

" NATIONALISM " WITH A VENGEANCE.

MONTREAL STAR. — " As to this loan, I have a few critical remarks to make. In the first place—"

LT.-GOV. CHAPLEAU—" Stop! That loan was negotiated by a French Premier in the French money market, and we cannot tolerate any objections to it from an English source."

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

x.

CITY folks hev a mighty good time in most things. Lookin' at 'em some ways, they're richer'n farmer people. Some ways they're freer, too, but mostly they've got to mind each other, an' o' course the more people livin' around their neighborhood—all chock full o' their drefful equal rights—the more mindin' there is. Now there's their scraps—they can't do what they want with 'em. Ef they don't fix 'em jest so, there's a paper comes in through the hole in the front door, an' I tell you they've got to mind what that says or else they'll git fined some money. Now farmer folks they jest toss their peelin's an' scrapin's into the swill bar'l an' it gits fed to the pigs, an' there's good pork of it, but these poor rich city women they ain't got no pigs to feed their swill to, an' it's more trouble to 'em than the pigs would be. The paper says that the garbage (that's what they call the stuff) must be put in the lane before seven o'clock two days a week, an' that the scavenger (he's the swill gentleman) he'll take it away ef it's put in "suitable vessels" an' the ashes is separate. 'Round where I live jest now, they went to a lot of fussin' to git "suitable vessels," an' the man came an' emptied 'em 'fore we could git 'em in the woodshed door. Pervidin' new "suitable vessels" twice a week, will be kinder expensive fur most folks—a good deal expensiver than pigs. Takin' it all round that paper's a big bother, an' the country's ahead.

I've been gettin' to the theatre consid'able lately, an' I think a person oughter be more satisfied with livin', after seein' how them poor folks in the plays hev to suffer. They seem to take everything so hard, too, an' there's so much goes wrong all at once. Ef one person dies, seem's ef it was ketchin' an' the first thing a body knows the whole fambly's killed off. That's the way it wuz in that painter play of Mr. Mantell's. When it come to green curtain time at the end, the dead folks was cumberin up the floor, an' Mr. Mantell himself wuz ravin' crazy. 'There aint no funny feller in that play—no place to laugh, 'cept you git in a little snicker of your own at the love-makin,' an' it don't do fur old maids to laugh at that—folks always seem to think you're jealous. Ef they jest knew how we despise it all, they'd stop sneerin' at us in comp'ny an' makin' the funny papers so personal, we can't read 'em 'fore folks.

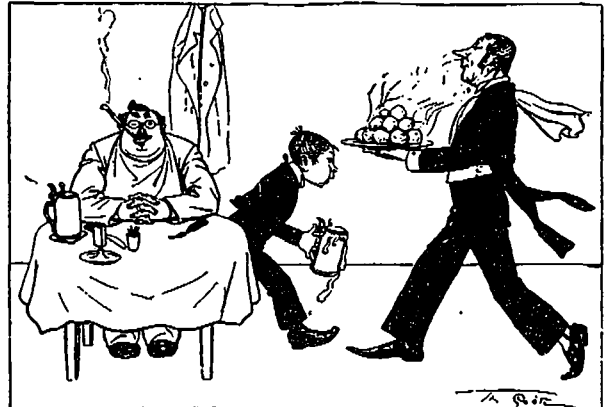
Mr. Moody's comin', I see by the papers. Seem's ef he wuz expectin' to come to the new music hall, an' when they come to settle the thing, the rent's so fearful high, it would keep 'em bustlin' round fur the pay. Seventy-five dollars a day! Aint it awful! It took my breath away, an' I thought sure it wuz seven dollars and fifty cents, and the proof-readin' man had took it from figgers an' didn't know where the little full stop oughter go. I don't see how we can afford to git Mr. Moody here with all the pinchin' poverty there is among workin' men out of work, an' on account of the low wages that's bein' paid. But I guess they know—the folks what's runnin' the thing, an' I don't need to worry. It's drefful handy to shift the heft of these things on other folks, an' then you kin grumble, no matter which way they go.

SUSANNAH.

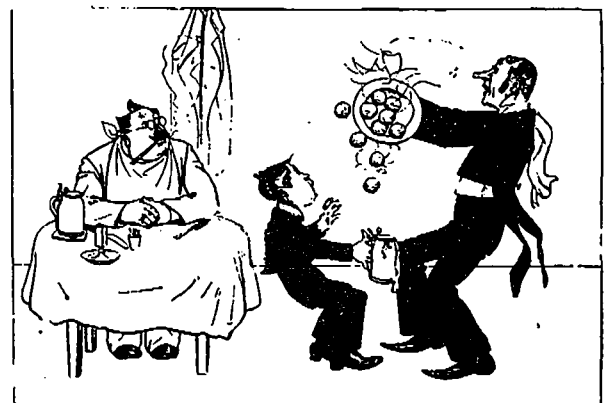
GENERAL BOOTH.

GRIP is proud to extend a greeting to General Booth, the chieftian of an army that is a blessing and not a curse to the world. The time for laughing at the S. A. is long past, most of those who once jeered are now its earnest friends. We notice still in some quarters a tendency on the part of writers to use the belittling quotation marks when referring to the "general," the "commandant," the "captain," etc.,—implying that these officers are merely playing at military work. But when the matter is looked at truly, is it not really the "sure enough army" that is playing? At most its ultimate purpose is the slaughter of human beings—a purpose which is surely not entitled to more praise than that of the S. A., which is to save them, body and soul. The red shirt means more to the world than the gold bedecked uniform, and it should be honored accordingly.

THE HOT DUMPLINGS AND THE DEXTEROUS WAITER.



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