

and enriches them. Members can't believe this by dividing it amongst the 211 of them. Surplus of twenty millions in five years very versatile item. Take it from actual taxation—gives total expenditure. Take it again from expenditure—gives real taxation. Real taxation, therefore, forty millions less than actual taxation! Wonderful mastery of figures—why didn't he prove there's no taxation at all? Could do it just as easily by same process. Cartwright's speech very figurative too—not a patch on Tilley's though—running up against facts at every step—facts awkward things—don't bother Tilley a bit—Cartwright lacks mental and moral agility.

Friday, 6th.—Tom White went for Cartwright. Tom could write nearly as interesting a novel as Tilley—evidently in training for same duties. Tilley not ready for change yet. Can say like western mayor: "Nobody has any idea how *erroneous* the duties of this office are till he has tried it!" Paterson in great force—report on Maritime manufactures a source of endless fun for him. Then took serious turn—"arraigned" Tilley and John A.—left 'em in the dock—trial still going on. Paterson's style most impressive—countenance rather fierce—voice calculated to strike the ear of the whole nation. Boys all stay in to hear him—lots of enthusiasm going. Impression on our side that he "busted 'em" pretty well.

Tuesday, 10th.—Tupper, jr., on the stump—style very like the old man's—"as the old cock crows the young cock learns." Kept it up gamely—made a very creditable "cock-a-doodle doo"—considering how little there is in the condition of Nova Scotia to crow about. Forgot to mention that the Blue-noses are agitating to get out of Confederation—away from blessings of N. P. Charlton followed. Been looking uncomfortable for days—far better now—as well as could be expected—hope to see him around as usual very soon. Made good speech—chuck full of information—boys forgive him for Sunday lecture now.

Thursday, 12th.—McLellan—"Ruler of Canuck Navce." Pours oil on troubled waters—with a little barts horn in it—smooth, fluid, way of talking—speech runs pretty easy—and pretty thin. Mills followed—far more lively than usual. Always sound is Mills—and can be piquant enough when he likes. Made lots of fun out of factory in London—operatives consisting of proprietor and his son! Curran replied—Irish orator—talks a lot with his mouth—and a deal more with arms, shoulders, eyes, hair, etc. Favorite gesture crouching and swinging arms like a man about to take standing jump—most athletic speaker.

Friday, 13th.—Professor Foster—lecture on arithmetical view of N. P. Thought New Brunswick never so prosperous as now. St. John folks don't seem to think so—want annexation they say. Davies, of P. E. I., followed—lively boy, Davies—full of enthusiasm—made a big mark already. Set nice trap for John A., and caught him. Read part of annexation manifesto—"supposed there was no harm in that kind of talk—free country and all that." Sir John says "Its only High Treason!" "Oh! that's serious—let's see who the rascals are who signed it. What! 'D. L. Macpherson, S. L. Tilley, secretary annexation league.' Why the Rt. Hon. gent. is an accessory after the fact!" He summons traitors to the Privy Council! It's awful—surely he'll indict them at once! Johnny hasn't been caught out so cleverly for a long time.

THE BEST COMBINATION.

The best combination of blood cleansing, regulating, health giving herbs, roots and barks enter into Burdock Blood Bitters—a purely vegetable remedy that cures diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

A REAL ESTATE AGENT.

"Where can I find a real estate agent?" asked a watery-eyed man, with a blue nose, a plucked buffalo coat, Number 11 shoe packs, of a GRIP reporter at the Union station last Saturday.

"Oh, most anywhere on King-street," was the reply of the funny person.

"I'd like to see one, I vow I would," mused the stranger.

"Indeed! From the country, I suppose?"

"Wall—yes—I'm from Manitoba."

"Oh! got some land to dispose of?"

"Nary a foot. Yet," said the bison-clad man, meditatively, "I would like to see one."

"May I enquire why? There ought to be plenty of real estate agents where you come from," said the astonished picker-up of uncon-

sidered trifles.

"That's where you're all wrong. There's fellers there selling towns and farms and sich. Land agents they call themselves. I bought a farm from one of them fellers last spring on the Saskatchewan. One half of it was muskeg and hillers and the rest gravel. The place ain't no account, except as a gravel-pit. If a railway is ever built they may want it for ballasting the track. No, stranger, what I want to see is a *real* estate agent—no shyster, d'ye see?" and the man from the west drew out of the recesses of his mangy surtout a plug of black strap, took a "chaw," and moodily strode up in the direction of King-street.



THE BITTER CRY OF CRITICIZED KINGSTON.

Oh! oh!! oh!!! we girls do feel so bad! The youth and beauty of Kingston has been insulted. Oh! Mr. GRIP, dear, sweet Mr. GRIP, how could you let that wicked and falsified story of our beautiful "Tableaux Vivants" be inserted in your darling paper! Didn't you know when you got that *dreadful*, FEARFUL, AWFUL account that it must have been written by a very naughty bad man who did not belong to Kingston? Any one belonging to our city (dear old hole) would have praised us—our dear, sweet "Newsie" and our blessed darling "Whiggie" *always* do (we would not give them dances if they didn't, you know). Oh! that naughty, naughty man, and did he go and call our Iphigenia "dusky?" Well, what if she was? We don't care how those old Greek women were complected. Why! they died 'long ago, and if they were made into mummies must have "died brown." Oh! my little sister says the Greeks only mummied Egyptians, but, Mr. GRIP, it happened so many years ago that the mummies may have forgotten their native language. (Item, we are not sure what "mummies" are but think they are wandering and "dusky" Arabs.)

"Rising Sun Stove Polish," indeed! We suppose that stupid man thought he'd take a

"rise" out of our Cleopatra; he doesn't know us—we never, *never* feel a "snub." We are all perfection in tableaux and out of them. All our dear mammas say so, and our little brothers too. If Orlando did look queer, well, poor little boy! how could he help it? It's his misfortune, not his fault.

How dare anyone abuse our Hamlet? Why, is he not in our dear volunteers, and can he not shoot quite straight? Just think of that, "Gripping," love!

We have never been cut up before, and we don't like it one bit, not one weenty, teenty bit. Oh! don't let him do it again!

All of us girls cried, and the boys swore awful swears. And really, you know, all our dresses were of the *very best* Canton flannel.

Now, good-bye, sweet, dear "Gripping."

I am, your devoted,
"KINGSTON GIRL."

TA PHAIRSON'S PICTER.

"Who owns that picter?"
"I" said McPhairson,
"I am the picter,
I own that picture."



"Does it do any harm?"
"Yes," said Alexander,
"It raises my dauder,
It does lots of harm."

"What harm does it do?"
"It's too big for the wall;
It eclipses them all,
It's bigger than two."

"Does Ta Phairson deserve it?"
"Not that I know of;
He's done nothing to blow of,
And I trust you observe it."

"Who'll pull it down?"
"I" howls Alexander;
"It's a vile gerry-mander,
I'll pull it down."



Then up spake Sir John:
"O, cease all this pother.
Let's cut it in two,
And end the ado;
Put the head in one frame
And the legs in the other!"
So spake Sir John.