



### THE SAUL OF LANDLORDISM.

WRATHFUL LANDLORD—"Come out av that! Yez have no right to be on my private property!"

PARTY IN DISTRESS—"H-help! I'm dro-drowning!"

LANDLORD—"Begobs, av yez dthrow there I'll have yez locked up for threspas, so I will!"

### "GRIP" AS A REVIVER.

ONE of the best citizens of Western Ontario (whose name and address can be furnished if necessary), frequently declares that he is under a lasting debt of gratitude to GRIP, and will never cease to be a subscriber as long as he lives. He says he had a son who was becoming very shiftless, and seemed to take no interest in anything of an intelligent sort. One day, being in Toronto, the old gentleman purchased a copy of GRIP and sent it home to the boy. It caught his fancy instantly, and he expressed the pleasure it gave him, and asked his father to subscribe. This he did, "and now," says the old man, proudly, "there isn't a boy in the country who knows more about public questions, or takes a keener interest in them than that lad. GRIP woke him up, and saved him, and I can never express the gratitude I feel!"

Perhaps it would pay other fathers of families to try the same pleasant experiment.



"SOME desultory thoughts have occurred to me during the week," said President Gavelsnoot, "which I will proceed to communicate. I attended the convention of the Association for the Advancement of Women. I was much pleased with the remarks of the President, Julia Ward Howe. She did much for her country during the war. Julia warred how? Why, by her talented pen. Then as I was passing down Yonge Street I noticed a sign 'Auctioneer and Appraiser.' Does it not seem to you, brethren, that this is superfluous, inasmuch as every auctioneer is a-praiser of his goods? 'Britannia needs no bulwarks,' says the poet. Now, why does Britannia need no bull-walks? Because, as it strikes me, it is safest to keep the bull tied up in the barn."

"But, methinks, it would not do to leave him in charge of a cow herd," remarked Samjones.

"While the Secretary is embalming these epigrams in the archives," said the President, "the assistant secretary will please read the communications."

The following letters were then read!

From "Kit" of the *Mail*.—"Oh, you dear, delightful fellows! You can't think with what interest and appreciation I have read the accounts of your pleasant little symposiums, pervaded with the lively sparkle of wit and the charm of sociability—so different from the humdrum and tedious solemnity of society doings. Why, do you know I have formed mental pictures of all of you. Borax I fancy is a tall, handsome fellow with a bushy brown beard. And Samjones, over whose quaint sayings Theodocia and myself have often laughed—isn't he a rather pale, thoughtful young man with blue eyes and blonde hair? Oh! I would so like to drop in on you some day and make your acquaintance, but Theodocia says it would *never* do. One must pay some regard to appearances you know in this censorious world. Too bad, isn't it? But some of you will write to me, won't you? Meanwhile *au revoir*."

Bro. Borax signified his willingness to undertake the duty of corresponding with "Kit" on behalf of the club.

From Col. Erastus P. Hogaboom, stating that he was about to give an evening party and requesting the club to send him a first-class humorist to help him to entertain his guests for which he was willing to pay any reasonable amount.

It was decided to detail Bro. Snodgrass for this duty, and to fix the tariff for this and similar services at fifty cents per joke, or \$1.00 for the evening.

"I would advise Bro. Snodgrass to be cautious about offending the susceptibilities of his host by making any puns on his suggestive name," said the President. "For instance, he might not like it if you were to say that to counteract the effects of the McKinley Bill we should try to give the Canadian hog-a-boom. Some people are rather pernickety that way and they must be humored."

"If he didn't want to be humored he wouldn't have applied for a humorist," remarked Binkerton.

"Have you any jokes in stock suitable for the occasion?" enquired Samjones.

"I've thought of a few. For instance, I shall begin by asking 'Why does Col. Hogaboom give a party?' They will give it up and then I answer 'Because it is his *flte*.' Neat and appropriate. Then I shall deftly turn the conversation on the approaching municipal elections and Mayor Clarke's fourth term, and ask if he thinks he's going to be mayor in perpetuity. That gives me a chance to say 'No doubt he'd make the office *hair-red-itary* if he could.' I shall affect to admire the painting of Paul Peel's which the Colonel bought the other day. 'You won that at a raffle, I suppose,' I will say. Of course he will indignantly deny it. Then I shall appease him by saying, 'Well, it's worthy of Raphael, anyway.' See? I shall tell him that some of his pictures remind me of the Fakir's recently published song 'Major Casey'—because of their nudity (new-ditty.) Catch on? Then I have a whole lot of boarding house dinner table jokes that I can bring in if necessary. I won't repeat 'em here for I guess this crowd knows them by heart, but they may be new in high toned society. Oh, I guess I'll get along all right and make myself solid in the first circles."

"Well, Snodgrass, old man, I wish you a good time," said the President. "Do your best for the credit of the Club. And now suppose we melt part of the Colonel's \$1.00 in advance. What do you say?"

The proposal was agreed to without a dissentient voice.