



AND now while the Loyalty competition is raging amongst our political leaders, the Minister of Education improved his fine opportunity of emphasizing the idea of loyalty to Canada by appointing a Canadian scholar to the Chair of English in University College. We were glad to know that he had before him the applications of some gentlemen who are in every way as fully equipped for the position in scholarship and teaching capacity as any outsider was likely to be. The great advantage which these applicants possess of a thorough understanding of and sympathy with Canadian methods of thought certainly should operate in their favor as against the very best of foreign rivals. To choose between the Canadian scholars was a difficult task, but GRIP is of opinion that the Minister exercised very good judgment in the appointment.

THE Parliamentary mill at Ottawa resumes work next week. Of course we use the word "work" in a Pickwickian sense. What the programme is likely to be we have as yet no notion. For information on this point the reader is referred to the leading editorial of the *Empire* on the day preceding the opening, where the editor will perform the farce of "guessing" at the contents of the Speech from the Throne, just as the *Globe* editor did in the case of the Local Legislature last Thursday.

IT is announced in advance, however, that at least one important measure will be presented by the Government, namely, a Bill adopting the system of a two-cent letter postage. To the new Postmaster-General, Hon. John Haggart, belongs the credit of this enlightened advance, and we extend to him our congratulations. The double benefit of cheap postage, to the citizen on the one hand and the Public Treasury on the other, will no doubt be realized in Canada as it has been in the States.

WE would be glad to know that the Government had also decided to kill the Copyright Bill introduced last session and substitute one more in the interests of the Canadian publishers and public. Under that measure the Canadian reader would have to pay the English price (\$7) for "Robert Elsmere," for example; whereas, he now gets an American reprint of this novel for fifty cents. What we want is a Bill permitting Canadian publishers to furnish their own market with these cheap reprints on terms fair to the British authors. At present our legislation is really in the interests of the American pirate trade.

MAYOR ERRATT, of Ottawa, and Dr. Valade, his late opponent, have been blackballed at the Ottawa Club, on the ground that they are "engaged in trade." For this action some shallow people are denouncing the Club, but in a young and democratic country like Canada any organization that has the moral courage to thus rebuke the disgraceful practice of working is to be praised. If Messrs. Erratt and Valade take their snub in the proper spirit they will proceed at once to make themselves worthy of membership in this Club by ceasing to give an equivalent for what they get from society. Their tailors hereafter shall whistle for their pay, and the time they now devote to vulgar business shall be given up to the study of Fanning's Book of Etiquette. The question of how to live without earning a living cannot be difficult to answer in Ottawa, where the Civil Service is a standing object lesson.

## THE POET AND THE EDITOR.

SHORTLY after that eminent moral persuader and distinguished cold water reformer, Mr. John Walker Weaktear, started the *Guide to the Narrow Path*, a friend suggested to him the advisability of alternating some of the numerous temperance essays in his paper with an occasional bit of verse, to lighten up the gloom, so to speak, and cast the glamor of poesy over the commonplace statistics which, as a rule, composed the body of Mr. Weaktear's articles. Mr. Weaktear had mastered all known statistics in connection with the temperance question. He knew to a nicety what the liquor traffic cost the country yearly, how many breweries and saloons the country supported, how many people had died of drink, how many cases of delirium tremens each year brought forth, and how many fortunes had been dissolved in alcohol. Any one who attempted to corner Mr. Weaktear on the temperance question soon found himself involved in a maze of figures from which there was no escape, and which wound themselves about the brain until the tortured gray matter threatened to burst its bounds, and cease sloshing around in the disreputable cranium of the back number political economist who dared to question the opinions of any one so distinguished as Mr. John Walker Weaktear.



### CROOKED GLASSES.

TREASURER ROSS—"It's no use; I can't get this Henry George idea through my wool. Don't you see, if you take the whole of the rental value of land in taxation, you simply destroy the value of the land?"

MR. SINGLETAN—"The speculative value, certainly. That's the very object. And if you didn't look at it through land-speculator spectacles, you would see the justice, beauty and simplicity of the proposal."

The effort to say something original for the cause, week after week, was a severe tax on Mr. Weaktear's nervous system. He was a high-roller in the matter of rhetoric, and filled the *Guide's* editorial columns with vigorous remarks about the "Demon Drink," and "The Insidious Enemy," and "The National Scourge," and "The Destroyer of Homes," and "The Vile Monster Coiled Ready to Spring Upon and Sink Its Fangs Deep Into the Vitals of the Defenceless." This sort of thing, spreading over five columns at a crack, would have the effect of making almost any man yearn for hellish strong drink, and it was perhaps to prevent readers of the *Guide* from being driven to wrestle with a little old reliable,