



"So the world ways."

I was very glad to see the following remarks in an editorial in the *Hamilton Tribune* a short time ago. Possibly some people will say that the subject treated of is out of place in a paper like *GRIP*: with such I beg to differ, though space will not allow me to give my reasons in full for doing so. The article quoted refers to the unfortunate woman who was sentenced to death at the last assizes, for drowning her illegitimate child. "There is a probability that her sentence of death will be commuted to imprisonment for life, and she escape the extreme penalty of the law. Even this will not lessen the guilt of the man who is the author of her destitution, her crime and her death to the world. In the lexicon of the law of Canada this man's crime is not crime. The poor girl may be hung, the law adjudges it her due, the man, the tempter, goes free and uncensured. Is it that our courts of law are thronged to-day by men who have not the old-time love of equity in their hearts? Is it that chivalry and the sense of justness have been blotted from the soul of man forever, that the gladsome light of jurisprudence is not shown in the enactment of a law making the betrayer of innocence a criminal? Let a sentiment for such an enactment be fostered by the press, by judges, and by those who were fabled to have only high crested thoughts—barristers and counsellors at law—and it will come to pass that men will not spoil the lives of women with impunity. We want this greatest of all sins placed on the criminal list of Canada."

The following, reprinted from that receptacle for spicy original matter and excellently selected clippings, the *Arkansas Traveler*, and written by Derriek Dodd for the *San Francisco Post* will, doubtless, bring to some of my readers recollections of the days when they looked anxiously for the arrival of

#### MAMMA'S SHIP.

The Point Lobos watchman of the Merchants' Exchange was aroused from his monotonous contemplation of the horizon yesterday morning by a faint rap on the lower panel of the door of the station, and upon opening the latter he discovered a rosy-cheeked boy of about five, looking very hot, tired and dust begrimed, and having evidently made the journey from the city alone and on foot.

"Please, sir, is mamma's ship coming in?"

"What ship is your mother on, my child?" asked the lookout, staring at his diminutive visitor.

"She isn't on any; she's at home," replied the small inquirer, somewhat puzzled. "She has a ship of her own, though, and I want to know if it's coming in."

"I suppose its father's a captain," said the lookout to himself. "What's the ship's name, my son?"

"Name?" reflected the child; "it hasn't got any name; it's just mamma's ship, that's all."

"No name?" said the station man, more mystified than ever; "who sent you here, little one?"

"Why, old Jim, the sailor, who lives back of our house. He said this was the place where they watched for the ships to come in, and so I thought I'd come out to-day and see if mamma's was in sight. I started this morning and people showed me the way, but I didn't think it was so dreadful far. Please, mister, won't you look again for mamma's ship," and the tiny traveler sank down on the door step much exhausted.

"What makes you think your mother has a ship?" asked the watcher, as he lifted the child into a chair.

"Why, because she says so," replied the baby, much astonished by the absurdity of the question. "You see I'm most crazy for a little spotted pony like Charlie Peter's has, and—and a red cart to hitch 'Gardie,' that's our dog, to. But whenever I tease mamma for them, she says I must wait 'till her ship comes in.' I'm awful tired of waiting, so I thought I'd come out here and ask you. Don't you think that little one way off there, with the long black tail, might be it?" and he pointed to a steamer smoking along past the Faralones.

"I guess it will be along pretty soon now," said the lookout, gravely, sighting through his telescope. "Meanwhile you climb into that berth yonder and take a nap while I watch." And in a few minutes the Merchants' exchange telephone repeated to police headquarters the message that a lost child would be found safe and well at the Point.

An hour later, when the distracted mother arrived at the station, the truant was still fast asleep, the contented smile on the little mouth showing that he had reached that placid haven—that dream-land—where, only, all our ships come in.

\* \*

Any one who has seen the real, genuine, bona-fide London flunky will acknowledge the truth of the remarks appended, which are from the pen of W. J. Stillman in the *Century* for October. The writer has so fully covered his subject that any remarks on my part are impossible.

#### THE LONDON FLUNKY.

In the intonation of the lower-toned command is the highest expression of the incommunicable, indescribable, and, except by generations of cultivation, unattainable quality we call high breeding. In the reply to it is that perfect antithesis in breeding, which we ought to call low—the profound, unquestioning, and unhesitating prostration of self of the traditional hereditary "flunky," disciplined like a soldier, who, as his master never permits himself to express a disturbing emotion, never allows himself an expression of surprise or a word of comment; whose self-command is as great as his master's, perhaps greater—a well-apparelled statue, save when an order is given; whose bows and deference for his master's guests are graduated by the distance at which they sit from the head of the table; a human creature that sees nothing, knows nothing, and believes nothing which his master does not expect him to see and know and believe; who, if he thinks of a heaven at all, never dreams that it can be the same thing for his master and himself; he hopes to meet his father and grandfather and great-grandfather in the servants' hall in that celestial abode where his master and all the family for countless generations will dwell in their mundane state; his brain could no more take in the parable of Dives and Lazarus than the laws of Kepler, and the most insensate chartist or radical could never inspire in him an ambition to be anything beyond butler in his master's mansion.

What in a woman is called "curiosity" in a man is grandiloquently magnified into "spirit of enquiry."

#### GRIP'S CLIPS.

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

#### THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Missus (*Who is acting as Amanuensis to Mary.*)

"Is there anything more you wish me to say, Mary?"

Mary—"No, marim, except just to say, please excuse bad writin' and spellin'."

They say that figures won't lie, but one is inclined to doubt the old saw when he looks upon the figure of a fashionably dressed woman.—*Boston Transcript.*

The making of wooden trinkets from timber grown on the lands of Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, is said to be devastating the forests of the State of Maine.

England, a Philadelphia paper says, is quite justified in sending her paupers to America. "After importing the English sparrow," it sadly observes, "we ought to receive anything without a murmur."

"Yes," said Farmer Jones, "My summer boarders complain that the nights are cold, but they certainly have no right to expect me to take the blankets off the tomato vines such weather as this."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Jones asked his wife, "Why is a husband like dough?" He expected she would give it up, and he was going to tell her that it was because a woman needs him; but she said it was because he was hard to get off her hands.

Jane Grey Swisshelm has endeared herself to every newspaper pilot by saying in a letter of advice to an aspirant for journalistic honors, "It is much more respectable to do up an editor's shirts than to bore him with bad manuscript."

"I am trying to break myself of slang phrases," said the Centralville girl, "and have been for some time. But actually I used the word 'racket' to-day before I thought, and I'm so ashamed of myself. You won't give it away, will you?"

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated and inclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

Gontran one evening said a number of foolish things in a house where he had paid a visit for the first time. His friend, Georges, went the next day at Gontran's request, to repair the injury as best he could. "I've fixed it," he exclaimed, when he came back; "I told them you were drunk!"—*Christian At Work.*

A collector of a gas company presented a bill for payment the other day, and was met with the response: "Are you sure this bill is right? I must have burned more gas than that." The collector turned white with fear, and hastily making his way down-stairs, told a policeman that a madman was up in the third storey, and something had better be done about it right away.

"After this week," said the editor of the *Bungtown Arouser*, "I shall enlarge my paper to twice its present size and at the same time reduce the price from \$2.50 to \$2.00 per annum." "For heaven's sake," shrieked Bass, "don't do anything of the sort. If you'll reduce the paper to half its present size and double the price, all right; but don't do anything rash, if you expect to retain my name on your subscription list."—*Boston Transcript.*