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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE  
Cartoons.

TWO WAYS OF DEALING WITH AN EAGLE.—Formal judgment has been passed upon the McKinley bill by two British political leaders—Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Gladstone. Both view that measure as unwise, though in so expressing himself Sir

John was indirectly condemning the policy of his own Government. The contrast in the manner and tone of the respective speeches, however, is as marked as the contrast between the men themselves. Sir John deals out abuse to the Republic, referring to its population as being made up of the "scum of the earth," etc. Gladstone, on the contrary, takes the sensible view that the protective superstition holds but a section of the American people in its toils, and that the McKinley bill, which is the work of only one party, will in the long run be found to injure the United States more than any other country. Notwithstanding the hostile character of the measure towards the commercial interests of Great Britain, he takes advantage of the opportunity to repeat once more the generous sentiments he has so often uttered with respect to the Republic. Which is the wiser and more statesmanlike course? Since these speeches were made the electors of the States have expressed their opinion of the new tariff law in a fashion which justifies Gladstone's high opinion of their sound sense. But, aside from this, what is to be gained by such talk as that indulged in by Sir John Macdonald? The only possible effect it can have is to stir up ill feeling among our

neighbors, and we fail to see in what way that can help Canadian interests. Men who are privileged to speak on behalf of large communities ought, one would think, to vie with each other in the use of friendly and conciliatory words, whenever that can be done without dishonor. It is generally as easy and always a mighty sight better to make a friend rather than an enemy of your neighbor, individually or nationally.

NOVEMBER 4TH.—The elections in the United States on November 4th proved a veritable Waterloo for the Republicans. The McKinley Bill emetic took effect, and the patient cast off the frauds and humbugs who have brought the party of Abraham Lincoln down to the position of a serf to the monopolists. The campaign of education will go on with ever-growing power, and ere many years the right of Americans to trade freely as well as to think and speak freely will be vindicated. The Protective system must go.



DOMINION politics may be expected to wake up shortly, as we see it stated in cold type that the general election is to come on or come off (we don't know which) next January. There can be no mistake about it this time, as the announcement is made through the columns of the London Advertiser, one of the leading Grit journals of the country. It is well known that the inexperienced young man now at the head of affairs at Ottawa is in the habit of making official secrets known through the organs of the Opposition, but in

addition to this presumptive evidence of the reliability of the tip, the Advertiser furnishes the further proof that Hon. John Carling has lately been seen about London. Let the order "boots and saddles" be trumpeted forth without further delay!

THERE is one thing about this street railway arbitration, and that is that the city has been very fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Queen's Counsel Blake to conduct its case. The Hon. Samuel is a fighter, and has about as keen an eye for evidence as any gentleman of the gown ever possessed. The way in which he battled for possession of certain documents which the company's counsel were anxious to keep out of his clutches was a very pretty episode, and its beauty was quite completed when he carried his point. It came about so innocently, too. The Mail's report thus records it:—

THE witness began to show signs of feeling the strain of Mr. Blake's inquisition. To help his memory he drew some type-written foolscap pages from his inner breast pocket, and consulted them. With their aid he was able to make ready answers, until Mr. Blake said: "Ah, what paper is that? Let me see it, please."

The witness, after a moment's hesitation, was about to return it to his pocket, when Mr. Blake, with a bland smile, reached forth his hand and took it.

Mr. Moss was on his feet in an instant. "I object," he said. "That document is my private property—it contains my instructions and is a part of my brief. Mr. Blake must return it."

Mr. Blake smiled behind his spectacles. "I have it," he remarked in his suavest, most polite manner. "Any document used by a witness to refresh his memory may be put in as an exhibit. This is going to be filed as an exhibit."

POOR BIRCHALL has gone. His short life was a success in but one respect; it furnished material for sermons of warning to young men against the folly of the pursuit of "pleasure." Notwithstanding his emphatic disapproval of Dr. Bessey's summing up of his character, that learned authority was undoubtedly right in his