



A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.

JOHN BULL TO RUSSIA—"Don't you think it would be a good idea for us to make a Christmas dinner of this unspeakeable bird?"

MURDER, NOT SUICIDE.

THE coroner decided that an inquest was not necessary in the case of poor Eddie Houghton, the newspaper artist. The facts seemed perfectly plain. The young man went up into the editorial room of the *Star* in an intoxicated condition, sat down in a chair, drew a revolver and shot himself in the head. Nothing could have been added to this by any enquiry, and the verdict would have been—suicide.

But was it suicide? Did *Eddie Houghton* shoot himself? No. It was a case of Mr. Hyde killing Dr. Jekyll. There never were two more distinct or dissimilar personalities than Houghton sober and Houghton drunk. The one was a modest, kindly, quiet young fellow, the other an unreasoning fool. The question for the coroner to investigate is—How came there to exist the second personality, the one by whose crazy act this young life was cut off? *He* was the creation of liquor. Whence came the liquor? From the saloon. And whence the saloon? "Gentlemen of the jury," says the coroner, "listen attentively to this answer for it will reveal the real slayer of this wretched young man." Whence the saloon? It exists by virtue of the votes of the citizens of Toronto, many, perhaps a majority of them, members of Christian churches! The enquiry is done, and the verdict is rendered—We find that Edwin Houghton was murdered by the citizens of Toronto for the sake of the money that there is in the license system.

JIMMIE FAX.

GRIP is glad to hear of the rapid convalescence of Jimmy Fax, who has for some time been the solitary occupant of the small-pox hospital. He has performed the character of patient (without accompaniment) with his customary ability, but we trust he will not be called upon for an encore, and may soon enjoy an entire change of costume.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, poor chap, is having a hard time of it. He has a Republican Congress on his hands and gout bandages on his feet, and never in his life before experienced such unpleasant extremities.

As one conclusion from the boodle investigation we gather that there are many highly respected citizens who have an idea that it is not perjury to say you don't recollect, or you are not sure, or you have forgotten, or you can't say, with reference to matters that you know quite well and could explain fully.

TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

SCENE—A court room. Enquiry going on into alleged boodling practices among aldermen. Ex-Ald. Slippery-elm in the witness box, being examined by Mr. Noseit.

MR. N.—"Have you ever had any transactions with Alderman Slickman?"
 MR. S.—"No."
 MR. N.—"None whatever?"
 MR. S.—"None whatever."
 MR. N.—"Be careful now. Take time to think."
 MR. S.—"I am quite sure. I swear it positively."
 MR. N.—"You swear positively that neither when you were an alderman nor since have you ever, directly or indirectly, had any dealings, good, bad or indifferent with any person or persons in which any alderman had any concern, interest or connection, small or great. Be careful, now."
 MR. S.—"I swear it black and blue, sir, that I have never had any such transaction big or little, direct or indirect, good, bad, indifferent or otherwise."
 MR. N.—"You swear this without any mental reservation whatever?"
 MR. S.—"Quite so. Without the slightest reservation."
 MR. N. (*producing a document*)—"Is that your signature?"
 MR. S.—"Er—yes it is."
 MR. N.—"And is *this* the signature of Ald. Slickman?"
 MR. S.—"Yes."
 MR. N.—"Then it appears, notwithstanding your oath, that you *have* had some such transaction such as I have hinted at?"
 MR. S.—"It would seem so."
 MR. N.—"*Is* it so, sir?"
 MR. S.—"It is."
 MR. N.—"And you have been standing here lying like a house afire, have you?"
 MR. S.—"That's about the size of it."
 [*Enquiry adjourned.*]

It would appear that the late Armenian atrocities were the work of the Kurds, a set of wretches who are destitute of the milk of human kindness and have a whey of butchering all enemies who fall into their hands. The British lion now has his eye on them, and they had better cheese it.

BOSTON MAMA (*showing the new baby*)—"Just look at the dear little pink toes, and the lovely blue eyes, and such a nose for glasses!"

VERY few men live to see the time when they are no longer recipients of crocheted things from some woman.

We love a boy who makes his mother his best girl.



YET THE SPHYNX RESPONDETH NOT!