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Artist and Editor
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J. W. BENOUGH
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

MCKINLEY'S PATENT.—A goodly number of GRIP's readers are fresh from the wonders of the great Industrial Exhibition at Toronto, and thousands of them are probably at this moment patronizing fall shows,

big and little, all over the land. The public mind is therefore attuned to the efforts of genius in the line of mechanical invention, and the moment seems opportune for the presentation, in these pages, of an illustration of the remarkable, not to say astounding, contrivance which has just been produced at Washington, U.S., by the political Edison of the hour, Major Bill McKinley—better known abroad as McKinley Bill. The machine is not, strictly speaking, a new invention, but an "improvement" on one which has long existed in the United States and other highly civilized and intelligent countries. Its purpose is to enable the operator to lift himself with his own boot-straps, and to sustain himself in the elevated position permanently. Among political scientists, such as Mills, Breckenridge, George and Voorhees in the States, Gladstone and Harcourt in Great Britain, Cartwright, Blake, Laurier, Mowat, etc., in Canada, the problem

which this invention professes to have solved is ranked in the category of the absurd and impossible along with perpetual motion, but in all these countries there are cranks who look upon science with contempt and laugh its conclusions to scorn. Major McKinley is at present the most distinguished of these cranks and really believes he has "struck it" with this machine. No elaborate explanation of the principle underlying it is necessary here, first, because it is quite destitute of principle, and secondly, because the intelligent reader can understand it easily by a glance at the illustration. It may be well, however, to explain that, as given to the world by the gallant and obtuse Major, the scheme hasn't precisely the mechanical form given it in our cut. In reality, it consists simply of a printed pamphlet, containing schedules of figures and entitled "Amendments to the Tariff Bill of the United States," which has just been passed through Congress and the Senate as a crowning specimen of nineteenth century intelligence in the free republic of the world. It is entirely mechanical, however, and our representation of it is quite accurate. The American people, as a whole, are feeling commercially depressed, and by this Bill, which increases their taxes as a whole, they expect to lift themselves into prosperity. Of course the thing won't work—anybody can see that at a glance. And yet we refrain from calling Major McKinley a darn fool, because GRIP is a polite and refined journal, and besides the esteemed Government of our own beloved land profoundly believes in the practicability of his invention. They are, in fact, working a little one like it themselves.

THE FOSTER-MOTHER.—The function of a Finance Minister in Canada ought to be to keep the books of the national business concern, and to superintend the receipt and expenditure of the public revenue. This revenue should, of course, come from the people, but not as the proceeds of taxes upon their thrift and industry, collected by a system which favored the rich or dishonest at the expense of the poor or honest; it should be collected from the Provincial Governments in proportion to population; the Provincial Governments having in turn collected it from the municipalities (in addition to the Provincial revenue) and the municipalities having in turn collected it as a single tax on ground rent within their respective boundaries. The Finance Minister being relieved of all tariffs and their broods of harpies, and not having foreign loans to look after, could, if a passably capable man, give the country excellent value for the salary it paid him. Does not this outline strike the reader as ideal as well as perfectly practical? If so, he will assuredly turn with disgust to the actual facts. As the political orator says—"What do we find?" We find the Finance Minister wrestling with a surplus of over \$4,000,000, filched from the people by unjust taxes, for "an unnecessary tax is an unjust tax." And how does he put in most of his time? Feeding the feathered brood of the monopoly nest by means of the tariff! Curious how little it takes to cause a revulsion of feeling in the human breast! The picture upon our first page, in its original form, is calculated to excite our tenderest emotions, for it represents love, pity, compassion, charity. The mere substitution of a political head for the principal figure reverses all these sentiments in the mind of the man who hates injustice and monopoly and who knows how the tariff works. And yet it is even more literally than before a drawing of the "Foster" mother!



S GRIP always seeks to be just and fair in his fun, he feels moved to take back the implied stricture on Mr. Dalton McCarthy in last week's number, it having come to his knowledge that the gentleman in question was absent in Europe at the time of the inaugural meeting of the Equal Rights Union. It could not have been convenient, therefore, for him to have been present, and the anxious enquiry, "Have you seen anything of McCarthy?" would have been somewhat unreasonable on the part of Messrs. Caven and Smith. The hon. gentleman has meanwhile returned to his native heath, and it will be for him to turn the laugh on GRIP now by coming out in a ripping Equal Rights speech. Until he does so, however, the question may be allowed to stand.