



### A CARTOON

DRAWN BY MR. F. W. GLEN OUT OF HIS OWN HEAD FOR THE ENLIGHTENMENT OF THE UNITED STATES AS TO THE POSITION OF AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

Mr. Laurier is a sincere Republican and believes that the political re-union of the United States and Canada must, should, and will be consummated, and that such political re-union will promote and preserve the best and highest interests of the Canadian people. His spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Why? \* \* \* \* Mr. Laurier is a Liberal French Canadian Catholic. To maintain his leadership of the Liberal party in the Dominion Parliament, he requires the influence and support of Sir Oliver Mowat in Ontario. The Scotch Presbyterians in that province would not support him without Sir Oliver's endorsement.

Sir Oliver is the most powerful advocate in Canada of the *status quo* as well as the most powerful opponent of political re-union. His acceptance of knighthood was a political *mistake* and may cost him his supremacy at the next general election some time this year. His defeat would liberate Mr. Laurier from Presbyterian domination as leader of the party in the Parliament of Canada. Once relieved from Sir Oliver Mowat's dictation, Mr. Laurier no doubt would come forward with Mr. Mercier and demand the independence of Canada.—Vide F. W. Glen's letter in *N. Y. Sun*, Jan 11th.

### MR. CORBETT, THE GENT WHO FIGHTS.

It is not to be denied, we suppose, that Mr. Corbett did a useful work in knocking out Mr. Mitchell. The latter was a person who talked a great deal with his mouth, and was disagreeable in many other ways, and a general sigh of relief went up when he fell with a dull and sickening thud at the persuasion of Mr. Corbett's awful fist. Yes, truly it *was* a useful work. But, looking at it in the light of this Nineteenth Century of Christian civilization; weighing it in the scales of the exact justice which demands a fair day's wages for a fair day's labor; placing it frankly side by side with contemporary work that is being done in other departments of human activity—was it really worth the \$50,000 and more that was paid for it? We do not wish in the least degree to disparage the excellent Mr. Corbett, nor

even to seem to speak slightly of a profession which is honored by the *Globe*, *Mail*, *Empire*, and all our other excellent family journals as entitled to a place in their department of "manly sport," but we would like to seriously press the question, Was not Mr. Corbett overpaid? Was he not at least *relatively* over-paid? It was, as we have frankly admitted, a good work to knock out Mr. Mitchell; but not better than to knock out Beelzebub, was it? And yet the average preacher who fights how earnestly soever in the effort to overcome this adversary, never—or hardly ever—gets as much as fifty thousand dollars in a whole year. The school teacher who fights round after round with Ignorance throughout a long and laborious life, is rarely able to leave so much money to his family; the editor, who devotes an earnest heart and brain to the work of knocking out Political Corruption—not for three short rounds aggregating nine minutes in length,—but from early manhood to decrepid old age, is but seldom rewarded with a purse of even half that amount. And we might go on through a long list of the workers who are in various lines doing work almost, if not quite, as useful and meritorious as Mr. Corbett's, but whose reward is beggarly as compared with his. Please understand once more that we are not disparaging Mr. Corbett in these remarks; but if that gentleman is all right, we have only to say that, in our humble judgement, there is something wrong with the civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

### WHAT IS THE LANGUAGE COMING TO?

THE latest fashionable news from 'ome is that the English tongue is improving greatly, not among the 'aristocracy but the aristocracy of fashion, the extremely toney. "Dook" is now the recognized pronunciation of Duke, and as a final letter is always dropped the phrase is "the dook is huntin', speakin' or shootin'." The adjective "ghastly" has taken the place of *very*, so that we of the upper class speak of the finest effort of the milliner as a ghastly fine 'at,—"ghastly charming, you know, but then anything becomes so ghastly pooty a girl as you, don't you know." Is it not time we had a new dictionary? We mention these changes in the language in hopes we may see them soon adopted in this up to date city of Toronto.



### OUR SOUTHERN NEIGHBORS

GETTING INTO THE HANG OF CIVILIZED GOVERNMENT.