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J. W. BENGOUGH.
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Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

SELECTING A SUCCESSOR.—IN a recent speech at Kingston Sir John A. Macdonald once more reminded his faithful followers that he is beginning to feel the weight of years, and must, before long, resign the leadership of the Conservative

party into more vigorous hands. This has set everybody to speculating as to who Sir John's successor is to be, and where he is to come from. Nobody seems able to give even a reasonable guess at the riddle. Sir Charles Tupper cannot be taken into consideration, because he is not much younger than Sir John himself, and for other reasons is not available; and the Cabinet circle, which ought to contain the coming man if he exists anywhere, may be searched in vain for a possible chieftain. It is quite likely that the question of a successor is giving Sir John not a little anxious thought these days, as he gazes reflectively over the ocean from his watering-place cottage. Perhaps some such picture as we present this week comes before his mental eye, and as he passes in review the material at hand for the work of leadership and dismisses one after another of the distinguished

individuals with a decisive shake of the head, he may feel like quoting the words of that other redoubtable Sir John—"If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet!"

POLITICAL BOTANY.—Mr. Mowat has caused a commotion amongst the old-line Liberals of Quebec, and an unpleasant sensation in the breasts of many of his Ontario followers by sending another message of congratulation to Mr. Mercier on the great victory achieved by the latter gentleman in the late Provincial election. Mr. Mowat calls it a Liberal victory, because he is under the impression that Mr. Mercier is a Liberal leading a Liberal party. This appears to be an error on the part of our young and unsophisticated Local Premier. We have it on the authority of men and papers whose Liberalism is above suspicion that Mr. Mercier, whatever he may once have been, is no more like a genuine Liberal now than a toadstool is like a mushroom. The Quebec leader is a practical statesman of the Sir John school, with just one end in view—that of keeping in office (for the good of the people, of course.) It so happens that for some time past the doctrines of Liberalism have not been adapted to this end, and the clever Mercier has gently but firmly dropped them overboard. He may still be a true Liberal in his mind, of course, but the sort of politics he has had on tap for a good while back tastes like the real Ultramontane vintage. The metaphors are a trifle mixed in these remarks, we are aware, but the meaning, we hope, is at least as plain as the evidence of Mercier's orthodoxy which has satisfied Mr. Mowat.

ARISTOCRATIC and military class feeling has come to the rescue of the justly disgraced Gen. Middleton. But for the ill-advised attempt of a few of his fool-friends to rehabilitate the convicted fur-looter by a farewell banquet, a further reference to the matter might seem unduly vindictive. The militia swaggerers and swell-heads and the despicable toadies and lickspittles who are always ready to rush to the defence of a "gentleman," when the latter is detected in some particularly ungentlemanly act, have only themselves to blame if the memory of a transaction which cannot be forgotten too soon is unnecessarily perpetuated. The *Toronto World* is, of course, among the foremost wielders of the whitewash brush—which is only natural, as it invariably and instinctively manages to get on the wrong side of every question.

IT is hardly worth while noticing any inconsistency on the part of Prof. Goldwin Smith, whose life has been one long series of inconsistencies. In the case of any man with a reputation for knowing his own mind, his presence as the apologist of a military pillager, after having repeatedly written down militarism in the strongest terms, would seem just a trifle inconsistent. But the time is past when the Professor's versatility and rapid shifting of position can excite surprise or even any considerable interest. In his day, Prof. Smith has done good service to the cause of public morality and genuine liberalism. It is to be regretted that just now the maintenance of upper class ascendancy appears to override every other consideration with him.

T. C. PATTESON, postmaster, was also at the whitewashing banquet. The next subordinate whom he may detect stealing money letters will have Patteson rather at a disadvantage should he think of quoting his attendance to do honor to Middleton as a plea for equally favorable consideration. How can ordinary mortals be supposed to discriminate between these nice shades of criminality?

THERE was one man whose presence at the farewell feed was strictly in accordance with the fitness of things. What more natural than that Christopher W. Bunting, convicted briber, should sympathize with Sir Fred Middleton, convicted plunderer?