



A POLITICAL PORTRAIT OF SIR OLIVER.

"The Province of Ontario is ripe and has been ripe to remove the Mowat party but it did not find its voice in Mr. Meredith, nor has it found it in Prohibition. It has found its nearest expression in the Patron movement, and that is why Sir Oliver will now try to grow Patron whiskers."—*Toronto World*.

ANOTHER LIE NAILED !

PORT ARTHUR, Nov. 27, '94.

MR. GRIP,

SIR: As your journal circulates all over the country I think it the best paper to write to on the subject I wish to refer to—namely, the lies that are being circulated in the daily papers under the startling headline of "Fall of Port Arthur," and others to the same effect. The *Mail*, for instance, has an article giving what it calls "particulars of the assault," and summarising the same in the heading as follows: "A concerted rush on the harbor by torpedo boats—A heavy artillery fire poured into the forts—The place attacked from the rear—the Chinese become panic-stricken—heavy losses on both sides."

Now, sir, perhaps it will surprise you to learn that Port Arthur is enjoying its usual peace and prosperity, and that its inhabitants (I am one of them) have experienced nothing more warlike than the customary talk about the approaching municipal elections. As to the harbor, there hasn't been a Japanese gun boat seen anywhere near it since it was a harbor; it is all a pure fabrication. Both firecrackers and torpedos are prohibited by by-law, as they ought to be, and our town constable keeps so sharp an eye on the boys that the boldest of them would not dare to do as above suggested. Another thing—there are only two or three Chinamen in the place, peaceful fellows carrying on a respectable laundry business.

We haven't a solitary "Japanese," and I can't find anybody here who ever saw one. How such lies came to be made up and circulated is hard to comprehend, though many of us suspect certain unscrupulous enemies of the town

who live in Fort William, a place which aspires to be a rival of Port Arthur, but of course isn't in it. The reports in question are calculated to do our town harm, and we don't like it, as we have our funds invested in business here, and don't want to be driven into bankruptcy. Trusting, MR. GRIP, that you will insert this letter and help by your extensive circulation to counteract the harm our enemies are trying to do us, I remain sir,

Yours, etc.,

A PORT ARTHUR CITIZEN.

FROM SHADOW TO SUNSHINE.

"SHE has brightened our home immeasurably!" These are the words of a lady in the country, who has adopted a little girl rescued from the slums of Toronto by the Children's Aid Society. A picture of the child is given in the annual report just issued, and she certainly looks as if she was made to be a home-brightener. The report deserves a careful and thankful reading throughout, and the noble work of the Society ought to have the hearty support of all the friends of humanity. Send for a copy to the Secretary, Room 32, Confederation Life Building.

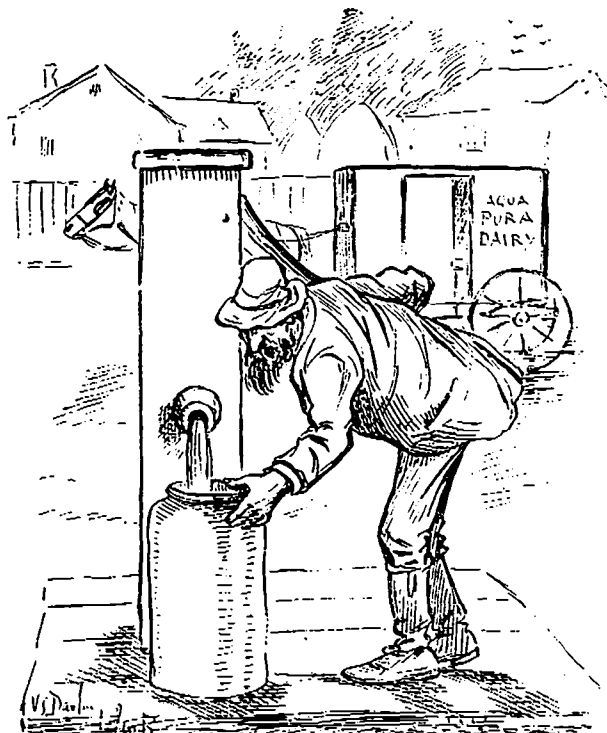
THE *World*, being a Conservative journal, is eminently loyal as a matter of course, and yet it seems to exult in the dangers and difficulties through which the Empire is at present passing.

"PERMIT ME," said the grocer as he poured a can of coal oil on the step to disturb some loafers who sat outside against the door. "To offer you a light," said one loafer to the other as he scratched a match. Fortunately both the grocer and his stock were well insured.

PENELOPE—"Oh dear, my watch has stopped again!"

KATE—"Perhaps you have forgotten to wind it. When did it stop?"

PENELOPE—"How can I tell? I haven't been holding it to my ear all day!"



"MAKING THE MOST OF IT."