



## HOW TO MANAGE A MONOCULE.

him that such unchristian conduct would not be permitted. They assembled in the church, and when the service began turned off the gas and rendered the water-motor of the organ unworkable. The headstrong Ritualists still persisting with improvised lamp and candle-light, the heroes of sound doctrine did their best to break up the service with groaning, whistling, singing of divers tunes, etc. For all this they are now being severely criticised, but they have the sweet consciousness of having done their duty and shown the erring rector what pure and undefiled religion really is: Unless he is a very unreasonable person indeed, he will surely abjure his popish practices and accept the better way which has been pointed out to him in so truly a Christian spirit.

A GREAT public meeting was held in London, Ont., the other evening in connection with a movement for the abolition of the treating custom. It was a decided success, and it is to be hoped the movement will spread and gather force until this silly and ruinous "institution" is known no more. To abolish treating would be to break the back of the liquor traffic. It is through the mis-directed kindness of the treater that recruits are secured for the army of drunkenness.

IT is announced that troops are to be dispatched to Mashonaland to head off a large body of Boers who are bent upon setting up a new Free State in the country recently taken over by the British. The British Government is hereby informed that GRIP has no objection to this if it is clearly understood that the troops are not being sent merely to do service for the South African Company. The English-speaking man is, all in all, the safest arbiter of the future destiny of the native African tribes, but when he takes the form of a soulless corporation, like the Hudson's Bay Company or the South African Company, he is a blighting monopoly. Imperial troops should not be asked to fight for the interests of private business speculations. Salisbury will please make a note of this.

THE proverb might now be recast for Mr. Blaine, to read, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a fool nephew." Mr. Jay Ewing, the U. S. Consul at Vancouver, recently made an exhibition of himself and his country by refusing to join in the toast to the Queen at a banquet in that city, and now some of the Maine statesman's enemies are saying that he sent Ewing there to do just that sort of thing. His bad manners, however, are likely to cost the caddish young man his situation.

A GLORIOUS prospect opens before the Toronto water-drinker—that is, the citizen who would fain drink water if he felt he could do so without fatal effects. It has been discovered that the little hamlet of Holland's Landing, a few miles to the north of us, is the centre of what is believed to be an inexhaustible supply of splendid health-giving water, which is secured by means of artesian wells. Experts are of opinion that here is the solution of Toronto's big problem. Let it be investigated without delay!

## HOW IT STRIKES A STRANGER.

HE was "just hout from Hold Hingland" and he stepped into a grocer's shop yesterday for a little sugar. "Ow much a pund is it?" he very naturally asked. "This quality is five cents a pound," said the man of merchandise. "Five cents, lemme see," soliloquised our Brummagem immigrant. "Five-cents—why that's thrupence, ain't it, in this country? Well, I'm blowed if we can't buy such stoof in Hingland for a penny! 'Cordin' to this, our shillin's worth three of yours in this bloomin' colony."

## OUR INSTITUTIONS!

A MERCHANT on Spadina Avenue made a bet last week with a professional gentleman on the same street, that if they should both accost the first ten men passing up or down, asking them to name the lieutenant governor of the province, not more than half of them would be able to answer correctly. The bet was taken, and the experiment tried, with the result that only one man could name our gubernatorial receptacle of "ten thousand a year" and free lodgings.

## CASTING THE DYE.



WHEN first I met fair Juliet,  
And paid her my addresses,  
Methinks I then compared to jet  
Her glossy, raven tresses.

When next I met fair Juliet  
And claimed her recognition,  
The lass had changed her tresses jet  
To auburn à la Titian.



When next I met fair Juliet  
As an acquaintance odd,  
Her auburn ringlets, I regret  
To say, had changed to golden.

Alas! now see fair Juliet!  
Her hair is closely shingled,  
And ev'ry hue from gold to jet  
In it is intermingled.

Now, lassie, if you'd be my wife  
And end our mutual sighing,  
To holy living give more life  
And less to wholly dyeing.



HARRY B. SMITH.