



DOWN ON OLD HONESTY, OF COURSE.

CHORUS OF CROOKED CONTRACTORS.—“Carlyle’s got to go; there’s no boodle for us as long as he is chairman of the Board of Works.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE GIVES AN OPINION ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

GRIP, avic!

Hould on till I shpake to ye, or, bedad, I’ll bursh!

What’s all this hullabaloo goin’ on in the papers about marriage? “Is Marriage a Failure?” is the way wan embecile jackeen puts a hid on the article he writes.

What the—— But shtop an’ Ill give the man a bit av a shtory by way av answer:

Whin me father—rist his dacent ould bones!—was makin’ his way to America aboard a big ship, wid his wife an’ the rist av the family that weren’t born on this side the wather—— But I’ll not throuble you, darlin’, wid an account of our ginnylogical three. As I was sayin’, me father was pacin’ the dick wan day, whin along kim an omadhaun an’ sez to him, sez he—— Be it known to ye, GRIP acushla, me father was no common bog-throtter, but a shmall land-owner wid some family pride av his own an’ a few pounds in his pocket.

Well, as I was tellin’ ye, this onmannerly omadhaun shtipped up to me father, an’, wid a monkey grin on his ugly mug, sez he, as bould as ye plaze, “Say, sir, are you the cook?”

Begob, GRIP, I wish ye cud have seen the luck on me father’s face as he shtared at the gawpin’ gosoon.

“The cook!” exclaimed the insulted gentleman. “The cook?” he repeated, with another dash av indignation in his tone. “An’ what the divil ’ud make me the cook, ye gibberin’ ijut, ye?”

Av the persons who ask, “Is marriage a failure?” are able to undershtand an allegorical answer to a plain question, there it is for them.

Wid the same degree av sinse an’ manners’ it might be asked: Is civilization a failure? Is religion a humbug? Is life a delusion? Is creation a mishake?

Why, the very indacency av the quisition—the maneness—the—the—the dirty consate av it, is enough to knock wan’s eye out!

Yis, yis! Av coorse, av coorse! I know what ye’d be after argyfyin’—an’ I’ll admit it to save yer -brith! Some marriages *are* failures. Troth, ye’re right, an’ it’ ud be a miracle av they weren’t.

Young payple wid nayther money nor brains make up into pairs, and fall out before the honeymoon is half over.

May and Decimber unite, and all to find pace an’ comfort.

Marriages av convanience are brought about, an’ the ind is throuble.

Hasty unions are formed, an’ a ruction follows inside av a month.

Ill-starred min an’ wimmin join hands, under the mishtaken idea that doublin’ up bad luck ’ll put an end to it.

Be aff wid such baldherdash as thryin’ to make out yer case wid these examples.

Say, me frind, is business a failure becase dishonest or unfortunate min do discredit to it?

Is medicine a failure becase a doctor now and then pizens his patient?

Is the law a failure becase the inds of justice are sometimes not mit?

Is the cheese-factory a failure becase some pathrons wather their milk?

Marriages are a failure—why? For the rayson that the parties don’t make thim a success.

But that *marriage* is a failure, the Lord forbid! Hivin ordained it! The angels rejoice at it, whin it is throu an’ pure! Providence blisses it, av it so disarves!

God hilp the man that finds his marriage a failure. An’ God forgive him who would go to work to tache the general doctrine that the howly bonds are a humbug for it’s not me that can extend that same pardon!

Whin I luk across the table at Katy, me own faithful; fond an’ heartsome wife—whin I see the cradle in the corner beyant, an’ think av the three thrundle beds up aloft with two apace in thim—whin I remimber the years agone that we’ve lived an’ loved together, sharin’ ache other’s plisures an’ wipin’ ache other’s tears, wid niver a cross word or misundhersthandin’ betune her an’ me, thin bad scan to the thafe av the world who dares to say “Marriage is a failure”! sez

DENIS RAFFERTY.

SPECULATIONS.

PERSONAL—Jim, Wednesday or Friday, am engaged Thursday and Saturday.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

Were Thursday and Saturday wash days?

Had she an intermittent boil?

What days did the instalment-plan collector call?

Was her sister in the habit of borrowing her bustle?

When was it that the lending library had its last novels in?

Did she have to make her own clothes?

Or was there a nearer one still and a dearer one than Jim?