

pared to admit that the typical Englishman, however polished and cultured, is an ideal for our imitation.

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BUT we have no right to be too hard on Sir Edwin or any other visiting Englishman who falls into the same error. He has doubtless come into contact with a good many specimens of the American Anglomaniac who ape the English as far as possible in dress, accent and demeanor—in everything, in fact, except the good sense and sturdy self-respect which characterizes most Englishmen—and are never so delighted as when mistaken for genuine Britons. Snobs of this class will, of course, feel immensely pleased with Sir Edwin's sentiments. It ought to be unnecessary to say that they do not in any respect represent the American people.

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THE Home Rule controversy bids fair to be as fatal to the reputations of eminent Englishmen as the anti-slavery contest was to the fame of many leading Americans. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown at Oxford," has come out with an appeal to the American people urging them to back up the Salisburys and Balfours in their brutal war of extermination on the Irish tenantry. A great many of the literary men of England of "Liberal" professions have been swayed by their social predilections or class interests to a like betrayal of the cause of progress. It will hurt nobody but themselves. Just as no one now thinks of Daniel Webster or Edward Everett without recalling their truckling to the slave power in the stormy times of the abolition movement, so when the names of Hughes, Swinburne and Goldwin Smith are recalled, a generation hence, their recreancy in the present crisis will be regarded as a damning blot on otherwise brilliant reputations.



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EALY, now, isn't it too absurd when the *Globe* attacks the *Mail* as a Tory concern and the *Empire* simultaneously abuses it as a Grit sheet? Your party hack can never for an instant conceive or bring himself to admit that it is possible for anybody else to be independent and care not a straw which set of politicians is in or out of office so long as right principles prevail. At a former stage of the controversy it might have been said that the course of the Grit and Tory organs was an

insult to the intelligence of their readers. As the latter, however, go on swallowing this sort of flapdoodle year after year without protest GRIP can only conclude that the party scribes are at all events free from this reproach. You can't easily insult a thing which doesn't exist.

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AT first blush the alleged intention of Slugger Sullivan to run for Congress seemed rather funny. But on second thought, would the presence of the notorious bruiser in any legislative body be so very incongruous after all? John L., it may be said, is utterly unqualified for so responsible a post, but the day has long passed when any other qualification than ability to get there, and a readiness to vote with the party has been demanded of political aspirants. There is no reason to suppose that in point of intellectual capacity the champion slugger falls conspicuously below many political representatives. That Sullivan is a coarse, low-lived brute must be admitted, but what would become of a large proportion of heredit-

ary as well as popularly elected law-givers if such an objection closed the door to a political career? That he lives by a trade that is under the ban of law and respectability is unquestionable—but what of the wealthy monopolists, usurers and extortioners, who, by virtue of ill-acquired means, secure a "pull" and get the chance to pass legislation upholding class interests? To bruise the face of an antagonist in the prize ring is surely no worse than to systematically grind the faces of the poor. The standard of fitness for legislative bodies must be greatly raised, before any objection on the ground of exceptional unfitness can consistently be taken to Sullivan's candidature.

MR. SHARPLEY says, "Silence may be golden, but when I ask a man to pay me what he owes me or name a date when he will, I don't accept silence as legal tender."

HE KNEW THEM ALL.

ENGLISH LITTERATEUR—"Are there many magazines in America?"
CANADIAN DITTO (*pathetically*)—"Wait till I show you my collection of rejection cards."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

REVEREND PAPA—"Did I see you yawning to-day when I was telling the class about Jonah and the whale?"
IRREVERENT SON—"No, sir. I was jest openin' my mouth with wonder."



HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"And you would like to enter my household as cook? How long have you been in service?"
COOK—"Five years, mum."
LADY—"And have you good recommendations?"
COOK—"I should think I had, mum. I can show you five-an'-twenty testimonials from different situations."