



BY NO MEANS SINGULAR.

EMINENT ACTOR (*recognizing friend*)—"Ah, Jackson, glad to see you; and how is your wife?"

JACKSON—"Very well, thanks. How are yours?"

you are crowding us out of positions that we have an inherent right to fill." What disgusting twaddle!

These Canadians cannot put two and two together: Because we landed in this country penniless; because we had been miserable failures at home, in a pecuniary point, they argue that we ought not to be pitch-forked over their heads, into the best public positions. Failure in an old country should ensure success in a new country—this is our logic.

There is a law of compensation governing all these matters. In making an equitable adjustment, it is quite proper for Canadians to furnish the money, while *we* furnish the brains, and practice the necessary tentative experiments. See? We were perfectly candid when we applied to Mr. Dewdney for positions. We said, "Your Honor, we have no money, we have never added one copper to the sum total of the Canadian Treasury, we have not one cent invested in land or any industry in this country; hence, we shall do our work with an eye single to your glory, and our own profit, and will not be swayed by any paltry Canadian interest."

Mr. Dewdney at once recognized our adaptability to the best positions within his jurisdiction.

Canadians must be told what to do, and *made* to do it. Several persons attempted this "go-as-you-please" gait in our Church management. Our Bishop is a scion from a titled English family, and does not believe in anything less than absolute monarchy in Church matters. He has invested large sums of money in the establishment of a Divinity Agricultural College, and has ground out good young curates—modernized St. Patricks, flavored with the essence of ox-knowledge, so important in driving native Canadians. When they said "Gee," some of the Churchmen would haw. When they cried "Haw," these obstinate natives would gee. Our Bishop appeared upon the scene. He said, "Fall into line. Toe the mark. Now—Forward, march!" The "kickers" blazed furiously at first, spluttered, gave an expiring spurt, just as an untrimmed lamp will do, before its last gasp, and then fell into line, and, marching to ritualistic music, followed their leader. Now, the Bishop trims the lamp, and they say, "What a beautiful light it throws!" *That's* the way to silence this disgusting

attempt, upon the part of Canadians, to run this country. We, who represent the patrician element, must organize, at once, an "Anti-Canadian Society." Let the English, Scotch, Irish, German, French, Scandinavian, Dutch, Russian, Icelandic, and other alien inhabitants, unite in opposing Canadian aggression.

JOHN BULL.

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN
CLAIRVOYANT.

[From the *Toronto Empire*, June 14, 1894.]

LOOK AT THE PRECEDENT!

PERHAPS there are yet in Canada a few people to whom the question of Provincial Rights is still somewhat of an unsolved problem. For the benefit of any such there may be amongst the *Empire's* Dominion-wide and constantly growing subscription list, we purpose a few remarks on two Bills of a Provincial character which received the Government sanction at the recent session of Parliament, and are now, happily, finally and irrevocably law:—

"THE METHODIST MISSIONARY RESTORATION ACT."—This, it will be remembered, was the outcome of a claim advanced by the C. M. Church in respect of land in the North-West. The original owner of this land, some ten years ago, was a Methodist missionary, to whom a dying Half-breed gave his scrip, representing some 200 acres. It transpired subsequently, we may as well admit at the outset, that this scrip had been stolen by the Indian, and, further, that in any event the land had become forfeited to the Crown by reason of the original holder's delinquency. While these facts may appear, on the surface, to prejudice somewhat the claim set up for it by the Church, yet it must be borne in mind that the missionary accepted his legacy in good faith from the dying redman, and, therefore, had a very strong moral mortgage on it, so to speak. This piece of land having become the business site of the growing city of McCarthyapolis, and risen in value, on the "uncarned increment" plan, from fifty cents to several millions, the title to it was pressed



NONE SO BLIND AS THOSE, ETC.

UNTIPPED WAITER (*to departing guest*)—"Er—you've forgot something, sir, haven't you?"

GUEST—"Eh? Oh, to be sure—tooth-picks—thanks."

[Exit.