

the illustrious visitor, but this is something Mercier is probably reserving for himself.

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**C**OMMENTING on the Birchall case, the London *Advertiser* moralizes as follows:

It is natural that a man who allows his ideas of the aims of life to become so perverted should begin to believe that the world owes him a living without working for it. That was Birchall's belief. He resolved to leave honest labor to others and to live by his wits, and his downward career to the gallows has been swift and sure. The lesson cannot be too strongly impressed upon the rising generation that the moment a man attempts, by crooked means, to get something for nothing, to get wealth without earning it, he has entered on a perilous path.

This ought to be taken seriously to heart by young men who are thinking of going into land speculation. To be sure, this method of getting something for nothing is not as yet regarded as "crooked" in the eye of the law, but it is, in strict morality, no better than any other form of gambling. The single tax would fix it.

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**T**HE Pope has graciously signified his willingness to act as arbitrator in the three-cornered dispute between Newfoundland, Great Britain and France. The Bishop of Toronto, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly and the President of the Methodist General Conference are also, each and severally, prepared to perform the duties indicated if called upon. It is very kind of them all, but we trust some decent layman can be found who will do the umpiring, if required. Clergymen, whether called Popes or Presidents, should confine their attention to the work they have been set apart to perform, which has to do exclusively with the spiritual concerns of mankind.

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**B**IRCHALL has been sentenced to be executed on the 14th of November, and there is at present no prospect that the Government will even be asked to grant a commutation. We may, therefore, expect the customary process of the hiring of some miserable mercenary to perform the duties of execution, and against this GRIP once more raises his voice in earnest protest. Capital punishment is the penalty fixed by law for murder in this country, and the sheriff is the officer appointed to carry out the sentence of the Court. In the hands of that officer this duty is invested with a profound sanctity, and it ought, in every case, to be performed by the sheriff himself with the assistance of his regularly authorized deputy. The delegation of this, his most sacred function, to a brutal and bungling outsider is an outrage on civilization. Morally, if not legally, the hired hangman is guilty of murder, and the sheriff who hires him, that he may elude his own duty, must share his guilt.

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**M**R. BLUE'S speech before the Iron and Steel Institute, at New York, last week was a splendid bit of oratory, both in its literary form and its entertaining substance. The metallurgical resources of the great Province of Ontario is an attractive subject to any man who has a command of words, and knows as much about it as does the head of our Statistical Bureau. The great temptation in patriotic orations is to exaggeration, but apart from the fact that Mr. Blue is an exceedingly conscientious man, it is almost impossible to exaggerate the potential wealth of our iron, copper and nickel deposits. The invitation which Mr. B. extended on the part of the Ontario Government, and which Dr. Selwyn endorsed for the Dominion

Government, was heartily received, and a large number of the Institute members, including many representatives of great British iron and steel firms, are to pay the Dominion a visit in the latter part of this month. On behalf of the people at large, GRIP bids them a thousand welcomes.

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**ET** His Eminence of Quebec have a care how he allows notions of his Princehood to run away with him, or we will have to attend to his case. Already we are being urged to—but why not print a sample letter right here?

**DEAR GRIP,**—Will you excuse a thought from outside? We have great faith in the influence of your wonderful cartoons, which are more powerful than many long arguments. Will you give us one of Cardinal Taschereau, etc., trying to haul down the Union Jack below the Pope's flag, and saying to our Governor, Prince George and perhaps the Prince of Wales, "Lend a hand, boys"? People generally don't seem to understand what all the fuss of precedence involves or what comes next. Pardon what seems to be an impertinence.

FROM ONE OF GRIP'S ADMIRERS.

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**O**UR accomplished and popular visitor, the Earl of Aberdeen, is great on eggs, and has some highly original notions of the *modus operandi* by which the British market could be supplied with the product of the industrious Canadian hen, as may be gathered from this little extract from a recent speech:

You want the opportunity for a great market, and I think you, here in Canada, have every promise of a good trade in providing us in Great Britain with your surplus eggs. (Cheers.) To enable that to be carried out thoroughly you require a swifter line of steamers, with provision for the proper care of eggs. I mean provision in the way of refrigerators, not merely as at present provided, but built on the most approved principles, as I now think, with the fast lines of steamers.

There you are, you see! Faster steamers, good refrigerators built on approved principles—and the thing is done. Where are now the diminished heads of those who have been saying that a transatlantic egg trade is out of the question? The noble Earl does not come down to exact particulars, but we presume he means steamers that could do it in three or four days, and refrigerators of very much approved pattern. It's as simple as—as the Protectionist. But, after all, wouldn't it be still better to transport our hens in large comfortable coops to within a day's sail of the British market and let them manufacture the eggs right there? The British consumer would like the eggs better, we're sure.

**CAPT. JOHN M'CORQUODALE.**

**I**N thousands of homes the sudden death of this greatly respected gentleman is sincerely mourned. Those who have from time to time enjoyed the Niagara trip on the steamer *Cibola* cannot but feel a sense of personal bereavement, for to such Capt. McCorquodale was not merely the accomplished officer but the ever genial friend. To the afflicted widow, and the little ones whose sayings and doings were so often the theme of his talk to his intimates, GRIP would extend his heartfelt sympathy.

"He won the white flower of a blameless life."