



HER "FATE."

DRESSER—"So you have determined to marry, I hear, Signorina."

FIRST DANCER (*sadly*)—"Yes; I see nothing else before me!"

deliverance is sound wisdom. There can be no question there *are* too many farmers for the size of the market and the heft of taxation. One or two agriculturists could carry on business and make money under present circumstances in Canada, but alas, there are thousands of them and the profits have to be divided to such an extent that they turn into losses. The *News* philosopher must regard the flocking of people to the cities as a hopeful sign, although everybody else regards it with distress. A little reading and thought is what this Kingston writer needs. He ought to go to some quiet rural retreat for a holiday and take some book like Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade?" with him.

THEY had a Farmers' Institute picnic at Ilderton the other day and, as usual, a portion of the time was set aside for oratory. Several speakers were engaged, but each was counselled by the managers to "carefully abstain from politics." Had these instructions been obeyed, it is safe to conclude that the assembled farmers would have succeeded in wasting two or three hours of valuable time which might have been turned to good account. When will this stupid notion of tabooing "politics" be outgrown? How long before people will be able to make the distinction between partizan black-guardism and politics? It is right enough to prohibit the former on all occasions, but what, in the name of common sense, is the matter with politics? What could more worthily occupy the minds of intelligent men in conclave assembled than the discussion of the public affairs which concern them, and the principles which ought to govern the administration of those affairs? This is politics—not a "dirty pool," as ignorance often flippantly asserts, but the noblest of all sciences. It is humiliating to think that in this enlightened age and country, politics and partyism are regarded in the popular mind as synonymous terms.

ON the occasion referred to Hon. John Carling was one of the orators, and he managed to sneak in some politics, though, as might be anticipated, not of a very sound kind. Mr. Carling is an ideal Protectionist, and, of course, his doctrines on the all-important subject of trade, are such as to revolt logic. Mr. Thomas B. Scott, a farmer who was present, has "done up" the Minister of Agriculture very neatly in a letter to a London paper. We make an extract from this level-headed citizen's rejoinder.

HE laid down two principles: First we must not point out the disastrous effect of false systems upon our country. It would hinder immigration. The man who does that is not loyal to his country. With all deference to a gentleman eminent as the Minister of Agriculture, I beg to say that the man who silently looks upon evil systems sapping the morality or prosperity of his country is not only disloyal to his country but to himself and his God. The other principle was this; Purchase nothing that can be produced in the country. This is a most important question; it is the keynote to "Protection." Non-intercourse is a bad policy for an individual, bad for a township, bad for a city, bad for a province and bad for the nation. The farmer who decides upon a policy of non-intercourse with his neighbors and resolves to purchase nothing he can produce, will make all his machines from a wheelbarrow up to a self-binder, his clothing from his boots to his hat, thresh and grind his own grain, grow his own tea, coffee and tobacco, brew his own beer, make his spoons, knives, crockery, etc., too numerous to mention—well, that policy is surely not a very desirable one for the individual.



AMUEL H. BLAKE, Esq., Q.C., has been getting it hot from some of the city papers because he happened to give expression to the opinion that it was quite within the bounds of possibility that some of the many press reporters might be "got at" by bribers, in connection with the street railway question now under consideration. Mr. Blake sometimes says injudicious things, but in this case his remark was reasonable enough, and the editors—who have been "going for him" so viciously have simply been making an exhibition of themselves. Reporters are, as a body, neither better nor worse than other people (as Mr. Blake remarked at the time)—but this is what is called the "silly season" and newspaper writers must have something to shy their ink bottles at.

A PLEA IN MITIGATION.

PLUGWINCH—"Really, now, you are too hard on poor Dodds. You should remember that the Carnival was a mere experiment, and that in the capacity of manager he was an untried man."

BILLAINS—"Untried, yes. But he oughtn't to be that way long, and if I was on the jury I'd convict him mighty quick."

A SUPERFLUOUS OPERATION.

MR. SLIMDEWD—"Ah, Miss Smart, I was told the other day that you are a graduate of Moulton Ladies' College."

MISS SMART—"Yes, Mr. Slimdewd, I have taken the course."

MR. SLIMDEWD—"Did you find it difficult to pass? and were any of your classmates plucked?"

MISS SMART—"Oh, dear no. You see, it would be quite superfluous to pluck a Moulton girl."