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ON THE

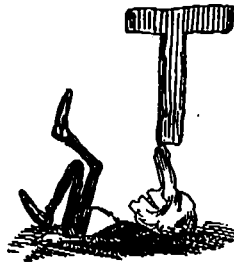
Cartoons.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.—The Manitoba Acts are by no means out of the woods yet. They have not been disallowed, it is true, but the Government has intimated that it will pay the costs of referring the question of their constitutionality to the Supreme Court, if any-

body sees fit to raise the question. This is a concession which was sternly refused in the case of the Quebec Jesuit Estates Act, and it is more than likely it will be taken advantage of by some representative of the minority in Manitoba, seeing that the hierarchy is so dead set against both measures. Furthermore, it is intimated that "remedial legislation" is likely to be introduced at Ottawa during the ensuing session. The disallowance of the Acts was insisted upon by the French Catholic section of the Cabinet, especially by Langevin, who had promised his constituents that such action would certainly be taken. Sir John seems to have overruled his colleagues, however, for the time being, though only after some remarkably lively Council meetings.

"VERY MUGH ABROAD."—Great events move rapidly now-a-days. Before last week's issue of GRIP had reached its readers with a cartoon depicting Sir C. Tupper's departure for Washington, that eminent baronet and his co-delegates Sir John Thompson and Hon. Geo. E. Foster, were back again in Ottawa. It was too bad, as the gentlemen of the Cabinet had taken a lot of biled shirts and white ties with them, anticipating a giddy round of social functions for

which engagements had been duly made. Mr. Blaine informed them that nothing could be done at present, as President Harrison was going away on a visit. He had informed the British Minister of this a day or two before, and Sir Julian had telegraphed word to Ottawa, but somehow or other the telegram failed to reach the Commissioners in time to head off their wild goose chase. The *Globe* will have it that our representatives were "snubbed" at Washington, but we see no justification for this view of the episode. They were rendered very ridiculous, but it was by no action of the American authorities. Mr. Blaine, in fact, treated them with extraordinary civility, considering the vulgar and gratuitous manner in which they had so lately slangwhanged him and his country.



HE elevation of Mr. Charles Tupper to the exalted ranks of the baronetcy does not seem to have lifted him above the propensity for fibbing. Of course in diplomatic circles a lie goes by a softer name, but it is for all practical purposes the same despicable thing. It now appears that Sir Charles Tupper's oft-repeated statement to the effect that a belated telegram was sent to Ottawa by Sir Julian Pauncefote notifying the Government that the Canadian Commissioners could not at present be received at Washington has no grain of truth in it. Pauncefote should have sent such a message, but he didn't do it. The puzzle in this case is to discover what Tupper hopes to gain by the whopper.

SOMETHING should be done to shut off the oratorical gas in the Ontario Legislature. Some speaking is no doubt useful and necessary, but there is no excuse for long-winded orations and protracted debates. We might be able to overlook the waste of time and money if the orators occasionally gave us specimens of eloquence such as Pitt, Burke, Fox and Sheridan used to indulge in, but there isn't a solitary orator in the House, and nearly all the talk is twaddle and platitude. Moreover, seeing that at the end of every weary wordy war each member votes just as he would have done anyway, we piteously plead for a rest. Let us have less talk and more work. Mr. Mowat, pray get a little *clôture* machine.

WE observe that Viscount Melgund has just taken his seat in the House of Lords as the Earl of Minto. The aptitude of his title may be seen when we mention that his estate yields a yearly rental of \$74,330. It is indeed a mint, O! He gets that much money annually, you understand, for permitting people to live in a certain part of Roxburghshire. The presence of the people there makes the use of the land worth that much per year, and if the people all went away excepting the Earl, it wouldn't be worth anything to speak of. So that, you observe, this fund which the community causes goes into the Earl's private pocket instead of into the community's purse, and then to make up for the loss of it the community has to pay parish rates and taxes of various kinds out of the proceeds of its labor. And why this ridiculous arrangement? Because a long time ago, some Earl of Minto put a fence around that part of the heritage of mankind and called it *his*. To re-establish justice in this case, the earl's tax-bill each year should be exactly \$74,330.

THE finest standing specimen of an Irish bull is calling that Dublin paper "*United Ireland*."