

THE BALFOUR PATENT RUSSO-ANGLO SOOTHING SALVE RECIPE.

(WARRANTED TO HEAL THE SORES AND SOOTHE THE WOES
OF ERIN.)

FOR Ireland I prescribe a course
Of strong, heroic treatment,
Proceeding still from bad to worse,
With strictly no abatement.

Apply the gag, lay on the lash,
Bind hand and foot in fetters;
Bring down the baton with a crash,
And make 'em mind their betters.

When Home Rule advocates and such,
Talk nonsense, call it reason;
But when they on our tactics touch,
Jail 'em on charge of treason.

Suppress the hydra-headed press,
Free speech by force abolish;
Bring martial law with heavy stress
Ideas to demolish.

Evict the poor with ruthless claw,
Upon the roadside strew 'em;
Tell them they must respect the law,
No matter how 'twill screw 'em.

Show 'em each man who is too poor
To pay rent is a vampire
Whom landlords thrust outside the door,
To save the British Empire.

Tramp on 'em—shoot 'em—set your heel
Upon their necks with vigor;
And, till they low for mercy kneel,
Pursue this role with rigor.

By treatment such as this, we hope
To soothe all irritation;
And—persevering, soon will stop
This Home Rule agitation.

Meanwhile we will a measure frame,
To bring peace to poor Erin;
And o'er the scent of Home Rule claim
We'll draw a Land Bill herrin'.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

THOSE people who read GRIP and no other paper—and our modesty prevents us from computing the myriads that do so—those people who never read the *Globe*, or *Mail*, or *World*, will be very much surprised when we tell them what these papers are about. While the whole country is in the throes of a controversy over “unrestricted reciprocity”; while we are on the verge of the settlement or non-settlement of that momentous problem, the Fisheries question; while inter-provincial representatives are sitting in solemn conclave for discussion on the most vital of constitutional questions; while anarchists are being tried by the half-dozen, and Irishmen by the score—these precious papers are doing—what do you think?—*Advertising themselves!* We don't object to advertising; in fact we rather like it. But when it comes to advertising one's self, to writing leading articles a column long on what our circulation is, was, or shall be; to challenging this rival, and pooh-pooing the other, and bluffing a third—well, all we say is that such papers deserve to lose all the subscribers they have—and we hope they will! Not by any means for any benefit that might redound to ourselves in consequence thereof; oh dear no; but simply because it would be a good lesson to all blowers of their own trumpets.

MRS. McFAGIN ON BASEBALL.

SHURE, thin, Mrs. Nelligan, but it's been a foine sayson av sphortin' fer the young folks, an' fer the ould wans too, indade. I had a fairly good toime av it betchune excurting to the oiland an' wan thing or another. But till the day that I draw me last breath—an' may the powers that be make that as far off as convaynint—I'll never fergit the day that me son Mickey—him that's all broke up an baseball, as he says—tuk me an' his sister Hanora to see the Torontos play the Hamiltons. Oh, my! oh, my! but it was a great game, at laste they could me so, because fer the life av me I couldn't tell what it was all about, at all, at all. There was nine on a side, an' there was two sides. I know that much. But which side was wan an' which was the other it puzzled me to detarmine. Well, ivery mother's son av them wore a bathin' suit, wid stockin's an' caps to match. Wan man he stud up there wid a club in his hand, fer all the world like a big potatoe masher. It was his business to hit the ball. But murther, murther, it was a rale downright shame to make anny man stand up forninst a ball that was throwed wid sich a rate av speed as that ball was throwed. The man that throwed it would howld it in both hands an' press it to his side as if he had a bad dose av the stummick ache, an' then he would put on his face sich an expression av pain an' look sidewise out av wan eye, an' crosswise out av the other, both at the same toime. He would sthand there just like a sthature, an' ye would be sartin' that he was lookin' at the cop knockin' the byes aff the fence, when all av a suddint he would wheel around as if a bumble bee stung him an' he would let that ball go sliverin' at the man wid a club as if he was determined to bore a hole clane through him. The man wid the club tried his best to protect himself, but the ball wint too fast fer him, an' it dodged the club. My Mickey said that the feller that throwed the ball was a dandy pitcher. Subsequently I got excited whin the fellow made sich darin' shots, an' I yelled out, “Oh, my, but he's an iligant jug!” Wid that Mickey set to laffin' at me, an' Hanora, she whispered, “Ma, he's not a jug, he's a pitcher.” But the funniest lookin' man on the whole ground was the wan they called the catcher. He wore the strangest lookin' affair over his face. Shure, it is ayther a hencoop or a bustle, but I couldn't tell which. Thin the crowd cheered right out loud, an' Mickey said it was because wan av the men caught a foul fly on the run. Well, I thought they kem there to play baseball, an' not to catch flies, but, sure, they seem to do a little av everything. Thin a shout wint up that was enough to split a hole in the sky. “What was that for?” I asked Mickey. “O,” sez he, as he jumped an' yelled along wid the rest av the jackanapes, “wan av the Torontos stole a base in the natest way possible.” “Howly Moses!” sez I, as I jumped up agin', “is this crowd goin' to sit here an, see a man stale a whole base, an' instead av hiss'n' him, clap their hands an' yell? What are yez, at all, at all, ye dirty spalpeens, that ye applaud whin another low-lived divil commits larceny?” Since that match, Mrs. Nelligan, I have been thinkin', an' I belave I med a mistake whin Mickey said that wan man muffed a ball, and I axed him for why they did put the ball inside a muff, an' if it was so that it wouldn't hurt a man whin it hit him. For, shure, I saw nary a muff at all, at all. “Oh, my,” said Mickey, as the game wint on, “but they're a pair av hustlers that they've got in the box!” Now, that was the quarest thing av all, for may I die av sivin' diseases at wanst if I saw ever a sight av a box, good, bad, or anny kind. Oh, my, but they do have some