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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BERGOUH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

### COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



**SIR HECTOR TAKES A HORN.**—A sensational turn was given to the investigation before the Privileges Committee on Tuesday of last week by the resignation of Sir Hector Langevin and his voluntary appearance before the tribunal to read a statement in his own defence. It is generally believed that Sir Hector was moved to this highly becoming but long delayed step by some words used by the Premier in the Senate a day or two before—to the effect that it was the intention of the Government to make a thorough investigation of the charges now before the Committees, and to visit vengeance upon the guilty parties, be they high or low. The explanation supplied by Sir Hector himself is that he did not feel

called upon to resign until the charges against him had been formulated, which was only done on the completion of the evidence submitted by Mr. Tarte. The main thing, however, is the statement in defence, which was a voluminous document and purported to deal with all the charges made directly or indirectly against the minister. To sum it up in a few words, Sir Hector pleads innocence and ignorance of all the rascalities carried on in his Department. The dilemma in which he found himself had two horns—as is customary with dilemmas: if he aided and abetted the frauds he was a rascal; if he knew nothing of them he was unfit to occupy such a position.

Sir Hector has made a frank confession of his incompetency and so steps down and out. It may soften the pangs of his suffering to know, however, that the *Ottawa Citizen* rates him as one of the ablest and most active and industrious departmental heads the country has ever had. In face of his own statement, this seems to be pretty hard on departmental heads past and present.

**WAITING FOR HIS ANSWER.**—Mr. Walter Barwick, a Toronto barrister, having made a formal charge before the Railway Committee of the Senate to the effect that about \$100,000 of the subsidy voted to the Baie des Chaleurs Railway Company had been deflected to private or political uses by the Quebec Government, an investigation was ordered, and an opportunity was given for explanations. Count Mercier, for some reason or other, did not rise up and indignantly demand a full and immediate enquiry as might have been expected from a man of his chivalry. He has not done so yet. The enquiry has meanwhile been opened, and at this writing it looks as though Mr. Barwick's charges are fully sustained. Mercier's silence amounts to a plea of guilty, and we now listen attentively for the strains of the new and popular Opposition song—  
—“Turn the Rascals Out!”



R. BLAINE, of Maine, is f. med as the “magnetic” statesman, but as an electric battery he is a small circumstance compared to our own Count Mercier. *La Patrie*, of Montreal, relates, as an instance of the Quebec

Premier's magnetic power, an incident of his visit to the Trappist monastery at Bellefontaine, during his late ramble in France. “Mr. Mercier had hardly placed his foot on the threshold of the door, when two monks prostrated themselves and lay flat on their stomachs, waiting till the Prime Minister of Quebec raised them up again.” *La Patrie* does not say whether the illustrious Count *did* raise them up again, or whether he seized the excellent opportunity of walking on them, as they deserved.

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**A DISPATCH** in the newspapers states that thirty Russian emigrants who arrived at Boston on a steamer from Liverpool, were refused permission to land, as they were deemed likely to be a public charge. In plain terms, they were shut out because they were poor. It is not stated that they were criminal, vicious, or diseased—they were merely destitute. And this is the America that a few years ago used to be pictured as stretching her arms towards Europe, and inviting the oppressed and down-trodden of the effete monarchies to come to her bountiful shores! The very same America—but not so large as she used to be. A country that has no free or very cheap land situated well within the bounds of civilization, has no room for poor emigrants, and this is now the case with the United States. Landlordism has put its barbed wire fences around all the available land, and is sitting in idleness waiting for rents. What a pity these poor Russians happen to be land animals!

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**COL. HOWARD VINCENT** is at present hon ring Canada with his presence, and favoring Canadian audiences here and there with displays of eloquence on that ridiculous fad, Imperial Federation. The Colonel has got it into his head that this scheme is practicable, and, better still, that it is favorably regarded by a majority of the people of Great Britain. But the Colonel is quite mistaken on both points. With the exception of the Colonel himself, and a handful of other Protectionists (who are ashamed to proclaim themselves openly as such, but prudently masquerade under the name of the Empire Trade League), there is not a man in Great Britain, Whig