



A STUDY OF CANADIAN "PUBLIC ORINION."

1. ISSUE.—*The calf with a cough.* Ontario campaign. Intense interest of the country!!!
2. ISSUR.—*Wholesale thievery by public contractors.* Ottawa. The attitude of the country speaks for itself.

MCCARTHY TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

(A METRICAL REPORT OF HIS SPEECH AT CREEMORE.)

CONSTITUENTS: I'm with you once again,
To give a statement lucid, true and plain,
Of all that has been done this session past—
(The good part of it is by no means vast!)
And first, of course, about my little bill,
Which still remains a hard, unswallowed pill,
Tho' brought to vote. It's purpose, you're aware,
Was eminently statesmanlike and fair—
To let the people of the North West say
Whether they wish the Sep'rate Schools or nay,
And whether one official tongue will do,
Or they prefer the extra cost of two.
Is it not right to give the West Home Rule
In this respect, and let it choose its school?
The bill was lost, though it got forty votes,
Some members dodged it, and some turned their coats;
Brave Orange Wallace at the Premier's nod
Had urgent business at the time abroad.
We cannot always get what we expect,
But the debate will have a good effect.
Some words of mine have been misunderstood;
I did not say that Separate Schools were good,
My voice is for a national public school,
Where God is recognized, not where priests' rule.
As to the other matters of the session,
The acts are like to deepen the depression;
The Curran bridge—a most gigantic steal;
The Turcotte case—a case that did reveal
The Premier—notwithstanding purist gush
As adept wielder of the whitewash brush;
The Treaty made with France, a losing spec,
By which our country "gets it in the neck,"
The "fast-line" subsidy, a waste of cash,
At once absurd, ridiculous and rash;
Four millions more to railways through the land,
Betokening election near at hand;
And then the tariff—but it makes me ill
To think how the Combinesters worked the bill;
And, to conclude, lest I should talk all day,
Our fair Dominion's in a desperate way!

THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.

GRIP has no apology to make for devoting another cartoon to the subject of the Canadian cattle trade, and the way in which it is being harrassed by the steamship combine. The Government seems to be cowed or bullied by the steamship people, but if heifer there was a matter demanding prompt and strong action it is this. It does not seem to be generally appreciated that the business of shipping cattle to the Old Country represents more money to Canada than our entire output of manufactured goods, in which the Government takes a reasonable interest. If it were known that some combine was destroying the export trade of the country, we cannot doubt that speedy action would be taken to stop the nefarious work. And yet this is just what the steamship combination is doing with the cattle trade, by means of exorbitant and uncertain rates. Our shippers are entirely at the mercy of these people, who do not hesitate to meet any rise in price in the Old Country by a corresponding rise in freight rates, though they do not make a habit of lowering the rates when prices fall. The consequence is that the cattle-men are being ruined, as they cannot compete in the British market with the American shippers who enjoy the advantages of competition in ocean rates. The case is aggravated by two considerations—first, that cattle dealing is about the only thing that is left to our farmers, now that grain growing has become such a poor paying business; and second, that some of the steamship lines in this combine are enjoying subsidies out of the Dominion treasury. The whole matter was brought before Parliament forcibly by Mr. Mulock in the late session, but for some reason which passes our comprehension the Government failed to take action. One would suppose that, on the eve of a general election, merely political considerations would be enough to secure some show of interest in the question, but Sir John Thompson doesn't seem to have the fear of the Patrons before his eyes.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE PROHIB. AND THE POLITICIAN.

(Adapted.)

A POOR old Prohibitionist, looking Weary and Travel-stained, once met a spy-looking Politician on the Road. He recognized the Gentleman as one who had gained fame as a Temperance Orator, and naturally regarded him as a particular Friend. "Well, my dear old Fellow," said the Latter, heartily, "and where are you bound for this Fine Day?" "I'm just Returning from the Capital," replied the Prohibitionist, sadly. "I have been trying to get into the Privy Council Chamber so that I might secure a Law to suppress the Traffic I have been fighting all my life, but my Journey has been in Vain." "You couldn't get in?" queried the Politician. "No," replied the Prohibitionist; "the Inside Guard informed me that they allowed Nobody to enter who did not come there Mounted, and of course I was on foot." "Cheer up, my esteemed Friend!" cried the Politician. "I have an idea. You take me on your Back, and I'll ride you in, and so we'll both get there. I would Like to get into the Privy Council myself very much." So the Prohibitionist took the Politician on his back and travelled to the Capital once more. When they reached the Privy Council door and knocked, the Inside-Guard gave the usual challenge, "Do you come mounted or on foot?" "Mounted, sir!" promptly responded the Politician. "All right!" replied the Guard; "just hitch your horse outside and come right in!"

MORAL.—Prohibitionists who make themselves the Humble Servants of the Politicians generally get Left.

WHEN Sir Richard Cartwright read that in Newfoundland the Speaker, Premier, and all the other ministers save one, together with the whole Government majority had been swept out of existence by the drastic election law of the Island, he smacked his lips and inwardly ejaculated "Oh, for a similar law to bring about a similar calamity at Ottawa!"