

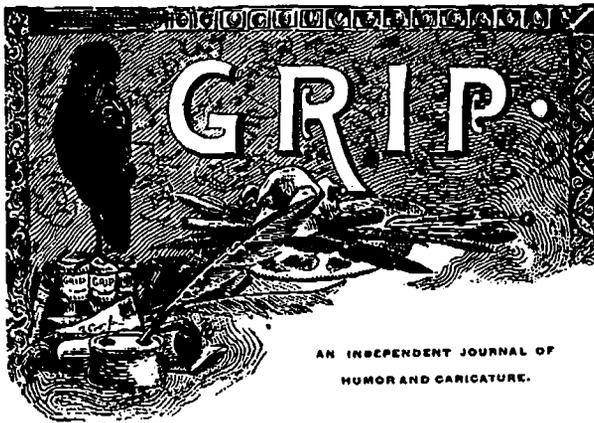


THE WAY IT LOOKS TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



PRETTY PROTECTION.—The grievances of the Canadian millers have been ventilated for a considerable time through the press, and by deputations at Ottawa, but it may be doubted whether the average citizen has a clear understanding of the case, for the average citizen pays little attention to matters outside of his own immediate business. It has become the habit of that excellent but busy individual to look to GRIP for his instruction on public affairs, as he says he can gather more knowledge from a cartoon in two minutes than he could from a prosy article in half an hour. We therefore deem it our duty to picture the facts in the case of the Canadian millers, in a manner to make clear the rank

injustice under which they are suffering, and that at the hands of a Government which is never weary of indulging in drivel about "Canada for the Canadians," "loyalty to the old flag," and all the rest of it. The case is very simple—as are also those millers who continue to support a policy which makes it possible. It so happens that, on account of occasional short crops in Canada, our millers find it necessary to import wheat from the States for the manufacture of flour. It takes something over four bushels of wheat to make a barrel of the latter article, and upon each bushel our paternal Government has placed a tax of fifteen cents—equivalent to a duty of 7½ cents upon the barrel of Canadian flour. This wheat tax is intended to protect the Canadian farmer (who hasn't any wheat to sell, or the foreign grain would not be imported), and it makes up to him for the

taxes he has to pay on other things. No doubt the farmer sees through this and appreciates it—nobody else can. But to return to the miller. He pays 7½ cents per barrel duty on all the flour he makes, and then he is expected to enthuse because the great N.P. has given him the home market, in which he can get back his duty and a good profit besides from the Canadian consumer. But what does he find when he goes into the home market? He finds it filled up with Yankee flour, on which the duty is only fifty cents per barrel at our custom house! Further than this, the home miller has to pay high taxes on his machinery, belting, oil, coal, and everything else he uses in his mill—from all of which imposes his American competitor is free. Taken altogether, this is as able-bodied a grievance as has yet arisen under that grievance-breeder, the N.P. The millers ask for relief—they plead and pray for it. Sir John has piously admonished them to keep calm and trust in Providence.

THE WAY IT LOOKS.—The casual observer is frequently astray in his conclusions, and it is just possible he may be wrong in thinking that the late session of Parliament marked a decided triumph for political Romanism in this country, and that at this moment the Government, Opposition and Governor-General are practically "in the hands" of the Jesuits. For the sake of votes, or the preservation of "peace at any price," guardians of the public interests have given themselves away, leaving the future consequences out of the question. The real truth may be, of course, that the idea of votes never entered into the matter at all, but that a stern resolve to accord justice to all, and to stand by the sacred rights of the Provinces, was the sole motive of both parties. But it doesn't look this way to the casual observer.

THE President of the C.P.R. treated the Grand Trunk people to some very plain talk on the subject of Minding One's Own Business, in his speech at the meeting of shareholders the other day. His remarks were addressed particularly to Sir Henry Tyler, who, it would appear, has fallen into the bad habit of saying nasty things about the Canadian Pacific at regular semi-annual periods. Of course this sort of thing couldn't be endured for ever. The C.P.R. is a patient ox, but Sir Henry has carried the teasing process too far, and has only himself to blame that he has at last been impaled on the Van Horne. Notwithstanding all this, however, the opinion is gaining ground that the rival corporations will shortly come together in a more pleasant manner.

WE begin to lose hope for our country. Patriotism, loyalty—those sentiments which are the very essence of national life—seem to be ebbing away in Canada. Even the Restrictionist Press is manifestly losing its snap, and is no longer distinguished for that species of patriotism which is the last refuge of a man without arguments. We are led to these sad reflections by the fact that Mr. Wiman has been and gone and made several more Commercial Union speeches in Ontario within the past fortnight, and not a solitary editor has personally abused him. Are we to understand that these journalistic bruisers have deserted their country's sacred cause, and that hereafter this unspcakable renegade, traitor, rascal, etc., etc., is to be permitted to come over and talk common sense without a word of patriotic protest on their part? Surely not!

ACCORDING to the bulletin issued by the Statistical Bureau of Ontario, the crop prospects are most gratifying. Should nothing happen to blight the fair promise, the unhappy millers of the country will be saved from the ruin which now stares them in the face. It is to be hoped that in the exuberance of the moment they will not forget that they owe their salvation to the great N.P., which has brought about the plentiful harvest, and thus relieved them from the necessity of importing wheat and paying more taxes on it than is imposed on flour.

The average miller, in his present perturbed condition of mind, is not likely to draw the fine distinction between the N.P. and the Tariff which justice requires. The one is a vast blessing, the other an unmitigated curse. Let this difference be kept in mind, and give Sir John all the glory—and votes.

PERSONAL.— Any person of an ingenious and inventive turn of mind, who can concoct a plausible explanation of why the redemption clause was put in the prospectus of the fifty-year loan, when the Government never had any intention of living up to said clause, will hear of something to his advantage by addressing Hon. G. E. Foster, Finance Department, Ottawa. [Free adv.]

IT appears that the solidity of the Opposition vote against the disallowance of the Jesuits' Estates Bill was due chiefly to an elaborate and profound argument made by Hon. Edward Blake in a party caucus. Had it not been for this convincing appeal, we are told the affirmative vote on O'Brien's motion would have been much stronger. Wouldn't it be well for somebody to hire a hall and give the hon. gentleman an opportunity of convincing the people at large that they are totally astray on this important matter? Should he succeed, he will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has saved the political bacon of a great many members of his party, who are now metaphorically

Sitting in the presence of a big, black block,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock!

MISS WALLFLOWER AFTER THE PARTY.

I DIDN'T enjoy myself at all, though if you are asked by anyone, say it was a delightful party. None of my old stand-bys came to the rescue, and I spent most of the evening in an uncomfortable chair near the door, in full view of everyone. At first that poor little H. came up and stayed and stayed until we were both tired to death of each other. I saw him struggling with a mouthful of yawns, which set me off, too.

Then there was Mr. A. For a rather nice, clever man, he can, on occasion, be the stupidest I know. If I happened to be alone he never came near me; the moment another man appeared he instantly came up and joined in the conversation until my partner felt he was *de trop*, and walked away, on which Mr. A. suddenly became alive to the fact and instantly followed suit. Well, yes, I did dance with Mr. B., and sat out another with him afterwards; but though he dances pretty well, in some way or other he managed to keep scraping my chin against his shoulder, and when we weren't dancing, there was only one chair, which, of course, he gave to me, and had to stand himself. As he is a six-footer, and my chair was low, I nearly broke my neck craning it up to hear what he said, and I'm sure he must have got a crick in his back stooping down to me; and as neither of us had anything to say, it was hardly worth our combined efforts. That horrid Blank-Blank, after my taking all the trouble to teach him to dance, never came near me last night to ask me for one. He sat down and talked for ever so long about nothing, and the minute the music struck up for the lancers he was off like a shot asking some one else.

There's the gratitude of the world for you. That's a sample of how I spent the evening. Mr. W. did come up occasionally and enquire "how I was getting on?" until I should have liked to annihilate him. D. condescended to come and have a talk with me at last. His

conversation was mostly confined to the telling of some idiotic story, which he declared was awfully funny. He interrupted himself a dozen times to laugh. I couldn't see either head or tail to it, and if there was any fun in it Mr. D. had it all to himself. When supper time came, I thought for once I'd console myself for a dull evening, but that was a failure, too. My escort brought me one oyster, two pieces of shell, and some bread crumbs. For sweets, I had some horrible stuff they had the audacity to call Italian cream; it tasted of half-cooked corn starch with a little whipped up egg flavored with bad nuts.

How on earth to get home was my next problem. The Smiths, I found, hadn't room in their cab for me, and I finally asked the Brown girls, who had got hold of little Jones, if I might walk home with them. It did seem absurd, as little Jones is half a head shorter than I am, to ask him to take the three Browns and myself. However, we got home safely, and I never felt more thankful than when I crawled into bed after that party. Of course, I must say, it was "a charming evening," but I hope to heaven that is the last party of the season at Dullwater



A JOURNAL OF ADAPTABILITY.

(SCENE—St. James' St., Montreal.)

NEWSBOY—"Star, sir?"
STRANGER—"Yes. I'll take a copy."
NEWSBOY—"Which kind, sir, Ontario or Quebec?—depends on whether you want any anti-Jesuit stuff in it or not, you know."

A SYMBOL.

MISS DIZZY—"Why do you picture Spring as a fresh young maiden?"
ARTIST—"Because, like other fresh young maidens, the season is sometimes very forward."

QUESTION.

THE "Noble Thirteen"—yes, ahem!
And none were hypocritical?
Each cast his vote from motive pure,
And not at all political?
None thought of next election day
With secret inward shiver-ty?
All with a single eye for Right,
Stood up for British liberty?
Pray do not think us cynical;
We'd cast no doubt on any man—
But politicians as a rule
Are noted for shenanegan!



THE GROWTH OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

DR. BORE (*who is rather inclined to talk shop*)—"Did you know, Miss Sharply, that mankind was subject to 2,000 different diseases?"

Miss S.—"Indeed! And to think there were only three or four when the doctors first began!"

TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

THERE are hundreds of bright boys and girls all over Canada who look upon GRIP as their friend, and quite properly. He has a sort of jolly old uncle-ly feeling towards all the youngsters, and is very glad always when he can do anything to increase their happiness. He is going to give them a little bit of advice now which he feels sure they will thank him for, and that is for each one of them to subscribe for *School Work and Play*. Never heard of it, do you say? Very likely. It has only been published for a couple of months, but oh! what a grand little paper it is; full of pictures, puzzles, jokes, letters from boys and girls, and all kinds of juvenile attractions. In fact, it is only intended for young folks; and, as its name implies, will help them both in their school work and home play. Best of all it only costs 50 cents a year. Hand that sum to your teacher and he will send in your name and get you the paper regularly every fortnight.

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

MY DEAREST GRIP: I trust you are not angry with me, darling, for not sooner answering your last very loving and welcome —!

Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What *ever* am I writing? I declare to patience if I am not mixing up my reportorial work with my private correspondence. But, the fact is, Mr. Editor, my poor head has been completely turned by the prospect of an early conclusion of my Ottawa mission. The House has prorogued, the session



is ended, and I am not sorry. I have a great deal to tell

you about my recent experiences here, which I dare not trust to paper and the P. O. Department, the officials in which, I am sure, open every one of my letters, at the instance of a suspicious Ministry. This, I feel certain, accounts for the omission from my reports of certain fashion notes and society gossip I was at great pains to secure for you. At least, so one of my newspaper brothers in the Press Gallery assures me. He says the Government spies fancied it was cipher correspondence and so suppressed it. And then the ridiculous fellow added that one might expect something else from a naught-y Government than the suppression of ciphers. Did you ever? I said nothing, but the saucy young man could see by my look that his joke had lowered him to zero in my estimation.

It was the same forward young fellow who gravely suggested that I make special enquiry into the new policy of retrenchment which the Government has adopted. Being a woman, he said, would be to my advantage in this direction.

I acted on his suggestion and made diligent enquiry about the alleged sweeping economy the Government have sternly resolved to practice. It is quite the case.

Sir John said, in answer to my question: "You may tell the people of Canada that in future I shall shave myself and thus reduce my calls on the contingent fund. For some unknown reason my barber charges me a price and a half. More than once I have ventured to remark that this was very cheeky of him. His reply on one notable occasion was that his tariff was stationery and in marked contrast to the salaries of Civil Service employees. While he applied the razor, they constantly applied for a raise, Sir." The Premier here executed one of his most angelic winks, and, as he opened the door for me, observed, "You see I have dispensed with an usher. 'Every man his door-keeper,' is my motto. Thus is one salary saved to the country! We are bound to retrench if it should necessitate the amputation of a limb."

Hon. Mr. Tupper received me most graciously in his shirt sleeves, "It is a solemn fact that the Ministry have decided on rigid economy in every branch of the public service. Half an hour ago I formally notified my laundress that her scale of prices must be cut down one-half from this date. And, by the way, this reminds me I must put on my coat and make this shirt last me out the rest of the week. Please also note that I am using a match-box full of sawdust instead of taxing the country for a costly cuspidor. And further, let me assure you, I am now feeding my dog on ordinary butchers' scraps in lieu of boned turkey and quail-on-toast heretofore supplied ungrudgingly by a generous people."

"Plain, cold water, rather than Apollonaris, St. Leon, and other aerated beverages, shall be my drink for the future," said Hon. Mr. Foster, in a resolute tone of voice. "We are all cutting down expenses and applying the saving towards reducing the public debt."

The P. M. General was in the very act of writing a special notice to country postmasters when I called, and he at once showed it to me. It was an express prohibition of the reading of postal cards during office hours. "Postmasters, as you will readily perceive," he said, "will now have more time to devote to their duties and will thus expedite business, and so effect a great saving in the cost of the service. I have also in view the re-imposition of postage on newspapers sent from the office of publication. It appears to me that the press of Canada is getting too rich and too much up on itself. It must be curbed."

Hon. Mr. Bowell declared that, in pursuance of the economy move, hereafter nothing beyond the time-honored "tips" would be allowed landing waiters and scarchers in the Customs Department. "We shall save many salaries in this way and still leave the officers plenty to live on," was his argument.

The Minister of Public Works blandly informed me that the party newspapers would, from this out, be allowed only two prices, instead of four, for Government work. "This may seem a trifle rough on the *Ham. Spec.*, London *Free Press*, and one or two other able and enterprising journals. But the Dominion must be saved from insolvency at all hazards."

The Minister of Militia had just issued the following orders when I arrived:—

1. "Every volunteer to supply his own pipe clay."
2. Rations to be given out only every alternate day during camp.
3. All drill sheds to be leased for skating rinks in winter and to be open for hire at any other time, when not in use by the militia, to circus managers, agricultural societies, theatrical companies or cattle feeders.

Perceiving that this Minister really meant strict economy I did not interview him.

It was now four p.m., and as I had an appointment with my milliner I put away my note-book, feeling that you would think I had done a good day's work in enquiring into the new policy which our gifted Administration have conceived to save drafts on the Treasury and keep public expenditure within proper bounds.

Yours ever devotedly,

ANNA NYAS.

P. S.—You ought to see the lovey-dovey of a bonnet I have bought. It is just too sweet and becoming for anything.

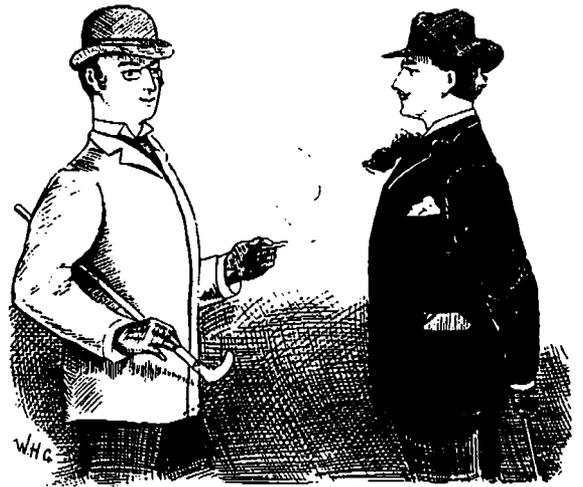
GRAIN sown at Manitoba Experimental Farm on March 2nd, is 2½ inches high, and grain sown on March 25th is the same. If they had waited till the 1st of April it would have been much higher.



THE FIRST OF THE SEASON.

FRUIT DEALER—"Dear? Oh, no. You must remember that these are the first strawberries I have had in."

CUSTOMER—"Well; the berries may be fairly cheap, but the bottoms of the boxes come high, you know."



FINANCIAL.

NED—"Well, Jack, I suppose you're living extremely high now, since you've become an artist. Making lots of money, eh?"

JACK JONES (son of "old" Jones, the banker)—"Not exactly. I could live on what money I make by my Art—but, thank Providence, I don't have to."

JENKINS IS OUT OF IT NOW.

MISS SMITH (to Jenkins)—"Oh, what a horrid bustle that woman has on across the road. I am sure it is worse than mine—don't you think so?"

JENKINS (who has been thinking of something else, probably of his other girl, hastily and reassuringly)—"No, indeed, it could not be that, I assure you, my dear Miss Smith."

A HUMAN LOADSTONE.

"YES, Brown has the most taking way of almost anyone I ever saw." "Indeed, may I ask in what form he displays his particular attractions?" "Certainly. He becomes attracted to money and valuables principally, and as a result has several times gone into the stone business at Kingston."

FIGURE-ATIVELY SPEAKING.

OLD LADY from country (in front of tailoring establishment)—"My sakes, Hennery, how natcherl they do git up them figgers, now," pointing to one.

LITTLE FIGURE (interrupting)—"Soi, mister, have yer got any terbacker about yer?" Old lady faints.

A CONVIVIAL SOUL.

MRS. BLOBBINS recently told her neighbor that when "that ere chap Greene an' a lot o' congealed spirits gits together there's no knowin' what'll result."

ONE AUDIBLE STILL.

MR. GUSHINGTON—"Time was when the morning stars sang together in glory and the spheres choired to the young-eyed cherubim; but they all are silent now."

MISS LUSHINGTON—"Ah, yes! They all are silent now—er—excepting woman's sphere."



THE USUAL DISCOUNT.

CALLER—"How do you know that Mr. Brief will not return till three?"

OFFICE BOY—"Because he said, when he went out, that he would be back at half-past one."

THE CASE OF MR. COGGE.

A CANADIAN COMMOTION IN THREE PARTS AND A HIATUS.

BY W. C. NICHOL.

PART II.—(Continued.)

AFTER his wife's death Mr. Cogge sat him down and considered his affairs. He felt that life in the home which his wife had embowered with the ivy of devotion and made fragrant with the blossoms of love, would be too lonely, too fraught with memories of the happy past to be at all bearable—for the present, at any rate. In the fifteen years which had passed since his marriage a feeling of very sincere affection had grown up in his heart for the little woman who had clasped his hand and started with him along the winding path of life, and the regret that he felt at her death was very keen and real. The house seemed haunted with her spirit. He found himself waiting for the touch of her hand, listening for her voice, her merry laugh. The chair she sat in, her work-basket on the little table, a piece of unfinished work lying over it, the threaded needle still sticking in the cloth—these and a dozen other things confronted him at every turn, besides that intangible something in the air which seemed every moment to be assuming shape before his eyes. "If I stay here longer," he said to himself, "I shall go mad. I must have change." The end of it was that he sold out his business and turned the old house over to the hands of strangers. Summing up his possessions about this time, he found himself worth something in the neighborhood of \$20,000, part of which was in cash, the balance being invested in real estate in the outlying portions of the city.

Years of plenty and prosperity in a small way had made Mr. Cogge very fond of the creature comforts. He had accumulated adipose tissue as he accumulated years, and now that he had reached life's meridian he was wedded to an easy-going existence. He was not fond of work; there was no reason why he should work; and he didn't work. He settled quietly down, took things easily,

lived well, was extremely comfortable and moderately happy.

By the spring of 1895 Mr. Cogge had quite got over his grief. He had become resigned to his loss, had indeed forgotten much that he might have remembered, and his face beamed with good nature and amiable smiles. He had no one to care for, had a comfortable competency, his apartments were luxuriously furnished, and his life was described, by some less fortunately situated persons, as one continual round of pleasure. As the winter broke and the breezy call of nature announced the spring, he put into operation a plan he had in contemplation for some time, and, packing up his trunks, started off on a tour through the States, intending to visit the principal cities, take in the theatres, and wind up in mid-summer with a visit to the seaside.

Kismet, Providence, destiny—what you will—interfered with this design. A week after leaving Toronto Mr. Cogge found himself in Philadelphia, and a day after reaching Philadelphia he ran across Mr. Reuben Asherton.

It was quite in the nature of things, of course, that Mr. Asherton should ask Mr. Cogge to his house, and so it came about that Phillip Cogge and his first love met again after having seen or heard nothing of one another for nearly seventeen years. Bella Asherton had not been married in the interval. Perhaps suitors had not been forthcoming; perhaps her heart was still faithful to the memory of her old Canadian lover. Whatever the reason, she was still single. The years had made her rosy-checked, and had developed the tall, slender and somewhat sentimental slip of a girl that Cogge remembered, into a stately, graceful and unusually beautiful woman, inclined towards embonpoint, but still majestic and fascinating.

The meeting between the two was got over without much embarrassment. They had both passed the romantic stage, they had become prosaic and more or less matter-of-fact, but perhaps neither was mistaken in fancying that a heightened color betrayed to both that the memory of what once had been still lived within their hearts.

The days which followed slipped rapidly by. Miss Asherton was very kind to Mr. Cogge. She went with



EXHAUSTION.

FITZ DUDE—"You look awfully weary, old chappie."

TRAWLER—"Yaas; been working eight hours, bwaiv work."

FITZ DUDE—"What doing?"

TRAWLER—"Inventing a new cwavat twist, aw!"



WOMAN'S INTUITION.

HARDPAN—"Widow Cashley, I love you devotedly. Won't you become my better-half?"

THE CHARMING WIDOW—"Ah, Mr. Hardpan, I fear that you are not seeking a better half so much as better quarters."

him for long walks about the town—walks where the signs of awakening nature were seen on every hand, where the chirp and coo of mating birds rang through the balmy air. They were very pleasant, these walks. There was so much to talk about, so much to do. Bella never neglected her household duties for his sake, but she devoted much of her time to making his visit pleasant, though she made him understand it was not through any sentimental regard, but simply because he was an old friend and an old Torontonian. There were evenings when he sat in her father's house and noted her womanly, housewifely ways, her tender consideration for the children, and how unselfishly she strove to make them happy, and to brighten her home with the sunbeams of love.

Mr. Cogge stayed longer in Philadelphia than he had any intention of doing when he started out. Time passed so pleasantly that he found it difficult to tear himself away. He found, too, that he was insensibly drifting back to his old regard for the girl. He noted the feeling with a sensation of surprise. He thought he had got over all that nonsense years ago, but there were times when he caught himself blushing like a schoolboy when he came across her unexpectedly, while his fingers tingled and his heart danced wildly in a manner decidedly unbecoming to his age, his experience and his *avoirdupois*.

Well, it ended happily. Mr. Cogge proposed and was accepted. He made such excuses and explanations regarding his past conduct as seemed to him necessary—not, I am bound to admit, with a great regard to the exact veracity of his statements, because he was too anxious to marry her to run the risk of losing her by acknowledging that in the long ago his cupidity had triumphed over his affection. She accepted what he had to say in good part, accepted his hand and heart with equal grace, and they lived anew in a little paradise they built for themselves out of the idle fancies of their hearts.

PART III.

Miss Asherton had an aunt in Toronto whose husband was tolerably well-to-do, and when she heard that the old lovers had found their young affection still stirring them with all the force of earlier years, she suggested that in view of the poverty of the Asherton household, Miss Asherton should come to Toronto and be married from

her house. Very kindly and delicately she offered, if this were done, to defray such portions of the wedding expenses as usually fall upon the bride's relatives. The good lady had no children of her own, but the marriage rite was an institution which commended itself to her somewhat romantic temperament, and the prospect of taking a leading part in a ceremony of this description was one too delightful for calm contemplation. She pressed her request so urgently that the Ashertons could not refuse, and in the end it was arranged that the marriage should take place in Toronto early in December, Mr. Cogge agreeing to finish his trip through the States and return to Philadelphia in time to accompany his prospective bride to Toronto.

On the morning of the 5th of November, 1895, Mr. Cogge met Miss Asherton at New York, and they started for Toronto. It was a clear, bracing day, and they were both in the best of spirits. The future was roseate, and their hearts throbbed in ecstasy at the happy prospects of the years which their delighted imaginations pictured. Mr. Cogge felt that Providence was using him kindly. He knew he had acted meanly, contemptibly even, in deserting Bella Asherton years before for the sake of one whom he did not love; but everything had turned out for the best, and now he was comfortably off and was once more by the side of the girl he loved—loved with an ardor which a short while ago he would have deemed impossible. He knew now that even though age had rendered him prosaic and matter-of-fact, the whole happiness of his life depended on his wedding this girl. Without her his existence would be barren, destitute and worthless. But she was going to be his, and his life would be neither one nor the other. It would be an existence of roses and sunshine, of birds and flowers and brooks and everything pleasant. What good deeds had he ever done that Providence should use him so kindly? Surely he had been blessed beyond most men. The future stretched before him blissfully, dreamily. He was happy and content.

(Concluded next week.)



A FAMILY TRAIT.

MRS. NABER—"How is your family for longevity, Mrs. Brown?"

MRS. BROWN—"Longevity? Why, we're remarkable for it. Jest look at Willie here; only eight years old and nigh onto six feet tall."



IN PARIS.

(McStaggers, of Montreal, on a visit to the gay capital, meets his Parisian friend, M. de Blasc.

DEB.—"Vell, mon ami, how you like ze Exhibitiong?"

McSTAGGERS.—"Well, gin ye'll hae the honest truth, I maun say it's maist disgracefu' an' immodest for a decent woman."

INTERVIEWED BY A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

SHE was a leader of the "Cause," the fattest woman I ever met, except on a circus advertisement. The minute she knew my husband was a member of Parliament she marked me for her own. We stayed at the same hotel.

"Of course, Mrs. Pencherman," she began, "a superior person like you must be in sympathy with us?"

Now, I've noticed that any one who calls you "superior," and begins an argument with "of course," is going to be a nuisance, so I merely enquired to what she referred.

"The Elevation of the Female Sex," she replied. "You'll help us?"

"How?" said I, thinking of some poor creatures whose lives are not all *couleur de rose*.

"We must begin at the root and branch, and bring up our girls differently."

"Well, yes," I answered, slowly, as I remembered that Madame Le Tour's Finishing School had left Molly and Jane deficient in a few useful branches of learning. "Girls could be brought up to be more useful wives and mothers."

"Hold!" she immediately called out. "I join issue with you on that point. It is a most pernicious and exploded idea to bring girls up to think of marrying."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely an apostle of Free Love, or a Shaker, does not dare to seek the acquaintance of Mrs. Pencherman, of Rural Dell?"

A look of virtuous scorn passed over her face.

"I forgive you; social reformers must expect to be sometimes misunderstood. You ladies of the Dominion are evidently not readers, or you would not confound a high moral teacher with a Victoria Woodhull, and a well-known Woman's Righter with a ridiculous society. Our belief is that women should have higher ideals, and then they will be prepared if the lesser things are added to them."

"By lesser things do you mean husbands?" I asked, cautiously.

"Yes," she answered, "they should be considered incidental possibilities in women's lives. We intend to elevate them, too—in time—but our great fundamental idea is to get the franchise for our sex."

"When you've got it, what are the women going to do with it?"

"Vote, of course."

"What for?"

"Everything good, and to stop men from drinking and smoking."

"Then," I said, you take it for granted that all women hate tobacco, and the entire female sex is aiming for higher things?"

"Certainly not; what an absurd question to ask a woman of the world, who knows that there are millions of poor weak creatures not worth their salt. You keep a servant-man, Mrs. Pencherman, and I ask you plainly don't you think you could vote as intelligently as he does?"

"Well, rather," I answered, with dignity, "but he's got a wife, and as you can't limit the voting to educated, pure women, I don't think our laws would be any better by doubling the number of voters among the riff-raff. Do you?"

She looked more disdainful. "That is an aside. The world must be improved, it can be done only by Woman in her tender strength. *How* her frail hands can accomplish the task we know not, but we, in our day and generation, can strive to give her the power, and bequeath the problem of working it out to posterity. Say you will help us."

"Never!" I cried. "I find more work than I can do now in looking after my house, my children, and the Church. I shall not be the one to add further duties for my grand-daughters to worry over."

"I see you cannot follow my line of thought."

"No," I said. "I've listened to you, but I keep my own opinion."

"How very feminine!"

"I suppose you wouldn't have a lady in my position masculine," I snapped out.

"If you won't understand, I am sorry. I've done my best to elucidate our theories to your level; because I am one of your own sex you won't believe me. I am sorry for you—very sorry."

"I'm much obliged," I remarked.

"Don't mention it. I go about scattering seed for the cause to any woman who looks intelligent. Sometimes we make mistakes in the physiognomy of a stranger, but do not apologize for taking up my time this morning. You are entirely welcome."

And she left me, to buttonhole a great six-foot high man, who just then walked into the drawing-room.

J. M. LOES.



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.

MR. A.—"May I confide in you? I have to tell you a secret."

MR. B.—"What is it?"

MR. A.—"I need \$500."

MR. B.—"Don't fear. I will be as silent as the grave."



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(Duty on flour sent in by Yankee millers, 50c. per barrel; duty on corresponding amount of wheat imported by Canadian millers, 71¼c.)

SIR JOHN.—“ My dear milling friend, don't judge by appearances. I do love you (and your vote;) and I do hate the unspeakable Yankee. But there are political exigencies, you know—and besides, you can't deny that I am 'protecting' you from the necessity of working your mills, don't you see!”

Mrs. DE TONE—"There, I must have that lovely statuette for the bay-window."

MR. DE TONE—"Don't you think it would be well to get the more necessary and substantial articles first, my love?"

Mrs. DE TONE—"Oh, no; we must have that for the window; we can economize on the things nobody will see."

VAN GILT—"There is too much talk about parvenu money now-a-days."

VAN DUZEN—"Yet, after all, there are some advantages in inherited wealth."

VAN GILT—"Such as what?"

VAN DUZEN—"A fellow doesn't have to work for it, doncher know."

WE ALWAYS STOP THERE.

A VERY pleasant, convenient and popular hotel is the Sturtevant House, New York; Matthews & Pierson, proprietors.—*Express*.

MR. B.—"What day does Easter come on this year?"

Mrs. B.—"Why, my dear, it always comes on Sunday."

MR. B.—"Oh, you can't play that on me. I've heard of Easter Monday, often."

No sympathy is given to sufferers from neuralgia, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, etc., who will not give Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine a trial. Its efficacy is beyond question. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

ALGY—"I say, ol' chap, what do you think of the proposed law in Michigan?"

'GUSTUS—"Don't know 'bout laws anyweeah."

ALGY—"This beathly law is 'bout cigarvettes."

'GUSTUS—"Gwacious!"

ALGY—"Fact! They are going to awest anyone selling, buying, or smoking cigarvettes."

'GUSTUS—"That's a deuced outwage. Gad, it'll get so aftah awhile that a fellah cawn't weah bangs."

T. GRANGER STEWART, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary physician to H. M., the Queen, in Scotland; Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in writing of Bright's disease, says: "The blood itself is altered in its chemical composition. Its density is diminished, the corpuscles and albumen being deficient, while the water is correspondingly increased. The quantity of urea is above the normal." This is a plain recognition of the necessity of directing active treatment with Warner's Safe Cure when the blood is over-charged with urea or uric acid poison.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

GUIDE (showing places of historic interest) "It was in this room that Washington received his first commission."

MR. EINSTEIN—"His first commission! Ish dot so?"

GUIDE—"Yes, sir; it's a fact."

MR. EINSTEIN—"Vot percentage of commission did he get?"

HONEST AND NON EST.

AN honest man, his neighbors stated He was, and honesty is rated A highly estimable trait, Albeit somewhat out of date, As *policy* too much inflated.

Therefore when people of him prated, His many virtues they collated, Pronouncing him both "square" and "straight," An honest man.

But he became infatuated With Wall street. Now he is located In Montreal, and people wait At home in a revengeful state For funds that he appropriated— A non est man. —*America*.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

BAGLEY—"I saw a melancholy sight a few days ago—a messenger boy standing pensively on a street corner."

FOGG—"That's nothing."

BAGLEY—"No; but some one had hung on the boy's back a sign that read: 'Will move about June 1st.'"

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

BAGLEY—"I was sorry to hear of your recent financial difficulties."

DASHLEY—"Yes; if it hadn't been for one thing my honor would have been dragged in the mire, and I should never again have lifted up my head among my fellow-men."

BAGLEY—"What was it that saved your commercial honor?"

DASHLEY—"I had put most of my property in my wife's name."

CITIZEN (to peanut vendor)—"What have you got in there, Garibaldi, to keep your peanuts hot,—a horse blanket?"

Garibaldi (indignant'y)—"Non; me no treatee my customers like that; dose vas expensive woollen stockings; belonging to my wifa, fina, eh?"—*The Epoch*.

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CONFECTIONER—"Here you are, sir; 30 cents a pound, fresh an hour ago."

BLUFFINS—"Fresh an hour ago, eh? Well, it won't do. She wants old-fashioned molasses candy, and I reckon yourn is too fresh to be old-fashioned."

VERY CANDID TESTIMONY.

(From the Toronto Mail.)

To the Editor of The Mail: As a constant reader of your paper I will thank you to insert the following.—

Having read so many valuable testimonials as to the value of Warner's Safe Cure, I think it my duty to contribute one, and I speak from actual knowledge.

In 1883 my wife took pains across the kidneys, and from there to her shoulders and to the pit of the stomach. The skin came off her finger ends and also off her lips, and turned purple red. She was under a doctor's care for about three years, and took different medicines, but no relief came. I got disheartened, and said one day, "Will we try some patent medicine?" She said: "Jack, let me die; I have taken medicine enough." I went down to W. Clark's drug store and procured two bottles of Safe Cure and one of pills. I continued on until she had taken eleven bottles, when she said, "I need no more; I have no pain anywhere, and I feel quite myself again." My wife has never since suffered from the dreadful pains which she had before taking Warner's Safe Cure. I am sorry that in justice to the purveyors of that invaluable medicine I have not reported on it before; but nevertheless, I recommend it to every human being suffering with the same affliction.

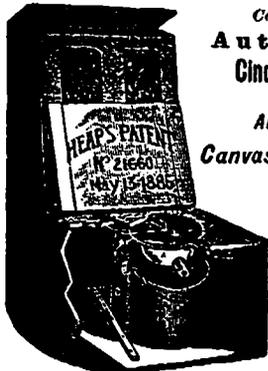
Yours, etc., J. COOPER,
Lightkeeper, Port Arthur.

April 22.

[The foregoing letter comes to us direct from Mr. Cooper, without the knowledge of the purveyors of the medicine, unsolicited, and may therefore be considered as conscientious testimony. We publish it at the request of the writer, and it is not an advertisement.—ED. THE MAIL.]

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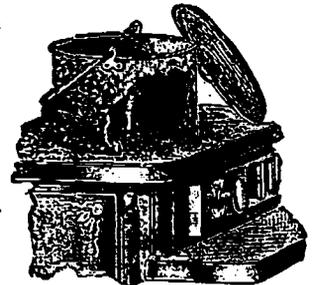
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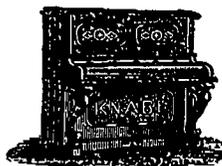
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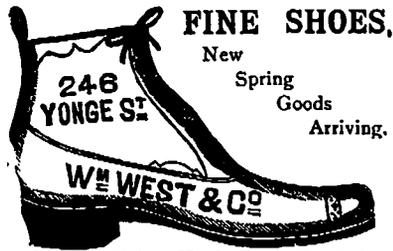


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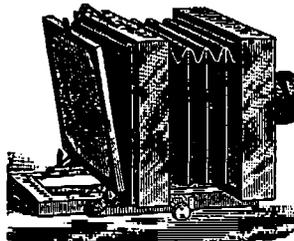


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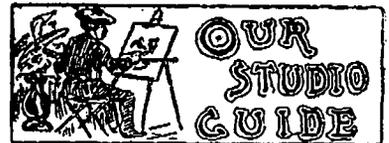
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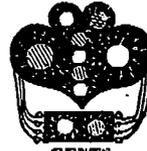


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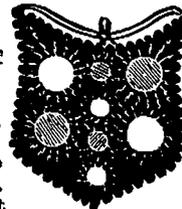
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