



JABBED !

The New York *Christian Union*, which is not in sympathy with Henry George's land theory, says:—"Any transaction, the object of which is to make A richer by making B poorer, is in the nature of theft." Now, who is this the *Christian Union* has impaled upon its sharp quill? Not the man who gets rich by his own industry, nor the man who gets rich by free gifts from others; but the man who, with or without the sanction of law, takes the whole or a portion of the proceeds of another man's industry, without giving an equivalent. The thief, as this good *Christian Union* bluntly calls him. And does the law permit theft? Oh yes, but it discriminates. It comes down hard on plain, straight, direct stealing; but it permits people to appropriate the earth, and then bleed their fellow mortals for the right to live. The gentleman writhing on that pen got rich by fencing in a piece of this planet and keeping it idle until the growth of population enabled him to gather in a small fortune every year by graciously permitting somebody else to use the land. He *must* be the fellow, for isn't this "a transaction, the object of which is to make him richer by making his tenant poorer?" Wherefore it appears, the business of landlordism "is in the nature of theft."

following Consolation rewards to the 100,000 last letters received, containing correct answers. These letters must bear the post-mark of June 31st, at the office where posted, and must reach GRIP office not later than six months after. This gives the subscribers of GRIP in the most distant countries an equal chance with those at home. Our readers in Madagascar, Timbuctoo, Zulu-land, Terra del Fuego, etc., will thus be able to share in our bounty.

1. To the last letter received, the C. P. R. Syndicate, delivered up to GRIP to be disposed of by an indignant country, . . . \$50,000,000
2. From 1 to 99,000th from last. Steinway Pianos made by the firm of Southheimer & Co., at a small town in Germany, on the banks of the Don. These are far superior to the New York Steinway, as the wood is improved by a sea voyage, and the tone mellowed by being rolled about in a ship, \$5,000,000
3. 100,000th from last. A colored lithograph of GRIP, by our best artist, . . . \$100,000,000

This completes our list. In conclusion we must remind our readers that it is absolutely necessary that \$2 for one year's subscription to GRIP, accompany each set of answers.

This enterprise would not pay as an investment. It is only our desire to benefit our country by extending the circulation of GRIP that leads us to this reckless expenditure.

In the North-West they raise grain in the summer and snow blockades in the winter.

SIR THOMAS F. GROVE has joined the Gladstonians—what an acquisition! A whole grove for the grand old wood chopper; though he is not likely to cut this grove.

"WEDDING BELLS."

The bride, who is a very pretty girl, wore a dress of white satin, etc., etc.—*N. Y. Herald's report of a fashionable wedding.*

THERE's a form of adulation that's existed since Creation,
Or, at any rate, since writing up Society's events
First invaded journalism—Oh, deep-deplored schism—
And Jeames set out to nose around e'en lowly tenements.

Did you ever know a marriage—now, don't fancy I'd disparage
All accounts of knots de nuptial in the enterprising Press,
But I ask, *in re* the Bride, and I speak not to deride,
Have the gay reporter's raptures never caused you some distress?

"Most perfectly bewitching!"—was there not a poignant stitching
In some region of affinity between the head and heart,
As you read? You knew Miss Grady, while an amiable young lady,
Never would have had a bidder, in the world, in beauty's mart.

"The sweet, young bride"—oh, gracious! Came no pang at words
mendacious
As these about the maiden who had just escaped the shelf?
Or felt you never spasm at the awful, yawning chasm
Between facts and the "queenly" of the reportorial elf?

Red hair, nose *rétroussé*—did it pain or just amuse, eh?
The item told, you know, of one who was "divinely fair."
"Universally beloved!"—was your ire or pity moved
As you thought of that—that—*cave felem* air?

Don't you sigh for some plain writer who, without intent to slight
her,

Describes the bride in every case just *quantum suff.*, no more?
Who will quite eschew ecstasies, hysterics and fanatics,
And state the case in brief and truth, *sans* flummery or furore?

No excuse that, *con amore*, you, young scribe, have told a story!
Nor can you plead "the fashion"—read above, then never hurl,
With an aspiration gushy, any term more nearly mushy
Than "the bride is"—mark!—"a very pretty girl."

T. T.

A HANDSOME present—a pair of gloves.

DOES the market flag when there is a new grain standard?

ANOTHER Indian rising will be promptly requested to sit down again.



THE KIND OF CANADIAN JOHN BULL DESPISES.