices of nearly all the articles they have to buy, while, on the other hand, it diminishes the market for what they have to sell. The spectacle of manufacturers in the Red Parlor is a piece of brazen effrontery which could not be witnessed outside of the Dominion of Canada; it is morally on a par with the meeting of a gang of burglars to "put up a job." No such stigma could attach to a similar meeting of farmers with Sir John or any other party leader, for—as our yeomen have found out by this time—it is not possible to "protect" the farmer at the expense of other people. They couldn't get plundering privileges, however willing any party might be to grant them in exchange for the vote. But they might go and demand their rights—the removal of burdens placed upon them for the benefit of others, and it's a thousand pities that the idea of their doing so is justly regarded as a joke.

MR. MCCARTHY.—The inaugural meeting of the Equal Rights Union was a notable gathering, and excellent speeches were made by Rev. Principal Caven and Prof. Goldwin Smith. The list of "those present" was searched in vain, however, for the name of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, the distinguished erstwhile leader of the movement. There were good reasons for his absence, no doubt, and it is perhaps premature for anybody to go far to hint that his enthusiasm is beginning to wane, now that the guns are pointed towards Ottawa. Nevertheless, there are a good many who shrewdly wag their heads and opine that Dalton will never do anything that is calculated to hurt Sir John in the slightest degree, and, now that Mowat is safe for another term, he has probably discovered that after all there isn't so very much practical use in agitating the question. Of course the sippant utterers of this sort of thing are Grits, who would be well pleased to have McCarthy discredited as a mere henchman of the Ottawa leader. But if they are not to be gratified in this respect, Mac will have to do something, and that before long. He has been singularly silent since the local elections. What does it mean? We draw no rash conclusions. We merely enquire, in a tone of hope and confidence,—Where's McCarthy?



SUPERINTENDENT HAMILTON and other municipal authorities declare that the city water is once more fit to use, but the careful citizen goes on boiling his supply as before. He has, of course, "every confidence in the City Engineer"—as they say in the Council—but still he likes to feel perfectly safe, you know. When people are compelled to fill up private wells from which they used to get a supply of first-class water, and to pay for the city brand, they have a right to demand that accidents shall not occur quite so often to the intake pipe.

\* \* \*  
 "MOTHER, I'm off to Mimico."  
 "For what? my darling daughter."  
 "To get—all free from typhus germs—  
 A decent drink of water."  
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THE London *Advertiser* says: "There is something in a name. Compulsory voting does not exactly express the idea. Can any reader suggest the right term?" The *Tiser* has a reputation for enterprise and all that, though it throws away this golden opportunity. It ought to know that the gentle reader of the present day is not going to puzzle his head on such a question without inducements. The paragraph should have gone on to say—"For the best term we will give \$1,000 cash; for the next best, \$500; for the next twenty-five, a dozen silver teaspoons, warranted. Prizes awarded in the order of arrival. Each guesser must enclose \$1," etc., etc. The *Tiser* is behind the times.

OUR Finance Minister informs the world that he has a surplus for the present year of \$4,400,238. It will not surprise us if some of the journalistic magpies, who roost in Government cages and feed on departmental