



### The Nigger on the Fence.

There's an African on the fence in this St. Paul Syndicate matter. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper are both men of keen intellect, and yet in this affair they are acting like imbeciles. They are deliberately thrusting aside a proposal to save many millions in money, and many more in privileges to the country, and up to the present time they have offered no reasonable excuse for their conduct. Now, we do not believe that they are fools, therefore we reject the idea that they think they are doing this in the interest of the public; we do not believe they are dullards, therefore we cannot think they imagine it is good party policy: they have no reason to hate Canada, and therefore we do not believe they are purposely endeavouring to wound their country. They know as well as we do that they are doing a thing unworthy of their reputation as statesmen; they know it is a bad bargain, and every time they speak a word in its favor they inwardly despise themselves. Then why are they persisting? Why are they so anxious to compass the ruin of the fairest land on earth; and to sow the seeds of future disaster? There's a nigger on the fence, and everybody knows it!

In this merry season of Tom and Jerry you may meet many bowl-legged men.—*Modern Argo*. Eggs-actly; but what an egg-otistical wretch you are to perpetrate such heinous puns as that. We do not want to "hatch" any disturbance, but if we see any more of that "breed" we shall "lay" for you in a manner that will be "cackle"-lated to make you keep your "roost" for some time to come.



### The Ontario Side Show.

O. MOWAT.—Walk up this way ladies and gentlemen. We haven't got so much canvases as the Syndicate circus, but we give you more for your money than they do there!

### A New Business Idea.

The *Hamilton Spectator* of the 17th inst. says of the New Syndicate:—"Had they been in earnest they would have avoided giving it (their offer) the appearance of an attack upon the Government. They would have kept the Opposition finger out of the pie as long as possible. That would have been the policy of ordinary prudence, which no ordinary business man would have lost sight of." In other words, it practically says, that if the new Syndicate want to have their offer accepted, they must rely, not upon the economy and feasibility of their scheme, which should be its best recommendation, but upon their powers of cringing to the Government and, to use a homely but expressive phrase, "by keeping on the right side" of the politicians in power.

In the life of Hanlan, edited by Rickard K. Fox, Laycock is said to have been born in Pitt St., New South Wales. Ah, yes, now we know all about it. We were born in Essex St., British North America.



### A Song for the Near Future.

Air.—"Britons never shall be slaves."

When Britain first, by Heaven's command,  
Gave Canada, her child, home rule,  
She never thought that favoured land  
Would prove herself an arrant fool.  
But this was the charter—

The charter of the brave—  
Canada's realm ne'er would know a slave!

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

But traitors cursed that glorious land,  
And bartered all its hopes away  
Into Monopoly's grasping hand—  
Heaven make them for that treason pay!  
They broke the charter—

The charter of the brave—  
That Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave.

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

Go see the tolling pioneers,  
Groaning beneath the Syndicate,  
And nursing still for future years  
The awful legacy of hate.  
Then sing the charter—

The charter of the brave—  
Canada's realm ne'er should know a slave!

CHORUS.—Rule Britannia, &c.

Dobbs, an artist of our acquaintance, can paint a fragment of orange peel so deftly on the pavement, that if you put your heel upon it, and don't fall, it's your own fault, not the orange peel's.



### Poor Thomas White.

GRIP extends his sincerest sympathy to Mr. Thomas White, M.P. That gentleman, though a brilliant and rising legislator, and a very popular member of society, is a fair subject for any superfluous pity the public may have on hand. It is not because he is obliged, by circumstances over which he has no control, to represent a backwoods constituency instead of a division of the commercial metropolis, that GRIP pities him, nor is it because the Grip papers have been pitching into him in a violently personal manner about his recent Syndicate speech. No, it is because, being intuitively cleanly in his habits, he is nevertheless obliged by "exigencies of party" to befoul his fingers with journalistic dirty work. We are not stating this as a charge against him, but simply as a lamentable fact. The phrase is merely a quotation from Mr. White himself, for as everybody must know by this time, he recently stated, through his newspaper, by way of apology for the filth of falsehood with which he had bedaubed a certain man, "that the exigencies of party compelled editors to do such things." It is a great pity for Mr. White. He is intelligent, educated and gifted, and has the makings of a really decent fellow. It is a thousand pities that the "exigencies of party" should compel him to act like a rowdy.



### Too Late! Alas! Too Late!

LITTLE BOY BLAKE.—Hi there! mister, you have dropped nine millions of money in your hurry!

...GREAT STATESMAN.—It's of no consequence, sonny! Never mind it now, it is too late!