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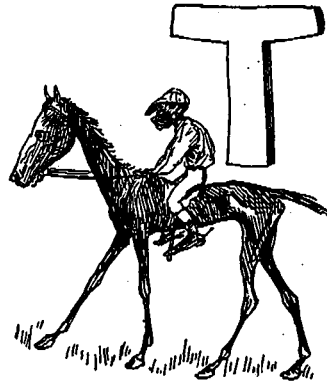
**Comments**  
ON THE  
**Cartoons.**

**QUITE BEYOND THEIR REACH.** — It cannot be said that the Opposition let slip the opportunity afforded them in Committee of Supply of expressing themselves on the subject of High Commissioner Tupper. The item in the estimate setting aside \$2,000 for the use of Sir

Charles the Magnificent, apart from his salary and contingencies, was made the text for a fusillade of invective that enlivened Parliament for the greater part of two sittings. Nor can it be justly said that the attack was unwarranted. Sir Charles Tupper is a man of ability, and nobody questions his competency for the duties of the position which he occupies. The trouble is that he is not content merely to perform the functions for which he is established in London. It is true that the duties of the position are not very definite,

but they certainly do not include some of the things to which Sir Charles Tupper devotes a great deal of attention and earnestness, such as making onslaughts through the press upon the Grand Trunk Railway, vilifying the Grit party in general, and its leaders in particular, as a parcel of rebels, traitors and "ruined gamesters;" coming out to Canada as a partisan election spouter, and promoting financial schemes with which this country has no concern. The Opposition were, of course, chiefly hurt by the attack of the High Commissioner upon themselves, and they demanded to know whether this conduct, on the part of a public employee, had the approval of the Government. To this, and a great many equally pertinent questions, they could get no answer, beyond the highly diplomatic (and idiotic) one, that "the attitude of the Government toward Sir Charles Tupper was one of attentive consideration." The truth seems to be that the baronet is as far beyond the reach of the Cabinet as of the Opposition. It looks as though his colleagues (for that is practically what the ministers still are) are one and all afraid of him. If this is not the explanation, the only other conclusion is that these gentlemen are such rabid partisans that they are willing to condone any sort of outrage upon the proprietors, if committed in the supposed interests of their party. Sir Charles Tupper's conduct is certainly indefensible by the rules of the civil service as laid down by himself.

**THE FAKIR AT THE FAIR.**—The *Mail's* "popular minister" competition ended in the "election" of Rev. Dr. Wild, who polled some 160,000 votes. Presumably the free return ticket to Liverpool has been duly handed to the prophet of Bond Street. And now the great military competition is on, and promises to be as prolific in shekels to the enterprising journal as the other was. This sort of thing is not dishonest; to many it is undoubtedly interesting, and it may be legitimate as journalism. But in point of dignity it stands on a par with—well, just take another look at our picture.



**T**HE gentlemen of the Ontario Jockey Club are feeling gay. The Woodbine meeting was such a success, with clever horses, smart people and faultless weather. Quite like the Derby, don't you know! But why should such elaborate accommodation be provided for the gambling shops? According to Mr. Patten, and other gentlemen whose names do

honor to the club, the single end and aim of racing is to illustrate the results of scientific training upon that noble animal, the horse. We do not see that the "book-maker" is an essential element in the matter at all. Of course (or perhaps we should say on course), people with the taint of gambling in their blood will bet, and nothing can prevent them. But it is not necessary that the vice should be given official recognition, and special facilities provided for its encouragement. The man who goes to the races "just to see the horses run" is now commonly regarded a twin-brother of the other unvarnished person who visits the circus only that the children may see the animals in the menagerie tent.

**T**HE probabilities being that the street railway franchise will remain in civic control, we would like to inject an earnest whisper into the ear of the City Hall authorities, viz., leave the line as it is for a year or two, until we have made some money out of it. Don't listen to any proposals to change from horse power to electricity until we are in a financial position very different from the present. No doubt the change would be an advantage, but meanwhile it would cost about two and a half millions, which would eat up our profits for a long time to come. The