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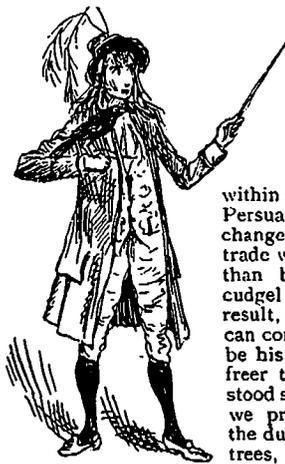
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with words this thing never would have existed long enough to find a record in history. "Protection" is the magic word that accounts for it all, for the thing meant by that word is a thing which universal man wants and prizes. But the Tariff which robs one section of the people to enrich another, and piles artificial obstacles in the path of honest and God-ordained traffic between man and man is not that thing. There is not protection but spoliation for the masses and unfair bolstering of the classes in that. In fact, Protection (politically speaking) is just the opposite of Protection in its plain meaning as an English word. True political Protection is Free Trade, for that policy protects every man in his natural right to buy and sell as he sees fit. This right the people of the United States and Canada have permitted to be filched from them by specious sophists in the lobbies of Parliament, until it has come to pass that on a continent specially consecrated to Freedom it is thought a heresy to assert man's right to trade freely as well as to speak and think freely. The necessity for raising a national revenue opened the way for the entrance of that enemy of Christian civilization, the "Protective" Tariff. It seems to have been assumed that the needed revenue could only be got in one way, namely, by taking in taxation a portion of the products of labor. Hence the custom houses and all the paraphernalia of the inquisitorial system we see to-day. That assumption was an error. Public revenue is produced in accordance with a natural law, as might have been anticipated by those who believe that the Creator of man intended him to live in society and therefore knew that public revenue would be needed. What is that natural revenue? It is the values created in land by the very fact of the coming together of men in society—land values—ground rent. This belongs to all. Let it, therefore, be put in the public till, and we can afford to let man work and trade and develop freely, even as do the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea.

THE GREAT VIADUCT FIGHT.—One of the resolutions carried with unanimity at the citizens' meeting in St. Paul's Hall, last week, declared that the time had come for the City Council to put itself on record as in favor of the Viaduct, and to formally throw aside the bridge scheme. There is a halting hesitancy about most of the aldermen which we don't at all like, considering that the bridge idea seems to strike the citizens universally as a crazy project not worthy of a moment's consideration. His Worship, the Mayor, may, perhaps, be excused for not fervently embracing the Viaduct plan, seeing that he had a hand in the Montreal agreement which involved the bridges, but he has always declared himself to be ready to perform the behests of the citizens with all his energy, laying aside his personal views. He has every reason to feel assured that he cannot now take too firm a stand for the Viaduct. There is no manner of doubt that that is the solution of the question of Free Access to the Water-front which Toronto believes in and is bound to have.

Comments on the Cartoons.



PERSUASION AND COM-PULSION.—Uncle Sam seems to be determined to make the Canadian Governmental Animals go somehow. The Hitt resolution, which is quite likely to pass Congress, is a bunch of succulent carrots held out before the quadruped's nose, easily within smelling distance, and represents Persuasion; while some of the recent changes in the tariff by which Canadian trade will be more annoyingly hampered than before, represent a considerable cudgel applied in the rear quarter. The result, as yet, is not such as our Uncle can congratulate himself upon, if it really be his object to coax or force us into freer trade. The Donkey has simply stood still—and kicked. In other words, we propose to retaliate by increasing the duties on clothing, hats, umbrellas, trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, flour, etc. This is Donkey-policy precisely,

for in all this we simply punish ourselves by making the articles in question dearer. Now that the cartoon is before us for review we see just one glaring defect in it. Uncle Sam should have been pictured with an Ass' head *à la Bottom*. Donkeyism rules in the councils of both countries. Both are wedded to the pitiable idiocy of "Protection." It ought to make the Nineteenth Century blush to know that such a thing is possible, especially on a continent in the forefront of which stands "Liberty Enlightening the World." If poor humanity wasn't so easily bamboozled



FELLOW-CITIZENS, although the laws of this city recognize the right of the great sex to which I belong to a voice in the management of civic affairs through the votes of property-holding widows and spinsters, no female voice that I know of has yet been heard on this great Esplanade problem. As one who has the charge of youngsters and makes constant use of the glorious picnic places on the Island, and elsewhere, throughout the summer, it is my duty to somehow or other get across those beastly

tracks a good many dozen times every season, and safely pilot a perambulator and a small cavalcade of toddlers at the same time. It is a task I have always trembled at, but my trembling will be increased at least twofold when the half-dozen additional tracks of the C.P.R. are put down and opened for use. Now, fellow-citizens, I want to raise my voice to its shrillest note and shriek for the Viaduct. The bridge idea is almost worse than nothing for if we wouldn't be killed with passing trains, we would