

the remembrance of a Government House reception for a fortnight; while another has dragged out a wretched existence all this season upon a joke taken from last year's GRIP. The case of a third is even more distressing. A few days since a charitable young lady gave him a most nutritious idea; but such was his weakness that he was unable to digest it, and expired in silence—his last words being, "Are you fond of dancing?" The most harrowing case of all is that of a deserving young man, who could obtain remunerative employment at once as the husband of a local heiress, but he has been prevented from applying for the situation for want of a decent clothing to his one idea (which he had borrowed)—of making a proposal.

There is no charitable institution in Toronto which meets the case of these miserable destitutes. We have therefore resolved to form a fund, composed of all our rejected contributions, from which the necessitous will be relieved with ideas according to the urgency of the case. Thus a constant change of clothing will be available for the inchoate and otherwise inarticulate thoughts of this unhappy class. Conscious that the general public has, as a rule, no ideas of its own to spare, we make no appeal to them, but any readers of GRIP who may be able to assist the fund out of their abundance, may rest assured that it will be properly arranged and well applied.

### AT LAST! AT LAST!

FOR a long time we have (as our readers are aware) been consumed by a desire to find out what the platform of the Reform Party is. Certain ribald persons have boldly declared that our difficulty in discovering it arose from the fact that it had no existence, but observing that the flippant individuals in question belonged to the other Party, we of course paid little attention to their ribaldry. We felt quite sure all along that the great and glorious Party of Reform *had* a programme concealed somewhere. We have at last found it! Quite by accident our Special Interviewer ran up against the Chief Engineer of the organization the other day, and before the two eminent beings parted the great secret had passed from the latter to the former. It came in the form of answers to casual and apparently harmless questions. The interview was about as follows:

GRIP—"Morning. How's things?"

CHIEF ENGINEER—"Oh, fair to middling."

GRIP—"I suppose the Reform Party intend to make a fight for Free Trade before long?"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"And of course it will go in for Direct Taxation?"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"In the next campaign 'Equal Rights to All and Special Privileges to None' will most probably be the slogan?"

C. E.—"No!"

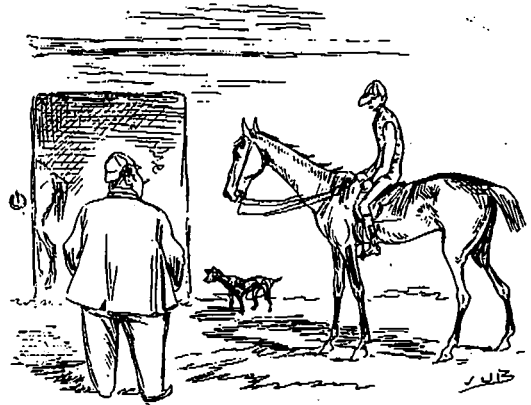
GRIP—"And I shouldn't wonder if a departure in the direction of Single Tax——"

C. E.—"No!"

GRIP—"And seeing that the temperance people are waking up again, the Party will be squaring itself on the Prohibition issue shortly?"

C. E.—"No!"

This was the substance of the conversation. True, the amount of positive information is not extensive, but oh! what depths of information lie wrapped up in the negatives!



### DIDN'T DOUBT IT.

THE JOCKEY—"Record? You bet he has. Done his mile in 1.15 only last summer."

THE SKEPTIC—"Indeed? Er—on what railway?"

### THE SONG OF THE FREEZER.

ON the day when the mercury burst the tube and flew up chimney-high, when the pavements melted, the sidewalks smoked and the reservoirs ran dry, 'twas then I went to the picnic park, to learn if there cream might be, and this, of a truth, was the gruesome song that the freezer sang to me:

"Oh! vainly I sigh for a milder clime and seek for a secret spot where the Cramming Kid and the Maid of a Month and the Man With The Mash are not! There's a chill at my heart, and the reckless wretch that has brought me here decrees I be wrought to his will by a crueller crank—but I'll slop over ere I freeze!

"They have built me round with a wall of ice and sprinkled its inner hem with a quart of salt that, if I'm a judge, would better be used on them; but its little I reck, while I'm able to move, where my place of abode may be,—I only kick at the maddening mess they always pour into me!

"I waste no words on the flavoring stuff, though it scorches and burns and stings, but I shriek at the sound of the slippery slop of the fluid the wagon brings! I've tasted cream once or twice in my life, and it made me feel fine as silk; and I'm fond of the juice of the kindly cow;—but darn this *milkman's* milk! \* \* \*

"Ah, well! no wonder the picnic boss should my grinding groans deride, when the active poison begins to romp and frolic through my inside, for the maids and matrons rush to the front, with their plates and their spoons and things—and St. Peter prepares to be called on for an assorted lot of wings!

"Last week, for instance, I spent the day with the Second Parish Church—though I wouldn't have gone if I hadn't been full—('twas the fault of Warden March); and 'twas my sad fate, when the mirth ran high and the picnic pie was brought, to disgorge the stuff that laid out the priest and tied his wife in a knot!

"Tis the doctor grins when he sees me pass—for he looks to the end, of course—and he seizes his trusty stomach-pump and calls for a speedy horse; and the coffin shop opens wide its doors: and the sexton seeks his spade;—but where is the mighty mind to mark the financial wrecks I've made!

"Oh, woe is me that a tale like this should burden my heavy breaths: that I've hastened six hundred stomach-