



THE DIAMOND CURE.

SHE—"It's no use pleading; my love for you is dead."

He (opening a jewel-case)—"Then let me place this stone on its grave."

SHE (seeing a diamond)—"Oh! I believe it's going to come to life again!"

THE BOYS ON A HALLOWE'EN RACKET.

MR. TORY EXPOSTULATES.

(See Cartoon.)

MERCY on us! what a racket!
What the mischief can it mean?
What is up with those young devils?
I forgot—it's Hallowe'en.

And the boys are out in numbers,
Old enough to have more sense,
Some of them—oh, goodness gracious!
They are tearing down the fence.

Stop, you rascals! Police! Now, Armstrong,
Who'd have looked for this from you?
You're a daisy, acting this way,
With those low Grit hoodlums, too!

Let that fence alone, there, youngsters!
I'll remember you young rips,
You'll be asking this old party
One of these fine days for tips.

Then you'll wish you hadn't done it,—
Right before my very eyes
Down go all my N.P. pickets,
Neighbor Mowat's fence likewise.

He'll get even with you fellows
Of the Grit persuasion, quick,
Myers and Farrer both can tell you
Of the vigor of his kick.

No use talking—naught they heed me,
Youth will sometimes have its fling,
But these slip kid politicians
Are too fresh for anything!

A TESTIMONIAL TO OUR LOYALTY.

IN these days, when the foul demon of annexationism is abroad, it behoves those who are truly loyal to show where they stand. GRIP has great pleasure in printing the following testimonial to his loyalty in the form of a "stop my paper" communication on a post-card, from a gentleman of presumably annexationist proclivities:—

My GRIP subscription runs out October 28th. *Stop it.* The brains appear to have run out of the cartoons, and it seems to have turned to glorifying such so-called loyalists as Col. Denison, etc. "Its usefulness has gone." *Stop it.*

(REV.) GEO. A. YEOMANS.

WIARTON, ONT., Oct. 28th.

All right. Rev. Mr. Yeomans' paper is stopped. Sorry to lose old friends of such fine and subtle discrimination as the Wiarton pastor. But principle must be upheld, cost what it may, and GRIP will continue in its present course, although we lose the support of every annexationist on our list.

LIVING UP TO IT.

MRS. TARABOOM.—"If that is that hateful Miss Biggleswade at the door, Bidelia, you may tell her that I'm not at home."

MR. TARABOOM.—"I'm surprised that a woman who makes the profession of religion that you do, Susan, should deny yourself to a visitor."

MRS. TARABOOM.—"Well, you needn't be. Don't you know that the Salvation Army have established a week of self-denial. I'm strictly observing it."



THE FIRE OF GENIUS.