



A RARE CHANCE.

[A young man, well educated, wishes to be adopted by a wealthy couple. Best of references given and expected. Box —, *Globe* Office. See *Globe*, Nov. 15th.]

Frantic rush of eligible elderly couples to secure this extraordinary prize!!

OPEN LETTER TO MR. MOWAT

DEAR Sir—but not Sir Oliver, I don't bleeve in them titles, and once on a time you didn't nuther, but in course you're a-gettin' old—well, as I said afore, dear sur, I'm a Patron of Industry, and what's more, I'm a Reformer, which is two things you aint, fur if you hed bin a Reformer there wouldn't have bin no Patrons. I know you call yourself a Reformer, but I once planted potatoes for Early Rose as was only Cups and mighty poor Cups too—still they looked like what they claimed which is different from you agin. Do you know, sir, that there aint a man in this country as takes you for a Reformer? What did you ever reform? Can you mention jist one wrong thing you ever took up out of your own head—not out of Wm. Irving's head, or Mr. Hardy's head, or any other fellow's head, but jist out of your own, and got sot right? Blamed if I kin! Do you know that you are the true Father of the Patrons so fur as Ontario politics is consarned? Your toryism has inflicted us with Upper Canady College—a very good school in our bush-whacking days, but now taint no manner o' use—\$300,000 thrown away! Your toryism continners the fee-system that gives one man \$5,000 and another only \$1,000, instead of a true fee system as would give 'em both \$2,000 a-piece, and save \$2,000 for the province. Your toryism makes you the head of a jaunty compack consistin' of ex-members, would-be members, and members' sons, etc. what fills all the best places in the country, and works for you on the sly at election times. Your toryism made you rejek Meredith's motion to make jedges work overtime to git through—you said you thought you didn't think the jedges would like it!!!!!! Your toryism refuses to give us women suffritch, and yit you cast a vote every time your own self! Hesn't one old woman as good a right as another, eh? Your toryism purvents you from stiddyin' the Single Tax idea, onless you have changed your mind sence you told a friend of mine, that you had no patience with Henry George, and that you couldn't read him at all! Your toryism makes you hum and ha and take things into your serious consideration until you kin find out how the wind blows—it makes your Governmint spend thousands and tens of thousands of dollars to support things as they be, the older fashioned they are the better, and it won't let you spend a cent for a new idea. Your colleg's laugh at you, and the best men all over the country is sick of you—I am. You are called the biggest Tory in the puddle. George Brown was a Reformer, so was Meredith, but you——! Oh, yes? you are Sir Oliver; your toryism made you take that too. Blake wouldn't, Brown wouldn't, Mackenzie wouldn't, and if Brown had a bin livin' he wouldn't a' let you nuther; yes and your toryism makes you appoint commissions on one thing and another to give places to fellows; to give you time to think—I mean to consider; and to take the responsibility off your shoulders. You a Reformer! I should smile!

HENRIETTA PERKINS

BRIGHTON, Oxford County, Ontarey.

POLITICAL POINTER.

The party that would strive to please
Each race and have their strength allied,
Should name a man who quite agrees
With all the views of the Chinese;
Its choice will then be rat-fied.

TERRORS OF THE NIGHT.

The fear a woman has at night
Of burglars breaking in, no doubt,
Is less than is the husband's fright
Who fears the baby may break out.

ROUGH ON MAN.

Ill-fortune sends us now and then
Things which we'd like her to withhold,
But nothing's quite so rough on men
As whiskers two or three days old.

A MAN who can eat buckwheat cakes and sausage, and digest them, need not worry about death.

It is bad enough to be licked by an enemy you despise, but to be made to pay him \$200,000,000 for licking you is decidedly rubbing it in. Thus reasoneth John Chinaman.

It is some relief to be assured that the Czar is buried. We had begun to fear that Mayor Kennedy's cablegram of condolence had so paralyzed the Russian authorities that they had forgotten about the funeral.

TRUTH—FOR A CHANGE.

GRIP protests against Dean Hole's lecture being described by our city press as "one of the most brilliant heard in Toronto for years." This is simple mendacity. The lecture was in truth very poor indeed, not for a single instant to be compared, for example, with that recently delivered on "Macbeth" by our own citizen, Rev. Mr. Woude. The Dean is no doubt a very amiable gentleman, and a nice man for a dinner party, but he is certainly no orator, nor was the matter of his lecture any better than might be expected from any clergyman of average ability called upon to speak without previous preparation. All this notwithstanding that no man ever rose to address an audience under more inspiring conditions,—a beautiful hall, a choice intellectual assembly, and a prelude of splendid choir-singing. And yet as an oration it was a failure—the dailies notwithstanding.



CONSOLATION.

PRINCIPAL GRANT—"Gentlemen, you have been squarely defeated at football; Ottawa has carried off the trophy. But do not despair. If you will now turn your attention from your feet to your heads, and succeed in developing *their* powers somewhat, your attendance at college may not be entirely in vain.