

## PORTRAITS BY OUR TYPOGRAPHICAL ARTIST.



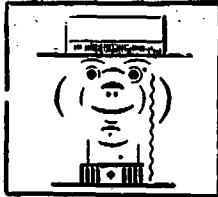
I.—A SOCIETY GIRL.



II.—A PRIMA DONNA.



III.—A SCHOOL TEACHER.



IV.—A DUDE.



V.—A TENOR.



VI.—A YOUNG CHILD.

## BLUE RUIN.

THE *World* of last Saturday contains a letter from "A Common Drummer," in which among other things the writer says:

A country merchant told me that the horse, barley and egg cry has compelled him to refuse credit to several farmers who are reading the *Globe*—they have lost heart and confidence and are no more use.

This is a sad state of affairs, and we have no doubt the letter in question is quite as authentic as the following which have since come to this journal:

TAMARAC TOWNSHIP, May 11th.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—If the *Globe* don't stop its talk about the egg, barley and horse question this country will be ruined. My hens are laying eggs no bigger'n pigeons lay. Call in the hounds.

Yours, etc.,  
A COMMON FARMER.

WAYBACK P.O., ONT., May 12th.

SIR,—i am a reder of the *Glob* an have been redin its artikels on the eggs barley an horses it has broke me all up i have been took down with rumatix an the docter ses it is all on acount of Jaffrey so I say call off the dogs.

I remane yures,  
A COMMON YOMAN.

HAWBUCK CORNERS, May 12th.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—Trade is very bad at this place, and the farmers round about are dissatisfied because they can't get the prices they would like for their stuff. I also have been obliged to refuse credit to men who have failed to pay up their old accounts. The only way to make the times good is to stop the *Globe* from saying

anything about the price of eggs, barley and horses. i would earnestly say, call off the hounds.

Yours, etc.,  
A COMMON STOREKEEPER.

GREENVILLE, ONT., May 11th.

GRIP—DEAR SIR,—I just happened to be passing through this place an in the bar of the hotel i picked up a copy of las Saterdag's *World* i red the letter of the Drummer an i thot i would jus drop you this postal card to tell you that the reason why i am a homeless wanderer is because of readin the *Globe* it has took all the hope out of me an now i dont care wot becomes of the country.

Yures truly,  
A COMMON TRAMP.

GAMMONBURG, May 12, 1891.

GRIP, SIR,—I write to let you know that I really do believe that the letter in the *World* of last Saturday was written by a genuine commercial traveller, and not faked up in the office.

Yours truly,  
A COMMON CHUMP.

## NEEDLESSLY PROFANE.

IT is to be regretted that the *Labor Advocate* sometimes allows itself to use language which must assuredly lower it in the estimation of the right-minded public. The use of profane expressions can never be justified, but charity can find some excuse for it when employed in the heat of passion or as a vehicle for the utterance of strong emotions. But no such plea in mitigation can be urged for flippant and utterly irrelevant and meaningless profanity such as the following.

The dam porpoises are said to help their young in their efforts to breathe by bearing them up to the surface of the water on their flippers.

Would it not have answered every purpose to have written simply "the porpoises?"

QUERY.—Is there any connection between being tight and a vice?



## HEADING HER OFF.

LADY OF UNCERTAIN AGE—"Er—is this leap year, Mr. Smithers?"

MR. SMITHERS—"No; but I'll always be a brother to you, all the same."