

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

Ho, ye commercial unionists! why downcast and dismayed?
 Why languishes the cause of international Free Trade?
 No need to be disheartened—a better day draws nigh,
 Though dark the night, a gleam of light flushes the eastern sky.
 The movement yet is onward, the boom has just begun;
 The enemy are weakening, and presently they'll run.
 Retaliation talk perchance may cast a slight eclipse,
 But what is that since now we've got the vigorous aid of Phipps?

Say, did you see his letter? It's in the London *Times*,
 'Twould do you good to see the way he o'er the Tories climbs.
 'Tis straight and clear, and to the point, with figures and with facts.
 It's worth a hundred twaddling screeds of brainless party hacks.
 And when he says its got to come, whether we like or no,
 The Tories may throw up the sponge, because they've got no show.
 It's not what he exactly likes—but whosoever trips
 In logical deductions, why, it isn't often Phipps.

I tell you it's a corker, and what is sure to make
 The pill a mighty bitter one for "loyalists" to take,
 Is the fact that one who's always been a stiff Protectionist,
 Has seen the truth so clearly that he could no more resist.
 It's only one man here and there that's free to use his brains,
 For the herd are led like cattle when they're bound in party chains.
 There must be many thousands with a padlock on their lips,
 Who, if they dared to own their souls, would say the same as Phipps.

We'll beat 'em now quite easy—for Phipps, as you well know,
 Is a sort of party mascot, so the country's annals show.
 Somehow, the side on which he fights is always bound to win.
 Who else than he kept Blake outside and Premier Mowat in?
 Commercial union advocates have lots of steady pluck,
 And now, with Phipps to help us, we are certain to have luck.
 The battle surely is half won—no more defeats or slips
 When in the van with pen and tongue we hail the champion Phipps!

P. T.



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

To every Canadian who has the interests of his country at heart, it must be cause of rejoicing to see how partyism has been entirely forgotten in the presence of the national trouble which threatens from the other side of the boundary line. Grit and Tory, forgetting their quondam squabbles, stand shoulder to shoulder. Our great journals wear no longer the livery of faction, but stand forth adorned in the uniform of their country's defenders. The tone which they adopt may be judged from the following paraphrases, which are, let us explain, while not all fact, still less all fiction:—

The Globe (say, of Monday).

"We cannot wholly agree with Mr. Laurier's utterances. We believe that the Canadian position (which Mr.

Laurier assails) is really unassailable. Had Mr. Laurier been Premier, he would have followed the identical course which Sir John Macdonald's Government has pursued."

The Empire (say, of Tuesday).

"We were much pleased with the *Globe's* unexpected display yesterday of patriotism and magnanimity. One good turn deserves another. Accordingly we beg to remark, as magnanimously as in us lies, that

"(1) The *Globe* has proved itself, for once, in its long record of meanness and treachery, strangely open and candid.

"(2) The rascal Laurier is, by his own organ's confession, a traitor, unfit to lead his party."

The Globe (say, of Wednesday).

"In reply to the *Empire* of yesterday we have to say:

"(1) The Liberal press, as a whole, is showing a remarkable spirit of forbearance and patriotism. It has rallied to the support of the government and of the country with truly noble self-sacrifice.

"(2) For ourselves we shall endeavor to maintain our present dignified attitude. We shall defend Canada's just rights. We shall support the Conservative Government in its maintenance of those rights. We shall abstain entirely from using harsh language towards our opponents even while we cannot conceal from ourselves the following plain facts:—

"The Tory press, born and bred in meanness, cannot forget its meanness and its partyism even now. (N.B.—Contrast with our patriotic stand!)

"Mr. Montague is an oratorical mud-turtle.

"The attempt of the Tory ministers to make party capital at Hagersville was low and despicable in extreme.

"Sir John Thompson (the clearest intellect in Canada) talked inexcusable rot!

"Sir Hector Langevin is less to be blamed for his non-sense, inasmuch as he can't help it.

"Though the Government's position is unassailable, as before stated, we must admit that the whole trouble is attributable to its action.

"The *Empire's* attack on Mr. Laurier was low, mean, despicable, abominable, false, cruel, slanderous, untrue, disingenuous, sneaking, paltry, vile in its insinuations, and dictated by the lowest motives of the low heart that fathered it. We are obliged to place great restraint on ourselves, under the circumstances, to keep our promise of gentle speech and to confine ourselves within the bounds of gentlemanly language. Suffice it to say that while we disagree slightly with Mr. Laurier, we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Laurier is entirely in the right."

GRIP cannot venture to soil his columns with the strong language of the *Empire's* friendly reply. He would like (if he might by chance find his two journalistic friends calm enough to hear him) to whisper in their ears: "Friends *Globe* and *Empire*: Do you know that the people are tiring of your eternal squabbles? Do you know that you degrade yourselves and disgust your readers by such exhibitions of ill-temper? Can you not draw, from the past history of journalism in this city, the lessons: (1) That strong language loses its force by continual use, and (2) that a gentlemanly presentment of a case is the surest to win regard from the general public? ZERO.

QUEEN NATALIE desires a reconciliation. The King will probably decline with thanks and the remark, "Servia right."