



### WE STAND FOR JUSTICE !

"Tax us for our *privileges*.—yes; that's fair and just; but our *rights* are sacred, and not to be infringed upon by individual or Government."

tion of the fine distinction between law and justice. Hereafter, they will be able to simplify the matter by the use of an illustration or object lesson. It will only be necessary to tell the story of how the Highly Hon. John Carling got the seat he is now filling in the House of Commons.

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MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is being praised in some quarters for giving one million dollars to Chicago University as a special thank offering to Almighty God "for returning health." It was a worthy action, certainly, and we don't want to say a word to discourage millionaires from following the example. But when it is duly considered that the Almighty has not only favored Mr. Rockefeller with returning health, but (as seems to be acknowledged by the laws of Pennsylvania) has also favored him by creating for the special ownership of the Standard Oil Company (of which he is president), the stores of coal oil upon which the people of the United States must depend, and the monopoly of which he and his company are allowed to enjoy without any adequate taxation, it is possible to exaggerate the munificence of the thank offering.

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"BUDD BRIAR," in the *Boston Globe*, tells the following story, which our friend, Mr. H. E. Clark, M.P.P., may find interesting:

John H. McDonough was working in St. John's when the Canadian tariff measure known as the Tilley bill went into effect, and he tells me this good story about Tilley, who had visited different parts of the Provinces to ascertain how the law was regarded by the people. Nearly everywhere there was fault-finding. Disheartened, Tilley went to St. John's to make inquiries. The first man he called on was a trunk manufacturer.

"How is your business?" he inquired.

"Never was better. Business has increased 500 per cent. since

the recent tariff law went into effect. I can't begin to fill my orders."

"Well, that's very encouraging," ejaculated Mr. Tilley. "Then you are in favor of the protective policy, are you not?"

"Yes, indeed, I am," replied the trunk manufacturer. "I can't make the trunks fast enough for the people who are leaving the country on account of it."

### MORE DISLOYALTY.

THE *Empire* is everlastingly complaining about the American tone of the English despatches furnished to Canadian newspapers. We were, therefore, somewhat surprised to find the following in its own columns last week, in a cablegram from London detailing the arrest of a bank robber:

The London police remain confident that he is an American, as he speaks English much better than English thieves of similar calibre, and his accent is entirely free from Cockneyisms.

This is outrageous. The idea of a paper which calls itself truly loyal giving circulation to a despatch exalting the superior English of American thieves and casting a slur upon the British members of the profession! The careless editor who admitted this anti-British stuff, evidently concocted in New York,

into its columns, should be dismissed at once!

### WHEN DADDY COMES HOME WITH HIS WAGES.

THE kitchen is warm and everything's bright,  
When daddy comes home with his wages;  
And the face of my mother is all alight,  
If daddy comes home with his wages;  
We're sure to have something that's pleasant to eat,  
And mother slips out in the darkening street,  
She brings us some 'taters—she brings us some meat,  
If—daddy comes home with his wages.

There's loaves in the larder and soup in the ladle,  
When daddy comes home with his wages;  
And baby looks up and laughs in his cradle,  
When daddy comes home with his wages;  
There's little pigs' feet in his pocket for me,  
A dear little present for little babies,  
We're all as happy as happy can be,  
If—daddy comes home with his wages.

I'm ragged and dirty, but I would be clean,  
If daddy came home with his wages,  
And mother in sorrow would never be seen  
If daddy came home with his wages;  
But whiskey is hovering above like a rod,  
And me and me mother are weeds in the 'sod,  
But oh!—I'd never go back on my God,  
If daddy came home with his wages.

THE KHAN.

### QUEER.

ITEM from *Globe*, 11th inst: "A concert will be given to-night in aid of the late George E. Norman, at Mallory's hall, corner of Dundas street and Sheridan avenue."

Isn't it something new to get up concerts in aid of the departed?