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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

AN INTERESTING INFANT.—Dominion Day was celebrated this year with great heartiness throughout all our broad land; in this city, the anniversary being included in the Carnival programme, it received a commemoration which sur-

passed any of the preceding twenty-two. A pleasing feature here, which we hope to see widely copied and extended, was the singing of patriotic—that is to say, Canadian—songs, and the making of patriotic speeches. It is noteworthy, moreover, that several of the songs were, as to both words and music, home-made. All this indicates a growing sentiment of nationality, a spirit which has been slow in finding adequate expression in Canada for some reason. That reason certainly is not an absence of love for the country itself on the part of the people; nor is it a lack of proper pride in our institutions. Some find a complete explanation of the puzzle in the fact of our colonial status, but, according to this theory, we should look in vain for a national sentiment in Australia, where, we know, it exists in

robust strength. The latent feeling in Canada must be very strong indeed when it makes so creditable an outward showing under present circumstances. There is nothing, excepting the hope of better and wiser things by-and-by, to inspire patriotic Canadians just now. There are many things to depress and mortify and shame them. No man who, while loving his own land, has a heart capacious enough to hold an earnest belief in the brotherhood of man, can regard the policy of Protection with anything but detestation. It is anti-Christian in spirit and in practice, while, from the lowest selfish view of profit, it is, and always must be to the mass of the people, a delusion and a snare. It is this silly and immoral system which the Canadian patriot sees fastened upon the country he loves, and he may be excused meanwhile if he fails to grow enthusiastic over the statesmen who rule her destinies. All round him he sees the natural results of this restriction policy, and its inevitable brood of monopolies—a decreasing population; an enormous and daily increasing public debt; a farming population so burdened with taxation that life has become a weary grind from morning to night; and all the other ranks and classes whose prosperity depends upon that of "the man who works the land" sharing his deprivations. All this suffering, the patriot knows, is unnecessary and inexcusable; it is the result of a system of legalized robbery, sustained, strange to say, by the people themselves. When we conjure up the typical figure of Canada, she appears to us as a beautiful, wholesome, hopeful maiden, just turned her twenty-third birthday—she is, in fact, a type of the country and its untold possibilities; a land which was designed by nature to literally flow with milk and honey. It is pitiful to turn from this conception to the, alas, more truthful outline of the actual Canada as she appears in our cartoon. She has been thwarted and manacled and made a gaw of by "statesmanship." And still we listen in vain for the commanding voice that is to recall the Canadian people to themselves, and give the policy of nature and common sense a trial!

A MUTUAL TAFFY-PULL.—There is an amusing side to the late passages of good-will between the veteran Premiers of Ottawa and Toronto, and it is GRIP's special prerogative to give this prominence. At the same time, the amenities of political life in this country are such, that we ought to be glad to believe that the expressions on both sides were more than mere taffy. That Sir John entertains a profound respect for Mr. Mowat we may easily credit, for so does everybody who knows the excellent Oliver; and it is no harder to understand that Mr. Mowat really likes and admires Sir John, for, once again, who doesn't? The somewhat cynical view of the exchange of compliments taken by the *Mail* seems to us uncalled for. It would be a good thing all round if our public men devoted more attention than they do to finding out, and as opportunity offers, fitly recognizing, the good qualities of their opponents.

THE question of the Liberal leadership periodically crops up for discussion. In reply to sundry articles in the press of both parties foreshadowing the resumption of the leadership by Mr. Blake, the *Globe* publishes a letter from the ex-leader denying that he wishes to resume the post. His denial is probably sincere. Mr. Blake was never fitted for political leadership, though it took him and the Party a long time to find it out. He has none of the qualities, except oratorical ability, essential to leadership. The Party will have to get along as best they can with Mr. Laurier, French-Canadian though he is. There is really no Ontario man now in public life competent to fill the position. And the Tories are just about in as bad a predicament. When Sir John dies or retires he will leave no successor.

HOW is it that both Parties display this "plentiful lack" of men of the requisite brains and calibre for Party leadership? The cause is not far to seek. The methods of Partyism, the rigid inflexibility of political creeds and formulas, the dirty and degrading work of political apprenticeship, have driven the most intelligent, high-spirited and conscientious men out of public life. We have no statesmen in our politics. The methods by which Sir John, Mr. Mowat and Mr. Mercier sustain themselves in power are simply the methods of the ward politician practiced on a larger scale. No wonder the