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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE UNCRUSHED CONTRIBUTOR.—The McKinley tariff will undoubtedly hit Canada pretty hard, but there is little sympathy here for the Canadian who feels disposed to grovel at the feet of the big Republic and squeal.

Sir John, as usual, catches the feeling of the moment with unerring instinct, when he "stiffens his upper lip" and proclaims that we do not intend to perish from the face of the earth on account of this measure, but to seek for markets for our produce elsewhere. If the Canadian people could only get over the delusion that it pays to support a few special industries at the general expense, (concerns which it is supposed would die without Governmental coddling)—and the twin superstition against direct taxation, we could easily defy all the McKinley Bills on earth by declaring for Free Trade with the world. No sooner would this policy be adopted than Canada would be "deluged with foreign goods." A vast calamity! says the Protectionist, with his crack-brained political economy, which confuses foreign "goods" with foreign "evils." A deluge of good things from abroad—things that we want—would not, however, be regarded by our con-

sumers as an unmitigated disaster, however cheaply they were sent to us. But what about our native industries? Just this—that for every dollar's worth of stuff we got from the foreigner, we would have to send him a dollar's worth of our own produce. It would simply mean that we would devote ourselves to the production of those things we could most advantageously produce, and withdraw our energy and capital from those artificial industries which we are now carrying on under a hot-house system. Would our native manufactures perish, then? It is beyond question that under natural conditions we would have more tall chimneys and higher wages all the year round than we can ever have under the Protective policy. This is far in advance of the thought of the day, of course. We are still in the deep darkness of High Tariff superstition, as are our neighbors in the States.

LATEST FROM WASHINGTON.—The *Globe* created something of a sensation last week by publishing an exclusive despatch from Washington, setting forth that a brand new offer of Reciprocity had been prepared in the U.S. Senate. The despatch proved to be "exclusive" of truth.



Recent investigations by apiculturists it is proved that bees which use their stingers effectively lose them in the act, and invariably die shortly afterwards. It was an oversight on the part of Nature not to make slanderers subject to the same beneficent law.

WE observe that the sum mentioned as the value of the

Street Railway stock and fixtures is \$5,500,000. This figure has a nice round, symmetrical look about it, and will easily cling to the memory of the citizen. By constantly turning it over in his mind he will become accustomed to it, and after awhile he will not be afraid to go right up and pat it on the back. This is why the Street Car Company have casually thrown it out at this early stage of the proceedings—to accustom the public mind to something big. They will be in great luck if they get anything like it, when the fateful day rolls round.

THE Commercial Union Club held its annual meeting last week. The address of the President, Prof. Goldwin Smith, was a piece of polished eloquence, worthy of so good a cause. The Professor is not frightened out of his boots by the McKinley Bill; he has confidence in the common sense of the American people, and entertains hopes of wearing those very boots on the day when the abolition of the Customs line is celebrated. They won't even need repairs in the meantime, either, he believes.

READERS of *Punch* who have of late missed something of the old-time sharpness in the pages of that periodical without knowing why, may observe, on close examination, that Keene is no longer drawing his wonderful pictures of "British People" therein.

SIR JOHN and his Ministers are scattered over the country, some of them making speeches and others presumably pulling wires. All of which portends the springing of the general election, according to some of the knowing ones. But here we have Sir Hector Langevin's personal organ, *La Minerve*, announcing dogmatically that there will be no election until after the census of the population has been taken. This is probably authoritative—and you may spell census in two ways with equal accuracy.