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**Cartoon Comments.**

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The toil of the water-cart man on the sultry summer day has often excited our commiseration. Under the broiling sun he lumbers along the dusty highway from one end of his beat to the other, backwards and forwards, scattering the grateful water upon the thirsty ground. His object is to lay the dust, but, like Macduff's ghost, it "will not down." The effects of the shower from the cart is immediately counteracted by the voracious appetite of the road and the heat of the sun combined. The water-cart man passeth on, and his labor is all in vain. This is the unhappy lot of the toiling public servant who is at present on a mission of political refreshment over the arid fields of the Maritime Provinces. At least we are assured by some reputable Conservative papers that poor Mr. Blake's speeches, copious, welcome, and exhilarating as they may have been, are simply as water spilt upon the ground so far as lasting effect is concerned. The Opposition orator has been pursued by the burning and shining Sir Leonard, who has utterly destroyed the effect of his rival's labors. To carry out our illustration fitly, it must be understood that the luminary shining in the background of the cartoon is that fervid and blazing member of the journalistic system, the *St. John Sun*.

**FRONT PAGE.**—The Liberal leaders in England are beginning to appreciate the gravity of the fiscal situation. The wave of the "Fair Trade" agitation is unmistakably rising, and the veteran Free Traders are showing signs of alarm. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have given voice to their opposition to the new

heresy, and Mr. Punch comes out in the most emphatic opposition to it. The scene in our picture was suggested by the following sentences quoted by the *Mail* from a recent speech by a prominent peer:—

"It is useless for the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster (Mr. Bright) to sit like Canute, defying the tide "and using rather strong language. The tide is rising "in spite of him, and is already lapping around the feet of "his ducal throne. In vain do the veterans of free trade "flourish their forty-year-old mops; they cannot keep "out the sea. Strong barriers, composed of arguments, "not assertions, must be used. New dykes, made of "living, solid facts, not dead, decaying hopes, must be "thrown up to stem the tide, if stemmed it is to be."

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Uncle Sam has just now a greedy eye on the Sandwich Islands, and on the first opportunity we expect to see him seize the whole stock in trade of King Kalakaua and "annex" it. It appears that the Government of the islands is composed partly of Americans, and it is alleged that the King's recent visit to Europe was part of a programme arranged by these shrewd advisers who hoped to perfect their scheme of annexation in his absence. John Bull also has been intimating that he has a taste for Sandwiches.

The Irish Land Bill has received the Royal Assent, and is now presumably in operation. If it accomplishes the purpose of removing all grounds of discontent, it will prove satisfactory to everybody concerned—excepting the Skirmishing Section of the Irish.

"It's an Abbott we 'ave," as the Argentueil elector said at the close of the poll.

Gair promises to compete with the best comic papers of the day. Its present appearance is most creditable and worthy of compliment.—*Kingston Whig*.

We stated last week that Mr. W. W. Cole, the circus manager, was a Canadian. This was a mistake; though there is a Canadian circus proprietor named Cole, Mr. W. W. Cole is an Englishman, and a grandson of Thomas Cooke, the once famous circus manager.

Lord Shaftesbury is lending the weight of his name to a scheme for the exportation of marriageable young women from England to Canada. From the number of young women already here who are willing and waiting, apparently in vain, for husbands, the noble Earl and his coadjutors will need to go a step further and export the surplus young men of England to marry the girls thus sent out.

Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Mackenzie are on the eve of returning home. We hope both gentlemen find themselves thoroughly renewed in health, and we ardently trust they will lose no time in stirring the stagnant pool of politics when they arrive. At present there is a depressing dearth in this field, and a dull monotony pervades the columns of the newspapers.

Excepting the news columns. They are kept tolerably lively with murders, and elopements, and other manifestations of the depravity of human nature.

Some philosopher has said that it is hard to please everybody. He was right. A Toronto man returned from Manitoba the other day and when asked how things were up there he looked sad and shook his head. "There's too much money in that country just now. Money is too cheap, and it makes living high for people who haven't a pocketful to start on," said he. Here in Ontario we appear to be suffering from the opposite complaint.

Mr. Gordon Brown would do well to take that local reporter of his by the ear, and admonish him in a paternal manner to stick to facts and leave poetry alone in his "items." Otherwise he may go on making the paper ridiculous by writing paragraphs like the one he contributed on Tuesday, wherein he told of the burial of an unfortunate woman of the town, concluding his notice with the following pathetic mixture:—

"Consumption hurried her on to the conclusion, and the dull thudding of the earth as it descended on the coffin seemed to bring up afresh the old lines:—

"Consider it, think of it,  
Dissolute man;  
Lave in it, drink of it  
Then, if you can."

A gentleman, well known as a leader amongst the Free Thinkers of this Province, has written to thank us for our liberal and generous expressions on the Bradlaugh case. Very kind, sir, but not at all necessary. We spoke of Mr. Bradlaugh purely as a political man, and viewed his case simply from the political stand-point. Personally, we have nothing in common with the member for Northampton religiously, but we do not see that religion has anything to do with the matter. There is certainly very little of the spirit of the Christian religion about the conduct of some of Bradlaugh's prominent opponents. Our position is this: If Bradlaugh is to be rejected on account of his atheistic opinions, let all the other atheists now in the House be turned out too.

The *Mail* speaks of accusations made against it by certain Grit papers "which are always coupled with a pious expression of regret that the *Mail* should have fallen from some supposititious high place which, at some undesignated time and for some indefinite reason, it seems to have occupied in the minds of some Grit editors." The journal in question occupied a high place in the minds not only of "some Grit editors," but of the public generally, just after its present proprietor assumed its management, and continued to hold that place until it began to publish editorial paragraphs like the following, from the issue of Wednesday last:—

"The *Guelph Mercury* demands 'drop letter boxes immediately on pain of something dreadful. It pins Sir Hector Langevin to the wall, and pounds him, and says, 'now won't you give us drop letter boxes?' If the letter boxes are not to be in the neighborhood of the *Mercury* office—if the letters are likely to be safe—perhaps the reform will be duly granted."

Perhaps the "undesignated time" alluded to above was just when the writer of this joined the staff of the *Mail*.