



A POLITICAL PROTEUS.

ELECTOR OF HALDIMAND—"But say, Mr. Meredith, which of 'em is our candidate?"

tain? Or is he simply proceeding on the assumption that nobody expects truth in a dedication?

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IT is very evident, from the interest taken by the great European Powers in African "exploration" or filibustering, that the whole of the Dark Continent will very shortly be parcelled out between England, Germany, France, Portugal, etc., England, as usual, taking the lion's share, while keeping up the greatest outcry about the aggressiveness and rapacity of the others. If Africa is to come under European domination, it would be far better for all concerned did England abandon her hypocritical affectation of moderation—which at this day imposes on nobody—and boldly grab the whole Continent at once; surround it with her fleet, and hold it against all comers. The carving up of the prize among several nations will lead to constant wars and interminable friction on questions of boundary, disputed ownership and the like. None of the European nations have the slightest right to any part of Africa, but since England has begun the stealing business, we would sooner see her do it on a magnificent scale, and annex the whole Continent at once, than compete with the Germans, French and Portuguese in making piecemeal grabs. We intend to send a marked copy of this paper to Bro. Salisbury.

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THE nomination of Messrs. Bell and Armour as Equal Rights candidates for this city is a somewhat severe reflection upon the sincerity of Mr. Meredith, who, if words mean anything, has adopted the entire Equal Rights platform. Evidently the Equal Righters either think that he doesn't mean what he says, or fear that the influences which surround him will be strong enough to frustrate his newly-formed good intentions. It is rather

difficult to put much faith in the *bona fides* of a Party professing entire independence of the Ottawa Ministry when the Birmingham machine is running the campaign and the dyed-in-the-wool Tory heelers who still profess entire allegiance to the Chieftain, do most of the shouting and hustling.

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GRIP acknowledges with thanks to the distinguished author the receipt of an elegantly bound copy of *De Roberval*, a Drama, by John Hunter Duvar, of P.E.I.—a name familiar to all interested in Canadian literature. This work, which is written in blank verse, deals with the earliest period of French colonization in Canada. It is spirited in movement and contains many vivid descriptions and passages, evincing genuine poetic power. The special point of excellence in this drama is that it is really dramatic, and sustains the interest throughout. It gives a very striking picture of French life and manners in the sixteenth century. The book is well worthy to take high rank in the rapidly lengthening list of Canadian poems. Messrs. J. & A. McMillan, of St. John, N.B., are the publishers.

PETER X.

GOOD Peter Moyer, a Tory true,
Is running in North Waterloo,
And thinks he has a chance to be
Elected as an M.P.P.

It formerly did Peter vex
When people called him "Peter X."
But since he's mingled in the strife
And hopes to shine in public life,

The symbol "X" he don't despise,
As by its help he hopes to rise.
Oh, no! it will not Peter vex
To mark against his name an "X."