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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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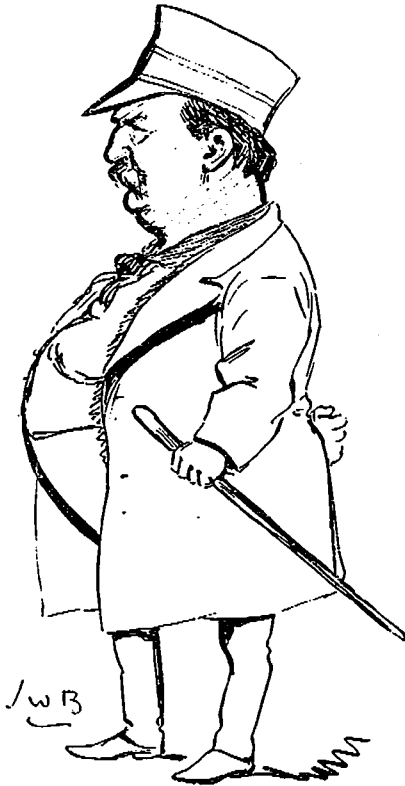
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No. 20.



THE "MAIL'S" ATTITUDE ON SECTARIANISM.

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



STRATFORD STATION, G.T.R.

SHE WANTED BARGAINS.

SHE entered a Yonge street dry goods store, which, strange to say, didn't appear to have any "great sale" in progress. However, she didn't notice this, for she started right in for bargains.

"Got any of them two dollar curtains at fifty cents a pair, left?" she asked of a clerk at the door.

"No! nor never had any, I guess," he replied with a smile.

"Hain't you? Well, let me see your all wool dress goods sellin' at forty cents on the dollar."

"We have none at such a reduction."

"That's queer. Then jest show me the carpets you are sellin' below cost."

"We are selling our carpets at regular prices."

"Is that so? Ain't you got any prints, then, below cost?"

"No."

"Nor no mantles less than wholesale?"

"No."

"Then you ain't runnin' much of a slaughter sale, I fancy."

"We haven't advertised any slaughter sale," he answered impatiently.

"Well, I guess I ain't in the place I was lookin' for, but let me give you a piece of advice, young man. You won't succeed unless you sell 'em below cost. The days of fancy prices is over, young man, and jest don't you forget it." And she gathered up her basket and umbrella and departed.

IT WORKS BEAUTIFULLY!

The plan we call the single tax would never work, you say, And yet, behold, our landlords now work it every day; They put a single tax on land—it's what they call the rent, And manage to collect it, too, down to the smallest cent!

TA GAELIC SUPPER.

DEAR MAISTER GRUP,

HER nainsel will be going to tell you of a bonnie wee dinner that wass helt at Mister Webb's on ta Saturday of the last week whateffer. Ye've likely heard tell of ta Frasers of Inverness; weel, ta same Frasers gev a beautiful dinner, an' she'll neffer hear such beautiful speeches whateffer ata all. Och, man, but the dinner wass goot, (all but their wishy washey licht wines!). She'll say swears to her nainsel, for there wisna' as much Glenelg or Islay as ye cood smell, but then aall the big people will be turning their backs on ta goot old whuskey nowadays—ta Mayor Kennedy, ta Fraser o' ta *Mair*, an' mirofer Lord Aberdeen, whateffer. Weel, I'll shust dinna like it ava.

Weel, aboot ta shentlemans wha wass present. They kem from Windsor, an' Detroit, an' Petrolea, Barrie, an' Hamilton an' ither bit toons. Och, man, but ta Frasers are shust ta cream o' ta Heelans, an' aall the ithers shust Lowlan loons, whateffer. Peside, her nainsel wad ha' peen fair ashamed if she wass Porn a McLean or a McNab, but thanks be she wass porn a shentleman. Och, weel, I'll pe telling ye aboot a' the things they've taken, I mean honors in Leeterature, an Arts, Theology, Medicine an' she'll forgett what, but she's awfu' gled she's a Fraser whateffer. 'Ta wee lad Norman Fraser wass shust like a bit sperit himsel, as he danced ta Heelin fling. Och, weel, aall ta Fraser music an' tradeetions wis there, an' it wis a gran stramack. Did ye effer hear that Atam wass a Fraser? Deed aye, she'll pe a fery old family. She'll gif ye an old historical family song:

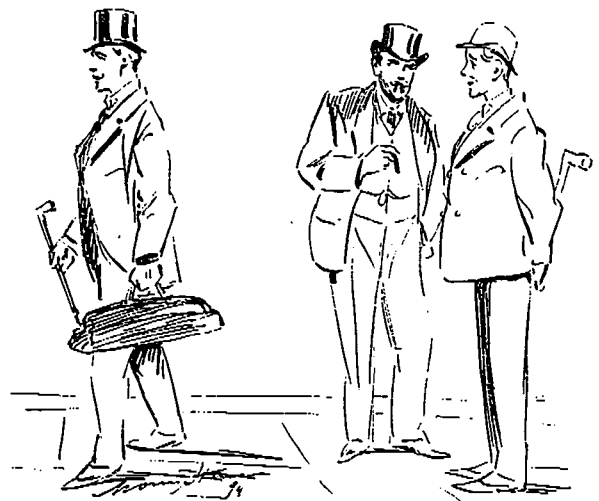
Ta Fraser had a son who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoiled ta Flood by trinking up ta water,
Which he would have done I at least pelieve it,
Had ta mixture peen only half Glenlivet!

Weel, she'll no haf ony mair tae write aboot shust now whateffer, but hoping she'll hear from ye soon her nainsel will shust sign_hersell,

Ta Fraser.

NOT "HEAVENLY."

"Well," said Mr. Cobblewick, as he dandled his pair of babies on his knees in a vain effort to stop their squalling, "if Sarah Grand wants material for a book about the other sort of twins, let her apply here!"



A RISING LAWYER.

JINKS—"Young Fewbriefs at last stands some chance of winning a suit."

BINKS—"Glad to hear it. Got an easy case?"

JINKS—"No; joined a tailor's weekly drawing club."



SCARED OF THE DOG!

CARON—"Don't be afraid, gentlemen, I've got him safe enough for the present."

[“Sir Adolphe Caron moved the adjournment of the debate on Mr. Flint’s motion in favor of a Prohibition law with the obvious purpose of preventing it from coming up again this session.”—*Montreal Witness.*]



OR, THE HUMAN ELEMENT IN MATHEMATICS.

THE student of Arithmetic who has mastered the first four rules of his art, and successfully striven with money-sums and fractions, finds himself confronted by an unbroken expanse of questions known as problems. These are short stories of adventure and industry with the end omitted, and though betraying a strong family resemblance, are not without a certain element of romance.

The characters in the plot of a problem are three people called A, B and C. The form of the question is generally somewhat of this sort:—

“A, B and C do a certain piece of work. A can do as much work in one hour as B in two, or C in four. Find how long they work at it.”

Or thus:—

“A, B and C are employed to dig a ditch. A can dig as much in one hour as B can dig in two and B can dig twice as fast as C. Find how long, etc., etc.”

Or after this wise:—

“A lays a wager that he can walk faster than B or C. A can walk half as fast again as B, and C is only an indifferent walker. Find how far, and so forth.”

The occupations of A, B and C are many and varied. In the older arithmetics they contented themselves with doing “a certain piece of work.” This statement of the case, however, was found too sly and mysterious, or possibly lacking in romantic charm. It became the fashion to define the job more clearly and set them at walking matches, ditch digging, regattas, and piling cord wood. At times they become commercial and enter into partnership, having, with their old mystery, a “certain” capital. Above all they revel in motion. When they tire of walking matches, A rides on horseback or borrows a bicycle and competes with his weaker-minded associates on foot. Now they race on locomotives; now they row; anon they become historical and engage stage coaches; or peradventure they are aquatic and swim. If their occupation is actual work they prefer to pump water into cisterns, two of which leak through holes in the bottom and one of which is watertight. A, of course, has the good one; he also takes the bicycle, and the best locomotive, and the right of swimming with the current. Whatever they do, they put money on it, being all three dead-game sports. A always wins.

In the early chapters of the arithmetic, their identity is concealed under the names John, William and Henry, and they wrangle over the division of marbles. In Algebra they are often called X, Y and Z. But these are only their christian names and they are really the same people.

Now to one who has followed the history of these men through countless pages of problems, watched them in their leisure hours dallying with cordwood, and seen their panting sides heave in the full frenzy of filling a cistern with a leak in it, they become something more than mere symbols. They appear as creatures of flesh and blood, living men



HIS CONSIDERATION.

SWIGSON (*with evident emotion*)—"Yesh, (*hic*) I never shpeak to my (*hic*) mo'-in-law, without' firsh't (*hic*) eating a clove. I r'spect (*hic*) the ol' lady so (*hic*) mush."

with their own passions, ambitions and aspirations, like the rest of us. Let us view them in turn.

A is a full blooded blustering fellow, of energetic temperament, hot-headed and strong-willed. It is he who proposes everything, challenges B to work, makes the bets and bends the others to his will. He is a man of great physical strength and phenomenal endurance. He has been known to walk 48 hours at a stretch and to pump 96. His life is arduous and full of peril. A mistake in the working of a sum may keep him digging a fortnight without sleep. A repeating decimal in the answer might kill him.

B is a quiet, easy-going fellow, afraid of A and bullied by him, but very gentle and brotherly to little C; the weakling. He is quite in A's power, having lost all his money in bets.

Poor C is an undersized, frail man with a plaintive face. Constant walking, digging and pumping has broken his health and ruined his nervous cistern. His joyless life has driven him to drink and smoke more than is good for him, and his hand often shakes as he digs ditches. He has not the strength to work as the others can; in fact, as Hamblin Smith has said, "A can do more work in one hour than C in four."

The first time that ever I saw these men was one evening after a regatta. They had all been rowing in it, and it had transpired that A could row as much in one hour as B in two or C in four. B and C had come home dead fagged, and C was coughing badly. "Never mind, old fellow," I heard B say, "I'll fix you up on the sofa and get you some hot tea." Just then A came blustering in and shouted, "I say, you fellows, Hamblin Smith has showed me three cisterns in his garden and he says we can pump at them till tomorrow night. I bet I can beat you both. Come on. You can pump in your rowing things, you know. Your cistern leaks a little, I think, C." I heard B growl that it was a dirty shame and that C was used up now, but they

went, and presently I could tell from the sound of the water that A was pumping four times as fast as C.

For years after that I used to see them constantly about town and always busy; I never heard of any of them eating or sleeping. Then, owing to a long absence from home I lost sight of them. On my return I was surprised to no longer find A, B and C at their accustomed tasks; on inquiry I heard that work in this line was now done by N, M and O, and that some people were employing for Algebraical jobs four foreigners called Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Delta. Of A, B and C I could learn nothing, until—

(Conclusion next week.)

HYGENIC INFORMATION I

A SCHOOL teacher in the city forwards us the following examination paper of a small boy in one of the lower classes of a Toronto public school. It is printed *verb. et lit.*

HYGINE.

3. Food is any substance that can be taken into the body and used for its life health and growth.
3. Digestion is the process which our food goes through to make it fit to nurish and build up the body.
3. (a) Too rapid eating causes Intidegestion.
(b) " " " " the stomich to do the work of the saliva.
(c) " " " " " " to keep the food in it longer than it should because we don't chew it fine.
6. The teeth are soft inside, and we could not eat if we didn't have something over them, and the stof that is over them is crisp and hard and it is called enamel. There are too parts to the teeth, the crown and the root the root is the part sunk in the gum that we cannot see and the crown is the white part that we can see.
5. The first thing that takes place in the mouth is the teeth chews it and mixes it with the seliva and then the tung rooles it into a little ball and sends it on.
3. The gastic juce is the juce made up of the waist things of the body. It is kept in a little stumich. The action is it pours a little out to mix with the food every time it goes in it.
10. The stomich is shaped somewhat like a pail and the food has to go there there is some kind of a fluid that makes our food digest and at the end is a gate-keeper who will let the food that is digested past and keep the rest till it is digested.



A PROMISING CANDIDATE.

LULU—"We girls are getting up a secret society of our own.

GEORGE—"Indeed? What's the object?"

LULU—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated."

THE GOVERNMENT'S
"RECORD"



THE STRAIGHT TIP.

(THE QUEEN'S PLATE, ONTARIO, JUNE 26, 1894.)

OLIVER, *the Trainer*—"If you're thinkin' of puttin' up anythin', Mr. Meredith, here's the animal for your money. He's twenty years old, but I give you the straight tip, sir, *nothin' can beat him!*"

WE'VE never seen this Queen's Plater "Joe Miller," but we presume he's a chestnut.

E. A. MACDONALD has risen as a candidate in East Toronto. (Y)East makes everything rise.

WE see by the papers that Mr. G. A. Reid has received the prize at the Montreal Art Exhibition for the best figure on view. Yes, George is quite a handsome fellow.

THE boon which the Finance Minister promised the Canadian consumer turns out to be a boon with a string to it.

It was a fortunate thing for that respectable old medical gentlemen that his fate happened to be in the hands of the only twelve men in the country who believed him to be innocent on the evidence submitted.

TALK about the fee system and over-worked deputy registrars, but just look at Foster drawing the entire salary of the Finance Ministership, while the combines are doing all the tariff revision!



UNDER ORDERS.

ETHEL.—"But, why are you wearing eye-glasses?"

MAUD—"Milliner's orders. She said I must with this bonnet, and I have to wear my mouth slightly open, too!"

GOLDEN DAYS.

A WHITE patch, and athwart a band of black,
And twilight creeping in amongst the trees;
Silence around, but through the light comes back
A girl's voice murmuring some such words as these:

"I am thy sovereign, and all gold, you say,
Thy life, thy breath, thy heart's desire alone,
Yet tell me, dear, if fate in any way
Could make thee happier, or me more thine own?"

"Thou art my sovereign and all gold," cried he:
Then stooping, softly whispers in her ear:
"My only joy, we both might happier be
Had I a thousand such as thee—a year!"

F. W. F.

HE WON IT.

"DO you want to earn a quarter, Tommie?" said a King St. insurance man to his ten-year-old son.

"Yes, you bet!" was the response.

"Well, if you post this letter at the Post Office and get back in five minutes, I'll give you a quarter."

Tommie agreed, but failed to return for half an hour, when he came in and innocently demanded his money.

His father was astonished, and taking out his watch said, "Why! you've been away half an hour."

"Yes, but you said if I came back in five minutes you'd give me a quarter and I've done it in four. I took the rest of the time going."

And his father reluctantly gave in and "shelled out."

MR. WELDON's bill to disfranchise bribe-takers was talked out of the Commons. Mons. Jeannotte, M.P., did the Sampsonian trick. He slew it with the jaw-bone of — with his own jaw-bone, in fact.

"PA, what does this mean—it's Latin or French, I think—cacoethes-scribendi."

"That, my son, means—er, well, freely translated it means 'Charles Durand.'"

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

THE SPRING POET ESTABLISHES A PRINCIPLE.

NOW Mother Earth puts on her dress of green,
Nor cares a rap what Paris fashions say,
While feathered songsters render, quite serene,
Their old, old songs, nor change of garb display.

The gentle zephyrs wafted o'er the lake
Rehearse their last year's music in the trees;
The flowerets peeping up, their old forms take
Nor change their colors to attract the bees.

The sky retains its azure cast, nor could
It be improved by pink or yellow hue:
Old Sol himself ne'er tries to change, nor would
It suit us—say, for instance, light were blue.

Thus Nature in her varied aspects shows
Our need of more simplicity, because
Our freaks of fashion and of taste disclose
Our lack of harmony with Nature's laws.

This principle established, I suppose
The public will expect me to comply:
So I have donned my old Spring hat and clothes,
Remember, *lack of money I deny.*

GRIP'S MIDDLE-NAME PORTRAITS.



SIR JOHN SPARROW THOMPSON.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

MISTHER GRIP :

THE sayson is comin' for holiday thrips, an' I'm goin' to take wan. It may be a sayries of thrips, in fact—purvided always that Misthress O'Day has no object shun. With yer permishun, it will be a pleashure to me to be discorsin' with yer readers about the people, an' the places an' things that chance may give me the opportunity of seein' an' obsarvin'. Other people (who can afford it), are takin' their favorite lines of thraavel for Europe, Asia an' Africa, an' around the world, for sport, to spind their holidays an' their spare money. Let em go - to Jericho, if they like. I hope they may all und health an' divarshun, an' also the Thruer an' the Beautiful, of which some say they are in sarch, an' not make the discovery at the journey's end that 'tis distance lends enchantment to the view. For my part, (for raysons best known to meself), I have detarmined to take the Belt Line. To pitch me tint (metaforically) on boord the trolley. From that coin of vantage, men an' women, an' their ways, an' things in gincral will be discussed — widh reflectshuns an' recolleckshuns. A pop at folly as it flies — or as the printher once "set it up" — "Shoot Polly as she flies" — will be taken. But the folly, and not the individual, will be always the mark aimed at. Others may seek for subjects worthy of their pen in far off places and climes: those of your correspondent will dwell in all around us, and about us, and widh us in our everyday path of life an' manners.

As the spoon said to the saucepan, we are going to have stirring times. And the use of the trolley shall be to me the spur of the moment in ridin' for the *Grip* stakes. To begin widh :—

Who has not expyariented the inconvanience of gettin' aboard a sthreet car in a hurry, whin the platform, out to the front step, is crowded widh *gentlemen* — ahem! As you get yer foot on the first step, the conducthor has signalled, the car has started, widh a whiz, an' the crowd on the platform remain stock-still barrin' yer way, although there may be plinty of room inside the car. The conducthor may thry to help ye up. He mostly does so, but in a way that is much more likely to throw ye off yer balance on the step to the pavemint than to help ye on through the crowd gathered around him. If he took the same throuble to to keep a clear passage on the platform, an' used his hands in shovin' back the crowd, an' keep out of the way himself,

instead of thryin' to pull ye through them, he would be a help instead of a hindrance; ye wud feel far safer, an' yer clothing wud be claner an' less liable to injury.

What a motley crowd there was on boord the other mornin', as widh Misthress O'Day, pantin' an' sthruugglin', we forced our way in. Some noble an' bright an' happy faces; some sulky an' scowlin', an' some lookin' down in the mouth, puttin' you in mind of the dentist, who always does so. There were eager children, gaily prattling an' kneeling upon the sates, lookin' out the windows, their soiled boots not improving the ladies dresses by their contact. There were sad countenances; countenances betokenin' passion, and others, both of men and women, telling plainly of mysthery and thragedy consailed behind a hypocritical extayrior. All about you you see faces intent on the deadly sthruuggle and battle of life—some of the combatants widh closed lips and firm unflinchin' eye; others widh thrimblin' aspect, whose every look was like a sigh or a groan. Wan small waisted maiden I noticed. I could not help thinkin' how great a waste of health that little waist represinted. She was engaged in lively carryin's on widh her escort, a young man who appeared to be a school taicher. I overheard her askin' him, widh an immense giggle, if the roots of words produced the flowers of speech. Misthress O'Day, who has a grate head — a head I niver saw turned except wanst in a bonnet shop (and put the sthrongest minded woman there an' twill turn her head) — gave me a nudge, and added sotto voce, there are very few, Tim, like you an' me who know how to be idle an' innocint.

We were gettin' out at the corner of Spadina an' Bloor. Mrs. O'D. ladin' the way, an' carryin' a long-handled umbrella, as long as an Irish pike. All of a suddint I saw her bring it down upon something that obstructed her way out, an' there was a thunderin' yell of pain an' anger. A young swell, writhin' in agony stooped down to rub his foot. She aimed well an' hit him on the bunion. He had, I noticed whin enterin' the car, one leg crossed over the knee of another an' was taken up in readin' something. He never moved to take down his extinded foot, an' all who had to pass him had to rub agin it—the ladies' dhresses espeshully bein' made to do juty as a door mat for him. Mrs. O'D., although a very sweet tempered woman, was mad enough at havin' her nice, new dhress soiled in this way, whin comin' in. And as the unmannerly fellow still kept his leg cocked up, an' she had to run the gauntlet of his dirty boot whin going out, she took this manes to taiche him manners. She recommends the adoption of it in all like cases.

Yer thruer frind,
TIM O'DAY.



CAPTAIN GAYCHAU HASS'N'T MUCH HAIR, BUT WHAT HE HAD HE MANAGES TO ARRANGE — —



II.

RATHER EFFECTIVELY!

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, May 15th.

A QUEER thing about Ottawa is what a lot different folks talk from the way they think. Those members up there at the plantation on the hill say "honorable gentlemen," mighty correct, but they call names in the lobby. They ask with such innocence for "information," when they're jest wanting to kill time. They get so riled sometimes that they let their temper blaze through the thin places in their politeness, and then they go out for walks and bow to the very men that they'd like to use their fists on 'stead of arguments. There have been cases of fists, too, I've heard - fists and noses seems to me 'twas. Now in the country if somebody's dogs chank up a neighbor's sheep, or the geese get into the grain, there's likely a row, and they don't speak - those two. Their wives don't neighbor, and the children won't swap knives or lend skipping ropes. The relations are all drug into the fuss and the folks around take sides. Sometimes it's carried even into meeting. But then when it's a clear case of your mutton, or your corn, it must make a difference. Arguing for a principle's likely to make a person sot in their way, but fighting for bread and butter raises the dander more.

I never used to understand what "red tape" was. It's what they keep folks in line with and tie them up into bundles after they've got them sorted out. When you try to get some place in the galleries where you can hear what is going on, you get sorted. Mr. Speaker's got a gallery of his own, and I guess it's all right too. There's some folks that go up to the House that have got to have an eye kept on 'em, and he can see into his own gallery best. But that isn't what the regulation says. You've got to be blood relations with a member of Parliament or else his wife. Fact is I don't think his mother-in-law would go, even if she couldn't hear well from the nasty little set of dark shelves they call the visitor's gallery. There's a Senator's gallery, too, and it's mostly empty. The Senators are too busy to come, and if their wives go anywhere they'd be pretty sure to want to go to the Senate. There's a public gallery up behind the Speaker's head, but there's a dreadful creepy feeling of punishment for your earthly sins when you get away around behind the throne.

It's good to get sorted into different seats, you learn off the members from different points. Sometimes it's his hat you know, or his head (heads are the most confusing, some are as like as peas) or an ear with an angle in it, or his glasses, or the "chronic" rose in his buttonhole. So a change is good.

Then there's the reading room. They've got all the papers there, and you're not let look at them unless you're a member, or are taken in by a member. Even if you are taken in by a member, you've got to tag around pretty close

to him or they're after you. Ef you go in alone you're warned the first time. At the second offence you get the regulations recited to you, and it interferes with your reading. I got some Ontario politics dreadfully mixed up with them. No wonder I forgot and trotted in again, quite natural like. There's one thing comforts me. I've not been put out of the library yet, but I think it's only because I haven't been here long enough. You see, it's kept me so busy tending to the other regulations and getting sorted, that I've only drifted through there as you might say. But by people's tell, it's got tape-strings for tripping the unwary too. They say when you've got out a book, you're too tired to read it. It's like working all your youth saving your money, and being too near dead to spend it when it's saved.

When a man gets made a minister his fellows down on the floor of the House watch him to see ef he's big enough for his chair. Ef he's a good one, they're hand and glove with him. Ef he's a crooked stick, he gets the cold shoulder. But his wife goes straight up a step-ladder, soon's he's got sorted into his place, and holds a court on the top. The women don't watch her to see ef she's worth while being his wife. Men have more sense in a few things and that's one.

The idea we get that the "servants of the people" at Ottawa, work themselves to death, till they need a trip to furrin' parts, hasn't much in the way of fact to stand on. Some of them do, but we think of them dreadful quick - they're so scarce. The idea is one we get at election times, when there's a big rally in the town hall, or a political picnic in somebody's sugar bush. Even the man that mows the lawn here rides on the mower. It ain't the shaky kind either, and he looks to be having a soulful, dreamy time. The machine goes as easy as the sewing machine the agents explain to you through the crack in the front door. The horse has boots on, and I believe in my soul it's a way they have of making him keep-off-the-grass.

There's something dreadful taking about this place, (in spite of the regulations). It's the hot-bed of history, the nursey of the constitution. It's like the candy places where you get tassy hot. They could set up a sign, "Fresh history every hour" (except holidays.)

But there, it's no use getting enthusiastic, as I did when I first came to see the Buildings. 'Taint ours - it's the members, we're strangers in our own land. We've got to be sorted and keep-off-the-grass. I can stand it when I'm calloused up to it, but not when I'm enthusiastic.

SUSANNAH.



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