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Comments on the Cartoons.



POINTING THE FINGER OF SCORN AT HIMSELF.—This is virtually what the editor of the *Empire* has been doing in his somewhat sizzling articles on the Mail-Plot case. In good set terms he has denounced the editor and manager of his esteemed contemporary for plotting to hand over their country to the United States. He declares that men who would do such a thing are renegades, traitors, black-hearted wretches, and an assortment of other objectionable characters too numerous to recall in full.

And by what means, according to the *Empire*, did these alleged Mailefactors hope to accomplish their fell purpose? By discouraging the Americans from making an offer of Reciprocity with Canada, and giving the existing policy of restriction a chance to accomplish its natural result, viz., to make the Canadian people beg for Annexation as an escape from a worse alternative. Now, (aside from the question of motive) what has the *Empire* been doing day in and day out ever since the question of Reciprocity came up for discussion? It has been trying by every means in its power to do the very thing these "traitors" are alleged to have done. With all the resources of partisan warfare (excepting truth and logic), it has fought to maintain the policy of Restriction, and to head off any sort of Free Trade offer from the United States. If this means Annexation in the case of the alleged plotters, it can mean nothing else in the case of the *Empire*. The most that can be pleaded in defence of the latter is ignorance, but, if so, it is ignorance maintained in the presence of light, and therefore inexcusable.

GUSH.—The address to our most gracious sovereign, in which that royal lady is assured (greatly to her surprise, no doubt,) of the continued loyalty of her Canadian subjects, was duly moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Mulock. As a matter of course it passed unanimously. This was a piece of easy good-nature on the part of the House which, had it consulted its dignity and self-respect chiefly, would have promptly suppressed the fussy gentleman who proposed the superfluous address, or at least demanded of him some less flimsy reasons for asking Parliament to consider it. If the summary of his remarks given in the *World* is correct, Mr. Mulock's reasons for the declaration of Canada's loyalty at present were not merely flimsy—they were sordid. He said it would give information that the Dominion was not anxious for Annexation, and that "the effect of this information, he hoped, would be to again set flowing towards our shores, the surplus population and surplus capital of the old world." Her Majesty cannot but be delighted with this. Of course Mr. Mulock's speech will be engrossed and transmitted with the address, and the very least the Queen can do is to send a knighthood to a loyalist of such engaging candor.



THE Free Traders of Victoria, Australia, have sent for Henry George to come over and help them in the campaign now on in that colony, and that valiant champion of liberty has cheerfully responded to the call. He sails from San Francisco on the 8th inst. On the eve of his departure from New York, a farewell dinner was tendered to Mr. George, at which speeches were made by Rev. Lyman Abbott and other distinguished men, whose names have not been known in connection with the single-tax movement. There were many indications in the speeches of the tremendous hold which "George-

ism" has obtained amongst the thoughtful classes of the community. The day for sneers has gone by; earnest argument is now in order, and the world yet awaits the arrival of the man who can dispose of the logic of "Progress and Poverty." Prof. Huxley's late effort in that direction was simply pitiful in its weakness.

DR. LANDERKIN is going to revive his pet conundrum this session—to wit: If it is proper for the Government to grant a rebate of the duty on corn when the same is exported in the form of strong drink, why shouldn't it do the same when the export is in the form of fat cattle or other stock? The farmers of the country will, no doubt, listen attentively for the Government's answer to this poser. Last year, when it was propounded, they were speechless.

THE *Canadian Nation* suggests that our Public schools ought to confine themselves to the imparting of a practical education in the fundamental subjects, backed up with an industrial training, which would give the pupil a fair start in the battle of life, and that Universities and other institutions of higher learning should be supported exclusively by those who benefit by them. This is sound talk. The average pupil does not get beyond the Public school, and it is a sad fact that the training he receives there is of very little use as a preparation for business life.

THIS subject is up for discussion across the lines, too, we observe. Dr. Howard Crosby, of New York, recently said in a public address: "We have no more right to instruct freely the children of our citizens in the

higher mathematics and in philosophy than we have to start them in life with \$1,000 capital." It certainly does seem too much of a good thing to tax people for the support of Universities in which they have no interests, directly or indirectly. It is the "Protective" swindle applied in the domain of education—taxing the many for the benefit of the few.

WHO says the *Globe* is losing its tremendous mental grasp of old? It cannot be denied, at all events, that its guessing-power remains in full vigor. On the day before the opening of the Local House, and with nothing to assist him but an advance proof-sheet of the Speech from the Throne, the editor of the *Globe* succeeded in predicting exactly the subjects that would "probably" be referred to in His Honor's address, and, what is still more wonderful, foretold them in the exact order in which they afterwards proved to be arranged!

OUR Special Poet has kindly rendered the address in question into verse, as follows:

*Mr Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:*

It is with pleasure, gentlemen,  
I meet you in the House again;  
Our boundary's settled, north and west,  
The question now can take a rest,  
And old Sir John at Ottawa  
Can now retire and chew his paw;  
Th' Imperial House has passed an Act  
Declaring this to be a fact.  
It gives me sorrow, though, to say  
We've other trouble with John A.,  
We've got a lot of old accounts  
Involving very large amounts,  
Which we would like to put an end to,  
But cannot get him to attend to.  
It's just his shilly-shally style  
To keep postponing all the while.  
Our farmers, I regret to see,  
Are much depressed. (What, ho! N.P.!)  
Although 'twill put you at your ease  
To know they're making splendid cheese.  
We're going to fix those Francais schools  
According to good English rules.  
But, then, you know, of course we can't  
Unless you let us have a grant.  
We've made more from our timber dues  
Than we had hoped; that's pleasant news.  
We're settling up in business shape  
(With no blue mould and no red-tape—  
Mem. for Sir John) the legal rights  
Of Rainy River country wights.  
We're going to pass some mining laws  
Which we'll talk over clause by clause.  
We're doing something all the time  
To banish poverty and crime,  
And this reminds me that a bill  
To deal with tax exemptions, will,  
With several other timely measures,  
Be laid before you for your pleasures.  
You'll find the balance, when you look,  
Upon the right side of the book;  
It's generally mostly always so  
With proper Governments, you know.

THE Parisian public, it is said, are fired with enthusiasm over the acting of Sara Bernhardt as "The Maid of Orleans." Frenchmen of a former date fired the Maid of Orleans herself, but it was not with enthusiasm.

This brilliant historical *jeu d'esprit* is, of course, from the *World*, the journal that talks so learnedly about Premier Von Traffee, when it means Von Taafe. Perhaps it is the dazzling brightness of the above paragraph that prevents us from seeing through it, but it appears to imply that the Maid of Orleans was burned at the stake by her countrymen. If so, the paragraph should have appeared in the news columns.

A JOURNAL of this city is greatly agitated lest, by disposing of our timber limits and other assets, the Ontario Government should bring the Province to direct taxation. Now, why should any sane man object to direct taxation? In other words, why should he prefer not to *know* how much he is paying? The only answer to this that we can conceive of is in Barnum's aphorism, "People like to be humbugged." Nothing is more clearly demonstrable than this, that indirect taxation is everywhere and always a delusion and a robbery. The people are beginning to find it out, too.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITAL.

FAIR ANNA RESUMES HER REPORTORIAL MISSION—GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE OPENING CEREMONIES—INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE—THE PRESS GALLERY GALLANTS—PROSPECTS OF THE SESSION.

OTTAWA, Jan.



LOST my calendar, and don't know the day of the month; and I'm sure I'm not going to let my frigid-acting boarding-house lady know of my dilemma by inquiring of her! This person is just too cold, and unsympathetic, and unlovable for anything. Would you believe it, when I called to see about accommodation, she at

first looked at me as though I were a suspicious character—some young girl who had run away with her father's coachman, or who was canvassing for a book-publisher, or who wanted to start a Woman's Rights Society, or who was going to study for a doctor!

And, do you know, she actually read our minister's nice letter of recommendation over twice, and then looked from it to me and me to it, oh, quite a number of times. It was very embarrassing and provoking—me (perhaps I should say "I") standing there just tired to death with travelling, my hair all mussed, my ulster covered with snow, my feet real cold, and my hand-satchel lost on board that horrid train, with my dear little gold lead-pencil, my tatting, my blank note-books, my circular comb, my return ticket, my letter of introduction to Sir John, my smelling salts, another letter I wouldn't have lost for the world (thank goodness the signature was only initials!) and some more things I couldn't count up—there I stood, I say, while the icy landlady acted in the way I have just been telling you.

But, indeed, I am quite comfortable now; truly and really I am. You need not be at all uneasy on that score. I just showed a little of my spunk and my GRIP card, and madam came right down off her high horse, in



### IT HAPPENED IN GERMANY.

GERMAN STUDENT—"Hold up a minute. Le's understand the situash'n. Which of you (*hic*) three fellers is waiting on me, anyhow?"

[As lager beer is not intoxicating, an incident like this must be referred to some peculiarity of the Prussian climate.]

a chilly way, of course, but I didn't care for *that*. I made her get me a good strong cup of tea, put a writing table in my room—it has the cosiest little grate in it, I mean the room, not the table—and fix me so that I can do my corresponding in the cutest sort of way.

Of course, I couldn't really go down to the "opening," with my hair such a fright and my nose all red with the frost. Besides, I didn't have my poor little pencil and the notebook. But, how lucky it was! One of the gentlemen of the Press Gallery, who boards in this very house, was kind enough to volunteer to write the description for me. He gave me "the stuff," as he terms it, neatly scaled up, and said he would not bother me reading it over, but that I was just to send it to you marked O.K. Please print it right in here:

[The editor, under the circumstances, has nothing for it but to use the volunteer material, which, it will perhaps be noticed, differs somewhat in style from the graceful and refined product of our own correspondent's pen. Some names are suppressed for reasons which may be had on application at the office.]

### SHE OPENS UP.

With a buzz, and a biff, and a bim; a rattle, a tattle, a scattle; a r-r-rum, a hum-m-m m, a bum-m-m, the Parliamentary circus has hit town, and the afternoon performance is on!

The same fuss and feathers, flap-doodle and flim-flam as ever marked the opening hoorah. The whole business was enough to give a billy-goat dyspepsia. Why in thunder the Dominion Town Council can't get down to work without all this informal preliminary racket, all this display of store clothes, all these



second-hand court capers, all this two-for-five farfonade, is something that knocks me out limper than a picnic tea-towel.

If you're waking, call me early,  
Call me early, landlord dear,  
For to-morrow is "the opening,"  
And out of town I clear.  
Of all the silly sights, landlord,  
The silliest, sloppiest it—  
And out of the town I move, landlord,  
Out of the town I git!

That would be the sentiment of your own and able correspondent if she had the misfortune to be domiciled permanently in this lumber village, existence in which, under the most favorable auspices and but for a short time, gives me a constant pain in the back—or the "lumber" region, if you admit powerful jokes without docking a fel—or rather a girl's salary.

You bet I went in and mingled with the guffy and giddy throng who made up the grand ass-semblage, not because I felt like it, but just to gather a few notes about the toggery, tinsel and tomfoolery displayed. When a little fellow came into the Commons Chamber and went through acrobatic genuflexions, I nearly went into genuine confusions—of laughter—at his contortions. Oh, if I had only been near enough to bang the courtesying chappie on the off-lug with my little hand, and enquire tenderly of him whether his mother knew he was 'out, it would have been a positive relief to me!

But what shall I say about the dames and their duds, for, of course, all my dear lady friends will be waiting



### DESPATCH.

JONES—"Why, Phoebus, you surely cannot have whitewashed that back room in so short a time. You were to put on two coats of whitewash, you remember."

PHOEBUS—"Yes, sah. I done put 'em on *bofe togedder*."

for your gentle Anna's only authorized version of the clothes aspect of this affair! I'll give 'em short and sweet scraps.

Lady \_\_\_\_\_ had on what looked suspiciously like plain corded bed-ticking, half-mast style; her hair was done up, and she wore ostensible diamonds.

Lady \_\_\_\_\_ wore off-color Halifax tweed; her bodice very properly reached up to the neck; she sported a watch-chain, but I couldn't catch on to the watch. Ornaments, pearls, limestones, rubies, Scotch granite, sapphires, and cobblestones, if I am any judge of such articles.



## HEROIC ENDURANCE.

HE—"Will you take another turn, Miss Marigold?"  
 SHE—"No, thanks; I'm rather tired."  
 HE—"Will you go into the conservatory?"  
 SHE—"No; I'm afraid of catching cold."  
 HE—"You don't seem to be able to stand much, do you?"  
 SHE—"I don't know; I've stood you nearly half-an-hour!"

Madame ——— was tastefully attired in what I have marked down as blue-jean plaid. She had on a lacrosse belt garnished with imitation roses. Her *decollette* waist and arms must have *lette de col* in on her shape, I should fancy. I couldn't size up the ornaments, on account of the number of them.

Mrs. ——— in *la grande toilet* of black farmer's satin, embroidered with gold potato-bugs' backs and wings, looked immense, and startlingly true to nature also. She sported thirteen finger rings, one bracelet, two ear-rings, a handful of watch-chain charms, only one brooch, and several large hair-pins, all apparently boughten jewellery.

Miss ——— was unanimously voted by me to be the belle of the ball, Charley. She looked quite pretty and unincumbered. Her *passanterie*, fawn-tinted *tout ensemble* was gathered at right angles with the elegant *directoire*, and formed a pleasing contrast to the *negligé* of the cut *V corsage* surmounted by terra cotta and camel's-hair combination *a la mode*, supported by several large handfuls of fluff, and the whole topped off with sufficient *crepe de chine* to give subdued effect to the *Louis Quinze* mosquito netting artistically draped in *aquamarine* unison with several *appliques* which showed in *Fedora armure* relief against the Chantilly tiara of Berlin wool garnitured with *pate de fois gras* and *mignonette* canvas, the entire *feu de joie* being simply stunning. With touching fidelity to the severe simplicity of her attire, she let ornaments slide.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The remainder of this copy has been mislaid.]

## INTERVIEWS.

I have had the pleasure of several brief but delightful interviews.

Sir John asked to be excused from talking, but insisted on my calling again and often.

Young Mr. Tupper appeared so very bashful and drait at my call that I left him to recover. So unlike his dear father!

Mr. McCarthy promised me an extended interview about the close of the session. He laughingly explained his occupation at present to be to prevent his Equal Rights getting Left. He further remarked that his name was D'Alton, and he would have to have to change it to Dennis, whatever he meant by that.

Hon. Mr. Carling looked ill, and I innocently asked what ailed him. He replied, "So you've got hold of that gag, too? Well, just tell 'em I live on my bier, while others die on theirs, and that I am in xcellent health."

Sir Richard Cartwright exchanged cards with me and saw me as far as the outer gates. I really forget the drift of our talk, but I think he is a nice, gentlemanly man, and ought to be in the Cabinet.

## PROSPECTS.

From all I have heard in the Press Gallery, the session is going to be a very important one, a stormy one, indeed, a revolutionary one. One of the nicest of the gentlemen reporters assured me that the Opposition were preparing to seize the Treasury Benches by main force; that Mr. Whip Trow was buying gunpowder to blow up the next Cabinet Council; that the noble Thirteen were coming out in a uniform like Robin Hood's merry men; that the Government were to be petitioned to put the reporters on the indemnity roll, at the same rate as ordinary members, and that this was going to be a hard winter.

But no more at present, except love and lots of k—— that is to say, respect, from

ANNA NVAS.



## RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

DEACON SMALLGOOD—"Sir, I protest against this accursed liquor-traffic. Here are you, sir, sending men to drunkard's graves, sir, at the rate of ten cents a drink, when the other saloon-keepers only charge five!"

## UNEXPECTED EXERCISE.



I.—PAPA PAUNCHBY BELIEVES IN ENCOURAGING HIS LITTLE BOY TO TAKE HEALTHFUL OUT-DOOR EXERCISE—

## THE FLY KID.

TELLS OF THE HIGH OLD TIME HIS BROTHER HAD AT THE LIEUT.-GOV.'S BALL.

DEARE MR. GRIPPE—SIR,—They was great doins at the Leut-Guverner's ball wasn't they're? I notice that the daley papers don't seem to have got onto the snap yet, & seein that my brother Alex. was there himself an took a hand in I thought Ide sent you a a/c of the festiv seenes in High Life.

Alex. rung in on the Guv by the simpple exepgent off callin & leavin his card New Yeares—so he got a invite to the Ball. He manidged to burrow a claw-hamer coat an hide him to the halls of dazzlin ligt ware the beuty & fashon of the beau mond wich is French was gathered. Alex. dont care mutch fur dancin but says he theys gointer be Champagne an the boys will have a high old Time.

[For custooms of the ladeys see Saturday Nigt I cant give no a/c of nothin but the Fun wich the Boys had.]

Alex. prety soon struck sum of the gang an after minglin in the merry throng awile & workin the Maginty gag onto people they approached a Menial & says they—This is gittin dry lead us two the troff we fane woud drink. So they got to the supper room & tackled the champagne lay out till they was loaded.

Then you bet their was fun! One of the fellers went up to the Leut-Gov & says he, Come & have a drink, wen the Guv jest glaired at him & says, Awawnt git out young man I

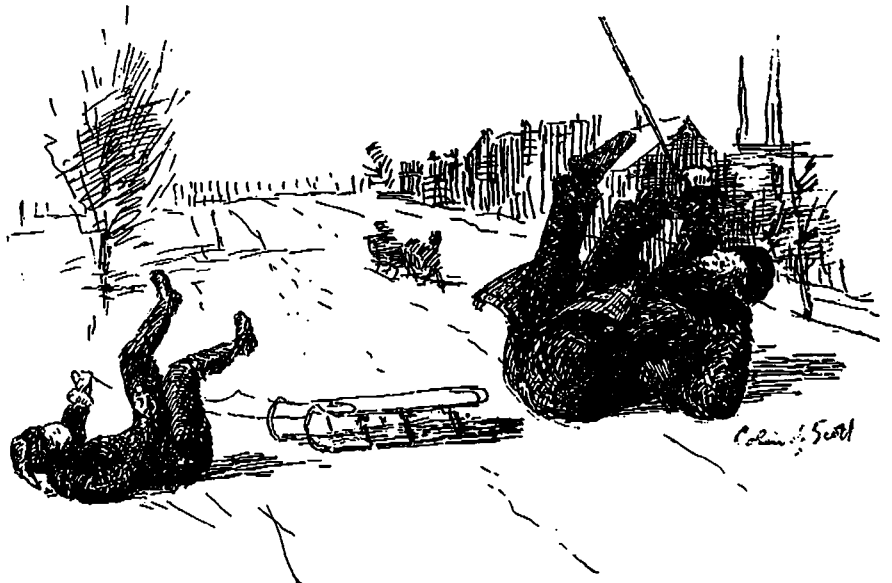
kno you Not. Then says the feller, Well let's (hick) get ackwainted an in sportive mood he ceased the Guv. by the taile of his dress coat & swung him ronwd amid gleaful larfure. But alas the coat-taile ript off an the Guv. shoutid for his aid-de-camps. I s'pose, says Alex, he wanted em for to aip us to decamp! But befor they cum the boys had got back to the super-room an was a-layin in more Champagne, an throwin the dishes an things onto the flore to the toon of Down went Maginty to the bottom of the see.

Then they caugt hold of a unfort-nit waiter wich dident open champagne fast enuff and plasterd his haed & face awl over with blank-monge wich is a kind of French puding. Then Commander Law come up & says he Boys this is too mutch—have some respeck fur—

But just then a Champagne botel took him onto the back of the neck & he fell prostrait onto the floor midst wild & hilarous yells, and generel uproar.

Alex says they had to thretn to interjooce the perlice befor the cheerfull Gang woul let up, & finerlly they stagered of, hoopin & shoutin like Everything. An he had a haed onto him next mornin Alex had as bigg as a churn. He is afrade he has busted his prospects of social intermasy in vicereagle cirkles as the Guv. is likely to give him an the rest the cold Shake nex time he gives a ball. He got the impresshun he says frum his manor that he is sort of stif an reserved & don't like fellers to yank him around by the coat tailes. That is a liberty wich in high sasiety is never took except by intimate frends. Also I don't somehow think the Maginty gag is reckognized in the 1st cirkles.

THE FLY KID.



II.—AND UNEXPECTEDLY TAKES A LITTLE HIMSELF.



TRYING TO PREVENT THE SUN FROM RISING!

## THE "EMPIRE" AND THE "PLOT."

(The actual facts just as they transpired—if the evidence given before the Police Magistrate is to be believed.)

SCENE I.—*Empire Sanctum.*

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.—“There’s a good chance to get a drive at the *Mail* over this Washington business. We ought to send somebody to Washington to get at the facts and write the case up. Why not send Kribs?”

MANAGER.—“Who is Kribs?”

ED.-IN-CHIEF.—“I don’t know, but somebody told me he is our city editor.”

MANAGER.—“He may be; I wouldn’t swear he isn’t. Well, if anybody is sent, Kribs (providing there really is such a person) would be the right man to send. I’ll see if I can arrange it.”

SCENE II.—*Counting Room.*

MANAGER.—“Mr. Treasurer, do you know anybody about these premises by the name of Kribs?”

TREASURER.—“I have heard that the city editor’s name is Kribs, but of course that is not evidence. I really don’t know.”

MANAGER.—“No matter. Will you be so good as to provide some money for somebody to go to Washington on an important mission for the paper. Of course I don’t know that anybody is going, but possibly somebody may call for the money, you know?”

TREASURER.—“Very good.”

SCENE III.—*The same.*

MR. KRIBS.—“I called to get some money for a purpose which I shall not name.”

TREASURER.—“Is your name Kribs, and are you going to Washington?”

MR. K.—“My name is *not* Kribs, unless you pronounce it that way, and I wouldn’t swear that I am going to Washington.”

TREASURER.—“Well, I am not aware that I have provided any money for any particular purpose, but there is some cash in that envelope which you may or may not take. In case you do take it, how will I enter it in the book?”

MR. K.—“Put it down to profit and loss. I don’t know anything about it, except what I may have casually heard.”

SCENE IV.—*Night Editor’s Room.*

NIGHT EDITOR.—“What’s this? a note from the manager.” (Reads) ‘Leave out all telegraph matter to make room for special dispatch from Washington.’ “Ha! this is quite the usual thing. I’m not at all astonished. But I wonder who the dispatch can possibly be from?” (Enter Editor-in-Chief.)

ED.-IN-CHIEF.—“You’ve received a note from the manager, haven’t you?”

NIGHT EDITOR.—“Yes. Who’s representing us at Washington?”

ED.-IN-CHIEF.—“Really, I couldn’t say. Have you seen Kribs about?”

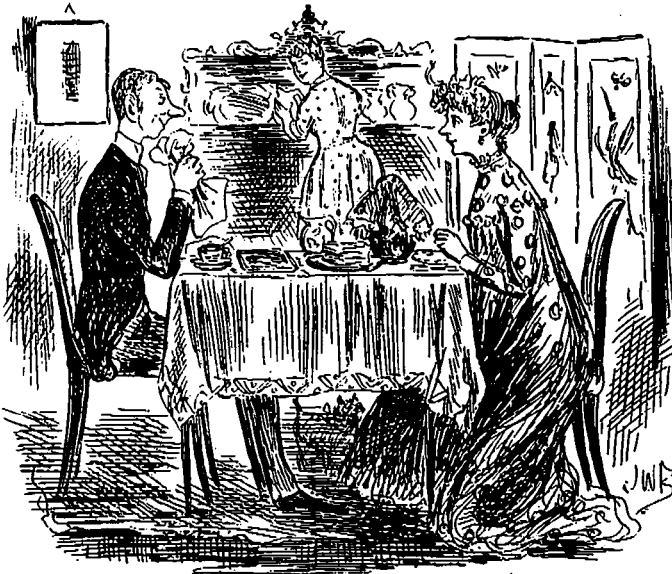
NIGHT EDITOR.—“Kribs? I seem to have heard that name before somewhere, but—”

ED.-IN-CHIEF.—“It’s of no consequence. Good night.”

SCENE V.—*Proof Reader’s Room.*

COPY HOLDER.—“This double column sensation heading will make a stir to-morrow, don’t you think?”





### HER INNOCENCE.

MR. NUWED—"That's a very nice breakfast, dear: I was always fond of calf's liver."

MRS. NUWED—"Oh, I'm so glad you like it; I'm very fond of it myself. Do you know, I've been thinking it would be a splendid idea for us to keep a calf, and then we could have liver every morning!"

PROOF READER.—"What double column heading? I don't remember seeing anything of the kind."

COPY HOLDER.—"I must have been dreaming. Very queer, wasn't it, but I imagined I read to you a moment ago some flaring headlines about the *Mail's* Plot at Washington, and several galleys of stuff from our own commissioner."

PROOF READER.—"It was queer: you're not well, I guess. Is that Krib's copy you're reading now?"

COPY HOLDER.—"I don't know. I never saw Krib's write anything, and I couldn't say this is his. By the way, who is Krib's?"

PROOF READER.—"I don't know, I'm sure. But, no matter, let us get on with our work."

#### SCENE VI.—Public Street.

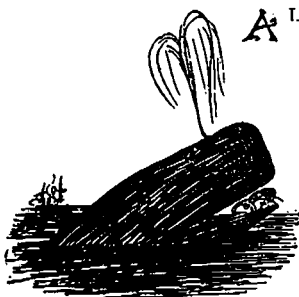
FIRST CITIZEN.—"That's a tremendous sensation the *Empire* publishes this morning about the *Mail's* Plot."

SECOND DO.—"Is it? I really don't know."

FIRST DO.—"You've read it, of course."

SECOND DO.—"I may have read it, but I wouldn't be sure. You know, now-a-days, it isn't safe to be quite sure of anything."

### THE BALLAD OF THE LADY LOBSTER.



A LITTLE lady lobster lived within the briny deep  
With her family respectably at home,  
And the head of this great family endeavored for to keep  
The little lobbs from any wish to roam;  
But the love that laughs at locksmiths could afford to raise a smile,  
For the ocean can't be bound by a pail,  
And that is why I'm telling, if you care to list awhile,  
Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

Oh! the little lady lobster was an invalid fish,  
And she dreaded lest consumption she should take,  
So she wanted for to travel—oh! it was her dearest wish  
That a submarine excursion she could make;  
But her old and crabby father—if it's strange it's really true,  
He was crabby from his head unto his tail—  
Objected, and it led to this tale I sing to you,  
Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

Now her grand paternal lobster was a wide-awake old bird,  
Though the simile's illogical perhaps,  
And he'd tell the little lobsters of the stories he had heard,  
How young lobsters oft were caught in horrid traps,  
And were plunged in boiling water till they blushed all over red,  
And were sorry when it was of no avail;  
All chopp'd up into salad whereon picnic parties fed,  
O! the little lady lobster and the whale.

But the little lady lobster pined in solitary grief,  
With the fear of dread consumption 'fore her eyes,  
And the promises held out to her conveyed her no relief,  
For she wanted for to voyage and grow wise,  
So one day as she was crying on a rock and all alone  
Near the sea-top where was blowing quite a gale,  
She look'd up, for all around her very dark the sea has grown,  
And the little lady lobster saw a whale.

Now, love is very curious in the way it takes us all,  
There's no telling how it cometh, but it comes;  
But the little man surrenders to a woman who is tall,  
And the poor girl to the rich man oft succumbs;  
Wherefore when this poor crustacean saw the bulky creature swim,

And beheld the mighty lashings of his tail,  
Her heart gave one big bound and she cried out, "It is him!";  
For the little lady lobster loved the whale.

Now the whale went off to sleep, right upon the mighty deep,  
And the lobster journey'd round his side and fins;  
For a lover of such size was to her a great surprise,  
And she said, "I wonder where my love begins";  
But she voyaged round and round till his mighty mouth she found,  
And she thought perhaps to kiss him she might fail,  
And scarcely had she tried than she found herself inside,  
Did this little lady lobster, of the whale.

Now the morals of my story are not very far to find,  
First and foremost, it is folly for to try  
To keep young lobsters round you if to roam they are inclined,  
For they think experience chiefly all my eye;  
And secondly, young lobsters shouldn't throw away their love  
But just keep it for awhile—it won't get stale;  
Or they may get taken in, which this story goes to prove,  
Of the little lady lobster and the whale.

P. QUILL.

### CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY P. MCARTHUR.

#### STRONG EVIDENCE.

THESPIUS—"How did Ranter get along in his new play last night?"

FUTLITE—"First rate; but I was not at the theatre."

THESPIUS—"Well, how do you know he succeeded?"

FUTLITE—"I met him at the hatter's this morning getting a hat two sizes larger than his old one."

#### DENIED THE ALLEGATION.

DE TANQUE—"I wansh you to take (hic) my picshure."

KODAK—"Certainly, sir! What position?"

DE TANQUE—"Sideways. Just profile (hic), y'know."

KODAK—"Don't you think a full face would suit you better?"

DE TANQUE—"Whasher mean? I only had two drinks to-day."





POINTING THE FINGER OF SCORN AT  
HIMSELF!

[The reader will find all the necessary epithets to fit this Traitor by consulting the *Empire's* articles, dealing with another person who is alleged to have endeavored to bring about Annexation by the same means, viz: working to prevent an offer of Reciprocity from the United States.]

HERRMANN'S Transatlantique Vandevilles made a very pronounced hit at the Academy last week. For the latter half of this week the merry company of Miss Nellie McHenry will entertain those who enjoy farce comedy with the popular piece entitled "Green Room Fun," which has been revised and improved by the author, Mr. Bronson Howard.

MISS MINNIE MADDERN is at the Grand this week, giving "Featherbrain," (which is, of course, a "light" comedy) and "In Spite of All." The show is well worth seeing.

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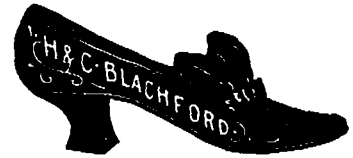
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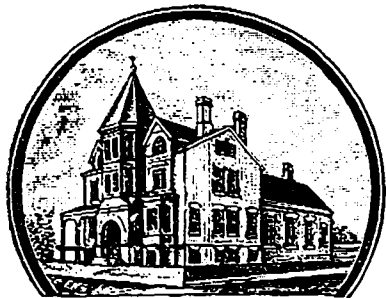
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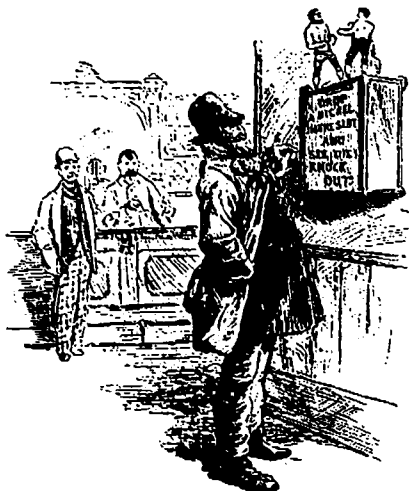
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(See page 94.)



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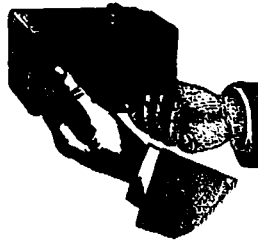
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 John Arnott, Iona, Ont., Lame Back cured after trying everything.  
 D. D. Gilles, Lucknow, Ont., Dyspepsia and Kidneys—after suffering eight months—cured.  
 Daniel Campbell, Port Talbot, Lame Back and Headache, after suffering for years, cured in less than a month.  
 Mrs. Lottie Collier, Simcoe, Ont., Weakness and Spinal Affection, strength fully recovered.  
 G. R. Glassford, Markdale, Ont., Sciatica and Dyspepsia 15 years, cured in six weeks.  
 Mrs. McKay, Ailsa Craig, Ont., Sciatica 13 years—no pain after the first day.  
 A. G. Henderson, Hudson, Ont., Lame Back entirely cured.  
 B. C. McCord, Medicine Hat, N.W.T., Butterfly Belt worked wonders—Rheumatism, Back, Shoulders and Side.  
 J. Cameron, Beaver, B.C., Feels like a new man after wearing our Butterfly Belt 4 weeks.  
 F. W. Martin, St. John, Newfoundland, Suffered several years with Inflammation of the eye—Actina cured in 2 weeks.  
 W. J. Gould, Toronto—After laying off 3 weeks went to work—Wore Butterfly Belt 4 days—Sciatica.  
 James Storey, Fitzroy, Ont., After wearing Butterfly Belt one night, attended a fair, a walking advertisement for us 70 years old.  
 J. R. Johnson, Solgirth, Man. tried a hundred remedies, nothing effective, Butterfly Belt cured Biliousness and Dyspepsia.  
 Jas. Mansfield, Saskatchewan, N.W.T., Piles and complete prostration—completely cured.  
 Josiah Fennell, Toronto, For six weeks could not write a letter—Went to work on the 6th day—Neuralgia.  
 Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.  
 Geo. H. Bailey, Union, Ont., A suffering cripple for 17 years with Rheumatism and Scaly Sort Feet, cured in one month.  
 Jas. Nicholson, Zephyr, Ont., Rheumatism 18 years—Resumed work in the harvest fields the second day.  
 Mrs. Connell, Lambton, Ont., Catarrhal Bronchitis 2 years, relieved in one treatment; cured in one month.  
 L. D. Good, Berlin, Ont. cheerfully recommends Actina for Catarrh and Cold in the Head.  
 David Richards, Toronto, Your Butterfly Belt cured me of Liver and Kidney complaint of long standing in 2 weeks.  
 Thos. Guthrie, Argyle, Man. says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in 12 years.  
 Thomas Bryan, 341 Dundas street, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.  
 Chas. Cozens, P.M. Trowbridge, Ont. after five weeks feels like his former self.  
 J. A. T. Ivy, cured of Emission in 3 weeks. Your Belt and Snspensory cured me of impotency, writes G. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McG. For general debility your belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. M. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith but was entirely cured of impotency. Many such letters on file.

## Catarrh Impossible under the Influence.

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