



### A GREAT SCHEME.

"BELIEVE in the *Mail*? No, sir! not I. You don't catch me taking up with such a miserable, soulless, political renegade. I mean to do my best to bust the *Mail* up!"

"But I see you subscribe for the *Mail*, all the same."

"Subscribe for the *Mail*? Of course I do. That's part of my plan."

"Well, well! The idea of any man subscribing for a paper with the aim of busting it up!"

"Ah, that's only part of the scheme. I subscribe for it. But—I never mean to pay a cent of my subscription!"

### CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

#### ABOUT TITLES.

GRIP AVIC!—

Is it thrue that several av our most prominent min have refused t' be knighted by the Queen; an' that, whin asked the rayson why, they up an' grunted they didn't belave in creatin' an aristocracy in a dimocratic country like Canady?

Av this is the case, GRIP, sind me their names an' their whereabouts, an', bedad, its Denis Rafferty 'll be settin' out, widout a moment's hisitation, to mate these min an' to offer thim the congratylations av an honest Irish heart.

I'd walk the very brogans off my fate t' get a grip av the hand av the thrue son o' Canady who, wid grace an' aise an' dignity, so asserts his manhood an' declares his heaven-born possession av Nature's nobility.

The Lord didn't make us all aqual, I am free to admit. In stringth av body, in power av brain, in force av charackther, no two av us are alike. But—barrin' our own sinful deficiencies—how far might not most av us be towards rachin' the shtandard He set up for us, av' it wasn't for the hedges an' ditches av rank an' birth an' shtation surroundin' us on ivry hand?

I'm no rebel! Praise God, I was born wid a heart that taught me t' obey the law, to bow to authority, an' to rishpect me betthers. I love the Queen, an' would shed me blood in her cause, as me father before me did. I venerate the ould institutions undher which British liberty is secured—although I bitterly lamint that Ireland doesn't be enjoyin' a shwater taste av that same; some day soon, plaze God, she will be.

But, whin I acknowledge all this, I have yet to add: Bad cess to the system undher which min are born into the world, an', just from that accident alone, are entitled to enjoy wealth, place, authority, privileges and perquisites above and beyond their fellows who may be both betther fitted an' more disarvin' av ivry such blissed indulgence.

I sphake be the book av the English nobility an' the way in which lordlings live, move, an' have a riotous time at the expinse av other people. The whole system is a great injustice an' murtherin' humbug; an' Denis Rafferty for wan 'll vote at ivry poll booth in the land, av they let him, to have it bundled neck an' crop into the say.

Don't be mishtakin' me for an anarchist, GRIP acushla! I subshcribe in a loud, bowld hand to the docthrine that what a man aims an' owns is his, an' may the divil take wan who'd thry to rob him! But I mane that your jukes an' lords an' earls an' markisses an' bar'ns an' sirs—all the privileged progeny av titular heredity—are no betther than they make thimselves, an' have no more right to go about wipin' their fate on you an' me, legislatin' for us, houldin' the whip-hand over us, an' makin' us all feel that they came into existence a supayrior brand o' craythers, wid the Brotherhood av Man applyin' only in their circles, an' the rest av the wurruld just worms an' slaves to *thim*!

Maybe in the ould times, whin might was right an' min got their honors an' possessions be main stringth, there were well-marked distinctions in both power and property which divided the masters from the sarvints. In a free land an' a Christian age, things don't go that way, bedads! There should be none av the rank obshtacles interposin' betune any man an' any place.

An' so I maintain, be voice an' wid pin, that we want no knightoods in Canady; or who knows how long it'd be before we'd have the same shtate o' things here that they have in England, where a shnip av nobility wid neither brains, morals nor manners is always a "gentleman" (save the mark!), while an intilligent, hard-workin' God-fearin' man, not born wid a silver shpoon in his gob, is always a "person."

Plain "Denis" is a good enough title for me now; an' av I ivir become Praymier, the fardest I'd want to stretch me name would be by placin' simply "Mister" to

DENIS RAFFERTY.

### "THE WORLD DO MOVE."

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN CLAIRVOYANT.

#### NO. II.

[FROM THE "EMPIRE" SPORTING COLUMN, OCTOBER 20, 1893.]

THE reports from the various places of nomination throughout the Province yesterday, go to show that it was one of the keenest and best day's milling sport ever known in Ontario.

Looking back five years to East Elgin and Cardwell, where candidates' scrapping matches were first introduced, it seems almost incredible that this manly and exhilarating pastime should have developed to the extent it has within so short a period.

At that time the nomination proceedings were tame indeed. Even the Government fixed it so that there should be absolutely no fun outside the mere routine proceedings. But now, we are glad to observe, Govern-