



ON THE AVENUE.

Jack (to young Callow).—That old gentleman we just passed seemed to know you, Charley.

Young Callow.—Ya's, he's my father.

Jack.—Why didn't you recognize him?

Young Callow.—To tell the truth, old boy, I never do in the street. He comes of a rawther poor family, y' know.—*Epoch.*

IN FOR THE BIG PRIZE.

(SEE "GRIP'S GREAT COMPETITION" IN LAST ISSUE.)

WIDDENS DAY, April 11th, 1888.

MISTHER GRIP:—

SURE its not aften that a poor man gets a chance loike the wan yer goin to give us nixt Sathurday whin GRIP comes out, wid yer ilegant proizes for answerin thim aisy quistions. Oi've made up me moind, Oi have, that Moike Doolan is the man fur the twenty million place down be Albany, an be the powers its long enough he's bin wurkin widout sich luck. It koind o' puzzled me, loike, Misther GRIP, whin Oi found that it was yerself—that's always bin poundin' it into thim mono-polists—that's the biggest monopolist av us all. But Oi won't say nothin about that, at all, at all, for betwane you an me, Misther GRIP, its only other people's monopolization, that we're incloined, loike, to object to, and Oi'll till ye in proivate, Sorr, Oi've bin thinkin that av I get the Albany Coort-House, Oi'll be afther lavin the Lague, mesilf. But av Oi'm to resave it, Oi'll have to be sthirrin, or some sphalpeen av a landlord 'll be gettin afore me.

Sure, Oi don't have to go fur to get a mintion av the Manitoba throubles, fur it's yerself that's afther tellin us, we can foind it in GRIP av March 24th. An as fur Sir John an Cartwright, ye can foind thim anywhere ye have a moind to luk, an Oi naden't bother me head to tell you where, that knows as well as I do meself.

As ye'll persave, Misther Editor, this leather will rache ye before Sathurday nixt. An as Oi'm sindin it, be the

same token, in the wake (the siven days, Oi mane) before Oi heard av yer koindness at all, at all. An av ye don't belave me, jist luk, Mr. Editor, at the date of me leather, an at the date av GRIP.

Oi've bin bothered a bit to foind thim two dollars fur GRIP next year. Wid the Lague fees an the elictions, an the Crofter concert, its sorra a bit av money I have left, worse luck. So yez'll just have to kape it out the twenty millions, sorr, an' sind me the balance av noineteen millions, noine hoonderd and noinety-noine thousand, noine hoonderd an' noinety-eight dollars to

MOIKE DOOLAN,
Rare av 19½ Finnegan Strate,
Toronto.

P.S.—Oi have to thank Misther Alderman Poiper fer doin the sum.

P.S. number 2.—Oi forgot to wish ye the blissins av Heaven on yer skame. Sure ye'll knock the shpots out av the *Thruth*, an not fur the furst toime, be no manner ov manes.

MOIKE DOOLAN.

THE LATEST "TRUST."

"PLEASE give me two cents," said the boy with the broom
As he held out his hand in appeal;
"I've worked all the morning and not earned my salt
And 'taint often I git a square meal."

I search through my pockets to find some loose change,
'Twas the day after paying my rent,
And after a good deal of fumbling around
I managed to fish up a cent.

"Only one! I cant take it—it ain't half enough
For removing the mud and the dust.
Two cents is the least that us fellers take now,
For we've started the Street Sweepers' Trust."

FARMERS! how long shell you endure the galling yolk of the egg-combine? Rise *en masse* and lay the tyrant low!



OUR MANLY MAYOR.

Howland.—Edward, my boy, if you keep on like this there won't be the slightest necessity of my ever going bac to the City H Everybody's going to vote for you next year.