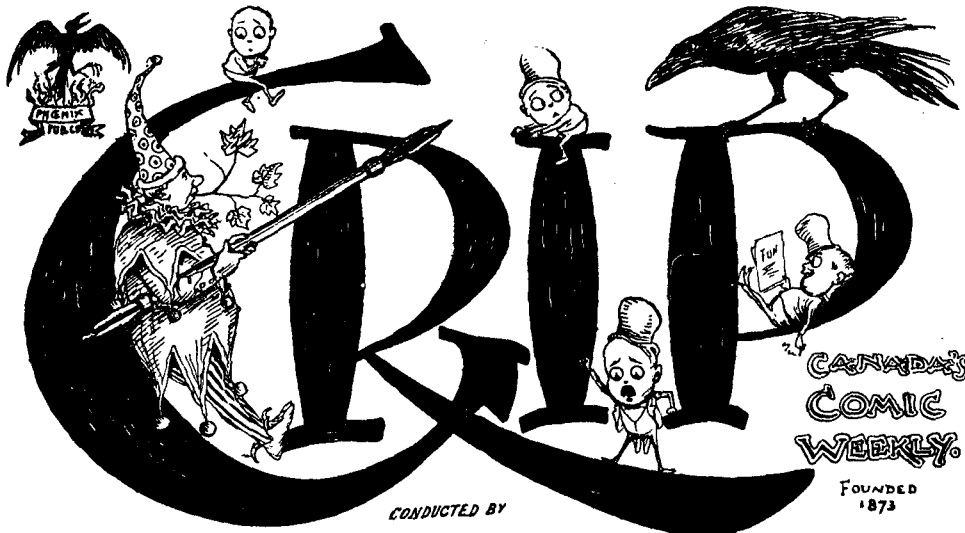


LOOK AT
 YOUR
 LABEL
 AND SEE
 IF YOU
 OWE FOR
 GRIP
 AND IF
 YOU DO
 PAY
 WITHOUT
 DELAY



CONDUCTED BY
J. W. Benceough.

EVERYBODY
 SHOULD SEE
 GRIP'S
 CARTOONS
 DURING THE
 COMING
 ELECTION
 CAMPAIGN
 SEND \$2
 AND GET
 GRIP
 FOR A YEAR

PHOENIX PUBLISHING CO.
 OFFICE: 81 ADELAIDE STREET WEST

"Yet doth he give us bold advertisement."—SHAKESPEARE.

\$2 PER YEAR. 5c. PER COPY.
 SOLD BY NEWSDEALERS.

"The smith a mighty man is he,
 With large and sinewy hands,
 And the muscles of his brawny arms
 Are strong as iron bands."

Sinewy hands and muscles, like iron
 bands, are what athletes are trying
 to develop.

Johnston's

Fluid

Beef

The
 Best
 Athletes
 of to-day
 use

When training, and acknowledge it to
 be the best muscle-forming and
 strength-giving food.



Elias Rogers & Co.

CONSUMPTION

is averted, or if too late to
 avert it, it is often cured and
 always relieved, by

**Scott's
 Emulsion**

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil.
 Cures Coughs, Colds and
 Weak Lungs. Physicians, the
 world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists.
 50c. and \$1.

**DRESSMAKER'S
 MAGIC SCALE**

A perfect tailor system of garment cut-
 ting for ladies and children.
 Also instructions in Men's and Boy's
 Clothing.
 MISS. K. C. MACDONALD :
 General Agent, Ontario.
 4 1/2 Shuter Street, - Toronto.

**WATERPROOF . . .
 and GUMMED LABELS**

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

**Hart & : :
 Riddell**

WHOLESALE AND
 COMMERCIAL
 STATIONERS

27 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

RETAIL DEPARTMENT :
 12 King Street West.

THERE'S
 NO
 MATCH
 FOR 'EM!

EDDY'S

TELEGRAPH
 MATCHES.

SEE THAT
 YOU
 GET THEM.

51 KING ST. E.
 (Rear Entrance from Colborne St.)



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

**STAMMERING . . .
 Permanently Cured**

Fee; payable when cure effected.
 Send for Circulars. Cure Guaranteed.
LINTON'S INSTITUTE
 ROOM 84, YONGE ST. ARCADE, TORONTO
 G. W. LINTON, PRINCIPAL.

**Canada
 Paper
 Company**

PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE
 STATIONERS.

MILLS :
 Windsor Mills
 Springvale Mills
 Riviere du Loup Mills

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES
 578 to 582 Craig St. Montreal.
 15 Front St. West, Toronto.

A. B. Mitchell's Rubberine and Waterproof Linen Collars and Cuffs

are the finest goods made as a substitute for Linen. Once used you will always use them. Give them a trial and be convinced. None like them.

MAX. JOHNSON & CO.

The .. Printers

78 WELLINGTON ST. WEST

.. TORONTO ..

TELEPHONE 2672

The Best Equipped Job Printing House in Canada.

THE EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL

J. F. WELLS, M.A., Editor and Prop'r.

It Pays Advertisers

BECAUSE it possesses the cardinal features that make it profitable to Advertisers: Brightness, Reliability, Honesty, Purity of Tone, Circulation, and the Confidence of its Readers. These are the characteristics that give a paper that **QUALITY** that shrewd Advertisers seek.

Write for rates to

THE POOLE PRINTING Co.,
(Limited.)
8 and 10 Lombard St., Toronto.

GRIP

Still Wants a few

Good Boys to

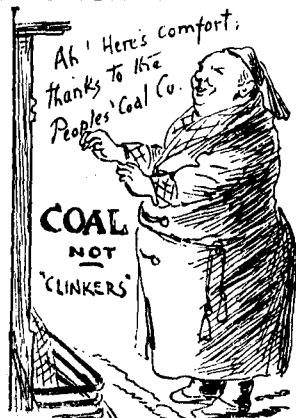
Sell Papers

Wherever he is

Not Represented

SELLS LIKE HOT CAKES

Terms on Application.



What is Biz ?

It is the only paper in Canada devoted to such an important subject as advertising.

It is a little paper, but everything in it counts.

It tells you what sort of advertising pays best.

It publishes samples of clever advertising work.

It gives you clear and practical information about writing advertisements.

It contains articles on advertising by wide-awake people—articles that embody a host of useful ideas for everyday work.

Every advertiser in Canada should read it. Published monthly. \$1.00 a year. Specimen copy on application.

S. C. TRETHERWEY, PUBLISHER
57 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

North American Life Assurance Company.

Head Office, - Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT

J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq., President Canada Landed & National Invest. Co.

VICE-PRESIDENTS

HON. G. W. ALLAN and
J. K. KERR, Esq., Q.C.

The Compound Investment and Investment Annuity Policies of the North American Life Assurance Company contain specially advantageous features for intending insurers.

Write or make personal application for full particulars.

WM. McCABE, Managing Director



The Wilkinson Truss,

The only Perfect-Fitting Truss in the World.

Leading Physicians say it is the Best. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money refunded.

B. LINDMAN,
.. CORNER YONGE & KING, ROOM 1F.

A Ton of Coal

IS 2000 POUNDS.

We all rely on the integrity of the dealer. A good firm will sell full weight and good coal. An unprincipled firm can do otherwise. We guarantee full weight and first-class quality.

HARD COAL \$5.50 A TON IN BAGS.
REMEMBER: A ton of Hard Coal is 39 cubic feet. A ton of Soft Coal is 45 cubic feet.

PEOPLE'S COAL CO.

Head Offices—Corner Queen St. and Spadina Ave. Phone 2246.

THE NEW WEBSTER

JUST PUBLISHED—ENTIRELY NEW.



The Authentic "Unabridged," comprising the issues of 1864, '79 and '83, copyrighted property of the undersigned, is now **Thoroughly Revised and Enlarged**, and bears the name of

Webster's International Dictionary.

Editorial work upon this revision has been in progress for over 10 Years.

Not less than One Hundred paid editorial laborers have been engaged upon it. Over \$300,000 expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed.

Critical comparison with any other Dictionary is invited. **GET THE BEST.**

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers,
Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Sold by all Booksellers. Illustrated pamphlet free.

LEADING ENGLISH PERFUMES

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS

Perfume Toilette

Crown Lavender Salts
MADE ONLY BY THE
CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
177, New Bond Street, LONDON.



EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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

No. 1061

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

No. 13.



FIDEI DEFENSOR!

CLARK WALLACE IN HIS NOBLE ACT OF DEFENDING PROTESTANTISM!

GROSSMITH ON THE AMERICAN DRAMA.



HE typical American play of the period is something which naturally struck so keen an observer as Mr. George Grossmith the moment after he had "Discovered America." And what an exquisite caricature he gave of it in his entertainment last week! The screams of laughter testified that the satire was not only funny but true. This, indeed, is the secret of Grossmith's success as a burlesquer; there

is always solid truth at the bottom of his jesting. Not even his rare talents would be equal to the task, which cheaper wits often attempt, of depicting grotesque impossibilities and making the delineation really amusing.

"The American play of the period," said the quizzical George, "is a queer mixture of melodrama, farce, tragedy, comedy, music-hall, and a lot of other things. It has a profound pathos in it, and is plentifully supplied with what are called 'specialties.' These are dragged in with a sublime indifference to everything but the very peculiar taste of the public that likes that sort of thing.

There is just one theme for the drama in question. I will briefly outline the story. There is a homestead, which is about to be sold to a railway company, as the projected line is to run through the farm, but the railway is given up, and so the homestead is not sold. That's all. But the theme is worked out in a vast variety of ways.

As the curtain goes up you hear a tuneful refrain—something between a salvation army hymn and a plantation melody, the subject of which seems to be "the shore"—"on the shore," that's how the chorus always ends—"a baby"—or something—"on the shore," I never could catch the words exactly. The air goes like this, you know—and here he thrummed it off on the piano. "Well, the curtain goes up, and discovers *John*, the owner of the homestead, sitting in the middle of the stage with his head hanging down. American actors, by the way, always act with their heads hanging down. English actors, on the other hand, keep their heads up to such an extent that people in the pit never see anything but their necks. Enter *John's* Brother. He goes up to *John* sadly and says—"Don't sell the old homestead." (This in quaveringly pathetic tones.) "Why not?" replies *John*. "Because we've had it so long—nearly twelve years!" says the Brother—"Don't sell the old homestead, *John*!" "I will sell it!" says *John*,



curtly, and then he goes off. His Brother is heart-broken. He comes forward close to the footlights, takes a paper-bag of sand from his pocket, sprinkles it on the stage, tosses aside the bag and then—"Here Grossmith did a jig in the best style of the song-and-dance art. "Then," he resumed, "the Brother goes off, and enter four farm-hands. To them, enter *John*. "Don't sell the old homestead, *John*," they plead. They have been working for him a whole week, and of course address him as *John*. "I will



sell it!" replies *John* again, and again he goes off. The farm hands are now cast down with sorrow, so they step up close to the footlights in a row and then it turns out that they are a quartette party. They sing the touching melody I have just played for you, and go off, after which enter the leading lady, *John's* wife, and her daughter, a sprightly and fetching soubrette in a long pinafore and big straw hat. This character is played by a lady something more than twice the age of her "mother," and her special line of business is posturing as a tom-boy-girl as you've seen her on the bills," and here Grossmith, after a few evolutionary skips *a la* Minnie Palmer, sprawled gracefully and girlishly over the piano, with the toe of one foot poised on the back of a chair.



They sat upon the Baby on the Shore. A thing which we had never done before.

"The play ends with a tableau in which *John*, surrounded by a very large and heretofore unsuspected family, augmented by the farm-hand quartette, are grouped stiffly in the middle of the stage, and again the melting strains of "on the shore" are wafted over the audience as the curtain descends." The rendering of the quartette, with which the satirist brought his sketch to a close, was funny beyond any description. He is a kindly critic, is Grossmith, and so he refrained from passing any opinion upon the public taste which makes such "dramas" possible, not to say financially successful.

OUR SPECIAL AT OTTAWA.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA,

Press Room, March 28th, 1894.

WELL, they're at it hammer and tongs. That is to say they were until the Easter holidays called a halt and a sudden adjournment. Sir John Thompson has a high reputation as a churchman, and it is passing strange that Easter did not occur to him when he set the date for the meeting of Parliament. Of course it couldn't have occurred to him, because don't you see he is exceedingly anxious to save time and expense. It is a pity, but it can't be helped now. The members are off to their homes—those of them who live within reasonable mileage, that is—and the others are loafing around the corridors of the House or the hotels, discussing the details of the fistic encounter up to date. By this phrase, which I must have picked up from some of the sporty young men in the press gallery, I have reference to the debate on the address, and the few remarks of Devlin, M.P., on McCarthy's bill. The debate on the address was the usual dreary waste of words, with the usual few bits of oasis in it. The speech which attracted most attention was that of Martin, M.P., for Winnipeg. He is a fighter as everybody knows, with a long reach and powerful delivery. (Here I am dropping into prize-ring parlance again. I must keep away from those chaps in the gallery or my pure style will be spoiled.) Joseph had a crow to pick with the Premier for that "yellow Martin" phrase uttered at Antigonish, and polished off the bones of the bird very satisfactorily. That is to say he succeeded in saying several things quite as nasty and quite as full of sense about Sir John Thompson. Furthermore he duly gloated over his election for Winnipeg and as the personification of the Western demand for Tariff Reform, he shook his gory locks at the government—if this Shakespearism may be permitted in the case of a gentleman who keeps his hair so very closely cropped. So much for his maiden speech. There is every indication that he is going



KING STREET WEST, 3.30 P.M.

SHE—"The Bank Clerks are always *en evidence* on the Bank steps at this hour, haven't you noticed?"

HE—"Yes. It's a way they have of protecting their characters. A clerk's appearance there is conclusive evidence that he's in town; *ergo*, his accounts must be square."

SOME LITERARY QUESTIONS.

(Selected.)

IS Thomas Hardy nowadaws?
Is Rider Haggard pale?
Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?
And Edward Everett Hale?

Was Laurence Sterne? was Hermann Grimm?
Was Edward Young? John Gay?
Jonathan Swift? and old John Bright?
And why was Thomas Gray?

Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?
John Suckling vealy? Pray,
Was Hogg much given to the pen?
Are Lamb's Tales sold to-day?

Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?
Did C. D. Warner? How?
At what did Andrew Marvell so?
Does Edward Whymper now?

What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?
Or Richard Boyle beside?
What gave the wicked Thomas Paine?
And made Mark Akenside?

Does Henry Cabot Lodge at Home?
John Horne Tooke what and when?
Is Gordon Cumming? Has G. W.
Cabled his friends again?

NEAL DOW'S NINETIETH BIRTHDAY.

STILL brisk and bright, tho' ninety years
Have passed since he was born,
The glorious fight he still maintains
Against John Barleycorn;
Neal Dow, the world comes wreath in hand
To mark thy high renown,
And in thy grand old presence
To reverently Neal Dow(n).

WHY don't the police keep a sharper eye on the fiends who throw orange peel on the sidewalks? Aren't most of them Orange Peelers?

BROKEN ENGLISH—The investors in Bal-four's Liberator Society Scheme.

to be heard from again pretty frequently during the Session, and in a manner that will have little of the maidenly about it. We'll see what we'll see.

McCarthy introduced his little Bill to abolish the dual language and separate schools in the Northwest Territories, accompanying it with the assurance of his profound consideration for his French and Roman Catholic fellow citizens. This didn't go down with the fiery Devlin, of Ottawa county. He got up and gave McCarthy the full weight of his shillelah, not forgetting to administer an incidental crack to the devoted head of the Hon. Clark Wallace. His religious zeal—for Mr. Devlin considered it his duty to appear as *Fideli Defensor* for Pope Leo XIII.—led him to use some unparliamentary language, which the Speaker promptly made him take back, but it had no doubt already done its fatal work.

The order paper is already loaded with motions for papers on all manner of subjects. The government have good reason to suspect, from the nature of many of these requests, that it is "loaded" in more senses than one.

The Tariff debate is now on, and I will have something to say about it next week. At present I can't see anything for dust.

YOUR OWN.

MUSKOKA'S MEMBER.

THE man that most deserves applause—
Consistent Marter to the Cause!



SELF-JUDGED.

COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFF—"You are an ignorant old chump, sir!"

COUNSEL FOR DEFENDANT—"And you are a miserable petifogging rascal —!"

JUDGE—"Gentlemen, gentlemen! Address your remarks to the Court!"



MEREDITH'S STABLE.

CREIGHTON (Jockey)—“Which of 'em do you intend to enter for the Ontario Stakes, sir?”

MEREDITH (Owner)—“Er—I hardly know, Davy, which of 'em would be most likely to win?”

WELCOME BACK.

[Hon. Thos. McGreevy intends, it is said, to re-enter public life.]

AIR.—“WIDOW MACHREE.”

Oh, Tommy, old boy, how you fill us with joy!
 Ochone! Tommy Machree,
 When you tell us you'll come, and again make thing hum,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.
 Faith! 'twill gladden our sight,
 And 'twill give us delight,
 If once more in the fight
 Our dear Uncle will be;
 For should boodle revive, we'll into it dive;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.

How we curse that wee Tart—aye, right from the heart,
 Achone! Tommy Machree,
 How we wish him to go to Dante's Inferno,
 Achone! Tommy Machree.
 Ere that he'll get a chance—
 This renowned son of France,
 To again make you dance,
 And to let the talks see
 Where their money is sent, and how it is spent;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.

But come out again, and we'll battle like men,
 Achone! Tommy Machree,
 And to you, as we live, our votes we shall give,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.
 For when put to the test,—
 You're as good as the rest,—
 Giblin says you're the best,
 And with him we agree,
 Despite all those stains and your great lack of brains;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.

So, when Parliament ends, come back to old friends,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree,
 John's tired of the West, and he'll soon want a rest,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.
 Besides, you'll do good
 In Quebec's neighborhood,
 Which is well understood

By the powers that be,
 Then, come you right on, and we'll vote you in, Tom;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.

There's no work at all since we built the cross-wall,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree,
 Faix! our harbor's quite dead, and poorly we're fed,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.
 There's no money in town,
 Since the works were shut down,
 And our misery to crown,
 We shall soon bankrupt be
 Unless that our Mac to Quebec will come back;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.

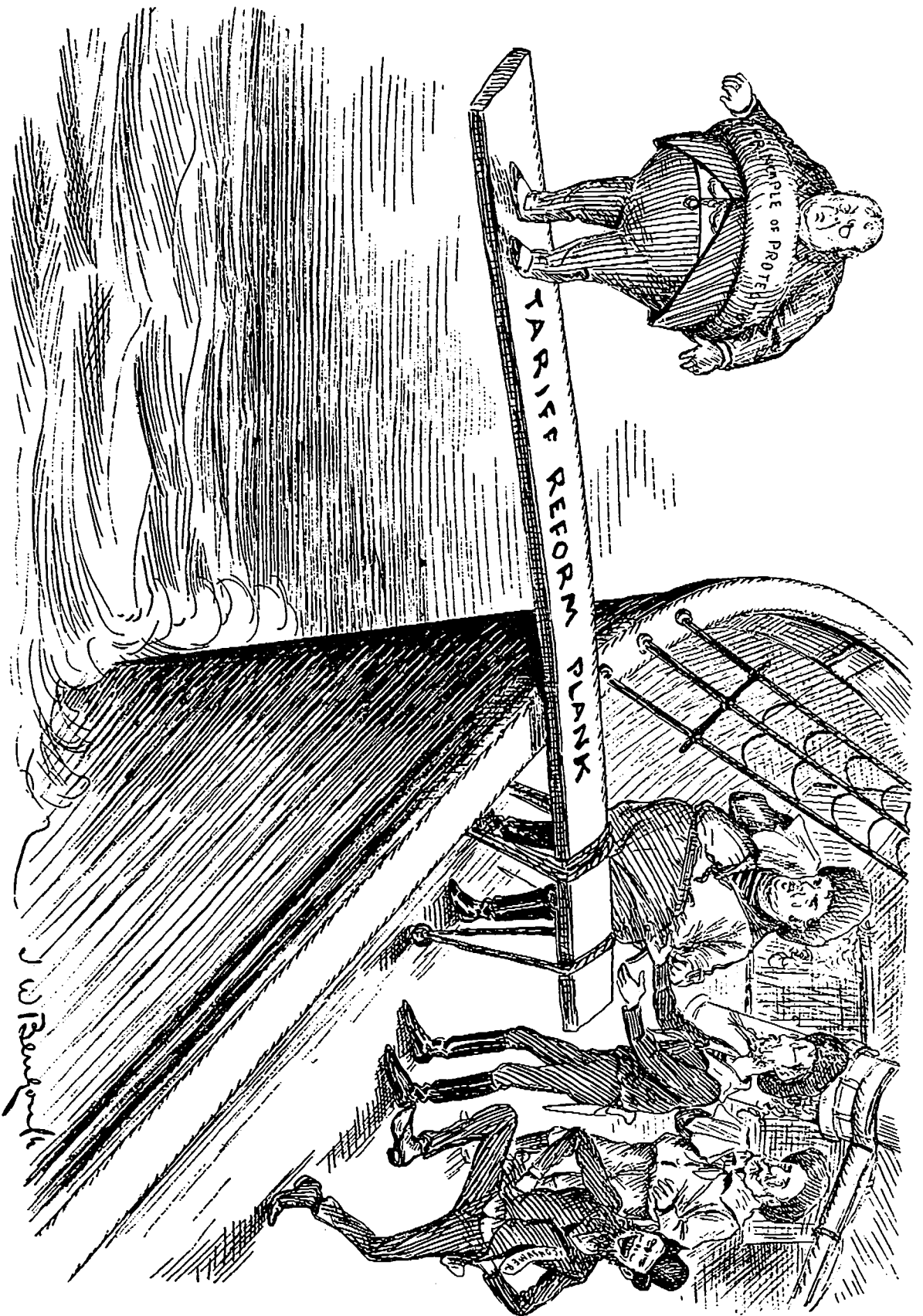
In this vein I might write or sing a whole night,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree,
 But I hope by this time you're pleased with my rhyme,
 Ochone! Tommy Machree.
 We believe 'twill be found,
 What we've just said is sound,
 For 'tis boodle all 'round,
 So for this reason we
 Being in the same boat, will still for you vote;
 Ochone! Tommy Machree!

Paddy Kerry.

THE funny man of the *Star* ought to be told that a condemned murderer is hardly a fit subject for jokes.

PROOF I

MR. JOHN LAIDLAW, whom we honored with a place in our series of “Familiar Outlines,” has an idea that he is really much prettier than he was represented in that sketch. To prove it he has had a photograph done by Mr. H. E. Simpson of College street, and he triumphantly submits the result to us. We caved in at once. Truly John is a grand old man as he stands before the camera, and assuredly the photo is excellently “took”—quite Simpsonian in finish. So we will consider the point settled, and MR. GRIP beaten for once.



MONOPOLY MADE TO WALK THE PLANK!

FOSTER—"Hope you won't blame us, dear boy; obliged to do it; can't help ourselves; but then you have the life-preserver on, you know!"

TEN MINUTES IN ORILLIA.

BY OUR OWN UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

MR. GRIP.



In pursuance of your comprehensive plan of sending me as your Representative to visit and make a note of our various interesting towns—at the rate of about one a week, I dropped in on Orillia last Thursday. Orillia, which, as we are informed, takes its name from the original settler, O'Reilly, is, as you may be aware, on the Northern Railway, a few miles north of Hawkston. It is a fine little town, rejoicing in many pleasant residences, and excellent butter. The electric railway is not yet in operation, but a free bus, drawn by a

pair of bays that seem to travel with a galvanic battery action, runs from the depot to the Orillia House. On the way thither the native Points with Pride to the new post office, (a splendid public building, finished a few months ago, but apparently regarded by the Government as too good for human nature's daily use, as it is kept mysteriously closed) and Kennedy's Hall. This latter establishment is Orillia's pet and pride. Boston does not think so much of Fanuil Hall, as Orillia does of Kennedy's, but every time the Orillia man thinks of it he swears, mentally. A feeling of reverence for its age, and pity for its delapidated and woe-begone appearance, restrains him from swearing aloud. Then his thoughts may happily wander to more pleasant subjects. Big Jack Adams, for example. And I may just say that Jack is an example of human nature in its largest and most genial shape. I found him at the Orillia House, where landlord Haw presented him to me as an institution that Orillia and the whole northern country is proud of. Jack doffed his gigantic sombrero and seemed to gather me up in his friendly hand as he expressed himself delighted to meet Mr. Grip's Representative. This fine chap, a very Hogshead of Happiness, is known all over the country as the Boss of the lumber camps and cattle ranch of King Thompson. It is only once in a while that he lights up Orillia with his benign smile, and I was fortunate in happening on one of the occasions. Speaking of smiles, I may mention that I was invited by Big Jack to make a sketch of the exquisite young gentleman who officiates at the Orillia House bar. When he was pointed out to



me I thought there must be a mistake, and that an operatic tenor, or an Italian violin virtuoso had inadvertently strayed into the white jacket and ample apron of the bartender. But I made the sketch, and here it is. "Billy" is not so big as Jack, but he is much prettier; so beautiful, in fact, that landlord Haw often stands round by the half-hour and just feasts his eyes on them moustache and those hair! I made a pictorial note of the Landlord in the act of doing this, which is herewith submitted also. I would like to mention what a good soul this landlord is—how sweet tempered and long suffering. Why,

he never gets mad! Not even when the fresh commercial man comes in, slaps him on the back and roars out, "Haw there! Haw are you?" And I suppose he must have heard this at least 54 times. Dr. Beaton, I found, was in his usual health, and the *Times* and *Packet* are both flourishing. The former is going ahead at such a rate that its new owner, Blackstone (formerly of the *Brantford Expositor*), has some thoughts of importing an expert affidavit-maker to swear to the largest circulation on earth every week. The postmaster (who is still doing business at the old stand) is also quite well again, thank you. His friends will no doubt be glad to hear of his recent raise of celery. To sum up, I went and consulted Dr. McLean as to the state of the community's political health. He stated with tearful eye and tremulous voice, that Toryism, he feared, was in its last gasp!



AS-THE-CROW-FLIES.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

To The Hon. John Costigan, M.P., Secretary of State, Ottawa.

MY DEAR MISTHER COSTIGAN:

THE ides o' March have come an' gone agin. So has Aisther Sunday. So has St. Patrick's Day, an' the grand marchin' av the Byes, in green an' goold an' banners flyin'. An' be me sowkins, 'tis a bowld quickstep they showed they cud dance to the tune of Garryowen, an' St. Patrick's Day in the mornin', or any other March. The march of time, which—

"No wealth can bribe, no pray'rs persuade to stay,"—widh silent pace, is stalin' something from us all the time, an' none of us can ketch the thief. But the ould vagabone will yet have to hang up his scythe, whin time shall be no mower!

We are havin' some pleasant signs of the advancin' spring. Everything is stirring into new life—espeshully in The Park—where, would you b'live it? an abundance of palms could be seen wavin' the other day. It was whin there was a big meeting of the unemployed. A forest of hands was held up in favor of a resolution for the manufacture of corkscrews, so as to afford present employment. The good religious min o' the Ministerial Associashun took up the matter, an' showed—as plain as the young lady who took the gent's fancy an' returned it agin widh thanks—that corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets have saved. It is in The Park that the March winds, an'



HANSARD CONDENSED.

DAVIN—"Would you mind doing me a favor, McCarthy?"

MCCARTHY—"Delighted, I'm sure, Davin, if it's in my power."

DAVIN—"It is. Be so good as to mind your own affairs, and leave North-West grievances that don't exist to North-West representatives."

the march of intellect, are now houldin' high revelry. The latter is confined to the Parliment Buildin's, for the present. There, the windy orathers require a sstrong force o' wind. It is a grate help to them intirely — for as yez know, orathors, like kites, are obliged to rise agin the wind, not widh it. In the head winds raised by the Opposishun at Ottawa, at the presint ritin', yez have an instance av how the winds sometimes blow conthary. An' in the little breeze raised be Clark Wallace, who appears niver to be so much in his climint as whin he is gettin' himself an' the Governmint into a scrape, yez have an exemplificashun av some o' the unsartin moods o' blusterin' windbags.

Havin't Ireshmin, though, through wale an woc, thrashed the foe, to raise the wind for John Bull? That's a fair qeshthun, I shud think, to put to sum o' the young Bulls, an' sum of their half-brother relashuns, who are now opposin' Home Rule, an' if put in the right way, I don't think they'd prove onraysonably obstinate to convarson. They know they'll want Pat to bear a hand fer 'em agin. An' it isn't a hand, or two hands aither, that Pat can give, but three hands. For there's his right and left hands, and he's ginerally a little beforehand in a scrimmage. Yis, John Bull is comin' to fairly see his own intherest in doin' justis' to Ould Ireland. An from what Lord Rosebery promises so bravely, Irishmin can surely say :

'Tis coming now that glorious time,
Foretold and sung by prophets hoary,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!

Ye can read this to Clark an' Bowell, not, "ironically," as the joker said, when passin' by the new iron railin' for there's neither railin' nor irony mint. But from a sense of principle. But sad to say: Min of principle are not always the principal min. Principles perish in party sstrife, an' with politicians, policy is not the science of principles, but of exigencies, or there wud be no sich happy family around yerself an' Curran, an' Sir John in the Cabinet at Ottawa.

Put up something for a rainy day—if it's only an umbrella an'

Believe me yer throe frind,
TIM O'DAY.

THE NEW SLICK.

CHAPTER I.

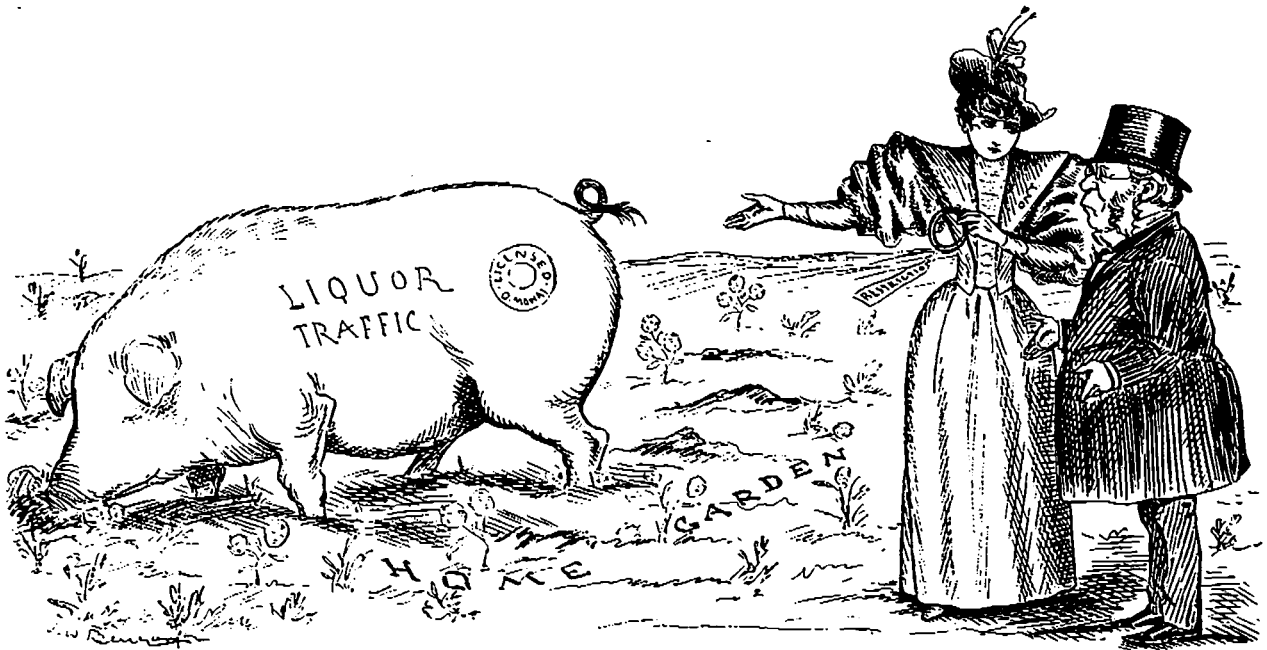
PUGWASH, NOVA SCOTIA—MY FIRST MEETING WITH MR. RUBE SLICK—A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK—A NOBLE ANCESTRY—COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY—ADVICE TO THE BLUENOSES—A HUSTLER.

I WAS sitting in the simply furnished but home-like "office" of the little hotel at Pugwash, N.S., discussing Provincial politics with an intelligent native of the place, when a tall, slim man of about thirty-five entered, having just alighted from the hotel bus. He carried a couple of gripsacks and an umbrella, and might have passed for a commercial traveller only that he lacked the up-to-date aspect of the drummer fraternity. He looked decidedly "old fashioned." His hair, which was of a washed-out sandy tint, was long and "scraggly," and his hat was highly suggestive of the head piece with which the caricaturists adorn "Uncle Sam." Indeed, the whole style and figure of the man recalled this familiar personage, though of course he didn't wear straps to his trowsers, nor sport the high collar and claw-hammer coat. It was not so much his clothes that gave him the old fashioned look as his face and general bearing. These observations were made during the few moments occupied by the new comer in walking across the room to the office counter and signing his name in the register; and my companion had evidently been too much engrossed in what he was saying about Fielding's policy to notice the arrival at all, for as the latter turned from the desk and came toward us, my friend recognized him with a hearty exclamation, jumped up and grasped his extended hand. "Why, how are you, Mr. Slick, glad to see you. Got 'round this way again, hey? Well, nobody's more welcome. Let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Quiller,



SOLITUDE.

Miss GIDDY (coming upon Mr. Callow unexpectedly)—
"Quite alone, Mr. Callow?"
MR. C.—"Yaas; alone with my thoughts."
Miss G.—"That's what I said. Quite alone."



ROOT HOG OR (POSSIBLY) DIE.

MISS ONTARIO : " Sir Oliver, that dreadful creature is destroying my garden, devouring my youthful plants and trampling down everything I deem precious. I want you to put this ring in his ugly snout *atonce!* "

SIR OLIVER : " Don't be unreasonable, madam. Such a proceeding would be putting the Hog to a great deal of inconvenience. Besides, what's the use of putting a ring in his nose, when before very long, perhaps, I may possibly be authorized to kill him outright? "

the journalist from Halifax Mr. Quiller"—addressing me—"I want you to know Mr. Slick, the —"

"Glad to meet Mr. Slick," I responded. "No relation to the late Mr. Sam Slick, I presume?" This I said as a mere pleasantry, as every Nova Scotian is of course familiar with Judge Haliburton's famous classic.

"Wall," said Mr. Slick, with a rich Down East drawl, "I guess you've guessed it the first try. Yes; Samuel Slick was my great grandfather, I calc'late. 'Pears like the old gent was pretty well known through the Provinces here."

"Yes," put in the Pugwash man, "he was; and a fine man he seems to have been, too, from all I've ever heard. This gentleman," he added, addressing himself to me, "is Mr. Reuben Slick, and he travels the 'circuit' in the interests of the clock business, established by his distinguished ancestor."

"Yes," assented Mr. Slick, "queer we hain't met somewhar' afore this. I've ben doing the circuit now for nigh on to five years. Live in Halifax, did you say, sir?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Pegram—which was the name of the Pugwash man—answering for me; "yes, he's an editor there. Runs the *Emancipator*: you know the paper, of course."

"Certainly; 'course I do. It's a fine paper too, sir," said Mr. Slick, heartily. "I read it reg'lar. What I like is that as a general thing its politics fits mine like the bark fits a birch tree. Must have a tol'able biggish circulation, I should say. I've seen it everywhar', from Yarmouth to North Sydney."

"Oh, yes," I replied, "we cover a good deal of ground. I assume that you have Free Trade leanings from what you say, Mr. Slick."

"You bet I have—I'm for free trade right from the shoulder. It's the only thing that'll save these Provinces, sir. But the Bluenoses hain't got a great deal more sense than they had in my great grandad's days. There's too many of 'em yit that don't have much ambition to do any-

thing but set 'round the taverns or the corner stores an' smoke an' talk 'bout the Legislative Assembly. I keep a-tellin' 'em they'll have to git up an' git, or the Province is agoin' to the dogs."

"Very sound advice," Mr. Slick, I said. "I observe you have a good deal of the original Sam about you."

"You flatter me, sir," he replied. "I don't make no pretensions that way, for Samuel Slick was a right *smart* chap, ef he *was* my relation, and ef I do say it as shoul'dn't. But I'll hope for your better acquaintance, sir. I've got to hustle now to see some of my customers."

"Customers?" I ventured to say, enquiringly. "You don't peddle your clocks, then, as the original Slick did?"

"No sir,—the business has grown sence his time," he replied, with a dash of pride. "We sell to the trade now. Good morning, sir; I'll see you later." And thus my first interview with Reuben Slick was brought to an abrupt close. I met him again many times afterwards, however. But as Kipling says, "that's another story."

RATIONALISM.

PRINCIPAL B. F. Austin is well known as a Rationalist. We hope this statement will not shock the Methodist church, which knows him chiefly as the able Principal of Alma College, St. Thomas, but it is quite true. He is a Rationalist in Politics, for example, repudiating both the old parties, and going in for the abolition of the whisky traffic; and those who know anything of his work as an Educationist, know that his system is eminently rational. He has been of late giving special attention to the subject of memory, and the result is a neat little work on Rational Memory Training which it would pay every student old or young to read. Principal Austin thoroughly exposes the "fake" systems of memorizing now in vogue, and replaces them by a method which commends itself to common sense. The book can be obtained by addressing the Journal Publishing House, St. Thomas.

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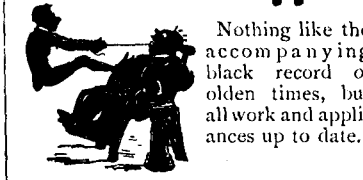
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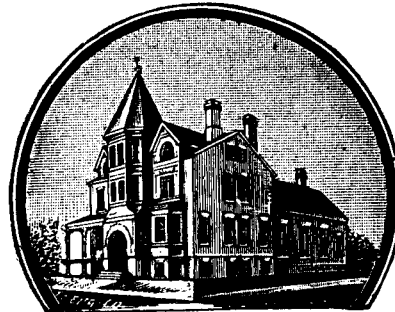
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