



THE ONLY MAN FOR THE JOB.

Dufferin has been sent to Egypt to straighten out the Governmental tangle.—*Daily Paper.*

PRESENTS.

THE GRAND OLD MAN AND HIS GRAND OLD PRESENT.

A paragraph from an English paper states that in October Mr. Gladstone visited the Dowager Marchioness of Waterford, at Ford Castle, Berwick, and, as his habit is, "felled a tree as a memorial of his visit." Not only did the G.O.M. cut down the tree, but he actually promised the forester, John Ormiston, his axe as a present. It furthermore is stated that the People's William, forgot all about his promise until "two weeks ago, the anniversary of his visit to Ford Castle, when he sent the old forester, now bedridden, a fine axe of American manufacture, accompanied by a kindly letter."

This was, beyond doubt, a very graceful action on the part of the G.O.M., but what on earth is the bedridden old retainer going to do with the axe? And why did he send him one of American manufacture? Was it a covert suggestion to the old forester to "cut his stick" and "go west?" It looks very much like what Artemus Ward would call a "sarkasm." Wonder if he sent a remittance in his "kindly letter?" It would likely answer the bedridden forester's purposes as well as an axe, however fine or American. Perhaps, however, it was the celebrated hatchet of G. Washington. Such acts of generosity as the above are highly commendable, and—they don't cost much.

THE GRAND OLD COUNTRY AND ITS GRAND OLD PRESENT.

Speaking of presents, GRIP takes great pleasure in reverting to the unsolicited, generous action of the "Ome" Government in presenting us with a nucleus of a navy in the shape and form of that gallant war ship, the *Charlydis*. Unfortunately, however, Canadian waters seemed not to agree with that noble vessel's constitution, for we learn that her engines are to be "disconnected and sent home in a transport, and her hull is to be used in one of the English dock-yards as a coal barge." The *Charlydis* will look rather Scylla in her new position, but this is a tender subject.

If you resist a policeman you will likely get a bat on the head.

Advice to railway managers—"Train hands" in the way they should go.

When does a person learning to swim resemble a fish? When he is a flounder.



ALWAYS TELL THE TRUTH.

A STORY WITH AN IMMORAL.

"Dear children always tell the truth," said old Deacon Ardsell in his remarks to the Sunday School. "No good never comes of lyin', I have always noticed that them boys which are truthful and wouldn't tell a lie on any consideration, are those which succeed in life and grow up to be worthy and respected citizens, while the liars are always found out and come to a bad end. I remember of readin' a story about George Washington when he was a boy, &c."

Philander Gregsbury was an impressionable youth, and notwithstanding that some scoffers did allege that the Deacon had a habit of watering of the milk he sent to the cheese factory, he entertained the greatest veneration for that good man. The discourse sunk deep into his mind, and he resolved that from that time forth Veracity should be his guide through life, and that he would never stoop to the meanness of a lie.

CHAP. II.

"Well, Phil," said his father one day, "you're getting about big enough to earn your own living now, and seeing you don't seem to take to the farm work, I guess you'd best go clerking, or something. I was talking to old Brinstead, up at the corners, and he wants a boy to help in the store. He'll take you on trial for a week if you like."

"I don't like, father; I should prefer to do nothing as long as possible."

"You durned lazy cuss!" said the old man, indignantly.

"Would you have me tell a lie?" said the noble boy. "No, father, I do not like to work, but, as I was going on to observe, I suppose everyone has to do it, so I will clerk for Brinstead."

The following morning found our hero at his post behind the counter.

He got a'long very fairly for the first few hours, for he was a bright youth, though he tied up the parcels rather clumsily at first.

By and by an old lady came in for some groceries. Brinstead being busy with other customers, Philander waited upon her.

"Any good butter?" she asked.

"Well I don't know as it's very good," said the votary of veracity. "I heard Mr. Brinstead tell the farmer he bought it off that it warn't fit for cartgrease."

"It doesn't taste much better," said the customer. There's lard in it, isn't there."

"Yes, we mixed a little in this morning," said Philander, "not very much though. It improves the taste of some kinds of butter."

"You miserable little scoundrel," said Brinstead, indignantly. What do you mean? I've a mind to, to—"

"Well sir, you know it's true. I did not come here to tell lies. I was taught at Sunday School never to tell a lie, and I never mean to."

Brave boy! Noble adherent of principle! How few there are like him in this evil world. Did Mr. Brinstead say, "Ah, here is a boy I can trust," raise his salary on the spot, and eventually take him into partnership, and give him his daughter to wife?

We grieve to say that he did not. He simply swore a few terrific oaths at Philander's stupidity, and told him he wasn't fit for the grocery biz., and could go right home, and the other customers laughed at him for a greenhorn.

CHAP. III.

"The grocery trade," thought Philander, "must be peculiarly unfavorable to truthfulness. I'll try some other line."

So he left the corners and struck for the nearest city, some twenty miles off, where he had an uncle. Through the influence of the latter he got a situation in a dry-goods store. He kept it for about two weeks, for the store was a large one, and the proprietor did not find out his idiosyncracies all at once. At first his admissions that articles were not first-class, that the cloth was shoddy, and the blankets largely cotton, was set down to rural stupidity, but when it was discovered that he systematically told the truth on principle, he had to go. Everybody said it was a pity, that he was a smart active youth, and would make a first-class salesman if he would only reconcile himself to the ways of trade and abandon this absurd habit, but it was no use, Philander was determined to tell the truth.

He was a pushing fellow, and not readily discouraged, and he tried successively a shoemaker's store, a broker's office, a restaurant, and a drug store. He lost his place as a waiter for giving away the composition of the beef-steak pie, and forfeited the confidence of the druggist by a frank admission that the lemon syrup of the soda fountain was extracted by a chemical process from old boots. It seemed as if commerce had no sort of use for a truthful man, for by this time he was pretty well grown up.

(To be continued.)

AN ALLEGED TISSUE OF FALSEHOODS.

The *Hamilton Spectator* gives the following account of the recent visit of a deputation of Licensed Victuallers to the Premier;—

The simple facts are that several gentlemen representing the licensed victuallers of Ontario called upon Sir John Macdonald, "to ascertain from Sir John Macdonald whether it was the intention of the Dominion Government to take into its hands the regulation of the license law, and if, in so doing, it was the intention to do away with the marked political character of the existing Crooks act." In answer to the above, Sir John Macdonald stated that it was the intention of the Government to take the matter into its hands, as such a course was forced upon it by the late decision of the Privy Council in regard to the Scott act, and that in the framing of the measure, it was the intention to make it strictly non-political."

Now, if this is true, the *Globe* stands convicted of several deliberate falsehoods told for party purposes, to wit: that in the interview in question, Sir John Macdonald promised to repeal the Saturday night closing law; that the Victuallers produced their books and stated that they could influence 7,800 votes; that Sir John suggested that a complaint against the Saturday night early closing should be formulated, and that he would act upon such complaint; that Sir John promised to fix it so that saloons could be kept open till midnight on Saturdays, and lastly that he exacted a promise of secrecy concerning the interview. It is altogether likely that the *Spectator's* version is the correct one, as it is in a position to know the facts, and it is not probable that the correspondent, or editor of the *Globe* was taken into the confidence of the Victuallers on the occasion. The Grit organ must prove its case, or assume the proud position of Champion Liar of the season.