



A FAMILY LIKENESS.

"PLEASE, missus, is this your little boy? He's lost!"

#### HE COULD GIVE THEM ON THE SPOT.

**YOUNG FLANERIE** (*son of Dennis Flannery, ex-pork-dealer, and who is just getting a society footing*)—"Say, Snaggs, what does this R.S.V.P. mean on the corner of this printed bid?"

**YOUNG SNAGUE** (*a little longer on the social turf*)—"Mean? Pshaw, don't you know? Why, the letters stand for the dances that'll be on—Reels, Schottisches, Valses and Polkas. You want to learn faster, my boy. But any pointers you may need on the society biz, just ask me. I can give 'em to you on the spot." T.

#### OUR LABOR REFORM CLUB.



I sees well enough that there isn't a 'eap o' diff'rence twix folks 'ere and at 'ome. It's the same sort o' 'uman nature all round, seems to me. 'Ere I find laborin' clausses same as at 'ome wastin' of their substance fightin' agin the branches o' the tree, when I says, says I, wot you wants to do is to go for the roots. (Cheers.) Wot do I mean? Well, gi'e me time an' I'll explain. Wot I finds is, workin' men a-strugglin' for more pay an' less hours o' work, and goin' out on strike, and boycottin', and all

**T**HE speaker at the last meeting of our Labor Reform Club was Mr. John Thomas Grimes, a gentleman who has but recently taken up his residence in Canada. Mr. Grimes spoke as follows:

"Fellow 'orny-'anded sons o' toil: I ain't been werry long in this 'ere bloomink country, but

that there. Now, I ain't goin' to find fault with this way o' doin', taint for me to interfere, but wot I says is, to my way o' thinkin', you never cawnt cure wots wrong along that there road. Seems to me, strikes and all that there, is only the spots on the outside to show there's a case of measels goin' on, but no amount of spots won't ever cure the measels. (Hear, hear.) There's something at bottom of the well, and wot we wants to know is—wot is it? Well now, look a here. 'Ow much wages could you make if you was free to work for yourself and 'adn't anythink to pay for taxes, and so on, out of wot you made? (A voice—\$3 per day!) Three dollars—that's more'n arf a pun—well, say three dollars. Now, if you was allowed to work for yourself, don't you see, you needn't a-work for nobody 'oo wouldn't pay you at least three dollars. (Hear hear.) And that would be wot I would call freedom. And w'y ain't you allowed to work for yourself? 'Cause the hoppertunities is fenced hoff. A man can't work without 'aving access to land any more than a bird can fly without 'aving access to air. And if a few big birds owned the air and 'eld it out of use, or at a big premium that the little birds couldn't pay, there wouldn't be much use for wings, would there? The little birds would 'ave to take wot grubs the big 'uns gave 'em and be thankful, and then you'd 'ear of strikes among the birds for more grubs all the w'ile. That's 'ow it is now with us birds, and



HE DESERVED IT.

**IRATE WIFE** (*a woman of Mind as well as Muscle*)—"You careless, forgetful wretch. I'll teach you to come home without Grip's Comic Almanac, when I went to the trouble of tying a bit of yarn to your finger to remind you of it."

that's wot strikes means. It's all we can do as things is. But I says, says I, w'y not put things right as they'd ort to be? Wasn't the earth made for all men alike to go to for to make a livin' by applyin' their labor? (A voice—Certainly it was!) Then wot do you say to hactin' on that idea, and lettin' every man 'ave free access to it, and makin' all pay a fair shot for the bit of it they took for their own private use? (Hear, hear!) The man as took a fine corner lot in a big town would 'ave more to pay than 'im as took a bit of land in the country—w'ich is proper enough, but none of us would 'ave any taxes to pay exceptin' this one tax. That would make an end of strikes, for wages would never be less than wot a man could make workin' for 'imself; and it wouldn't be right that they should be 'igher. That's all I got to say just now." (*Great cheers, amid which Mr. Grimes resumed his seat.*)