

matters among the darkies. Incidentally he will endeavor to trade off a cargo of sciatica which he has had on hand—or strictly speaking on leg—for some time in these northern latitudes. That he may succeed in the latter mission and return before long sound and well is a wish which GRIP takes this opportunity of expressing on behalf of a good many thousands of people who know the excellent writer "Don" and the first rate citizen Shep.

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MARK TWAIN'S new book, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," presents the famous humorist in a character which will be new to most of his admirers—that of a thorough going social reformer. The work is illustrated by Mr. Dan Beard, and many of the pictures are striking allegories pointing out the bottom truth of the labor question—that land monopoly must be abolished before workers can be really free.

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IT is a glorious thing to know that the pens and pencils of the humorists are thus coming to the help of the toiling masses in their battle against vested wrongs. That battle grows hotter every day. Mr. Thomas G. Shearman's bombshell-utterance that already more than half the wealth of the United States has passed into the possession of a handful of plutocrats—all of whose fortunes are the outcome of monopoly—is still being fiercely debated throughout the country, and now comes a writer in *Belford's Magazine* with facts and figures to prove that the American farmer is rapidly becoming a serf, if he has not already practically reached that condition, in some portions of the Union.

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THIS should all be as interesting upon this side of the line as upon the other, for precisely the same conditions obtain here, and the same results are sure to follow. Mr. Shearman's opinion is that indirect and unjust taxation is the cause of the trouble in the States. We "enjoy" the very same system, with its monstrous mockery of "Protection," here, and the sooner the eyes of the people are opened to the iniquities of that system the better.

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AS soon as the new aldermen get comfortably settled in their seats, we hope to see them devote their powerful minds to the great question of reorganizing the civic government. Toronto now presents the pathetic figure of a big-limbed lass who has ridiculously outgrown her clothes. As she is still growing like the proverbial weed, there is a sound of bursting seams with every move she makes. What our civic solons must invent is an India rubber suit—something with elasticity in it. Two or three excellent patterns have been already presented for approval. Let them be thoroughly discussed, and something adopted before long.

MR. MOWAT, PLEASE READ.

HERE is a little story for the Attorney General of Ontario to take into his immediate and earnest consideration. It appeared in the *Evening Telegram* of Friday 3rd.:

At Brockville on March 25, 1885, W. D. Crawford and Charles Lawrence were convicted of attempted murder and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary. On April 2nd following Fred Feeney was convicted at Cornwall and sent to Kingston also. Petitions were sent to Ottawa on behalf of these three prisoners, claiming that the evidence did not justify a conviction. The Minister of Justice undertook to consider the case, but could never



NATURE vs. POWDER.

FAIR SITTER—"But surely my complexion isn't like that?"

ARTIST—"Oh, by the way, I haven't finished that yet. I was waiting to ask you whether I will put in the complexion as 'it is, or—as you generally have it."

get copies of the evidence. The Court reporter would not give them. He had a claim against the Ontario Government for \$120 or \$125. He wouldn't transcribe the evidence until the claim was settled. The Deputy Attorney-General threw out the claim, and as a result of this petty dispute the Minister of Justice never got copies of the evidence, and these unfortunate men are still in the penitentiary—at least two of them are, Crawford having made his escape the other day.]

Is there any truth in this, Mr. Mowat? If the facts are as given above the very least you can do in the interests of justice and Christianity is to kick your Deputy out of the back door and give his position to some man who has a heart. It wouldn't be going too far, indeed, to clap both him and the reporter in question into Crawford's vacant cell at Kingston for a few years, where they might at leisure settle their financial dispute. We hope to be assured at once that the story is a pure invention, and you owe it to yourself to give that assurance if you can. It is too horrible to believe, and yet the miserable haggling over the payment of an account has such a genuine flavor of Ontario Government about it! Is it true, Mr. Mowat?

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS.

(A POEM AMENDED TO ACCORD WITH FACTS.)

mud THE snow lay like a blanket
On field and lane and street
And still the ~~flakes~~ were falling *showers*
Like noiseless fairy feet.
damp carts The air was ~~clear~~ and ~~lovely~~
As ~~things~~ dashed to and fro. f0997
Twas Christmas—such as only
Canadians can know

gamings Upon the ~~ice~~ ~~so~~ ~~flatter~~ *crossings muddy*
The ~~streets~~ swept in glee.
With ~~joy in voice and~~ *brooms they*
gesture *made it*
So buoyant, bright and free
And shouted to each other
'Tis Christmas tide, yo ho!
And Christmas such as only
Canadians can know!