



HELP! MORE HELP

Mrs. PREMIER.—Drat that youngster! He's in trouble again!

"OUR OWN" INTERVIEWS SIR CHARLES.

As soon as I heard of the retirement of Sir Charles Tupper, I felt it my bounden duty in the interest of GRIP and the whole country to go to Ottawa and interview him. So I packed my valise and started for the capital. I found the renowned knight deeply immersed in the pages of the Court Guide. On the table was a volume by Professor Fanning, erstwhile of Toronto, treating on the ways and customs of good society, and how the novice should act and deport himself on his introduction thereto.

"This is very sad, Sir Charles," said I, assuming a funeral cast of countenance suitable to the occasion.

"What's sad, and whose sad?" was the rather unexpected answer.

"You leaving us, and the *Globe*," said I, dismally, answering his double-barrelled query at once.

"What in thunder are the *Globe* people sad about? Confound them! I'd like to give the Deacon something to cry about before I leave, for the way he has always pitched into me," was the irate remark of the statesman.

"Ah!" said I, "that's where you get it! You see you furnished about one-fourth of stock for editorial matter, and always came in handy when they were short of copy. Of course, in England you'll get it once in a while, but you'll be away from the country and the articles won't have the same effect, see? On the *Globe* they have (so I've been informed) three distinct and separate personal editors: One for John A., one for Tilley, and one for you. It is the duty of these hirelings to keep a well-written stock of editorials to apply to you each respectively as the occasion may require. Now the Tupper editor will get the bounce, as his occupation's gone with you, see? Now that's sad, ain't it."

"Very," said Sir Charles reflectingly.

"How do you think you'll like the old country?" was the next question.

"Oh! I think I'll like it well enough. It's a pretty foggy clime, but it can't be much worse than around the gulf coast, let alone the fogs of Canadian politics, which I have managed to get through all right."

"Fog or no fog in England, Sir Charles," said I, in the same strain, "you'll be mist here."

"Ha! ha! very good! nothing like a little joke to drive away the vapors, the opportunity to perpetrate one never should be missed. D've see?" laughed the departing knight, "What'll you take?"

"My departure," said I, glad to see that he was not heart-broken about his going away. "Adieu adios, farewell and bon voyage," and I left Sir Charles to his study of etiquette and precedence, according to the rules of the London prize—I mean court society.

MORE PRIZES.

A CHANCE FOR EVERY ABLE INVENTOR IN THE

GRIP would fain always avoid a course which might put native modesty to the blush, however so worthy the motive prompting his action. Modest himself, he has a keen appreciation of the finer feelings of others, and spares them the laceration of public tributes to their virtues, their accomplishments or their enterprise, whenever it is at all possible to avoid it. In the present instance, however, he finds he would be recreant to his duty as a duly authorized rewarder of merit, to say nothing of his throwing away a chance to scoop the daily papers on an item of all important news—if he were to ignore the subjoined list of additional special prizes, (which it is more than certain will appear in the Industrial Fair catalogue)—kill his informant, and leave the world in darkness:

SPECIAL PRIZES.

For a successor—*Sir John*.

For another chance—*Meredith*.

For an easier job—*Bunting's Griffin*.

For a club—*Angry Higgins*.

For a parallel and plea—*O'Chargemup Macdonald*.

For another such-like verdict—*Mowat*.

For a good chance to take office—*The McCarthys*.

The best plan of R-r-venge!—*Tu Phairson*
For best cure for personal unpopularity and a weakness for funeral jokes—*Ed. Blake*.

For an administrative record—*John Curling*.
The best recipe for patience and a policy—*The Grip Party*.

For best way to carry the Scott Act—*The Doctors and Druggists*.

The value of the prizes extends all the way from a cabinet portfolio down. The donors' blushes will assuredly be spared, under the circumstances. As to GRIP's services in this connection, pray do not mention them. Virtue is its own reward.

A CHATHAM FISHING PARTY.

DEAR GRIP,—Four of 'em arranged that they should go fishing, so they spooned around "Morton's" till he tackled 'em for it. They were gone the first two days of this lovely May, and may I be "bated" severely if it wasn't just the "daisiest" trip on record yet. I had the good luck to see 'em return, and thinking it a good chance to cast about for a fish or so, in spite of the late terrible warning—I approached!

An ecstatic gentleman promptly "Ball-ed" out in a deep bass voice "I'm the great King-fisher! I caught a fish as long as my rod"—and so it proved (it was a perch). On being questioned as to the weight of the whole catch one "Berry" smooth accented party testified to its being over "600 lbs," which was subsequently found to be a true "Bill." Yet another gentleman showed up a fine muscalonge, and in response to a question in reference to the mode of capture, coolly replied that he "Bob-bed" for it. A man should be sent to the "Mercer" reformatory for expecting anyone to be gillie enough to bite at such a scaly story as that. A quiet party, evidently anxious to be in at the fin-ish now raised his voice and trolled forth a sweet little tale about how he cast out his bait "Andrew" in a 5 lb. bass (a green one I presume). Totally knocked out by the "pounding" I received, and seeing no prospects of being able to go with the swim in the matter of dividends, I faintly murmured "troll-all-eh!" and after cautiously "hooking" a lump bass I waved farewell and reeled feebly down the "turn-pike" thinking what a "sucker" they must take me to be, and wondering how it was that some men's "lyin's" were cast in such pleasant places, and if any of the Gentlemen happened to be equipped with multiplying reels. NOMAD.

THE MISPLACED WORD.

Oh, oft I have read of the misplaced switch,
And the ruin and the death it entails
When the train topples over into the ditch,
As it leaps from the guiding rails.

And, sometimes, methinks of another switch—
What joy-thrills when it is mis-placed,
That is, placed on a miss to tell which is switch
You could never—it cannot be traced!

But a misplaced word is a thing, I ween,
We all do not count for much;
How many a "graduate's" "saw" for "seen"
Is as oft as her "sich" for "such!"

Now list to a tale of truth from me,
And a warning from it pray take;
'Tis about a person of high degree—
A Senator, superfine make.

A countryman one of his clan came up
And grasped his big, strong hand,
And hoped in his heart with him to sup
On the very fat of the land.

"Losh, mon! Ye gie it till them strang!"
He said, and his chance was good
For a cordial bid to "Come along
And tak a wee bit fuid."

"When I readit hoo ye banged the *Glob*
And stirrit up Blakie's spleen,
I said to myself, he's the stuff for the job—
Mair power till him he gie'n!"

The clansman went away home that night,
Not filled with the Senator's cheer;
Of free-lunch liver he had a bite,
With his mug or two of beer.

In vain he cudgelled his brain to know
What had made the Senator sour!
'Twas only a misplaced word, I trow—
"A misplaced word?" Yes,—"Power!"

SEND HIM ONE.

Orange Judd, Editor of the *American Agriculturist* for some thirty years, but unconnected with its business management for a year or two past, has lately retired from its editorial department and located in the West. He desires to gather a complete "Postal-Card Album" of his old Readers and Friends, and requests them all to send him now a Postal giving their present location and address, naming also, when convenient, the years in which they were his subscribers. Mr. Judd's address is Chicago, Illinois.

"No," said the young man, "I don't like flashy neckties, but I've worn them since the beginning of the silk quilt craze. You see, the girls begs the ties, and that makes the fellows who wear them of some importance."



A PROGNOSTICATION.

Mrs. BUSBY.—My dear, we can't go to the church garden party next Wednesday after all! Isn't it too bad!

Mr. B.—And why can't we, pray?

Mrs. B.—Well, I see by this paper that Mr. Thomson is going to have a concert on that date. It's sure to rain!