

PHIPPS HAS LEFT.



HERE'S grieving down in Ottawa,
there's groaning and dismay,
For Phipps from their Protection
camp defected quite away;
And writing to the London *Times* a
column—think of that!—
Which knocked their expectations
all into a small cocked hat.

Ten years he's warned them—very
true, we all can witness be,
That they would play the very deuce
with his complete N.P.,
Instead of his great Policy, of Na-

tional intent,
To fill their pockets and their friends' was all the new plan meant.

And now the job's burst up, he thinks; but one hope now awaits,
While yet the chance remains, let's make a compact with the States;
Throw wide the flood gates; capital and thought will inward pour,
And let the rushing tide sweep clean our Ottawa once more.

Sweep out the worthless hangers-on in every office crammed,
Sweep out the caucuses and rings in every lobby jammed;
Take down the custom houses all along the border line,
In Yankee phrase, let's with our friends commercially "jine."

Then smoothly unto Johnny Bull discourseth Phipps the wise,
And says, "Your traffic then with us infallibly will rise
To many times its present bulk," and figures then he quotes,
Extremely likely, one would think, to collar British votes.

"Besides," he says, "these fish disputes will trouble you no more,
While from the fisheries you draw more money than before;
This indefensible frontier no more will break your rest,
Both sides of it you'll then have friends—defences far the best.

"Tail-twisting, too, shall be a thing in coming days unknown,
And every Irish sympathist quite out of work be thrown,
And that great friendly junction of the English-speaking race—
So often prophesied and hoped—advance with rapid pace."

Now this is hewing to the line, and striking off the chips,
And GRIP he patteth on the head the philanthropic Phipps;
And seeth that he readeth GRIP, which weekly doth appear,
And draweth all the wisdom thence on which we comment here.

But each ringsterian countenance shows traces of despair,
And Johnny A. is weeping in his Premier's best arm chair,
And Tupper great is losing flesh in distant London town,
For he who helped them highest up is like to help them down.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!"

"MISTER," he said in a hoarse, mournful voice, as he
limped up to my desk with his basket. He took a couple
of bottles from his stock, and went on with his yarn,
which frequent repetition had made mechanical. "I
have here the greatest remedy on which the eyes of suffer-
ing humanity have ever rested. I have here the great
cure-all, the glorious panacea for all the ills that flesh is
heir to. Only one dollar a bottle! Here you are, sir!
The great unequalled Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic Oil of
Rejuvenation, the new and wonderful medicine for
coughs, colds in the head, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis,
liver complaint, smallpox, lumbago, boils, palpitation of
the heart, headache, Bright's disease, corns, bunions,
hives, warts, ingrowing toe-nail, toothache, weak and sore
eyes, deafness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, hay-fever, par-
alysis, sore throat, scarlatina, and general debility!
Sure cure when doctors fail! Take a bottle, sir! Only
one dollar!"

He had been somewhat roused by his own recital of
the virtues of his nostrum, but with the last sentence the
old whining drawl returned. I looked up at him for a
moment with much compassion.

"Do you guarantee your remedy?" I enquired with a
hypocritical appearance of interest.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Never fails in the worst
cases, sir!"

"You seem hoarse, my friend. You have to talk too
much in making sales, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, a good deal, and then I have a wretched
cold. Catarrh, I think, sir. Had it bad for years."

"I noticed you to be a little lame as you came in the
door. Were you through the rebellion?"

"Rebellion, sir? No, sir Rheumatism, sir. Hardly
walk at all some days, sir!"

"Well, well. That's very hard for a man in your
profession. You would be glad to be rid of it, I dare
say?"

"Glad, sir?" he cried, "I would give thousands, sir,
if I had them!"

I looked him over from head to foot. He was bent
and crooked, lame in one leg, his skin was yellow and
shrunken, his hair scanty, and his eyes weak and watery.
A scheme struck me.

"You guarantee a sure cure for all these diseases?"
I enquired, eagerly.

"Sure cure, sir, where doctors fail," he repeated.

"And how many bottles have you there?"

"Just six bottles left, sir. Give you the lot for five
dollars. Last great chance to get the great and marvel-
lous Fiji Island Remedy. Sure cure for —."

I stopped him. "Very good. I will take the lot.
Five dollars, you said."

A gleam of sly pleasure came into his sickly eyes. He
knew the stuff was not worth five cents. He grasped
eagerly at the bill, took out the six bottles and laid them
carefully on my desk.

"Hold on," I shouted, as he limped towards the door.
He stopped, and turned about in surprise.

"You said, I think, that you wished to be rid of your
rheumatism?" I queried. "Now, sir, I guarantee a
cure. The great Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic Oil of
Rejuvenation will free you from all pain. It will
straighten the back, cure neuralgia, restore the healthy
condition of the liver, and strengthen your weak and
watery eyes. It will make you young and active again.
It will make you a new man. Here you are, six bottles
for five dollars, sold on your own recommendation. Five
dollars! What is that? You have said you would give
thousands. I need it not. But you —! Let me
confer a boon, sir, on suffering humanity by recommend-
ing it to you."

He was dumfounded; hesitated, stammered some-
thing about poverty, wife and children, great Fiji remedy,
whereupon I retaliated with "police" and "false pre-
tences." That decided him—he handed me the bill. I
gave him a dollar for sweet charity's sake, as he gathered
up his useless truck, and have not seen him since. I
have no doubt, however—for the above story is based on
fact—that he is still engaged in the beneficent sale of
the great and marvellous Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic
Oil of Rejuvenation.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has given \$2,500 for Political
Science Scholarships in Toronto University. A Liberal
gift, truly.

Inasmuch as all boodlers (or mostly all) are "Skippers,"
are they not fully entitled to the appellation of "Cap-
tain?"