

and reckless expense passed by, and Mrs. Spunkit and Mrs. Boodle happened to meet at the station, returning home by the same train. Mr. and Mrs. Spunkit, the nurse, and nine little Spunkits were standing on the platform, when Mr. and Mrs. Boodle drove up in the "Old Garden House" bus. Mrs. Spunkit noticed that Mrs. Boodle's saratoga was covered with labels, "Old Garden House." What could it mean? Mrs. Spunkit has since learned that Mrs. Boodle moved up to the "Old Garden House," the day before she came away, so as to get a fashionable send off; and after doing it cheaply during all her visit at the Hut, to deceive her friends by her trunks and boxes into supposing that she had been swelling it at the "Old Garden."

Mrs. Spunkit thinks that next year she will be wise and stay at home.

A POEM OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

CAPITAL, LAND and LABOR
Were triplets at their birth,
And started out together
To cultivate the earth;

Quoth they, "We'll work together,
And all the WEALTH we make
Will be divided fairly,
And each a third will take.

"Capital's share is *Interest*,
Land's share we'll know as *Rent*,
While Labor's we'll call *wages*,
And each will be content."

The business grew and prospered,
And wealth was made *galore*,
But, lo! while LAND waxed wealthy
The other two grew poor.

And it was seen, most strangely,
That with the rise of *Rent*,
Both *Interest* and *Wages*
Lower and lower went!

"There's something wrong, dear brother."

The others said to Land,
"There's something crooked somewhere
We'd like to understand.

"While you are fat and jolly,
And from all care are free,
We, though we do our portion
Are pressed by poverty."

Said Land, "My dearest brothers,
The facts are as you state—
While *capital* and *wages* fall
Rent grows at inverse rate.

"And why?—the thing is simple,
And very plain to see:—
For all your raw material
You've got to come to *me*.

"And I (through 'private ownership')
Am thus empowered to say,
As much as I see fit to ask
You both have got to pay.

"We're on a different footing,
As you may now perceive,
You've got to have *my* help, you know,
Or, simply, you can't live.

"And since (through 'private ownership')
I ask more than my share,
It follows that my partners
Are left a little bare!"

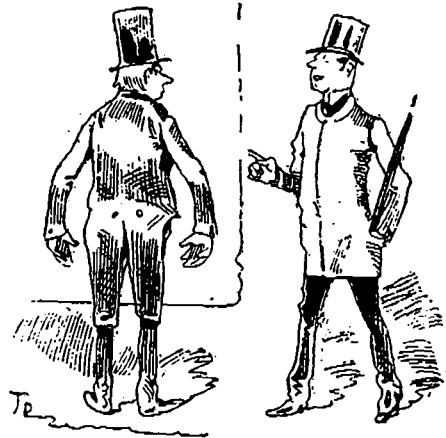
"Most excellently reasoned,"
Said Labor, "clear as day!"
"The very thing," said Capital,
"That I was going to say."

"Well, now," said Labor thoughtfully,
"I think I see the chip
That spoils our dish of porridge—
It's 'private ownership.'

"We'll just dissolve this little firm
And form again with two
Called Capital & Labor—
Both workers—that will do.

"And Land (or raw material)
Since it by Heaven is sent
We'll treat as common property
By wiping out all *rent*.

"Then while the wealth producing
Will go on as before,
The workers will enjoy it,
And neither will be poor."



A NEW IDEA.

Figgles—Hello! dress coat so early in the day? What's up?
Been cut all night?

Finks—No; the hot weather, you know. I only wish there was
more of it cut away!

A PROPOSAL.

RESPECTED Major Dugas! Gallant comrades of the Sixty-Fifth. Esteemed contemporary Sheppard! GRIP is inspired with a glorious idea in the line of peace on earth and good will among men! Listen! Why can't this difficulty of yours be finally and honorably set at rest by Arbitration? Hey? What's the matter with Arbitration? If high and mighty Powers of earth act upon this plan to adjust their disputes, it ought not to be beneath the dignity of soldiers however distinguished and editors of whatever enormous circulation. Let all the facts and circumstances of the case as it stands between you be submitted to a commission of three reputable citizens, one to be selected by Dugas, one by Sheppard, and these two to select a third; their decision to be final and binding, whatever it may be. What say you, gentlemen? Let us have an end to this inter-Provincial unpleasantness, with its possibilities of future bitterness.

It is a mistake to suppose that Death is always busy, for when an Algerian ruler dies, Death takes a Dey off.