



ANYTHING FOR IRELAND!

DOMINICK.—Am I ashamed to beg, is it? Sure I glor-r-y in it, so I do. Look at the Cause I'm sarvin', will yez!

PEOPLE ONE DOESN'T LIKE.

I. THE MAN WHO NEVER GOES IN DEBT.

HIS an irritating prosperous person, one you hate to meet as you come out of the post-office with a handful of New Year's bills. Point him out to me and I'll show you a man who is as conceited as if "it was all his own fault." Of course he has an account book, and his wife and daughters never contract the habit of entering "sundries," like those of less fortunate people. He has always had a stated salary, and known to a cent how much he had to spend, yet is he absolutely certain that his own individual merit has made things balance. To do him justice he is always ready to help a friend to advice, and preaches a good deal on the theme of cause and effect, but he doesn't in the least understand that his clock-work system of paying bills depends on his salary being always on time, he can't conceive the possibility of a careful man being in any business that doesn't pay up-to-date. Truly one half the world doesn't understand how the other half lives. Not that we wish, for a moment, to insinuate that half the world is out of debt; we haven't got nearly so close to Utopia as that, it was a mere figure of speech to show how impossible it is for The-Man-Who-Is-Never-In-Debt, to sympathize with ordinary mortals.

He neither borrows nor lends at anything less than fifteen per cent. He is a distinct species in himself. In the year '93 he was almost as extinct as the buffalo, in fact he became so unpopular that he seems to have vanished from the haunts of men, or at least hidden his identity for fear of being despoiled of his stated salary. The financial position has taken a good deal of the aggressive conceit out of him, but curiously enough as we miss him in our daily walks and business life, we grow lenient to his faults, and envious of his standing, and sadly wonder if we shall ever tread in his footsteps. We see good in him absent that we would resent in his presence, but perhaps he is wise to keep in hiding. I

don't think just now he would dare to "strut his virtues" before our eyes, and we whose nights are haunted by unpaid bills and overdue i. o. u.'s could not stand the recital of his paid-up liabilities.
J. M. Loes.

PURE GOLD.

GRIP is not supposed to give place to anything but "funny stuff," and yet the following sentences from the lips of the author of the Wilson Bill in his closing speech on that measure in Congress, are so good, and of so rare a quality as statesmen go, that he cannot resist the temptation to republish them. Besides, he has no doubt that such Christian-like sentiments uttered out of church, and on a common week day, and by a layman, will strike some of our politicians as being decidedly funny.

Mr. Wilson said:

"We are trying an experiment whether in God's name we can establish a country where every man born into it will be born with the possibility that he can raise himself to a degree of ease and comfort and not be compelled to live a life of degrading toil for the mere necessities of existence. That is the feeling which animates all who through danger and defeat have steadily labored for tariff reform. We wish to make this a country where no man shall be taxed for the private benefit of another man, but where all the blessings of free government, of education, of the influences of the church and of the school shall be the common, untaxed heritage of all the people, adding to the comfort of all, adding to the culture of all, and adding to the happiness of all."

A MARTYR TO LOYALTY.

OLD Mosop wrote one of his famous Fables to illustrate the moral that it is out of the question to please everybody. GRIP comes flatteringly near to accomplishing this impossibility, but even he fails to quite get there. Once in a decade or so some great but supersensitive public man orders us to "stop his paper," and semi-occasionally we inadvertently step on the corns of some more obscure but not less esteemed reader. We are usually sorry for these mishaps, but in the very latest instance we cannot say that we feel very bad. Here is a gentleman who writes more in sorrow than in anger, to tell us that he cannot renew his subscription because he cannot support any paper that is not in favor of—Annexation! In reply we can only murmur, "'Rah for the old Flag!"



GREAT INTERNATIONAL-CALAMITY!

The downfall of Turkey; the overthrow of Greece; the destruction of China; and the humiliation of Africa, in one awful catastrophe!