

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG



J.W. Bengough

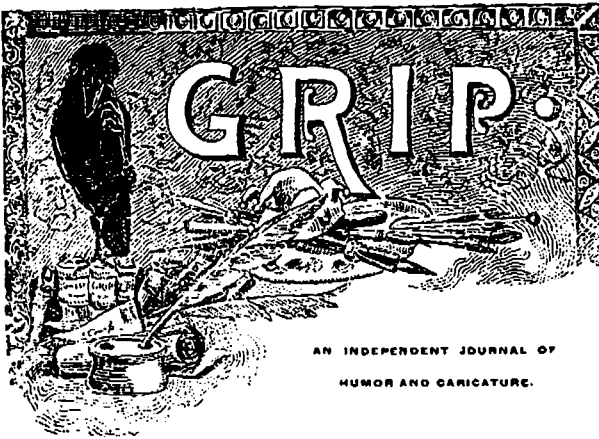
THE REFORM HORSE FRIGHTENED.

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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By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St West Toronto



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BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AN error in the numbering of GRIP occurred toward the end of Vol. XXIX, and continued up to the issue for Feb. 18th. We have prepared a printed slip of corrections which we will be pleased to furnish on application to all subscribers who bind their numbers.

Comments on the *Capitang*.



"BAIT" AS USUAL. It is now known that the new Washington Treaty is a Canadian surrender, a little worse than anything we have yet been asked to submit to in our unfortunate diplomatic career. The Americans get everything they have been contending for in the dispute over the 1818 Treaty, and we give up everything we have hitherto claimed in accordance with the plain terms of that document. In contemplation of the preposterous demands that Uncle Sam was making in 1887, our Minister of Justice wrote, in a Privy Council Report:—"Such a surrender on the part of Canada would involve the abandonment of a valuable portion of the national inheritance of the Canadian people, who would certainly visit with

just reprobation those who were guilty of so serious a neglect of the trust committed to their charge." Well, the surrender has been made, sure enough, and now we await the reprobation which Mr. Thompson considered so certain to follow it. Parliament is in session, and "those who were guilty of so serious a neglect of the trust committed to their charge" are sitting on Mr. Speaker's right, awaiting the punishment they deserve. Will Parliament prove equal to the occasion? "Reprobation" of the present Government, however richly merited, has never been the forte of the majority at Ottawa, and it is not likely that the Ministers are trembling very much. As soon as Sir John gets up and repeats his already

expressed opinion that "it is all right," the valiant guardians of Canadian rights who follow his banner will swallow the treaty holus-bolus, and in the next campaign we will hear it extolled as another evidence of the marvellous statesmanship of Canada's great Premier.

THE REFORM HORSE FRIGHTENED.—The *Globe's* outright talk in favor of Free Trade and Direct Taxation has frightened the Reform Party (as represented in the provincial papers) into fits. The result is a pretty family row, which does not tend to make Mr. Laurier's position any pleasanter than it was before. The clinging affection for a revenue tariff with incidental protection, on the part of the straight party papers, does not seem to arise from careful thought on the economic problem so much as from considerations of policy. "The people," they appear to reason, "are under the delusion that taxation makes wealth; now, it won't do to upset this absurd fallacy suddenly, as that would arouse their wrath and keep us out of office indefinitely. What the Reform party exists for is not to find out and proclaim the truth—that is for GRIP and a few other disinterested cranks to do—it's great mission is to get into power so that it may be in a position to save the country from —," etc., etc. This may be good politics, but it cannot be mistaken for honesty.

OUR Representative on the Washington Fishery Commission made just one mistake. He didn't give away everything. He retained just enough to form the basis of further trouble, which is certain to come. By letting slide the miserable little "bait" point, he could have added nothing to our humiliation, while the whole question might have been regarded as settled, and the prospect of the early establishment of free trade relations with the Republic would have been greatly improved.

THE Canadian Club Banquet to the British Fisheries Commissioners took place on Friday, March 2nd. It was a very swell affair at the Hotel Brunswick. We believe the British commissioners on this occasion proved entirely competent for their duties, for a change. The Bill of Fare, we understand, was as follows:—*Soup*, Concession *a la* Ashburton; *Fish*, Flounder; *Cod*, with Bayard Sauce; *Octopus*, *a la* Uncle Sam; *Abandoned* Cl(i)ms; *Roast*—Canada Veal; *Entrees*—Fricassee of Give-away; *Washington* Mush; *Vegetables*—Badly Beet; *Canadian* Greens; *Pastry*—Diplomatic Pi; *Surrender* Pudding with Humiliation Sauce. *Dessert*—Fruits of Stupidity.

PARLIAMENT is once more in session at Ottawa. It is anticipated that the Fishery "treaty" will give rise to a long and important *de-bait*.

IN glancing over the Speech from the Throne we observe that there is nothing for Parliament to do this session beyond ratifying (or, if it has sense enough, rejecting) the Fishery Treaty. The other matters alluded to are such as a third-rate lawyer could finish out of hand in half a day. The probability is, therefore, that the House will be able to conclude its "labors" and adjourn by the first of July.

WE find the following despatch in the London *Free Press*:

"OTTAWA, Feb. 21.—The talk of the city to-night has been the conversion of Sir John A. Macdonald under the ministrations of the evangelists Crossley and Hunter. Sir John has been a very frequent attendant at the meetings, at which he had displayed the deepest possible interest, and to-night he, with Lady Macdonald, first stood up among those who asked for the prayers of the congregation, and later on, when an invitation was given to those who loved the Saviour and had given their hearts to Him, and were starting on a new life, they both promptly arose."

This will carry consternation into the ranks of the political scallawags. John A. will not hereafter be half

the jolly good fellow he has always been in their estimation. But all the same it is the noblest and wisest act of the old Premier's life, and becomes him better than all the stars and crosses the Queen could pin upon him.

* * *

IS it only a coincidence that, in the speech from the Throne, Sir John promises a revision of the Franchise Act? We trust not. But the complete repeal of all its unfair features will alone be fruits meet for repentance.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

(A BRUCE COUNTY BALLAD OF FACT).



OLD Tonal'd wiss a Hielanman,
From Ileach in Argyll ;
She'll wiss a Presbyterian man
Of goot old Hielan style.
She'll gone out to ta bush one tay,
Ta ponnet on ta head,
Ta old plack bottle in ta pouch,—
Ta goot cheese and ta pread.

Ta old dog, Sawny, she'll go too—
Ta Saxons calls him Alick—
Ta dog, she'll only haf one fault,
She'll no could spoke ta Gaelic.
Ta tail wiss just tree inches long,
Ta hair wiss long an' tawny—
There'll pe no dog in all Powmore
Who'll not pe bet by Sawny.



Now Donald, she'll chop all ta
day ;
Ta dog, she'll no pe still ;
She'll chase ta squirrell up ta
tree,
Ta hedgehog up ta hill.
She'll scrape ta ground around ta
stumps,
An' tuzzle with ta bee ;
But when ta tinner-hour came
round
She'll let ta peasties pe.



Tonal'd, she'll pe a godly man ;
She'll no pegin ta fare,
Pefore she'll pless ta vittals with
A goot big Gaelic prayer.
She'll pless ta pread, she'll pless ta
cheese,
She'll pless ta heather-dew ;
She'll pless ta godly in ta world,
An' pless ta heathen too.



She'll tell ta Lord of her nainsel,
An' all ta latest newss ;
An' how ta godly folk'll pe
In all ta County Pruce ;
How Tougall Sinclair's lost a coo,
How Sandy's horse is tead ;
She'll pray for grace for all ta poor,
For all ta hungry pread.

She'll told ta Lord how Angus lied,
How pig John Douglass swore ;
She'll pless ta bread, she'll pless ta cheese,
A hundert times or more.
She'll pray for plessing on all men,
For grace for saint an' sinner ;
An' when she'll open up ta eyes—
Ta dog, she'll have ta dinner.



Tonal'd, she'll wiss a godly man,
An elder in ta kirk ;
But in ta pest of godly hearts
Ta godless passions work.
She'll swore a goot long Gaelic
swear ;
Ta dog wiss far away—
She'll only hav ta heather-dew
For dinner all tat day.

She'll take ta axe up in ta hand,
To chop ta trees again,
She'll think of all ta ills tat come
Upon ta godly men,
She'll know tat when temptations
come,
Tey'll work ta good alway ;
But next time when she'll say ta
grace
She'll watch ass well ass pray.



CARET.

A QUESTION OF RANK.

The Legislative Committee appointed to enquire into the needs of the cheese and butter interests will find plenty to do in considering the butter question. We are large exporters of cheese, and in England particularly that product holds high rank. But in butter we are astonishingly behind.—*Mail*.

THIS is truly a remarkable statement. If the writer would take his meals at some boarding-houses we know he would speedily come to a different conclusion. We don't send any Limburger to England, and that is about the only product that could possibly have anything more rank about it than the average compound of the hashery which goes by the name of butter.

A CURE FOR ENNUI.

AT last a cure has been found for the hitherto incurable disease of *ennui*. Consumption, cancer, and all the other deadly disorders having been successfully grappled with—if we may believe the statements of the patent medicine men—they now undertake to “minister to a mind diseased,” substitute cheerfulness for melancholy and drive dull care away. Here is a remarkable announcement which we cull from the advertising columns of the *Globe*:

Agents triumph selling the triumph self-wringing mop ; by it moping is made agreeable ; circulars free. Triumph Mop Co., Toronto.

To make “moping” agreeable would be indeed a triumph. It is altogether a very plausible idea, for there can be no doubt that if there were more “mopping” done by young ladies afflicted with *ennui* there would be much less “moping.”

THE Irish do not like Balfour's rule. He is always Dublin on them.

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The Days o' Langsyne.

SONG.

ON the bonny green banks o' the Gryffe,
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne,
Sae sweet was the morning o' life,
Nae heart was mair happy than mine.

Mair deep was the violet's glow,
Mair gowden the bonny sunshine,
And the heart did wi' joy overflow,
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne.

Before a' this warfare began—
This terrible struggle for gain—
This battle between man and man,
Wi' our heart-strings for aye on the strain.

There was less o' contention and strife,
And life had mair o' the divine,
On the bonny green banks o' the Gryffe,
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne.

Auld, weary and worn on the track,
Nae wonder we're apt to repine,
When life's but a lang looking back
To the dear happy days o' langsyne.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.



PARTY FEED.

Visitor from Bruce.—“Gritz for Parritch?” Aye, but that's a gey queer way to spell the name o' oor Party!

SHOWS.

THE subscription list for the Hoffman concert is being rapidly filled up at Suckling's. The chances are good that Toronto will soon have an opportunity of hearing the wonderful child pianist.

REV. DR. CHAS. F. DEEMS, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is to lecture in Toronto this month. GRIP feels unusual interest in this announcement, as Dr. Deems is reputed to be the wittiest man of his cloth in Gotham.

MADAME PATTI is the most eccentric artiste on the stage. The other day she gave a special performance at Madrid, in honor, as she unblushingly announced, of her *forty-fifth birthday!* Most *prime donne* would rather die than allow such a confession to go on the bills.

PROF. JOHN REYNOLDS is with us once again, and every evening until the end of next week, Shaftesbury Hall will ring with laughter at the involuntary comicalities of the subjects of his mesmeric powers. These powers, as displayed by Mr. Reynolds, are certainly marvellous, and, aside from the vast amount of healthful fun to be obtained, the entertainments are well worthy of the attention of cultivated people for their scientific interest. We would like to see the schools and colleges of the city largely represented in the audiences during the professor's present visit.

THE manager of the Toronto Opera House is evidently meeting a public demand in bringing out a series of lively melo-dramas. Crowded houses last week greeted “Never Say Die,” which is succeeded this week by Mr. I. P. Studley and company in “A Great Wrong.” The play is a strong one and carries the central figure through a labyrinth of vicissitudes, all capable of scenic adornment, to the end, where, of course, all comes out right. The play has plenty of movement in dialogue and changing scenes. Miss Abbie Pierce, leading lady with “A Great Wrong,” was for many years chief support to the late John T. McCullough, and Wallack's Theatre, New York city. Miss Pierce is a very charming actress.

TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

V.

THE Fakir was in rather better trim than usual when he dropped in last week. He wore a new suit, and his general aspect betokened that he had struck a vein of prosperity.

“Well, Fakir,” said the advertising man, “how's things?”

“Oh, pretty fair—pretty fair. Been kept busy for the last few days. Society business, you know. The order of the Heroes of Marathon, which I lately joined, have been holding their annual convention. I was a delegate, representing Pyrrhic Phalanx, No. 371, and was chosen Grand Champion.”

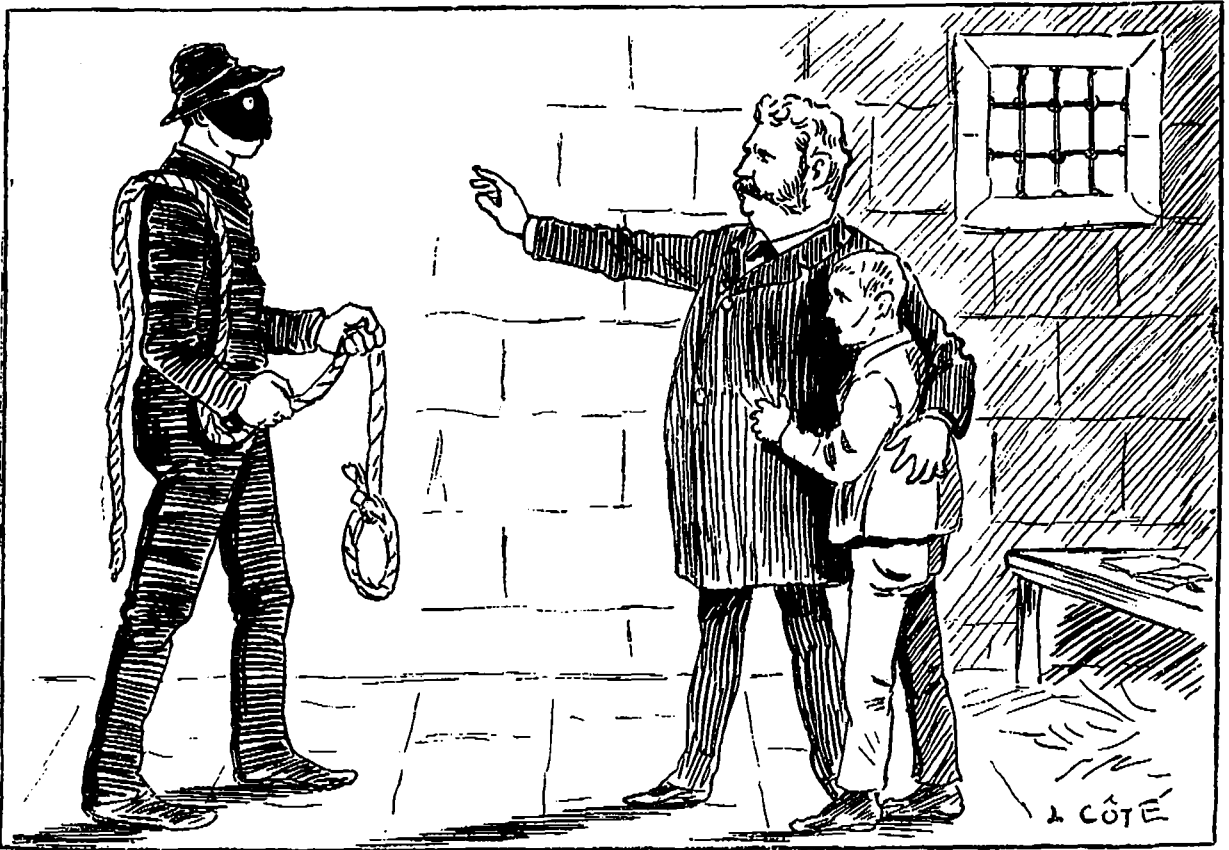
“Gracious! Then you must be at the head of the order.”

“Oh, no; there's several ranks above Grand Champion. There's the Magnanimous Royal Princes, and the Sublime Emperors, and the chief executive is the Supernal Demigod. You just ought to see our gorgeous regalia. It everlastingly lays over the Masons, and the Oddfellows, and the Knights of Pythias. I tell you the Heroes of Marathon is a big thing. We have Pyrrhic Phalanxes all over the country, and people are joining with a rush. Better let me propose you.”

“I don't take any stock in such nonsense,” said the assistant editor. “How any full-grown man can feel any satisfaction in rigging himself out in a lot of tinsel finery, and calling himself a Grand Champion, or a Sublime Emperor, is more than I can understand. I didn't think you were that kind of a crank.”

The Fakir's countenance assumed an expression of shrewdness, and he winked knowingly.

“Oh, don't you make no mistake. I aint dead stuck on titles and regalia, and all that. It's the solid boodle



THE STATE'S REPLY—THE ROPE:

Howland.—"Hold! Who is responsible for this boy becoming, at eighteen, a desperate criminal? The State, by its neglect of plain duty to such waifs! Therefore, let the state show clemency!"

Executioner.—"You're right; not a doubt of it. But the Minister of *Justice* orders me to do *my* duty, and I can't evade it as the State does."

I'm after. That's me, every time. And this secret society racket pans out about as well as anything I've struck. The fuss and feathers catches the public though, and gives a smart man a chance to work 'em. When you get a position in the order you have a bigger pull than an outsider. You throw a man the sign, and he's bound to treat you like a brother, and you bet it's great help to business. A man don't amount to much in Canada unless he belongs to a society; you have the influence of the order with you. Lots of our business men are Heroes of Marathon. Well, if I call on them to talk business, they've got to listen to me, anyhow. They daren't tell a Grand Champion, who has got the inside track for election as Sublime Emperor next year, to get out, just as if he was an ordinary citizen. Oh, it's a great scheme."

"You're making it pay pretty well, I judge," said the cashier, evidently speculating on the possibility of getting back sundry small sums which the Fakir had borrowed from time to time.

"Well, I'm just working it for all it's worth," was the answer. "If you've ever belonged to a secret society you'll know there's always some little snap that can be worked by a man that's anyway fly. F'rinstance, the Heroes have just adopted a new constitution and ritual, and, of course, they've got to be printed. Me being a hustler, I was put onto the Committee for Printing. The

other fellows was bound to have a good time generally, and they was mighty glad to have me take all the trouble and responsibility of attending to the work. Naturally, of course, I wasn't going to do it for nothing.—I aint that kind. So I take it round to the printer who gives me the best commission, and make twenty dollars clear by the job. Put it onto the bill, does he? Well, I guess so. But the Heroes are well fixed, and can stand it. I tried to work the same game with the contract for the regalia, but they gave that to a member of the order and he wouldn't divvy—threatened to give me away as soon as I began to talk business. Oh, I tell you, a fellow that's well up in a society has lots of chances. Just keep your eye on the Heroes of Marathon, and see how soon the politicians will begin to tumble to it. Why, only yesterday an alderman asked me to propose him, and I promised to do so. I also struck him for a V. If the order keeps on increasing at the present rate it's a caution if I can't make a deal with one party or the other at the next election, and get a Government office. So long."

"I wonder," said the assistant editor, reflectively, as the Fakir disappeared, "if that man really is as great a rascal as he evidently wishes to be considered."

THE humorous paragraphs on page 10 of GRIP, No. 767, should have been credited to Philip H. Welch, the keen wit of the New York *Epoch*.



A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

Farmer and Mechanic.—Sir John, don't you think it's about time we had a National Bank System in Canada?

Shareholder.—Yes, Sir John, I am anxious to see these runs on banks stopped. A perfectly solvent institution might not be able to stand it! And at the same time you might make it criminal for any director to obtain a loan of any sort from his bank.

Sir John A.—I shall (as my friend Mr. Mowat would say) take the matter into serious consideration!

THE LATEST CIVIC FARCE.

ACT I.

Scene—Toronto Station

THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL—Well, good bye, Robinson, and may you have good luck in your efforts to prevent this proposed grab of the Grand Trunk octopus.

John Beverly—I'll do my level best, you may depend, regardless of cost. Adieu! [*Slow music.*]

ACT II.

Scene—Manager's office, G.T.R., Montreal.

Hickson * * Then it is perfectly satisfactory to you, gentlemen?

The Mayor and deputation.—O, perfectly; thank you ever so much. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Scene—Liverpool dock.

Telegraph Messenger—Your name's Robinson, haint it? You look like it.

John Beverly—It is. Ah, a cable message! [*Messenger hands him cablegram, and exit. J. B. reads:*] "All right about amalgamation; don't oppose. Let her go Gallagher. NED."

ACT IV.

Scene—Finance Committee Room.

Chairman—Well, what's to be done with this account of John Beverly Robinson's? It strikes me as being monstrously big.

A Member—Yes, and what did he do for the money? Took a free trip to the old country to look after his private affairs!

Another member.—Exactly; but the only thing we can do is to recommend payment of the bill, and endeavor to profit by our experience. [*Roars of laughter at the very idea of a council profiting by experience.*] *Curtain.*

WHY?

MR. NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN gave a lecture in Montreal a few evenings ago, on "The British House of Commons," in the course of which, according to the *Witness*, he gave an admirable imitation of Mr. Gladstone. What GRIP wants to know is why Mr. Davin doesn't carry his imitation of so good a model into the House at Ottawa, where, as member for Assinobois, he has such a fine chance to make a record for himself?

MAN-WHO-LOOKS-WITH-HIS-EARS is the name of one of the Crow Indians. He was so christened by his wife on account of his habit of sitting bolt upright in bed everynight and staring into the pitchy darkness for burglars.

REV. PATRICK McFARLANE McLEOD

decided to take his entire name with him to the Pacific Province, notwithstanding the exorbitant freight charges of the C.P.R.

THOUGHTS of Wood (the sculptor) usually become *things* of stone.

ARCHBISHOP McEvelly has denied the anti-Irish charges some persons McEvelly against the Pope.

LORD Lonsdale's lot is hard indeed;
From zone to zone they take him.
In Canada we froze him up;
In Hindostan they'll bake him.

THE annual meeting of the Ontario Artillery Association took place last week. Several great and little guns mounted the platform, speeches were fired off as usual, and the reports were satisfactory.

SOCIAL SILHOUETTES.

A MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.



WELL, what if I am? I ain't ashamed of it. I guess "livin' out" in a respectable family is just as good 's fixin' hats and things at \$3.25 a week, and board yourself out of it, or as makin' pants for dudes and other fellows at the same "salary" as they call it; for I kind o' smile to notice that milliners and she-tailors invariably takes pains to call their pay their "salaries," and all I can say is, that if them girls feels more contenteder like, and thinks they can afford to wear better dresses, and sealskins, not to mention underwear and other *Paris-fur-nelly*, as Mrs. Blodgett,

that I live with, calls it, because they get a *salary* and not *pay*, why let them; it's no business of mine, but what I earn I call my *pay*, and I don't see no reason why that ain't as good 's salary.

Of course, as Jerry, my cousin, says, we have our "inabilities" or "disabilities," I forget which—all who "live out" have, but after all we ain't half so bad as the girls in our position in England is, for there they are poorer paid nor we are, and more than that, they are known as "servants," and they speak of the men and women they live with as their "master" and "mistress." Catch a Toronto girl doing anything so low as that; and if they were to call us "servants," I for one would leave on five minutes' notice, and sue for deflammation of character.

If you have never "lived out" you can't imagine what we sometimes have to put up with. For instance, as the saying is, "You can't make a silk purse out of a pig's ear," and I'll defy the best girl in the city to get up a good meal of vittals if she's a cook, or to make a house look tidy if she's a housemaid, on poor material. That's one of our troubles. Another is never knowin' when your agoin' to have company—this is the aggravatinst thing in our profession, for you see the Mrs. wants you to git up a tip-top spread just as if it was the same thing every day, which it isn't by any manner of means. Then again, we can't git outside to take a breath of fresh air, or to "recooperate" as Jerry calls it, more than two or three times a week, not countin' Sundays.

Another vexation is having the Mrs. bringin' you Mrs. Beeton's cook-book, and comin' into you sweet and smilin' like, and sayin', "Julia, here's *such* a nice ressippy for a puddin'; I wish you would make one." Then you have got to worry and think, and think and worry, and scheme and plan, and pound and grate, and stir and sift, and mix and roll, and bake and tend till your arm aches, and your face is as red as a turkey-gobbler's, and ten to one after all the puddin' 's a reglar failure, owin' to some mistake in the book, and you git the blame of it.

Save money! How could anybody expect us to save money? Why, my Christmas rig, countin' hat, \$6.50, boots, \$2.75, dress, \$13.12½, and other etseteras, cost pretty near \$40, because, you see, Sophronica Keatty across the street had her young man make her a present of a \$28 set of furs, and I had to make out that Jerry gave me something ahead of what she got from her fellow, for he's nothin' but a common baker. Oh no, we don't try to save money, and if we did we couldn't, for nobody

would be seen with us anywhere if we didn't look as good 's anybody else, and we can't do that for nothin'.

Thank goodness I've had a splendid eddication, and I'm very fond of readin'. Out of Mrs. Blodgett's *Globe* I get all I want to know about who's dead; for people may say what they like, but I say that for a real first-class death-list paper I never saw anything to beat the *Globe*. Out of the *Mail* I git a piece of poetry once or twice in a month, and sometimes I write the pieces myself. I was reading a beautiful piece of poetry in the *Mail* about New Year's time, that I kind o' thought I had wrote myself long ago, it looked so much like my own, but I was told it was done by another man altogether.

Yes, I do; I believe in co-eddication, as I was eddicated myself, and the woman's *francis*. We are bound to have them in spite of fate.

Well, never you mind. It doesn't make no difference what I understand by the "francis." If any of the men want to keep us out of it we're just goin' to have it, anyhow. When I have more time yc may call again.

JULIA MUGGLES.

"ELI."



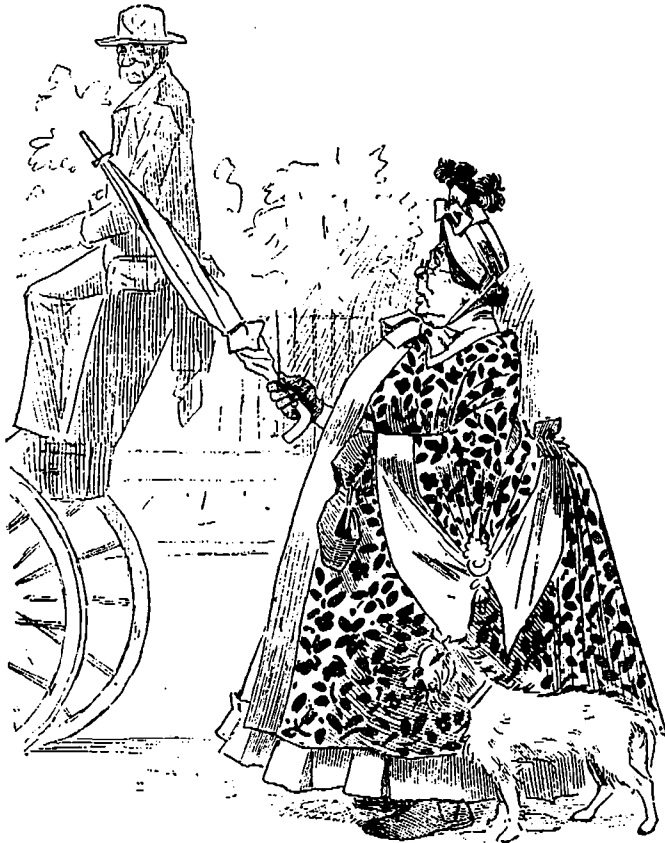
THE performance of "Eli" by the Choral Society on Thursday evening of last week recalls the performance of Eli by Perkins himself at Association Hall a few nights before, and the fact that in our reference to the humorist in last week's issue no clear idea was given of his stage presence. We endeavor to supply the omission now, and the critical reader will observe that Eli has a considerable amount of stage presence on the stage. Though he was entirely without overshoes, he showed no tendency whatever to capsize during the evening. He is a broad-soled fellow in every way. This picture shows him just after he has carefully removed his fur-lined overcoat and hung it up carefully in a bundle on the floor. He clutches his eye-glass—on which we suspect he has his jokes jotted down in shorthand—in his right hand, and with the other he makes a pathetic appeal for attention. Then he starts off into a profound discussion of the question, "Why do we laugh?" He has a theory of his own, but the answer is very simple—Because Perkins *makes* us.

ANANIAS' LATEST.

ANANIAS told us a pretty good thing the other day. A nice young Parkdale lady went into the office of one of our city lawyers to make an affidavit, but the office Bible couldn't be found. "Haven't you got even a Testament?" she asked. "No, but I suppose you can be sworn well enough on one of the evangelists. Just kiss me, and sign your name." "Sir!" she exclaimed, with a tragic start. "Why not?" said he, "I'm St. John, ain't I?"

NEW CURE FOR MEANNESS.

WE copy this (Puffer Letter) from GRIP * * for the benefit of the pessimists in Eastern Ontario, whom we feel confident it will please, and who are too stingy to take Canada's comic journal for themselves.—*Morrisburg Herald*.



A NEW TARIFF.

New Arrival—How much will you charge to take me up to Bloor Street?

Cabby—A dollar fifty, missus.

New Arrival—Oh! that's too much!

Cabby—Well, see here; I'll carry you there for eight cents a pound. I call that cheap!

A LESSON ON POULTRY RAISING.

Why keep a lot of old hens and cocks any longer? Market them the first chance you get.—*American Poultry Record*.

SOUND, seasonable, inexpensive advice is what every person who is in want of a stock of counsel hankers for and is willing to pay large interest on when he has made up his mind to put it into use and realize handsomely on it. This fragment of lore from the able agricultural editor will be read with deep concern and almost universally acted on in this poultry-renowned country. The advice is given short—cut off in the midst of its wide usefulness, so to speak.

There is no gloss of technical verbiage or elegance of phraseological expression attempted. The plain spoken man simply says to the proud owner of oldest inhabitant fowls, "Sell them!" He is solemnly and sententiously right.

How painful not to say shocking, is the spectacle of a poor tottering rooster with one foot in the grave, as it were, and the other vainly endeavoring to scratch worms out of a geological formation in which no real worm was ever known to exist! Or, to place the proposition in another light, how saddening it is to observe this once eloquent and baritone bird attempting to convey information to its attendant hens in a coarse, cracked, tremulous voice that betrays not emotion, but simply asthma, and shows

that his brain-power is running on about three-quarter time.

Take the picture of this weary and wayward rooster, by the instantaneous process, and in death how much changed for the better his personal appearance would be. All that reckless abandon, which so ill became a bird with no tail and only one eye, is gone forever—like a vanished government surplus!

That offensively autocratic mien, by which authority was wont to be exercised over the younger male voters in the ward, has given place to the sober, pensive air of mortuary statistics.

The ruddy glow of visage, suggestive of the *bon vivant*, contrasts strangely beautifully with the plucked bosom, where not a pin-feather remains to tell the tale.

Mark the wings skewered up placidly, and say to yourself whether this is not an improvement on the generally pugnacious poise of them in active life!

Take the well-rounded crop, and extract the extra heavy ante-assassination feed of coarse oats; then say, if you conscientiously can, that your purchase weighs within two pounds of what it did when it spread its seductive glamor around you on the grocery counter, or that the last sad meal was thrown away on it!

And so with the pre-historic hen, who was the rooster's constant companion in your early childhood. Why let her linger out her last years in penury and exist by false pretences? Kill her, and she becomes uniquely lost to all her old-time self opinionativeness. No longer is she an egotist! All was ova with her—now all is over with her, if the poetic license be permitted. In life there was profit in her lay—in the cold embrace of decease there is profit in her lie, or rather in your lie—about her birth. In the poultry market all meet on a common plane, although there may be distinctions as to dress.

Give your old cocks and hens a proper dressing, therefore, and, as the practiced scientist above states, "Market them the first chance you get."

Let the chance, however, present itself in some neighborhood where you or the fowl are not known. Go to some market where the object is simply to buy poultry. Get your aged possessions mixed incoherently with the spring chickens, and pray that your sin, or the woman who runs the boarding house, may never find you out.

There is food for reflection in the terse text we have quoted, just as there will be food for mastication, and other words with similar termination, in the "lot of old cocks and hens" which you are so pointedly adjured to "market the first chance you get."

THE true scenter of the earth—a pig's nose!

ONTARIO lumbermen favor Commercial Union—as the bough bends the tree is inclined.

BISMARCK's last speech was calm and pacific. Calms on the Pacific usually precede storms.

AGES ago swords were made into ploughshares; but Italy now turns rifles into repeaters. Every one will watch for war.

THE half-breed Contorielle killed his wife because she bewitched him. If Toronto husbands followed his example what a slaughter of beauty would ensue!



"BAIT" AS USUAL.

Bayard.—GUESS THIS TREATY IS A TREMFNDOUS COD ON CANADY, HEY TUPPER?

ON another page of this paper we publish the address delivered by Warring Kennedy, Esq., of this city, at the late annual meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in New York. This speech, and also the entire report, will be found well worth reading by all interested in life insurance. The chair was occupied by the President, Mr. E. B. Harper, who in the course of his address gave the following interesting statistics: In spite of obstacles thrown in our way, our insurance in force amounts to over \$156,000,000. The increase in our cash assets for the year has been more than 50 per cent.—more than half a million of dollars. Every honest death claim for 1887 has been paid when or before it became due. Our assets amount to \$2,200,000; our surplus to \$1,300,000; our Tontine Reserve or Emergency Fund to \$1,400,000; and the total death claims we have paid exceed already \$4,200,000. We have effected a saving for the year aggregating \$3,000,000 by the reduction of premiums below rates charged by the old system—and the saving from the same source since the date of our organization exceeds \$14,000,000. The Association's record of progress during the past seven years is wonderful indeed, and is probably the best proof of the truth of Mr. Kennedy's remark, that the system of the Mutual Reserve is "insurance, pure and simple, into which the element of investment does not enter." The Dominion was represented at the meeting by Messrs. Warring Kennedy, William Wilson, of Toronto; W. J. McMurry, Manager Ontario Bank, Port Perry, with others from Montreal, and J. D. Wells, the last named being the Company's energetic general manager for Canada, who both in 1886 and in 1887 has written a larger amount of insurance than any other agent of the Company, thus capturing the first prize in two consecutive years.—*Toronto Mail*, February 15.

A DOOR is often a knobstreperous thing.—*N. Y. Sun*.

MISTRESS (arranging for dinner)—Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?

BRIDGET—Yis, mum; but oi sint it back. Every one av thim stims was impty.—*Exchange*.

NOW is the time when the man who turned over a new leaf turns it back again to look for something that he forgot.—*Burlington Free Press*.

WEQUIT—Looks like snow, doesn't it?
YOU OR I—Why, man, it's snowing now!
WEQUIT—I know, but it looks like snow, doesn't it?—*Puck*.

LITTLE GIRL—Oh, mamma, that man is deaf, see his ear-trumpet!

MAMMA—Oh, sh! he will hear you?—*Ethel Brigham, 9 years old, in Puck*.

THE girls of St. Louis have formed a "kiss trust," and now the boys are taking of prosecuting them under the law which prohibits the forestalling of necessaries of life.—*Chicago News*.

FATHER—What do you think of a boy that throws a banana skin on the sidewalk?

SON—I don't know. What do you think of a bananaskin that throws a man on the sidewalk?—*Life*.

A BRIGHT FUTURE

is simply the natural result of wise action in the present. Money being necessary, in the regular order of things, the chances for making it are observed by the wise. Reader, you can make \$1 and upwards per hour in a new line of pleasant business. Capital not needed; you are started free. All ages. Both sexes. Anyone can easily do the work and live at home. Write at once and learn all; no harm done if, after knowing all, you conclude not to engage. All is free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

JUDGE—Madame what is your age?
SHE—Your honor, I leave that to the mercy of the court.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

GUEST (calling down through speaking-tube)—Quick! What shall I do? There's man under my bed.

Night Clerk:—Sleep on top of the bed; it doesn't cost any more.—*Hartford Lampoon*.

GRAFTON—Awfully clever fellow, Gagley. He might shine in society if it wasn't for his one infirmity

MISS CLARA—Why I always thought he was very correct in his habits.

GRAFTON—Oh, yes, he is all that, you know; but his neck is so deucedly short that he always has to wear a turn-down collar.—*N. Y. Life*.

"Do you dawnce the lawncers, Dr. Brown?"

"No, I do not dawnce the lawncers, But when the dawncer's health breaks down I sometimes lawnce the lawncers."—*N. Y. Life*.

It is rumored that Mr. Lowell is revising his courtship poem, in which "Zeke pecked through the winder." This particular line will read, "Ezekiel glawnced through the casement, don't cher know." Mr. Lowell is either in England or will sail for there shortly.—*Epoch*.

EDITOR (to assistant): This story of Smith's is a very interesting one, and extremely well written; but I'm afraid it's too sensational. We cannot be too careful to keep our columns clean and pure.

Assistant—How would it do to hold it for the Sunday edition?

Editor—Well, yes, it might do for Sunday.—*Puck*.

PUBLICAN (loq.)—Weel, Sandy, an' how's yer health this mornin'?

Sandy—Man, Tam, my lungs are wheezing like a pair o' worn-out bellows, an' my heart is a' wrang in the beat like a useless acht-day clock, an' ma liver is far waur than any o' them, but otherwise I feel vera weel. Let's see a gill o' yer best!—*Glasgow Bailie*.

THE prospect is bare and white,
And the air is crisp and chill;
While the ebon wings of night
Are spread on the distant hill.

The roar of the stormy sea
Seems the dirges shrill and sharp
That winter plays on the tree—
His wild Æolian harp.

In the pool that darkly creeps
In ripples before the gale,
A star like a lily sleeps,
And wriggles its silver tail.
—*R. K. M., in Puck*.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.]

Seven Years Of Steady Progress.

The Successful Record of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

ELOQUENT ADDRESS BY WARREN KENNEDY, ESQ., OF TORONTO.

The seventh annual meeting of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, held at the head offices in New York on the 26th Jan. ult., was probably one of the largest and most enthusiastic gatherings of insurance men ever held in that city. After the interesting reports of the officers, showing the prosperity of the Association's system of life insurance had been read, Mr. Warren Kennedy, of Toronto, then delivered the following stirring speech and moved the adoption of the following resolution, which was unanimously carried with ringing cheers and words of applause:—
"The members of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, in their annual meeting assembled, have listened with pleasure to the reports from the several departments of the work and rejoice at the continued prosperity of the Association. They embrace this opportunity of expressing their fullest confidence in the President, Vice-Presidents and other officers of the Association who stand at the helm of affairs and who are guiding its business so faithfully and so successfully. This meeting further pledges its loyalty to the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, and will do everything within its power to promote its highest interests and to establish it more and more in the hearts of the people and perpetuate its triumphant career."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. William Wilson, of Toronto. We have pleasure in giving Mr. Kennedy's speech in full. It speaks for itself.
In moving this resolution Mr. Kennedy said:—
"Mr. President and Gentleman,—I find that at the last annual meeting resolutions expressing confidence in the management of this Association were introduced by representatives from various sections of the Union, and the Canadian deputies felt they had been derelict in neglecting to discharge a similar duty, and now desire to make atonement for the omission. He made these remarks lest the introduction of this resolution might appear to be the work of supererogation, following one of a similar import which had just been offered to the meeting by gentlemen residing within the Union. However "line upon line and precept upon precept" are good, and these expressions of confidence, he had no doubt, would go far in strengthening the hands of the President and his associate officers."

This resolution, coming as it does from the Canadian representatives, will not be undervalued when the fact is known that your indefatigable agent in the Dominion, Mr. Wells, has written a larger amount of insurance than that of any of the agents of this Company, both during the year just closed and that of 1886, having captured the first prize in both years.

He and the gentlemen around him felt almost intoxicated with pleasure in listening to the satisfactory and glowing reports which had been presented from the various departments of the work—reports based upon incontrovertible data.

Nothing has been wanting; objections of every kind that have been taken against this Company, many of which are unjust and unreasonable, have been fully met. No stronger evidence can be given that the Mutual Reserve is becoming established in the hearts of the people than the fact that both in 1886 and 1887 its agents in the Dominion have not only written a larger amount of insurance than that of any of the agents in the employ of this Company (doing business in the United States, but have written a larger amount of business than any other company doing business in Canada.

Why? Because it offers the greatest indemnity for the least money, presenting at once the aspects of equity, safety, beneficence and permanence. In this Association the insurers become the insured, and the insured become the insurers.

Members form a compact whereby they insure one another under equitable arrangements, contribute the amount necessary, based upon the actuarial mortality tables which are almost infallible, and carry twenty-five per cent. to a reserve fund, which now amounts to about one and a half million dollars, and is being increased at the rate of twelve hundred and fifty dollars per day. This reserve fund belongs entirely to the Policyholders, and cannot go into dividends of Stockholders, as there are none.

The system is insurance, pure and simple, and the element of investment does not enter into it. The money is not taken out of the pockets of the Policyholders with the design of transferring a portion of it to Stockholders.

In making assessments the maximum mortuary table cannot be exceeded, and should the death rat

at any time be so large that this would be insufficient to meet the claims (which is highly improbable), then the reserve fund immediately becomes available.

The mortality continues, as it always has been, below the experience tables of mortality, and the saving thus effected through the careful selection of risks, added to the interest receipts on the surplus emergency fund (which interest receipts for 1888 will undoubtedly reach \$75,000), has enabled the Association to collect the mortuary premiums at age of entry.

He was gratified to listen to the report from Great Britain showing clearly that this system is taking hold in England. We all know the slowness of the English to adopt new methods, but they are discovering that there are commendable features connected with the Mutual Reserve which merit their patronage. As is seen, we in Canada are showing no want of confidence in your American institutions. Efforts are now being made by statesmen to draw the two countries closer together in their commercial relations, and we trust that success will crown their efforts; but, sir, this Company is doing much to bring the two peoples together, and its influence is permeating the ranks of society in both countries, and drawing them into a closer bond of friendship and brotherhood.

Strange to say, the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association had met with much opposition from old level-premium companies. Many falsehoods have been published of various descriptions. Powerful efforts were made to strangle it in its birth. Large sums have been subscribed and expended to arrest its progress, but it keeps advancing and growing in the confidence of the people. It has already paid one thousand widows and five thousand orphans more than four million dollars in cash. It is paying more than four thousand dollars daily for death claims. This is the only insurance company which has its reserve in the hands of a third party, namely, The Grand Central Trust Company, of New York, and which holds the funds exclusively for the benefit of the members of the Association.

He would refer to the statement so industriously circulated that the lapses of policies with the "Mutual Reserve" are enormous, indeed larger than that of any other company. Now, sir, what are the facts; we find that the lapses of the level-premium companies reported to the New York Insurance Department for 1885 were 50 per cent. of the total amount of their new business. In 1884, 66 per cent.; 1883, 59 per cent.; 1882, 62 per cent.; and in some years it reached as high as 100 per cent., while the terminations in the Mutual Reserve for 1886 were but 20 per cent.; for 1885, 25 per cent.; for 1884, 23 per cent., and for 1883, only 16 per cent.

Again, the charge of extravagant management had been brought against the company. Outrageous falsehoods have been circulated, while the fact is that no insurance company doing business on this continent manages its affairs so economically.

"Level premium companies expend \$9.50 for each \$1,000 insurance in force, while the Mutual Reserve expends \$2.30 for each \$1,000 of insurance in force. They court inquiry as to these figures. They put an end to the charge of extravagant management in the Mutual Reserve."

Level premium companies received for each \$1,000 in force \$62.83, while the Mutual Reserve receives only 13 for each \$1,000.

He held policies in five old line companies, and it was not his intention to allow any of them to lapse. What he desired was that all the old line companies should adopt the motto "Live and Let Live."

If the principles of the "Mutual Reserve" be unsound, then it must fall and be crushed under its own weight. A lunatic once asked a military officer why he carried a sword, and the answer was "To kill my enemies." "Why," said the lunatic if you leave them alone they will die themselves."

It has often been asked, "Has Mr. Harper made this system a success?" If facts, figures and the endorsement of men who cannot be bought, bribed or controlled by rival companies are worth anything, he undoubtedly has.

The system is not an experiment now. It has withstood all attacks from every source, and now rests on a solid foundation.

Again, the opponents of the Association have persuaded a number of instances where death claims have been compromised or contested. Satisfactory explanations had been given by the officers of the Company in all these instances, proving clearly that in every case a fraud was attempted upon the Company. As against this the President of this Company has offered a reward of \$500 to any one who will produce a single instance where a just claim has not been promptly paid. Will the opponents of the Mutual Reserve place side by side a list of the numerous instances in which death losses have been paid long before the expiration of the legal limit of time. In every instance when requested, advance payments have been made to the widow and orphans immediately upon the death of the insured—in some instances the money reaching the widow and orphans before the body of the deceased husband and father was laid in the grave.

What does the Honorable Elisha W. Bucklin, Insurance Commissioner, of Rhode Island, say to this Company? "I was induced to go carefully over the Death Claims and the manner and method of their

adjustment and to particularly investigate your list of resisted Death Claims. In this list I found but thirteen contested or resisted claims out of the payment of this year of over 370 claims aggregating \$1,200,000.

I was careful to note the cause for resisting each, and can therefore assure you in my opinion you were justified in so doing, and it would be an injustice to your members and a reflection on the management of the Association if such fraudulent claims were allowed. I can now from personal knowledge and careful inspection of your Association cheerfully recommend it to my constituents as worthy of their confidence in every particular." The total death claims paid by the Association exceed \$4,100,000.

As to its permanence:— This is the largest open assessment company doing business in the world. The plan of insurance presented by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is not an experiment. We can boast of an assessable association of over 700 years' standing and still in good health, namely, the Count De Winton Society, established in England in 1168, under the reign of King John. The second is the Loyal Evanus Society, established in 1358.

We learn that eighty-nine friendly societies are shown to exist that were established in the seventeenth century; while over one thousand of these friendly societies are over fifty years old. The Norman Society was established in 1703, and is still in existence, providing for their losses as they occur, and is now in as good financial condition as it was one hundred years ago. The Society of Lintot, which was established in 1708, has existed 180 years, and is likely to exist for centuries, and although all of its first members are dead, and the society still lives, it is fair to presume that the Mutual Reserve, being on a more sound and scientific basis than any of the above societies, may be lasting as time itself.

Mr. President, the members of this Association fully appreciate the difficulties that the management has had to contend against—enemies, subtle and treacherous within, and foes bold and unscrupulous without. Employees in your service have proved recreant to their trust, carried off your property and sold to your enemies what had been confided to their safe keeping, and what shall we say to those who purchased the stolen property? Is not the receiver as bad as the thief? But you have succeeded in detecting the treacherous foe, and have placed your heel upon the head of the serpent. As there has been a general reorganization of the work, we look for an advance along the whole line during this year.

Mr. President, you and your associate officers have just reason to be proud of the success of this Company, which is unparalleled. It is the great fact of to-day, unique, almost a prodigy. Its success is the wonder of its enemies, and calls forth admiration and commendation from its friends. Enter St. Paul's in London, look around and you behold in everything connected with that immense structure a monument to Sir Christopher Wren. You have only to look around you and you behold in this great Association a monument that you are erecting, which will be more lasting than that of marble or bronze. These will crumble under the decaying hand of time, but yours is a monument that the storms of time shall never efface or destroy. It lives and will be perpetuated in the hearts of tens of thousands, to whom it has brought and will continue to bring comfort. For this object it has been instituted. It throws its shield over the son of toil, whether he be the merchant in the counting house, the workman in his shop or the laborer in the field, and wipes the tears from the eyes of the widow and the orphan. Such an Association is worthy of our confidence, and to it we pledge our loyalty. I am convinced that the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association is the Tarpeian Rock of the insurance system. Foes, insidious and numerous, are plotting her overthrow; but they will be hurled from the walls of her citadel; they will be thrown off as the Ion shakes the dew from his mane. As every advancing tide has receding waves, so reactionary movements may transiently embarrass her, but her future will grandly illustrate the lines of Goldsmith:—

"Though round her breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on her head."

Mr. Harper replied, and spoke of the large amount and the capital character of the business transacted in Canada after all of the great obstacles which had to be overcome before entering that territory. He paid a high tribute to Mr. J. D. Wells, the general manager for Canada, who, in the face of the most unscrupulous opposition of the rival companies and labouring under great domestic affliction, had again succeeded in gaining first prize for largest amount of new business reported by any general agent. He also stated that the European branches of the Mutual Reserve in Paris, London, Manchester and Liverpool, were gaining fresh recruits every day and anticipated splendid results during the present year.

Mr. Wells spoke briefly, and caused considerable laughter by his description of the tactics resorted to by the old line companies in their efforts to injure the business of this Association.

Mr. William Wilson, of Toronto, expressed his satisfaction with the reports presented, showing the Association to be in such a prosperous condition, and both he and Mr. Kennedy would return to Toronto proud of the position they occupied as members of the Advisory Council of such an Association as the Mutual Reserve. He deprecated the attempts of rival companies to injure the Association. The business and intelligent men of Toronto paid very little attention to the attacks made upon the Mutual Reserve, which was now thoroughly established in the confidence of the Canadian people.

NEW YORK'S latest curiosity is a little girl who burns down buildings for fun. They grow everything there—except monuments to General Grant.—*Philadelphia Times*.

"BUN, did you find a quarter here?" he asked of a little chap leaning against a lamp-post at the postoffice corner.

"Naw! Did you drop one?"

"I think I did."

"Well, you orter know I didn't find it. If I had I'd been a mile off by this time. Us boys never take chances of the owner coming back."—*Detroit Free Press*.

MRS. BEACOHILL (of Boston):—Phcebe, you seem intensely interested in the morning paper. Any great literary news?

PHOENIX—Oh, no, mamma; but it's full o' dear Mr. Sullivan and Jem Smith.—*N. Y. Life*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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*Mr. Newcash—(who has suddenly blossomed forth as an art connoisseur)—*Yes Scrawly, I have just one more space to fill, and I want a Forbes or a Watson to fill it.

*Mr. Scrawly—*But you have excellent specimens of those artists; why not get a Baigent—I don't see anything of his here.

*Mr. Newcash—*Baigent doesn't paint big enough canvasses. The space is 4½ by 6 feet, don't you see?

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'Cause her bread is the whitest, her buns are the
And we eat all the pancakes she dare set before us.
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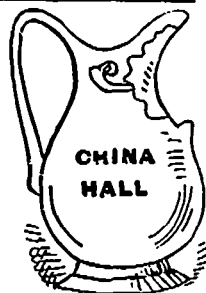
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