

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

PHENIX 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.

## DRESSMAKER'S MAGIC SCALE

A perfect tailor system of garment cut-  
 ting for ladies and children.  
 Also instructions in Men's and Boy's  
 Clothing.

: MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :  
 General Agent, Ontario.  
 4½ Shuter Street, - Toronto.

## WATERPROOF . . . and GUMMED LABELS

Printed to order for all purposes.  
 DRUGGISTS' AND  
 MANUFACTURERS' USES  
 SAMPLES FREE . AGENTS WANTED  
 ADDRESS :  
 E. L. HURST, Label Works,  
 411 Yonge St., Toronto.

## 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 ST. E.  
 (Rear Entrance from Colborne St.)



51 KING ST. W. 152 YONGE ST.  
 68 JARVIS ST.

## STAMMERING . . . Permanently Cured

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 WAREHOUSES  
 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. F. 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. TRETHEWEY, 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,

609 YONGE & KING, ROOM 15



## Paine's Celery Compound

IS  
NOT A PATENT MEDICINE  
but a regular prescription,  
whose value is recognized by  
the Medical Profession.

If your system is run down  
If your nerves are out of order  
If you can't sleep well

Try it and be Cured.  
Sold by all Druggists.

## Nixey's "Silver . . . Moonlight" Stove Polish

SOLD - BY - ALL - GROCERS

CHAS. : GYDE

AGENT,

33-51 St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

THE PEOPLES COAL CO.

1. GOOD QUALITY

2. ON HAND

3. HARD COAL

4. \$5 TO A TON

5. WE EXTEND A HELPING HAND TO THE COAL CONSUMER.

6. LOW PRICE

7. GUARANTEED

8. CLEAN BURNING

9. ALWAYS

10. FULFILLING

### "I Dread the Coal Cart."

Remarked a gentleman as he presented himself at our head office and enquired if we delivered in bags without extra charge. Like hundreds others he had experienced a taste of having his lawn destroyed by cart wheels. No need for alarm if you deal at the People's Coal Company. Our improved system of delivery, entirely by bags, avoids all unpleasantness in this way.

Then There's No Clinkers,  
No Noise, No Dust.

People's Coal Company,  
Head Office:  
Cor. Queen and Spadina.



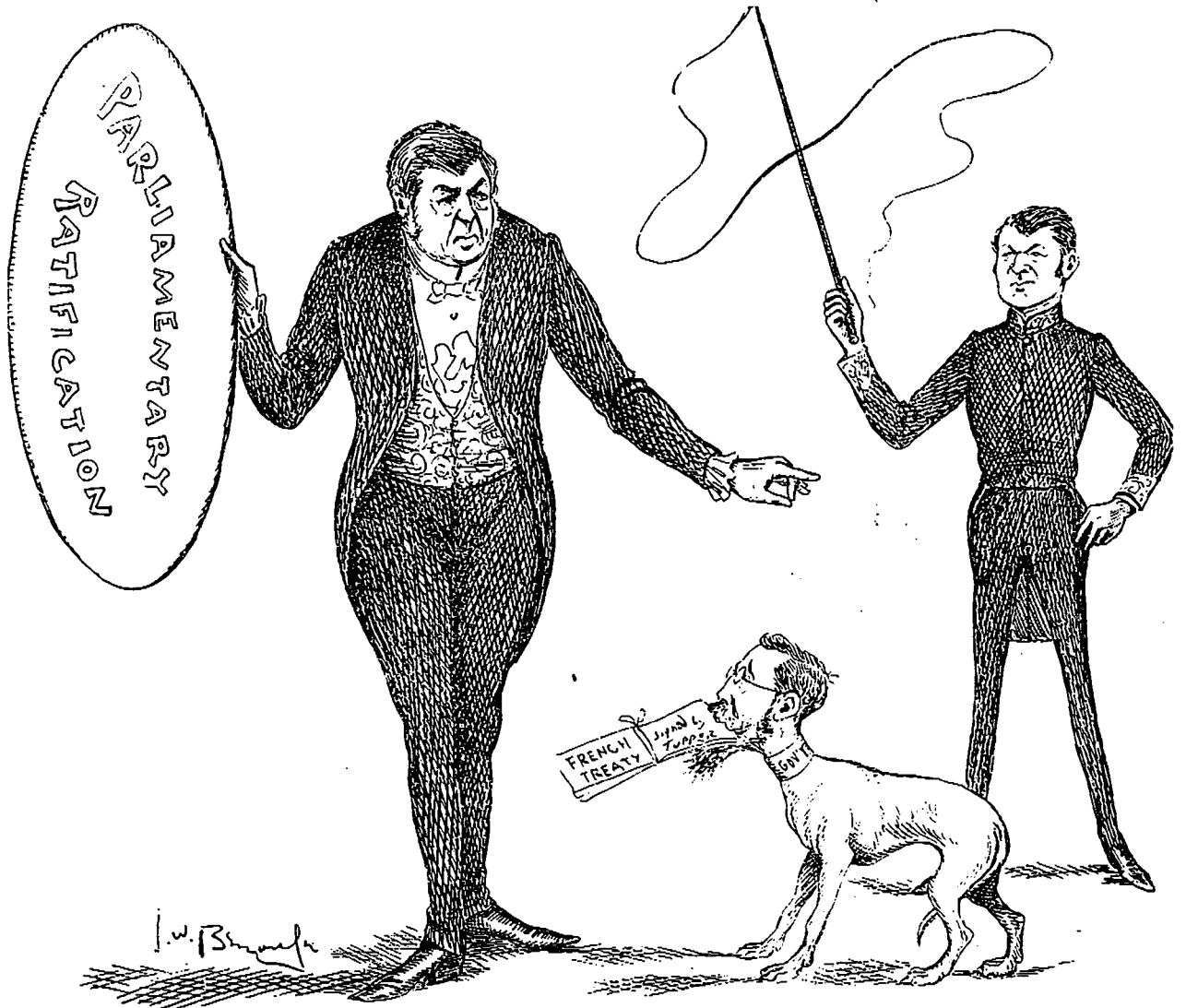
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1063

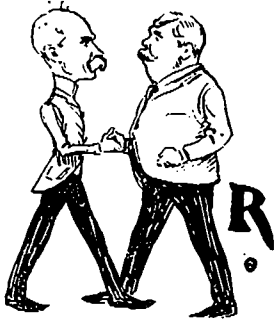
*The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.*

No. 15.



"HE WHO MUST BE OBEYED."  
PROF. TUPPER—"NOW, THEN, THROUGH WITH IT—QUICK!"

**KENNEDY'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.**



MAYOR KENNEDY has been condemned by some and applauded by others for his refusal to extend civic courtesies to the License Holders' Convention, which met in Toronto last week. His reason for refusing to perform the duty—for in view of the many precedents it seems to be among the duties of the office to give a reception to every convention that

comes to town—was the strong position he holds on the Liquor question. He declined to act the hypocrite in extending a "welcome" to people who, from his point of view, were *not* welcome. Either his consistency or his courtesy had to go, and he preferred to sacrifice the latter. But he might have saved both, easily enough. Had Mr. GRIP been Mayor he would have invited the delegates to assemble in the Council Chamber, and after a nice little luncheon of sandwiches and ginger ale, and a short season of social intercourse, he would have mounted the dias and made a polite address,—something to this effect:—

*Gentlemen,*—I am no doubt known to you as a thorough-going prohibitionist, so you will hardly anticipate any words of sincere welcome to an audience of License Holders; but I also trust you will not expect a display of hypocrisy on my part. You came to our city as a body of men representing two distinct interests, viz. hotel-keeping and liquor selling. As hotel-keepers I extend to you a most cordial welcome. You are engaged in a most useful, nay, an indispensable business, and as a body I do not know of any class of the community more genial, kindly, whole-souled and generous, than our hotel keepers. You have my heartfelt wishes for your prosperity as such. I trust the result of your deliberations as a convention will be greater attention to the important details of that business, to wit, good meals, wholesome cookery, prompt and polite service, clean rooms, good beds and peaceful rest at night for your guests. As Liquor Sellers I have no words of welcome for you. Your otherwise respectable and useful houses are only cursed by the attachment called the bar-room—a thing which has no more necessary connection with a hotel than with a butcher shop or dry goods store. I regard it as the open gate of hell, a pit-fall for youth; a sink-hole of all villainy and corruption. Some of you, I regret to say, look upon it as the chief portion of your business. So long as there is money in the bar, you care little or nothing for the hotel department, and hence we have more filthy and ill-kept houses than the public ought to put up with. As liquor sellers I despise you, but not more, I believe, than you despise yourselves. You must feel pretty mean to be taking the money of your fellow men in exchange for that which can only curse and degrade them—and I tell you plainly, whether you like it or not, that the money in your bar-room tills is stained with blood, and you will be held accountable hereafter for every drop of that blood and for every tear your liquor is causing. My advise to you is, clean out your bar-rooms. You may make less money, but you will enjoy more respect, and the public will enjoy better hotels. Gentlemen, I have no more to say.

**"THE SPOILT CHILD."**

THE spoilt child of the Committee, Harcourt said was Clancy;  
 "Spare the rod and spoil the child,"  
 Was a maxim of Aunt Nancy.  
 Now, if the Committee would save  
 This wayward member, fickle,  
 They'll try Aunt Nancy's remedy  
 With a stout rod in pickle.

**THE KILTIES.**

HAVE ye seen the Kilties?—Have ye seen *the lads*?  
 Have ye seen the pipers, and the philabegs?  
 Have ye seen them marching out in this cold weather?  
 Are not they the dandies—the lads frae o'er the heather?

Have ye seen the Kilties?—Have ye seen them muster?  
 Sergeant Graham drilling—isn't he a "buster"?  
 Have ye seen 'em parading—stepping out together—  
 Wi' bonnets and wi' tartans—the lads frae o'er the heather?

Have ye seen the Kurnel—wi' his sword and sash on—  
 How grand he wore his bonnet—in right Highland fashion,  
 Ramsays and McPhersons, Scotch bairns a' together,  
 The officers who lead the lads frae o'er the heather.

Let us toast the Kilties—long live the Hielanmen,  
 Their dads have shown a prowess they can show again;  
 No fear that in the battle they'll show the craven feather,  
 For always in the van march the lads frae o'er the heather.

TIM O'DAV.

**BINDER TWINE!**

I WENT to the House one fine afternoon,  
 To hear all I could of the spouting;  
 "Binder twine!" "Binder twine!" that was the tune,  
 Both sides kept lustily shouting.  
 "Binder twine!" "Binder twine!" waste and expense!  
 The Opposition kept bawling;  
 "Not at all," said Hardy, with excellent sense,  
 "Hemp for prisoners is no new calling."

**AFTER THE CONCERT.**

"How did you like Miss Squawk's high notes?"  
 "Not very much, old fellow. But I think we all liked  
 them a good deal better than she did—to judge by the faces  
 she made taking them."

**SHE GOT EVEN WITH HIM.**

HUSBAND, — vituperatively—"I was a fool when I married  
 you, Mary!"  
 WIFE,—quietly—"Yes, Tom. I knew you were!—But  
 what could I do. You seemed my only chance—and I  
 thought *then* that you might improve a little with time?"

**FAMILIAR OUTLINES.**



FOR PARTICULARS ENQUIRE AT INGERSOLL, ONT.

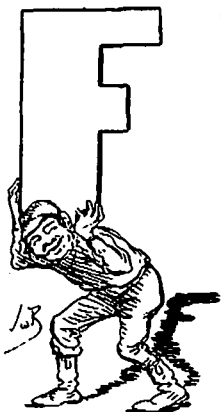


EQUIVOCAL.  
AT THE DOG SHOW.

MISS VERE DE VERE—"Here comes Emily Flirtleigh, and, as usual, she has a puppy on a string."

THE NEW SLICK.  
CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER ACCIDENTAL MEETING—SOME FREE CRITICISMS OF THE PRESS.



FORTUNE favored me with another meeting with Mr. Reuben Slick about a week after our somewhat abrupt parting recounted in the last chapter. I was on my way home to Halifax, and had just opened a freshly received copy of the *Emancipator* when the Traveller in the clock line entered the car and caught my eye. Fortunately the seat beside me was vacant, and he immediately deposited himself therein.

"Ha! Pleased to meet you agin, Mr. Quiller," he said as we shook hands. "Gittin' hum, I calc'late, sir?"

"Yes," I replied, "and not sorry to say so."

"'No place like hum,' that's so, sir. And that's one reason why I'm glad this Province gin that loud shout for Prohibition in the Plebiscite vote. The hum and the saloon won't mix any more'n ile and water. And speakin' of water," he went on, "I jest ben across the Straits. Jest got back from Charlottetown."

"Indeed!" said I—"and how do you find things on the Island."

"Not so good as they're agoin' to be when Peters gets his new scheme of taxation to work. What do you think of his scheme yourself, I suppose the *Emancipator* has had

somehin' to say about it?" And Mr. Slick paused for reply.

"Yes, the *Emancipator* has expressed the opinion that Mr. Peters is moving in the right direction," said I.

"Pretty safe sort of opinion, too—might mean most anything, hey, like the Chinese writin' on a tea box?"

I took this rather caustic remark as amiably as I knew how. The truth was I had not thoroughly posted myself on the latest phases of Island politics, having been absent from the helm of the *Emancipator* on a somewhat extended tour after advertisements and subscriptions.

"Speakin' of newspaper opinions in this Province," resumed Mr. Slick, apparently judging that he might speak freely on the subject, "it strikes me there's too much party shankles about it. The day has gone by for the party organ—like the street organ, its a mere mechanical thing and it gits monstrous tiresome to a feller that wants to think. There's the *Herald* for instance, a right smart paper, 'ceptin' when it comes to politics, it goes clean crazy. And the *Chronicle* suffers from the same complaint."

"I suppose you noticed that Mr. Cahan was defeated in the late election?" I interjected.

"Yes, and if I ever run accross him and git an introduction I'm goin' to congratulate him on it. Newspaper editors hain't got no business in Parliament, and ef they had a proper conceit of their own importance they wouldn't 'low themselves to be elected. It's lowerin' to their dignity, though I don't say but what the statesman business is respectable enough too, *in its place*."

QUERY.—Is not a burglar an enter-pris-ing man?

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR A LORD.—A pier glass.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no Captain?—Courtship.

**SIGNOR ANCONA.**



**BARITONE OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA CO.**  
(Portrait reprinted from the New York Herald.)

NOTE.—Sig. Ancona's great part is that of the Toreador, and he seems to trim his moustache and whiskers *en rob.* It has only been necessary to add an indication of eye and nostril to the bull's head which he so appropriately wears on his chin.

**MARTIN AND TARTE.**

**W**ITH threatenings and slaughter  
Breathing from his heart  
Against the yellow Martin,  
To Ottawa came Tarte ;  
And with keen anticipation  
Of the pickle he'd put Tarte in,  
To Ottawa from Winnipeg  
Came on the fighting Martin.

But when in the Russell  
There happened a tussel  
And one of this Joe's  
Redoubtable foes  
Took hold of his nose  
And gave him some blows  
And rumbled his clothes.

Then in that awful moment,  
His grievance Tarte forgot,  
And came to Martin's rescue  
Instantly, like a shot ;  
And Martin thanked and blessed him,  
And now they're bosom friends,  
So thus, through tribulation,  
The vexed School-question ends.

Is a Bachelor of Arts an artful bachelor?  
A **FLOURISHING BUSINESS.**—Ornamental writing.  
Every bird pleases us with its lay—especially the hen.

**A YOUNG ENTOMOLOGIST.**

**T**HE open window of a grocer's shop in which is displayed the greenest cabbage, crispest of celery, rosy-cheeked apples, delicious tempting grapes.  
The small street gamin eyes it all so longingly. Could he get something. Just one? Perhaps.  
Stealthily, noiselessly, he approaches the window. A quick snatch and he has his prize.  
But the quick eye of the clerk catches sight of him. He runs. The clerk follows. The chase is short. He is almost within reach of his pursuer. "I'll catch you, you young rascal!" says the nimble shopman. "Catch me den, dat's all I got!" turning round and opening his hand the young thief shows his plunder—a small green grasshopper.

**THE GRATEFUL FLY.**

**O**NCE while a man was eating his breakfast on a summer morning, he saw a fly stuck fast in the butter.

His first idea was to let it die by the point of his knife to the slow music of bad words, but being in the main a kind-hearted man, better thoughts came to him and he decided to spare its life.

So this kind, good man tenderly removed the fly, gently scraped the butter off its little legs; carefully wiped its wings with his table-napkin; and softly stroking its little back, set it at liberty.

A few days after this, the man came home one afternoon very tired. His wife and family were away at the sea-side, so, locking the door after him, he went upstairs and threw himself on the bed, thinking he would have a good sleep.

He had not slept more than half an hour when he was awakened by a fly which kept tickling his nose. He brushed it off and tried to settle to sleep again, but it was no use—the fly would give him no peace. It buzzed about his head, crawled over his face, and tried to pry open his eyes, till in desperation he got up to go down stairs, thinking he would lie down on the parlour sofa.

As he was descending the stairs a clinking noise in the dining-room attracted his attention, and he quietly went to the door.

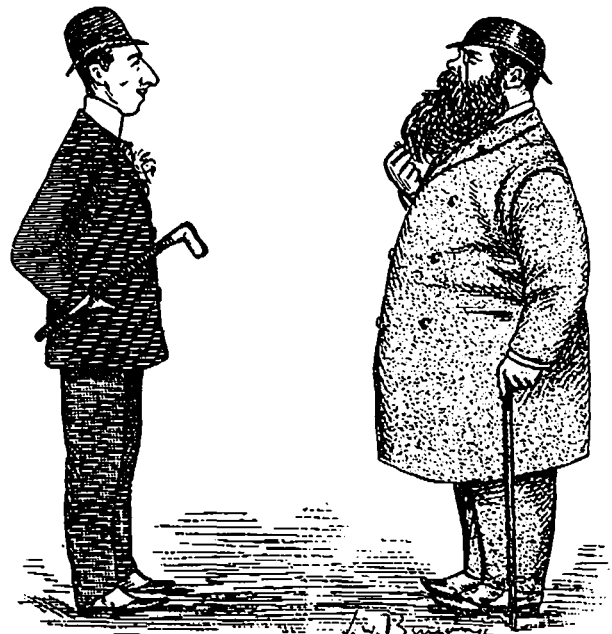
There was a burglar!

He was just putting the last of the family silver into his basket preparatory to carrying it away, but when he saw the owner he dropped his plunder and fled through the open window.

The fly, which had followed the man down stairs, buzzed triumphantly over the basket, and then settled confidently upon his hand. And looking at it closely the man saw, by a certain shiny look that lingered yet about its body, that it was the same fly that he had rescued from the butter.

He had spared its life, and in gratitude, it had saved his silver.

Thus we see that kind actions rarely go unrewarded.



**HAIRY PERSIFLAGE.**

JONES—"I didn't care for your whiskers a bit at first, Smith, but I like them better every time I see you. They seem to grow on me."

SMITH—"Ah, but don't you only wish they *did!*"



**THE NEW SPRING TARIFF SUIT.**

THOMPSON (*Fashionable Political Tailor*)—"There, sir, with a few slight amendments that suit will fit you like a glove, and give excellent satisfaction; the material, you observe, is the real genuine Protective Principle, stamped N. P."

CANADIAN CONSUMER—"Yes; but I begin to think the material is almost too heavy for comfort—I haven't enough *freedom* in it, you know, Sir John."



**A SUGGESTION.**

To the committee which has in hand the advertising of Toronto. Why not try the Patent Medicine man's system? The above might be a bit of landscape, say in the immediate vicinity of Hamilton.

**THE DOCTOR'S REVENGE.**

As they were following each other through the deepest puddles the unkind Spring sunshine had left them, the Doctor drove by and shook his head with a disapproving smile as he observed their pastime.

"Say," remarked Johnny to his six year old chum, with an explanatory jerk in the direction of the receding gig, "d'you know him? He's nice, aint he?"

"Why?"

"Oh, one time I wasn't well and they were giving me all sorts of nasty stuff, and he came and told Pa I was to get chicken an' jelly, an' sponge cake an' cream an' they'd better take me for a visit to the sea-side. An' they did and I'd a scrumptious time. D'you like him?"

"Like him nothing!" growled the filler of the rubber boots behind.

"You don't? Why now I don't believe my Mother likes him either, for yesterday morning when he was calling at our house I saw her stick her tongue out at him, right to his face, mind you, too! Wasn't it awful rude of her? I never saw her do such a thing to any one before. But he didn't seem to care a bit."

"Don't you believe it! He only pretended he didn't. You'd better mind out how you behave to that old bloke, he's an awful mean man! Do you know what he did to me?"

"What?"

"Well, one night after Christmas when I was sick with a pain in my stomach he happened to come to our house, and began poking me all over an' asking rediculus questions till I was so mad I wanted to hit him. Ma wouldn't let me but said to put my tongue out. I was s'prised but I did as far as ever I could and made an awful ugly face at him, and then he stopped bothering me."

"Was he mad at you fer makin' faces?"

"Mad? Oh, he didn't seem to care just then, only laughed. I guess he was scared to touch me with Ma and Pa both there. But the dirty sneak went home and sent the nastiest stuff they keep in the drug store for me to take, an, they made me take it. Oh! when I'm big enough to run a little quicker won't I ring his door bell, and break his windows for him!"

In the tumult of his feelings, forgetting to walk carefully, Tommy here lost his balance, and, clutching his youthful companion in his fall, they both gave their new suits an opportunity of proving that the dealer who had sold them for "unshrinkable" was an honest man.

And every one who saw them part company knew as well as if they had followed them indoors, that each boy would indignantly complain to his mother, in explanation of his muddy garments that, "It wasn't my fault! I was just playin' as careful as careful, on the dry part like you told me to, an' that nasty boy next door came and shoved me into a puddle, so he did!"

Alice Ashworth.

**THE PARLIAMENTARY ALPHABET.**

A is for Angers, whose farming is "mixed";  
 B is for Bowell, in the Senate who's fixed;  
 C is for Cartwright who wields a long spear;  
 D is for Daly, whom Toronto folk jeer;  
 E is for Ellis, a patriot true;  
 F is for Foster, who hates "Mountain Dew;"  
 G is for McGreevy, who's just out of jail,  
 And for the kind Government moved by his wail;  
 H is for Haggart, of Section "B" fame;  
 I is for Bullock Ives, breed much the same;  
 J is for Justice—John Thompson's his name;  
 K is for Kickers, of Number Eight fame;  
 L is for Langevin, scapegoat for all;  
 M is for Montague, round as a ball;  
 N is for Nobody, does all the wrong;  
 O's for O'Brien, a good man and strong;  
 P's for Protection, a most empty sound;  
 Q is for Queer Street, to which we are bound;  
 R is for Robbers, by whom we're waylaid;  
 S is for Sanford, a tailor by trade;  
 T is for Tarte, a humbug complete;  
 And also for Tupper, who governs our fleet;  
 U is for Unity, Orange and Green;  
 V's for Vankoughnet who's got away clean;  
 W's for Wallace, Controller, good soul;  
 X the Xpenditure—he cannot control;  
 Y is for Veo, from Prince Edward who came,  
 And Z is the party who's watching the game.

**SCOTTISH BITS.**

CLERK (to Highland lady)—"Anything else, ma'am?"

LADY.—"Yes, I want some paper." (Gaelic pepper.)

CLERK.—"Writing paper, ma'am?"

LADY.—"Writing paper? No! It's eating paper I want."

LADY (pointing to jar full of sweetmeats)—"Have ye any of them?"

AN old Scotch lady whose husband was rather slow of speech, admiring the glibness of tongue of a neighbor of hers, remarked to a friend. "There iss wan thing about Shon MacArthur I wad like. I wish his tongue wass in my Angus's mouth."

THEY were discussing religion, when some one remarked that women seemed to take more naturally to religion than men.

"They do," assented Scottie, "particularly after they are advanced in years."

**OBJECTS OUT OF PLACE.**



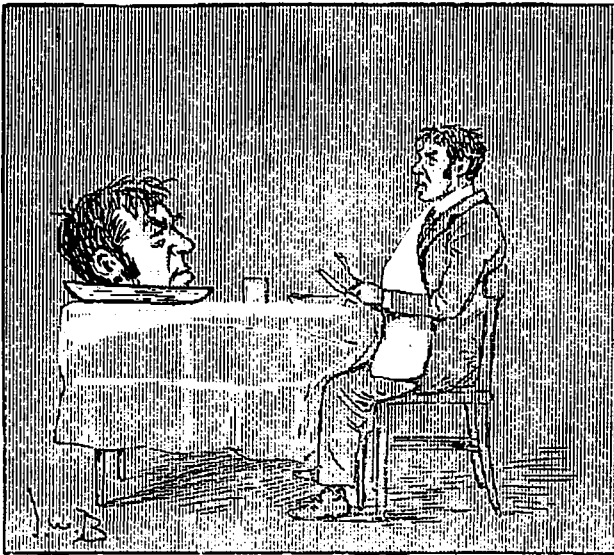
No. 1. THE EYE GLASS.





Stolen Bed  
(but not Head)  
from  
W. S. WALL

SCARED BY THE DIRECT TAXATION BOGEY.  
(OR PRETENDING TO BE, WHICH PRACTICALLY AMOUNTS TO THE SAME THING).



**THE MAGIC OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**

**A** SCIENTIFIC Journal of Copenhagen is quoted in the *Literary Digest* as making interesting explanations of some magical results obtained by the art of photography. For example, one genius of an operator has succeeded in photographing the essence of the Philosophy of Protection! A reproduction of the plate is given above, and all who listened to Mr. W. F. Maclean's Tariff Speech in the House the other day, or read the verbatim report of it in the *World*, will recognize the truthfulness of the photography. It shows a man—Mr. Maclean himself, possibly—sitting at a table, upon which is a platter containing his own head served up to him as a dainty dish. This is a correct condensation of the Gentleman's idea, which was that every country ought to live on itself. A wonderful thing is Science, and no mistake!

**TO THE BLUE-PENCIL FIEND.**

**T**HOU "Heap Big Injun" of the intellect.  
 Eternally in paint and feathers decked  
 To scalp the wretched and presuming wight,  
 Whose fond delusion is that he can write.  
 Thou art supreme. Thou art the Sagamore,  
 And we but pigmies at thy wigwam door.  
 Thy smile can fill aspiring souls with joy,  
 Thy frown can wither and thy breath destroy:  
 They learn full soon who bow to minstrelsy  
 There is, alas no other god but thee.  
 What though the wretched scribbler inly curse  
 The hand that calmly blots his cherished verse?  
 Thou art unmoved; thy fiat absolute  
 No protest brooks, although a world were mute.  
 Puissant Mogul of the Universe,  
 Thy pardon grant that I, a worm—or worse—  
 Presumed to cross thy star attended path  
 And stir the awful fountains of thy wrath.  
 May, furthermore, thy grace let me implore  
 While I thy mind this query lay before:  
 How many souls the way of grief would walk  
 If on thine own great skull should fall the tomahawk?

St. John, N. B.

A. M. Feltling.

**OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.**

**O**UR Representative at the capital thinks it unnecessary to send a letter this week. He says if we will just change the names of the tariff debaters in last week's letter and give the same a second insertion, it will serve all purposes. Leave Our Representative alone for labor-saving contrivances! But of course we can't adopt his suggestion.—[Ed.]

**WHAT WASS THE P.P.A.?**

TEAR MUSTER GRUP,

**I** WAS another tay at the house of Malcolm McPhedran and he would told me wass I a P.P.A. man? "A what?" says I, "a A.P.P. man," says he, and when I would got mad wiss him he shoost laughed at me and said it wass nossing at ahl but a society he would spoke apout for the macsmotheration of ahl the Cassolics, and I would told him no I wouldn't. Then he would say, says he "Are you a P.I. man?" "Holt your long fauglet tongue says I and not pe assulting a goot frient and neebour for nossing at ahl, and then he would told me could I write to you and you would in Toronto let me know what he wass saying nossing put the troos (truth) whtefer. Now Muster Grup me and my wife Mary would took GRUP esery year for many a week and py't for her too, more ofer, what iss more, and me and Mary would be fery glad to hear you told us what wass the P.P.A., and the P.I., so we would, and I would shook it in Malcolm's face for the big he that he iss, so he wass.

Yours,

D. McIVOR, Zorra, Ontario.

[Will any knowing reader kindly send us printed "platforms" of the organizations in question for the benefit of Mr. McIvor and other inquirers?—Ed. GRUP.]

**APPEAL OF THE FEE-FED.**

Woon(man) spare that fee!  
 Do, my fee-fed brother:  
 It shelters you and me,  
 Let's shelter one another.



**THE BEHRING SEA SITUATION.**

**POLICEMAN JONATHAN**—"Here's Canady a-fishin', contrary to the new rules. He'll have to take the full penalty!"

**POLICEMAN BULL**—"But hold up, Jonathan. He left home before the rules were published."

**CANADA SEALER**—"Course I did; I left home when the fishin' season opened. D'you suppose I'm goin' to wait all year for your laws and regulations, when you might just as well have had 'em ready in good time?"

[Left disputing, but we rather think Canada has them there!]

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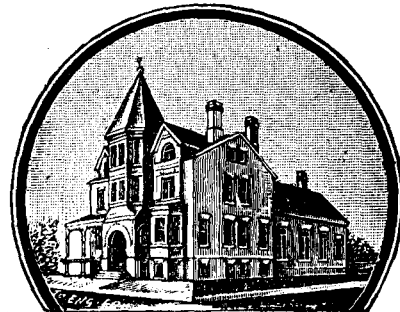
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