



# THE AMERICAN FARMER: WHERE HE SELLS AND WHERE HE BUYS.

[Adapted from "Puck," as it precisely fits the case of the Canadian Farmer also.]

## GRIP'S CALENDAR.



[This sweet young thing should have appeared four weeks ago, but she was loitering at the summer lakes far from the madding crowd and only arrived home in time for this issue. True, it is now September, but GRIP hasn't the heart to refuse her a place in his Calendar.]

## CLEVELAND'S LETTER BOILED DOWN.

### DEAR CATCHINGS:

I'm almost too much disgusted to put pen to paper; the fishing has been poor since I came to Buzzard's Bay. I can't bring myself to sign the Tariff bill, as it is a hollow mockery of our Party's platform declaration; but I can't veto it, either, as it is a little better than the McKinley Act. It will stand a mighty lot of improving, and I hope you fellows may be able to get some much needed alterations through the House before long—especially in the line of free raw materials. I am just going to fold my arms in masterly inactivity and let the hybrid thing become law of its own accord.

Yours truly,  
GROVER CLEVELAND.

## SAM JONES KNOCKED OUT.

REV. SAM JONES is not often nonplussed, but there was at least one occasion on which he knew how it felt to be rendered "speechless." He was invited to occupy the pulpit of a reverend gentleman, and in the course of his sermon he took occasion, as he often does, to denounce the "meanness" of some church people. Wishing to give point and perhaps present application to his censures, he turned to the pastor, who was with him in the pulpit, and asked—"How many people have you in this congregation, brother?" "Six hundred," replied the minister. "And how much salary do they pay you?" "Six hundred dollars," was the reply. "Well," commented Jones, "if I had as mean a congregation as that I would go and hire a yaller dog with a mangy coat and burs in his ears, and set him on to 'em; that's what I'd do!" He turned to the pastor for approval. "That's just what I've done," said that gentleman, "sic 'em, Sam!"

We are inclined to the opinion that the very best paying line of business in Toronto at the present time is—triplets.