



### "WE CANNOT CHECK MANITOBA!"

and Lady Aberdeen will. I am shure, be plazed to hear, affording timely relief to the disthressed. Yours is the right kind of helpful charity, that not only begins at home, but spreads itself abroad.

In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity.

It is in yer hand—

"Open as day for melting charity."

that the poet's ideal is realized.

"Will ye no come back again," is what is now sung by the Curlers and everybody else in Toronto. What a murtherin' pity it is entirely that we can't have yer Excellency all the time widh us here, instead av lettin' ye go back to that cowl'd, desolate raygion, where the mercury is mostly below zero, the snow constantly on its wings, and the wind so cuttin' as to be sharp enuff to shave a pig! To be shure, we have GRIP, an' Alderman Hallam, an' can't expect to have all the grate an' good things to ourselves here in Toronto.

I'm greatly beholden to yer Lordship for yer kind an' gracious invitation to Rideau Hall, but must most respectfully decline for the prisent. The session is comin' on. The Queen's speech will have to be prepared. Sir John will be obliged to have a good many consultashuns widh ye. An' ye don't want to give him any room for jealousy, as there might be, if I was in the way, an' he believed that I was tenderin' ye advice in the crisis at hand.

I sec that the men who make soap bave been to Ottawa, soft soapin' the Governmint—an' ould thrick, an' be the same token is not confined to the soapmakers' thrade.

Men don't soft-soap Ministhers widhout having some private end in view, and, ginerally, whin such music is listened to, 'tis the people who have to pay for it. Give Sir John an' yer Ministhers a hint to beware of the soft-soapers, who, for self and pelf, want to pile on the taxes. Impress upon them the truth of the words of Diogenes, which yer lordship will remimber. Diog. being axed, "What is that baste, the bite of which is the most danger-

ous?" replied, "Of wild bastes, the bite of the slanderer; and of tame ones that of the soft-soaper."

Widh my duty to her ladyship, an' God bless her in the good work she's doin'—espeshually for ould Ireland,

I have the honor to remain,

Your Lordship's thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.

### TELLING HIS THOUGHTS.

"I suppose," said a quack, while feeling a patient's pulse, "that you consider me a humbug?"

"Well," responded the patient, "I don't know exactly how to answer that, seeing you can so accurately tell a man's thoughts by feeling his pulse."

### MR. MONK'S GREAT IDEA.

GRIP'S good old friend, Henry Wentworth Monk, of Ottawa, has an idea. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say, the idea has him. It is a great, big, glorious idea anyway, and well worthy of all the thought Mr. Monk has given and is giving it. It is nothing less than the bringing about of an early and complete disarmament of the European nations. Mr. Monk thinks that it is mutual want of confidence that now chiefly stands in the way of a disarmament of these powers, and his proposal is the formation of a Supreme Authority composed of a select number of the best men of all nations on earth to supply the "much needed security and protection." He has written on the subject to the Queen, the Duke of Argyle and other eminent personages in Great Britain, but like Baal of old, these great beings are asleep or perchance have gone afishing. Hence he brings the matter on the foot of Grip's throne, where, of course, it gets immediate attention. King Grip has no hesitation in laying his royal claw on the devoted head of Henry Wentworth Monk and saying, Your idea, sir, is a grand and noble one, and if you will kindly explain your plain somewhat more fully, we will see that it is forthwith carried out.