



JUG-HANDLED FREE TRADE.

McLelan (representing Canadian Government).—If we let you fish in our waters until the treaty is renewed, will you let us send our fish into your markets as before?

Uncle Sam.—No.

McLelan.—Well, don't say another word. Go ahead and fish all you've a mind to.

## A VISIT TO SPIRIT LAND.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS RECTIFIED BY THE INHABITANTS.

I have just returned from a brief visit to the Land of Spirits—a land strictly in favor of the Scott Act, for all that—which has done a great deal to rid my mind of a number of errors with which it had been impressed.

When I presented myself at the gates of Spirit Land there was considerable demurring on the part of the porter to my entrance, he contending that I was far too fleshy and adipose a creature to be a spirit. I removed his scruples at length by informing him that I was an emissary of GRIP, when he admitted me, remarking that he could not see why that jovial bird should send an ambassador to that region to mingle with its inhabitants when he was never out of spirits himself and always seemed to have a good supply on hand.

I passed through the gates and found myself in a beautiful garden in which were wandering a number of spirits of men long since departed from earth but whom I immediately recognized from descriptions I had read of the bodies once tenanted by them and which form they bore in their present state. I knew Virgil at once and, presenting myself to him, shook him by the hand and said, "Vale." "Ave, frater," he replied, "*felix sum te videre.*" "*Tauriculus pro te, senex.*" I replied, which, being interpreted, means, "Bully for you, old man." He seemed pleased to hear

his native tongue spoken so fluently, and complimented me on my accent. I was flattered and, pulling out a prescription I had received from a physician a few days previously, remarked that all the learned professions wrote his language, nowadays, as he might see by that document, of which I begged a translation. The prescription read as follows:—

1. R. Pil. Hyrdarg : chlor ; co : Singul ; nocte sumend.
  2. R. Conf. Sennæ. Potass. bitart. Extr. ; Tarax. ; a.s. oz. s.s.
- Mist ; elect ; cujus sum ; dr. j. omni mane.

Virgil took the paper and regarded it attentively for some moments and whistled : turned it upside down and hummed an operatic air ; squinted at it sideways and finally said, "*Stultus est qui hanc scripsit : non possum capitem aut caudam ejus facere.*" (Anglice : "He is a confounded fool whoever wrote this : I can't make head or tail of it.")

I remarked that I thought he understood Latin : "So I do," he replied, hotly, "good Latin, such as you speak ; but *this*—bah ! it isn't Latin at all." "It is doctors' Latin," I said. "Yes, indeed," retorted Virgil "and mighty queer stuff it is : if your doctors don't know more about medicine than they do about Latin, heaven pity their patients." "Some of 'em don't," I ventured. "So I am inclined to believe," replied Virgil, "from the largenumber of spiritual gentlemen and ladies who constantly arrive here." "Indeed, sir !" I said,

in astonishment. "You are shaking my faith in the medical profession." "Whisht, whisht," said the other, "they are fine fellows, and if it wasn't for them we should be mighty lonesome here ; we should get no addition to our population but the spirits of people who had died from old age or accidents." Here I descried the ex-emperor Napoleon coming towards us, his head bent forward and his hands behind his back.

"How d'ye like this place, Nap." I enquired, cordially. "Dull, sir, dull," replied the great Bonaparte, "too quiet, altogether ; no excitement." "I should think, then," I rejoined, "that it would be an excellent spot for a quiet Nap." His keen eyes pierced me through and through, and Dr. Johnson, who came rolling up at this moment, roared out, "Sir, you are a scoundrel ; the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." "Oh ! you said that before, on earth," I replied, angrily, for I was vexed. "Sir, you lie," replied Samuel, "I never said it." History declares you did," says I.

"History is a shameless prevaricator," said the doctor.

"And did you, sir," I continued, turning to Napoleon, "not remark '*Tete d'armee*' just before you died at St. Helena ?"

"*Tete d'armee* !" replied Bonaparte, in astonishment, "what sense would there be in that ? I never said any such thing : *tete d'armee*, indeed ! Pooh ! Tait, the baker, you mean ; you are a Toronto man, I see." "I am," I replied, "but how d'ye know that ?" "That you come from a city is evident," answered N.B. ; "that Toronto is that city I know by the mud on your boots." Thus did nothing escape that eagle eye. At this moment a shortish, spare, hook-nosed man with an eye even more piercing than Napoleon's, glided up to our little assemblage, and halted. "Hallo, Arthur," I cried, for I recognized the Duke of Wellington at once, "how are you ? My faith in the last and other speeches of great men, as recorded in history, is being badly shaken by these fellows. Set my mind at rest and tell me plainly, did you ever say 'Up, Guards, and at 'em.' " "First I ever heard of it," replied Wellesley. "What," I cried, "you didn't say that at Waterloo?" (Here Napoleon edged away gradually, but broke into a run when he got a little distance off.) "Never said such a thing ; who said I did ?" enquired Wellington. "History," I replied. "History ! that for history," and His grace snapped his fingers.

"You'll say next, I suppose, that you never remarked that when a man wanted to turn in bed in the morning, it was time to turn out," I said.

"Heavens !" howled the Duke, "and do they put such an idiotic speech into my mouth as that ?" "They do," said I. "What else do they say, I said ?" enquired A. W., Duke of W. "Nothing," I replied. "Ye gods, and this is fame ! to make me utter two imbecile speeches I never was guilty of, and to—oh ! go to grass," cried the Duke in a passion, and scooted away across the beautiful lawn.

The crowd around me was rapidly increasing, and I thought it was time to beat a retreat. All the characters composing it were evidently anxious to get a word with me and to have their names mentioned in GRIP, but I prepared to take my departure.

"You gentlemen seem to know a thing or two," I said, "perhaps you can settle a vexed question for me : Who wrote the Letters of Junius ?"

Such a chorus of "I did," and "I'm the man," arose from hundreds of throats, Sir Philip Francis, Bob Southey's, and a lot