



THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

THERE is no occasion for this unseemly struggle. Each of these political boys can get a copy of the work for himself, and every follower of either can do likewise. Many of them have already done so, on the strength of a subscription in advance, and now that the first volume is ready for delivery the demand amongst non subscribers is growing brisk. The book we refer to is the "Caricature History of Canadian Politics;" or, in other words, the History of Canadian Politics since 1841, as illustrated by caricatures, a publication which will find a place in every well equipped library of the land. Besides a letter-press sketch of the historical period down to 1878, and a highly interesting introduction by Principal Grant, 200 cartoons are given, representing many able Canadian caricaturists of the past and present generation. The second volume, which is now in course of preparation, will likewise contain 200 cartoons, and the concurrent history. The volume already issued is very attractive in appearance as well as unique in character, and is well worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in Canadian politics and the art of caricature. Messrs. Jas. S. Robertson & Bros. are the agents for the publication.

OUR BOTANY BAY.

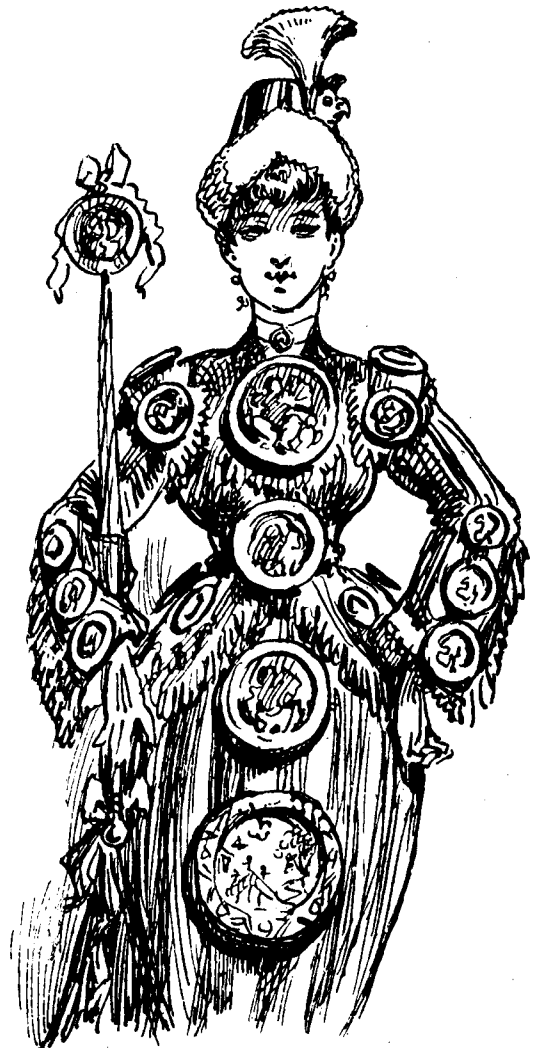
A FAIR exchange is no robbery; but the party that takes everything and gives nothing in return, is guilty of thievery quite as much as if he had usurped a horse and left nothing to the horse's owner but the stall the animal occupied.

Mr. John Bull is very jealous of his Canadian fisheries. They belong really to Uncle Sam, as does the entire continent. They are conceded to John Bull merely to avoid trouble—and after all the fish are, to use the metaphor of the blundering agriculturist of old, "very small and few in a hill." Who cares for fish? There is but one Friday in the week, and lent runs through only about forty of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Fish are—ah well, they are fish, and they are not to be used, like horse-flesh, merely as a means to keep from starving to death.

When, however, Mr. John Bull not only keeps our fish but insists that it is his right to use the Canadian portion of his dominion for the purpose of affording shelter to our criminals, he goes very much too far. It ought to be the privilege of Uncle Sam to utilize Canada as a Botany bay, but to do it in his own way. It is too much to say that the best society of the larger Canadian cities is made up to a large extent of defaulting American bank presi-

dents and escaped thieves, male and female; but what a reflection upon modern ideas of justice it is that a scoundrel who, remaining here, would wear stripes and sleep on an iron bedstead, has the run of the best clubs and some of the good society of Montreal and Quebec. It is to say that the man who is a thief in New York and Michigan is a gentleman as soon as he crosses the border; and it is a disgrace to Canada and an injustice to us which ought to have been remedied by our congress and the dominion parliament long ago.

But there are a few more years before us. Time is not to be snubbed by the passion for haste. Perhaps, some time during the next century, it will be possible to so remedy international law, or rather to so create it, that a thief will be a thief in one country as well as another, and a gentleman need not be ashamed to acknowledge that he lives in Canada.—*Fudge.*



THE LATEST FASHION IN BUTTONS.

ONE swallow does not make a bummer. But that is the way to begin.

LEAST said soonest mended by the newspaper reporters who are taking your speech.

SPARE the rod and spoil the child. You may want to go fishing, and a boot-toe is quite as effective.