

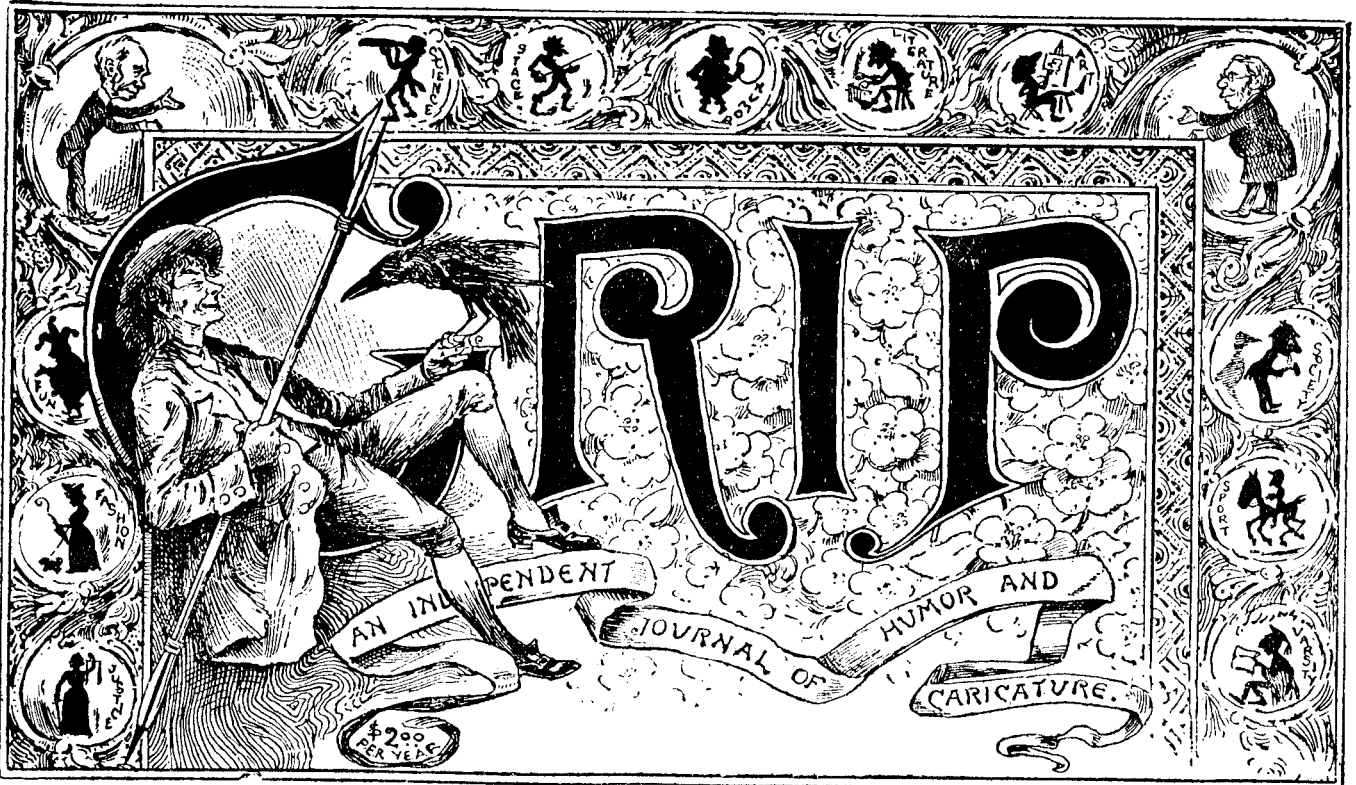
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VOL. XLI.—No. 27.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

No. 1047.

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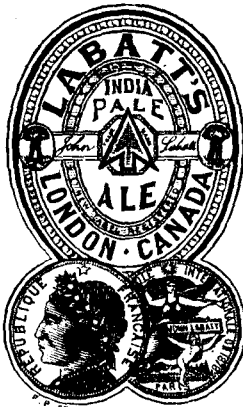
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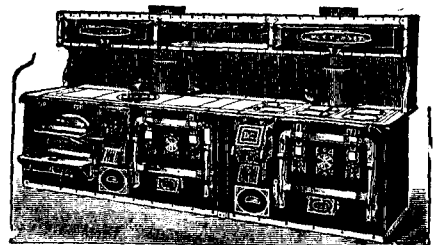
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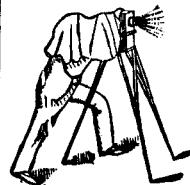


MR. WILLIAMS—"Now, jes look 'ere, Sammy Smif, ef youse doan't quit crack'n dem peanuts on youse ole fadder's he'd I'll bre'k youse back wid a board."

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 Saloon, \$45, \$50 and \$60; round trip, \$90, \$100 and \$110, according to accommodation.

The \$45 single and \$90 return per Lake Nipigon and Lake Winnipeg.

Second Cabin, \$30; return do, \$65; Steerage \$24. Passengers from Montreal embark after 8 p.m., the day previous to the advertised sailing date, as steamers sail at day break.

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GRIP

VOL. XL.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1893.

No. 27.
Whole No. 1047



SYMPATHY.

DALTON MCCARTHY—"Poor little fellow, did I tread on your corn, too. 'There, there, I'm awfully sorry, but really I didn't notice you.'"



*The gravest beast is the Ass ; The gravest bird is the Owl ;
The gravest fish is the Oyster ; The gravest man is the Fool.*

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TORONTO SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893.



ANOTHER step in the international conspiracy of the bankers and money kings against the rights of the people has been developed in the suspension of the coinage of silver in India. As that country is the great silver-using community of the world, and one of the few remaining lands where the standard of silver has hitherto been

maintained, the effect upon the commerce of the world will be very marked. It will enormously increase the burdens of the Indian people, and add proportionately to the wealth of the capitalist class. It will probably hasten the demonetization of silver in the United States, where banking and money-lending interests have long been endeavoring to effect the repeal of the Sherman Act so as to bring about an era of dear money—which always means big profits to capital and poor wages and uncertain work to the millions. The whole movement to degrade and demonetize silver is a plot upon the part of a few Shylocks and their legislative and newspaper hirelings, and the result, if successful, will be the servitude and impoverishment of the masses.

THE caravels on their way to the World's Fair visited Toronto last week, and were viewed by some 75,000 of our citizens. Chevalier Thompson is entitled to the hearty thanks of the community for his enterprise and liberality in securing their presence in our waters. The object lesson afforded gives a better idea of the daring of the great discoverer and the obstacles he surmounted than any amount of descriptive writing.

IT transpires that the summary abolition of the four Public school supervisors by the School Board a few

weeks since, which surprised many people in view of that body's antecedents, was due to the discovery of the fact that their appointment was absolutely illegal. Dr. Stowe-Gullen, who introduced the resolution abolishing the useless office, pointed out clearly that the law gave the Board no power to appoint any such officials, hence that they were spending annually \$6,000 of the people's money without legal authority. This left the Board practically no alternative; yet either because Dr. Stowe-Gullen is a woman, or because of underhand influence brought to bear by those whose schemes she checkmated, the entire press of this city in their reports of the meeting ignored Dr. Stowe-Gullen's arguments and combined to keep the public in ignorance of the fact that the appointment of supervisors is illegal. No wonder that public opinion is powerless against abuses when its trusted moulders and guardians act in so despicable a fashion.

ENGLISH royalty doesn't generally run to brains, but it must be admitted that the Duke of York and the Princess May are remarkably gifted.

THE Dominion of Canada was twenty-six years old on Saturday last. Old enough to know better, decidedly.

THE result of the German elections will give the Government a sufficient majority to pass the Army Bill in a somewhat modified form. The most noteworthy feature of the contest has been the very great increase in the Socialist vote, which has risen from 1,300,000 to somewhere about two millions. Socialism will have fifty representatives in the Reichstag, in place of thirty-five. This is a great deal more significant than the fate of the Army Bill. It means that the opposition to militarism and autocracy is crystallizing around and becoming embodied in the Socialist movement. Nothing succeeds like success; and the servile press which ridiculed and abused the Socialists when they were weak, is now disposed to speak quite patronizingly of them, and has discovered that after all they are not the depraved and beer-sodden wretches they have been represented.



BULLETTINS by the Dominion statistician based on the census are still being issued. The next will be devoted to statistics showing Canada's educational status. It is stated that owing to the backwardness of Quebec Province the returns will show that the proportion of illiterates to the whole population is more than twice as large as in the United States. This ought not to be. If the talented statistician had applied the fifteen-cent principle which proved so successful in the discovery of small industries to this branch of the census, and put a premium on literates, the enumerators would have discovered that a great many of those classed as illiterate are not really such bad scholars after all.

If, as the proverb says, "art is long," isn't it strange that artists should be so short?



AN ACCOMPLISHED FLATTERER.

MISS BOSTON—"The poem is beautiful and I have it all in my head, though I cannot repeat it just now."
MR. GALLANT—"Then the poet's lines have fallen in pleasant places."

THOSE CARAVELS.

Air—"Sweet Evening Bells."

THOSE caravels—those caravels,
How could they cross the ocean swells?
With poops so high above the surge
And midships at the waters verge,
Such cranky build the courage tells
Of those who sailed those caravels.

The curious crowd the ships survey
To make a summer holiday,
Their quaint construction idly view
And chaff the swarthy Spanish crew;
And Thompson entertains the swells
To celebrate those caravels.

And thus 'twill be when they are gone,
Fresh sight-seers will still gaze on,
Arriving at the great World's Fair
They'll draw the thronging myriads there.
And jays will seek to know where dwells
Columbus in those caravels.

SELF-MADE.

BIDELIA—"Is the Duchess—her that writes the novels—a real member of the aristocracy."
SAMJONES—"Yes, miss. She's a peeress in her own write, don't you know."

THE TRAMP'S LATEST RACKET.

TIRED TOMPKINS—"Hello, pard. How are you toughing it? You're looking pretty slick."
WALL-EYED DUFFY—"Fus-rate. Dis trip has been a regular picnic."
TOMPKINS—"Struck a new lay?"
DUFFY—"You bet, an' she's a daisy."
TOMPKINS—"Do ye give dem a stiff about lookin' fur work?"
DUFFY—"Naw. Whadjer take me fur?"
TOMPKINS—"Jolly up de dames about der fust class cookin'?"
DUFFY—"Naw, dere onto dat."
TOMPKINS—"Work de explosion or cyclone fake?"
DUFFY—"Dat's no good now."
TOMPKINS—"Victim of a bank smash up?"
DUFFY—"Dat don't go no more neither."
TOMPKINS—"Put me on, and I'll blow yer off to de booze."
DUFFY—"Well den, pard, I'm an English lord what come over to de World's Fair, an' was done up in Chicago. No frien's in dis country an' waiting for remittances from me banker. Dat catches 'em every time."

OMINOUS name for a paper—Toronto Times—always dull, you know.



A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

REPORTER (to policeman who has been stamping about)—“Hello, Jack! What’s the matter? You seem pretty lively to-day. I guess you must be feeling your oats.”

POLICEMAN (lugubriously)—“No; I’m feeling my corn.”

HOW THE SCANDAL ORIGINATED.

THE story which had somehow gained general circulation that Deacon Goodman had been seen at an early hour in the morning considerably under the influence of liquor created a lively sensation. The Deacon was one of the most solid and reputable men in the village, and had been known for years as a total abstainer. Naturally, therefore, his reported fall from grace caused no little commotion in religious circles. It was felt that something must be done about it if church discipline was not to become a hollow mockery; but nobody could be found to prefer a direct charge, because no one seemed to know anything about the matter personally. Rev. Hooper Rupp was rather in a dilemma. Under the circumstances he thought the best thing to do was to call an informal meeting of the leading members of his church, including the delinquent, and lay the whole case before them.

“Brethren,” said the pastor, “you are all aware of the painful circumstances under which we meet. For some time a statement has been in circulation gravely affecting the moral character of Brother Goodman, a trusted member and office-holder of this church. It is asserted that he was seen on the morning of Thursday last in a condition of intoxication. I have thought it better before taking any informal steps, to enquire into the circumstances. Perhaps Deacon Goodman may have some explanation that will set the whole matter straight.”

“No, I have nothing to say, brethren,” replied the Deacon, hotly, “except that the whole story is a falsehood from beginning to end. I never was the worse of liquor in my life—haven’t tasted a drop for years, and

can’t think how such a villainous story originated.”

“If, as I firmly believe,” said the pastor, “Deacon Goodman is the victim of slander, it is important to find out who set the scandal afloat. As none of those present know anything except from what others have told them, perhaps the best way to arrive at the truth is for each to say where he derived his information.”

“It was Brother Jollick who told me,” said one. “He said he had it from a man who saw him drunk.”

“And he told me the same,” said another.

“Is this true, Jollick?” said the pastor.

“Yes. It’s true that I told the brethren what Scottie, the market gardener, told me that he saw with his own eyes.”

“Is Mr. Scottie here?”

“No, but I’ll bring him in a minute,” and in a short time Jollick returned with Scottie.

“Now, Mr. Scottie,” said the pastor, after explaining the purport of the investigation, “Did you tell Brother Jollick that you had seen Deacon Goodman drunk on Thursday?”

“Never!”

“What’s that?” said Jollick.

“I never said siccan a thing ava!”

“Don’t you remember that I met you that morning, and you said that the Deacon had just gone by carrying a large jag?”

“Ou aye! I mind that weel, mon. Thon’s jist what I tellt ye.”

“And just what I told the others,” said Jollick.

“You—you—slanderer! Do you dare to say I was intoxicated?” said the Deacon.

“I said naethin’ o’ the kind, Deacon. I jist said, as I tellt ye, that ye were carryin’ a lairge jag, an’ it seemed to gie Mr. Jollick an awfu’ scunner when I spak o’ the jag, aiblins he thocht I suld hae ca’ed it a petcher.”

A sudden light dawned on the minds of the investigators, and it was agreed unanimously that the mystery had been satisfactorily cleared up.



EASILY EXPLAINED.

SHE—“What’s this? A black hair on your coat? Brute! Villain!”

HE—“Hold on, now. This is my last Summer’s coat, and I haven’t worn it since you got your new golden switch.”

A SAD CASE OF TOTAL DEPRAVITY.

TAKING a lively interest in the question of Sunday observance, and the street car service, I interviewed a large number of citizens of various nationalities, creeds, and social grades. A man whose oily black elbows and knees told of the machine shop, said: "Sunday cars? Not if I know myself. I belong to the union, have fought for shorter hours for the last twenty years. I am going to stand up for my principles. Just think of these poor motor men having to work seven days for six days' pay?"

A man with the smell of drugs in his clothes, said: "This talk of breaking the Sunday is all very well, but just think of the toiler at say \$1.25 a day and a family to keep. How is he going to get out to see the beauties of nature? Would I ride if they were running? Certainly, but I wouldn't vote for them on my own account, because I can afford to hire a rig. It's all to try to help the poor toiler that I will vote for a Sunday service."

Said a man in a wide felt hat, close buttoned black vest and white tie: "Many of the arguments in favor of a Sunday service are plausible, but such arguments are advanced by wicked and designing men who have not the eternal welfare of the public at heart. It is but a step from the Sunday car to the Sunday newspaper and worldly recreations of all sorts. It is a great pity that the vote could not be restricted to the church people," etc.

A real estate man with a solitary gold ring, gold watch and chain, said: "Certainly I will support them, for the sake of humanity and advancement in civilization. Eh? Affect me? Oh, it wouldn't make much difference to me. I have a few properties where likely new lines might run; Sunday traffic there might hurt their sale a little, but I'd willingly stand that to see the dawn of a new era," etc.

A man who came down town to his office on King Street about 11.30 a.m. every day, said: "I hope they won't get them; the Sabbath is a blessed day of rest; if we let it go, down goes religion. Workingmen? We're all working men. No, I don't think I'd ride if they were running; the sacredness of the Sabbath must be respected," etc.

And so it went on. I talked with artists, apple women, bakers, Baptists, brokers, bores, coal dealers, carters, Christian Scientists, doctors, dog-catchers, egg dealers, grocers, hair-dressers, hat men, judges, lawyers, laborers, milkmen, missionaries, negroes, orphans, and so on down the whole list, and they all were of one accord; that is, of two accords. Purely for the sake of sweet religion and the sacredness of the day of rest, or, for the advantage of the poor toiler in the abstract, they



THE RISING GENERATION.

"What is it you are giving him?"
 "Why, only a cake of chocolate."
 "I thought it was Pure Gold yeast. It looks like it."
 "Then you must have concluded I wished to raise the baby."

were all for Sunday cars or against them!

I felt a glow of pride as I thought of the moral altitude of our citizens, for, though they were on opposite sides of the question their motives were entirely altruistic. Surely those that scoffed at "Toronto the Good" would be ashamed of themselves if they knew all this.

Filled with these thoughts, I asked a quiet-looking stranger what he thought.

He said, "I'll vote for them."

"Don't you think it a dangerous precedent to run Sunday cars?"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout no president, but the cars is dangerous any day, if you don't look out."

"Thinking of the condition of the laboring man?"

"No."

"Trying to encourage enterprise and build up our great city?"

"Don't care about it at all."

"Are you a non-union man, philanthropist, socialist, churchman, or what?"

"I'm a plasterer."

"Why do you vote for them?"

"Because I want a cheap handy ride, when I think I need it."

"Does love of your fellow not influence you?"

"What fellow?"

"Are you moved by no feeling of benevolence or patriotism?"

"Trolley moves me."

I looked sternly at him and said, "Friend, you astonish and appal me. For weeks I have been asking hun-



OVER WORKED.

TOWN MAN—"You seem to be worked pretty hard, Boss."

FARMER—"This ain't anythin' ter New York."

TOWN MAN—"How's that?"

FARMER—"Why, when I was to there last fall the city fellers worked me for all I was worth."

dreds, nay, thousands of our citizens about this matter, and they one and all are guided by their sense of duty to their fellow-man; not one of them consider self in the matter. It remains for you alone, in all this great city, to declare yourself in the matter—on purely selfish grounds. I rather admire your brutal honesty, while deploring your want of public spirit. Try, friend, do try to cultivate a trace of consideration for the welfare of humanity. Yours is a rare case of total depravity, which, if fully developed, would sink our population down to the level of common humanity. I will make your case known to the public, that they may guard against it, and, to affect your purification, will mention your case to the morality inspector."

I then left him to reflect on his degraded condition.

O. G. WHITTAKER.

THE RECRUIT.

YON big, brave Highlander in the handsome kilt is not wildly, supremely joyous; a kilterkin of nerve would do much towards sustaining his quaking energies. He hath not yet accustomed himself to the décolleté situation. Yea, verily he blushed accordingly. His petticoat hangeth not properly, or else he hath not sufficient petticoat to hang. Deep in his nethermost heart he uttereth, "O, hang the petticoat," and he wisheth de-

voutly that portion of his raiment that usually covereth the cow's-progeny-part of his limbs was conspicuous by its presence. He feelth almost as classical as a French Section Art Exhibit of the World's Fair, and he bethinketh of the Toronto fair ones he meeteth on the streets thereof. As he museth thusly, he groweth more and more mournfully conscious of the great and unusual void in his attire—he cannot avoid it. He knoweth that yon gushing garland of girls are eyeing his shapeful limbs and he groweth red in the cheeks, yea, he becometh more cheeky and blusheth as a red, red rose. He wisheth he had arose that morning with a Gaelic determination not to don that kilt, or be kilt in the attempt. And the band playeth "Annie Laurie." His Highland enthusiasm refuseth to highly enthuse. He looketh with longing eyelids back to the city gates. His Canadian Scottish soul sigheth sorrowfully. His limbersome limbs ache for the limbo of trouser limit, and his honest Highland heart panteth to become an occupant of the pants he has left behind him.

POLLY.

ITS NORMAL CONDITION.

"HOW'S real estate?"

"Sound asleep."

"Eh?"

"Deep-rest—depressed—tumble?"



IRISH STEW

THE WIDOW GLADSTONE—"Sure an' I dunno f'what to do at all, at all! As soon's I lave that pot to 'tind to this crathur it does be bliin' over."



TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

I.

DEJONES—"Farewell, false woman! For you I plunge into the infinite hereafter. Soon all will be over, and when my cold and lifeless corpse shall be discovered, perhaps then you will heave one sigh and say, 'Alas! Why did I despise him because his hair was red?'"

"Farewell—l—l—" (*Jumps.*)

POTJAG'S PENANCE.

MRS. POTJAG (locutor). *Time 12 p.m.*—And now, Mr. Potjag, that we are alone, I want some explanation as to your diabolical conduct this evening at the Island. You needn't start to snore—but then, that's like you always act when you want to get out of it; but I'm not going to move from this chair till I hear why you flirted with those two young hussies, who ought to have been sent home and spanked into bed, so they ought, right before my eyes, and without any regard for your reputation. *Give you a rest?* No, I won't—you shan't sleep till we come to some understanding about this. Goodness knows, I've worried myself to skin and bone—you needn't laugh; I can hear you under the bed-clothes. What's that?

You feel more like swearing than laughing? I dare say you do; that's your brutal nature, your depraved associates, ah—I knew such company would have its effect; but I'm not going, as I said, to wear myself out endeavoring to keep a roof over our heads and then be insulted in broad daylight by you who promised to love and honor me when we were married, more's the pity. No, *I'm not a talking machine, and I'm not wound up either!* That's like you to throw insults at a defenceless woman, who is too weak to retaliate. But there—never mind; one good thing is it cannot last much longer; what with one worry and another I get nearer the grave every day, and—*So does everyone?* I know they do, and it would be a good thing for some people if they'd keep it in their minds, and alter their ways; but it's no use, it's like throwing water on a duck's back to give you good advice. You're too fond of those drunken loafers you go round with to give any heed to what I say.

Go and bag myself? No, Potjag, I shall not go and

bag myself, although I don't know what that may mean; some more of your horrible slang, I suppose. I'm shocked, I'm horrified to hear such language from one to whom I've tied myself in this life—heaven save me. It's a pity you can't keep such language at the saloons, where you get it, instead of polluting your wife's ears with it whenever she tries to say a civil word. I want you to understand that *I'm not singing it*, but it's enough to make a saint swear, the way you try to choke me off whenever I say a word. No, *I'm not getting excited*, although I know you'd like to see me that way. You wouldn't care if you drove me to the asylum, through your cruel treatment, not you. What? *You wish I was there already.* That settles it! I knew I should hear something worse before long and it's come at last. I should be ashamed to give voice to such an expression before me, who have nursed and tended you like a very slave. You think it very fine, I dare say, to tell me to *go and chase myself*; but I won't. I'm going to stay right here and tell you what a monster you have become since we were married.

You ought to have stayed single, then? Yes, you ought, instead of trying to drag a woman who is too good for you by half, down to your own level. No, I shall not *go and boil* myself, though you'd like to see me lying stark at your feet, I daresay. Potjag, you're a villain, without a grain of manliness in you, and I'm sure I don't know what I ever saw in you to marry you. No, *I'm not talking like a drivelling idiot*, but as sure as heaven is my judge, I'll make an alteration pretty soon or I'll know the reason why. Oh! mother, why did I leave you—and—home—to—go—and—and—and—and—

Here Potjag fell into a sweet deep nightmare.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.



TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

II.

But his cold and lifeless corpse was never found, and when his head was mended they were married and lived happy ever after, etc.

SCHOOL EXAMINATION ANSWERS

MACHINE-MADE, BUT WARRANTED JUST AS FUNNY AS THE GENUINE ONES.

QUESTION—Who was Martin Luther?

ANSWER—Luther was the first Reformer and the Tories put him in prison and wanted to kill him, which made him mad and he said he would go to the devil if the worms were as thick as tiles on the roofs. As the worms weren't so thick as that he didn't go but started the Lutheran Church, where they preach in Dutch.

QUESTION—State what you know of William the Conqueror?

ANSWER—William was called the Conqueror because he came from Norway and conquered the Irish at the Battle of Boyne. He rode a white horse, which reared up and stood on its hind legs and was King of England. He started the first Orange Lodge and destroyed a great many farms and villages to make the New Forest.

QUESTION—Who was Homer and what work did he write?

ANSWER—Homer was a poet, who was celebrated for



A FRIGID RECEPTION.

ETHEL—"I try to chill him every time he calls."

EDITH—"Well, that is the proper way to give him the shake, dear."

being born in seven places at once. He wrote the Iliad which tells about the capture of Troy, N.Y., by the Greeks and the Odd Essay about Ulysses S. Grant. When he had wrote them he got the Pope to translate them into English because he was blind, but it didn't pay and he had to beg for a living.

QUESTION—Give an account of the Battle of Waterloo?

ANSWER—The Battle of Waterloo was fought on a large field, which they hired for that purpose. The French tried to drive the English out of it and tramped down the crops, but the English stood to their posts right by the fence until Wellington said "Up guards and swat them." When Napoleon saw that all was lost he got into a hack and drove to Paris. Many people were killed—some of them fatally and the battle is allowed to be the brightest diadem in the British Crown.

QUESTION—What was the cause of the American Revolution, and how did it end?

ANSWER—The Americans revolted because the English was always putting tacks in their tea. They proclaimed their independence on Bunker's Hill and elected George Washington president because he was the only man who couldn't tell a lie and allowed every man to vote except women.

QUESTION—Who was Louis XVI and how did he die?

ANSWER—Louis XVI was King of France at the time of the Revolution, which was carried unanimously to cut off his head. He belonged to the Bourbon dynasty and lived in a palace at Versailles with his Queen and the Dolphin. Robbie Spear and Murat had him took through the streets and guillotined so they could get the Palace themselves. He never smiled again.



NOT A DOG FANCIER.

DUDE—"Have you any trousers that are dyed with arsenical colors?"

TAILOR—"I don't know. What do you want that kind for?"

DUDE—"I want to buy a pair of trousers that may be eaten, and I don't want the dog to recover."

LIFE is a jest, no doubt, but a man must have a keen sense of humor to see where the laugh comes in.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

FARMER—"Here, you young cub, what'r yew adoin' in my apples?"

BOY—"I ain't in your apples."

FARMER—"Yes you be, too."

BOY—"Yer wrong, Pop, 'cause, judging by my feelin's, I think some of your apples must be in me."

WHERE DOES THE CANUCK COME IN?

THE racial question long had been
An issue in our town,
And Binks reporting hied him forth
To jot opinions down.

A *Canadien Francais gai*

By chance came in his way:

"Rapporteur? Tres bien! Ver goot!
By gar! I 'ave some say."

"Ce pays—zis vot you call countree

It all belong to we;
Vous comprenez, we mean to 'ave
La Gloire et Liberté.

Ze Irish zey vill 'ave to go,
Also ze Allemand
In notre Premier Mercier donc
Tiens le President!"

A sturdy Deutscher next was met,
Who thus his thoughts express'd;
"Dot subject vos a stirring von
Vot vont did got no rest.
Ach Himmel! all der loafer French
They gleaned right oud vill pe;
Ve'll go und trink zwei lagern mit
Der health of Shermanny."

An Irishman not on the bill
Was prompt in speaking thus:
"Begorra, oi'm an Irishman
An' divil a cint the wuss.
The furriners 'll have to go,
Yez want to shove it down;
An' then we'll make a Donnybrook
Uv this throe Irish town."

A Scotsman then of unco brawn
And smelling of the heather,
Says "Paddy, dang thy supple snoot,
We will na pull thegither.
By a' the bluid o' a the Macs
We soon'll hae the day
When a' the land frae glen to hill
Will sing oot Scots wha hae."

The native of far Europe's south
With active pantomime
Gave Binks some pointers, he was from
Italia's sunny clime.
"Cospetto! I an keepa stall,
Sell pea-nut and banana;
Italiano he called John,
He like-a Canada."

"This blarsted country is too cold"
The Cockaigne vote thus spoke
"The bloomin' bloke as stays out 'ere
Ain't fit to be a moke.
I'm Hinglish and I says, old min,
The chap as hangs out 'ere
'll never know the pleasure of
A glawss of Hinglish beer."

The "shentleman" of nasal note
Semitical by birth,
Said, "Now mine friendt, I dink it vos
Der vinest landt on earth.
I sell mine gloathes at bottom cosht,
Mit helluf off of it;
Yust shtep inside, I sell a shuit
Dot vos a puffedt fit."

The heathen Chineee, last of all,
In answering was quick;
"No likee me Amelika
Me go back belly slick.
Washee, washee, allee day long
Sam f'on-kee that my name
De dollar tly to slip away
Me gettee allee same."

In the sanctum Binks was seated
With clouded, weary brain;
But the sight of ink and paper
Only seemed to give him pain.
What a chaos of the nations
To unravel—O, hard lot;
Guess I'll take a brimming pony
Before I write a jot.

WATERLOO DICRUSNAME.



PERHAPS HE WAS INDISPOSED.

BRIDGET—"The gentleman for the back rent wants to know if your husband is in."

MRS. HARDUP—"Well, Bridget, suppose you go up-stairs and ask him."

ÆSOP TO DATE.

No. 13.

THE TWO TREES.

TWO Trees stood on a Hillside. One of Them had blossomed forth and Decked Itself in a resplendent Leafy Crown. The other was Old and Decayed, bore no Leaves and was merely an Excrescence upon the Hour-glass of Father Time. Said the Young Tree, "Old man, ain't it time You took a Tumble? You must be near as Old as a Spring Chicken." "Shiver my Timbers," exclaimed the Ancient Tree, which was partial to Swearing, being of a Nautical Disposition; "Wait till the First big Wind comes Along, and starts to blow Through your Whisk—I mean Leaves; then you'll wish You were as Bald-Headed as I am." The Wind, which was Passing at the Moment, overheard the Remark, and with a Shriek of Laughter started to Exert its Force against the Younger Tree. The latter, after a Stubborn Resistance to its Fierce Onslaught, was at last Fain to Yield, and as it Lay Dying upon the Sward, where the Wind had rudely Cast it, observing its rugged Companion which still stood Sentinel, like King Lear defying the storm, It turned and said—and here comes the

MORAL:

"Beauty is Often a Source of Danger, especially in a Breach of Promise Case."

I'M A JOLLY OLD BACH.

NO bairns have I to bother my life,
No wife to prove a bad match;
I've neither worry, care, nor strife,
For I'm a jolly old bach.

I have no cause to save a dime,
My clothes I do not patch;
I always put in a good time,
For I'm a jolly old bach.

If I should stay out half the night,
My key I have to the latch;
And no one scolds if I get tight,
For I'm a jolly old bach.

I often get invited out,
For mammas all deem me a catch,
But they'll get left I have no doubt,
For I'm a jolly old bach.

TARIO

SOME DO IT ON LESS.

TEACHER—"Can any of you explain the meaning of the following lines from Goldsmith?"

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

TOMMY WROTT—"I know, sir. He fooled the store-keepers by putting on style and got tick for all he wanted."



LAYING THE WIRES.

"NOW, Borax," said Samjones, "when we meet at Bobchick's this evening I want you to bring up the subject of City Solicitor Biggar's visit to England."

"All right; I'll do it."

"Then when the company are in a receptive condition I'll throw in a remark about the importance of his duties."

"Just so."

"Which will give you the opportunity to say that he will be very much missed. Be sure you use the word 'missed.'"

"Well, I'm on—and then?"

"Why, that will be my cue to say that 'so great a criminal ought to be sent to Penitentiary,' or 'no wonder that crime flourishes when officials are guilty of rank offences,' something like that. You needn't say anything more unless you like. Somebody else will be sure to ask for an explanation."

"What joke will you spring on them, then?"

"Don't you see?—Biggar-missed—bigamist. That'll go splendidly, if you only help me to work up to it."

CYNICISMS.

FROM THE NEW SOCIETY DRAMA BY TROLLEY TAME.

HABIT will reconcile one to anything—even to marriage.

Modesty is merely a synonym for inexperience.

I once knew a perfectly happy man. He was an idiot.

Marriage is a degree worse than hanging. One is a failure, while the other is a suspension.

Nobody is so tiresome as a bad woman—except a good one.

Men practice vices which are disagreeable to them in order to escape the stigma of being virtuous.

Discretions is nine-tenths of reputation.

Many people who pose as moralists are simply blast.

**MISINTERPRETED.**

SHORTY—"Have you many horse fanciers out here?"
MR. AUSTIN—"Not many now. We've managed to nab and hang most of them."

THE COTTAGE BY THE CREEK.

(AFTER LOCKSLEY HALL.)

NEIGHBORS, leave me here a little, ere the sun doth grow too hot,
When you want me you can call me, over the potato plot.

'Tis the place, and all around it, the mosquitoes refuge seek,
Numerous insects of the backwoods, round the Cottage by the Creek.

Cottage, that within the distance, overlooks the village mill,
And the some half dozen houses, and the school-house on the hill.

Many a night by yonder casement, struggling with some icy tacks,
Have I tried in vain to cover the innumerable cracks.

Many a night when down at zero, as I freezing lay in bed,
Have I seen the clear stars shining thro' the roof above my head.

Here, about the creek I wander'd, with an axe and with a pail,
Or went struggling thro' the snowdrifts eagerly to get the mail.

In the winter (back at Creekdale) you are filled with many woes,
In the winter there are hanging icicles from chin and nose.

In the winter one is troubled with cold hands and frozen feet,
At this time a young man's fancy lightly turns to things to eat.

Then I said: "My cousin Ronald, buckwheat pancakes are not bad,
And in fact they are the only things that can just now be had."

On his frozen cheeks and forehead came a color and a fire,
And he early rose next morning, buckwheat pancakes his desire.

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing I might speak too strong,"
Saying, "Six weeks I've been frozen, now I'll have a fire ere long."

So he did; the roof was burning nicely in an hour, about,
And the neighbors all came running with their pails to put it out.

Many a morning did we wrestle with the butter and the bread,
Knives were useless, and we had to use a chopper in their stead!

Many an evening did we struggle to attain our heart's desire,
Which was but the final gaining of a somewhat better fire!

O, that cottage, frozen-hearted! where we nearly met our doom,
Pass'd to other hands and made into the Creekdale Reading Room.

Is it well to wish them happy?—having known us so to freeze
Reading Rev. Smith's selections, sitting warm and at their ease

Yet it shall be—they shall warm thee, as, alas we never could,
Cover up each crack and crevice, pile the stove and stack the wood.

As the landlord is—the house is; thou art owned by one at last,
Who will have thee double-windowed, papered, painted, perhaps roughcast.

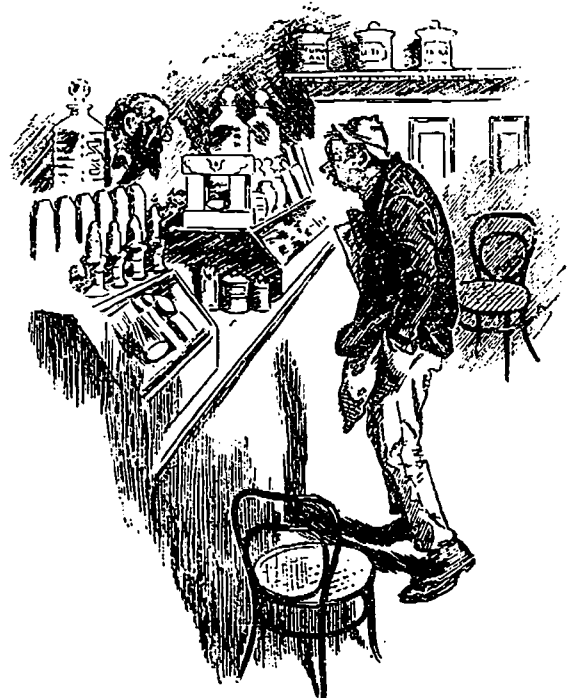
Howsoever these things be, yet farewell, Cottage by the Creek!
Now for me thy walls may tremble, now for me thy roof may leak.

Let the seasons bring their changes—floods and blackflies, fire and snow,
The mosquitoes are arising, making for me—and I go.
LILIAN CLAXTON.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

SNOOZER—"Hello, Boozer—goin' to blow us off for the lager?"

BOOZER—"Naw—can't raise the wind."

**MENTAL STRAIN.**

CHEMIST—"What is the matter with you?"

PAINTER—"Too much brain work told on me; bin tryin' to work out the problem 'ow to spin out a hour's work hover three days."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

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CLEARING THE BREAKERS.

OBJECTING PARENT—"Yes; I know how it is with you young people. You'd get along all right so long as the sea is calm and it is smooth sailing; but what would you do in case of a squall?"

PRACTICAL SUITOR—"Well, if the worst comes to the worst, we can employ a nurse."
—Puck.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"WHY do you sign your name J. John B. B. Bronson?" asked Hawkins.

"Because it is my name," said Bronson. "I was christened by a minister who stuttered."
—Life.

GIRLS, be very shy about marrying a man who can suppress a full-grown sneeze in church. It indicates a bull-headed amount of will-power which will interfere with your happiness some day.

NEWLY-MARRIED HOUSEWIFE (*suspiciously*)—"This milk looks very thin."

MILK DEALER (*who has had experience*)—"Yessum. Of course, mum. Come from a thin cow, you know."

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS.

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AN INVARIABLE OCCURRENCE.

THE irrepressible dude, very early in life, Falls in love with each maiden he sees; In fact he no sooner gets down on his lip, Than he's apt to get down on his knees.
—Brooklyn Life.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

HE (*pleading*)—"Would you love me if I were rich?"

SHE—"I can't say as to that, but I'd probably marry you."
—Detroit Free Press.

THE forthcoming number of the *Quarterly Illustrator* will be a *special summer issue*, and will contain over 200 superb illustrations, by 110 well-known artists. This exceptionally large number of illustrations, and the unusual interest of the articles which they accompany, make the third issue of this popular magazine the finest single publication of any art journal ever put forth in this country. The size has been increased to 104 pages of reading matter, and the work of many eminent painters and illustrators is found in this number of the *Quarterly Illustrator*. A novel attraction is an article on the summer studios of most of our leading artists, with numerous drawings of their warm weather ateliers, made especially for this number of the *Quarterly Illustrator* by the artists themselves. This notable issue will make its appearance about July 5th. [The *Quarterly Illustrator*, published by Harry C. Jones, 92-96 Fifth Ave., New York.]

MR. M. A. THOMAS is now at St. Leon Springs, where he has assumed the management of the Palatial hotel there.

NO HURRY.

EATON SALTZER—"Where are those oysters I ordered on the half shell?"

WAITER—"Don't get impatient, sah. We're dresse sho't on shells, but yo're next."

NO TELLING.

MR. WHOOPENUP, of Harlem, reached home at three o'clock in the morning one day last week.

"William, is that you?" asked his wife. "W-w-why!" said William with profound surprise, "w-who else d-did y-you expect?"

SHORT-LIVED USEFULNESS.

"WAS your new setter of any use to you when you went hunting?"

"Oh, yes; he made it possible for me to say I killed something without lying."

A FORE-HANDED FIGHTER.

BUTTS—"They say Corbett is a very economical fellow and saves his money."

WUITS—"That's all right. A man in his business has to be close-fisted to succeed."
—Brooklyn Life.

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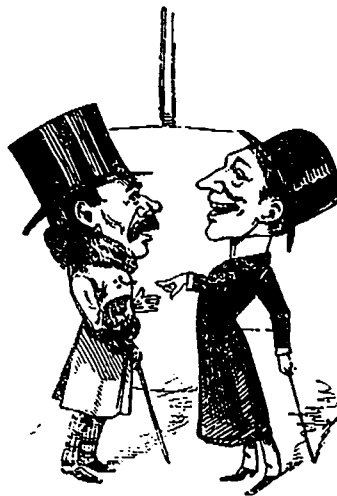
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