



### THE SLIPPERY BOODLERS.

PREMIER ABBOTT'S NET IS RATHER LARGE IN THE MESH.

### MRS. JIMPSECUTE AT THE EXHIBITION.

"WELL," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, "I said last year that I never, never would go to the Exhibition again but, after all, I did like a fool, but what are you to do with the children all worrying you to go, and Uncle Reuben and Aunt Hannah, which I hadn't seen for five years, coming in from Chinguacousy just to see the Fair and of course they'd be offended if I didn't go with them and Henry couldn't leave his business so I had to, though I did say nothing would ever induce me to do it again. What with the crowding and the pushing and the number of people there was there, I never was so tired all my life and as to seeing anything, except a lot of cattle and pigs and sheep that Uncle Reuben was bound to make us look at, though why anybody that sees nothing else every day of his life would want to go poking about the old stables and sheds I don't know, but farmers are so peculiar, it was quite impossible, for the crowd and the noise and getting pushed about here and there and having cards and handbills poked into your hand every minute.

"I declare, my head is all in a whirl and I believe my dress is just about ruined by the dust besides getting torn somehow, and I really couldn't see a thing that was going on in the ring without paying extra for a seat in the grand stand, which I never will do because I think it's an imposition, Mrs. Dewsbury, when you've paid once for admission, but we could get near the fence for the crowd was so thick, and I didn't want to be shoved and jammed about, and perhaps get my pockets picked, for I heard there was quite a number of pickpockets about, and left all my money at home except enough to pay car fare and buy us a lunch—but Uncle Reuben said he wouldn't hear of my paying a cent. Dear me, the noise of the

machinery was something frightful and we did get a chance to see the machines but they all look alike to me and I was in a tremble all the time for fear some accident would happen, for children are so careless and the machines might go wrong any time and draw you in among the knives and wheels and pulleys, just the way that Uncle Reuben's son, Ben, lost his thumb in a thrashing machine last fall, and if it hadn't been stopped he would have been killed—just a miracle that he escaped. I don't see why on earth they go on making these machines which are always killing and wounding people and if I was a man nothing would induce me to work on a machine, and I'm sure times were far better before they had any of them.

"And the children kept me in a perfect agitation all the time running about collecting cards and fans and cakes of soap and all kinds of things that they give you, I was so afraid that they'd get lost in the crowd and its a mercy they didn't, for we saw a little boy who was lost and couldn't tell his name, nor where his folks lived and what they did with him or whether they ever found who he belonged to I don't know, but I must look in the paper to-morrow and see, for the poor little fellow was crying bitterly and it ought to be a warning to children, the way they act, and its really a wonder, as I often say, that more accidents don't happen. Well, thank goodness, it's all over for this year and I'm almost fit to drop with weariness and worry. No more exhibitions for me. I really believe, Mrs. Dewsbury, that they get up these exhibitions just for nothing else in the world but to make money by it. I've said so all along."

### A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE defeat of Sir Henry Parkes' measure for the enfranchisement of women in New South Wales has been offset by the passage of a bill in the New Zealand legislature, which not only admits women to the franchise, but makes them eligible for legislative positions. Thus women are gradually securing recognition of their claims for seats—in Parliamentary bodies as well as in dry goods stores, and the *standing* reproach to civilization, involved in a denial of that right, is in a fair way of being wiped out. GRIP is somewhat tired of asking the question how or why it is that Canada, and this continent in general, are so very far behind the progressive young peoples of the Antipodes in political advancement, but it is a query that must force itself upon the mind of anyone who compares the enlightened legislation of New Zealand and Australia and the forward condition of the reform movements generally in that region, with the apathy of Canadians to everything except partyism and a chance at the boodle. As Bro. Samjones will probably observe on the first opportunity: Let us hope that the action of the New Zealand legislature will infuse new zeal and energy into the efforts of Canadian social reformers.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

GLAGGERTY—"They say there are four pirated editions of Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan's 'American Girl in London' on the market."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Too bad, isn't it? The book is a credit to Canadian literature. It's a shame that any Canadian should help to rob her of her rights in that way. By the way, do you know who's selling them in town?"

GLAGGERTY—"Yes, Bilks & Co. have them."

PIGSNUFFLE—"I must call and buy one. I've been waiting till a cheap edition came out to read that book."