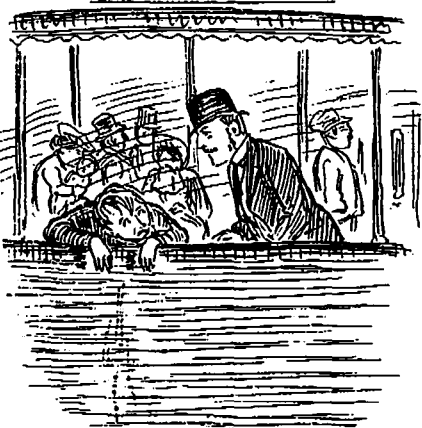




Mr. Phipps' Reflections.

Of course; of course. I knew how it would be; never expected anything else. RYAN is brought out in West Toronto; I should have been. Were it not that I have a prescience, which is as marvelous as my other gifts, I might have suffered more or less of a shock at this revelation of ingratitude. But I knew it would be so; and besides, I am rather inured to acts of base ingratitude by this time. Nevertheless, I ought to have received the Grit nomination, if only as a formality; a slight recognition—infinisimally slight to be sure—of the services I have rendered to the Opposition, by my brilliant occasional articles in the *Globe*. Of course, my goose is cooked with the other fellows; wouldn't touch me with a ten-foot pole. This consideration gives Grit ingratitude a still darker shade. But it is not Grit ingratitude so much as Grit *stupidity* that affects me. I do not censure Brown and the Party; I pity them; from my heart I pity them. They are surely in a state of mental imbecility to choose RYAN when they might have had me. And they haven't even suggested my name for any future constituency. Clearly, the Party is demoralized; evidently its leaders are mad. But no matter. My time will come.



Sick Transit Gloria Monday.

A Reminiscence of the Civic Holiday.

Healthy Passenger—What's the matter, CHARLEY; are you sick?
Unwell Do.—Sick? Why, confound you, do you s'pose I'm doin' this for fun?

T is not the only letter of the alphabet crossed. Great seas one often crossed too.

A Parable of Secular Education.

LITTLE MORE, the son of BIG MONEY, came to be educated by the white men of Toronto. His own tribe had taught him to steal. So when he knew that he was hungry, which was about all he did know, he took a loaf of bread, and got sent to jail. In jail the white men whom he met advised him to learn to write in order to commit forgery. So LITTLE MORE worked hard at the public school, and learned to write real well, and forged a cheque. But he got found out and sent to the Penitentiary. There he met a much wiser white man who advised him to go into legitimate business, and cheat and take every advantage of his fellow creatures within legal limits. So LITTLE MORE lied, wheedled and cheated till he got a large fortune and died universally respected. But when the only clergyman whom he ever saw asked him about his soul, he said that the white man's education-process had taught him nothing about his soul.

A Plea with the City Authorities.

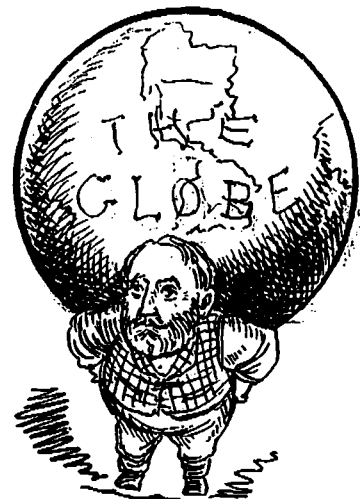
My heart's at the Island, my heart is not here,
 To lave in the cool water, lus trous and clear.
 At the Island with bathing huts amply supplied,
 Which the good City Fathers will quickly provide.

Then each belle of Toronto, in bathing-dress fair,
 That costume most coquettish a lady can wear,
 Will float there like flowers round the marge of the isle,
 Which the good City Fathers beholding will smile.



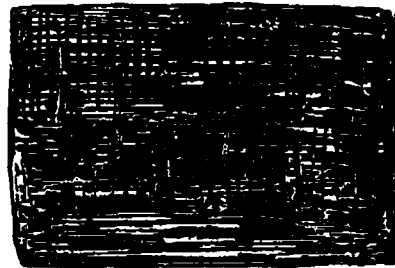
The "Saint" in Trouble.

GRIP has on former occasions given his readers the counterfeit presentment of the Rev., or as the wicked newspapers of Charlottetown call him—the "ex-reverend" STEPHEN G. LAWSON, Prince Edward's Island's phenomenal journalist. This truly good man, whose shining virtues have secured for him the sobriquet of the "Saint" amongst the little boys of the Island, is editor of a truly good paper, called *The Presbyterian and Evangelical Union*. This journal has achieved supreme local distinction for its peculiar exposition of Christian ethics, its pious articles being generally mistaken for vile diatribes of personal abuse, and its illustrations of Religion and Morality being invariably misinterpreted as calumny, slander and vituperation. At this moment the truly good but misunderstood STEPHEN is in trouble. He libelled a certain Mr. STEWART, and that gentleman was so unkind as to haul him up for it. Rather than go before a mere worldly tribunal, the martyred STEPHEN offered to print a retraction and apology. Being a truly good man, of course he kept his word. But, brimming over with pious generosity, he did more. He followed the retraction with about seven columns of matter which the Islanders, who do not know Christian writing when they see it, declare to be a villainous repetition of all his previous slanders in an aggravated form. Hence poor STEPHEN is again in trouble. He is being tried now for criminal libel, and the chances are that he will be punished, notwithstanding the black coat and white tie which he has so long disgraced.



Too Much of a Load.

People are beginning to criticise Mr. Gordon BROWN's performance in his difficult role of *Atlas*. Some say there are evidences that his knees are beginning to give out; and others prophesy that before very long *The Globe* will crush the unfortunate man to the ground. GRIP hopes not. It would be too bad to see anything like a collapse in the venerable institution; and there is really no need of such a catastrophe if Mr. Brown will only be very careful. His political advisers ought to take his case into their serious consideration without delay. It will probably be found that what is wanted is a judicious application of strengthening plasters, and a good internal dose of *Liberal Spirit*. Those members of the Reform Party who are not prepared to follow the old organ down the pathway of Toryism are not in despair, however, for already another and more youthful *Atlas* is in the field, bearing upon his shoulders *The World*, a paper which is to represent the advanced thought of the Liberal army.



Quebec by Night.

Dedicated to the Aldermen of the Ancient Capital.

"The Old Man" of the Ottawa *Free Press* is away rusticiating in New Hampshire, and has been writing a letter home to the paper. In the course of his remarks on what he saw he mentions a lot of factory girls on their way to work. "They were noticeable," he says, "for their plain style of dressing; and though plain, neat and unscrupulously clean." The Old Man has been getting things mixed. He must have been thinking of the *Free Press* when he used the queer expression, "unscrupulously clean."

The erudite puff-writer of the *Evening Telegram* mentions a grocer in the city whose cellar is "well-stocked with liquors in great variety and butter."