



GLADSTONE HAS "RETIRED,"

But he still manages to do a good deal of mischief by making a public declaration against the policy of Local Option to which the Liberal Government is committed.

was the perfect number for a dinner party, and he made their last dinner an enjoyable one: they had dainty dishes, sparkling conversation, and their favorite wines, and everything of the best; it was merely the cooling ice that was fatal to them, and that only when it thawed out. Of course he manufactured it himself. His butler deposed that "Beaurigard always provided the ice from his 'chemist room,' and only insisted on using it when he had a little dinner on," with the usual result that his three guests were always shortly after his entertainments stricken with cholera or yellow fever. Beaurigard was an ingenious poisoner and one would say no death could be bad enough for such a fiend, only he escaped his punishment when convicted by killing himself with other poison that he had carefully hidden in a capsule in a hollow tooth.

The story, if full of horrible suggestions, has its compensations for Canadians, and is a distinct warning to Torontonians to use the bay ice in preference to any chemically made stuff.

To those nervously inclined, we would suggest that Buenos Ayres is some distance off, and that by a curious coincidence the paper that told the story had just announced the closing of its great Ice Charity for New York. Who knows, too, but it may be the means of building up a great ice industry for us. Canadians being noted for the purity of their products, we feel that here is a great field for enterprising capitalists; if we could only be sure of having a good, cold New York winter in Ontario, its success would be assured.

J. M. Loes.

A CONVERSION.

ALDERMAN John Shaw announces that he has become a convert to the doctrine of Municipal Control of Civic Franchises and the abolition of the middle-man (or corporation). Good for John! It is a sound faith, and GRIP hopes the doughty alderman will be able to do something to lead other members of the Council to the light—the civic electric light. It is a silly policy for any corporation to give away its own sources of wealth, and no justification of the silliness is attempted beyond the allegation that under civic control there would be a lot of stealing. This is not flattering to the alderman as a body, and self respect if nothing else should make them solid for civic control.

QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

EDITOR OF GRIP. SIR—

NOT long ago the Winnipeg *Tribune* published an editorial strongly advocating a reform in the spelling of the English language. Although I heartily disapproved of the article, being fully persuaded in my own mind that the establishment of phonetic spelling will most effectually murder all the beauties of our mother tongue, yet my good nature is mightier than my judgment. Therefore, taking it for granted that the *Tribune* desires more uniformity in the spelling of English words, I forward you the following lines, wherein I fondly hope I have taken a step in the direction pointed out by our popular Winnipeg paper.

A FIGN SIGN OF A LALFABLE CALF.

A painter once painted a pretty sign;
It stood o'er a doorstep and looked mighty fign;
But stare as we might,
It puzzled us quight,
To see wings of a kight
Attached to a calf,
(Wings long as a scalf)
Which made us all lalf,
Out of Babylon to meet winged kign:—
For calf and long wings form an odd combign!

F. W. L.

THOSE pesky Japs are getting too checky altogether. They are now heading for the sacred capital of China, determined to have a Peek-in without waiting for an invitation.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

MANAGER.—"Well, have you the programme all fixed for to-night's concert?"

ASSISTANT.—"The programme 's all right; but there 's another row in the company."

MANAGER.—"What are they quarreling about now."

ASSISTANT.—"About whose turn it is to be too ill to appear."

VIOLENT EXERCISE.

WALKER.—"You're not as stout as you used to be, old man."

WHEELER.—"No; since I started to ride a bicycle I've fallen off a good deal."



THE EASTERN SLAUGHTER.

SCHOOL TRUSTEE HAMBLY—"Permit me to congratulate you, Ah Sin, on China's recent defeats. The war is keeping down your population beautifully; you ought to be grateful. Shake!"

[But the benighted heathen doesn't seem to see it.]

* Vide report of last School Board meeting at which Mr. H. declared his approval of war for this reason.