

good old Henglish hinstitootions—a hopen Bible—a hopen public 'ouse—and a hopen pit with two three pairs of good game birds once hin a wile. None hof yer 'Onie Rule Prohibitory tricks for free-born Henglishmen. A Henglishman, sir, is responsible only to his God, his kentry, hand his Queen!

Hi am told that the people hof this kentry are proposin' actually to close every public 'ouse in this city. Now, I axes solemnly—wich I do hopes you will solemnly consider—supposin' your baby is taken sick with a pain in the night—wich the collic is very apt to do—were, I axes, with tears in my heyes, are you going to get a drop hof whiskey for that pore dear dying child? Mothers, think of it—think of your pore boy dyin' with your last word upon his lips, and not a drop hof whiskey to be ad to moisten his pore dyin' lips. *No, sir!!!* We protest against this 'ere curse of Prohibition, this menace to British freedom. *Liberty, sir, Liberty, Liberty*, we will have—liberty to drink—to fight cocks—to do whatever a free-born Henglishman *dare*. I shouldn't wonder if your Prohibitionists would even go so far as to prohibit a man from lickin' his own wife—wich the wimmin want it sometimes in this kentry, especially at election time, when they get jawin'. I am, sir, a free-born British subject,
E. KEEN BORRS.

THE SHOWMAN.

THE present attraction at the Grand is one well calculated to delight the hearts of the lovers of genuine comedy. Coming after such an "actress" as Kate Castleton, Miss Vokes shines with redoubled splendor. In her performances there is an entire absence of the vulgarity and exaggeration which mark all the "actresses" of the Lotta school. Miss Vokes has extremely clever heels, but she keeps her brains above them, and intelligent auditors are pleased accordingly. Another good point about this charming comedienne is that she carefully surrounds herself with choice people—the poorest of whom is better than many pretentious stars.

At the Toronto Mr. Jos. Dowling is appearing in an attractive piece.



THE WOES OF A PERPLEXED PATRIOT.

I AM a warm lover of my country, and a devoted reader of the leading newspapers. I always try to give an intelligent vote for the best man, and the policy most likely to advance the interests of this great country. I study both sides of politics, but I am sorely puzzled and sadly

perplexed. First, as to men. The Tory press tells me that Sir John is a good man and a great statesman; that he is the real father of the Dominion; that he built the Canadian Pacific Railway; and that he has always been patriotic and unselfish. The Grit press tells me, on the contrary, that he is a very wicked old man, and insinuates that it is through some oversight of Providence that he has been permitted to live so long, as a curse to our once fair heritage; that the C.P.R. was a huge job to line the pockets of Sir John's friends, and therefore his own; that instead of being the father of the Dominion he has had his hand on its throat, during all the years of his political existence; that he is the most selfish boodler that ever lived, and if he had his deserts would be snugly quartered in the Penitentiary; indeed it has been even suggested that a rope and the gallows would be only too good for him.

Now as to Edward Blake. The Grit press says that he is a golden haired boy, with a giant intellect and a spotless soul. Like George Washington he never told even a political falsehood; that his great soul would not stoop to a low, mean, or base word or action. The Tory press tells me that the great Edward is a Sunday School humbug; that he likes to carry goody goody books about with him, but in political life does not scruple to ally himself with all sorts of scamps and thieves, or shall I say more politely, boodlers; that he has done all in his power to kill the C.P.R. and to ruin the credit of the country; that he would rejoice to-morrow to see it a smouldering heap, if he could climb over its ashes into place and power.

Now as to measures. The Tory press tells me that the N.P. has been the salvation of the Dominion. It has built up factories and at the same time cheapened goods; it has developed railways and lowered fares; it has doubled the bulk of traffic at a great saving to producer and buyer alike; it has strengthened the country at home and given it credit and honor in the foreign money markets of the world. The Grit press tells me that the N.P. is a curse, enriching the capitalist at the expense of the laborer; that it is ruining the farmers; that it has so increased the national debt that we are on the very verge of bankruptcy. Puzzled and in despair over these conflicting statements on the part of the leading journals of the country, I was thinking of giving them both up, and taking the *World*, to learn the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I have determined however, to stick to GRIP. There one can find the follies and foibles of both parties held up to ridicule and the truth in all its graceful nakedness.

JUNIOR.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

No, my son, I cannot purchase you a pair of snow-shoes. No, I have sworn! Here you see your father, a comparatively young man, yet the snows of winter have settled on his hair. It is not age that has made my hair white, boy; it was a terrible experience which I had a few years before you were born that caused it. I will tell you the story, and then you will understand the wisdom of my refusal.

When I was courting your mother the snows of winter fell much deeper than they do of late years, and it was no uncommon thing to awake in the morning and find four feet of snow on the ground. I lived about four miles from your mother's home, and walked that distance regularly three times a week during all one summer. When