

see the girl don't get too much left her to go out of the family when she marries. In fact, I'm boss now. Now, Mr. GRIP, I want your learned advice. Tell me candidly. I won't let a half a dollar or even a dollar bill stand in the way. I am thinking of going to Toronto to study law. If a man is shrewd and tends to his business strictly I hear he can accumulate lots of money. I have what they call a good connection out in our parts, and know the ins and outs of all the neighbors' business which, if I ever get to be a legal practitioner, I will try to get settled through the agency of the law. Ha! ha! See?

Kindly advise me on the point and oblige.

Yours sincerely,

HIRAM HOGGSWIEN.

[Yes, Friend Hoggswien, GRIP will give you all the advice you seek; never mind the fifty cents—all is free. You are just the stuff to make a shyster lawyer of, and he advises you to article yourself at once. The delicate and feeling way in which you speak of your father's early death, and your forethought already manifested as to the manner of beating your "infant sister out of her expectations," is worthy of the great legal head you wear. But, Hiram Hoggswien, there is one, or rather several, stumbling blocks in the way you have marked out towards fortune. You see there are dozens of just such lawyers as you aspire to be in this city already, living on mighty short commons, who steal out of their dusty dens of offices like rats out of their holes, in dread of duns and bum-bailiffs. They practise at the bar, "'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," for, verily, it is the saloon bar they attend where, if their chances of becoming a judge of the H.C.J. is small, they have at least an opportunity of becoming good judges of whiskey. Nevertheless, come to Toronto, Hiram, and "go through." You may make lots of money," but don't get too sharp or you may represent your district in the Provincial Penitentiary.—ED. GRIP.]

"BOBSERVATIONS."

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."—Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

Commenting upon an article in the *Westminster Review*, the *Mail* cites the statement that "From 1848 to 1884" (note the new sort of pun) "the amount remitted by settlers in the United States and British America to their friends in the United Kingdom reached £30,000,000."

Another interesting showing, for which, however, statistics are not forthcoming, would be the amount remitted in the same interval from friends in the United Kingdom to friends in the United States and British America in the shape of those "remittances from home" that have set so many on their feet who came thither on the representation of the emigration agents that on this side the herring-pond harvests could be reaped without previous sowings.

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The *World* said (Monday, 23th ult.): "The Island was lively Saturday and Sunday and was as pleasant as a day in July." Will the *World* kindly explain? Was it the Island, the Saturday or the Sunday that was "as pleasant as a day in July," and in what year was the July referred to? The July of the present year of grace has furnished such a variety of days from the burning hot, with thermometer at 90° in the shade, to the boisterous, wet and cold, with thermometer at 10° below freezing, that it is difficult to remember one simply pleasant day.

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According to the French economist, Leroy-Beaulieu, the Caucasian—meaning ourselves and every other white man—after having fought and lied and treated and enticed to get into China, will soon have every reason to

wish he had been content to stay out, "for," says this Frenchman, "once they (the Chinese) have learned the arts and manufactures of the Western world, the capabilities of labor-saving machinery and the value of invention, this patient, industrious, frugal, sober, economical people will cut us out in our own markets."

Well, Mr. Frenchman, that is a serious prospect, truly, yet if we cannot become "patient, industrious, frugal, sober," etc., etc., like these Chinese, could we not get compensation in the other direction by teaching them to drink whiskey straight, to lounge round bar-rooms, to get up booms in land, to gamble, to run ten papers where one would suffice, to look on labor as degradation, to be lavish in luxuries and stinted in necessities, to "scamp" work, to run down prices until their workmen "strike," and various other of those Western habits which, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, they are at present guiltless of, and by these means lessen, if not entirely destroy, the strength of that competition which it appears is imminent.



THE MONDAY POPS.

One of the "Pop"ulation (at the ticket office).—I want tickets for myself, wife and child; how much?

Ticket Seller.—Reserved seats, \$1.50 each; general admission, 50c.

One of the "Pop"ulation.—Oh, I thought they were popular concerts! I've made a mistake; I don't happen to be a millionaire. (Exit.)

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAKEHOUSE,

TORONTO, October 10th, 1885.

MAISTER GRIP.—I canna help sympathize in wi' thae French folks tryin' tae set up a New France here, an' insistin' on haein' their ain language an' their ain laws an' customs. An' I think the proper thing tae dae is for you tae sec an' get me run intae Pawliament, sae I can get the thing made intae law there an' than. I was aye a kind o' a farsichted chiel, an' in view o' the probability o' ilk nationality within oor boarders settin' up on its ain account, ilk ane an independent kingdom like New France—in sic a case, ye see, I wad be on hand tae see that the interests o' New Scotland binna overlookit i' the general scammell for independent nationalities. I wad see that the pawliamentary papers were a' printed in Gaelic—or Lowland Scotch, whilk is nae bastard English, as some ignoramus believe, but the orejenal language o' an independent kingdom, an' as different frae English as English is frae French. Did ye ever hear o' the Englishman that braggit he could understand any Scotch word his vcesitor could open his mouth on? Weel, he invested a wheen

carles tae denner—a grand spread—turkey, an' turnips, an' a' the rest o't. Weel, the Englishman sat doon wi' great dignity at the head o' his ain table, an' layin' on the table a chack for a hunner pound sterlin', he said: "Gentlemen, that cheque belongs to the man who can stump me in the Scotch language, and now we'll proceed to dinner. What will you havo?" says he tae aune o' the cannie Scotch carles on his richt. "Ow," says the carle, "I'll just tak a clasp o' the neeps an' a hock o' the bubbly." The bamboozled Englishman laid doon the carvin' fork an' knife an' glowered at him. "Maister McKenzie," says he, "put that cheque in your pocket. I'm beat!" Noo this clearly shows the necessity o' respectin' oor language as weel as ither folks', an' I'm sure the *Week* (a publication whilk I maun confess is printed on the very best paper) wad back me up in this very reasonable demand. In fact, the article I read there the ither day about New France wad justifie ma expectation. He says, "The representatives of British Canada and New France may sit in the same Parliament, but they will act in different interests." There ye see! There's a free country for ye! There's the glory o' Canada! Gang tae any ither kintira under the sun an' ye'll find ye'll hae tae accommodate yersel' tae the laws, mainners an' customs o' that kintira; but in Canada the Government are extrordinar' obligin'—they tuk' the Bible oot o' the public schools for fear it might hurt the feelin's o' the Catholics; if there's any book i' the University coorse that Maister Lynch disna approve o', the Minister o' Education will see it's immediately ordered oot o' there; an' as for the French, loch! they'll dae any mortal thing tae please them an' get their vote. Sae ye see what a grand free country it is—they'll even gang the length o' lettin' ilk nationality set up for itsel'. It's just perfectly glorious, the prospect o' a New France, a new Ireland, a new Italy, a new Scotland, a new Rooshy, a new Prooshy—a reglar happy family. As the *Week* doncey remarks, "They may sit in the same Parliament, but they will act in different interests." Eh, man, GRIP! isna that a glorious picture? Nane o' yer balderdash about a united, independent Canada, but a series o' tribes an' little kingdoms spread ower the land, for a' the world like the Irish in the days o' bold Brian Boroo! A grand prospect truly, for o' coorse gin ye grant the independence or "separation" o' a'e nationality, ye maun grant it tae a'. As for the "connection with the mother country," I dinna ken, I'm shure; I dinna think the free-thinkin', scientific and progressive spierit o' the French Republic o' the present day wad sowther vera weel wi' the illiterate an' very ecclesiastically ruled French-Canadian element here, even though a wheen o' them may brag o' by common refinement. I think it was extraordinar' gallant, no tae say gude-natured, in the *Week* tae come stappin' in wi' Mistress New France on his arm like, by way o' introducin' her tae Canadian society; but I'm feared she's ower pock-pitted tae mak a gude impression here. She's neither as clever nor as gude-lookin' as her great-grannie, *ma belle France*; mairover, any richt she may claim on the grund o' pre-occupation comes far ahint the richt o' the Indian an' the squaw.

Yours pawtriotically,

HUGH AIRLIE.

The defendant in a seduction trial at the assizes in Toronto last week fainted while giving his evidence. He was doubtless overcome by the weakness of his case.

Baseball has been introduced into Siberia by the prison authorities as an amusement for the more obedient of their charges. We have always been told that the cruelty heaped upon Siberian exiles is really exquisite in its severity, and now we know that is so.—F. E. Huddle.