



THE BLIND HERO.

(WITH A PLAIN HINT TO SIR OLIVER MOWAT).

SIR OLIVER—"At all events, Capt. Andrews, you may be consoled in your blindness by knowing that your bravery in saving life has been appreciated by your fellow men. You are loaded with medals."

CAPT. ANDREWS—"Yes, Sir Oliver; but they are not good to eat, and I am in extreme distress."

SIR OLIVER (*aside*)—"I don't believe the people of Ontario would object to my granting this gallant and unfortunate fellow an annuity sufficient to keep him from starvation."

(Object! Certainly not, Sir Oliver, says GRIP—the whole country would applaud the act!)

GRIP'S SPECIAL DESPATCHES.

HAMILTON, 15th.—Mr. W. C. Nichol still edits the *Herald* in his shirt sleeves and with a brier-root pipe in his mouth. This accounts for the free and independent character of the paper, which is much appreciated by the public. If Nick's own personal appearance is a safe criterion it is safe to say that the *Herald* is happy, prosperous and rapidly putting on flesh.

OTTAWA, 17th.—Consternation reigns in the city on account of the sudden advent of Coxe's Army some five hundred strong, and something approaching a panic is now feared. Two-and-two, the invaders are marching threateningly into Parliament square and making straight for the main entrance of the Central block.

Later.—Sam Hughes M.P., has just joined the Army and is marching at their head.

Latest.—It turns out not to be Coxe and his Commonwealth force, but a delegation to interview the Government on behalf of the Trent Valley Canal Scheme. They are not after the Commonwealth, but confine their attention strictly to the weal of Peterboro'.

Very Latest.—Peace reigns once more. Everything settled. Government promises to build the Canal right away. This is regarded as official announcement of general election at an early date.

MATTAWA, 14th.—Peter O'Farrell has lost, by sudden death, the loved companion of his life, his silken-haired but uncertain-tempered dog "Fairy." Peter is plunged in an ocean of gloom, and cannot find consolation even in ginger ale, clay pipes or moose-meat. "Fairy" was a celebrated canine, and invariably accompanied his master, even into the popular pictorial journals. *Vide Harper's Weekly* of Nov. 1890, and GRIP of this year, No. 1064.

HAMILTON, 18th.—John Crerar, Q.C., has decided not to support Smith the P.P.A. candidate. After giving the matter careful consideration, Mr. Crerar is convinced that it is his duty, on this occasion at least, to vote for the candidate of the Mowat administration. This is important if true.

MONTREAL, 18th.—Those of Mr. Jeannotte's constituents who have been in the habit of regularly selling their votes to that gentleman, have it in contemplation to tender the popular M.P. a reception on his return from Ottawa, by way of testifying their appreciation of his noble efforts to talk out the Weldon Bill disfranchising persons who accept bribes. Mr. Jeannotte's grand fight against this iniquitous measure, and in support of great cause of Personal Liberty, must commend itself to all who prize the right of the Canadian Voter to sell his vote in the dearest market. An appropriate present of a blush rose will be made to the open and avowed champion of Political Commerce.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE HORSE AND THE WEIGHT.

"IF I were in Your Place," said a Reverend Gentleman to a Butcher's Boy, "I would tie that Horse to that Hitching Post. He's a pretty skittish-looking Animal, and I don't Believe that Weight is Heavy enough to Control him." "Well, look ahere, Mister," replied the Boy in an Impudent manner, "if you'll jest Mind your own Business and go Home and write Sermons, I will attend to this Horse. I don't know much about Runnin' a Prayer meetin', but I guess I understand more about managin' a Horse than you or any other member of the Conference. So long, Mister." The Boy then hitched the Weight-Strap to the Horse's bit, and the Reverend Gentleman passed on. A moment Later, however, hearing a Racket, he turned round and observed the Horse tearing down the Sidewalk, the Iron Weight smashing the Plate-glass Windows and spreading Terror among the Pedestrians. "Ah, yes," he mused, "that Butcher's boy may be an Expert on the Horse Question, but he does not possess a monopoly of Common Sense."

MORAL.—1. The Opinion of the Church as to the adequacy of the License System, may be as worthy of Attention as that of the Politicians.

2. The License-weight is too light for the Liquor horse.



TO THE MANNER BORN.

SPRINTER, the great pedestrian, inherited his talent from his father, who was a famous walker in his day.