



### A Hum-ble Question.

CANADIAN MANUFACTURER TO FINANCIAL GENIUS  
—You say there is no hum, and yet you say we are getting rich and bloated—would you mind explaining?

### The Coming Election.

Mr. SWAN has announced his intention of leaving the School Board for the wider arena of the City Council, and proposes to stand for St. Thomas' Ward. He ought to be elected without any trouble, for he has proved himself a thoroughly good representative. A white Swan is a treasure that any ward might be proud to possess. His place upon the School Board will be taken, GRIP hopes, by Mr. HARRY SYMONS, who has already issued his card as a candidate. Mr. SYMONS is a promising young barrister, (a member of the firm of Crooks, Kingsmill & Cattanaoh), and is well known and esteemed by the citizens of St. Thomas' Ward. We understand that Mr. JOHN A. MILLS also offers himself for the School Board, but the fact that Mr. MILLS is collector of School taxes ought to make his defeat a foregone conclusion.

SIR LEONARD TILLEY says that the "Baptist Minister," who made certain apocryphal statements in the *Globe* about the increase of his household expenses under the N. P. cannot be a clergyman in good standing, he lies so persistently.

Motto for Toronto Street Cars.  
"Still there is room."



### Moussan and Caron, vice Masson and Baby, resigned.

SIR JOHN—(handing portfolios to new Ministers)—Now, gentlemen, conduct your Departments for the greatest good of the greatest number—

SIR CHARLES—(sotto voce)—And remember that the greatest number is Number One!

### A Square Challenge.

We fail to see how the *Globe* can get away from the *Mail's* challenge anent the TUPPEN charges. The opposition organ says that corruption is rampant in the Public Works Department, and boldly enough charges Sir CHARLEY with personal participation in the wrong-doing, but always in a general, wholesale and nebulous way. The Government organ, speaking on behalf of the Knight of the Rail, repudiates the insinuations and dares the maligner to put his charges in definite form so that an action for libel may be entered and the matter fought out fairly and squarely before a jury. In reply the *Globe* sings dumb, but goes on with its wholesale business all the same. This has a bad look about it, though no doubt the motive of the conduct is a noble one. Perhaps the *Globe* man feels quite sure Sir CHARLEY would be defeated in the suit, and have heavy damages to pay, and he doesn't like to put the poor gentleman to that trouble, and again it is just possible the *Globe* man knows that he cannot bring forth any evidence to substantiate the charges. Mr. GRIP will in the meantime hang on to this latter idea.



### Whitehead's Peacock.

The Ottawa *Citizen* will never suspend for want of assurance. The other day it had the hardihood to come out with a slashing attack on the Editor of the *Free Press*, and after showing that unfortunate individual to be a pragmatical person, wound up with the pointed conundrum: "Whose peacock is this strutting about in borrowed plumage?" "Whitehead's peacock!" promptly replies the *Free Press* man, and it will be a long time before he gets a chance to say anything more capital to the point. The *Citizen* utterly "gave itself away" when it asked the question, for if over there was a bird doing the grand in borrowed—or brokered—plumage, surely it is the Editor of the *Citizen* swelling round with poor old WHITEHEAD's bounty bulging from his coat pockets. "WHITEHEAD'S peacock," exclaims the *Free Press* fellow, "may be a very fine bird, but we will pluck the feathers out of his tail after a style that will make him wish himself as bare as when he first struck Ottawa!"

JONES says that before he was married his shadow weighed nothing; now it weighs just 140 lbs.

It is said that the "divine SARAH," since her long stay in London, cannot pronounce the "h" of her name. She only owns up to Sara now.

MOSES OATES, the "old Probs" of the West, has the organ of Vennor-ation highly developed.

Why is an elephant like a man with a gouty foot? Cause neither of 'em can climb a tree.



LINDSAY POST.  
FALL AND WINTER  
LIBEL SUITS TO HAND  
IN GREAT VARIETY.

### Wanted, \$20,000.

If Mr. GRIP wasn't on the high road to wealth in his present place of residence, he would instantly pull up stakes and remove to Lindsay, which town appears to be an *Eldorado* for editors. To be a Lindsay newspaper man is to enjoy a reputation for untold riches. At least we judge so, when we observe five different members of the School Board presenting the editor of the *Post* with polite requests, worded in well-chosen legal phrase, to hand them each the sum of \$5,000, with the alternative of a libel suit. Of course the *Post* ought to pay for the raw material from which it manufactures its editorials, but \$20,000 for one article is a little too much, even in these flush times.

ANDREWS says that it is very injudicious on the part of Ministers of the Gospel to be so hard on the Father of Evil, adding, what would become of their trade without his co-operation.

"Two 'Eads' are better than one," said a Cookney at the Byot on Monday. "Yes," said his friend, "but I guess there's one *Ed* better than the other *Ed*."

It is a matter of dispute among literary circles as to who has the longer upper lip. Jack Ross Robertson or the Hon. A. McKenzie. The matter is to be decided by arbitration. We can easily give Jack the diploma for *feet*.

TORONTO BOYS took 15c. drinks on Monday the 15th. Tried to look as if they were used to them.—*Hanlan*.



### The Last Sad Rites.

Sheriff McKELLAR, of Wentworth, discharging his painful duty of putting an end to that old bungum—the Fee System.