



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

*Old Nick.*—Look here, my young and verdant friend, before you proceed to call a gentleman bad names, endeavor to ascertain whether he has friends among your governors, pastors and masters.—*Quant. Suff.*

GRIP'S SPECTACLES.

The following letter speaks for itself and a courteous subscriber :

SHELBURNE, Ont., 22nd July, 1884.

*Editor Grip:*  
 DEAR SIR,—I have been a subscriber (elsewhere than at the above P. O.) for the past eight or nine years. Your cartoons generally have appeared to me fair and just, and often when they wounded my political feelings I have had to acknowledge their justness. There are two subjects upon which, it appears to me, you must look with colored spectacles, if indeed a bird can wear spectacles. I refer to the N. P. and the Canada Pacific Railway. Your cartoon of last week, in which you represent the working man as being crushed to the earth by the N. P. Elephant, which has made the necessities of life so dear. This is so flagrantly contrary to the facts that it is simply monstrous. Now, sir, I challenge you to name me a single article, a necessity of the working man, that is made dearer by the N. P., and I will name you five that are cheaper. I have been in business for ten years, buying and selling the necessities of the poor man every day, and I know what I enumerate below is correct:—Tea from 5c to 8c per pound cheaper; Sugar from 1½c to 2c per pound cheaper, or 25 per cent.; rice ½c per pound cheaper; coffee from 5c to 8c per pound cheaper; spices average lower; Canadian tweeds 15 to 20 per cent. lower; Canadian flannels 15 to 20 per cent. lower; Canadian blankets 25 per cent. lower; Canadian cotton manufactures such as bleached and gray cottons, cottonades, ginghams, warps, denims, tickings, shirts, etc., are from 20 to 25 per cent. lower than they were five years ago. You can have this corroborated by any grocer or dry goods man in Ontario. An answer to this in Grip, or to Box 71 Shelburne, will much oblige an old

SUBSCRIBER.

Grip wears no spectacles, colored or otherwise. His eyesight, like that of all the raven tribe, is proverbially sharp, and needs no artificial aid. From his lofty perch in the Independent Tree he takes a comprehensive view of things in general. As to the C. P. R., he has observed in the first place that the bargain was a bad and unbusiness-like one—a fact which "Subscriber" will no doubt admit; and that the company's officials have exhibited too frequently a tendency to extortion in the matter of freight rates, and a monopolizing spirit in other respects. If pointing out these facts may be called "looking through colored spectacles," then Grip is guilty—but the question is, are these things not facts? As to the N. P., Grip has taken the position that on the whole it is not a benefit to the working class, and this conclusion he has arrived at after careful observation of its working.

It is true, Mr. Subscriber, that the articles you name are cheaper now than they were five years ago, but surely you do not mean to say that the tariff has made tea, rice, coffee and spices cheaper? We were not aware that these commodities were manufactured or produced in Canada. As to the other articles men-

tioned, they are all much cheaper outside of Canada than they were five years ago; not only so, but they are cheaper outside of Canada than they are within our borders by at least the amount of the duty. Looking at this fact with the naked eye, Grip concludes that if it were not for the N. P. the Canadian consumer would be getting his sugar, tweeds, etc., cheaper still, for if our manufacturers do not add the duty to the price what good does the N. P. do them? It sometimes happens that when the market is glutted, our manufacturers sacrifice their goods—sell them "at or below cost." On such occasions the Canadian consumer doubtless gets an advantage, but this is not a pleasant state of affairs for the manufacturer, and, fortunately for him, it is of short duration. We must also remind subscriber that wages have gone down in a greater proportion than the articles he has named, and employment is scarcer than it was five years ago. It was this peculiar feature of the case that our cartoon dealt with.

What we meant to hit was the objectionable system of "assisted passages," and we sought to do this by showing that a portion of the increased taxes of the Canadian workingman is being used to bring in labor to compete against him. This may be putting it rather strongly, but it is the solid truth of the matter, and will continue to be so until the Government ceases paying passages out of the public till for any emigrants other than farm laborers. By way of emphasizing the disadvantages at which our working class is put, we placed a typical monopolist upon the elephant's back, and behind him a Chiuaman as representing cheap labor. The eagerness of our highly favored "lords" to grind the faces of the poor, is a phase of human nature that requires no demonstration to any man who has his eyes open.

A QUERY.

DEAR GRIP,—I have hunted through my Walker, and my Worcester, and my Webster for the word "semi-ditto," being anxious to know its definition, if definition it have, but I cannot find it. As, however, our high-toned friend *The Week* uses the word, it must be good English, and of course it is very proper that we intelligent Canadians should enrich our vocabulary with it.

Perhaps you have met with "semi-ditto" in your reading, and will kindly tell us all about it.

Yours, dear GRIP,

From A to Z.

A RASPBERRY RHAPSODY.

I have often written essays on, as well as made essays of, the raspberry; but I have never yet extolled it in verse, probably because I prefer to see it embalmed in pie. But now the muse moves me, and I sing, The Raspberry :

Oh, give me the raspberry ripe!  
 The raspberry red and luscious!  
 I rank it with onions and tripe,  
 'Tis more tasty than sugared mush is.

In the opening stanza I want to crowd in my best opinion of the fruit, even if the effort is at the sacrifice of aesthetic sentiment to cold fact. The only dish in this world, apart from raspberries, that can begin to compare with onions and tripe is tripe and onions. So, in assigning the raspberry this exalted post in the gastronomic service of my Department of the Interior, I am guilty of no political favoritism or nepotism. The raspberry passes the civil service examination with credit to itself and satisfaction to me.

Let me lie to the raspberry swamp,  
 And gather in pail on painful;  
 'Tis a glorious trip—but damp  
 If you don't find it mighty waulful.

Who can describe the alternate glories and agonies of a family berry-picking excursion! You see nature in all her grandeur, and natives in all their bare feet. You can fairly revel in glorious solitude, and now and then run against a bear. While you are dreamily filling up your pint cup, some member of another party has discovered your pail and avails himself of the golden opportunity. When you have lost yourself in soulful admiration of the surrounding fastnesses, you are recalled to consciousness by the intelligence that your wife has dropped onto a hornet's nest and does not feel comfortable. The feeling of calm exultation born of the consciousness that you have struck the best corner of the whole patch, is rudely interrupted by the news that the baby is lost. Just as you are reminded that your appetite is on deck, comes the revelation that one of the horses has got at the lunch basket, with all that that preceding implies. Your eldest boy, whose young heart has been yearning for the berry-patch so long, moves blithely about until he has discovered successively the poison ivy, the bog hole and the other family's bull dog. Oh! the new lease of life you get and the clothes you destroy! Oh! the hunger and the sunburn! Oh! the relaxation and the cost of the livery rig! Oh! the immeasurable recreation and the small quantity of raspberries!

Now, haste thee, brakeman dear!  
 And bring on the train from north,  
 For me in the mail clerk's keer,  
 About five dollars' worth!

That would give the brakeman and mail clerk a dollar each for their onerous and responsible work of smuggling your fruit down, and you have to return the pails.

Oh, raspberry let us home!  
 Luscious and ripe and pure.  
 If this ain't an epic poem,  
 'Twas writ by an epicure!

"In Harvest time"—the second of the series of papers on "Summer in Kentucky" in *The Current* of July 26, adds emphasis to the possibilities hinted at for the future work of Charles J. O'Malley, of Kentucky, when this young author gave his first work to the public through that journal. Mr. O'Malley is a plain, unpretentious farmer, living close to nature and his books. Seldom is more entertaining work presented, even by writers of such note as Burroughs and Ingersoll. It seems true, as affirmed by a noted European author in a recent letter to *The Current*, that "in O'Malley the sweet soul of a Keats has been discovered."