



McGLYNN'S UNANSWERABLE LOGIC.

"If God made the earth to be the private property of the few and not the heritage of all, then He is the Father of the few and the Step-father of the rest."

A NEW NOVEL.

GRIP'S sheltering wing is spread over Canadian literature, and every honest effort in the direction of native book-making has his sympathy and support. For this reason he welcomes the appearance upon his table of a new novel by a Canadian writer. The somewhat unattractive title is "The History of Professor Paul"—and the typographical make up does not display much taste. We should say that altogether the title-page is an invitation not to buy, but the work is ever so much better than the typographer would give you to suppose. The story, which is out of the beaten track in form, is fairly well written—very well, we may say, for a first effort—and holds the attention of the reader firmly. The author is Mr. Stuart Livingstone, of Hamilton, to whom we extend our congratulations, coupled with the advice to "keep at it."

NATURAL HISTORY FOR YOUNG CANADIANS.

THE BEAVER.

THE Beaver is a migh-ty pa-tient an-i-mal. He sits all day long on a log and chews ma-ple leaves and lets the coun-try go to smash. He has thick fur and a very tough hide, so that he can stand more than any other de-cent an-i-mal. You can step on his tail if you like, and he does not know en-ough to bite. He is also a very stu-pid crea-ture. If you like you can take the wealth he has stored up in his hut and throw it in-to the stream and he will not say a word. So long as he has grub to eat he is all right. The Lion, the Bear and the Eagle will get mad if any per-son goes too far with them, and tries to rob them of their rights, but not so the Beaver. He is a poor dumb thing without any sand. The

only good point a-bout him is his in-dus-try, and it is a good job for him that he is built that way, for he does not know en-ough to take care of what he works for. The Bea-ver seems to have a great deal of back-bone. In fact, to look at him you would think he was all back-bone, but it is no good. When you tread on him it flat-tens right out. He belongs to the mouse tribe, but un-like a mouse, he does not know enough to go in when it rains. For all these rea-sons he has been cho-sen as the em-blem of a certain coun-try which has long sub-mit-ted to be rul-ed by waste-ful and cor-rupt knaves.

LIQUIDATE 'EM!

BOOZER has a great head. There are very few ques-tions, political, economic, moral or otherwise, that he cannot settle off-hand to his own satisfaction. He has long ago sized up all the politicians and established the status of the various parties, including the third, fourth, and other possible and projected organizations, and, as soon as a new issue arises, is prepared to dispose of it with neatness and despatch.

"Jesuit question?" he remarked the other day. "What's the good of all this fuss about the Jesuits? The whole thing could easily be fixed without any trouble."

"How would you manage it?" queried Blivins.

"Why, this way. The old Jesuits that had this 'ere estate bust up, didn't they? They was a dead broke community. Well, then, the estate oughter be put into liquidation. Nobody would make no objections to that. And if they was to put the thing in the hands of the Central Bank liquidators, there wouldn't be a blamed cent left for no Jesuit or anyone else. See?"

As was previously remarked, Boozer has a great head.

A MITIGATING FEATURE.

THE great Anti-Jesuit Convention has, of course, created the wildest alarm in Ultramontane circles. Cipher despatches were continually passing between the Vatican and Cardinal Taschereau, the purport of some of which has been revealed by a secretary of the latter, who has been promised an office under the McCarthy-Hughes administration as soon as Mowat is ousted. The following translation has been furnished us:

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"How goes the battle?"
CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"Great Anti-Jesuit gathering in Toronto. Fiery speeches. Strong resolutions. The whole country is roused. I fear all is lost."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"This is terrible. But was Willie Howland there? Answer quick!"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"No."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"Ha! I breathe more freely. Was E. E. Sheppard on hand?"

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"No."

POPE LEO (to Cardinal Taschereau)—"Thank Heaven, we are yet safe! Have the Te Deum sung."

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU (to Pope Leo)—"We will, your Holiness. It will somewhat relieve the *tedium* of the situation. Tumle?"

BRITAIN'S SURPLUS.

"DR. BARNARDO sends this week another party of 150 boys to Canada."—*Daily Paper*.

Scour the streets of London town,
Where ground-rents grind the people down,
Pick the waifs out of the gutter,
Greed denies them bread and butter;
But don't let them starve or freeze,
Pack them off to the "Colonies";
Canada is big and rich,
And she's welcome to all sich!