



NOT HIS FAULT.

"I feel beastly seedy this morning; must have taken too much to drink last night."

"Look at me, now; I can drink as much as I like, and I never have a head."—*Pick-me-up.*

words cognate to the Library itself. Our esteemed friend, David Boyle, is to be curator we understand. A better certainly could not be found, but he ought to be empowered to use his discretion in the Boyleing down of the exhibits.

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WE are frequently reminded by the advocates of the restriction policy that times are no better in the States than they are here. This may be true in the main, though it does not follow that free trade would not improve matters for both parties, considering the geographical relations of the various States and Provinces. But if times are hard in the States, what is the cause? It is the cause which is operating in Canada, but which, on account of our simpler conditions, is more obvious here—viz., the denial to men of one of their natural rights, the right to trade freely. Man has as clear a right to trade without artificial restriction as he has to breathe, and Governments will have to recognize this before long. The progress of the States has been wonderful, and so has that of Canada, but in both cases it has been in spite of restriction, not because of it. Men have been known to get along remarkably well who had only one lung, but we have yet to hear of a general propaganda in favor of the one-lung theory. Common sense dictates the removal of all bandages. Reason shouts—let nature take her course!

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GRIP wishes to repeat once more that he goes in for the abolition of all taxes that interfere with the natural rights of men, which rights extend to the absolute ownership and enjoyment of *all* they earn, build, or in any way or manner create. Then how, queries the puzzled protectionist, could you possibly raise a public revenue? By taxing men for their *privileges*—or for the one great privilege that all enjoy directly or indirectly—the private use of land. That is fair and just: taxation of

rights is robbery, under whatever forms of law accomplished.

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UPON GRIP's devoted head the Victoria, B.C., *Telegram* pours the vials of its wrath to the extent of about two columns of leading editorial. Having duly expressed our obligations for the valuable advertisement, we proceed to assure our esteemed contemporary that it is quite wrong in supposing that either of the cartoons which have so stirred its bile, were drawn from the motives it imputes to us. As to the first, in which Canada is represented as asking for statesmanship and getting the "old flag," it is enough to say the picture was and is true to the facts of the situation. The *Telegram* insists that every province is enjoying good times, and that therefore GRIP libeled the country in picturing Canada as a "female in distress." But in this the *Telegram* simply makes the amiable mistake of confounding its own prosperity and happiness (which we are glad to be assured of) with that of the country at large. The matter of the other cartoon is dealt with elsewhere.

TORY PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers
Tory strength is but a dream,
That the enemy but slumbers,
And his power will soon redeem.

Scandals are not felt in earnest,
And defeat is not our goal,
Foolish art thou when thou mournest
While the purse-strings we control.

No defeat in bye-elections
Is our destined end or way,
When in manifold directions
Boodle has completest sway.

Abbott yet has golden treasures,
And his heart is stout and brave,
He has aptly learned the measures
Which will now the party save.

In the furious party battle,
In this struggle for our life,
We can buy them all like cattle,
And be heroes in the strife.

Do not wrangle, brother Tories,
Let the dead past bury its dead,
For promotion and its glories
Cannot fall on every head.

Lives of boodlers all remind us
We can live in fashion fine,
And departing leave behind us
Timber limits stripped of pine.

Pine trees that perhaps another,
In the weary way of life,
Might employ to bribe a brother
When the public rage is rife.

Let us then be up and doing,
Never mind the country's fate,
Still our interests pursuing,
Bent on pillaging the State.

W. SHORTFELLOW.

THE latest school definition of a college which has come to hand is "A cemetery of learning." Barring the orthography, this is not a bad description of some "institutions of learning." To forestall unjust suspicion we must explain that the definition did not come from the School whose Principal was heard to remark that he had "a good corpse of teachers."—*Educational Journal.*

Probably the definition was suggested by the amount of attention devoted by these institutions to the dead languages.