

with glory if one of her sons achieves such a task, and we are accordingly anxious to have the learned Principal do it. When will it be convenient for him to tackle this little job?



WELL, the United Statesians have expressed their opinion on McKinley and his bill. GRIP is flattered to observe that it is so strikingly in accord with the opinion he has expressed—namely, that the pretense of “protecting industry” is an exploded humbug. McKinley himself has been relegated to the bottom of the soup tureen, and the Democrats have literally swept the country. Mr. Cleveland may well challenge the right of any man in the country to rejoice more than he over the work of

Nov. 4th. It is to the moral heroism of this one American—the nearest approach to a great statesman that the Presidential Chair has known since Lincoln—that the people have “received their sight,” for it was his brave message against the continuance of the war tariff that inaugurated the unexampled campaign of education which has just culminated at the polls. The routed hosts of Protection are taking refuge in the thought that it will not be possible for the victors to lay hands on their precious McKinley bill for a couple of years yet, and meanwhile they will prepare for a last rally in defence of their hoary superstition in the Presidential year. The education of the masses will go right on, however, and, from the foretaste of the spirit of the people we have just had, it is pretty safe to predict what the result will be.

It is of bad omen for the United States when such an ass as McKinley can sway her counsels.

SO saith Nicholas Flood Davin in the *Regina Leader*, and the saying is sound. But isn't it somewhat hard on the Government which Nicholas Flood so ably supports at Ottawa? This “ass, McKinley,” is swaying the counsels of the United States in accordance with the views of political economy which are held by Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues, only that he is a trifle

more consistent in reducing them to practice than our alleged statesmen. The assininity is not so much in the men as in the theory, after all, as Nicholas will see if he bends his powerful mind on the subject for five minutes.

IN his recent speech at Dundee, we are informed, “Mr. Gladstone discussed the new United States tariff in a calm and dispassionate manner. He did not deny that the new restrictions on the trade between Britain and the United States would injure the British, but he expressed the conviction that the higher taxation would inflict far greater injury on the country imposing it.” It is not stated that the G.O.M. publicly acknowledged the source of this idea, but the people of the world at large who read GRIP regularly will readily recall our cartoon of last week entitled “An Incidental Smash.”

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER REFLECTIONS.

OF late there have been numerous talks
About a gentleman named Fawkes,
Whose gunpowder explosion plan
Has made him quite a noted man.

This gent, whose previous name was Guy,
Conceived a grudge against James I.,
A Scottish person of renown,
Who at that time wore England's crown.

It seems the Catholics had claims
Which were not recognized by James,
So Fawkes and his nefarious band
To blow up Parliament had planned.

But Jamie got a private tip,
And dodged the rapid transit trip.
Instead of being blown sky-high
He'd lots of fun in racking Guy.

Instead of ruling in the State
Guy Fawkes received a traitor's fate,
He slumbers in a vacant lot,
Without a stone to mark the spot.

(If you should wish to drop a tear,
You'd better pause and do it here,
But on the whole I rather think
If I were you I'd take a drink.)

Now since I read that tale at school
I've reckoned Fawkes an A1 fool.
A downright idiot, in fact,
Devoid of talent, wit and tact.

Explosions are no kind of way
To give minorities fair play,
Though sometimes their opinion's voiced
When measures get a threee months' hoist.

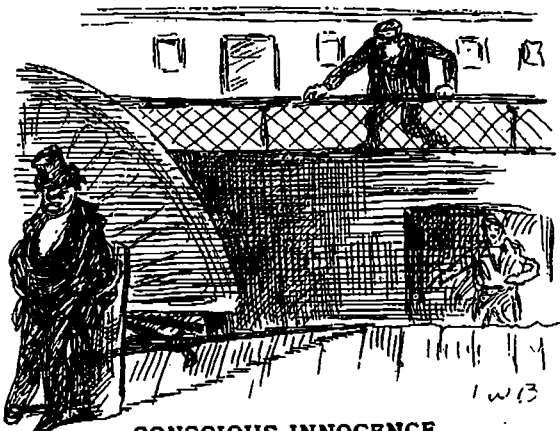
The use of gunpowder is rude,
Behind the age, barbaric, crude,
And prejudice it may excite,
For some folks say it isn't right.

But had G. Fawkes had common sense
His triumph might have been immense,
Why did he not himself devote
To rallying the Romish vote?

Then when election day drew near
He would have had the public ear,
And, nicely balanced on the fence,
Have dictated his terms from thence.

Addressing party heeled thus:
“We vote for those who favor us.
Now put our Jesuit measures through,
Or else we have no use for you.”

But no—he didn't know enough.
'Tis plain that Guy wasn't up to snuff.
His scheme for making Jamie jump
Was only worthy of a chump.



CONSCIOUS INNOCENCE.

MATE OF STEAMER (to party on dock)—“Let go that line!”
PARTY IN QUESTION—“I ain't got (hic) hol' yer line—whazzer matter 'ith you!”