

LETTERS TO EMINENT MEN.

TO THE HONORABLE JEHIAL J. DOOLITTLE,
SENATOR OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

SIR,—I would feel that I had not done my duty towards the innumerable readers of GRIP, as well as towards the remaining few of my Canadian countrymen, if I neglected to hold you up to the public gaze as an eminent man. Sir, I honor you as an example of that never-to-be-too-much-belauded being, the "self-made man," for a man who starts from small beginnings, and by his strict attention to business affairs, not only to those of his own but those of his neighbors, and by looking after the pennies, knows that the "pounds will take care of themselves," accumulates wealth, must come within that respectable category. I say again, I honor you.

Jehial, to show cause why I should honor you as a self-made man I will have to go back some years. In 1838, Jehial J. Doolittle, you were quite a youth, and I am bound to say as smart a youth as ever first saw the light of day in the State of Massachusetts, in which commonwealth you were born, and crossed the New Hampshire line into Canada in that eventful year of the "Patriot war." Why you left your native State, or how you crossed the lines with your load of wooden clocks and hickory hams without an interview with the customs authorities, I know not, nor would I speak of such matters if I did, for I believe in the principle of letting by-gones be by-gones. I fancy, however, that your last sale of basswood nutmegs to a lately imported Irishman who started a little "dalings" in the City of Boston, was the immediate cause of your honoring the colony with your presence. Your sad song on leaving your native land might be interpreted into muskrat French thusly: "*Tuand Je Quitte le Nlle D'Hartford Le sayre ville qui me donnez le monte. Il rit encore at les Bostonnais. And I pack mon bag straight for Canaday.*" When you crossed the lines, Jehial, you started into the eastern townshi pswith your wares; you sold your clocks and your ligneous hams, and made some money. Unfortunately a good purchaser who bought most of your wares paid you in "British gold," which you subsequently found to be, like your hams, of doubtful merit and value, and which were ultimately confiscated by the authorities, and you were very nearly going to *quod* for having base coin in your possession. How after this little episode you were compelled to pack the N. A. Land Company's pork on your back through the woods for a small pittance; how you got to Montreal, and eventually up to the banks of blue Ontario, I will not describe, altho, Jehial, I might do so if I chose. Now it was in these days of shin-plasters, poverty, sedition, and family compacts that an El Dorado presented itself to your view. You had some money. You went into beef contracts for the militia; you bought up notes. You in a short time held mortgages on lands, farm and otherwise, and when the rebellion was over, the 'patriots' hanged or exiled, you Jehial came to the front even as the historic Muldoon, a solid man!

Since that time you have been into every-thing in the commercial line, you kept 'store,' you owned tanneries, you ran grist and saw mills, you have been a school trustee, a county councillor, a reeve, and now, Jehial, you are nothing less than a Canadian lord, a Senator! Your good wife has actually shaken hands with royalty. You, Jehial, have drank wine, (if not hob-nobbed) with Earls, Markessas, pompous colonists, and flash *aides de camp*, and I am told that you now can, and do put on all the airs of an old country aristocrat, who has country seats and baronial acres all over England, Ireland, and Scotland, and perhaps £20,000 a year! I am further assured that it is the great object of your honored lady, Mrs. D., to outshine all the rest of the fashionables "jest

to show 'em she's as good as they be." Now see here, Jehial, if Clarrisy Jane Pratt that was, and is now the wife of you, Senator Doolittle, were clad in purple, with a pock of diamonds distributed about her person, she would never be able to fill the bill as a great lady, so don't let her try it anymore. Her talk gives her away, and so does yours, Senator Doolittle, so don't you get too high strung on account of your Senatorship, for your knowledge of law or its application to legislation is limited to Division Court suits, and that of the amenities of high society *nil*. Therefore, altho' I rejoice in your eminence, I would merely suggest, Jehial I., Doolittle Senator, that you keep yourself quietly in the back ground, rejoice in your good luck, but don't presume upon it or your Senatorship to intrude yourself or your missus into 'genteel' society, for your ways are not their ways and you will only get despised and snubbed for your pains. Think of this little suggestion my Honorable Jehial; if you don't, look out for another letter from your friend and monitor,

DANGER.

GRIP'S CLIPS.

HE PLUGGED IT UP.

One of our business men has learned something. Near the end of his first year's renting of a telephone he concluded that it was too expensive and intended to have it taken out. He neglected to do so for a month or two after his year expired, and then he called at the office to pay up and have the instrument removed. When the manager told him he would have to pay for the overtime he kicked like a mule.

"Why—why," he spluttered, "I shouldn't be charged with what I didn't get or use."

"But the instrument was there, and you could have used it if you wished to."

"No—no—no, I couldn't, for just the very day the year was out I plugged it up and hain't touched it since."

Sure enough, investigation showed that he *had* plugged the receiver chock-full of paper, his idea being that this would prevent further expense to the company. He paid up.

LEAP YEAR IN SPAIN.

I noticed that a Spanish girl of my acquaintance held her fan half-open. I asked the philosophy of the thing.

"Why you wouldn't have me hold it any other way, would you?" she said with mild surprise.

"What difference does it make?"

"All the difference. If I keep it closed it means I hate you."

"Heaven forbid!"

"And if I opened it wide, it means I love you."

As she began to open it, I fled.

COULD GET HIM AGAIN.

"I haven't seen your dog for several days," said a Somerville husband to his wife.

"No," she replied, "the fact is I have given him away."

"Why, you needn't have done that. I had no particular objection to him."

"Oh, I know that; but I thought it was not right for me to have a pet dog about the house, when I have such a good, kind husband to lavish my affections upon."

The husband sank into the chair with a deep sigh.

"How much do you want, Mary?" he asked as he drew his wallet from his pocket: "it can't be a sealskin saque, for the winter is nearly over."

"No," she said, "it is not a sealskin saque; but I really would like a new silk for the spring, and you know it's got to be bought and made and all that."

"Now," he said as he handed her the money, "what proof of your affection will you give me when you want another dress, since you have given away your dog?"

"Oh," she said, "I have given the dog to my sister, and I can get him back again."—*Somerville Journal*.

TRUE INDEPENDENCE.

Our clever New York *contem*. Puck has just completed his seventh year, and signalizes the occasion by a few appropriate remarks, in the course of which he says:—

For this coming year of the Presidential campaign, we have only one pledge to make—that as we have been, we shall be, independent, after that true fashion of independence that does not fear to enter into loyal alliance with what is right. Whatever may come of the campaign, whatever enemies we may make, we are sure that if we keep to this rule we shall come out of that period of bitter contention only more firmly established in the confidence of the people—even among those with whom we have differed. Passion cool, justice comes, and justice values honest opposition more highly than thoughtless or interested partisanship.

GRIP quotes this as a neat and precise definition of his own attitude in politics, and hopes it may be clear enough even for the narrow understanding of those who are in the habit of misjudging his utterances.

A SAFE DEPOSIT.

"Mamma, what is that building?"

"A bank building, dearie."

"Is that where papa keeps his money?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Mr. Faro keeps it, don't he mamma?"

"Why, no; dearie!—What a question!"

"Well, I heard papa say he'd left a thousand dollars at Faro's Bank Saturday night, anyway?"

"He did, did he?" (aside) "Well, that's one safe deposit he's made, anyway! I know now why he refused me a new dress, new gloves and hat yesterday. Oh! but I'll make him regret the day he was born!"

"What's the matter, mamma?"

"Nothing, dearie, only I'm going to have a few words to say to your papa concerning Mr. Faro's bank!"—*Ashmore Toothpick*.

"Yes," said she proudly to the sister who was taking Sunday lunch with her, "I believe I noticed minutely every dress in church this morning." "My dear," remarked her scapegrace of a husband who had remained home as usual, "did you notice the address?" And she was greatly ruffled and seemed to loose the thread of her conversation, especially as the wretch continued, in a tone which nearly killed her, "I trust at least you observed its texture."—*Ovid (Mich) Union*.

The great fire at the cigar factory of S. Davis & Son, Montreal, would be regarded as a disaster by most people, but this happy firm, having rebuilt their premises and got to work again, now smile contentedly and declare that they rather like the idea of cigars being burned up. They are sending out millions of *Cables* and *El Padres* for the express purpose of cremation, and smokers who like a good weed are doing all they can to aid in the combustion of these goods.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.