



A VERY PERTINENT QUESTION.

The Ottawa Free Press says that when Mayor Carney, of Emerson, Manitoba, came down recently to look after the railway interests of his town, his special business was with the C. P. R. Syndicate. The Emerson people sent his worship to see if he could not make some sort of arrangement with that powerful organization, with a view to securing much needed railway facilities, a boon which, under the "Monopoly Clause," the Syndicate alone could grant. Mayor Carney succeeded in his mission, but strange as it may sound, the whole matter was settled, not in the office of the C. P. R. at Montreal, but in the official Department of Sir Charles Tupper at Ottawa. This is a circumstance to which we invite the attention of Parliament. What possible authority can the Minister of Railways have for transacting business for an outside Company—especially a company which holds a government contract? Are we to understand that Sir Charles Tupper is a *sleeping partner of the Syndicate*? If so, the sooner he ceases to be a minister of the Crown the better for the *Independence of Parliament Act*.

THE GRIT CONVENTION.

(EDITORIAL FROM THE "MAIL" OF JANUARY 5th, 1883.)

The first Convention which the Grits have had the temerity to hold for a number of years, was held in this city on the 3rd and 4th inst. It was only by resorting to strategy that our reporters succeeded in gaining an entrance to the "Pow-wow." Having gained admittance they were surprised to find that instead of three or four hundred honest, intelligent looking men, such as constituted the Conservative convention a few months since, there were scattered about the room a motley crew of eighty or ninety of the most dilapidated, spavined, ring-boned, bald-headed apologues for men one could find anywhere outside of a cemetery. Despair was depicted on every countenance, and any unprejudiced observer could not but be convinced that each member of the convention had mentally concluded that Mowat must go.

The proceedings were opened by Minister Crooks, who read a passage from a book lying upon the table. As the reader proceeded there were signs of restlessness all over the room, while the features of Mr. Frazer were painful to behold, and he had just risen to his feet with the ejaculation, "Mr. Speaker," when Mowat explained to the audience that Mr. Crooks had made a slight mistake. In the hurry and confusion the latter gentleman had picked up a copy of the distasteful "Marmion" instead of the "Rules and Regulations of the Conven-

tion," which he was to have read. Mr. Crooks apologised for the error, saying that "he had not looked into it."

At one of the sessions a deadly encounter took place between the *Globe* and Blaku followings. Mr. Hardy, representing the latter, had dared to hint that Protection in some instances was desirable, and if not beneficial to the general community the Reform party should not so sternly oppose it, as the people were in love with it. Of course such sentiments could not be tolerated by the editor of the *Globe*. That loathsome object raised its Agnostic head and poured forth such a volume of abuse and invective as left the unfortunate Hardy completely vanquished.

Our reporters, though their presence was not known, succeeded in attending each session of the convention. For two whole days did the representatives of the "Great Liberal Party of Ontario" sit in council. During that time not a single new principle or idea was formulated, the precious hours as they passed being devoted to abuse of the Conservatives, and the lauding of each others' virtues. With such a demoralized party, under so imbecile a leadership, is it at all surprising that the public are clamoring for its removal from power in Ontario?

SULPHUROUS LITERATURE.

An intercepted letter, to a writer not connected with GRIP staff.



Y DEAR FRIEND AND ALLY,—

You ask me for instructions for writing a successful novel—one that will take. Well, my dear, you must impregnate it with the atmosphere it will circulate in. This is an age of preaching *versus* practice, of professing one thing and living another. Consequently, I advise you, first to buy a printed set of the Ten Commandments (nay, don't start,—I have, like you, got used to them, they don't hurt me now), large type. Let them be hung up over your writing desk, after the manner of charity and Sunday Schools, hospitals, jails, and so on. Second, you must study them thoroughly (Nay, I am in earnest, don't laugh), study them carefully, for to be successful you must model your heroine as a gentle, noble, heroic and lovable woman, who, in the sweetest and most engaging way, manages to be irresistible from the rising to the falling of the curtain, while breaking and trampling on every one of these rules; in short, you must make vice lovely and crime captivating. Proceed somewhat in this fashion,—1st.—"Thou shalt have no other, &c., &c." Her rhapsodies to her idol, the adored of her soul, effectually disposes of *this*, of course, and humanity with a fellow-feeling will readily pardon this in a woman,—in fact, it is fashionable. 2nd.—She must adore a crucifix, and, although a protestant, will kiss it passionately and alternately with her lap-dog. 3rd.—She will have a habit of exclaiming "My God!" when an unfortunate mouse, driven by hunger, darts across the floor, or when any similar horror harrows up her soul. 4th.—She spends Sunday as the other fashionables do—which is enough. 5th.—"Honor thy father and mother, &c." She must discover mamma to be a schemer and papa a selfish old screw, who has been narrow-minded enough to educate his daughter up to the pitch of despising him and his low-origin

ideas. 6th.—"Thou shalt not kill." H'm—stiff rather, but as she has already killed one or more men, morally and eternally, by her flirting propensities, her pretty little lectures, her fascinating efforts to do them good, and all that sort of thing, for which she is wholesomely cursed by the mothers of the soft fellows, who were, on the whole, not bad sons at all, you might wind up by making her commit a *bona fide* murder, if necessary. This will crown her in the eyes of your sensational readers.

7th.—The fifth is called, so I have heard, the commandment with promise, but commend me to this one for promise in the breaking of it. As to fulfilment, I lay my first digit on the side of my proboscis and am silent—it is not for me to warn. In order to the graceful demolishing of this commandment, it will be necessary to tie her to a good sort of a fellow who adores her, but whom she cares not a straw for, while her affinity flits across the horizon, grave and preoccupied. She pines, he pines, they meet, philosophise, they bow to the inevitable; meanwhile the little children come, and as a mother she looks more and more interesting. About this time the husband and father must be made to appear as a weak-minded bat who can't see worth a cent, quite unworthy of the dear creature who still now and again meets the affinity—he mournfully keeping watch over her as scandal and ruin threaten and menace the family. You may continue this sort of balderdash all through one administration if you like, trusting to your precious good name as a writer to tide you over the odium you incur by the possibility of injury to the morals of the young and unsophisticated. Don't let that phrase "It must be that offences come, but woe &c., &c." trouble you, you must feed people with what they have an appetite for, and the present popular appetite palls on the game, unless it has positively approached the last stage of decomposition. As for creating a healthy moral tone—bah! my dear, it does not pay, society would vote you dull, you would come short of shekels. Some infatuated devotees of morality and common sense may call your lovely and pensive heroine a "hussy"—or, in Scotch parlance, a "twafaced linimer," never mind, common sense is generally in the minority any-way. About the 9th, your divinity must not be guilty of lying—unless it be in bed o'mornings, but she may equivocate and prevaricate to any extent, so be her overmastering passion for the affinity be her motive. Nor covet—nothing so low, she must only long for what the law says she can't have, but which will surely come in the end, not as the reward of self-sacrifice, but as a successful termination to a novel which will be sown broadcast over the land, bearing fruit after its kind fifty and a hundred fold according as it falls in prepared or unprepared soil. The husband you must get out of the way somehow, "fair is foul and foul is fair." What might happen if he should persist in living to the end of the novel, as the husbands in real life generally do, I do not pretend to prophesy, but once more elevate my digit as before. For the present, my dear colleague, I am yours sincerely.—SATHANUS REX.

A work of (he)art—A love story.

Bowled to succeed—An apprentice.

A counter charge—Accusing a clerk of till-tapping.

The London tailors, Poole and Strickland have found a "Newmarket" in Canada.

When the gentlemen at the theatres go out between the acts don't be alarmed, they are only in search of an opera glass.

In Chicago McVicker's theatre has a new play entitled "In Paradise." This should certainly commend itself to the gods.