



IN THE SHADE.

FIRST SMALL BOY—"Say, Shiners, you'd better come in here outer der sun, afore yer gits frustrated by der heat. Goin' down ter der lake front an' got der shade all der way down."—*Light.*

MORE OPEN LETTERS TO EMINENT ONES.

To Hon. Edward Blake :

SIR,—I drop you these few lines, hoping they will find you in good health, as they leave us at present. The voters of the country, especially those who have a confirmed habit of casting Reform ballots, would like very much to hear from you, if nothing more than to assure them that you are still in the flesh. They scarcely know what to think about a good many questions which are now up for discussion, and feel that a few words from you, even in the merest whisper, would be a great intellectual help. Where have you been, and what have you been employing your great mind upon all this while? Is it true that you are writing an epic poem, or *the* history of Canada, or a novel on the lines of Robert Elsemere? What do you propose to do this winter? I have heard some talk of your taking to the lecture platform, but I scarcely credit it, as you have developed such a repugnance to the use of your tongue. I hope it isn't true that you have become disgusted with public life, and lost your interest in a parliamentary career, though I must say it would not be surprising if you *had*. The people of Canada have not treated you decently—they are too fond of being humbugged. But don't give it up, my dear sir. Look at me. I go right on living and working for posterity, without caring a rap what the present generation thinks about me. I have only the pen and pencil to work with, and I'm not afraid to use them on the shams and frauds of the day. Oh, if I had such a tongue as you possess, and such a Corless engine of a brain to run it with, wouldn't I make things hum? Think this over, Mr. Blake, and don't forget that the country wants to hear from you. Yours, etc.,

GRIP.

To Hon. Sir J. S. D. Thompson :

DEAR SIR JOHNNY,—Pardon this apparently flippant form of address, but I want to distinguish you from the other Sir John. What about your succeeding that old gent. in the leadership, by the way? Has it been all fixed and the papers signed and sealed, or do visions of Tupper still linger in the background? I think *he* is an impossibility, don't you? Besides, I doubt very much whether he would care to give up his swell concern in London to take such a thankless job as the leadership of

the Lib. Con. party will be after Sir John retires. You, on the contrary, have nothing to lose and everything to gain by such a chance. Of course, as yet, you are comparatively unknown to the country, but a few more sessions will make that all right. I think you may congratulate yourself on having captured the Orange heart by your speech and vote on the Jesuit bill. I don't mean that they cared for the sentiments you expressed, which, in fact, were directly opposed to their own, but they continue in allegiance to the party, and will vote solidly for you, and what more could you ask? Hoping for better acquaintance, Sir Johnny, I remain, yours, etc.,

GRIP.

A CANDID ADMISSION.

THE discussion as to the disposition to be made of the street railway, as soon as the franchise is reclaimed from the clutches of Frank Smith, goes on vigorously. Public opinion in favor of the retention of the railway by the city, instead of handing it over to another monopoly, is growing stronger day by day. The only argument to the contrary is the assumed tendency of the aldermen to jobbery and corruption; and if the franchise is again let out to a private monopoly, it is safe to say it will be on this ground alone. It is rumored that one of the aldermanic advocates of monopoly intends submitting the following resolution, or one of similar import, to the Council:—

"That whereas the members of this Council are notoriously corrupt, dishonest and incompetent, and it is therefore desirable to lessen our opportunities for jobbery speculation and mismanagement, therefore it is resolved, that to remove temptation out of our way and prevent us from displaying to the people too obviously our lack of common honesty and ordinary business ability, which would bring municipal institutions into deserved contempt, and expose us in our true colors as hopelessly unfit for the exercise of any sort of public trust, we do refrain from undertaking the duty which, were we competent to perform it, would rightly devolve upon us, of seeing that the street railway is operated in the interests of the citizens, and do hand the same over to some private corporation to be run for their profit, realizing that although said corporation will gain an enormous sum from the privilege, the arrangement will, on the whole, benefit the taxpayers, as were the road to be operated by the city, the amount certain to be stolen and wasted by us would be yet larger."

If this chance of carrying out the principle that all natural monopolies should be conducted as public enterprises is allowed to slip, the resolution embodying the Council's decision ought certainly to be couched in some such terms, setting forth the real reasons for preferring private to public management. And then to be thoroughly consistent, the aldermen should proceed quietly to efface themselves and hand over the rest of the city's business to commissioners appointed by Government. If we can't elect aldermen with conscience and brains enough to appoint a capable superintendent for the street railway, and hold him to a strict responsibility for its satisfactory management, why keep up the farce of municipal self-government any longer?

SHE WAS SATISFIED.

HE loves me not as he used to,
But the change I don't deplore,
For I know that if he doesn't
It's because he loves me more.