



BELATED.

MR. GRIP, conductor of the Queen City Journalistic Orchestra, regrets to say that the distinguished representative of the *Empire* was inadvertently omitted from the portrait group of the artists given in the issue for March 22nd. The omission is now compensated for. The *Empire* is sound on the Viaduct.

be squeezed to death with the jam every fine afternoon, or killed by the slower process of fatigue in climbing the flights of steps and those abominable "ramps" we hear about. Unquestionably the Viaduct is the thing, and if the men of Toronto don't demand it and get it, the women will know the reason why. Why is this called the Queen City? Because it is ruled, as every city ought to be, by the higher element, the wishes of its Women!

THE Salisbury party in the Old Land are greatly elated over the triumph of their candidate in the recent election in Ayr. It is spoken of as a substantial victory, but surely this is a contradiction in terms. The Gladstonians, at all events, are not allowing themselves to feel discouraged over it. The riding in question is proverbially of no account in politics, as may be seen from the old saying, "trifles light as Ayr."

FROM Ayr to Land is a natural transition, and this reminds us to devote just a word to Balfour's Land Purchase Bill, which is now before the Imperial House. It is proposed to allay the discontent of Ireland by creating a larger class of landlords ruling over smaller estates. To effect this the plan is to buy out the present landlords and sell the land to the new ones. As landlordism (by which phrase is meant the system of land ownership as opposed to land usership) is the real root of the Irish trouble, Mr. Balfour's scheme will only aggravate the disease. Sir William Vernon Harcourt put it in a nutshell the other day when he described the measure as a Bill to buy out the loyal garrison (according

to Tory ideas) and replace it by a larger garrison of rebels. The principle of land purchase is too monstrously unjust ever to be accepted by the level-headed people of England and Scotland, and we venture to predict that the Bill will be torn to shreds and tatters before the discussion is over.

IF it is true that the Czar of Russia has sent to America a select delegation of male and female spies whose mission is to counteract the feeling which is growing up against the Siberian exile system, His Imperial Nibs ought in some way to stop the papers from publishing nearly every day bits of Russian news of the most inconvenient kind, such as the following despatch:

"A Siberian letter announces the arrest of three men and one woman for writing an appeal to the Russian people protesting against the conduct of Ostashkin in the Yakutsk affair. The trial of the prisoners will probably result in their sentence to death."

Surely it will require a lot of honey on the tongues of these Russian emissaries to reconcile the American people to this sort of thing, though, no doubt, being accomplished diplomatic liars, their cue will be to deny the truth of such despatches.

MR. GRIP has always felt an interest in that brilliant but rather erratic genius of Regina, Mr. N. F. Davin, and our advice to him has always been to stand up independently in the House and give to the country and not to any party the benefit of his fine talents. Mr. Davin has not always "done us proud" by following this sound advice, but we forgive him a good deal in view of the refreshing little episode which took place the other day in the Emigration debate. Here it is:

MR. DAVIN said that this emigration was the vital question of Canada, and yet there was not a single Minister who understood it. We have never had, he said, at the head of the affairs of this Government men who knew this question. Even the head of the Government lacked certain elements of the statesman. (Cries of "Order.") They ought, at least, to have one man of genius at the head of one Department. (Applause from the Opposition.) They had had a Cabinet of antiquities. (Laughter.) That was a fact, and there was no use further hiding it. Sir John Macdonald was all right, but he lacked a good deal of what he considered the ideal statesman. He again



TU QUOQUE

ISAACSTEIN—"Hello, Polly."
THE PARROT—"Hello, Polly."—Light.