

ONE FLAT ABOVE.

"MY husband helps me so much with the children when he is at home," chattered the visitor. "Does yours? You ought to make him."
 "Oh! Mr. Husby is above doing things like that for me," returned Mrs. Husby.

And when the caller had gone Mrs. Husby went upstairs to relieve her life's partner, who had been giving Tommy a bath, putting the baby to sleep, and was now with one foot on the cradle trying to sew a button on Willie's boot.

TEN MINUTES IN PORT HOPE.
 BY OUR UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.



The watchword of GRIP being "never say die," (vide *Barnaby Rudge*;) the Raven has a natural affinity for Port Hope. This fine little town is so called because its inhabitants never despair. They believe in the good time coming, and nearly all of them vote the straight Conservative ticket accordingly. That is to say, they did until McCarthy

started his schismatic movement, which, fortunately for that statesman, happened to catch the fancy of Mr. Coutts. This means that the town and county will probably elect a McCarthy candidate, for Mr. Coutts is a man of great political influence, which he propagates by means of a little University of his own. The superficial observer might easily mistake this institution for a practical shoe-shop, and that's what it is, speaking literally. But Mr. Coutts does not confine his attention to the feet of his fellow citizens; he looks after their political understandings as well. The university has an outer hall, where the casual customer may transact business, and it has an inner *sanctum*, or class-room, where the students of public affairs assemble and imbibe political wisdom and tobacco-smoke. The class in McCarthyology was in session at the moment of my call, and the members seemed greatly disturbed at my presence, probably taking me for an emissary of Sir John Thompson, or something equally uncanny. Chief Justice Robinson hastily left his seat and sought a more secluded corner of the room, and there was general apprehension to a painful extent. Noticing this, I considerably withdrew, and I suppose the professor resumed his lecture. I am *not* a special agent of the Government, but I hereby solemnly warn Sir John to keep his friends away from this University of St Crispin, if he doesn't wish to lose them. I also feel it a duty to apprise Sir Oliver confidentially that some of his lambs are in danger. Mr. Powers, for example, is said to be taking a post graduate course at this seat of learning and leather, and may at any moment become a



raving McCarthyite. The counteracting influence of the *Guide* man is the only thing that has prevented this catastrophe from taking place ere this. The world renowned Port Hopian orator and publicist, Dave Hall, still graces the main street with his presence, and is as popularly esteemed as he has been for the last forty years. Some people speak of Dave as a Crank, but these are strangers. Among citizens of the town Mr. Hall "isn't in it" with Councillor Burnham when it

comes to Crankery. The former has been known to "lecture" in the Opera House, but he was never known to call a public meeting there to deal with municipal matters, and then shut out the people he didn't approve of, on the ground that he had paid the hall-rent and could legitimately "pick his company." Just now Councillor Burnham is emulating our own Sheppard and Thompson, and going in for salary reductions, something which the Chief of Police for one does not approve of. Port Hope, as the name implies, has a harbor—hence it has shipping—and hence Captains and other sailor men. When the good schooner "Two Brothers" leaves port shortly there will be more elbow room in town, as the skipper thereof, whose portrait I give you here, will be absent on Ontario's deep blue waves. But there will be some popular landmarks left.



His Jolliness Saunders the First and Only, will still be to the fore with his white plug hat and his engaging manner, accompanied by his umbrella and little dog. And Great Scott will still be bound to look after the local egg market. As your representative, Mr. Grip, I had a very cordial and pleasant reception in Port Hope from the moment I stepped down into the office of the St. Lawrence Hall, to the moment of my departure. Indeed, I may even flatter myself that Port Hope was loth to part with me after my business was accomplished, as the Hall porter so reluctantly called me for the morning train that I had to come away without the usual formality of breakfast.



MAKING GAME OF THEM.

ART AMATEUR—"What variety of duck are those in that picture?"

DAWRAR (whose painting has been returned as unsatisfactory)—dejectedly, "Well, I hardly know! I painted them for ordinary tame ducks—but they seem now to be canvas back to me."

CAPTAIN BOOSER.—(growing very sentimental after supper)—"Oh! Miss Prittigal, 'would I were a glove upon that hand!'"

MISS PRITTIKAL.—"I'm very glad you're not! I hate tight gloves!"