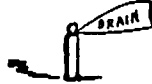
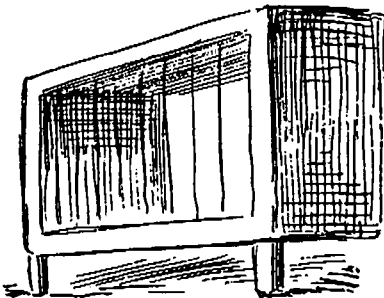


spondent of a metropolitan journal. This tale was not credited, however, though it appeared a plausible one, and the curiosity was brought to Mr. Piper, who admitted that it was *not* his monkey, but closely resembled it. Accordingly the detectives handed it over to Mr. GRIP, and here he is. Give him a whack on the head, Jabez, and make him talk.



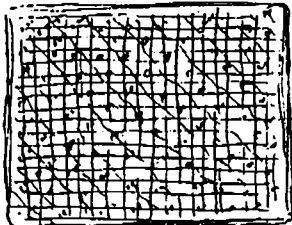
No. 3.

**A Dude's Brain:** After splitting open the crania of seven hundred dudes, all of which were found to be empty, the seven hundred and first yielded this filmy, gossamer-like substance. The Dude from whom it was taken has not yet missed it.



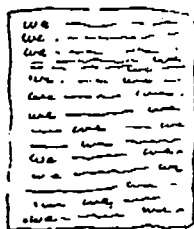
No. 4.

Empty! Cage intended for newspapers of 1st September which contained no allusion to oysters and the letter R. The whole Dominion was scoured for these articles, but not a single paper could be found but what had some allusion, either original or "scissored," to these things.



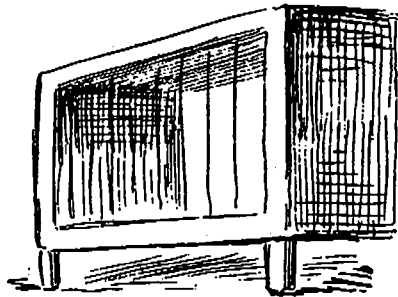
No. 5.

**A Quilt of 9203 pieces:** Nothing so very remarkable, you mutter. Aha! but this one was worked by a church sewing society composed of eight spinsters, one minister's wife and four matrons, and it is made up of bits of the characters of other ladies who were not present, and whose reputations were discussed in their absence. Pretty badly tattered, some of the patches, but some of the characters were torn into such small bits that they positively could not be worked into the quilt. Hold it up to the light, Jabez, so that the ladies can see that pretty Miss Johnsing's reputation



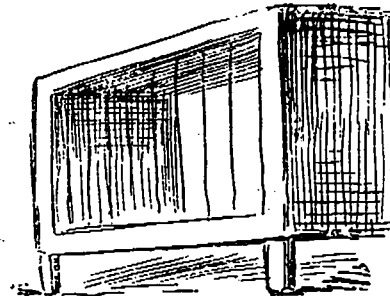
No. 6.

**Editorial from an Amateur Newspaper:** Observe, ladies and gentlemen, that there are thirty-seven lines in this wonderful work of art. Observe, also, that the word 'we,' only occurs thirty-six times. It is on this account,—the infrequency of that personal pronoun—that this article is regarded as a curiosity. The English is very cleverly constructed, which fact also adds to the remarkable nature of the production.



No. 7.

This cage, which, you perceive, is empty, was provided for those Toronto liquor dealers who sell their wares after legal hours. Not one could be found.



No. 8.

Another empty cage! Yes, gentlemen and ladies, this one was intended for the memories of witnesses in several Hamilton liquor cases, in which saloon-keepers were charged with breaking the laws. Not one of the witnesses against them could remember anything that had happened. *Most* remarkable.



No. 9.

Here is the sand-bag with which Mr. Charles E. Courtney was lately struck. It was donated by that gentleman himself, who remarked in his letter to Mr. GRIP that he could row faster than any man living. Anyone who did not, before seeing this club, believe that Mr. Courtney was lambasted as he claimed, can now have their incredulity banished.



No. 10.

A young gentleman—a law-student—who does not think that he was cut out for a newspaper man, and a young lady who does not imagine that nature intended her to shine on the stage. Very rare couple. Give 'em a dig in the ribs with the pole, Jabez, and let's hear 'em laugh.

Now, that's all for to-day, ladies and gentlemen; turn to the right as you go out if you wish to subscribe for GRIP. Good-morning. S.

THE SOLILOQUY OF FAUQUIER.

This here is a slaughter of the innocents! They have gone and disqualified me! Me! Now what did I do? As Burns says:

If a fellow meet a voter  
Looking very dry,  
If a fellow treat a voter  
Need the judges cry?

What if I *did* give evidence they didn't quite believe? Can any mortal soul, let alone a candidate, always tell the exact exactitude of all that ever happened—specially when if he tells certain things he don't know but they will knock his election into a cocked hat!

After all, it was nt me. No. There's that Shields, he comes in after, and he stretch's out his long legs on a chair, and puts his extensive paw on my shoulder as if he had'nt ruined me, and says he:

"Fawqueer, my boy, never mind it, come up with me to Rat Portage, that's the place. If we couldn't get round the consarned Reformers here we can there. Millions in it!"

"I don't see," says I, "what there is to be done there."

"All that is to be done there," says he, "is to keep Mowat and his pack out of possession—that is, as far as possible."

"What good's that," says I "to you or me? I'm sick of politics."

"You're disqualified for active exertion in one line," says he, with an impudent grin on his yellow face, "but there's other fields to conquer. You can be a contractor, amass a rapid fortune, and roll in your carriage."

"Nonsense," says I, "go away, like a good fellow, I've had enough of your plans. What good would it do us if Mowat can't get his rights? But the land is Ontario's, you know."

"What about that," says he, "if the Dominion Government keeps hold—the timber mines, water privileges, lands all belong to her, and if Manitoba gets sold the Dominion keeps 'em all the same. But if Ontario gets her rights she gets the lands and woods. Keep her out of 'em my boy. Keep 'em in Sir John's hands, then who gets 'em? The contractors—the Dominion contractors, my boy. Come with me! Be one, there's millions in it!"

Why shouldn't I go with him. Millions, only think! Woods, forests, mines, minerals, water privileges. Keep Mowat out! Down with the Grits! I'm not quite disqualified after all.