



THE PATRONS PATRONIZED.

PATRON.—“How is it I can't come to town to hold a convention without having my life pestered out of me by all sorts of critters?”

BUSINESS DIFFICULTIES.

(BY OUR OWN FINANCIAL REPORTER.)

THE principal event of the week in business circles was the suspension of Mr. Wm. Gladstone, the well known dealer in Politics. The occurrence was not unexpected, as it has been generally known for some time that the firm was in difficulties. The immediate cause of the suspension is believed to have been the unfriendly pressure of certain parties whose motives can not be very well understood if they are really any better than mere personal hatred and malice. But the secondary cause was undoubtedly the fact that the firm had invested heavily in Home Rule securities, which were rendered unsaleable by the Lords, who beared the market unmercifully. Mr. Gladstone was a merchant of remarkable enthusiasm, and recent events on Political 'Change had led him to place unlimited confidence in Irish investments. He believed that he could successfully pull off the Home Rule Bill, and thereby at one stroke make a gigantic fortune of fame and glory. The Lords, however, blocked his game, and his gallant effort at the last moment to checkmate them by running House of Lords stock away below par was a failure. The Grand Old Man was defeated, and he has confessed the fact and given up the fight. The Irish creditors are of course in a state of mind over the whole affair, and nobody can yet see clearly how the matter will finally shape. In the meantime an extension has been granted to the failed firm, and Rosebery and Harcourt, who have long been partners in the business, have undertaken to carry it on and realize on the assets. Most of the assets, however, seem to be in the shape of I. O. U.'s held by Irish Home Rule and English Radical investors. We may mention that Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen, while of course deeply regretting the failure, has borne up wonderfully, and managed to refrain from tears.

CHRISTOPHER FINLAY FRASER.

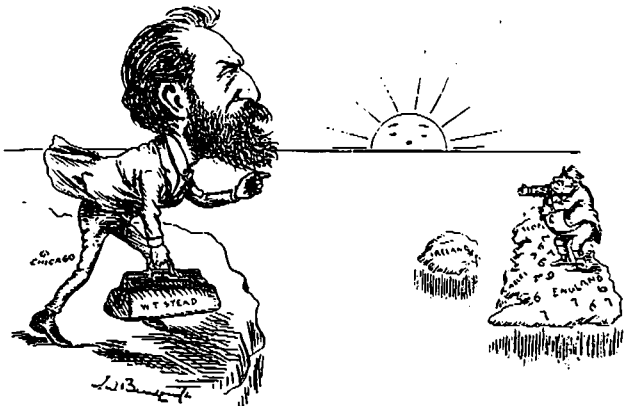
FRASER'S retired—GRIP knows not truly why—
Some say the Cabinet's Prohibition turn
Quite turned his stomach—others say he's ill,
And must have rest from all official grind;
Perhaps both are right in part, or both are wrong,—
GRIP cannot say, he only knows that Chris.,
Timing his step to Gladstone's, has retired,
Feeling it meet that “grand old men” should go
From public life in couples; and tho' Chris
Is not, like Father William, very old,
Yet has he sober claim to be called “Grand,”
If by that word we'd indicate a Man
Who nobly, simply, ably does his work,
Sincerely serves his country, and preserves
His name unspotted in an age of shams!
No dandy was he, with his soft felt hat
Pulled slanting o'er his eye, and rarely off
Excepting when 'twas tossed upon his desk
To lie and listen while it's owner scored
In phrase sarcastic some unhappy wight
Across the House, whose “facts” were all astray.
No carpet knight; not strictly “popular,”
Not known at all in dainty social courts,
And rarely seen where votes are cheaply got;
In short, to know the style of man he was,
Look at the House he builded in the Park—
Square, shapely, sound, good value for the cash;
No frills nor nonsense, and no scamping frauds,
No fashionable “extras,” but throughout
From top to toe, a good and wholesome job,—
'Tis Fraser's self translated into stone!
And GRIP now joins with men of every creed
To wish its builder many quiet years
In which he may enjoy in “home, sweet home,”
The honor of the People he has served.

A SHORT, SEASONABLE SERMON.

“HE who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.”
This was the text taken by Dean Swift when
preaching a charity sermon. “Now beloved
brethren, if you like the terms, and approve the security,
down with the dust,” he added, and left the pulpit. The
collection was large. GRIP throws out this hint, in view of
the steps that are now being taken by the religious and
charitable to relieve the prevailing distress amongst the
unemployed poor of Toronto. “Down with the dust,” and
no long palavers.

THE OLDEST SETTLER IN THE WEST.—The sun.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—The cannibal who devoured his
entertainer.



STEAD TO THE RESCUE!

THE ONLY STEAD.—“Don't despair, Mr. Bull—try and
keep the island afloat till I get there and take charge of
things!”

[Mr. Stead sailed for England on March 8th. He said he felt compelled to go immediately owing to Gladstone's resignation having put public affairs at “sixes and sevens.”]