

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH.  
Associate Editor . . . . . PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments

ON THE

## Cartoons.

ANYTHING TO CATCH 'EM.—We referred in last issue to the unique exhibition of political inconsistency made by the Government in the almost simultaneous contest in Napierville, Que., and Victoria, Ont. In the former constituency the ministerial candidate, Mr. Paradis, ran

and was elected on the straight Reciprocity ticket, his principal champion on the hustings being Hon. J. A. Chapleau, a leading member of the Cabinet. In Victoria the contest was waged on precisely opposite lines for Mr. Fairbairn, the candidate of the Government party. There the orators came out forcibly against Reciprocity, as a scheme fraught with all manner of disloyalty to the Queen and the Old Flag, and the adjectives used against its advocates were full of picturesqueness and vigor. The student of human nature in the realm of politics does not look for absolute consistency, for that jewel is always somewhat rare, but on the other hand he scarcely expects to find such a bold, brassy, undisguised piece of effrontery as this. There is something about it that touches our patriotic pride, too. Assuredly, no other country on earth could have shown it!

PARNELL MUST FOLLOW MCGINTY.—The fight Parnell has made and is still making must end in his discomfiture. He has certainly exhibited a marvellous amount of "grit" and "sand," but after all he is only one man, and his cause is intrinsically weak. The incidental handful of lime which struck him in the face at Ballinakill, and almost destroyed his eyesight, probably marked the beginning of

the end. Notwithstanding his past services to the cause of Home Rule, he will have to "go," though the future of that cause is meanwhile shrouded in a mist which nobody seems able to penetrate.



HERE is a mean attempt being made by the big magazines to stealthily assassinate old Santa Claus. *The Century*, *Scribners* and *Harpers* are all in the plot, but their vile design has been exposed and will probably fail. In the December numbers

of these great publications the word Christmas and all the time honored references to the cheery old gentleman who presides over the festivities, are carefully suppressed. It isn't "culchaw," don't you know, to give way to ordinary human impulses, and to relax under the influence of the tender spirit of the season, as human nature is prone to do at Christmastide, is worse than vulgar—it's positively bad

form. The ideal man of the nineteenth century, in the view of these high-toned magazines, is a graven image who neither laughs nor weeps, having sloughed off these human weaknesses in the process of evolution. We don't believe in him ourselves, and we wouldn't give one of old Santa's fingers for his whole carcass. The plot will fail. Thank Heaven there are some millions of us who are and will remain for a few ages yet beyond the reach of this cold-blooded thing miscalled "culture."

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GRIP is in receipt of a letter from Mr. Owen, of Ottawa—though with confusion of faces he must confess that he doesn't know who in thunder Mr. Owen is—in which he is severely taken to task for his "detestable idea of loyalty." The adjective hardly seems to fit. Our "idea of loyalty" is allegiance first and last to our own land, with cordial good-will toward all the rest of the world. It involves the notion of a free country, with free institutions and free men. What we mean by free men is men having the liberty to exercise their natural and inalienable rights to breathe, speak, write, think and trade with a freedom bounded only by the equal rights of others. We want the British flag to float over this land; or a flag of our own in alliance with the Imperial colors. What is there "detestable" about this? We don't know Mr. Owen, but we'll bet a hat *his* idea of "loyalty" is of the N.P. variety—that is to say, he prizes the old flag chiefly as a blanket under which scallawags and monopolists may continue to pick the pockets of Canadian consumers. This is the sort of loyalty which Dr. Johnson well described as the last refuge of a scoundrel—though Mr. Owen is no doubt a most exemplary citizen and party slave.

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TALKING of freedom, we hear with pleasure that action is likely to be taken at the next session of the Local House on the subject of free text-books for the public schools. The anomaly which at present exists cannot be swept away too soon. So long as parents have