

schools and all the rest of it when he knows so well that a high tariff around this Province would do the business just as well? And if a high tariff is good for the Dominion, why wouldn't it be good for each Province?

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WE congratulate the Reform Party on having at last found an issue worthy of its attention. If we are not wrong in supposing that the *Globe* is the acknowledged organ of that party, then there can be no doubt that the burning question of the day is fairly up for settlement. It is, Who wrote that Parody on "The House that Jack Built?" It is of extreme consequence that this great issue be settled, and settled right, and the *Globe* deserves the thanks of every patriotic citizen for its fearlessness in tackling the subject.

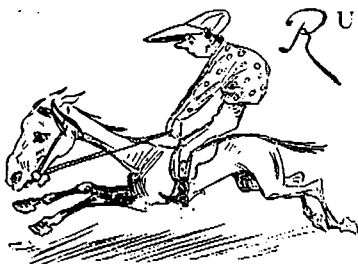
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MEANTIME, everything pertaining to the House that Jack rules at Ottawa may be left in abeyance. The trifling fact that the so-called "Protective" policy is crushing the life out of Canadian labor, is not worth noticing, any more than the cognate fact that extravagance and corruption are going on at about the same old rate.

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WE are in hopes that if no consideration of fairness or honesty can move the administration, the present fiscal system will be before long abolished out of absolute shame. It only requires one or two more exhibitions like that made the other day at Windsor, where the trunks belonging to a couple of little Canadian girls returning from school for the holidays, were brutally ransacked, and their contents—including articles of under-clothing—strewn about the floor amid the vulgar jeers of a crowd of men.

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Humor again whispers that a change is to be made in the leadership of the Reform Party at an early date. Hon. Mr Laurier expresses himself very willing to hand over the reins to Sir Richard Cartwright at any time, but Sir Richard

does not manifest much anxiety to take them. It is this indifference in the commanding officer that is demoralizing the Grit rank and file. A leader ought to be full of confidence in himself, and loaded to the very muzzle with ambition. Then, he ought to know just what he wanted to fight for; and, lastly, he ought to fight. Mr. Laurier is a most admirable and gifted gentleman, admired by friend and foe alike, but he is not a political pugilist. Sir Richard is a perfect parliamentary John L., but he either has a want of faith in himself or the future of the party that robs him of his strength. What seems to be needed is a combination of the qualities of the two men. Isn't there some young Liberal looking for a job?

INDIGNATION has been expressed against the Government official in connection with the Windsor case, but the man was only doing his duty. Every other Custom's House examiner would perform similar scurvy work if he honestly performed the business he is paid to do. The whole blame ought to be put where it belongs—upon the system of "Protection," which is essentially a system of sneaking, prying interference with the natural rights of individuals. Besides being this, it is a system of swindling and robbery, its true character being obscured under a hocus-pocus of economical verbiage.

THAT BOY OF MINF.

DEDICATED TO ALL MOTHERS WITH BABIES.

STRANGERS think him "such a little darling." I wish they had to "mind" him for twenty-four hours. They would not call him a "darling," they would call him a nuisance, and if they were in the habit of using strong language they would put a very strong word before "nuisance." He has just arrived at that age when he can climb on to chairs and reach and pull down the whole contents of the house—and he does reach and pull it down. I verily believe that if he were left alone for one half hour he could disarrange the solar system; would upset the visible universe. His favorite plaything is the frying-pan, and next to this (and generally directly after this) the white kitten. When he has quite done, a goodly share of both frying-pan and kitten have changed places, for the latter is black and the former hairy—and he is both, of course. Next to these he likes silver spoons (to poke the fire with) and wine glasses (to hammer the stove with). All this to him is, I have reason to believe, fun; to me it is not fun; to his father I don't know whether it is fun or not, for after dinner he says, "Let the poor little chap alone." But before dinner it is usually, "Here, what are you about now? Can't you take this kid away?" People say, "How like so-and-so he is;" but it is usually very difficult to trace any resemblance of this kind: it is only when his face is washed (this is done regularly half-hourly during his waking life) that you can tell what he is like. Generally his face is covered with a mixture of treacle, ashes and breadcrumbs, all mixed with hairs from his doll's head. I have seen people hesitate about kissing him sometimes. I never do—kiss him, I mean, not hesitate—except when he is asleep. When he is asleep he certainly is . . . but I suppose all mothers would say the same of their boys; still, I really think mine. . . . But there. Gracious heavens! What have you got, baby? His father's pipe in that kitten's mouth, as I live. I must stop this and attend to him at once! H.

THIS SETTLES IT.

WE understand that Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin is being credited with the authorship of our Regina correspondence. He has blushing denied the report through the columns of the *Regina Leader*, but this does not appear to settle it. We do not like to be too emphatic in backing up the *Leader's* denial, as we have a profound respect for the abilities of the genial statesman whose name is mentioned in this connection, but for anybody to suppose that Mr. Davin could write those letters is carrying flattery too far. It is a singular thing that, Irishman as he is, Nicholas Flood has never been a success as a humorist. Our Regina writer, on the contrary, is one of the keenest and funniest writers in America.