



### TRADE IS DULL.

BROWNSON—"Well, how's business?"

JONESON—"Business is entirely at a stand."

ROTONI BANANI (*aside*)—"Nota *dis* standa. Sella notting to-day!"

service will do very well as it is in the meantime. When our tax rate has been brought down to about twelve mills on the dollar it will be time enough to talk about undertaking such an expensive work

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HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER to'd the prohibition deputation that he couldn't see his way out of the revenue difficulty, which the abolition of the liquor traffic would bring about. He should consult some of the speeches he made before he fell from grace and became a Cabinet minister. There he will learn how this point can easily be got over. Or he might give some consideration to the suggestion thrown out by a member of the deputation—curtail expenditure in other directions. He estimates the deficit at \$7,000,000, which is \$20,000,000 less than is now spent every year for liquor in the Province of Ontario alone. It is also, we apprehend, a mere fraction of the amount now expended upon law courts and prisons for cases brought about directly or indirectly by drink.

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ARCHBISHOP CROKE says "All is lost,  
Home Rule has ended in smoke!"  
A blue look-out, but please to note  
His name's Archbishop Croke.

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THE Senators are agitating for increased indemnity. They want \$1,500 instead of \$1,000 per session, and the *Globe* objects to it. The organ goes so far, in fact, as to say flatly that the old fellows don't give value for what is now paid them. There is a sad lack of appreciation in this. It is a piece of downright cruelty and ingratitude after all the Senators have done for the country. Do they not go to Ottawa every year and devote nearly half an hour a day, on the average, to the discussion of public questions, such as whether Senator Tweedledum shall be allowed to occupy the seat in which Senator Tweedledee wants to sit? The *Globe* seems to think the country could get along without the Senate altogether. We would just like to see the country try the experiment. We would, indeed.

AGAINST the theory of Protection we protest, and will continue to protest with all our might. It is a delusion for which we have not the smallest respect. But for that *rara avis*, the thorough-going, consistent protectionist, we cannot help feeling a certain kind of admiration. Such a one is the capable young man who is known to fame as the editor of the *Toronto World*. "GRIP is all wrong on the trade question and always has been," said he the other day. "You advocate absolute free trade with the world, on the hypothesis that all men are brothers and ought to live in peace and friendship with one another. The trouble is, you are Humanitarian in your views. Now, the truth is, man is a fighting animal, and his customary attitude (with his fists up against others), is the right one for him to occupy." This is protectionism carried to its logical conclusion. It is a philosophy well adapted to bull dogs, but not to human beings.

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WHY couldn't the vexed question between the Industrial Exhibition Association and the "so called Colonels" be solved by moving the whole military outfit away from the Old Fort altogether over to the Island? The land now occupied by the military is needed for sundry useful purposes, amongst others for the extension of the Exhibition grounds. The Island is in every way more suitable for barracks and rifle-range purposes. The idea that the Old Fort in some way serves as a protection to the city against invasion is a ridiculous fiction only to be laughed at. The property ought to be expropriated for civic use without further delay.

### QUITE A STRING OF 'EM.

GRIP might extort a joke from the fact that Fish Commissioner Blatchford is manager of Prof. Totten, of Yale University, in his mathematical lectures proving that the end of the world will come in 1899. Something about (h)erring, you know, or new species of cod.—*World*.

Yes, we could easily have made those jokes, and we have a few more of the same brand on tap that we can let you have if they are of any use to you. The part taken by Fish Commissioner Blatchford in the business, for instance, gives an off-fish-al significance to the proceedings. It is to be hoped that he will not lose his place in consequence, though certainly Prof. Totten's announcement is calculated to disturb people's soles. The net proceeds of the lectures must have been considerable—such fakes always attract a lot of suckers. The Prof. fixes the date with mathematical precision, but perhaps he has made a mistake in Totten' up the figures. We merely throw these off in a casual off-hand fashion in response to the *World's* demand, but they are nothing to what we could do if the subject were worth the necessary meditation and research. No charge. Want any more of 'em?

### A STUDY IN NOMENCLATURE.

O'DOOLAN—"Say, Houlahan, an' fwhere's this Hiawatha Island that I do be readin' about in the papers?"

HOULAHAN—"The divil fly away wid ye, fur an oma-dhaun. Sure don't ye know its right beyant in the Bay there."

O'DOOLAN—"Fwhat? I didn't know Hiawatha was the name av it. An' fwhat do they be callin' it that fur?"

HOULAHAN—"Och, ye don't know nothin'. There's *higher wather* there now since they've been fillin' up the Bay, dy'e moind."