



SHAK. ILLUSTRATED.

"My best endeavors shall be done herein."

—*Merchant of Venice, Act II. Sc. 2.*

J. R. R.

ON Friday last the boys of Upper Canada College assembled in the old hall for the last time, and gave an enthusiastic greeting to a man whose name is likely to be popular in the institution as long as it will endure—Mr. John Ross Robertson. There is a strong vein of sentiment in John Ross, and his reference to his boyhood days in the dear old school were decidedly touching. He is, as everybody knows, the donor of the "Robertson Prize," which is valiantly fought for each year as one of the greatest honors obtainable, and on this occasion he announced that he has arranged to have the prize continued after his demise—which GRIP hopes will not take place for at least half a century yet. John Ross Robertson is the sort of man who deserves to prosper, for his heart is always bigger than his purse, and he doesn't know the meaning of the word selfishness.

#### HOW TO DO IT.

'LA PATRIE,' of Montreal, is greatly agitated over the Whiskey Combine, and demands that it be broken up by the Government. There are four distilleries, whose proprietors are millionaires, and who each continues to make a princely fortune every month, according to our contemporary. There is one obvious way of destroying this Combine, short of Legal Prohibition—which is coming in a few years—and that is for every other citizen of Canada to do as MR. GRIP does, and leave the product of the stills severely alone.

#### LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT.

BORAX—"This baccarat affair has enlightened the public a good deal as to the habits of the Prince of Wales and his associations."

SAMJONES—"Yes, this scandal has thrown a considerable light on the ways of high society."

#### ALBERT EDWARD'S SOLILOQUY

TO play or not to play, that is the question. Whether 'tis better patiently to bear The slings and arrows of the press and pulpit Till meek submission ends them, to enwrap My royal visage with the sackcloth cloak Of harsh repentance, vow to sin no more, And by such penance win the sovereign people To ratify my future sovereignty. Or shall I, stooping not to quiet them, Continue in my present course of life, Take arms against the puritanic mob Of howling pietists, scorn public scorn, Play a bold game my empire for the stake, Live as I list, nor care what people say, I doubt not were I thus to brave it out, There still would be apologists in scores To cloak my conduct with absurd excuse, And prove that England's prince could do no wrong, Like LL.D in the *Week*, but would the country Endorse their mediæval sentiments? Yet though I thereby missed the crown, what then? The loss were but a puppet royalty, A round of irksome, foolish ceremonies Exchanged for free, untrammelled way of life. The veriest clown that in sun smitten fields Sweats out his days, and at the village inn Squanders his hard-earned wage with brother sots In hiccupping debates on politics, Casting in ballot-box his one poor vote, Has freer life and truer manliness, Holds more real power in his rough, dirty fist Than I, although a sceptre waits my grasp. Then, though the shadow failed me if I gained The substance it would be a consummation Devoutly to be wished, a normal life Of work, perchance of want—ay, there's the rub! For in that nobler life what ills would come To one so ill prepared for useful task, So unequipped as I for sojourning Through a wide commonwealth within whose bourn No traveller's foot can find a royal road To any good. This thought must give me pause, And makes me rather choose to bear restraint Which grants free access to the exchequer, With leave to roll up debts for fools to pay, Than fly to freedom, making others free From settling bills I ought to foot myself.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### IN SPITE OF THE WEATHER.

BORAX—"Did you have a pleasant outing on Dominion Day?"

SAMJONES—"You bet. We did better than we expected. The rain rather heightened our enjoyment than otherwise."

BORAX—"How so?"

SAMJONES—"You see we hadn't taken anything to eat but when we arrived at Lorne Park we found the bank-wet (banquet)."

#### WELL ORGAN-IZED.

PLUGWINCH—"I don't think that the labor unions are at all consistent in objecting to the immigration of Italians."

BIGGLESWADE—"Why not? Don't the Italians compete with them in the labor market?"

PLUGWINCH—"That's where you're mistaken. No class is more thoroughly organ-ized."

GWILYM GWENT, the eminent Welsh poet, died suddenly on Saturday at Plymouth, Pa., aged 56 years.

Oh, Welshmen, all his llot llament,  
No longer could he stay,  
Gwe're llonyl lleft by Gwilym Gwent,  
For Gwilym Gwent away.