

THE delay in fortifying Esquimaux and placing a garrison there is scandalous, and we hereby pour upon both the Imperial and Dominion Government the grossest vituperation that may be consistent with profound loyalty. That vulnerable point upon our coast should not be left unguarded for another day, as we know not the moment when the Esquimaux, or the Fiji Islanders, or the Japanese, may sweep down upon us and carry away the Rocky Mountains. We are glad to learn that Lord Salisbury has decided to send out a royal marine artillery garrison as soon as our Government has come to a definite decision, though we fear this means that the troops will not arrive for a few years yet.

* * *

"I DON'T see that you millers have anything to growl about; what does all this fuss mean?" said one of our comfortable-looking cotton manufacturers to Mr. Mack, M.P.P. "Don't you?" replied the legislator. "What would you say to an alteration of the tariff by which raw cotton would be taxed higher than the finished article imported from abroad?" "Tut, tut, man; that would never do at all. We wouldn't stand it for a moment!" "No? then for cotton read wheat and flour, and you have our case exactly." "Ah!" ejaculated the cotton-king, as a ray of intelligence like a flash of electric light broke over his countenance. "Then I say, go on with your kicking!"

* * *

BOULANGER has all this time been a cruelly misjudged man. He has not been the victim of a vaulting ambition; an English doctor has just diagnosed his case and pronounced his complaint diabetes.

A CRYING GRIEVANCE.

REGINA, May 7, 1889.

DEAR GRIP,—Will you, in the interests of—ah—of our sex, raise your voice in remonstrance—ah—against the unjust appointment of—ah—women to Government positions? Such is really—ah—the case. Now, I am a man—more, an Englishman—naturally a gentleman, and—ah—I find by the *blue book* that—ah—females are salaried as high as we are. Now, an instance. I am obliged to dress in keeping with my position, to board at a first-class hotel, you know; and such *parvenus* as tailor, bootmaker, etc., have the horrid habit of dunning one. We are called *Government dudes* by the shopkeepers and townspeople, and, indeed, laughed at by them. I am obliged at times to "put up" my diamond ring to raise enough to settle my board bill, and as it (I mean the ring) is an heirloom from my grandfather, who was a pawnbroker, naturally I dislike to do it. But the pay is ridiculous in comparison to expenses. Now, all the support I get is from my cane, and an occasional remittance from 'ome, and, while women are employed, this wrong on English gentlemen will continue. I spoke to His Honor the Gov. about it, but he only shrugged his shoulders, saying, "*Monsieur jay swee la serviteur de lah's Dames*"—said it in French, you know; the language of the country is becoming that. Well, I remonstrated with N. F. Davin, M.P., but he took on such a frightful look, casting a terrified glance up to the wall of his office. I looked, and saw framed the names of about 200 old maids and half as many widows—all eligible—with a fancy border of fighting-cocks, and corkscrews, and other emblems. I saw—it was the address by the "Ladies of Regina" to him—and he dassen't. He only promised

"to look into the matter," and we all know what that means.

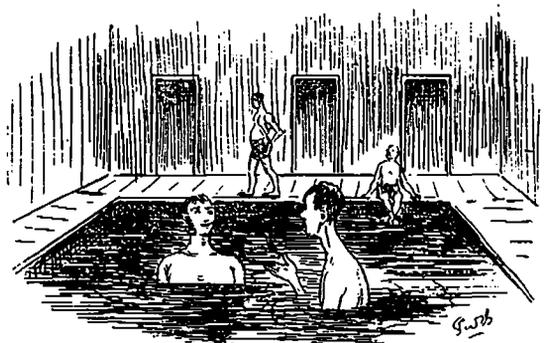
It is a shame! a disgrace! Women in Government positions! Why can't they wash, or sew, or keep on their own level? I tell you, GRIP, the Sec. don't like it either! Fine fellah, the Sec. English, you know! The old chappie often comes into my room for a chat. "Don't work too hard, Rags," says he to me. "Go easy, old fellah! Look at the Librarian; he's positively injured his 'ealth sitting looking at the dusty titles; not even his \$75 per month saved him. Go easy, old fellah!" I practice my noble initials, and write letters home "demming" the country—like Mr. Mantillina—and I am kept pretty busy dusting the Secretary's chair. Now, GRIP, I appeal to you as the leading Canadian weekly—excepting the *Regina Leader*—take this—ah—mattah up, and put the women out, making room for English gentlemen. I must close and go to work. It is ten minutes to four, and we leave at four o'clock sharp.

Yours indignantly,

A. WAG-RAGS.

P.S.—There is to be a grand banquet at the "Canteen" to-night, in honor of N. F. D., who has just returned from Ottawa. Herchmer is standing treat.

A. W.-R.



AT THE BATHS.

SMITH (*who has just "dropped in"*)—"Hello, Jones, you here? How do?"

JONES (*polite but absent minded*)—"Ah, Smith! glad to see you. Won't you sit down?"

THINGS NOT FOUND IN THE MUSEUMS.

- THE spur of a moment.
 The horns of a dilemma.
 A nick of time.
 A bone of contention.
 Parliamentary whips.
 A man of straw.
 A grain of truth.
 The threads of stories.
 A ship of state.
 A fly on a wheel.
 A bee in a bonnet.
 The point of a joke.
 The dark horse.
 A political warming-pan.
 A circle in which men argue.
 The historic sword and pen.
 The silver tongue of an orator.
 The feathers of a plucked candidate.