

or so for the position which the former archduke has just cast off as a thing of no value. No doubt he would have sold it out cheap, if there were any way of consummating such a transaction short of marrying a fashionable American heiress.

LAST week was a great week for the Single Tax movement. At the Baptist Conference and the Tax Exemption Municipal Convention it came prominently forward, and the Single Tax advocates themselves were surprised to note how many earnest and uncompromising supporters the principle obtained in both these bodies.

The notable feature of the discussion in the Baptist Conference was the feeling aroused by the opposition of the Hon. David Mills to the measure, and the effective replies made to that gentleman's arguments. Then the lecture on Thursday evening by Henry George, whose forcible oratory excited the enthusiasm of a numerous and unusually intellectual audience, fitly closed the triumphs of a week, during which it can, without exaggeration, be said that the Single Tax was by all odds the most prominent question before the public. It looks a little as though it was "getting into practical politics" rather sooner than we expected, doesn't it?

JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

LOSH keep you, MR. GRIP, but I had an unco time o' yestreen. You see I gaed up the stair to tak a bit whiff o' my pipe, when wha comes aifter me but Mistress Calder wi' her face as white's a clood, an' as she stappit her heid in atween the door an' the wa', says she: "Mr. Calder (for you see she aye ca's me Mr. Calder), there's a gentleman doon the stair in the shop speirin' for you, and you maun gang this mornin', for he looks gey an' fidgetty, an' I'm feart he'll no bide gin you dinna steer at ance." Wi' a kin' o' swither, I laid doon my pipe an' daunnert awa doon to see wha this body could be at sic a time o' nicht. Weel, man, as sune's I got a glint o' him, atween me and the licht ootside, I couldna help thinkin' about Heather Jock, wha, as the auld sang says, was

"Swank an' soople, lank an' thin,
Fine for gaun against the win."

Nae doobt the man was a gentleman; onybody could see that wi' hauf an ee, sae says I, "This is a fine caller nicht, sir." Says he, "I beg your pahdon, sir." "I was merely remarkin'," says I, "that this is a fine caller nicht." "Oh, I perceive," says he, "you mean a fine night for Mr. Calder; just so; yes. I came in sir—you are Mr. Calder, I presume—to have my measure taken for a suit of clothes, as I perceive from the columns of GRIP that you make garments for the elite." "For the wha?" says I. "I beg your pahdon," says he. "It's a'



BEGINNING THE CIVIC CAMPAIGN.

DAUGHTER sobbing—"I-I-I think-k-k it's a-a s-shame for y-you to c-c-come home i-i-in t-t-thi cond-d-d-ition. Jus-t-t-t to think-k-k of a man of your s-s-standing in s-s-society."

ALD. PIGSNUFFLE—"Thash all ri' (hic.) But I got loaded up purely in my shivic capashty. Shee? Got t' get 'lected again. Much sha'fice pershnaal spectability to interessh citizens—eh? 'Rah for Clarke!"

richt," says I, "there's nae doobt about that, an' I'll be glaid to tak your measure." Wi' that I took a haud o' my book, an' says I, "Will you obleege me wi' your name, sir, if you please?"

"Certainly, sir, my name's Goldwin Smith, sir." Maun you micht hae knockit me doon wi' a strae, but I tried to look as cool as an icicle, an' to make it appear that I often took the mcesure o' chiels that were o' faur mair importance than he was.

Hoosomever, it cam intae my noddle that I micht draw the Professor oot a wee on the subjeck o' Imperial Fed-