



REPUBLICANS across the line are in a bad way just now. They are going to be distanced in the Presidential race, and they appear to know it. The prospect has robbed them of what little judgment they had left, and the "arguments" they are using are well adapted to make votes for their opponents. The hundred thousand iron workers now "locked out" in Pennsylvania are being told that the tariff makes and keeps wages high!

The whole appeal for the election of Harrison is based on this arrant nonsense, and the equally childish assertion that the advocates of Free Trade in the United States are working in the interest of England. John Bull comes in for pictorial treatment on this line in a fashion which must mightily amuse him, though it isn't very flattering to American intelligence. "Everything is fair in love and war," however, and during an election campaign the losing party is not expected to talk sense.

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SOMEWHAT to our surprise we learn that Mr. Dewdney's appointment to the Ministry of the Interior is being earnestly pressed by the people of the North-West, regardless of party. At a recent meeting in Calgary a strongly worded resolution to this effect was moved by Major Walker and seconded by Dr. Lafferty, both of whom are well-known Grits, and in the speeches made on the occasion it was made manifest that the ex-Lieut.-Gov. is looked upon as the best man available for the office. GRIP doesn't admire Dewdney's record, but as a firm believer in home rule he thinks the North-West people should get the man they want.

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THE position of the Chinamen arrested in Washington Territory for unlawfully "being" in the United States, presents some curious aspects. Not to mention the fact that they are there simply and solely (at present) because they can't get out, what are we to think of the action of the authorities who, by gaoling them, make it certain that they shall not leave, for a time at least? Could not these officials themselves be arrested on a charge of complicity? And might not some enterprising constable of the Jarvis stamp arrest the unfortunate Celestials for daring to "be" in a U.S. penitentiary? And meanwhile, till our pigtailed friends decide on the relative advantages of chloroform and Paris green as their way to "love the country," what becomes of "All men are born free and equal"?

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WE are sorry to observe that Russia has not yet awakened from her deep sleep in the darkness and degradation which have so long encompassed her. Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Century* reveal a terrible state of affairs in that benighted land. It is even said that an English or American citizen cannot enter its barbarous confines without the risk of arrest on no charge but that of his bare presence in the country! When will Russia awake? When will she rise to the full height of the civilization which we, in America, have so long enjoyed and prize so highly?

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LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Defalcations many a dime!

SCOTTIE AIRLIE IN PARIS.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—The last day I spent in Pairis was a memorable ane. It seems Landsdowne had written hame tae the Prince o' Wales tae tell him that GRIP's special correspondent, yer humble servant, tae wut, was in that gay ceety, an' it wad be a maitter o' policy tae hunt me up an' get on the saft side o' me; seein' that Canada and everythin Canadian was a' the go at the present meenit in England. The wife, I believe, wasna' carin' muckle aboot him gaun ower tae Pairis, but when the Queen explained till her that every civeelity shewn tae Canadians was anither shove aff o' the evil day when Canada wad be cuttin' clear o' the auld ties, an' settin' up independent for hersel', she began tae think maybe she micht risk him for a'e day oot o' her sicht. The mair sae, that she was assured he wad be perfectly safe an' oot o' ill company sae lang as he was under *my* wing. Sae he cam across, but was a hale week there afore he could hunt me up, but as he said it paid him, for I gae him twa-ree pointers aboot a'e thing an' anither that princes are generally no vera weel up in, tae wut, the opinions an' real sentiments o' the people. Ower an' ower again he thankit me, an' told me he had never seen the like o' me in a' his born days. He thoct, frae what he had been told, that Canadians were ready tae fa' doon an' worship everythin English, that Ottawa was mair Englished than England hersel', an' Royalty at Windsor was oot-Royaled at Rideau Hall. But when I told him that the way we werna' independent already, was because we believed in takin' time an' daein' things weel an' thorough when we were aboot it, an' that we had twa-ree little domestic bisnisses on hand, such as a prohibitory law tae get passed an' ratified afore we could set up national hoosekeepin' wi' ony kind o' satisfaction, he began scartin' that roond bald spot in his croon wi' a gude deal mair energy than I really saw ony need for. Hooever, we spent a vera pleasant day thegither, in sack we were just stannin' on the tap o' the Airc h o' Triumph, calmly viewin' a rainbow that had come oot, as I thoct, tae signalize my presence there, when Sandy comes fleein' up bareheaded and pantin' like a collie in het weather, an



QUEER PHENOMENON.

(But it was only Mr. Dudesome Simpisy speaking (to his friend Broadman.)