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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

AN IMPORTANT LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT

WILL be made to the readers of GRIP next week, to which their attention and that of the public at large is specially called. The paper will make its appearance in 16-page form, and will be filled with good things throughout. Look out for it!

Comments on the Cartoons.



DEPENDING ON ONE MAN.—The utter dependence of the Conservative party upon the brains of one man has been a standard theme of comment for a long time. New emphasis was given to the thought by the demonstration which broke forth on the Government side the other day, when Sir John Macdonald entered the House for the first time after his recent illness. All due allowance being made for the personal popularity which Sir John has always enjoyed with both parties, and for the natural pleasure which his convalescence has inspired in all hearts, the long continued and vociferous applause, the laughter, cheers, shouts and singing on the Government side plainly indicated that the reappearance of Sir John was regarded as a respite for the party. The chieftain's withdrawal means chaos and ruin to the organization, and every one of his followers

knows and feels it. His occasional intimations that he feels old age creeping upon him, and that in the natural course of events he will have to retire from the leadership, are always deprecated, and his devoted party does its best to convince itself that the man who carries it has more that mortal strength.

"THE PUBLIC INTERESTS."—It is interesting to mark the influence of a bad example set by a man in a high position upon those who regard him as great. The example is imitated on the first opportunity. The latest case in point is that of Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Gemmell. The refusal of the former to produce certain papers on the flimsy pretext that the "interests of the country" would suffer, was duplicated by the latter when, as a witness in the White-Jamison investigation, he pleaded "professional privilege" to avoid producing some damaging testimony. And it was amusing to observe that amongst the members of the committee who pointed out to the witness the inadequacy of his plea was Sir Hector himself!

CONCEIT—a barometer chuckling at its power over the weather, or a weathercock directing the changes of the wind.

"A WORD OR TWO"—FROM CARTWRIGHT.

TAKE the *Globe* of the 5th—that is to say, take the paper for a whole year, but particularly look at the copy of the edition named—turn to the 4th page and, if you have strength and courage remaining after giving the editorial your most careful consideration, run your trembling finger adown the 4th column and pause right here:

Sir RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.—Mr. Speaker, before the question is put, I desire to say a word or two as to the present position of this country.

Now, if you are not prepared to gather a week's provisions in a bag and hie to the swamp, fold up the paper and lay it away carefully in the wood-box, so the hired girl won't have to hunt around next morning to find the very latest news, as well as the coal-oil can, for the kitchen fire. That is our calm, unprejudiced, Dr. Dio. Lewis advice. But if you really want an explanation you shall have it. We hate to be thought mysteriously erratic. Listen, then! That opening paragraph is unmitigatedly deceptive; it is unblushingly disingenuous; it is irredeemably insidious. You read it with genuine surprise and pleasure. Only "a word or two." You murmur insinuatingly to yourself—"The ex-Finance Minister has been undergoing treatment somewhere! Oh, joy! joy! joy!" Then you hop blithely from sentence to sentence. Presently you are skipping paragraphically from bough to bough, with a sort of pause between skips. Next you find yourself plodding manfully from break to break, with a perceptible inclination to hail a hack. Soon you are struggling desperately with column after column, in a vain endeavor to find the conductor and secure a stop-over check. At last you are ambling aimlessly from page to page with but one wild desire haunting you—to gain the woods and become a complete corpse, which any coroner in this age of affidavit would unhesitatingly make an exception of, together with his princely fees!

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"A word or two."

Oh, counterpart of Cicero!

Oh, parallel of Plumb!

Oh, cruel, callous, conspiring Cartwright!

A word or two, you promise—and you give us *eleven columns of solid Globe type!*

T. T.

COULD THIS BE CALLED SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS?



"MY SINS ARE AS MANY AS THE HAIRS OF MY HEAD."