



"HONOR BRIGHT!"

HIGH COMMISSIONER TUPPER—"I have the pleasure to deliver the Treaty, duly ratified. My Government instructs me to say that Parliament does not like the Treaty a little bit, and only ratifies it out of regard for the honor of the country."

FRANCE—"Quite so. And as to the line of steamships you promised; that also is ratified?"

HIGH COM. TUPPER—"Er—no; as to that, Parliament says the honor of the country be jiggered!"

A POINTER FOR MR. FOSTER

THE Musee is closed for the summer. When it re-opens, if the enterprising manager could only secure a Consistent Protectionist for his curio hall, he might be assured of drawing crowds beyond all precedent. Such a *rara avis* never has existed, however, and probably never will. The able and energetic proprietor of the *Toronto World* seems to be making an effort to win the distinction for himself, but he will never really succeed, because he has too many lucid intervals. If he could only get rid of his brains, now, he might. But he is certainly a more consistent Protectionist than Mr. Foster, whom he rightly upbraided for treason to the cause in accepting the French Treaty by which there is to be free trade in wine. He might have upbraided him also for granting a subsidy to this new steamship line, as the object of the heavy expenditure is to increase trade—a thought which ought to be rank poison to a Protectionist philosopher. The whole spectacle is silly to a degree. Mr. Foster coaxes the Trade dog with a steamboat subsidy or a French Treaty in one hand, and then wallops it with a tariff club in the other. Is foreign trade a good thing? Every rational creature says, yes! Then let us have it. And if Mr. Foster wants a free

lesson in genuine statesmanship let him move and pass the following amendment to the new Tariff bill: "That all the words after *that* be stricken out and the following substituted: The revenue of Canada shall be raised by a tax on monopoly, to wit, the ownership of land values, and all other taxes, whether direct or indirect, national or municipal, are hereby abolished."

A PUZZLER.

A LEARNED looking gentleman, who might have been a Professor of Mathematics in some of our seats of learning, stood on the corner for over an hour watching the Orange procession go by on the glorious 12th. When the last, final, wind-up, tail-end had passed, the old fellow turned to a stranger at his elbow, and gazing intently through his spectacles said—"Well, and what does that prove?"

THE strike account as rendered now that the affair is over seems to stand about this way:

*Creds.*—A moral victory for labour.

*Debs.*—Several lives and some millions worth of property destroyed.