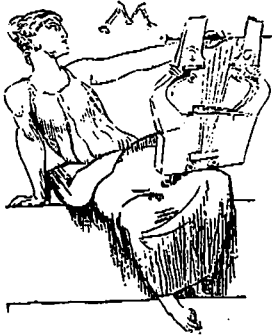


of English civilization over that of the Solomon Islanders is incontestably shown by the fact that the sailors did not eat the bodies of those they slaughtered—also, perhaps, by their more effective style of killing.

* * *



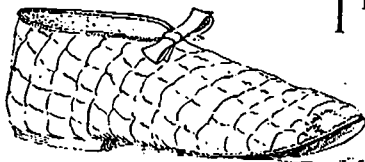
ANY converts to the Single Tax have lately been made by the Court of Revision in this city. That institution, under the able chairmanship of Ald. Fleming, has been trying to carry out the law faithfully and impartially by raising assessments to something approaching actual values, and loud complaints are going up from property owners who are feeling the pressure. The

consequence is that the whole subject of municipal taxation has come prominently forward for discussion, and the radical economic defects of our present law are being overhauled. Ald. Fleming and his colleagues are not to blame for the absurdity of a law which puts a premium upon allowing land to lie vacant for speculative purposes, and imposes crushing taxation upon needed improvements; the more faithfully it is administered the sooner will the public be brought to a realizing sense of its stupidity and injustice.

* * *

FOR the credit of the country it is to be hoped that the shocking scandal of hanging an insane man will be avoided by the commutation of Harvey's sentence. Because the insanity plea has been abused in the United States, that is no reason why Canada should go to the opposite, and far less excusable, extreme, and execute a man who was clearly bereft of reason when his crimes were committed. So far as the individual is concerned, it matters little indeed whether the wretched creature ends his days on the gallows, or spends the remainder of his broken life in a lunatic asylum. But the far weightier consideration of the reputation of the country for ordinary humanity and the decencies of civilization is involved. If Harvey is hanged it will be a public disgrace.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.



I FOUND a baby's shoe,
Of quilted satin blue,
The toe had certainly
been worn by tooth-
less chewing,
I took it to my
room,
And, in its wifeless
gloom,

With deep lone mutterings my fate I started rueing,
I am touching forty-seven,
As far from married heaven
As when, so confidently, I turned from Celia's smile;
She's married now to Jones,
That ugly bag of bones,
And I have got a cut-out sort of feeling all the while.
Wondering if she were happy,
With that melancholy chappy,
Or, if she'd any children—why! they should have been mine own.
I rang the supper bell,
Hiding that shoelet well,
Or the servants' look might take a frivolistic tone.
On one corner of the tray
The evening paper lay;

My eye caught, down the married list, the name of Hetty Hare.
My! that girl was on the shelf—
I prided my vain self,
That should the worst come to the worst, a refuge waited there.
This knocked my appetite,
Higher than highest kite,
It failed to be entraptured by that tenderloin and tea.
So—I glanced at "Lost and Found,"
When—my heart gave one wild bound,
As I read through twitching eyelids, this touching, tender plea:
"Lost on Church Street, colored blue,
Little baby's satin shoe,
As a loving father gave it."—Still can I hear my groans—
"Will the finder leave it, sure,
At ten ninety, upper door,
And receive the many hearty thanks of—Mrs. Celia Jones."
I called the maid to take
Away that tasteless steak,
Caressingly drawing from my vest that shoe of quilt;
I kissed it—could not swear,
I did not dash a tear
From my mustache—or may-be, 't was a drop of tea I spilt.
Did I return it? Never!
It stays with me for ever.
Near to my heart it softly presses: Precious? Rather!
Say you—it is not fair.
Consider my despair,
My only chance—

that Jones may die— and I,
Become that baby's father.

A. Cox.

CELEBRATING THE FIFTH.

THE Fifth of November has hitherto been regarded as a Protestant anniversary, but henceforth in Canada, at least, it will have additional significance as the day on which the \$400,000 voted to the Jesuits was finally paid over. The occasion was ostentatiously made one of much ceremonial display. While Orange demonstrations were going on at Ottawa and elsewhere in Ontario in celebration of the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, the triumph of Jesuitism was being consummated at Montreal. The novelty of the simultaneous celebrations by Protestants and Catholics suggested the idea of an interchange of friendly greetings by telegraph. GRIP has been favored with copies of the messages exchanged between the Ottawa and Montreal demonstrationists, as follows:

FROM COL. O'BRIEN, OTTAWA, TO FATHER TURGEON,
MONTREAL.

"The day and all who honor it. Great Orange demonstration sends greeting to Jesuits, who have always been the mainstay of the Orange order. We are truly loyal. Down with the traitor Stanley. Health of the Pope.*
"O'BRIEN."

FROM FATHER TURGEON, MONTREAL, TO COL. O'BRIEN,
OTTAWA.

"Your message received. In words of the old song slightly altered to suit occasion,

"Remember, remember,
The Fifth of November,
The Jesuits their boodle have got;
I see no reason
To keep us from seizin'
What isn't too heavy or hot.

"Jesuits thank Orangemen for their unswerving support of Macdonald's administration, to which they owe present windfall. Glad to know you are loyal. So are we. There's money in it, don't you forget it.

"TURGEON."

*This sentence is rather indistinct in the MS. and has possibly been wrongly rendered.