



TIPPING THE COP.

OLD GENT (handing P. C. A 1 547 half a dollar)—“ Here, constable.”

P. C. A 1 547 (virtuously)—“ No, sorr, I ain't allowed to take no tips; but throw it on the strate, sorr, and Oi'll thry to foind it, bedad.”

(cheers), and even I, who in some respects cannot call myself one of his disciples, can fully understand that enthusiasm. (Cheers.) He has thrice earned it. He has earned it as a thinker, he has earned it as a writer, and he has earned it as an orator. (Cheers.) And I venture to say—and these are the concluding words in which, on behalf of this great meeting, I bid him farewell—that he may, and probably will, be regarded by posterity as one of those leaders of men who rise above the sordid level of things as they are, who seek to revive the spirit and the power of Christianity, who seek to enrich the human intellect with humane and generous ideas, who create in the minds of all noble ambition—new spheres of philanthropy and justice—quicken the world's great weary heart with the throbbings and gladness of the time to come when the curse of toil shall cease from troubling, banished for ever by the universal dignity and happiness of labor.” (Prolonged cheering.)

COMMON sense may in due time find its way to Ottawa and penetrate the thick skulls of the ministers of the day. When it does so, they will begin to realize what laughing stocks they make of themselves when they appoint a Commissioner to work up trade with Jamaica and other foreign countries at considerable public expense, while at the same time maintaining a tariff to kill off whatever trade may be secured! We wonder what Mr. Adam Brown really thinks of this “policy” in the inner recesses of his mind. But perhaps he isn't doing any hard thinking, in view of the picnic this mission has provided for him.

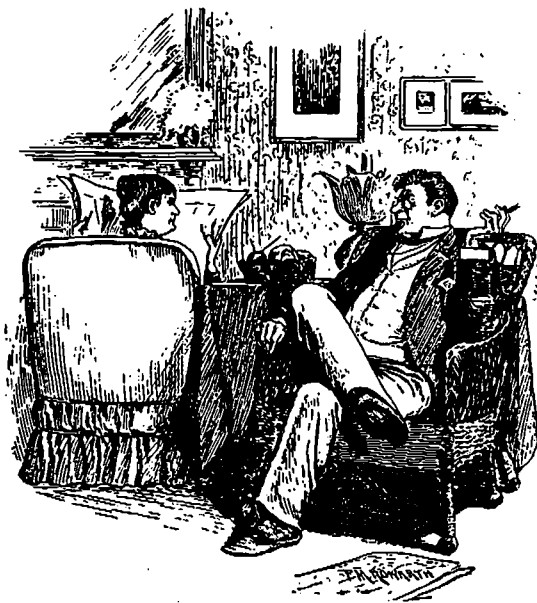
THE opinion which *Puck* entertains of Mr. President Harrison is, if we may successfully translate Editor Bunner's coarse language into polite and classic terms—that he is a jay, a dodo and a pitiable chump. And yet, though he is not equal to the Presidency, he has talents—he would be competent, *Puck* thinks, to ‘personally conduct’ a trip through Canada, for example.

PUCK is perhaps not aware that in suggesting this he is really placing President Harrison on a lofty pedestal. The task he names by way of deprecating Mr. Harrison's abilities is one which would be quite beyond the powers of most eminent Americans. It is as much as the average citizen over there can do to tell in what direction Canada lies; it would bother most of the distinguished ones at Washington to tell the first thing about the country itself; and it is pretty safe to say that not one of them could personally conduct an expedition through the wilds of the Dominion. So *Puck* will see that he is really giving undeserved taffy to Mr. Harrison.

“TURN on the current again, quick, this man is not dead!” cried Dr. Spitzka. Then they turned it on again. It was re-volting.

WHY didn't they consult Edison before constructing that “fatal chair” at Auburn prison? The great electrician says the shock should be applied to the hand of the condemned man and not to the head, and points to the thirty instantaneous deaths brought about in New York by the accidental touching of electric wires. Hair and bone are non-conductors of the fluid, which accounts for the horrid bungle in the Kemmler case.

A PARAGRAPH in a recent issue of GRIP stated that Mr. Bunting of the *Mail* was one of the guests at the late banquet to Sir Fred. Middleton. The source of our information was the list of the guests as published in the *World*. It appears that Mr. Bunting was invited to be present but refused to attend. We regret that through no fault of our own we were misled into supposing that he was one of the participants, and as a matter of simple justice hereby withdraw and apologize for the paragraph based upon this false statement. We are heartily glad to know that the manager of the *Mail* is entirely free from any complicity in the affair.



A HARD HUSBAND.

HUSBAND—“ I wish you would stop this everlasting picking flaws in your neighbors.”

WIFE—“ Yes, that's just you; you never want me to have the least pleasure.”