



"QUAFF, OH QUAFF THIS KIND NEPENTHE."

TAILOR CREDITOR—"Hallo! I say, you drinking champagne? I can't afford champagne, though you owe me lots of money."

DEBTOR—"Ah! you see I drink to drown remembrance."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

WILHELM III. AS A HUMORIST.

MEIN HERR GRIP,—I undershtood dot you haf already a compedition von der best of Funny Wridings und Chokes, vot comes in by a Prize of \$ Thirty dollars. Enclose you will please find article to took dot prize. I have not myself wrote dot article, but got him for der daily paper, der speech vot is made der German Emperor Wilhelm by in Brandenburg der day behind yesterday. Yours,

YACOB KRAUSS.

Unfortunately it has now become the fashion to criticise and nag at every step taken by the Government. The public is disturbed on the most insignificant grounds. The enjoyment of life shared by the whole German fatherland is envired. As a result of this nagging persecution many persons have been imbued with the idea that our country is the most unhappy and worst governed in the world, and that life in such a country is a perfect plague. That this is not the case we of course are well aware; but would it not be better if discontented persons were to shake the dust of Germany from off their feet, retiring as soon as possible to some country where such a miserably wretched state of affairs does not exist? They will thus reap advantage to themselves and at the same time do us a great favor. We live in a state of transition. Germany is gradually emerging from infancy. She is now about to enter on the period of youth. It would be well, therefore, if we freed ourselves from infant maladies. We live in exciting days, in which the judgment of the majority of men is unfortunately devoid as regards objective facts. But quieter days are in store, since our people now united, undeterred by the utterances of voices abroad, are putting their trust in God and in the loyal, solicitous, efforts of their hereditary rulers.

A firm confidence in the sympathies accorded your work and mine inspires me continually with fresh strength to continue my task and advance in the path heaven has pointed out to me. I also am impressed with the feeling that what has occurred in the past is due to the hand of our supreme Lord on high. I am firmly convinced that He who was an ally at Rossbach and Donnewatz will not now leave me in the lurch. He has so constantly aided the cause of Brandenburg and my house that we cannot believe He has done all this for no purpose; on the contrary, we still have a great destiny before us, and I am leading you to glorious days.

[We have no hesitation in saying that for unconscious

humor the above beats anything that has yet come to hand, but we are obliged to rule it out because of its failure to comply with the conditions imposed in the competition. The fact that it has already appeared in print is a fatal objection. Otherwise the chances are that our cash prize would have gone to the talented young humorist who is now running the German Empire.—ED. GRIP.]

A REMONSTRANCE.

OTTAWA, Feb. 23.—A deputation consisting of Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C.; T. D. Barwick and others, representing the Law Society of Ontario, had an interview with the Minister of Justice on Saturday and presented to him the resolutions recently adopted by the bar, recommending an increase of salary for the judges.

NOW Mr. Blake, this will not do!
GRIP really is surprised at you,
We did not think you were so much
With common justice out of touch.

The judges are a favored class
Far better paid than are the mass,
Who at some useful labor drudge
Nor earn one-tenth what's paid a judge.

They live in style, and well they may,
Five thousand is a judge's pay,
While some get six—methinks their gall
In asking more by no means small.

Pray, what producer thus is paid,
And who by hammer, plough or spade
Could count when the year's end had come
One half—one-quarter—of the sum?

And yet these salaries so large
Are furnished at the people's charge,
And common folks in cold and heat
Must raise the food officials eat.

Yet you, who boast the Liberal name
And to befriend the people claim,
Must strive to lay still heavier tax
Upon the toiler's burdened backs.

When for class privilege you fight,
Ignoring reason, sense and right,
Exalting the official few
Above the toilers as you do,

Say, can you wonder, when you find
Men to progressive views inclined,
Indifferent to your party's cause
Nor caring for its fate two straws?

If you want popular support,
Drop all endeavors of that sort,
Or, better still, come to the aid
Of those who're really "underpaid."

The sewing girl—the artisan,
The over-burdened laboring man,
The farmer oft a hopeless wreck
With mortgage-millstone on his neck.

Take up their cause, and if you can
Be less the lawyer—more the man,
Show how the pittance spared by greed
Will barely meet their scanty need.

Thus worthily employ your power,
Nor shirk the issues of the hour;
And, win or lose, 'twill bring no shame
Or mockery on the Liberal name.

WHEN has a man four hands? When he doubles his fists.—*Almanac Joke.*

Also when he is forewarned.

OLD Budger calls booze the elixir of life,
'Tis true that 'e licks her—his much-abused wife.