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J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

MAKING USE OF THE ANIMALS. — There is an excellent and timely lesson for the farmers and other workmen of Canada in the following Southern anecdote, which we find going the rounds of the press, and which

we have taken the liberty of localizing. It is entitled

### BRUDDER JASPER'S DREAM.

"Tother night I had a dream. I dreamt that I died and went to heaven. When I got to de pearly gates ole St. Peter he says:

"Who's dar?" says he.

"Abram Jasper," says I.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says he.

"I is afoot," says I.

"Well, you can't git in here," says he. "Nobody's 'lowed in here 'cept them as come mounted," says he.

"Dat's hard on me," says I, "arter comin' all dis distance." But he nebber say nothin' mo', and so I starts back, an' about half way down the hill who does I meet but Sir John A. Macdonal' G.C.B. "Whare is yer gwine, Sir John?" says I,

"I is gwine to heaven," says he.

"Why, Sir John," says I, "tain't no use. I's just been up dar an' nobody's 'lowed to get in 'cept dey comes mounted, an' yous afoot."

"Is dat so?" says he.

"Yes, it is," says I.

Well, Sir John sorter scratched his head, an' arter while he says, says he: "Abram, I tell you what let's do. You is a likley lad. Suppose you git down on all fours, an' I'll mount an' ride you in, an' dat way we kin both get in."

"Sir John," says I, "do you think you could work it?"

"I know I kin," says he.

So down I gits on all fours, an' Sir John gits astraddle, an' we ambles up de hill agin, an' prance up to the gate, and ole St. Peter says:

"Who's dar?"

"Sir John A. Macdonal'," says he.

"Is you mounted or is you afoot?" says Peter.

"I is mounted," says Sir John.

"All right," says Peter. "All right," says he; "just hitch your horse outside, Sir John, and come right in."

Does any Canadian consumer who has "supported" the high-tariff policy, fail to see the home-application of this little parable? If so, perhaps our illustration on another page will make it perfectly plain.

**JEALOUSY.**—Mr. Mercier is now the golden-haired darling of Mother Church in Quebec, a circumstance which is gall and wormwood to the Bleus and their Dominion leader, Sir Hector Langevin. A few years ago Sir Hector and his allies were the pets of the Hierarchy, and the Liberals were regarded at Rome as a particularly bad lot of atheists—said character having been furnished to the Holy Father by their political opponents. Strangely enough the Holy Father, although infallible, was successfully deceived for a long time. But the truth—that Mr. Mercier and his followers are in reality most pious and profoundly sanctimonious persons—was at last found out, and now he and they are enjoying a glorious revenge. How very bitter the present state of things is to the Bleus may be judged by the following ebullition of jealousy, which is taken from *La Nicoletain*:

"Everybody remembers the unworthy use which was made of Papal benedictions and Pontifical decorations. We still remember Mr. Mercier's exhibitions with his white breeches, the false interpretations given the favors accorded to the leader of the Government by the Holy Father. During the last elections the great war cry was: 'Mr. Mercier is blessed by the Pope.' A large number of electors, even some good and holy priests, were dazzled and carried away by it. When the benedictions obtained by Mr. Mercier were being used, his friends were very careful not to say that any Catholic who goes to Rome can obtain the same, not only for himself, but also for his friends. They were mindful not to say that the Pope does not even see these benedictions, and that he has no knowledge of them. To have told the truth would have injured the Government and Mr. Mercier."



THE Premier of Quebec must really have made a mistake when he pointed to that bunting and called it the national flag of Canada. Perhaps Mr. Mercier's sight is getting a little defective, as the banner to which he pointed his oratorical finger was the tri color, the national flag of France. If this surmise is correct, he ought to wear eye-glasses like the other swells on

future occasions, and thus avoid errors of this sort. I'or see what odium such inadyvertencies bring upon him. Here, for example, is a little extract from a speech made on the 11th inst. by Mr. Donaldson, of Ottawa, in which Mr. Mercier's blunder is corrected with considerable emphasis:

Our national flag, brethren, is the old time-honored Union Jack. It is the old flag of freedom that was dear to our fathers and it is just as dear to us, their children, that emblem of libert that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze."