

LOOK AT
YOUR
LABEL
AND SEE
IF YOU
OWE FOR
GRIP
AND IF
YOU DO
PAY
WITHOUT
DELAY



EVERYBODY
SHOULD SEE
GRIP'S
CARTOONS
DURING THE
COMING
ELECTION
CAMPAIGN
SEND \$2
AND GET
GRIP
FOR A YEAR

PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO.
OFFICE: 81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

\$2 PER YEAR. 5c. PER COPY.
SOLD BY NEWSDEALERS.

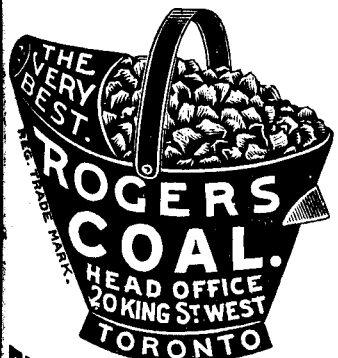
"The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron
bands, are what athletes are trying
to develop.

Johnston's
Fluid
Beef

The
Best
Athletes
of to-day
use

When training, and acknowledge it to
be the best muscle-forming and
strength-giving food.



Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
avert it, it is often cured and
always relieved, by

**Scott's
Emulsion**

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
Cures Coughs, Colds and
Weak Lungs. Physicians, the
world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
50c. and \$1.



The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
tra la,
Will come and the snow won't be missed
To sell property, the right thing, tra la
Is to put it on Williams' new list.
24 King St. East.

Send \$2.00 and Get
GRIP
For One Year.

Hart & Riddell

WHOLESALE AND
COMMERCIAL
STATIONERS

27 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETAIL DEPARTMENT:
12 King Street West.

THERE'S
NO
MATCH
FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH
MATCHES.

SEE THAT
YOU
GET THEM.

51 KING STREET EAST.
(Rear Entrance from Colborne Street.)



51 KING STREET WEST. 152 YONGE
STREET. 68 JARVIS STREET.

**STAMMERING . . .
Permanently Cured**
System, Educational. Fee, payable
when cure effected. Send for
Circulars. Cure Guaranteed.

LINTON'S INSTITUTE
ROOM 64, YONGE ST. ARCADE, TORONTO
G. W. LINTON, PRINCIPAL.

**Canada
Paper
Company**

PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE
STATIONERS.

MILLS :
**Windsor Mills
Springvale Mills
Riviere du Loup Mills**

OFFICE AND WAREROOMS
578 to 582 Craig St. Montreal.
15 Front St. West, Toronto.

A. B. Mitchell's Rubberine and Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs

are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

The . . .
Printers

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST

. . . TORONTO . . .

TELEPHONE 2672

*The Best Equipped Job Printing House
in Canada.*

THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

J. E. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop r.

It Pays Advertisers

BECAUSE it possesses the cardinal features that make it profitable to Advertisers: Brightness, Reliability, Honesty, Purity of Tone, Circulation, and the Confidence of its Readers. These are the characteristics that give a paper that **QUALITY** that shrewd Advertisers seek.

Write for rates to

THE POOLE PRINTING Co.,
(Limited.)
8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

Still Wants a few

Good Boys to

Sell Papers

Wherever he is

Not Represented

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.



What is Biz ?

It is the only paper in Canada devoted to such an important subject as advertising.

It is a little paper, but everything in it counts.

It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

It publishes samples of clever advertising work.

It gives you clear and practical information about writing advertisements.

It contains articles on advertising by wide-awake people—articles that embody a host of useful ideas for everyday work.

Every advertiser in Canada should read it. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year. Specimen copy on application.

S. C. TRETHERWEY, PUBLISHER
57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

North American Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, — Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President Canada Landed & National Invest. Co.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLAN and

J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars,

WM. McCABE, Managing Director



The Wilkinson Truss,

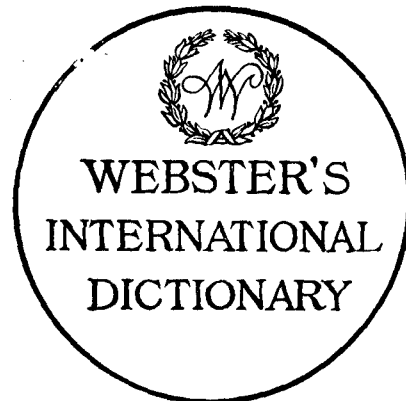
The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

Leading Physicians say it is the Best. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded.

B. LINDMAN,
CORNER YONGE & KING, ROOM 15.

THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



**WEBSTER'S
INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY**

The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '84, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of

Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over **10 Years.**

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it.

Over **\$300,000** expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,

Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

LEADING ENGLISH PERFUMES

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Perfume
Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



BROTHER SMUDGE—"How is it you keep so clean? You're a perfect dude driver?"

PEOPLE'S COAL CO. DRIVER—"Yes, our Company uses decent bags and gets along without dirt and dust."





EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1059

The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.

No. 11.



A DOUCHE OF COLD WATER DOCTRINE!

MR. KRIBBS—"Great Scott! Is Ottawa going back on us, too? If the Trade doesn't provide Revenue for the Country, what *is* it good for?"

[In a recent interview Hon. Geo. E. Foster used the expression above noted.]



CURRENT EVENTS.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN MCCOY.
Gentlemen an' Ladies :

I have been axed till make a few unprompted remarks about thengs that's goin' on at the prasant toime, an' I'll do et. En the first place allow me till obsarve that Oul Mon Gladstone has quit the Government in the ould country. I suppose you hard about it. For won I'm well plazed wuth the news. Yez'll hear no more about Home Rule, an the Impoire is safe. Sure the Ould Man ef he kep on leike he was goin for sixty years more wud have smashed the British Impoire in till smithereens, so he wud. Do you know why he got out? Some sez it was on account av his eye-soight goin' back on him, but that's jist an optical delusion, so it es. That raison is all in his eye. The rale truth is that he was frightened when he hard that the Unionists was sindin' for me till come over an' countermand the infloonce av Blake. I wud have wint, too, an did me best to save Cevel an Religious liberty in Ulster, at a reasonable charge, but it'll not be needed now. The very wind av the rumor was enough ; that done the business. An' now I suppose Blake'll be comin' home agin to lade the rear rank av the Reform party here. An that brings me till the price av gas, an I ax what are yez goin' till do abeabout it? Sure, this ez a subject that makes me heart blaze wid eloquence an imagination. Ai'm down on dear gas, an' that's why I have always used coal ile an' candles in me own house. An' I appail till yez, an' I ax yez are yiz goin' till stan' it ; are yez willin' till be robbed in the dark behind yer back bc a monopoly right before yer eyes in the full blaze av gas light? Niver! An' spakin av light, I'm towld the prisint city council isn't very heavy. It's all at sixes and sevens on the salary question ; the Lamb won't folley the Sheppard, an they all say "Shaw!" whin Hewitt brings up the canal schame. Spakin' about schames agin brings me till the openin' av Parlymint at Ottaway an' the shindy they're goin' to have down there wid thim Frinchmen about the Manitoby Schule Bill. It's a parcel av blatherskites thim fellys is, whatever. I dunno fwhat Sir John Thompson intends to do at all, but ef I was in his place I'd purty quick bring thim to their senses so I wud. What wud I do? Well, I'll tell yez. I'd give them fair warmin' till simmer down an' come aff the roof, an' av they didn't do et in fifteen minutes be the clock, be the memory av the Boyne av I wudn't call out the resarves av the P.P.A. harse, fut an' artillery and sweep the whole box an' dice av thim out av existance. It's a strong han' yez wants at the hellum this minute. I'm afearid Thompson isn't the man. The country calls for a McCoy, an' I'm ready to go ef yez say so !

MATRIMONIAL GRAMMAR.

LADY TEACHER.—“What is the future of the verb ‘to love,’ Mary?”
PUPIL (after a pause).—“To marry, Miss Jones.”

BUSINESS PICKING UP.

“Your business is picking up, I see,” said the cobbler to the rag-picker.
“Yes, and I see yours is mending,” was the quick reply.

A BAD "GIVE AWAY."

It was in a Muskoka printing office. They were working off the edition of the local paper on a time-honored Washington press, the local immigration agent, who was also editor and general *factotum* was in his shirt sleeves performing the function of “rolling.” The door casually opened and enter a formidable crowd of immigrants, who had called to see the newspaper man in his Governmental capacity. Dropping the roller, the gentlemanly agent entered into pleasant converse with the visitors, leaning meanwhile in an attitude of unstudied grace upon the bed of the press, not noting the fact that he had just inked the form. He was soon in the midst of an eloquent extempore oration on the glorious prospects of the Muskoka settlement, and meanwhile his recumbent elbow was making an excellent impression of a displayed headline from one of the ads. on his shirt sleeves. “And 'ow be toimes 'ere, now?” asked one of the leaders of the immigrant party. “Well, sir,” replied the agent, “times never were better. The crops last season were—” and here the agent raised his arm to make a graceful gesture to emphasize his speech, when he was suddenly interrupted by the remark. “Good toimes? Thy shirt doan't say so!” followed by a general laugh. The explanation was that in the act of leaning upon the type he had picked up the unlucky words “Hard times!” in staring black letters from the advertisement. It was what the boys call a “dead give away.”

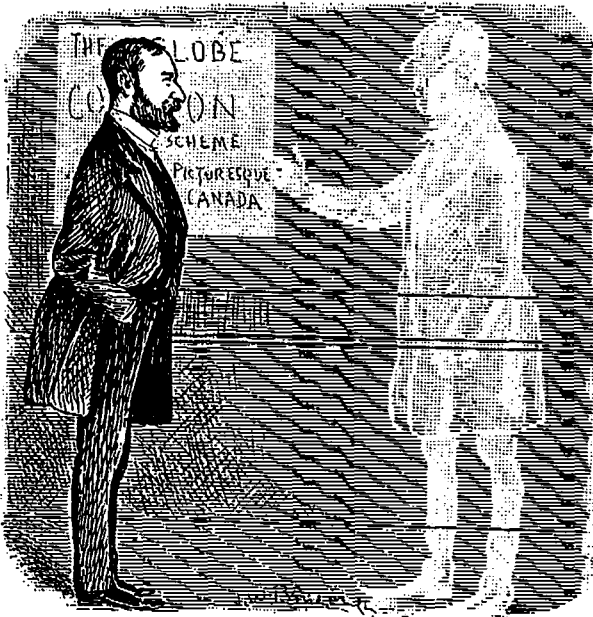
If I rest I rust, is a German proverb.
If I trust I bust, is the Canadian version.

[From Toronto Evening Star.]



NURSERY BALLAD UP TO DATE.

Simple(?) Simon met a P.I.-man going to the Fair,
Said Simple(?) Simon to the P.I.-man, “Let me taste your ware!”



THE "GLOBE'S" FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.

SHADE OF G. B.—“You're doing nobly, Willison; a splendid paper; up to its best form in *my* day—neither advising nor submitting to arbitrary measures—but, laddie, what's the meaning o' this new-fangled coupon scheme? I hope it's no' some modern Tory notion!”

A PROTEST.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO RUDYARD KIPLING.)

OH! East is East, and West is West, as Kipling truly swears,
 And your Western rhyme, with its novel chime of the prairie loudly blares;
 For town is town and green is green and both have their claims 'tis true,
 Quite as extreme, as a high-toned team and a bicycle built for two.
 The Western verse, which the editor terset, reats with all tenderness,
 Must have for its theme, a fairy dream of the prairie's verdant dress;
 Of picnic life, and a mock at strife with a soft succumbing soil,
 Of buggy rides and trackless wiles, and a prompt return for toil;
 They chant the white high stars at night, a life on the rolling lands!
 In a little home over “deep rich loam” where the buffalo browse in hands.

But at fifty below, when the blizzards blow and his discomforts mock,
 The newest chum must be on the bum to water and feel the stock;
 In summer heat when the suns rays beat in the harvest field he's found,
 As shockers bend, set the sheaves on end, and picket the shaven ground,
 Then East is East and West is West, but he'll deeply wish he never
 Misunderstood the likelihood of a picnic life forever.

Poets may prate (at a prefixed rate) but they stop behind to test
 The winter fare, not in prairies bare, but where life is at its best;
 They do not sigh for a station high, unsecure on a bucking horse,
 But pleasure prove in the good old groove where dinner exceeds one course,

Nevertheless if they should confess longing for something more,
 “There's room for all” is the battle call of the emigrant agents corps.

Oh! East is East and West is West, guff's puff, and printer's ink
 Will carry as much, with never a smile, as a man-of-war would sink;
 And the prairie wild and the Indian child, make a very smooth tale to grind,
 In an easy chair, with something where one can reach it when so inclined.

H. R. W.

GRIP'S QUIPS.

JONES.—“Who is that sporting looking man?”
 LADY.—“He is a bar-tender down town.”
 JONES.—“Hump, he looks more like a bar tough.”

MR. WATERS rose in his dignity the other day and declared that he was *not* “a pigeon-stool for the Government.” Notwithstanding the gentleman's impressive manner, the statement was greeted with laughter all over the place.

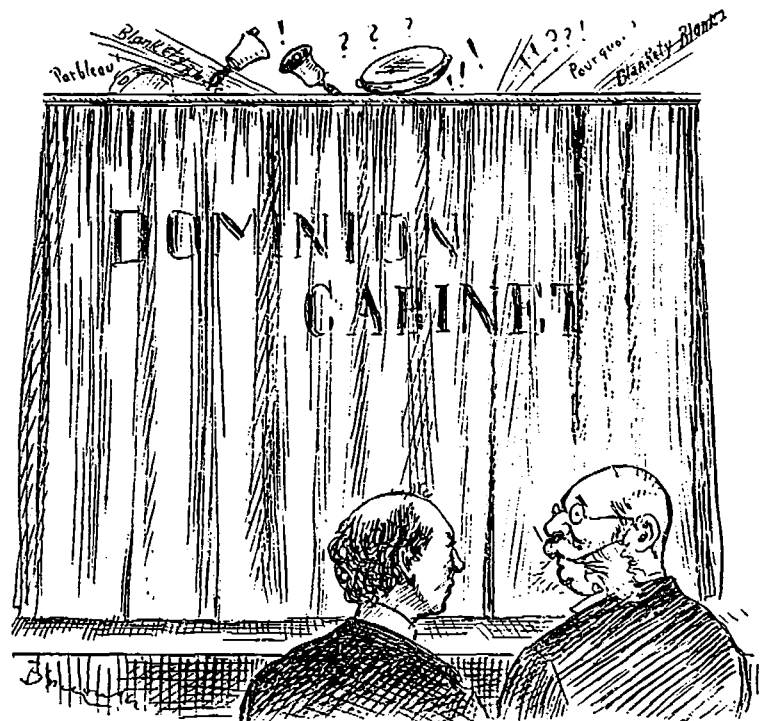
MR. JABEZ SPENCER BALFOUR can while away his time on the tedious journey from Argentine to London by reading Stead's interesting story, “Two and Two make Four.” He will probably find it interesting.

“WITNESS, keep your temper,” said the lawyer, “you needn't get cross about it.”

“Then,” replied the badgered one, “you stop cross-questioning me.”

BAD FOR THE FOREIGNER.

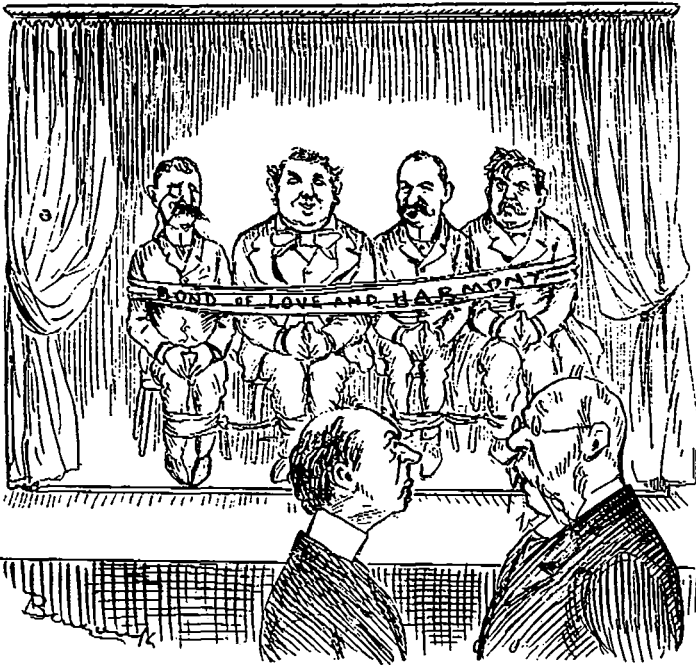
An Irishman, bound over to keep the peace towards all her Majesty's subjects, exclaimed. “Then jist wait till I meet a foreigner!”



THE OTTAWA CABINET.

I.

CARTWRIGHT.—“Just listen to the racket that's going on in the Cabinet!”
 LAURIER.—“Yes; isn't it glorious?”



II.

CARTWRIGHT.— ! ! ? ? ? ! ? ! !
LAURIER.— ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ? ? ? ? ?

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

(THE TRUE STORY)

O YOUNG Lochinvar came out of the West,
Where he'd gone from fair England his muscle to test ;
And save an old title, he luggage had none,
He walked all the way, for his money was gone,
He'd farmed, and he'd fit in the re-bellion war,
Till he hadn't enough for a drink at a bar.

He stayed not to see if his name was his own,
But he walked till he struck a United States town ;
Where a band was a-playin' a gay festive air,
And he saw by the signs that a wedding was there,
For down to the church all the women had flown,
And the men they were eating their dinner alone.

So bravely he entered the church, where he see
That the bride was as pretty and rich as could be ;
Who was tellin' the priest that she'd take, don't y' know,
For her husband forever this Lord So and So,
Which the same was the groom. " Now, I'll talk to her par ;
Here's a game worth the candle,— " says sly Lochinvar.

So he walks up the aisle with the stateliest tread,
Till the groom turned and saw him, and trembled with dread ;
And he says, as he bowed to the fair bride's papa :
" This man that you're makin' your dear son-in-law
Is no lord, sir, at all, and this wedding I'll bar !
I am Lord So and So " says the bold Lochinvar.

And when he had told how the fraud had occurred,
(For the *crest-fallen* groom he said never a word)
The old man, as he kicked the false lord, up and said :
" If she's willin', my Lord, *you* my daughter shall wed !"
Which he did. And he wasn't far out, you'll agree,
When he reckoned nine lords out of ten are N. G.

C. G. R.

" ALDERMAN Enoch Thompson's ideas on the salary question are something I can't get through my wool at all," said Alderman Lamb. " His utterances are so mixed, that the whole thing is perfect Greek to me."

" Yes," remarked Ald. Hubbard, " that's so. Enoch ought to be translated."

APPROPRIATE FOR APPROPRIATION.

THE following mottoes and sayings have been adopted by the various members of the Government. It is expected that those of the leaders of the Opposition and other prominent members of Parliament will be announced next week:

- SIR JOHN THOMPSON—" He is poor indeed that can promise nothing."
- HON. M. BOWELL—" Travel makes a wise man better, but a fool worse."
- SIR ADOLPHE CARON—" He that hath a head of glass must not throw stones at another."
- HON. G. E. FOSTER—" That penny's well spent that saves a groat."
- SIR C. HIBBERT TUPPER—" Honest men and knaves may possibly wear the same cloth."
- HON. J. G. HAGGART—" A man of words and not of deeds, is like a garden full of weeds."
- HON. A. OUMET—" Long hoped for comes at last."
- HON. J. COSTIGAN—" Live and let live."
- HON. J. C. PATTERSON—" Better direct well than work hard."
- HON. T. M. DALY—" One may say too much even upon the best subject."
- HON. CLARK WALLACE—" A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."
- HON. A. R. ANGERS—" The fox knows much, but more he that catches him."
- HON. J. B. IVES—" Some are always busy and never do anything."
- HON. J. J. CURRAN—" Half a loaf is better than no bread."

HON. J. F. WOOD—" He that serves the public obliges nobody."
Shadow.

A dull boy can be made smart instantly, by the application of a birch switch.

THE champion prevaricator says it was so cold in his room one night during the recent cold spell, that he could not blow his light out. The blaze was frozen.

" WE will conclude our service by singing the short meter doxology," said the preacher, whereupon Brother Pearson, of the gas company, got up and indignantly left the church, muttering something about " gross personalities from the pulpit."



A DOGMATIC OPINION.

LITTLE REGINALD—" What a funny looking wagon, grandpa !

GRANDPA—" Yes, that's what they call a dog cart."

LITTLE R.— " Why do they call it a dog cart, grandpa ?"

GRANDPA—(snorting viciously) " Because it's frequently driven by a puppy, my boy."



W Benoit

MR. LAURIER IN HIS TOUCHING RENDITION OF THAT MOURNFULLY PATHETIC BALLAD—
"THE CAT CAME BACK!"

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



"Ham-il-TON ; Lon-DON ; De-troit and She-caw-GO !!"

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To His Excellency, the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen,
Governor General, etc., etc., etc.

MY DEAR LORD ABERDEEN :

THE wise-acres of the Dominion will now be gathered at the capital. They're a good and useful class, as Sir John Thompson will tell yer excellency. And yet, as the mumber of the Pennsylvania legislature said, whin defending mothers-in-law : "I know 'em, Mr. Speaker, they're a good and useful class, and yet— and yet—with the best of them there may be trouble." By the way, my lord, has the question been ever rightly decided, "How many acres make a wise-acre?"

Sir Oliver an' his Ministhers have their hands full here, where the legislature is now in full blast. But some how or other they are always able to handle their opponents handily, an' to down them, widh, or widhout gloves. The finances are passin' through the usual fusilade of orathory. The Provincial Threasurer, like the man who hate the dhrum for the march of time, an' then wint to play on the horn of plinty, had an aisy time av it, as is always the case widh honest min who can shew a good surplus an' a fat bank account. The first firin' on the Budget was like that of the man who wanst shot at Random, widhout hitting it. An' now the gun has been handed over to others, whose aim will be carefully taken at Notoriety—sometimes an unsavoury bird, but which it is expected can be reshased and sthrongly flavoured up for the comin' electkshuns. "The flesh pots" were what the Ministhers were aafter, was charged by the spaker. Another raised up hands an' eyes, declarin' that "all flesh was grass." And the Threasurer joined in, sayin' "if that's the case, I must be a load of hay, from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

(The Minister of Finance at Ottawa can make a note of this.)

Exemptions, an' the abolishun of Governmint House, have bin brought up as throublesome questhuns. Both words have heretofore caused a good share of commoshun in this world. Aich has its votaries as well as its voters, for an' aginst. An' there is a fair share of hypocrisy mingled widh both. Its the wan thing I avoid, an' detest, in all its moods an' tinses. If I think a man is a fool, I tell him so, plump an' plain—that is, unless he's bigger than meself.

This is delightful weather for the race—the human race—I'm spakin av, my lord. For even if ye are, as yer called, Wise Aberdeen, one shud take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life as lafther.

Tak' guid care o' yersel, while the wise-acres are at Ottawa, an' widh me humble duty to her ladyship,

I remain, yer lordship's thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.

LADIES.

THE habit of distinguishing ladies according to their husbands' professions is growing in Canada. Until lately, no woman ever thought of being called Mrs. Grocer Yorrick, Mrs. Printer James, Mrs. Housepainter Johnston, Mrs. Bricklayer Mason. The little bit of show of distinction was heretofore confined to Mrs. Captain Granger, Mrs. Colonel Coach, Mrs. Doctor Quack, and the like. The "carriage company" ladies now have imitators in abundance. The worthy creatures who affect these ridiculous distinctions are but poor samples of the real ladies of Canada.

BARRED OUT.

GRIP is always glad to open his hospitable pages to any homeless witticisms that may apply for lodgings, and such will always receive a kindly welcome, providing they are neither old nor poor. They must also be respectable, and he cannot consider travesties of scripture passages such as some humorists send us, as coming under this definition. There is surely a wide enough field for fun, without an irreverent invasion of the domain of sacred things. The man who has so little appreciation of the world's Redeemer and the Book in which his words are enshrined as to be capable of writing such jests is to be pitied. He must have a lot of what Sam Jones calls "meanness," though perhaps he doesn't know it.

AN AWFU' KINTRA !

IT was a sweltering day in July, and the ice-wagon had been going its rounds in the town of Chatham ; the considerate ice-man, as usual, leaving the consignments of the crystal substance on the lawns of his customers here and there along the avenue. A crowd of newly arrived immigrants on their way up from the depot under the "market guide" of a certain distinguished graduate of Dublin university, were plodding along in the heat and mopping their perspiring faces. Catchingsight of the blocks of ice, one of the Scottish arrivals looked mystified for a minute and then burst out with—"Well, well, siccan a climate ! Ma certes ! Tho' its sae blazin' het the noo, it maun be an awfu kintry for cauld. See at the lumps o' ice yonder. It's no thaw'd yet frae last winter !"



THE FOUR SEASONS.



WONDERFUL INFANTILE INSTINCT.

MEREDITH—"Why, the che-ild actually knows me!"

WE ARE NOT SEVEN.

BY SUSIE CAMPBELL.



I MET a little village girl,
Her age, she said, was seven.
She led her brother by the hand,
And *his* age was eleven.

Her frock had not been washed for weeks,
Her face was just as bad.
Her hair was thick with *paper* curls,—
Her beauty made me sad.

I said to her: My little maid,
How many may there be,
Of brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts,
Who make your family?

She took her tutti frutti out,
And rolled it in a ball,
Then said: There's pa, and ma, the twins,
Jane, Joe, and me,—that's all.

My ma, she hustles round and works,
The twins they howl all day;
Jane she helps ma, and Joey here,
He goes to school with me.

With pa and ma and Jane, I said,
The twins, yourself, and Joe,—
How many do you make, my dear?
At adding up I'm slow.

I thought the arithmetic sum
Would put her in a fix.
But no, she answered promptly: Sir,
Our family is six.

I smiled, and said: "My dear, I think
To modesty you're given.
You have not counted in yourself.
Your family is seven.



But still she shook her head, and rolled
Her gum, and said to me:
My pa, you see, sir, bums and drinks;
So he don't count, you see."

—After the celebrated poet Wordsworths.

TRAMP.—"Can you help a poor man on the road?"
LADY.—(promptly) "Yes; I saw you looking at the wood pile, —you can—"
TRAMP.—"You saw me see that wood, did you; well you won't see me saw it." Then he turned on his heel and pattered down the dim vista of the future, and left the gate open after him.

A TRICK OF MEMORY

AFTER years of effort J. Fitz-William Smythe, whom everybody who was anybody knew as the successful broker and man about town, seemed to have the world in his grasp. Rich, handsome, engaged to the lovely Adele Squeezem; what more could he ask? Fifteen years ago it had been fifty cents a day and sweep out the shop, carrying back and forth piles of shoe boxes at the command of his haughty superiors. A little later and he, too, had knelt at beauty's feet and inquired in his most fascinating tones as to the perfect fittingness of the shoes into which he helped the fair customers of Messrs Squeezem & Co. Then there had been a stool in the offices, a transfer to the factories of the great firm, finally changes from one city to another, a deft touch to the old and honorable name of Smith, John Smith, and J. Fitz-William Smythe took his place among those who are of finer clay. The lovely Adele, heiress of the world-famed house of Squeezem, had floated, a golden crowned image before his boyish vision, a tiny goddess who taxed even the powers of Squeezem to produce anything minute enough for her use. After years spent in European travel she has returned, and in all her womanly loveliness she loves him. He cannot doubt it. For him the haughty English Lord has been cast aside—for John Smith, the shop boy, he shuddered, oh! if she only knew—but she must never know!

She leaned confidently on his arm as he led her out of the press of the dancers into the cool depths of the conservatory. "Ah," she murmured with a choking catch in her voice as she reclined in a secluded nook, "Ah, Fitz-William, there is something dreadful—but how can I tell?" she broke off. "My own darling, go on, I can bear it; anything," he whispered passionately, "so long as I am by your side." "It's nothing, really, she sobbed, "only—only there is something gone wrong with my left slipper and I cannot walk another step." He was down in a moment, the offending slipper in his hand and the crumpled rose leaf removed. Then dropping on one knee he replaced it. Heedless of the look of horror and struggling recollection in her eyes, he glanced up and exclaimed in his most ecstatic tones "Such a lovely fit I assure you, Miss Squeezem." Rising to the full height of her queenly beauty she said simply, "I thank you, I do not need anything more to-day," and passed out of his life forever.

SYDNEY JEROLD.

MRS. BRADY (boastfully) "Say, Mrs. Flatherty, I seen the twin skilton dudes when I was in New York. My, they are the thinnest men I—"

MRS. FLATHERTY—"I seen 'em as well; they ain't nothin'. I seen a man in a dime museum thinner than the two of 'em put together."



THE INTERESTING EVENT.

SMITHSON—"My congratulations, old man! Which is it, boy or girl?"
BROWNSON—"Both!"



LORDS AND COMMONS.

HER MAJESTY.—“So you will not permit me to elevate you to the Peerage, Mr. Gladstone?”

GLADSTONE.—“No, thanks, Your Majesty; but if you could elevate this young man to the Common-age, you would do a really popular act!”

POOR BOBBY'S PLEA.

MR. GRIP: SIR,

I WAS born in the sunny south, somewhat remote from the haunts of men. I had everything that a chameleon could ask for, dry grass, warm rocks, plenty of sunshine and all the food I needed, for ants were abundant, and I could always make a meal off the mosquito that swarmed in the happy hunting-grounds of my fathers. I was content, for my environment was all I could wish, and I was a step higher in the social scale than my cousin, the lizard. I plumed myself on the fact, that nature had given me a body that reflected the glories of the sun, and the rain bow tints of the flowers I crawled over.

One morning I saw two beautiful creatures seated on the fallen trunk of a tree. My cousin immediately hid himself under a stone, calling out to me that they were “human beings.”

“Don't be afraid,” I answered, “these are women, the beautiful, tender-hearted creatures, that curb the ferocity of men, that show their strength by their gentleness and kindness, I am going to make their acquaintance.” I looked on their loveliness, and seeing their pink and white and blue tints that rivaled the flowers of the field for beauty, I thought I would run over them, and show how much more lovely their exquisite colours would look when mellowed into opalescent softness by my translucent self. I advanced cautiously lest I should have been misinformed of their benevolent dispositions, but they only screamed with delight and surprise when they saw me.

“Look Emily,” said one, “there's a chameleon on your

dress, how lucky, it's a beautiful little creature and all the rage now, you must take it home.”

I didn't know then what it meant to be all the rage, but I felt proud and elated to be taken so much notice of; I was over-joyed when Emily said she would “buy me a gold chain and make a scarf-pin of me, and always have me about her.”

Alas! how one suffers through ignorance! I soon found an awful fate awaited me. I was a prisoner, got no proper food, and yet was expected to look pretty. I was taken to a foreign country, where the breath of one froze, and people had to wrap themselves up in skins to keep warm. True, they had comfortable homes where it was warm, but my captor never stayed long in hers, and though she put furs on herself she gave me no covering when we went out in zero weather. I often wondered why she who looked so soft, and sweet and young, could be so cruel to me, but one day I heard a man say to her, “Ah, Miss Emily, I know now why you carry that little reptile—you've lost the power of changing colour and keep him to do your blushing for you.”

My fate is a horrible one, dear Mr. GRIP, and having heard of you as the great champion of all oppressed creatures, I seize this opportunity of invoking your powerful influence to get me liberated and sent back to my sunny south before I perish miserably.

(per J. M. Locs.)

Yours hopefully,
BOB CHAMELEON.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—Picking currents off an electric wire.

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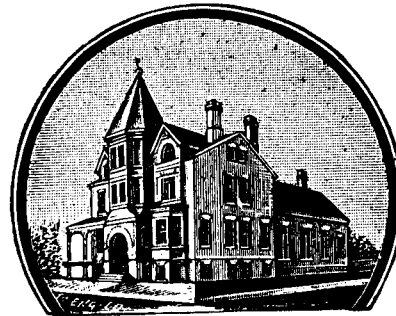
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