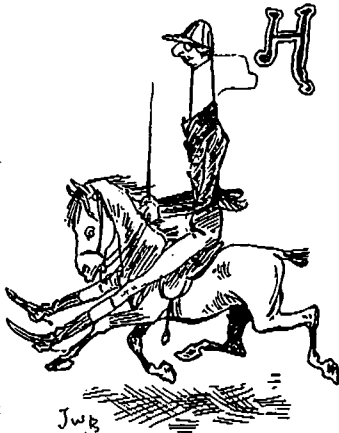


IT would seem that, after all, Manitoba does not believe that the chief end of a Provincial Government is subserviency to Ottawa, in matters which the constitution has placed under local control. The blizzard of ballots up there on Wednesday last carried the Norquay House away bodily. *Sic semper shenanigan!*

DR. BARNARDO, who is doing a noble work amongst the poor waifs and strays of London, protests earnestly against the action of the Canadian Government in withdrawing the assistance hitherto extended to immigrants, and in making no discrimination in favor of the boys and girls sent from the Barnardo Homes, who are always equipped with an industrial training and of certified good character. This deserves careful consideration.

A SUGGESTION.



HOW to minimize the dangers of steeple-chasing is the problem at present engaging the attention of the Philanthropists. We have given the subject deep thought, and our conclusion is that the dangers can't be minimized. So long as the steeplechase is retained on the racing programme, jockeys must be killed, and as the fatal accident feature is the principal attraction about this particular kind of race, there is

no use in proposing its prohibition. Public opinion is not ripe for that. Under the circumstances, the only thing that the Philanthropists can hope to do is to secure the sacrifice of less useful lives than those of professional jockeys. What we would propose is that steeple-chase races be hereafter ridden by dudes.

THE AMERICAN BOODLERS' CELEBRATION.

THE following interesting account of the Fourth of July celebration by the American Boodlers' Association came into GRIP's possession by a fortuitous chain of circumstances which it is unnecessary here to explain. The matter was written in a bank clerk's neatest hand, and had been marked "copy for the press," but these words had been crossed out and the words "not to be sent," substituted. It ran thusly:—

CELEBRATING THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

The choicest spirits of the honorable body of ex-bank presidents, tellers, trustees, etc., who have within the past few years honored Canada with their presence, assembled on the Glorious Fourth, at Crash Bank Hollow, to celebrate the noted day.

A temporary platform had been erected under the chestnut trees, and upon it sat twelve of the noblest and best amongst the merry colony. Previous to the commencement of the oratory, an excellent quartette of tellers rendered a number of inspiring songs and glees, such as:—"Who's that tapping at the Banker's Safe"; "A wandering Banker I, who sticks to all he catches"; "All among the Booodle"; "I love the rustle of the crisp bank note"; and others equally choice.

Mr. Flyaway Thrower, a person of striking presence, then rose and intimated to the audience that he had been asked to take the chair, which he would do willingly. It had become second nature with him now to take anything he could lay his hands on. He was not present, however, to jest, or even to make an oration; but to introduce to them more notable persons. He could say candidly that he regretted being absent from the land of his birth on this the Glorious Fourth, but his sorrow was much mollified by the thought that many across the line were still more regretting his absence from their midst. There was no sorrow but was accompanied with its attendant comforting reflections. (*Laughter and cheers*). Before he called upon the orator of the day, he would ask Mr. D. Faulter, to read the letters of regret for non-attendance.

Amongst these was one from a distinguished manager, yet on the other side, from which the following extract is given:—"I have thought for some time of being with you, but cannot shake from my mind the impression that it would not be an honest transaction. (*Jeering laughter*). I hold important church positions, and feel my coming amongst you with the necessary accompaniments would scarcely be orthodox. (*Hilarious laughter, in which the ladies joined.*) To be candid, these thoughts do not oppress me so much as the fear of being caught, should I venture with my gains to Canada." (*Visible signs of disgust*). Having completed his work Mr. D. Faulter relapsed into innocuous dissuade, or something of that kind.

The next to rise was announced as the orator of the day, the Honorable Arguenaught Holdtite, until recently the manager of the renowned Bank of Busterville, which had been relieved of \$400,000 by the honorable gentleman.

Hon. Mr. Holdtite was greeted with tremendous cheers by the gentlemen, and the Chautauqua salute by the ladies. Smiling benignly, the Hon. orator opened an extensive mouth and poured out Fourth of July oratory in torrents. Every one was exhilarated. The Hon. gent's speech was so full of choice figurative language, so replete with beautiful thoughts from the mind of one accustomed to balancing the good things of this world, that the audience appeared lifted from this earthly sphere, and were not brought back to it until a heavy rain storm fell upon them at sight without the usual days' grace, when they hastily made for places of shelter.

TITUS A. DRUM.



"HE WAS GREETED BY A FLOOD OF TEARS."
—N. Y. Life.