

been printed in several consecutive numbers of the paper. Making all due allowance for the unadaptability of a fast press for printing pictorial work, the results are such as may well cause the bosoms of Canadians to swell with pride. We may safely claim that our beloved country contains more bad designers than any known land!

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WE regret this re-opening of the Behring Sea question, chiefly because it has let loose upon us again the torrents of tall talk on both sides. And yet it is just as well that things have been brought to a head by the action of the American cruiser in seizing the *Black Diamond*. We may now have the matter settled and put to rest. It ought not to be hard to adjust it if Uncle Sam will be consistent enough to take the same position with reference to fishery rights on the Pacific that he does on the Atlantic coast. All the Powers interested will be willing to do whatever may be necessary to protect the seal fisheries from destruction, and probably to recognize the exclusive rights of the Americans within the three mile limit of the Alaskan coast. But Mr. Blaine can hardly hope to get outsiders to accept his view that Behring's Sea itself belongs to the great Yankee nation.

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WITH an eye to the fitness of things the Equal Rights deputation sailed from Toronto on the *Spartan*. The Spartans were fellows of the brave days of old who were opposed to Jesuitism in every form, and whose battle cry was, "We will come back with our shields or upon them."

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THE correspondent of the *Mail*, who accompanied the Spartans, gives a little anecdote as related by Principal Caven, while the noble band were passing the Thousand Isles, to wit:

The barrenness of one of the islets recalled to his memory a trip to the Highlands of Scotland. He found a man tending a cow on what seemed to be a bare rock. "There does not seem to be much grazing here for your cow, sir," said he. "Na," answered the crofter, "but the coo has a very fine view."

As a matter of historical interest we are glad to learn that the respected Principal was the hero of this little story, which formed the basis of a cartoon in GRIP some four or five years ago. The "coo" in our picture represented the working classes grazing on the barren rock of Protection, and taking in a magnificent prospect of tall chimneys, etc., in the hazy distance. We regret to say the point is as good to-day as ever.

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"corner" doubles the price of bread; with starvation in the home; with idle workmen gathered, sullen and desperate in the saloons; with unprotected wealth at hand; with the tremendous forces of chemistry within easy reach; then, with the opportunity, the

means, the fit agents, the motive, the temptation to destroy all brought into evil conjunction then will come the real test of our institutions; then will appear whether we are really capable of self-government.

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THE *Empire* quotes this, and with a jubilation at once heartless and idiotic, comments upon it as follows:

While these troubles are looming up over the border, Canadians can remain calmly conscious of the superiority of their institutions and the characteristics of their people, while justly appreciating the slower but more beneficial development which is so steadily building up and unifying their country.

We call this idiotic because the ruin of the American Republic means the equal ruin of Canada, and because the *Empire* ought to know that the very same system of injustice and monopoly which is producing this bitter fruit across the lines is established and at work here as well. Nothing will save either country from disaster but the removal of the artificial restrictions which land monopoly and Protectionism have imposed upon men. The *Empire* is in reality merely rejoicing that, through the policy it supports, our population has been kept sparse!



**THE WHY OF IT.**

"While I listen to thy voice,  
Thy face I never see."

**HE MISUNDERSTOOD.**

ADVISER:—"If I were as ill as you are I'd go to Doctor Squills, for he is the only man in the city who would know how to treat you."

OLD SOAK:—"Treat me. Bet your life I'll go to him. He's the kind of doctor I'm hunting for."

**ENGLISH AS SHE IS RHYMED.**

WHEN our heroes went out in a yacht,  
They saw that her rigging was taucht,  
But she rolled with the breeze,  
And shipped several seeze,  
So they loudly complained of their lacht.

Before they had ended their cruise,  
They feared that their lives they would luse,  
So they signalled some boys,  
Who, on hearing their noys,  
Went and took them ashore in canuise.