

Yes, and it shall continue to wave over Canada and over Quebec when Mercier and agitators of like ilk shall have gone down to the dust unwept, unhonored and unsung!

THE *Globe* indulges in a little fling at Sir John's chestnutty anecdotes, but adds, "we do not refer to these repetitions in a censorious spirit. If Sir John had sought to make new jokes for every speech he would have been dead long ago, instead of getting up close to the octogenarian mark." Quite so; and very neatly softened down, but the *Globe* must not forget that Sir John's best joke—the possession of the loaves and fishes—is older than all the others, and yet is to-day as good as new.

THEY say that Herr Edouard Strauss, of the Vienna Orchestra, has a morbid fear of lightning, and always goes and hides when a storm comes up. He is such a good conductor, you know.

ONE of the queerest things in politics hereabouts is the propensity politicians of high standing have for running to the *World* with statements of a confidential character about the affairs of their respective parties. We cannot, of course, doubt that they *have* this habit, because every now and again the journal referred to publishes just what they tell it. The latest case in point is a statement by "one of Mr. Mowat's friends" to the effect that Hon. Oliver is pretty well tired of Ontario politics and would be glad of the opportunity to throw up the local leadership. The chief difficulty in the way, it appears, is the absence of an available successor. This story is gammon, of course, especially the "reason attached." It may be true that Mr. Saml. H. Blake, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Ross and Col. Gibson are each and severally "impossibilities" for the leadership, but isn't Mr. Preston on hand? We take no stock in the yarn.

CRITICS ought to be a trifle careful in the use of the lariat, lest peradventure they get their own heads in the sling. Here, for instance, is the very capable young man who does the book notices for *America*, of Chicago. He is slating a volume by some aspiring author of the day, and to begin with he attacks the title of the work. "He calls the book 'A Tale of the Here and Now,'" writes criticus scornfully. "By what right does he make a noun of the adjective 'here?'" And now it is in order for the abused author to enquire as to when "here" became an adjective.

WHATEVER may be the result of the New York Central strike, so far as its immediate object is concerned, it will have the effect of strengthening the growing public opinion in favor of the nationalization of railroads. It is outrageous that vast public interests should be jeopardized and the traffic of great commercial communities thrown into confusion at the will of one arrogant and wrong-headed despot like Vice President Webb. If there were any doubts existing as to the rights and wrongs of the business, the refusal of the corporation to submit the matters in dispute to arbitration is itself sufficient to show who is to blame. There are likely to be more of these troubles in the future rather than fewer, until the great stupid public gets tired of allowing swell-headed insolent magnates of the Webb type to act as if they owned the earth, and insists upon Government ownership of all railroads.

TORONTO spends about \$100,000 per year on "inspection." One large regiment of officials

under this head, in connection with the Waterworks Department, is supposed to see that the householders of the city do not waste the water. To justify the amount paid in salaries to the inspectors, it would be necessary to waste more than one-quarter of the supply, whereas not one-twentieth of the water is ever lost. What is urgently needed, in view of our high taxes, is a thorough weeding out of the inspectorial garden. We are glad to note that chairman Carlyle proposes to accomplish this useful work. According to the *Globe*, the worthy alderman "has issued peremptory orders that the inspectors (of the Health Department) shall wear their badges in future. The penalty is instant dismissal." It is a somewhat novel scheme to give orders and then dismiss people instantly for obeying them, but on general principles the dismissals are desirable anyway.

POOR old Sir Fred Middleton has given himself the satisfaction of taking a parting shot at his late official superiors at Ottawa, in an address to the people of Canada. It must be said, too, that he makes out a very strong case in his own defence, both in the matter of the Bremner furs and as to the charge of being selfish and indifferent toward his officers in the campaign. With reference to the first he produces something new and interesting in the form of a telegram from Minister Caron, asking him to "bring back some souvenirs of the campaign for Sir John, Sir Hector and myself." "Leave it to you to select whatever you consider of interest," adds Sir Adolph. The General says he innocently supposed that furs would fill the bill. Then as to honors and promotions not being awarded to the officers who had distinguished themselves, the feline is let out of the bag. General Middleton urgently pressed for such action, but the Government refused, because the names of the two French commanders had not been included in the list!

THE Reform newspapers throughout the country are unpleasantly exercised over a report that Sir John has made arrangements for a bountiful harvest, as a preliminary to springing the general election this fall. If Sir John wishes to conserve his reputation for shrewdness, he will bring on the election at the earliest possible moment, for every day opens the eyes of our farmers and artisans a little wider to the fraud and sham of the Protective policy. There will be a genuine cyclone ready if he waits until the term of Parliament runs out.



**DANGER.**

FIRST "BATHER"—"I'm very fond of this bathing, aren't you?"  
 SECOND DO.—"Yes, I think it's perfectly lovely, only it's so dangerous, you know!"