

DOWN ON MAYOR CLARKE.

DEER SIR, MISTER GRIP,

Mare Clark is a frod, an my pa aint goin to vot for him no more. he vot for him before cause mare clark sed he was down on probishin, but he has turn his cote an now he goes in for probishin. I seen a bill up on the fence sayin Fire Crackers Prohibited, an it had mare Clarks name on it. i am mad bout this cause i got a lot of fire Crackers for queens burthday, an now i cant let em of. this is interferin with the libbity of the subjeck, my pa ses so. i got a rite to let of fire Crackers, an nobody has got a rite to tell me what I must ete or drink or let of. i spose mare clark thinks places wod be set afire to an so he prohibits it. but i jest tell him i ant responsible fer my naber, an let him look out for hiself, an put the fire out if it catches on to his house. please print this an let mare clark no he has lost my pas vot anyhow.

Yures truley,

WILLY SKYLARK.

ANOTHER PROTEST.

MR. GRIP, SIR,

I am a pore man trying to make a living in a legitimit business—that is to say, I am a store-keeper in a small way, and my business is a lawful one, which I have a perfect right to carry it on so long as it is lawful. Now, sir, i carry a stock of fire crackers which represents a pretty large investment for me, and it is an outrage, sir, that the Mayor should issue a proclamation to prohibit the use of the same, as it is interfering with a legitimit traffic. Fire Crackers is good when used in moderation, an i am not responsible if anybody makes a fool of themselves in the use of them. I am disapointed in Mayor Clark, as I did not think he belonged to them cranks the prohibitionists, but it looks very much like it so far as fire crackers is concerned. I am going to get Mr. Macdonnell to show him up in a sermon.

Yours, indignant,

A STORE-KEEPER.

LETTER FROM A CRANK.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I observe that Queen Victoria Oliver Mowat Niagara Falls Lord Dufferin International Park—I am not sure whether any of the name has escaped—is now formally open to the public, and, sir, I want to tell you that my heart fairly bounds with exultant joy to think that the magnificent domain of beauty enclosing that wonderful cataract is now the property of the PEOPLE!

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself bath said,

“This is the most sensible piece of legislation that has ever been accomplished in America!” Is there a spirit in all the continent—or, for that matter, in all the world—that does not rejoice that this glorious realm of nature is declared to be now and forever the heritage of mankind? No, sir! I don’t believe there is! I tell you, sir,

the world is getting sense; it is coming round to my way of thinking. “Private ownership” of land around Niagara Falls is abolished, and the revenues collected from visitors—if any—will go into the public till instead of into the pockets of the pirates who for so many years infested that lovely spot. But I just want Oliver Mowat or somebody else to tell me why all the land on earth shouldn’t be treated just as the land of this park now is? If *this* land is a gift from the Creator to the human race, why isn’t all the rest of the land on this planet? And why shouldn’t the public till instead of landlord’s pockets receive the revenues we call rent from those who occupy and use the land? I pause for reply. Yours,

HENRY GEORGE CRANKTON.

JOCULAR JOTTINGS.

A JAIL-BIRD—Hawke.

Geometrically speaking, isn’t the imprisonment of Hawke a quod-wrangle?

Solomon says, “Go to the ant, thou sluggard,” but, as a rule, the sluggards go to their “uncle.”

Speaking of mosquita-bars, under the new license act in St. John, N.B., the bibulous quaffers must-quit-a-bar at 10 p.m.

The Sultan of Morocco has been in-sultin’ Uncle Sam by imprisoning, at Rabat, parties under the protection of the American Consul.

In the spring-time Mrs. Toodles goes to all the auction sales, And she fills her house with knick-knacks, spite of all her husband’s wails.

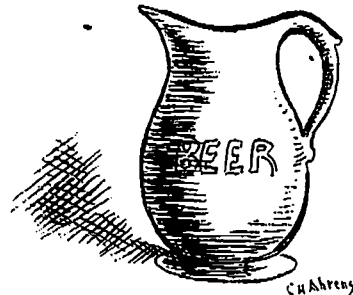
Mrs. Sillibus says she had a bad attack of gumbago and was cured by an embarkation of herbs which drew out all the information, and now she is perfectly adolescent.

The proprietor of the N.Y. *World* may be only a Pullet, sir, now, but he is bound to be “cock of the walk,” and will put up the finest newspaper building in the city.

A policeman named Reckard in New York was arrested for theft, tried, condemned and landed in Sing-Sing inside of twelve hours. That beats the Record for speedy justice.

Editor E. F. Shepard, unable to restrain himself longer has declared for Depew for President. This is bad for Chauncy.—N.Y. *World*. Yes, I don’t see what Chauncy has. Perhaps he will Depew-tize some one else to take his place.

JOE KERR.



A FAMOUS PITCHER OF THE TORONTO BASEBALL CLUB.