

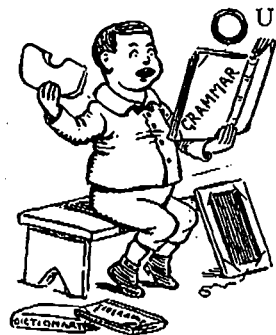
the people of Quebec." "Compelled" is a sufficiently forceful and appropriate word in that connection, and to those conversant with the moving forces of political journalism is suggestive of the party lash and the mandates of the dispensers of patronage, rather than a purely logical process of conviction.



PERHAPS it will be just as well to hear what Mr. Laurier has to say before summing up the true intent and consequences of his forthcoming visit and speech. That the occasion will be an important one for the Reform Party may be fairly assumed. It is generally believed that the leader is coming here to outline in a clear manner the policy of that party—in response, no doubt, to GRIP's frequent jibes at its present nebulosity. If this turns out to

be a correct guess, we are ready to congratulate all concerned; especially if that policy, when outlined, appears to be one which is really worthy of the name of Liberal. As to the "Jesuit Question," which will not down, we can hardly imagine how Mr. Laurier, with all his admitted skill as an orator, can possibly get around it in a way that will be satisfactory to a Toronto audience, without laying himself open to "unpleasantness" with his friends in Quebec. This is where the beauty of having two nations in one shines forth. For Mr. Laurier himself all parties entertain a kindly feeling, and we may assure him of a warm reception and very respectful hearing, whatever he may have to say. It is refreshing, anyhow, to find a Canadian leader coming forth to address the people on public questions more than a fortnight before a general election.

* * *



OUR friend, the small boy, is at school once more, and the neighbors are not shedding any tears over his absence from the residence street in which he made day hideous during the vacation. But, alas! the still smaller boy and his little sister are left, and they look after the business in a lively and able-lunged fashion. Then, when their senior comes home at half-past three, Peace folds

her silvery wings and departs for Todmorden or Hamilton until bed-time has arrived. Things will no doubt be happier under the Henry George system, but there will never be perfect content unless Mr. George so arranges matters that each growing family can have a farm to themselves whereon to grow, and yell, and laugh, and cry and develop.

THE proposition to change the name of Hamilton to Any Time is meeting with favor. The name is intended to intimate that period of the day at which the average inhabitant will accept an invitation to "take suthin'."

OPPOSED TO CLERICALISM.

"THE expenditure at Ottawa," said Levelhead, "has been unwarrantably increased of late years, mainly owing to the employment of unnecessary officials. The clerical force is three times as large as it need be."

"Clerical force!" said Sniffkins. "Why, you don't mean to say as the Government is keeping all them Jesuits and priests, and givin' 'em offices? Why, I should think it was time for a kick to be made. Darned if I ever give another Tory vote if Sir John is finding soft snaps at Ottawa for a lot of Jesuits."

HAMILTON'S LONG-FELT WANT.

THEY want a park in Hamilton,
(A village, somewhere west),
They wish to ape Toronto style
And do their level best
To put a city aspect on.
I think they have a mayor.
But taxpayers at the prospect groan,
Unless perchance they swear.
'Twill be a source of much expense,
But that will bear good fruit,
What says the proverb—"Ce n'est pas que
Le premier (pare) pas qui coute."



HE OUGHT TO PASS.

OFFICER—"None but exhibitors allowed in this gate, sir."
CHEEKY CUSTOMER—"That's all right; I'm an exhibitor."
OFFICER—"What are you exhibiting?"
C. C.—"My figure!"

A SUCCESSFUL POET.

PROSER—"Hello, Jingler, writing any poetry these times?"
JINGLER—"Yes; lots."
PROSER—"Get it published? Found some newspaper that you can work it off on?"
JINGLER—"Oh, yes, and get paid for it, too."
PROSER—"You don't say! Well, you are lucky!"
JINGLER—"Yes, and some of my pieces are so much appreciated that they have been published several times in succession."
PROSER—"Oh, come now, that's too much for credulity. What paper on earth are you writing for?"
JINGLER—"Well—er—several—but my work is anonymous. Fact is, I'm doing rhyming ads. for Neverfit, the clothing man."
PROSER—"Oh, I see. Who says there is not any chance for Canadian literature?"