

THE NEWEST FROM RUSSIA.
A Bombproof Minister. —Jugend.

cartoonist. The President is shown in the most ridiculous attitudes and surroundings. His strenuous life, his "big stick" speech, his Cuban campaign, are repeated ad nauseam et ad odium. This cannot fail to break down the respect that should encompass the chief magistrate of a great country. Not for him is the divinity that doth hedge a king, but the head of the nation lies bare to the most vulgar pictorial abuse and scorn. Even his personal characteristics are exaggerated and caricatured. He glares like a fiend with goggle eyes and gnashing teeth, and is a perfect bugaboo of ugliness. How fortunate are we Britishers in the theory that the king can do no wrong. The bitter attacks on their Presidents are in large degree responsible for the assassination of three of them, and lessens the reverence for the office. It was not of an ideal monarch but of the odious persecutor Nero that Paul wrote, "Honour the king."

Every Canadian has had cause to hang his head and blush with shame at the recent revelations of corruption in Parliamentary elections. The wholesale bribery, the use of the basest elements of society to frustrate the highest purposes of citizenship, the venial scoundrelism that confesses its willingness to sell its vote for a bottle of whiskey—these are things that we have been apt to attribute to Arizona instead of Algoma. The basest of states may now say, "Art thou become as we are?" Canada, with all its vaunted uprightness and integrity, has had shameful exhibitions of crime and misdemeanour against the highest interest of the state. The revelations of our last municipal elections in Toronto, and of more recent ones elsewhere,

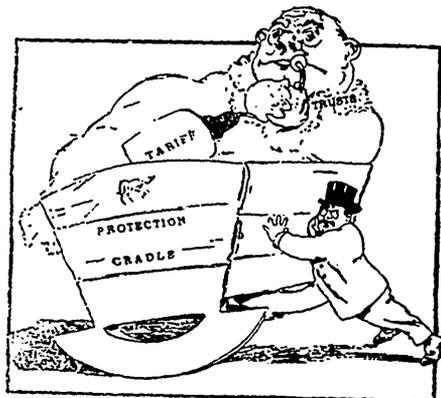
throw a lurid light upon the degradation of a public trust.

The red hand of the saloon appears in all this infamy. We may be sure that in the referendum campaign it got in its fine work, and that in any conflict to abolish the drink curse the saloon will fight with desperation. Yet one sole encouraging feature is the outburst of indignation in the organs of public opinion of both political parties at the crimes that were revealed.

The man who appeals for the suffrages of Canadians must show himself free of all complicity with these lewd fellows of the baser sort who would sell their honour for filthy lucre or for free drinks.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

The recent death of Sir William Harcourt and of Senator Hoar, at almost the same time, removes two veteran statesmen of the noblest type. The mother and the daughter land mourn together their lost leaders in the age-long fight for the rights and liberties and higher civilization of mankind. No petty politicians or huxtering self-seekers were they. Each feared God, and feared only Him. Each loved his country as his life. Each helped to make his country worth living for and dying for. Each had opportunities of becoming rich beyond the dream of avarice, if he would betray his sacred trust. Each, like our own Sir John A. Macdonald, died a poor man—Senator Hoar conspicuously so. In an age of "graft" and fraud and guile, we will not despair of the Old Land or the New when they breed such statesmen—worthy successors of Hampden and of Washington.



AN OVERGROWN INFANT INDUSTRY.