



OUR DOMESTICS.

PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER—"Where did you work last?"  
SERVANT (*loftily*)—"I was associated with th' Swellington's of Jarvis Street."—*Pick-me-up.*

human shape, and still more that our leading "statesman" does not think it beneath him to pander to their prejudices.

EVERY Canadian has a perfect right if he thinks that annexation will benefit the country to say so and to discuss the subject just as freely as the tariff issue, or prohibition or Equal Rights or any other public question. And the man, be he Premier or private citizen, who would attempt to draw down upon him public hatred or social ostracism on account of his views does not know the meaning of the word liberty and is morally and mentally unfit to be a citizen of a free country, let alone having any share in its government.

THE Grits in their manner of meeting the blow aimed at their party over Mr. Farrer's shoulders display their usual timidity. Instead of putting on a bold front and telling Sir John Macdonald and his party that Mr. Farrer, in working for annexation, has done nothing that he need be ashamed of, or which should cause them to feel ashamed of him, they assume a deprecatory and apologetic tone. No Grit campaign speech is now complete without an abject profession of "loyalty" and attachment to the Old Flag as an offset to the effect of Farrer's annexationism. Such tactics will be as futile as they are cowardly.

THE way to meet the loyalty cry is not by trying to outdo the Tories in the servility of their fetich-worship, but by educating public opinion as to the absurdity and folly of the whole business, and manfully proclaiming the right of every Canadian to hold and express any views he sees fit as to the form of government or political allegiance of the country.

JOURNALISTS certainly owe Mr. Farrer a debt of gratitude for his manly and straightforward assertion

of the right—too often denied by narrow-minded newspaper managers—of every writer to publicly express his personal views without regard to the opinions or party leanings of the journal with which he happens to be connected.

ACCORDING to a recent cable despatch the negotiations for a treaty between Newfoundland and the United States have been suspended by the British Government on the ground that the Canadian Administration was strongly opposed to it. If this is the true reason, Sir John Macdonald deserved to get a severe rap over the knuckles for his impertinence in interfering in what was none of his business. But possibly Salisbury is using the Canadian Government as a scapegoat in the matter.

THE nomination of Arthur Mowat, son of Premier Mowat, for Parliament by the Grit machine in West Toronto is a striking instance of Grit inconsistency and anti-Liberalism. Young Mowat would never have been thought of for any public position had he not been his father's son. The time is not so far distant when the *Globe* and other Grit journals could not find words strong enough to denounce Tory nepotism. That gun has been forever spiked by the Toronto Shrievalty job, and now the party once more show how lightly they esteem the principles of true Liberalism by recognizing family claims to public office.

THE MACNEIL DIFFICULTY.



DEAR MUSTER GRUP:

SIR,—I wass so goot a foter as you'll never heard told of it, in the county of Sahgeen and the township of Puce, moreover, put what I wass to do when I would come to the foting-tay iss more ass I can tell whatefer, for the Tory man he'll said to me "Now you Muster MacNeil you'll fote for me efery time or your taxes would get so low, and your eggs and putter so high and your wheat and your oxes and cows, and your parleys and your sheeps too also pesides, that you'll wouldn't pe a ruined man in less ass six or five months whatefer." And the Grit he'll told me, "Muster MacNeil, I sink you would fote for the man like my own self that iss going to sell your wheats and eferysings at more ass two times what you'll got for nine or eight years since there wasn't a Policy National what they'll call, and ass would make all the rich men pay the most taxes, and the poor men like yourself too and your sons Malcolm and Rory, moreofer, nosing at all, at all, whatefer, so if you do not fote for me you wouldn't pe sorry till all the days you die, and far more too." So me and Malcolm and Rory and my wife Flora, all from the peautiful shire of Arkylshire in Tobermory ass you'll nefer seen a more lofelier place in all the Highlands of Scotland and the Lowlands too moreofer, and no petter peat and goot herring fushing in the whole world too, espaisshally sometimes. What are we to do?

Flora sinks we should all fote for the two poth of Grit and the Tory, and Malcolm sinks that maype perhaps the Tory man would pe the pest man of the Grit, and Rory sinks the Grit man wass the more shuperior man of the Tory, and I wouldn't pe able to told myself what I