

out of many factors affecting national prosperity. This fact is too often forgotten by both Protectionists and Free Traders. And hence nine tenths of the current newspaper talk on both sides, based on such comparisons as our contemporary makes, is utterly wide of the mark. The signs which indicate national prosperity or stagnation in the great majority of cases are due to causes which have no more connection with fiscal duties or their absence than the man in the moon.

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"Let's talk of graves, and worms, and epitaphs."

THE National Undertakers' Association hold their annual convention in this city, beginning on the 1st of October. It goes without saying that they have many matters of grave importance to consider. No doubt their deliberations will be re-hearsed in the daily press. Naturally the *morning* sittings will be especially fraught with interest and gloom. The gathering will somewhat resemble a party convention in its studied avoidance of all live issues and burning questions—such as cremation, for instance. GRIP welcomes the body with a friendly croak, and trusts that they will always be animated by the *esprit de corps*, so to speak, which has prompted their organization.

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N OBODY can conjecture where the craze for automatic machines on the "drop a nickel in the slot" principle will stop. They are being adapted to every conceivable purpose, and pretty soon, in some of the English and American cities, the wayfarer will be enabled to supply every ordinary want, except, perhaps, getting a bed to sleep in, by means of the little machines which confront him at every corner. In some of the

Western cities they are utilizing them for the sale of neat little bottles of liquor, so as to defeat the Sunday closing law. Before long the real estate men will doubtless adopt them, and the passer-by in suburban regions will be confronted by a machine bearing the legend:

"Drop a dollar in the slot,
And get your deed for vacant lot."

The principal drawback to the universal adoption of the automatic machine is that about half the time it doesn't work.

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IT is now the turn of the Tories to assume airs of outraged political virtue and roll up their eyes in holy horror at the corruption of their opponents. The election of Mr. Colter, M.P., for Haldimand has been set aside on the ground of bribery by agents. The Grits, of course, are deprecatingly putting forward the usual plea in such cases familiar to readers of Capt. Marryat—"it was a very little one." The voidance of several successive elections for Haldimand owing to widespread corruption, indicates the need for more stringent penalties. How would it do, seeing that the prospect of being unseated has but slight terrors for candidates, to try disfranchising a constituency which is carried by corrupt influences two or three times in succession? If Haldimand were deprived of a representative for the next parliamentary term it would probably have a much more deterrent effect than proceeding against members elected by purchased votes.



**DESIGN FOR A HAT—WARRANTED AN
EFFECTIVE BUOY-CATCHER.**

THE YANKEE MANIAC.

I DO admire my Yankee coz'—
My Yankee cozess, too.
I'm pleased with everything he does,
And likewise what she do:
I like the gin'ral Yankee style
In managin' a biz.
And, oh! I love a Yankee "smile"
When taken with a "fizz."
I like the way he slings his slang—
"By gosh," "Gol darn," "You bet,"
And seems to me he has "the hang"
Of sportin' on his debt.
I like the way the Yankees dress,
The way they smoke and eat,
And I admire the slight distress
It gives 'em when they cheat.
I like their names of places, too,
They seem to bring good luck:
Therefore, in cases not a few,
We've made 'em pure Canuck.*
I like the Yankee Gov' ment plan,
Where votes is worth a figger,
And every chap is called a man
Exceptin' he's a nigger.
I've only got one fault to find
(I know the statement's risky.)
Ten cents is high, it strikes my mind,
For just one drink of whisky.

*It is evident that our poet here refers to our insensate adoption of such topographics as Chautauqua and Long Branch. Perhaps, also, he had in his mind the attempts of some good people in this city to substitute the vulgar Broadway for our beautiful and historic "Spadina avenue."



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