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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

OUR RATHER HIGH COMMISSIONER. — Sir Charles Tupper has not yet returned to his duties in London. It probably doesn't matter, as society in that village will be able to get along with their "functions" in some way without him, and beyond attending dinner parties and

talking platitudes he does not appear to have anything in particular to do there which cannot very well be left to the small army of subordinate parasites who make up his retinue as "High Commissioner." He remains in Canada, notwithstanding that the object for which he came over—the salvation of his own bacon—has been accomplished. In this way he emphasizes the fact already mentioned, that his so-called duties in London are merely nominal. As a bad example to set before other Government employees, this deserves censure, but as already stated, otherwise it really doesn't matter. And if the members of the Government have no objection, on the score of dignity, to Sir Charles' peculiar way of spending his self-given holiday, perhaps the rest of us should be content. Still, the dignity of the Government is public property, and it is not pleasant to see it so completely set at naught. Instead of devoting his leave of absence to pursuits befitting a private citizen, Sir Charles seems to be taking charge of public affairs in general. He has been more *en evidence* since the election than any member of the cabinet, not excepting the Premier, and now he is mentioned as one of the three representatives of Canada who are to go to Washington to confer on the subject of

Reciprocity. Has Sir John resigned the leadership into the Baronet's hands? If not, we would enquire with Shakespeare—

"Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed
That he has grown so great?"

JOYFUL NEWS FOR THE FARMERS. — The Quebec *Chronicle*, which is looked upon as one of the "inspired" mouth-pieces of the Dominion Government, came out a few days ago with the important intelligence that the Government had evolved a brand new policy in the interests of the great farming industry. The disloyal suggestion of wider markets as a way out of the prevailing depression, having been scrunched under the heel of an outraged populace, the problem remained in all its original force, and a thrill of pleasure must have shot through the agricultural bosom at this announcement in the *Chronicle*. The farmer must have sat down to read the charter of his deliverance with the liveliest anticipations. We do not venture to trace the ebb and flow of his feelings as he read on, but we feel safe in asserting that after he had finished the article he did not leap from his seat and caper about with delighted cries of Eureka! Eureka! It is quite possible, on the contrary, that he was tearing mail, and flung the *Chronicle* away as the medium of a cruel hoax. For what was this new and original policy? That our farmers should go in for improved methods of agriculture, and that they should give particular attention to the breeding of a superior grade of cattle! It was a pronounced case of giving a stone when asked for a fish. Our farmers are asking for money to pay off their mortgages, and a paternal government offers them glittering generalities.

NO SECOND FIDDLE.—*On dit* that there is trouble ahead in the Government orchestra. The accomplished political violinist, Chapleau, refuses any longer to play second fiddle to Professor Langevin, and threatens to break up the overture if he is not given the leading instrument.



ALL this blatherskiting about having the largest circulation, between the *Mail* and *Empire*, has become a weariness to the flesh. It is evidently a game of bluff on both sides, and with the flourishing of \$8,000 cheques it has become a positively demoralizing business. Where are the police with all this bare-faced betting going on before their eyes? So long as these two journalistic slangwhangers

refrain from printing the figures of their daily circulation at the head of their editorial columns, people will be justified in believing that neither of them has a circulation which will stand comparison with that of the *Globe*. Gentlemen, put up the figures, and give us a rest.

"A LOYALIST," writing in the *Empire*, concludes as follows:

Another question is here suggested. It is as to the course to pursue toward the "veiled" and unveiled "treason" which of late has been playing its part in our midst. Is it to be allowed to fester in our clubs and boards of trade and halls of legislation, and, less publicly, to poison the minds of the young, the ignorant and the unsuspecting? Are its emissaries to be allowed, in the future, as in the past, to go throughout the land "scattering firebrands" in our peaceful country? Or are they to be restrained in the future and punished for the past?

Persons guilty of high treason, or known to be meditating high treason, are to be punished, sir, and the punishment, if we remember rightly, is "something lingering with boiling oil in it." The plain duty of a "Loyalist" like this writer, who professes to know that the Liberal leaders are traitors, is to take steps to have them formally indicted and tried. Writing to the *Empire* is not going far enough.

THE Crofters will have the sympathy of the world against the landlords. They and their forbears have inhabited the lands from time immemorial, and they should not be turned off the