



THE COMING STRUGGLE.

Billy Gladstone.—Now then, my chieftainery Salisbury, I'm ready for yer. That cur makes a lot of yepin', but I've got the Towser here as 'ill make short work of 'im when it comes to a fight!

Mr. Labouchere appears to have been saying something lately in his characteristic style about Canada—something very far from *Truth* as usual. He paints our North-West as an inhospitable region in which men and cattle "freeze to death in astonishing numbers."

There is a prospect of our losing *Bystander* altogether. A proposal is made to appoint Mr. Goldwin Smith to the mastership of University College, Oxford, as successor to Rev. Mr. Bradley, who has been appointed Dean of Westminster. It is hardly likely that anything could tempt Mr. Smith to remain in the land of aristocracy and Toryism, and By Jingo! we hope he will not!

Hanlan's refusal to row in the regatta has caused a good deal of indignation in some quarters. His apology is that he was out of condition, and might have been beaten, which would have been unpleasant. But why wasn't he in condition? He had plenty of time for training, and if he had devoted a few weeks to that work instead of galavanting off to St. Louis to give exhibitions, he might have avoided all appearance of "funking," as well as added \$1,500 to his little pile.

His resignation of the championship at the same time is still harder to understand. This was a most uncalled-for and unbusiness-like move. He says his business requires all his attention, but we fail to see that he has any business which pays him better to attend to than pulling a shell; besides the fact of the championship is an important element in the success of his so-called business. But perhaps,

as he and the rest of us *know* he is the best oarsman in the world, the mere title of champion is of little account.

The regatta has passed off at last. A more tedious affair could not well be conceived, though this was not chiefly the fault of the managers. The intervention of several windy days with lumpy water was a matter which the committee could not have foreseen without being prophets, though they might have had Moses Oates amongst them as well as not. The dispute about the first four-oared race, and the accidents which attended its "try over," together with the absence of Hankan and Trickett from the single-scuil final heat, all conspired to rob the event of its interest. A more hard-working Committee, however, never undertook anything.

It is confidently anticipated that Mason, who attempted to shoot Guiteau the other day, will be discharged, or at most punished very lightly. Great sympathy is felt for him, and subscriptions for his defence are being actually taken up in the public departments at Washington. Gen. Sherman seems to be the only man who has not lost his moral sense over the affair. He says Mason deserves the severest punishment, a sentiment in which all right-thinking persons must join. Mason's crime is not in any respect more commendable than that of the hair-brained Guiteau.

Word comes from Paris that the authorities of the theatres of that city are adopting measures for preventing the presence in them of females of the *demimonde*, and for otherwise improving

their moral atmosphere. This is said to be owing to the influence of English and American visitors and clergymen taking vacation, who have been shocked while attending the theatre by the loose manners and conversation of some of those sitting beside them. This is all very well, but how do those clergymen reconcile their refusal to go into our comparatively decent theatres with their eagerness for attending those of Paris?

It has been announced from Ottawa during the week that the Government have decided to call in \$5,000,000 of the Dominion five per cent bonds during the next twelve months. The Government, it seems, expects to be able to do this through the deposit in their hands, by the Syndicate, of the portion of the proceeds of the latter's issue of \$20,000,000 bonds not immediately required, and on which the Government have only to pay four per cent. If the condition in the bargain providing for the holding by the Government of Syndicate money at four per cent should result in a reduction of interest on all Canadian bonds to this figure, or less, the country is to be congratulated, and one serious objection to the bargain will have been removed.

Our Telephone.

GRIP.—Hello! John A.
 John A.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 John A.—Thanks, I feel better.
 GRIP.—
 John A.—Tupper? Pshaw! he can't do it! I'm good for ten years yet.
 GRIP.—
 John A.—Yes, I've heard all about that. I think I'll let Bunting know about the little game that's going on some of these days.
 GRIP.—
 John A.—No, of course he doesn't know it or he would kick up a row. There is no doubt the *Mail* is more Tupperian than of yore, but I'll fix that before long. Ta, ta!

GRIP.—Hello, Galt!
 Sir A.T.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 Sir A.T.—What banquet?
 GRIP.—
 Sir A.T.—Oh, you ought to know enough about those newspaper fellows to make all due allowances. If you split the difference, you'll have it about right.
 GRIP.—
 Sir A.T.—No; I'll tell you, the room was not actually full as the *Times* says, but a good many of the guests were, after the show, as the other paper intimates.
 GRIP.—
 Sir A.T.—Hold on now, old fellow; you're getting a trifle too inquisitive. The North West is a great institution, but I must decline to give you the true inwardness of my visit. *Au revoir.*

GRIP.—Hello, Mackenzie!
 Mac.—Hello!
 GRIP.—
 Mac.—I've cam' to the conclusion to let them sproot again. I canna' bear the sight o' yon pictures in laust week's paper. I'm sorra I tuk the advice o' yon chiel o' a barber an' lat him snip them off. Is that a' ye ca'd me up for?
 GRIP.—
 Mac.—Good bye.