



THE IRISH QUESTION.

MCCARTHY—"Will we take John Bull be the horns or be the tail?"

MCRREDMOND—"Sure, I dunno; it's a toss up, annyhow."

A CONSISTENT PROTECTIONIST.

THE voters of the Township of Storrington have a chance this year to elect as Reeve a gentleman who may be described as a political *rara avis*—a Consistent Protectionist. We have pleasure in reprinting Mr. Samuel Simpkins' address to the electors, from the *Kingston Whig* of Dec. 15th:

To the Electors of the Township of Storrington:

GENTLEMEN,—I beg to announce myself as a candidate for the reeveship of Storrington, and I will tell you why.

For a good many years I have thought I was a consistent protectionist, and have, along with many of you, voted for the protectionist party, and to stave off the evil day when we should be ground under the awful mill-stone of direct taxation.

But as I was driving home from Blacklock's sale down in Pittsburg, wondering what had become of the "good old times," and why they were so long making their re-appearance, an idea struck me, and it is this: That we are only half protectionists, and are, without doubt, in municipal matters being ruined by direct taxation.

Well, as I said, it was Blacklock's sale that set me thinking. The prices offered for stock at that sale showed me that there must be something wrong when cows that, two or three years ago, would bring \$25 to \$30 were knocked down at \$11, \$11.50 and \$12, and so on, and nine or ten head of good young horses only brought cow prices.

What we want, fellow electors, what we want is this, and it's my own idea, township tariffs, county tariffs and provincial tariffs, too. I see by the *Chronicle* that this idea is forcing its way to the front. Is not Principal Grant, and Tupper too, trying to tax Yankee wheat going into Great Britain; and is not Mr. Abbott improving on Sir John A.'s National Policy by taxing the Newfoundlanders' cod fish and keeping our own markets for our own fishermen? And you may depend upon it, if we ever do get Mowat out, Mr. Meredith will make short work of the Frenchmen of Quebec by a good stiff tariff, and have no dealings with them at all; and if he don't also give us farmers protection against the cheap grain of Manitoba, out he'll go and give a better head a chance.

But, as I said, we are being dragged down by that mill-stone of direct municipal taxation, and until we are consistent and adopt protection all round, we'll never have any more good times, and don't forget I told you so.

Now, fellow electors of the township of Storrington, if you'll elect me to be Reeve, and give me a council that has any understanding of the meaning of the word "consistency," I promise you that we can run things next year without any direct taxation whatever. Storrington for the Storringtonians is my motto. Vote for Simpkins, and let the Pittsburgers look after themselves!

Now, fellow electors, you ask me how, and no wonder. I'll very soon tell you, and it's all my own idea, and it's consistent, too, and a regular bombshell for those reciprocity and free trade fellows. It knocks them out the first round.

I'd charge \$10 on every horse bought outside of the township, and \$20 if bought outside of the county, and then there's my son-in-law owns a good stallion right in the township, and I'd charge him \$20 a year, and as for Bill Potter and other outsiders make them pay \$100 a year for bringing in their stallions, or let them stay out. And then I'd charge each grist mill \$200 a year, and any farmer that went out of the township to mill fine him \$5, and each store-keeper could easily pay \$100 a year if we would all buy from him and not let the Princess Street merchants be getting rich out of the pockets of Storrington farmers. And I'd have the tavern licenses managed by the township council, sure, and that would bring in more money than it does now, and each blacksmith could easily pay \$50 a year if our home blacksmiths got all our work, and so keep our own money in this Storrington of ours, and then I'd put toll-gates on all roads and bridges, and let those pay for them that use them, and charge Pittsburgers and townies and other outsiders double, and as for schools, let them pay for them, like the roads, that have the benefit of them, and so on, and so on.

In conclusion, fellow electors, let me say that I have only been able to outline faintly the details of my policy for a complete application of the principles of protection, but if you will come to Battersea on nomination day, you will hear the full particulars, and next year, if I am elected, you will feel its benefit in an entire freedom from the present ruinous system of municipal direct taxation. Again asking your support,

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

SAMUEL SIMPKINS.

BOSSMARSH CREEK, December 10, 1891.

Storrington for ever! Vote for Simpkins and no direct taxation!

ONE TURKEY MORE.

THEY went to him darkly, at fall of night,
His neck with their strong hands turning,
By the flickering moonbeams' dusky light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

Few and short were the words they said,
As they plucked him they showed no sorrow,
They only remarked, "He's a well-fed bird,"
And "We'll take him to market to-morrow."

They took him to market and sold him for cash
To a lady called Mrs. McGillow.
He was roasted and served up with cranberry sauce,
And his feathers are stuffing a pillow.



A STRAY SHOT.

VENUS—"What means such work as this, Cupid?—transfixing such an old curmudgeon!"

CUPID—"It was all an accident, I assure you, mamma. I was fooling with my bow, and didn't know it was loaded."