



### THERE'S MANY A SLIP.

HE—"Elsie, we must be married next August."

SHE—"Oh! that's far too soon! Are you afraid I'll change my mind?"

HE—"No, love, perhaps, *but I might.*"—*Pick-me-up.*

### SIR JOHN INTERVIEWED.

It is generally known that Sir John Macdonald was in town the other day, but some may not be aware that the opportunity was turned to account by GRIP's Special Interviewer. Having sent up his card, our Young Man was ushered into the Red Parlor, where he found the Premier reclining on a blue couch with his feet on a green footstool, the yellow window hangings drawn back to admit the purple light which touched up the maroon carpet. "They call this the Red Parlor, but there's no red about it," remarked our Special, as soon as the preliminary greetings were over; "it's a popular humbug."

"That's the very reason I always occupy it when I come to Toronto," replied Sir John, with a wag of his head. "I wouldn't feel at home anywhere else. Have you a copy of the leading journal with you?"

"To be sure I have; there's something here I particularly wish you to fix your massive brain upon," and our Young Man handed the Old Man a copy of GRIP of the 7th, and directed his attention to the cartoon on the first page.

"Yes," said Sir John, as he took the paper and at once fell into a profound contemplation of the picture, "it certainly is a 'matter for serious thought,' and there's no question but Wiman has given the farmers some facts and figures which ought to raise their hair. What this country needs is free-trade and direct taxation. The N.P. is a preposterous humbug, and indirect taxation is nothing but masked robbery—"

Our Young Man fell back aghast. "And *you* say this, Sir John?" he exclaimed.

"I do," said the Premier; "but recollect that *not* I'm speaking in my capacity as a mere human being—a man, as it were."

"Well, if you think so, why not act accordingly? You have the power to do just about what you wish," put in our Innocent.

"Ah!" said Sir John, as a Jekyll-and-Hyde sort of transformation came over his countenance. "Don't forget that I am a Politician first and a Man afterwards. As a Party leader it is my business to keep in office, and the only way to keep in office is to Humbug the people. I'm sorry (as a Man) that the monopolists have more practical influence on election day than the people, but (as a Politician) I cannot afford to ignore the fact. Do you quite catch me?"

"I think I do," replied our Interviewer shrewdly, "and I flatter myself that's more than your political opponents can do."

As Sir John was at this point reminded of an engagement he had to assist at a wedding, the interview somewhat abruptly closed.

### A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

PIGSNUFFLE—"The phrase so often used of late, 'a representative of royalty in our midst,' is quite incorrect."

WOBBLER—"Not always."

PIGSNUFFLE—"When can it be employed correctly, I'd like to know?"

WOBBLER—"Why, when you have *a-ching* in the stomach."

### LOGICAL CONSOLATION.

SMYTHE bought a pair of boots at a second-hand goods shop, and was persuaded by the oily-tongued vendor that they were a "goot feet." After walking some time Smythe came back, hobbling, into the store and demanded his money.

"These boots are making me lame!" he groaned in misery.

"Vell, vod you ogspect?" explained the suave Mr. Schneider. "Dose poots vos worn py a creeple before, unt id'll dook some dime to ged der limp ouder them, mine friend!"



### THE LITTLE HUSTLER!

WILLIE O'HEARN, the winner of the prize offered for the largest sale of GRIPS by any newsboy in four weeks. This little chap's record was 859!