



"THE MOST POPULAR CLERGYMAN."

"WHICH STEAMSHIP LINE WOULD YOU PATRONIZE IF YOU WERE IN MY PLACE, BROTHER?"

THE UNDERTAKER'S BILL.

PREMIER MOWAT RECEIVES A DEPUTATION FROM THE JOKERS' CLUB.

AT the last regular meeting of the Jokers' Club it was resolved to send a deputation to interview the Provincial Government in connection with the bill now before the Legislature for the establishment of an Undertakers' Guild. The deputation, which consisted of brothers Samjones, Borax and Prendergast, were introduced to the Premier and Messrs. Hardy and Harcourt by Mr. Joseph Tait.

"Bro. Samjones," said Mr. Tait, "will be the principal spokesman on this occasion."

"Yes, Mr. Premier," said Samjones, "I am ready to act as spokesman having the wealth of the country in view. But I trust I shall not make you tired —"

"How his tongue does wag-on," interrupted Borax.

"Don't you begin to raise a hub-bub!" retorted Samjones, while the Premier looked rather flabbergasted at this somewhat unaccustomed style of interview.

"Mr. Tait," continued Samjones, "has kindly interested himself in securing us this opportunity of presenting our views on a question which I'm sure you will admit is one of grave importance. I told him that if he could secure us a ministerial *tete-a-tete* so to speak that I would undertake to do the talking. There is surely no one hardy enough (with a glance at Arthur Sturgis) to deny that the measure is one which should—which should—(here the speaker to conceal his embarrassment coughed violently several times.) I was about to say when my remarks were interrupted by a fit of coffin—see? that the details of the undertaker's art are shrouded in mystery. When we consider, Mr. Premier, those whom they inter—resting peacefully 'neath the sod, does it not strike you as an interesting question? (Applause.) I believe that in New York fashionable ladies sometimes have their pet dogs buried by undertakers but the consideration of whether a purp-ought to receive funereal honors hardly enters into the purport of my mission."

"Really I do not see that these remarks are at all relevant," said Premier Mowat.

"With all due obsequiousness as befits the subject," continued Samjones, "I would ask Mr. Mowat to hear us to the end. I am neither a public speaker nor a partizan, so listening to me he'll hear no Grit or-a-Tory."

"Perhaps Mr. Samjones will kindly confine his observations to the point," suggested Mr. Harcourt.

"What p'int?" said Borax.

"What p'int? Why the pint of bier I suppose," retorted Samjones. (Applause.)

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mowat, "I find that I have another appointment in five minutes so I will not detain you further. It might have been desirable had you made your position with regard to the measure somewhat more definite but what you say shall certainly receive our serious—I mean our careful attention.—Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said Samjones. "And by the way I might further remark that I ought to have re-heard some of the arguments."

But the Premier and the others had fled.

"Really Mr. Tait," said Mowat pausing to wipe his agitated brow from which beads of perspiration exuded. "I—I must say that I have rarely been more embarrassed in the course of my public career. Most extraordinary—remarkable conduct—and I hope never to have occasion to grant another such interview."

"I would remind you that they all have solid votes," replied the peoples' Joseph with the sturdy practical common sense which always characterizes his remarks.

"Ah yes, I suppose so," replied the Premier. "Thank heaven this session won't last a great while longer."

WE TOOT OUR HORN A LITTLE.

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