

JEAMES' BRIGHT IDEA.

DEAR GRIP,—No true believer in Imperial Jingoism, and loyal admirer of the British Aristocracy, can fail to shudder at the thought that our people are fast losing that feeling of reverence for titles and their bearers, which is so absolutely necessary in any properly organized social system. So far, alas! has this feeling been permitted to spread, that several journalists have even presumed to criticise the movements and actions of our most gracious Governor-Generals, while it is a far too common occurrence to see members of Parliament and even Cabinet Ministers lightly spoken of. Even the honor of Knighthood conferred by her most gracious Majesty, has not in every case sufficed to defend its bearer from the most foul aspersions, on the part of plebeian newspaper writers and public speakers.

Permit me to suggest a plan which would I think have the effect of stopping at once and forever the low and vulgar mouths of these rascally democrats, and of restoring flunkeyism to its proper place in the community.

The plan is simple, cheap, and effectual, and I think I may say original; it is, in short, to create a privileged aristocracy of our own. We have abundant material for the purpose, and the scheme could be made to work well politically, as well as socially, as we could abolish our present Senate, which contains a number of members almost entirely destitute of style and proper aristocratic bearing; and substitute our new House of Lords in its place. Dukes could be selected from among the leading sugar refiners, a few of the wealthiest cotton men and the bigbugs of the Syndicate; Earls and Viscounts would be woollen and foundry people, second-class cotton manufacturers and Nova Scotia coal owners; while Barons, etc., could be selected from the most deserving manufacturers in other lines.

With a Parliament thus constituted there would be no danger of any nonsense being permitted in the line of Customs Unions, Free Trade or Annexation; and as there would be no real use for the popular branch of the Legislature it might be done away with, and the expense and trouble of elections thus saved. Privileges, such as exemption from local taxation, freedom from arrest, and other little distinctions calculated to impress the vulgar herd with a proper respect for their betters, would of course be accorded to them, and would greatly assist them in maintaining their official dignity.

In England the nobility usually take their distinctive titles from their estates; but as our peers would not, at least just yet, have any great amount of landed property, they could derive their titles from their particular branch of business. For instance, we might have His Grace the Duke of Glucose, the Earl of Bleached Cotton, Viscount Shoddy, the Marquis of Brown Derry and Lord Halfsole of Splitleather.

Such a House of Lords could not fail to command all the respect to which it would be entitled, and would cause agriculturists and other low plebeians, such as lumbermen and iron miners, to feel the futility of attempting to better their position. And journals like the *Globe*, and demagogues like Blake and Mackenzie, would be forced to cease their wicked and unpatriotic attempts to make the farmers and laborers believe that they have any rights which their superiors are bound to respect.

I remain, Yours truly,
JEAMES.

A boaster in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country that he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked: "Have you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes, said the boaster, "I passed through there on top of a stage coach about a year ago."

MODERN ENGLISH.

Persons can be too fastidious in their speech. We knew a young lady (we have no further use for her), who would grasp at an elegant expression like a politician does for a few paltry dollars. It so happened that in an unfortunate hour the word "saliva" dropped from our lips, in conversation with this female exponent of Neo-platonism and culture. "Saliva did you say? What means saliva?" "Saliva is another and better expression for spit," we answered. "Oh, then after this I will tell you to saliva in the cuspidore." Great Caesar! this is elegance with a vengeance.

Scene: Coffee room in Scotch inn. Hungry farmer, who has ordered dinner: "Lassie, bring ma dinna wi' alacrity." Lassie: "Alacrity! It wis a steak ye ordered."

Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides; but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.

The story comes from Nevada that a marauding band of grasshoppers were turned aside from a certain village by the fact that a new brass band was practising there as they approached it.

A German, complaining of the overshadowing influence of militarism: "See the effect on your children; if we have handsome, well-made boys, they join the military; if girls, the military join them."

When a man without cash or credit attempts to leave a hotel and lowers a carpet-bag out of a back window by means of a rope, it makes charity seem cold to hear the voice of the landlord below yelling up, "All right; I've got the bag; let go the rope."

"A man gets angry on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly whenever informed that she has a brow of marble, a neck of alabaster and lips of coral. The difference in the disposition of the sexes is, no doubt, owing to the woman's superior fortitude.

A woman having occasion to visit an acquaintance living in a neighboring town, took her seat in a railway carriage. Surprised at the short time in which the journey was accomplished, she remarked that if she had known she could have got there so quickly she would have walked.

A traveller who had just read on the guide-post—"Dublin, two miles," thought to make game of a passing Irishman by asking, "If it's two miles to Dublin, Pat, how long will it take to get there?" "Faith," returned Pat, "and if yer heels be as slow as your wits, ye'll get there about Christmas."

Smith and Brown, running opposite ways round a corner, struck each other. "Oh, dear," says Smith, "how you made my head ring!" "That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown. "Didn't yours ring?" said Smith. "No," said Brown. "That's a sign its cracked," replied his friend.

John Brown, of Haddington, was in the habit of proposing on festive occasions a certain young lady as his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason. "Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without making her Brown, and so I've resolved to toast her no more."

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to an apprentice, "you have been with me now three months and have seen all the different points in our trade. I wish to give you your choice of work for a while." "Thank'ee, sir." "Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up shop and goin' home."

POLITICS.

GRIP, my pretty bird, politics is just now an undeniably dirty trade, one can't help allowing that for a fact, in face of what has recently transpired in the Ontario Legislature. But, my lovely one, why is it so? The Party of Purity on one side, and the Party of Gentlemen on the other—how is it that the conglomerate result is so very far from clean? Is it because members go into Parliament for their own benefit? Is it because they are self-seeking, making a tool of their place to manufacture ends of their own? Is it because they look upon their constituents as fools who will be gulled; as counters in a game of grab; as noodles, who have neither a sense of what is due to themselves as voters, nor to their country, as its primary rulers? Or, my darling bird, is it because the tone of public morals is low among us, and we don't care how it's done, so long as our pet scheme is made a success of? "Measures not men," may be good politics; I don't know, but it seems to me that, as are your men, so are your measures. To be sure we sometimes have good measures carried in our Legislatures, and therefore there must be good men among our legislators, but cannot we have more of them? You know I am a lady of property, you dear little duck, and being (oh, whisper it low) a lone woman, have now a vote in city affairs, thanks to—I won't say whom, which I regard as only an introductory step in the direction of Parliamentary suffrage. Therefore I am anxious to have our Provincial garden at least well-tended and put in trim before I pay it a visit. Neither you nor I, my glossy bird, want to be always picking and pulling, do we? No; we want to look our best, and sing our prettiest, and that we cannot do if the garden is full of evil weeds, mud puddles and bad boys. It takes one all one's time to keep clean under such circumstances, you know.

And, for a final whisper, my darling; we don't want and *won't have* Wisconsin or any other breed of bribing lumber lobbyists perambulating our well-gravelled walks. Corruptionists are *corruptionists*, whether their object is political or commercial; and every honest man should show them the garden gate quick, or he shan't get my vote, I can tell him, nor anybody else's that I can influence.

A FEMALE VOTER.

A lecturer who had been criticized for "being too long-winded," referred to the fact and said, "I shall speak as long as I please." The critic, who was among the audience, cried out, "All right. If you'll only stop speaking when you stop pleasing, we shall be satisfied."

Sheridan being on a Parliamentary committee one day entered the room when all the members were seated and ready to commence business. Perceiving no empty seat, he bowed, and, looking around the table with a droll expression of countenance, said: "Will any gentleman move that I may take the chair?"

Not long since a Scotch School Board inspector asked the members of a class that was under examination, "What is the cause of the saltiness of the ocean?" Flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand. "You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish!" exclaimed the pupil triumphantly.

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.