



THE GROWTH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

DR. BORE (*who is rather inclined to talk shop*)—"Did you know, Miss Sharply, that mankind was subject to 2,000 different diseases?"

Miss S.—"Indeed! And to think there were only three or four when the doctors first began!"

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

THERE are hundreds of bright boys and girls all over Canada who look upon GRIP as their friend, and quite properly. He has a sort of jolly old uncle-ly feeling towards all the youngsters, and is very glad always when he can do anything to increase their happiness. He is going to give them a little bit of advice now which he feels sure they will thank him for, and that is for each one of them to subscribe for *School Work and Play*. Never heard of it, do you say? Very likely. It has only been published for a couple of months, but oh! what a grand little paper it is; full of pictures, puzzles, jokes, letters from boys and girls, and all kinds of juvenile attractions. In fact, it is only intended for young folks; and, as its name implies, will help them both in their school work and home play. Best of all it only costs 50 cents a year. Hand that sum to your teacher and he will send in your name and get you the paper regularly every fortnight.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

MY DEAREST GRIP: I trust you are not angry with me, darling, for not sooner answering your last very loving and welcome —!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What ever am I writing? I declare to patience if I am not mixing up my reportorial work with my private correspondence. But, the fact is, Mr. Editor, my poor head has been completely turned by the prospect of an early conclusion of my Ottawa mission. The House has prorogued, the session

you about my recent experiences here, which I dare not trust to paper and the P. O. Department, the officials in which, I am sure, open every one of my letters, at the instance of a suspicious Ministry. This, I feel certain, accounts for the omission from my reports of certain fashion notes and society gossip I was at great pains to secure for you. At least, so one of my newspaper brothers in the Press Gallery assures me. He says the Government spies fancied it was cipher correspondence and so suppressed it. And then the ridiculous fellow added that one might expect something else from a naught-y Government than the suppression of ciphers. Did you ever? I said nothing, but the saucy young man could see by my look that his joke had lowered him to zero in my estimation.

It was the same forward young fellow who gravely suggested that I make special enquiry into the new policy of retrenchment which the Government has adopted. Being a woman, he said, would be to my advantage in this direction.

I acted on his suggestion and made diligent enquiry about the alleged sweeping economy the Government have sternly resolved to practice. It is quite the case.

Sir John said, in answer to my question: "You may tell the people of Canada that in future I shall shave myself and thus reduce my calls on the contingent fund. For some unknown reason my barber charges me a price and a half. More than once I have ventured to remark that this was very cheeky of him. His reply on one notable occasion was that his tariff was stationery and in marked contrast to the salaries of Civil Service employees. While he applied the razor, they constantly applied for a raise, Sir." The Premier here executed one of his most angelic winks, and, as he opened the door for me, observed, "You see I have dispensed with an usher. 'Every man his door-keeper,' is my motto. Thus is one salary saved to the country! We are bound to retrench if it should necessitate the amputation of a limb."

Hon. Mr. Tupper received me most graciously in his shirt sleeves, "It is a solemn fact that the Ministry have decided on rigid economy in every branch of the public service. Half an hour ago I formally notified my laundress that her scale of prices must be cut down one-half from this date. And, by the way, this reminds me I must put on my coat and make this shirt last me out the rest of the week. Please also note that I am using a match-box full of sawdust instead of taxing the country for a costly cuspidor. And further, let me assure you, I am now feeding my dog on ordinary butchers' scraps in lieu of boned turkey and quail-on-toast heretofore supplied ungrudgingly by a generous people."

"Plain, cold water, rather than Apollonaris, St. Leon, and other aerated beverages, shall be my drink for the future," said Hon. Mr. Foster, in a resolute tone of voice. "We are all cutting down expenses and applying the saving towards reducing the public debt."

The P. M. General was in the very act of writing a special notice to country postmasters when I called, and he at once showed it to me. It was an express prohibition of the reading of postal cards during office hours. "Postmasters, as you will readily perceive," he said, "will now have more time to devote to their duties and will thus expedite business, and so effect a great saving in the cost of the service. I have also in view the re-imposition of postage on newspapers sent from the office of publication. It appears to me that the press of Canada is getting too rich and too much up on itself. It must be curbed."



is ended, and I am not sorry. I have a great deal to tell