



THE GREASED PIG IN QUEBEC.

mony slide. I maun say hooever, that yer remarks aboot the ignorance o' the women as shewn in their votin' for Howland, are at least very characteristic, an' eminently worthy o' the soorce they cam frae. Oh thae women! thae women! No content wi' gettin puir' man driven oot o' the garden o' Eden, naething 'ill sair them but tae drive them oot o' their second Eden, the saloon, aye! they had actually the onmitigated impidence tae keep Dauvit Blain, douce man, oot o' the goal o' his ambition, the civic chair! I was glad tae see that wi' true Adamite pluck ye laid yer defeat at the richt door, an' sorry am I tae say that its no in ma poo'er tae say "better luck next time," for, atween you an' me Dauvit, I'm a kind o' feared this women business is come tae stay. Hooever, tak heart o' grace, gin ye canna gang doon tae posterity as Sir Dauvit—ye'll at least hae a kind o' reflect glory in the history o' the ceery, as the man who in the whuskey interest ran against the best mayor the ceety ever had—an' was beaten. Your ever faithfu' Job's comforter,

HUGH AIRLIE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

SOME years ago GRIP declared itself an independent, plucky, self-supporting, second to-none comic newspaper. We would have none of the disabilities of an organ-grinder. A party journalist of experience denies that party journalists don't live by lying. Well, he knows how it is himself—according to himself—but while undergoing the humiliation of confession, he has forgotten to italicize his French, and how the doose are people to know French from English unless it is underlined for the printer? GRIP determined at the outset to be bound by no fetters, but to give all parties a general support from an independent comic standpoint. We have with special ability fulfilled these pledges—and the happy result is the con-

version of the *Mail*—from a Jesuitical, go-it-blind Government support—to "the discussion of public affairs in a broad and liberal spirit," and contention for the truth regardless of expense. *To be free we must be independent* (this is original)—and whilst Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Meredith are held responsible for our views—side-face, three-quarters—perspective—back-view and other styles of cartoon—we on our part are held responsible for situations, grimaces, features and lines (not of beauty) which it is not in our power to justify or excuse. In a word, there is nothing for us but to continue as we began—cartooning both parties and criticizing each as they deserve.

We are all aware that the party system is the only agency yet devised for conducting boodles into its illegitimate channels. For this the system is full of conveniences. It endows Governments with secret service money for the purchase of individual freedom. It supplies the chief means by which the average voter can be approached on questions of public policy, and by which the return of political leaders to power can be calculated. But it has its disadvantages. It suppresses the individual intellect and conscience. Men are compelled sometimes to confess, and in consequence to work at the tread-mill, when circumstances in the shape of a judge and jury demand it. In Canada, for a long time past, party government has been simply a contest of factions, as shown in a panoramic view of GRIP's cartoons—each side trying to shirk Prohibition and Woman Suffrage—consequently the public interest is sacrificed to the interest of the party. Therefore, GRIP hails with pleasure the Declaration of Independence just issued by the *Mail*, and, though sorry that it has not grit enough to stand bolt upright instead of confessedly leaning, like the tower of Pisa, in one direction, is glad it has got at least so far, and can, with his peculiar gift of seconu-sight, discern Mrs. Grundy giving