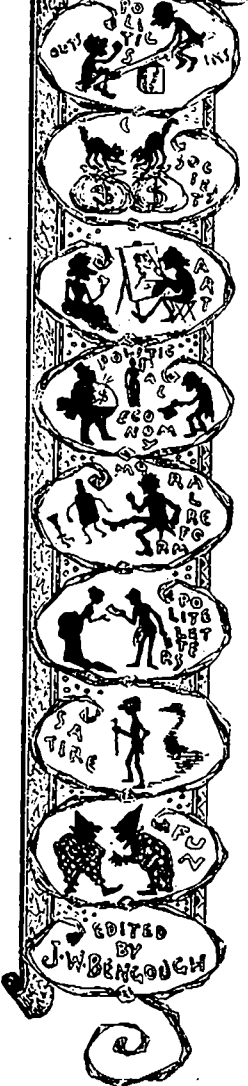


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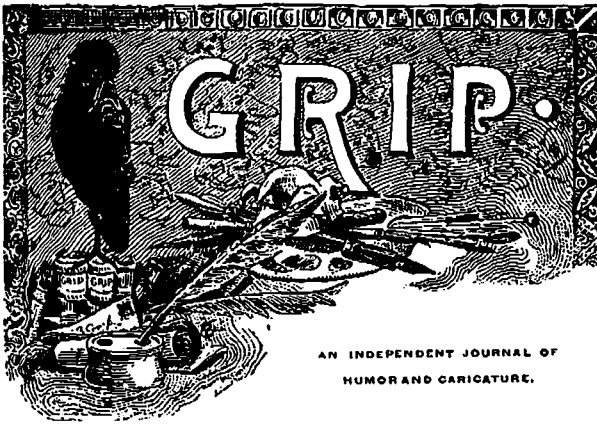
J.W. Brough

"WELL, EDWARD BLAKE, AND HAVEN'T YOU A SOLITARY WORD TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?"

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

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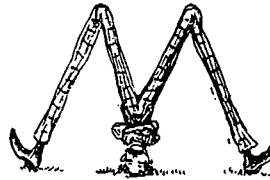


A MEDAL FOR THE MAJORITY.—A medal has been presented to Col. O'Brien, M.P., the leader of the Noble Minority, as a recognition of the service he and they have rendered to the cause of civil and religious liberty by their stand on the Jesuit question. GRIP need hardly say that this presentation meets with his hearty approval; but, being an entirely impartial bird, he cannot permit of the medal business being all on one side. To preserve the balance it becomes necessary to present the leaders of the Ignoble Majority with some similar token of esteem, and as those who approve of their action appear to be "backward about coming forward," it becomes GRIP'S duty, of his own motion and at his own expense,

to prepare the medal and perform the ceremony. This he has accordingly done pictorially. In making the presentation he can only say that a medal of this particular design was never more thoroughly deserved.

EDWARD BLAKE'S ATTITUDE.—Mr. Edward Blake may have some very good excuse to offer for the vote he gave on the Jesuit Bill, but if so, he has not condescended to mention it. By this silence he has done his reputation a serious injury, for he has left it to be inferred that he had no stronger reasons for his course than those given by the speakers who opposed the O'Brien motion. Those reasons were unworthy of statesmen. The plea that the Act in question was technically within the powers of the Quebec Government, and therefore should not be disallowed,

whatever its bearing upon the general well-being of the Dominion, was the plea of a mere politician. Edward Blake has been understood to aspire to some nobler character. Canada once looked to him as her most promising son, and to all appearance he had a grand career before him. With magnificent intellectual powers, splendid culture, and high personal character, he was hailed as the coming statesman—by which term was meant one whose mental grasp embraced the broad interests of the State, and whose powers would be exerted to conserve those interests. One or two sad blunders in recent years well nigh dispelled the country's hope, and now, on another great occasion, he fails us. Nobody can be more fully aware than Edward Blake that this whole continent is engaged in a conflict with Jesuitism, and that in a country which believes in British liberty, no policy could be more mad and suicidal than that which now finds favor in Quebec. And yet by his vote and influence he gives that policy countenance. Are we to conclude that after all Edward Blake is only a politician? Has he nothing to say for himself?



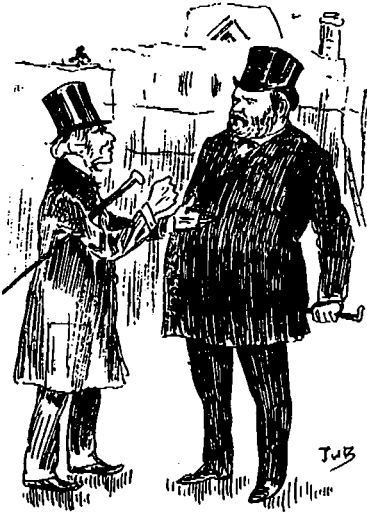
R. ALDERMAN HEWITT is being effusively praised for his efforts to suppress the giant evil of banana-peels-on-the-sidewalks. No doubt, if proper measures are taken, many painful tumbles can be averted, and perhaps a few

limbs may be kept whole that would otherwise be broken. But has the alderman no regard for our local humorists, that he would thus ruthlessly sweep away the banana-peel, one of their most serviceable "properties"? The funny-man's vote is evidently an insignificant factor in St. Thomas' ward.

ON motion of a party by the name of Murphy, the State Senate of New York refused to accord to Mr. Premier Mowat, of Ontario, the courtesy of a seat "on the floor of the House," when he happened to be in Albany a few days ago. The reason assigned for this was not—as might have been supposed—Mr. Mowat's life-long defiance of the Catholic vote, but because he is a "dependent of Great Britain." There can be no question that this Hibernian exile, Murphy, is a patriot of the purest water (and whisky). A few more blows like this at the British Government will bring the haughty Saxon to his knees and settle the Irish question for good.

IT is whispered that Mr. Mackenzie Bowell, Minister of Customs, has at last found the right man for the vacant position of the Toronto Collectorship. There is an impression in ribald circles that these "fat sits" are as a rule reserved for political hacks and given as the reward of party services. In this particular case no such suspicion can arise. The Minister has taken ample time to consider the matter, and calmly examine the claims of all the aspirants with an eye single to the securing of the very best man for the place. He has at last decided, we understand, to give it to a gentleman by the name of Mackenzie Bowell.

MR. ERASTUS WIMAN is coming over to address the Ottawa Board of Trade on May 4th, when, he says, he will "do his best to interest and entertain his audience on the subject of closer relations between the two English speaking nations of this continent." This brazen avowal of a renegade's determination to tear down the flag of his country and sell his people to a foreign—come on, gentlemen of the Restrictionist press, this is your cue. Get your slop-buckets ready, and go for him as usual!



CULTURE IN HAMILTON.

EDITOR OF "TIMES"—"Well, Jobbles, have you read Shakespeare's plays, as I advised you?"

JOBBLER—"I have, yes; I've read 'em all."

ED.—"And how do you like them?"

JOBBLER—"Like! That is not the word, sir. They are glorious, sir; far beyond my expectations. There are not twenty men in Hamilton, sir, who could have written those plays!"

MR. ARGUS appears to have been keeping all his eyes open of late, and sets forth the result in an Ottawa paper for the benefit of those who are less gifted with optic nerves. His letter is worthy of attention:

"Editor *Free Press*—The Canadian tax-payers should look calmly at what is going on in Ottawa. There you may see the Orange leaders and the Jesuit leaders in perfect accord, laying their heads together to devise means of pleasing you, laying more postage on your letters and more duties on all you use, to pay the millions of dollars they are voting away to pay for building useless railroads and other works for which ultimately you must pay, and they and their friends and confederates will pocket. In the meantime, to divert your attention from what they are doing, they have scattered over the country lots of sham Orangemen, fighting sham battles with one another over sham Jesuits, and making a tremendous racket, but nobody is hurt. It is the old trick of the thieves at a fair, while with their sham fights they keep you gaping and glowering and helping on the din, they are busy picking your pockets. By and by you will wonder how you could be so green and silly as not to observe their little game, and stop the plundering in time. ARGUS."

PARLIAMENTARY etiquette is one of those things that "no fellow can understand." Here, for example, is Mr. Barron, M.P., who gets up and states in the House that the Government has sold seventy six square miles of timber limits, worth from \$50,000 to \$75,000, to Mr. Robillard, M.P., for \$316 "I would like to know," he says in conclusion, "what the junior member for Ottawa made by this transaction!" To which Mr. R. responds, "I made nothing at all." Just here comes in the etiquette. "I am bound to accept the hon gentleman's statement inside the House," says Barron, with killing politeness, "but if I were outside I would not."

THEY settled the vexed question between the two Aldermen Macdonald and their respective positions on the civic committees by drawing lots the other evening. E. A., with his usual luck, won at the game, and of course placed himself upon the Board of Works instanter; and now Peter is dissatisfied and wants it all

done over again in a more regular manner. Had he given a moment's consideration to the proposition when it was made to him, he would have surely declined, for he knows enough about St. Matthew's Ward real estate to know what an adept the other Mac is at manipulating "lots."

DIE VS. DYE.

DE SENECTUTE (*looking in the glass*)—"Hello! the gray hairs are coming. Ah! well, I suppose we all must die sometime."

LE BEENTHER (*stroking his raven locks*)—"Yes, and it seems a little strange at first; but one gets used to it. I began about three years ago."

SHE KNEW HIM.

"WHERE does Mr. Skithers live now?" asked one lady of another, as they met, the other day "On Gerrard street or College avenue?"

"On neither," was the response. "He lives on his father-in-law."

DISCOUNTED LIGHTNING.

"TALK about your greased lightning being sudden," remarked Grayson, as he came in from the road the other day, "but I saw something last night that can give lightning a handicap and beat it."

"What was it?"

"A Hamilton man accepting an invitation to drink."

WHERE ITS VALUE LAY.

"SEEN my new picture, Jack?"

"Yep—saw it this morning."

"It's worth more than any picture I ever painted."

"Yes, I think so."

"I'm glad you like it. Where does it strike you, old fellow? Think I put more breadth in it?"

"No—more canvas."

TO BE LET—ALONE.



HE was renting rooms in the city,
And as he completed his task,
Quoth he to the housemaid so
pretty,
"Are you let with the rooms,
may I ask?"

Quoth she, to his straightforward
poser—
There was no mistaking the
tone—
"Am I let with the rooms? Oh,
no, sir,
But sure, sir, I'm to be let
alone!" T. C. R.

A LENTEN CONFESSION.

(SCENE—Fashionable French Salon, Quebec. Among guests a Jesuit priest. Enter guest with red beard.)

JESUIT PRIEST—"Here comes a red beard; that man is like Judas."

GUEST (*who has overheard the remark*)—"Reverend father, it has not been proven that Judas had a red beard, but it is beyond peradventure that he was one of 'the Society of Jesus.'"

JESUIT PRIEST (*with conviction*)—"C'est Jesuit."



EQUIVOCAL.

MISS GORDON—"So you are going to leave Toronto for a time, Mr. Snosley? Well, when you return from abroad we shall hope to see *more of you.*"

THE RIVALS.

DIALOGUE ADAPTED FOR COMMENCEMENT DAY AT THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Characters:—MISS MONT REAL; MISS T. O. RONTO.

MISS MONT REAL—

I 'm glad, my dear Miss T. O. Ronto
That you have given me this call,
I've often wonder'd where you'd gone to,
Not having seen you since last Fall.
I've just been dying to tell you all I know,
Because I thought 'twould tickle you to hear;
Take off your things, you really must not go
Until I've poured my tale into your ear.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Proceed Miss Real. Of what are you so full?

MISS MONT REAL—

My dear Miss Ronto, it's about our school,
Or, rather, college medical for ladies.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Pshaw! What about it? We've had one for years.

MISS MONT REAL—

That thing! Ha, ha! It but a babe is,
While ours will come to life full grown,
A lovely edifice of polished stone.
Museum, class, dissecting rooms complete—
A noble ornament to any street.
But yours! Why, look at yours! Here is its photo,
A corner grocery beats it *in toto.*

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Excuse me, Miss Mont Real, when I say
Our school is in a very prosp'rous way.

MISS MONT REAL—

A prosp'rous way! How can that be, forsooth,
If what I hear is only half the truth?
Your lecturers perform their labors gratis—
A pretty way to run a college, that is!
Your rooms are seven by nine, or nine by ten,
And only four in the whole cottage then!

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Yes, but our faculty will build next year.

MISS MONT REAL—

Indeed! A lofty one-floored house they'll rear,
To cost a thousand, or it may be two,
Without appliances, or but a few.

Of course, in country towns like yours, one should be thrifty
But we, with thousands two hundred and fifty
Will have no pauper starveling college
To give our girls the necessary knowledge.
Twelve thousand dollars now we have in hand,
And lady friends, an energetic band—
Their hearty efforts never once will cease
Until they see this small amount increase,
Making the quarter of a million full
To build, equip, endow our medical school.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

I really think Miss Mont Real you're mean.
I can't help that; but I will tell our dean,
And the professors, too, for I am glad
To say they aim to turn out each girl grad
Even superior to those horrid boys,
Who, tho' they make considerably more noise,
Have frequently been beaten by some lasses
Who got their training in our college classes.

MISS MONT REAL—

That not a single moment do I doubt,
I only tried to take you down a bitty,
And show that tho' you villagers can shout,
For solid work, they're far behind our city.

NOT LONG AGO

I T wusn't very long ago—

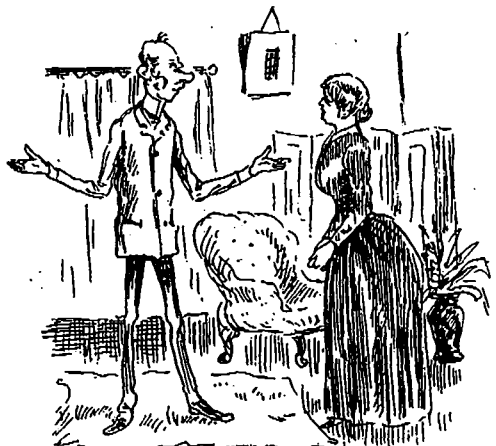
Just long enough to make it hazy
And make it nice to dream about,
When one is feelin' sort o' lazy;

We'd been a-walkin' through the corn
And she stood laughing while I fastened
A corn-silk moustache on my lip,
And then she blushed and said, "You dassent!"

Of course I kissed her double quick,
And she observed when I had done it,
"I'd like your kissin' better if
Your face had real whiskers on it!"

Since then I've let my moustache grow—
(She seemed to think it so important—)
And when I stole a kiss last night
She only said, "You really ort n't!"

That wusn't very long ago—
Not long enough to make it hazy,
But still it's nice to dream about it
When one is feelin' sort o' lazy.



AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. SMITH—"John, has Mrs. Thompson done anything to offend you? She complains that you spoke very rudely to her when you came in yesterday evening."

MR. S.—"Oh, I'm sorry for that. I'm always glad to see Mrs. Thompson, and wouldn't like to hurt her feelings. Fact is, when I came in, the room was rather dark and I mistook her for *you.*"

PAUNCEFOTE.

THE first families of the United States are aching to know how to pronounce correctly the name of the new British Ambassador. The following are a few of their attempts:—The Vanderbilts, Pay-un-see-fo-tee; the Astors, Pay-un-see-fut; the Wards, Pay-in-see-fote; the Goulds, Pay-once-for-tea; the Goldsteins, Pawn's-foot; the Clevelands, Pawn-sea-for-tea; Sitting Bull, Paw-unc-foe-tec; Mr. Ward McAllister, Paunch-foot; Col. Bardwell Slote, M.C., Pon-ce-fotty; the Jews, Pay-unke-forty; Biddy Malone, Pawns-for-tay.

MEDICAL.

BROWN (with an expression of disgust at things in general)—“Jones, the fact is I'm a cynic.”

JONES—“That so? You ought to go down and see the sheriff about your case.”

BROWN—“The sheriff? What do you mean?”

JONES—“Why, he's got a *cynic-cure*, you know.”

A TREATISE ON FENCES.

To the President, Officers and Members of the N.B. Farmers' Institute, in meeting assembled:

IN undertaking to discuss, without bias, a question which is so intimately associated with the future of this great country—a subject so closely identified with the very genius and most cherished institutions of the nation, one which for many long centuries has attracted the most absorbing contemplations from large-minded people, and which has, time and again, plunged many a well-regulated and populous ward into litigation and police court business, we do so with feelings of the profoundest regard for the issues involved.

Most authors agree pretty closely as to the orthography of the word, and seem inclined to spell it *f-e-n-c-e*, some with a big F, others less ambitious as to the initial letter. It is quite true that one noted writer, Mr. Josh Billings, has always persisted in spelling the word “phens,” but, while many of us may admire the characteristics of Prof. Billings in some respects, most of us prefer to regard him as unintentionally a trifle astray on this word, at all events.

What is a fence? some of you will naturally ask at this juncture, and rather than that we should be thought anxious to shirk this very pertinent question, we shall say, at the very outset of our treatise, it all depends. What kind of fence do you mean?

The *snake-fence*, which, in our opinion, ought to come first, is a zig-zag contrivance formed of holes made out of rails piled loosely together. They have called it a snake-fence because it is a very cunning affair. The snake-fence always seems to us to take up about as much ground as you save by laying the fence. It is not an artistically beautiful production, or very pleasing from close inspection; but yet it is said to have the quality of staying where you put it for a long time, unless you want to move it, or a fire gets in its work, or a cyclone breathes its stimulating breath upon the field which your snake fence wobbles around.

A *stone-fence* ought to take rank No. 2, we believe, although, if you were to ask us why, we could not in a few words explain. The stone-fence is made out of stones, the object being chiefly to have some place to put your superfluous crop of stones. And right here let us say, in the interest of scientific agriculture, that it would be a grand thing for our noble country if there



A SEASONABLE REPLY.

SCRIBBLES—“You may sneer at my contributions, and reject them now, but one of these days I will write an article that will knock you cold.”

EDITOR—“Do it! Good idea. Try and let me have it for my mid-summer number.”

were more stone fences and fewer beautifully cultivated stones.

Next let us take up the *picket-fence*, or probably we should say, picket up. The picket-fence is harder to climb over than either of the preceding ones. If ever any of you should get into another man's orchard so enclosed, and be noticed promptly by the watch-dog, you will believe this. The picket-fence has a peculiar habit of shedding its coat, so to speak, but if you can manage to keep the pickets from dropping off every season you will likely be satisfied with this species of fence. Otherwise you will substitute a wire-fence.

The *barbed-wire fence* has been described as a barbarous invention, but any animal who has individually investigated its mechanism with nose or flank will admit that it has a great many good points about it.

The *stump-fence* is an institution which instinctively commands our veneration. We do not want to say anything mean of the stump fence, because it is old and entitled to respect from this standpoint, and yet if it were dead—dead and gone, we should say—how many of us would go into mourning because we should never see its like again?

We should not pass by the *board-fence* slightly, but in this age lumber is lumber, and board-fences are most too rich for our blood. You shall not therefore be bored.

The subject of fences having thus been exhaustively dealt with, let us add a few words about an institution which has come from out of fences. We have in mind the official fence-viewer under the Municipal Act—the gentleman who views your fence when you are in dispute with your neighbor, as to who should pay for the renewing of the fence, or how much you ought to be assessed for the damage your cattle did to your neighbor's field. The fence-viewer is mightier than the fence. We should all rejoice that fences exist, because we have the fence-viewers as the product. In the words of the poet, “What is home without a fence-viewer?” If we had our choice between Member of Parliament and License Inspector under the Scott Act, we should say, unhesitatingly, make us a fence-viewer, or give us a job in the Civil Service.

We have done.



NOT EXACTLY FLATTERING.

MR. COKEON LITTLETON—"Did you read the account of my heroic rescue of a child from under the feet of a runaway horse, in to-day's paper? It was headed, 'Heroism of a Promising Young Lawyer,' you know."

MR. BLUNT (*his bosom friend*)—"Why, yes—saw the headlines, but I had no idea it could have referred to you!"

THE MAIDEN.

IN the dismal middle-ages, which stain historic pages,
With dark and gloomy narratives replete with strife and gore,
Some pious soul invented a machine for unrepented
Heretics to mildly woo them into Mother Church once more.

It was called the Iron Maiden, and its gentle breast was laden
With knives to carve the erring soul from out its husk of clay.
In church when she is singing, dirges in the air seem ringing,
Is a sharp, satiric symbol of the maiden of to-day.

Like it a form of slaughter, stands fashion's graceful daughter,
With the spirits of the woodland sacrificed to deck her head;
In church when she is singing, dirges in the air seem ringing,
Telling of the feathered martyrs whose bright, tuneful souls are fled.
WILLIAM MCGILL.

THE CASE OF MR. COGGE.

A CANADIAN COMMOTION IN THREE PARTS AND A
HIATUS.

BY W. C. NICHOL.

PART I.



Y the Autumn of 1895 the marriageable girls of Canada had become alarmed. For years previously Canadian young men had been going to the States for their wives. Hardly a marriage was recorded in which the daughter of a house of Canada was one of the contracting parties, and the country was populated with unmarried females, old, young and middle-aged, who persistently donned their most attractive costumes, wreathed their faces in their most entrancing smiles, and practised all the little arts and graces which had formerly proved so effective in bringing susceptible males to a proper appreciation of their duty to society, to women, and to that state of life in which they

revolved. But it was all in vain. For some unknown reason the men would have none of them. The subject was debated at length in the newspapers and discussed by the firesides, it was talked over in the clubs and joked about on the streets, but no wholly satisfactory theory for this extraordinary state of affairs was forthcoming.

From the newspapers of the time some idea of the sentiment of the day and of the various reasons advanced to account for these untoward circumstances may be gleaned. The papers which upheld Canadian sentiment and Canadian nationalization were very bitter in their attacks on the offenders, whom they accused of disloyalty, and of introducing a foreign element, bound in time to form an antagonistic factor in the forces with which it was hoped to weld the Provinces of Canada into one great nation. They exhausted the resources of sarcasm, invective and abuse in holding them up to public scorn and contumely, and their views were endorsed in the pulpits from end to end of the country, for the ministers found themselves suffering in pocket by the practical cessation of marriages in Canada. Meetings were held at which the offenders were vigorously denounced, and the loyal newspapers published long reports of the proceedings and commented on them editorially. It may be judged, therefore, that the whole country was in such a state of turmoil as had never been known before in its more or less eventful history.

On the other hand, those papers (and there were not a few of them), which openly favored connection with the States, and advocated Unrestricted Reciprocity, Commercial Union, and even Annexation, rejoiced at and encouraged the feeling which seemed to have swept over the young men of the nation. They pointed out that such a state of affairs was not at all surprising, inasmuch as American girls had reached a physical and mental development far in advance of that of their Canadian sisters, through having had more opportunities and advantages; that they had the tact, taste and vivacity of Frenchwomen, combined with the health and vigor of Englishwomen; that they were graceful, beautiful and good, accomplished housekeepers, charming, unaffected, womanly, and wholly delightful. For these reasons, they said, the young men of Canada could not be blamed if they sought American girls for wives. Doubtless Canadian girls were good enough in their way, but they were vastly inferior both to Canadian men—who had long been noted for their superb proportions and splendid brains—and to their sisters in the States; and, by a process of reasoning not difficult to follow, they argued that the position they assumed was one which should commend itself to all who had the best interests of the nation at heart, because it meant the uniting of those in both countries who were of unusual mental and physical excellence, and who, in turn, would populate Canada with a strong, healthy, vigorous people, combining in themselves the best qualities of human-kind, and so becoming a race whose beauty of face, form and mind would be unsurpassed, if not unequalled, in any country or in any clime. These newspapers went on to say that the fad, or craze, or custom, or whatever it might be called, should be encouraged, because, if for no other reason, it would ultimately tend to promote a friendly social feeling between the inhabitants of two great countries, and make one, in blood and sentiment, a people now separated solely by British prejudices, which were fostered by old fogies who were years behind the democratic spirit of the age, and clung tenaciously to this idea, retarding Canada's growth and independence, and preventing a



BORN TO THE PROFESSION.

MR. BARRISTER JENKINS—"Well, Tommy, and what is your pa going to make of you?"

TOMMY—"A lawyer."

MR. JENKINS—"Indeed! And why a lawyer? Because you are so clever?"

TOMMY—"No; because he says I'm always asking foolish questions."

union which would make a common brotherhood of the whole American continent, and a nation of such extent and grandeur as had never before been known in the history of the world.

Despite these specious arguments, however, and the glowing rhetoric in which they were couched, the indignation of the feminine portion of the community and the fathers of marriageable girls, continued to grow stronger day by day. The tireless agitation of press and pulpit fanned the flame steadily. The newspapers were deluged with letters on the all-engrossing subject, and all sorts of suggestions were advanced to put a stop to a practice which, it was seriously argued, would make a large proportion of Canada's people old maids. One elderly spinster, who had adopted corkscrew curls, a cat, and face-cosmetiques, the one as an indication of her state of blessedness, and the other to conceal the ravages of years, in a letter to the *Empire*, called upon her sisters to take up arms in defence of their sex. "This question," she wrote, "can never be settled except upon the field of battle. Sisters, civil war will be necessary to restore to us our rights. Let us arm ourselves against our common enemy, man. Let us show him that there is one spot, at least, where Canadian men and women can meet upon a common ground, where the supremacy of the Canadian girl can be shown, where her traducers can be slain, and her claim to rank among the best and most worthy women who have brightened this world with their presence ever since it was a world, may be triumphantly vindicated. Sisters, the time is now ripe for action. To arms! To arms!! Let us hang our harps on the willow trees, and go off to the wars to conquer or to die. Let us stand together, shoulder to shoulder, and turn a smiling face to the foe. If death is to be our portion, let us meet it calmly and unflinchingly; if marriage, let us tackle it the same way. We have truth and justice on our side. Sisters, are you with me?"

As no response came to this fervid appeal, it is to be presumed the sisters were not.

Other schemes equally visionary were proposed. One enthusiast suggested that the women of Canada should turn themselves into Lucretia Borgias and poison every American woman in sight. "We will, then," she argued,

"have a nation of widowers, and, as widowers must marry, the wronged and slighted sisterhood of Canada will regain their rights. I have my eye now on a young man who wooed me with ardor and caramels for a lengthy period, but, at the last moment, his head was turned by this craze, and he crossed the border and married an American girl. If his wife were dead, I know he would marry me, and if he married me it is a moral certainty that inside of a month he would be bald-headed and crippled. Thus time and yours truly would work out their own revenges, and, sisters, that is what we all must do. It will not do to have our loving, tender hearts thus ruthlessly neglected. If any one is anxious to join this Lucretia Borgia society, now is the time to subscribe."

Other equally fallacious proposals were to build a wall around Canada; to form a syndicate and buy up all the marriageable girls in the States and ship them to Siberia; or send them to Salt Lake City, and seal them to Mormon elders. But all these insane schemes were rejected by the sensible portion of the community, who fully realized that the rapidly increasing custom was becoming a serious and thoroughly objectionable factor in Canada's social life, though a remedy for it was not at all an easy matter to discover.

(To be continued.)

A DOMESTIC STORY.



CHAP. I.

"JOHN," said she, faintly, "in case of my death I think a man of your temperament and domestic nature, aside from the good of the children, ought to marry again."

"Do you think so, my dear?" said John, in a choking voice.

"I certainly do, after a reasonable length of time," replied the dying woman.

"Well, now, do you know, my dear, that relieves my mind of a great burden," said John, more firmly.

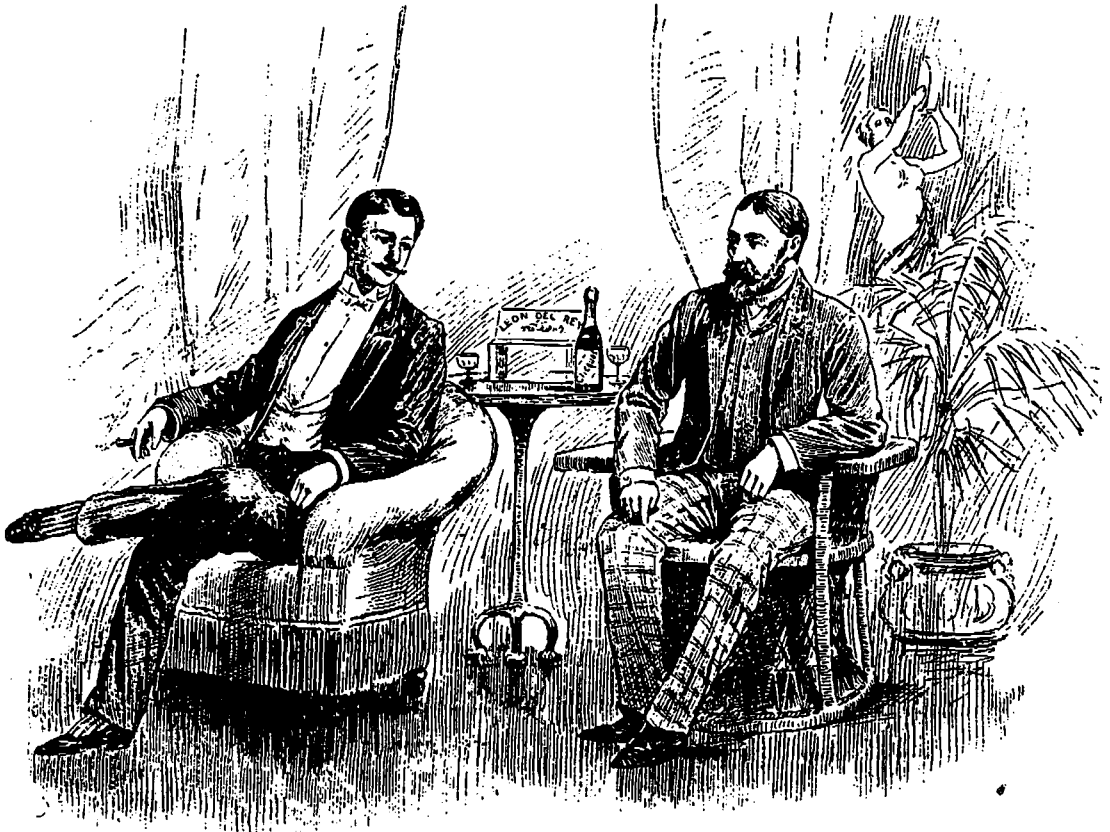
"Does it, dear? Then I am happy," responded his wife.

"Yes," resumed John. "The little Widow Jenks has acted rather demurely towards me ever since you were taken ill. She is not the woman that you are, of course—a strong-minded, intelligent woman of character; but she is plump and pretty, and I am sure she would make me a very desirable wife."



CHAP. II.

The next day Mrs. John was able to sit up; the following day she went down stairs, and on the third day she was planning a new dress.



PERFIDY.

FITZGIBBON.—"Chumley, I always supposed Jabberson was a friend of yours."

CHUMLEY.—"So he is; one of the best I have."

FITZGIBBON.—"You're deceived, old man. He goes about telling folks that you are the dead image of the Prince of Wales."

THE RURAL IN THE BACK STREETS.

NO friend of humanity—let alone one struggling in the mysteries of shorthand—could resist the appeals of a cloud of dust, combined with repeated and sturdy blows, to gaze in mute adoration out into a neighbor's back green, courtyard, or whatever term is given to a small plot of ground crowded with hen-houses, woodsheds and ghastly reminiscences of rocking horses, dog-kennels and dolls' houses, to the rear of a semi-detached residence. Our neighbor is "Spring cleaning," with a decided preponderance of carpet beating. Here is the figure of a modern ice-cream vendor of the itinerant order, laboring at and under the name of Antonio Boni, the sultry noon, and a demi-defunct broom-handle. This latter is especially exasperating, inasmuch as it is just long enough to gracefully entwine itself in the network of clothes-lines, and just short enough at the same time to jar friend Boni's knuckle-bones against an inappreciative cedar post. The welkin grows hotter. Try it with the left hand—no go. An inopportune green wire flower-stand effectually prevents such sinister intentions. The carpet hangs listless and dusty, with a halo of pea-soup encircling. At it again, good Antonio. More dust, more methodical slashes—no longer blows—save where a click denotes further correspondence with the clothes-line overhead, and a muttered guttural the intimate connection with the inappreciative post. Our neighbor's nose ravages his banditti-mustachios, and the latter seek

the puckered eyebrows. But look up, manly Antonio. Dost not see on the summit of said post perches one of thy brown Leghorns? Another exhibition of Tantalus. The poor fowl has made an indecisive capture of a spider; the latter, by a process of Osmosis, has derived some of the features of his dinner. The fowl may be *chic*, but the spider is indefinitely fly. Hanging by a thread from the neck of the Leghorn, he bobs up and down with the relative depredations of his captor. The day grows more sultry, with intermittent perfume of black smoke too lazy to ascend Olympus. The fowl mechanically pecks at the spider, and Signor Boni pecks at the carpet. So long—but keep up heart, Boni; remember Bruce and the Spider. S. G.

COULDN'T CATCH HIS DAD.

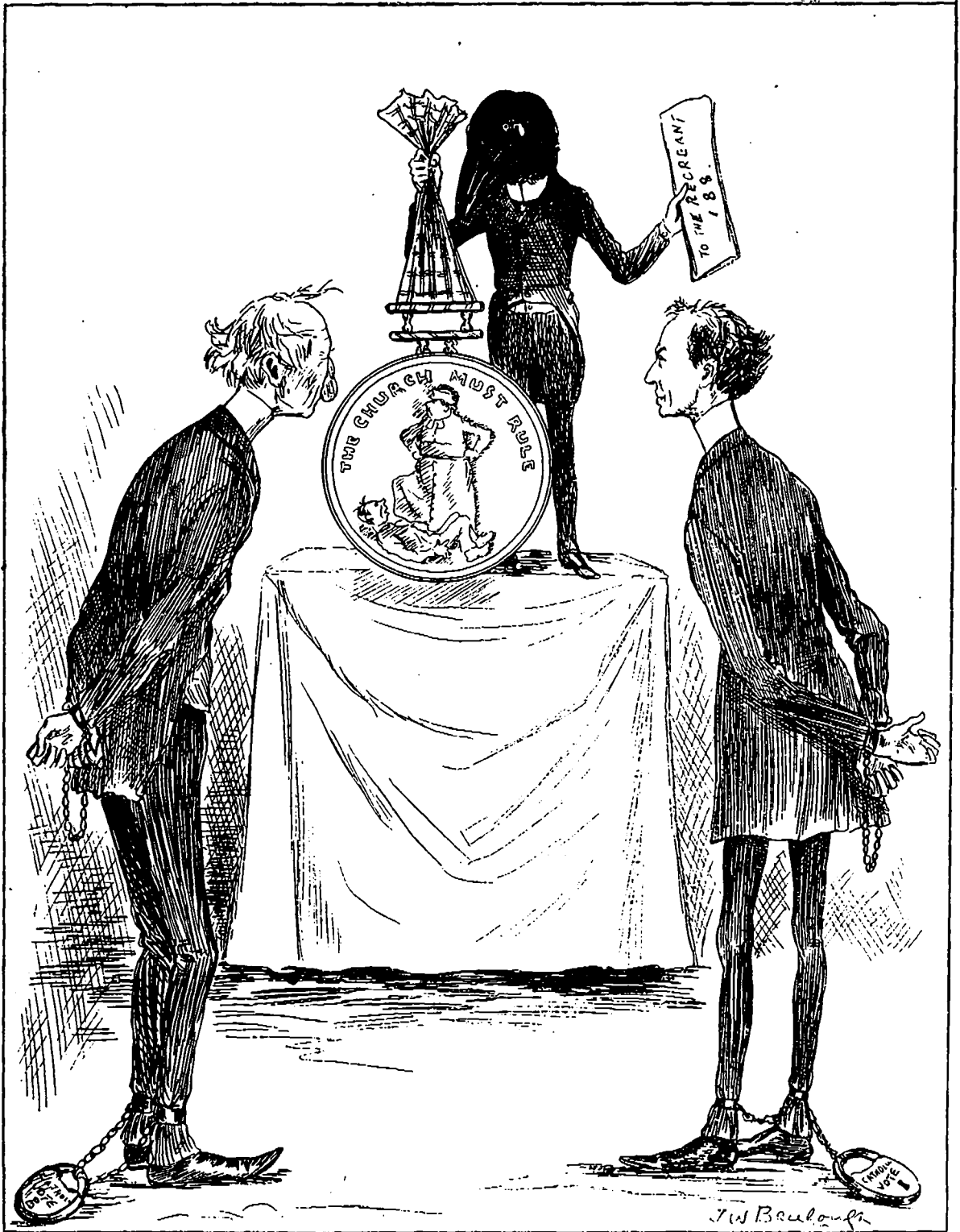
"WHAT'S a pound, pa?"

"It's a measure of weight, Willie."

"But isn't it a place where they put animals, pa?"

"Yes, but then it's a measure of wait till they take them out again."

JAY GOULD and W. Henry Vanderbilt, and these other fellows, will be pretty low down in the scale of riches when the leaves begin to fall, and the frugal ice-man gathers in the spoils from the sale of his year before last Winter's ice.



A MEDAL FOR THE MAJORITY.

(As a rebuke to the partiality of the Public in presenting Col. O'Brien and the Minority with a medal, Mr. GRIP herewith presents one to the Leaders of the Noble Majority.)

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

UNDER the above heading the New York *World*, of Feb. 10th, contains an editorial, of which the following are a few extracts:

"Physicians and unprofessional men of sense agree that if people would take a little of the pains to prevent disease that they do to have it cured, that the civilized world would be much less like a vast hospital than it is now. . . . But the idea of a regular and stated physical examination, even of persons who are apparently well, is an excellent one. The approaches of pulmonary complaints, kidney troubles, and many of the other ills that flesh is heir to, are so insidious as not to be apparent to their victim. In nothing is it truer than in disease that 'an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.'"

There is a great deal of wisdom in what the *World* remarks. Individuals, as a rule, do not give their physical welfare attention, and it is only when alarmed by the presence of disease itself—the consciousness of failing strength—that attention is given to such matters.

Much has been said and written in recent years concerning the extreme and oftentimes fatal danger which results from delay in the treatment of kidney diseases.

Physicians admit that they cannot control advanced disease in those organs, and it is doubtful whether they can control it in any stage without the assistance of Warner's Safe Cure, which is established as the only known means which will reliably prevent and cure this class of disease.

Besides, it has been definitely ascertained that kidney disease is the real cause of ill health in most cases where consumption, heart, brain or nervous disorders are supposed to exist, and in consequence of such belief that many fatal mistakes have been committed by our best physicians in treating such disorders, which are but the symptoms of the disease, whilst they have allowed the real disease—disease of the kidneys—to escape their notice until too late.

There is no safer or surer way by which health can be preserved and disease averted than the occasional use of Warner's Safe Cure, which will benefit the "engines of life"—the kidneys, even if they are in a normally healthy state; while the good that will result in case disease is threatened, or is already present, cannot be over-estimated.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

MATTHEWS & PIERSON are the popular proprietors of the Sturtevant House, Broadway cor. 29th street, N.Y. It is one of the best in the city and a home-like, central place to stop.—*News*.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M.D., F.R.S.E., Ordinary Physician to H.M., the Queen, in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, writes:—"The arteries are sclerosed and atheromatous in the advanced stages of the inflammatory and in the cirrhotic, but not so small in the waxy disease. In that affection the small vessels in other parts are frequently the seat of waxy degeneration." From this it will be seen that in the three forms of kidney disease classed as Bright's disease, the arteries suffer changes, and it matters not whether they undergo sclerotic, atheromatous or waxy change, they are so weakened as to endanger rupture under any increased pressure. This explains the frequency of apoplexy and paralysis, and

has clearly demonstrated that the only preventive of these disastrous ruptures of the blood vessels is the timely use of Warner's Safe Cure to keep the kidneys in a healthy condition.

THE Public Analyst of Montreal says Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine is all it claims to be—a remedy for neuralgia, dyspepsia, and loss of appetite. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

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MR. OPPENHEIMER—"Shakey what a kevestion! Do you vant your fader to encourage Christianity by making Christmas presents? Halt's maul du dummer!"—*Pictorial West*.

PROTECTIONIST—"There is no tariff on knitted brows."—*Drake's Magazine*.

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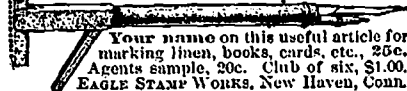
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DIVIDEND NO. 66.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent per annum, and a bonus of two per cent upon the paid-up capital of the bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st day of May, both days included.

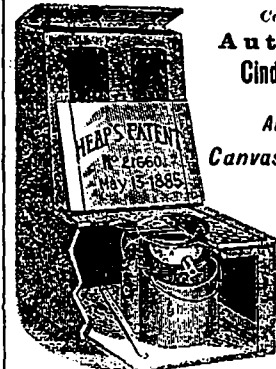
The Annual General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the banking house of the institution on Wednesday, the 19th day of June next. The chair will be taken at noon.

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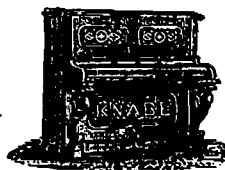
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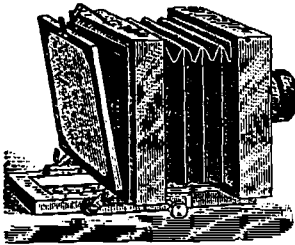


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