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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Perhaps the most skeptical supporter of the Federal Government is now convinced that the farmers' convention in the North-West is not a mere collusion of Grittism, and that the farmers in question are in dead earnest. Whether this truth has yet penetrated the skulls of the back bench members or not, it has certainly dawned with some brightness on the mind of the Premier, and he now recognizes that immediate action is necessary if the discontent and consequent disorder is to be allayed. GRIP has very little sympathy with the Government in this trouble, because it is the natural outcome of the policy they deliberately adopted and acted upon, heedless of all protests; nor does he think the North-West farmers deserve much pity, as their sufferings are the result of the policy which they on two or three occasions endorsed at the polls. However, the trouble is there, and it must be removed. Sir John can no longer evade the issue by making fine promises. It is not the Norquay of old he has to deal with, but Norquay with a stout stick up his back to keep him from collapsing, and the irresistible power of popular opinion behind him to force him to his duty.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Blake has denied on the floor of the House that he made overtures directly or indirectly for the Bleu vote; the *Mail* says he did make such overtures through

the *Globe*; the Editor of the *Globe* says Mr. Blake did not inspire or write the article in question; the *Mail* says he *did*. The *Globe* man thinks the *Mail* man ought to apologise to Mr. B. The *Mail* declines to do so, and points to the significant fact that Mr. Blake has not denied that he inspired the *Globe* article. This pretty kettle of fish is worthy of being embalmed in history, and so GRIP, has put it on record.—P. S. Since our picture was drawn Mr. Blake has denied that he had anything to do with the publication of the *Globe* article, but the *Mail* regards this as a mere evasion of the question as to whether he inspired or wrote it.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir Charles Tupper has now a splendid opportunity to do signal service for the Canadian cattle trade—which means for the whole body of agriculturists in this Dominion. A dead set is being made at our great exporting business under thinly disguised pretences of keeping diseased cattle out of England. Canada does not send diseased cattle to the English market, as has been demonstrated already by Sir C. Tupper, but our good reputation in the past will not avail unless active measures are at once taken by the Canadian Government to protect our interests. The opposition appears to come from the Conservative party, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that representations from a Government of the same political stripe would carry a great deal of weight. At all events, the effort should be made. Sir Charles Tupper no doubt values the recognition which was given to his former efforts in this good cause, and we should suppose his self interest, if nothing else, would prompt him to seize this opportunity of winning new laurels. Canada has but few citizens like Mr. G. F. Frankland—men who devote their whole time and capital to the furtherance of the country's substantial growth—and surely a government which emphasises *Patriotism* will not stand idly by and see the enterprises of such citizens jeopardized, as they are under present circumstances.



ARCADIA!

(Scene—A river's brink; Jock and Jean;
Jock kneels and drinks).
Jean—Whitaye daeiu', Jock?
Jock—Makin' toddy!
Jean—Whaur's the whusky?
Jock—I got it last night!

—The Baillie.



Time brings about its own revenges. Hawkins is already getting a chance to exult over Mills. The poets are hard at work on Mills.

The striking plasterers remain firm. There is some saud in them, as it were. But the indications are that they can not cow the bosses.

"The Grand Old Usurper" is original and happy. But "The Sour Old Stoic" would sound well from the opposite quarter. The *Mail* editor is offering this suggestion free of charge.

The political leaders are beginning to repudiate the party papers. This is a hopeful sign. Now, if the party papers will only proceed to repudiate the political leaders, honors will be easy. And the country will be easier.

A citizen writes angrily about the quality of the milk he receives. "The cream," he says, "doesn't come up." But, probably, if he only knew it. The cream not only comes up but also goes down. Isn't it the hired girl he wants to consult, and not Inspector Awde?

The Khedive has to have a hotel to himself in Paris. You perceive, if he put up at an ordinary hotel, strangers would be constantly mistaking the bartender for him—unless, of course, his Highness had it thoroughly understood that he would not wear his diamonds and jewelry during his stay.

The *Mail* enjoys "condemnation from *La Minerve*," because "It writes against us in a literary form which we envy and can never hope to attain." A nod from a lord is proverbially a breakfast for a fool. It has remained for the *Mail* editor to further declare that a trouncing from a scholar is an honor to an ignoramus.

Who dares deny that this is an age of advancement and improvement? An inventive genius in the reporting profession has been struck with the idea that forty years is a long enough time for the *Globe* to employ "The Last Sad Rites" as a heading for a funeral notice. He proposes to substitute "Dust to Dust." And his chief has actually fallen in with the notion.

Although resolute and untiring editors have succeeded in exterminating "Beautiful Snow" poets, after years of toil and bloodshed and purchasing large waste baskets, the species is in danger of re-appearing in a new form. Lately different strings of ostensible verse have been discovered in alleged newspapers, having the title "Snow Flakes." Is it necessary to do more than sound this note of warning? Remember, eternal massacre is the price of journalistic sanity!

In the costs attendant on the Langtry-Dumoulin suit the city-clergy find a new aspect of the law and the profits. The clergy are getting the law and the court and counsel the profits. The law can last, but there is a limit to the profits. A good way to vary the proceedings would be for the disputants to now fall on each other's necks and cry quits. They might then offer the rest of the property for division

among the lawyers and proceed to enjoy themselves watching the scramble for the spoils. The whole thing is bound to go, anyway, if they keep on litigating.

It is not improbable that they may take a firm stand against Sir John on this occasion. * * * Why can not they unite with the French Liberals, for once, in assisting Mr. Blake to stem the tide that threatens to overwhelm us all, and, after that national danger is averted, let them state their grievances with confidence that no wrong shall be done them."—*Globe bid for Quebec Bleu before the C. P. R. loan vote.*

If Mr. Meredith will do these things when in opposition, what would he do if the money bags of the Province were at his command? If these things are done in the green tree what would be done in the dry?—*Globe endorsement of Crit contemporary's criticism, re stolen Algoma telegrams.*

There are occasions when the scissors and paste-pot are more powerful than the pen. This seems to be one of them.

People may well feel alarmed at the way in which the school affairs of this city are managed. Read the subjoined *verb. et lit.* extract from a *Globe* report of a School Board committee meeting:—

The headmaster of Niagara street school wrote that the stove did not give enough heat, and suggested a longer range of stove-pipe, also that his desk had been broken by burglars. It was considered that the order to caretakers to start the stoves at an earlier hour each morning would cover the case.

Of course the public have all confidence in the reporter. It is the intelligence and scholarship of the school trustees that may well appal them.

Some day, if the newspapers keep on, Goldwin Smith will be driven out of the country bereft of reason. One time an editor will allude to him as "Professor Goldwin Smith." At another time some writer styles him "Mr. Goldwin Smith." Then a third calls him "Goldwin Smith, D.C.L." Presently you come across "Dr. Smith." Directly afterwards "Bystander Smith" catches your eye. And there are several districts yet to hear from. There would seem to be only one course open to Mr. Smith if he wishes to preserve within himself the assurance of his identity—hemust at once take to the woods.

A local reporter for the *Globe* wrote a powerful item the other day about a runaway horse. In the course of it he stated that the animal had taken "freight" at something or other. This little slip can, of course, be explained away by the circumstance that the railway editor had been temporarily drafted in as a "local" hand. But, when one observes in the "news summary" of the same issue, a paragraph referring to "Jessie" James, what excuse can avail? Surely the *Globe* does not want an anxious public to conclude that the truly good editor-in-chief has never heard of the Missouri bandit! The fact is that, in the absence of satisfactory explanation, people will have a shrewd suspicion that the able night editor has engaged a female assistant or else has just been getting married.

Why is the *Montreal Herald* an apostle of sweetness if not of light? Because it is one s (cent).

Whenever Prof. Sullivan speaks it recalls to mind "The voice of the slag-hard," as it were.

They—these two, whose lives were bound up in each other, whose hearts beat synchronously, and who had but one idea between them—sat upon the back piazza in the shadow of the moonlight about eleven o'clock at night, when the mother of the girl put out the milk-can previous to retiring for the night. Softly breaking the silence, the good woman said—"When the milkman comes in the morning don't you two drink up all the milk; leave a little for breakfast."

GINRAL GRAHAM.

A BALLAD OF EGYPT.

Oh! have you heard the glorious news
That's come from Ginnal Graham,
Whose soldiers march devoid of "trews,"
With pipes and chiefs to play 'em.

He formed them in an oblong square,
And when they pulled the triggers
The rifle cracks, and on their backs
Lay just 1,000 niggers.

Says Graham, I will serve ye out,
I'm neither goose nor dodo;
I'll e'en let Gordon talk and spout
His swavitor in modo.

And if the place I want to see,
You bet your life I'll gain it;
I'll try the further in re—
In other words, the bayonet.

Then pointing to the works, did say,
"The rebs must soon leave that men;"
The soldiers marched without delay
Straight into Trinktut then.

Now Graham is the proudest man,
And Gladstone is the gladdest;
And of all men, white, black, or tan,
El Mahdi is the maddest!



THE DRUMMER'S DOG.

A VILLAGE BAR-ROOM TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The crowd in the village bar-room numbered exactly eight. One man had just said that the meanest dog he ever had was a bob-tailed collie that used to chase the pet calf away from its mash and then gorge himself with it, while all the time he made out to the family that the only creature on earth he really loved and wanted to protect was this identical calf. "The poor calf was most starved to death 'fore I got onto the brute's little scheme and knocked him cold."

The interval which followed before the next man took the witness stand was agreeably whiled away at the bar.

"Gentlemen," began No. 2, "some of you will, perhaps, wonder when I solemnly say I hate dogs and declare I wouldn't undertake to own the best one in the world at £1000 a year salary and expenses. The explanation is quite simple—I once had a dog and that one dog was enough for me all my life. He was a combination of meanness and ferocity of the first cut. Before packing my sample trunks I shall try to give you a little history of my dog, in support of the character I have just given him. He was a Newfoundland and I got him a six months pup from a friend who was going to New Zealand; I dearly loved this friend, but I have never ceased to regret that his fancy lay in the direction of dogs—that is to say in the direction of this particular dog. He was tall, gaunt, raw-boned and awkward; but his face was innocent and there was positively a modest look in his blue eyes. But, ah! gentlemen, his looks were no index to his base nature! On the night of his arrival and after the family had retired, he became impressed with at least three separate convictions—namely, that he oughtn't to be a captive, that he was hungry, and that there were various articles about the premises designed for his special amusement. He acted on all three promptly.

It was an easy matter for him to gnaw his halter and get loose. It was not so easy for him to mount a step-ladder in the back-shed and reach a quarter of venison that had cost a week's hard hunting. But he possessed determination, and it took him presumably but a short time to demonstrate that I possessed no venison. Having thus appeased his appetite somewhat he appears to have proceeded to enjoy a little season of play.

Reducing the clothes basket to chips must have amused him highly for a brief while, but it struck me he had keener enjoyment chewing up the bake-board. Whether he pulled over the bag of flour and munched off the handle of the new churn, in the order mentioned, is an interesting question which I have never yet settled to my entire satisfaction. But there can be no doubt but that the buffalo robe worried him pretty nearly as much as he worried the buffalo robe; he did not, however, abandon the investigation of it until after assuring himself there was no more lining attaching to it. Then in sheer weariness he lay down on the washing that had been taken in that night, and, like a tired child, fell sweetly asleep.

Next day, among other things, he bit the baby; killed the house-cat and ate her three kittens; scared a neighbor's child into convulsions; frightened the cow so badly that she didn't come near the house for four days; spilled the week's collection of cream in the cellar and carried off the lambs'-wool mats and buried them in the manure heap. The third day he distinguished himself by smashing a pier glass, under the impression that he was making the acquaintance of another one of his species, after which he swept the china ornaments off the parlor what-not, and was climbing rather gracefully up onto the key-board of the piano, when my wife thoughtlessly interrupted him. And so it went on for the whole week, each day revealing more clearly his intention of making himself perfectly at home in his new quarters, and his capacity for unlimited, if varied, enjoyment. I missed my liver-pad one morning shortly after the dog had availed himself of the freedom of the bathroom, which, as I afterwards learned, he was in the habit of visiting to regale himself on the scented soap.

The liver-pad never turned up, nor yet did the dog, until two days later, when he crawled from under the barn, a most pronounced invalid. Liver-pad, he no doubt concluded, had to be practised on before one could really partake freely of it. This incident awakened me, and I was led to study, and pretty soon had an accurate knowledge of the dog's appetite and erratic taste. One day, when he had positively refused a good dinner, I found the reason to be that he felt surfeited after devouring the tops of my India-rubber fishing-boots. At another time, a new clothes-line he ate, as a sort of appetizer, completely took away his desire for a milk breakfast. Subsequently, he spoiled his appetite by lurching off a pair of overalls I had been wearing while painting the verandah, and then lapping up about half a pot of the paint. Later on, he had a toothsome tit-bit in my new order-book, which he serenely crunched up—indelible pencil and all. All this nutriment, you must remember, was entirely apart from his regular allowance of ordinary food. I began to feed him on liver and lights, and to procure enough, I was obliged to contract with four butchers, for an exclusive supply of plucks. Finally his appetite began to seriously alarm me—that is his appetite for extraneous and abnormal diet. His deliberately making a late supper of our best table-cloth, which the hired girl had managed to partially saturate with coal oil, decided me in ordering a chain and dog-house for him. The very next day I brought home two very valuable Brahma hens, with young broods of ten each. That night there wasn't a chicken or hen on the premises

—on the outside of the dog. Next morning, there wasn't a dog on our premises—above the ground. That, gentlemen, is my dog experience, and I guess you all understand my objections to the canine race on principle. Have something with me, now, for there's my rig at the door, and I must get to Smithville to-night, for I hear they're having revival services there."

Each man drank silently, and sat down. It was exactly eleven minutes and a half before one of them ventured to observe: "Boys, that drummer-feller may be a decent, truthful chap, still—"

And he glanced around for a look of encouragement.

But every man appeared to be thinking about something. And the speaker hadn't the heart to interrupt them any further.

OVER-REACHED ITSELF.

The *Globe* urged many and strong arguments against the new loan. But the editor should have known better where to stop. When he wrote: "The \$30,000,000 will place the C.P.R. in a better position to treat," it might have dawned on him that he was making a mull of it. The Pacific Railway Company "treating," with one Drinkwater at its head! The very idea of it!!

SO IT IS.

"This should have been an open winter, and it ain't," remarked the old farmer to the groceryman.

"Why?" queried the groceryman.

"Because the almanick said so."

"Ah, yes!"

"But, yit, I'll bet it is an open winter."

"How so?"

"Well, it's opened folks' eyes to the fact that almanick makers is darn liars."

After that, the groceryman really had to throw in an extra plug.

SHE WAS TRUE.

"And so you are going to get married, Eliza?" remarked the city girl to her second cousin from the back township, after the two had exchanged greeting, and the Swamp Angel had borrowed the Metropolitan Cherub's gun.

"Yes, love," was the reply. "I calk'late to drive double after six weeks from to-morrow."

Then the conversation went on about hearts and farm stock, and hopes and new barns, and true love and wedding outfits, and all that sort of business-like talk.

Finally the city maiden said: "But, see here, Eliza, you've told me all about the approaching affair, except one thing—who'll be the best man?"

"Louise!" was the indignant exclamation.

"How dare you?"

"Why, Eliza, you needn't—"

"I needn't kick at an up-and-up insult, I s'pose! What d'ye take me fur?"

"But, Eliza dear, I didn't mean—I assure you—don't get angry—I—I—I—please let me explain!"

"Explain, eh? Louisa Smith, look a here! Didn't you just ask me an impudent question, and ain't you good and shamed of yourself?"

"Impudent question! Why, I only asked you who was going to be best man at your wedding."

"Well, what d'ye call that? Who ought to be the best man if my husband ain't, eh? D'ye think that when I'm a married woman I'd sour on my Jim, even if the dandiest feller in this town was present at the wedding? Lore, you don't know Lize."



THE WAY SHE WORKED IT.

YOUNG MRS. DINGLEBENDER'S INNOCENT STRATEGY.

When Mr. Dinglebender the other day brought home a nice-looking pair of ducks he said to his young wife, "My dear, I have a great mind to invite the Hoopenburys to help us discuss these fowl. But I fear your ability, being so young and inexperienced a house-keeper, to do yourself credit in preparing the ducks for the table. You know that Mrs. Hoopenbury, though only by a year your senior as a matron, prides herself on her skill in cooking, and I would not, for a farm, have her find the slightest opportunity to crow over a failure on your part to manage your culinary affairs." Saying which, the proud young husband patted the pretty face upturned to him and was about to pay it the homage due when it suddenly occurred to him that the family cat was a trifle too contiguous to the ducks and ought to be remonstrated with. He accordingly remonstrated with the animal through the medium of a potato masher.

Instead of getting indignant and starting off at once for the nearest divorce court lawyer, little Mrs. Dinglebender looked her alleged lord and master of half a year's standing smilingly in the face and chirped: "Jack, if I can manage you, big goose that you are, surely I will not be overcome by two small ducks!"

"But you never yet have been able to cook a fowl up good and solid!"

"I'm bound to learn."

"Angkore! When?"

"Tomorrow."

"On what?"

"Those ducks."

"From whom?"

"Mrs. Hoopenbury."

"And give yourself dead away!"

"Not a bit of it."

"How'll you work it, then?"

"Wait and see."

As the able newspaper reporter would express it, this closed the interview and the husband withdrew.

The morrow came and so did Mrs. Hoopenbury, Mr. Hoopenbury's orders being to hold himself in readiness to join Mr. Dinglebender at noon for a united attack on the Dinglebender Commissariat Department.

After Mrs. Dinglebender had made her visitor comfortable in body by disposing of her wraps, and had put her in a like condition mentally by vowing that the baby was just too sweet and cunning for anything, she boldly opened the campaign.

"Now you'll have to excuse me while I get the dinner on. I'll only be a few minutes preparing the ducks."

"Oh, don't suppose I'm going to sit here with you way off in the kitchen!"

"But you know I don't need your help, my dear Mrs. H. I'm—"

"Not another word, Mrs. D! Out to the kitchen I go." And so she did. First strategic move!

"The ducks, I'm sure, will be tender," Mrs. D. brightly remarked as she laid the pan down beside them. "I know it by the—"

"By the foot-joints," broke in Mrs. H., tripping over and applying the test, which was not a disappointing one.

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. D., as if she had known it all her life instead of for just one minute. "That is the best way to discover a tough fowl." Move No. 2, and the enemy all unconscious.

"Now, Mrs. H., I shall impart to you a wonderful secret in the art of making a dressing. I learned it—"

But how cleverly the wily little know nothing guessed the result. Mrs. H.'s own infallible recipe was out of her mouth like a shot.

"Mrs. H., now just tell me candidly where ever did you steal my recipe?" Tone, serio-comic-reproachful.

"Mrs. D., upon my sacred word and honor, that recipe has been in our family for generations back. I think you are the only other person alive, my mother excepted, who has it. Where did you steal it?" Tone, earnestly and positively convincing.

But Mrs. D. laughingly declined to tell. No. 3 move gloriously executed.

"Of course, Mrs. H., you always use a fire just—"

"Roast slowly half an hour on the oven bottom—then build up a brisk blaze, change to the top and keep till nicely browned."

"My own plan, precisely, Mrs. H. But of course you never neglect to—"

"Baste! Well I should say not. That is one half the secret of cooking a fowl—baste very frequently."

"Exactly! But what is the—"

If Mrs. D. had been allowed to pursue her mad career the word "basting" would have completed the sentence and ruined her for life. But some kind guardian angel whispered "careful!" and you could scarcely detect the tremor in her voice as she stepped back from the precipice over which thoughtlessness had just about hurled her, and continued—"The use of—"

"Mrs. H. promptly came to time with. "of basting so much? Why, the more dripping you keep pouring back onto the fowl the less the danger of burning and the more juicy the meat."

"Oh, I know that right well, my dear Mrs. H. But I was just thinking—but, no matter. I get a little absent-minded occasionally." And to prevent further trouble, the little schemer set her birds in the oven. She had gained the shadow of the fortress walls and could shout a bloodless victory, she thought. But precipitancy must not once again spoil the whole march. She would venture yet one more step before springing to scale the walls.

"I think a roast duck is such a nice dish, don't you, Mrs. H? That is, one roasted as you and I know how to do it."

"Roast duck and currant jolly is as complete a dinner as I ever want to sit down to," was Mrs. H.'s answer. And that settled it. The jolly flank movement crowned the conquest, and Mrs. D. had actually to hurry out to the back-shed and prance about like a spring lamb.

The dinner was an unqualified success.

Said Mr. D. to Mrs. D. when the visitors had left: "How did you manage to distinguish yourself so highly? I was afraid those ducks would prove more than a match for you."

Replied Mrs. D.: "By simply using a little innocent strategy."

Said Mrs. H. to Mr. H. on their way home: "I declare if that little Mrs. D. is not a regular gem, and she really knows as much about cooking as I do, I verily believe."

Replied Mr. H.: "Well, I guess you're about right!"



THE NORTH-WEST MEANS BUSINESS!

J. J. HAWKINS, EX-M.P.

(1)
In a kentry like this whar rite is expected
Ter perch high in the air 'way 'bove that that's wrong,
I naturally supposed a man who folks 'lected
Should in parliament sit whar he do justly belong,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
Thet state'r things might do in Bombay.

(2)
Kinsistency's a jewel, so wise people assert,
So politicians ter be jewels to one party should stick;
And not, even for gain, from thet side desert,
Ter git in ther Commons by a dirty mean trick,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
Let a man change when he likes to be Vicker o' Bray.

(3)
Honorable David Mills is a purty shrewd feller,
He's held high perissions 'mong rether smart men;
He ain't one of these cusses just crawled from a cellar,
And 'magine themselves clever with less brains than a hen,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
He wants a slice of my cheek ter make him O. K.

(4)
I ain't no crank on religion, like some in this world;
Prayin' I'm feard will never give me the heaves,
But I think a man oter from his country be hurled
Fer not sticken up fer the religion in which he believes,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say—
Religion's one thing, but it aint sessional pay.

(5)
If wind 'd pay accounts we'd be all free from duns,
No notional kerusey we'd need ter pay off our debt;
We'd only have ter bottle up three or four tons,
Haud it in, and then wait our receipt fer ter get,
And J. J.
Hawkins 'll say—
Ther's nuff in my stomak to make me Bonanzer Mackay.

(6)
Thar's too many parasites on the plitical cheese,
Some of them oter be plesher or starved,
Ther use in the kentry ther's no person sees,
They'd better go to New Zealand and get themselves
carved.
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say
While ther's a cent in the treasury on it I will stay.

(7)
Ambition kintrolled is a very good thing,
It's allus stuck in a man tho' he's rared in a stable,
But when its rain gets to-se it jists makes him sing,
And he'll soon come to nothin', like the Tower o' Babel,
But J. J.
Hawkins 'll say,
I'm the only livin' example to the contrara.
Feb. 18th, 1883. J.H.C.

HIS MOTHER'S PET.

"How do you like the squash pie, Alfred?"
asked a young Milton wife of her husband, a
few days after marriage. "Well, it is pretty
good, but—" "But what? I suppose you
started to say that it isn't as good as that which
your mother makes." "Well, yes, I did in-
tend to say that, but—" "Well, Alfred, your
mother made that very pie and sent it to me—"
"Why, Susie, don't cry. I didn't mean to
hurt your feelings. Mother probably never
made that pie. She bought it at your father's
bakery."—*Milton News*.

An idle and dissipated young man, who
turned over a new leaf and went to work the
first of the year, says he don't see why it is:
all of his creditors seemed to be anxious to have
him settle down, but no sooner had he done so
than they simultaneously began to manifest an
equal eagerness to have him settle up.—*Cin-
cinnati Saturday Night*.

But one distinction marks the frisky
And festive rulers of the State,
One-half delight in crooked whiskey;
The others—take their whiskey straight.
—*Chicago Sun*.

A Williamsport youth sent fifty cents to a
New York man to learn how to keep from
swearing, and received in reply: "Don't open
your mouth." He has sworn ever since.—*Williamsport Grit*.

SHE REFERRED HIM TO HER PA.

Her fairy form,
Her modest face,
Her charming air,
And winning grace
Enchanted all
The lads in town,
And each one loved
Jemima Brown.
She oft was called
The village pride,
And for her love
I long had sighed.
I said I'd know
No joy in life, till she'd
Consent to be my wife. She
Blushed quite red and said
"Oh, la," and then referred me to
Her pa. His manner was both rude
and rough, and when he spoke his tones
Were gruff. I asked him then in accents
Bland to give to me his daughter's hand.
For answer he gave me his foot encased
Within this cowhide boot!
—*Someville Journal*.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

After the stovepipe had been knocked down
by the efforts of Giveadam Jones to rest both
his feet on the hearth at once, and Judge Ca-
daver, Pickles Smith and Blossom Joluson had
heroically restored it to place, Brother Gardner
arose and said:

"One great cause of human misery am de
fact dat mankind expects too much of Provi-
dence. Take the case of Elder Toots, fur in-
stance. Fur de las sixty y'ars he has been
waitin' fur Providence to stop de leaks in his
cabin roo an' he am waitin' yit. He somehow
expects dat Providence am going to furnish
him pie an' cake an' oyster soup, an' when he
sots down to cold taters an' tuff meat he feels
as if he had been wronged.

"Take de case of Bradawl Jalap. He has
allus had de idea dat he would some day be
rich, an' as a consequence he sots on de fence
and plans new houses, and drives fast hosses,
an' w'ars good clothes, while his wife goes
ragged, and his children have cold toes. What
he might airt by honest labor he won't airt,
bekase he hopes to get a fortune widout
work.

"I tell you, my frens, de man who waits fur
to-morrer to sharpen his ax, am sartin to do
poor choppin'. De man who sots on de fence
to wait fur a legacy will h'ar his wife scrapin'
de bottom ob de flour barrel ebery day in de
week. De man who lets himself believe dat
de world owes him a libin' am gwine to eat
some mighty poo' fodder afore he dies. De
world doan' owe nobody nufin. We am put
heah to sot an' starve or git up 'n' dust. Pro-
vidence won't pay house rent, buy our 'taters,
or keep de cook-stove hot. Let us now pur-
ceed to bizness."

Sir Isaac Walpole desired to state before
passing the bean-box that he started out in
life with the feeling that he would find a lost
wallet containing \$20,000. The idea lasted
him until he was obliged to wear a suit made of
coffee-sacking, and until he was reduced in
flesh from 167 to 98 pounds. He then kicked
himself all over the back yard and went to
work.—*Detroit Free Press*.

MEAN MEN.

Sometimes I wonder what a mean man thinks
about when he goes to bed; when he turns out
the light and lies down; when the darkness
closes in about him, and he is alone and com-
pelled to be honest with himself. And not a
bright thought, not a generous impulse, not a
manly act, not a word of blessing, not a grate-
ful look, comes to bless him again. Not a

penny dropped into the outstretched palm of
poverty, nor the balm of a loving word drop-
ped into an aching heart; no sunbeam of en-
couragement cast upon a struggling life; the
strong right hand of fellowship reached out to
help some fallen man to his feet—when none of
these things come to him as the "God bless
you" of the departed day, how he must hate
himself! How he must try to roll away from
himself and sleep on the other side of the bed!
When the only victory he can think of is some
mean victory, in which he has wronged a neigh-
bor. No wonder he always sneers when he
tries to smile. How pure, and fair, and good
all the rest of the world must look to him, and
how cheerless, and dusty, and dreary must his
own path appear. Why, even one lone, iso-
lated act of meanness is enough to scatter
crumbs in the bed of the average ordinary man,
and what must be the feelings of a man whose
whole life is given up to mean acts? When
there is so much suffering, and heart-ache, and
misery in the world anyhow, why should you
add one pound of wickedness or sadness to the
general burden? Don't be mean, my boy.
Suffer injustice a thousand times rather than
commit it once.—*R. J. Burdette*.

THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

Almost every father knows about the in-
quisitive boy, and frequently has occasion to
wish his boys were girls. A North Hill father
began shaving himself in the presence of his
four-year-old hopeful. The boy commenced
and kept on, with a result somewhat as fol-
lows:

"What you doing, papa?"
"Shaving."
"What you shaving for?"
"To get my face clean."
"Why don't you wash your face to get it
clean? 'At's the way I do."
"I shave it to get the hair off."
"What hair?"
"The hair that grows on my face."
"What hair that grows on your face?"
"My whiskers."
"What are whiskers, papa?"
"Hair that grows on the face."
"What does the whisker hair grow on the
face for?"
"I don't know."
"Why don't you know why whisker hairs
grow on the face?"
"Because—"

The interval came to a sudden termination.
A long gash and flowing blood was the cause,
with the sudden departure of Young America
in his mother's arms as an incident.—*Des
Moines Mail*.

The man that has an ear bit off in a carouse
can never explain how he lost it; there's al-
ways something missed-car-ious about it.—
Yonkers Gazette.

Big Horse, the Cheyenne Indian who com-
mitted suicide, had an internal pain which he
had not the Indian fortitude to endure. It
must have been a hankering for liquor.—*Bos-
ton Post*.

"I don't see why you married Mr. Jones, he
is so much older than you," said a female
friend to the blushing bride. "That's just the
reason," was the reply. "The contrast will
make me look young enough to wear bangs
for several years yet."—*Utica Press*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petro-
lia, says:—"I know many persons who have
worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying
results. I would say to all suffering from
bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad,
put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great
benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar
testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a
pad or treatise.



GRIP may be a sombre bird, but he loves wit, enjoys fun, and fairly revels in a right-down good musical carnival. This is his only ap—no, not apology—his explanation of the cartoon of the Royal Handbell Ringers of London, England, who are now taking their second trip through Canada. The music loving citizens of Toronto indicated their high appreciation of these wonderful Campanologists by turning out in large numbers eight different times during last week to hear them at the Horticultural Gardens. The Company consists of five gentlemen who, judging from their magical manipulation of 131 Hand Bells, must have been born with a special gift for bell-ology. To the uninitiated it is simply incredible that five persons can make charming and harmonious music by means of hand-bells, every one of which has to be separately handled and struck—or rather—jerked to get from it the note desired. Yet the audience is fairly entranced by the most delightful and fairy-like music extracted from as many as 86 bells in one single selection. "Home, sweet Home," "Robin Adair," and other melodies come to us afresh with their simple grandeur when rendered by these enchanting bell-ringers.

Their rendition of "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and "The Turkish Patrol," gives us a new conception of the splendour of these compositions. The Grip Cartoon introduces the five Royal Champions of Campanology to his friends. Mr. Miller, who is the manager and leader of the band, is a Singular Erection of long bones and nervous muscles. He makes no very graceful stage bow to his audience, but he puts himself *en rapport* with them at once by his remarkably witty and instructive introductions and interperations. A very judicious and charming variety to the entertainment is the rendering of numerous glees, quartets, rounds and catches. We should rank Mr. Henry Havart as among the first-class public tenors while his brother, Walter Havart, is an excellent Baritone and Mr. A. Berridge a good Bass. Grip is not unmindful of the *morale* of public entertainments, and in this respect this Company take very high order—as fit for a church as for a public stage. It is at once a refined, artistic, amusing and delightful performance, charming alike to old and young.

Our notice of this company's visit to Toronto would be incomplete and partial if we omitted to say a word in commendation of Mr. E. K. Hood, of Boston, who was engaged specially to appear with the Bell Ringers in this city. Mr. Hood is a public reader of very high order of talent. As an elocutionist he is almost perfect. His voice is clear and facile, his memory seems to be capacious and unerring, and his facial expressions are imitable. Toronto will be glad to see Mr. Hood again

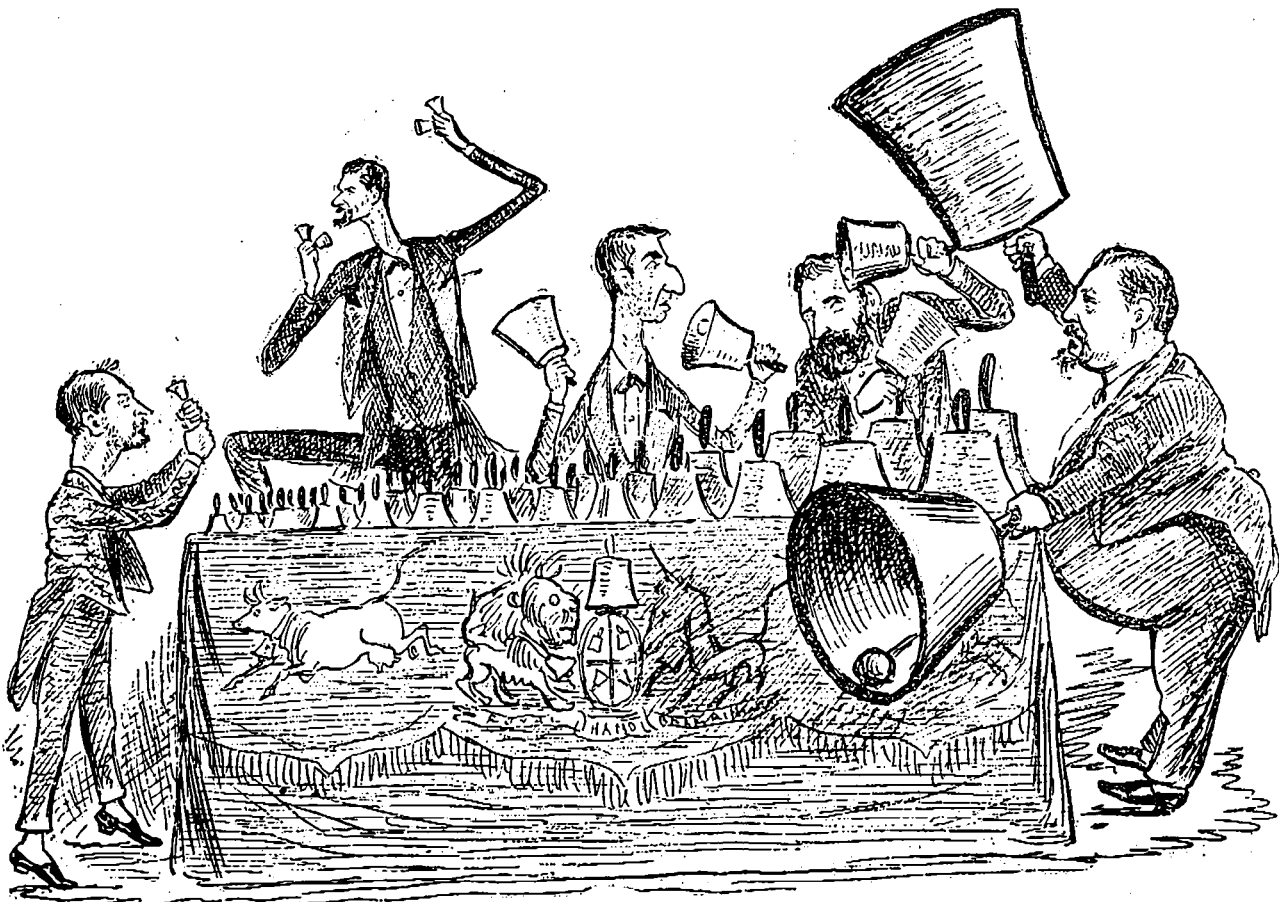
and will be prepared to greet him as a deservedly popular and superior talented dramatist.

E. F. Thorne and his company, in the well-known melodrama, "The Black Flag," provide amusement this week for the patrons of the Grand. On Saturday Joe Murphy had to turn hundreds away.

The Royal Museum continues to do well. The management provide a really good show, notwithstanding the nominal price of admission.

A Chicago contemporary says that Chicago has sixty millionaires, and asks, with what he evidently considers a reasonable degree of pertinence, if she has sixty soup kitchens. And he replies to himself, "No. nor six." Our Chicago friend looks for too much; he must be young not to know that a city can't have soup kitchens in every ward, nor indulge in such luxuries as orphans adopted, widows looked after, street arabs taught farming, sick and poor comfortably housed and nursed, and its natural pauperism wiped out, and still keep its millionaires. It's just as well to be moderate in one's demands.

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the judge asked an unwilling witness—"What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was—"Well, your honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other, so I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."



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All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

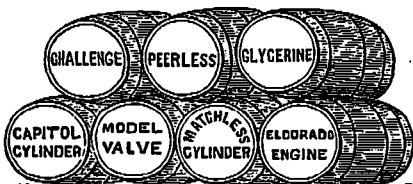
Fact!—People who give tone to society rarely give anything else.

Louis XIV. asked Count Mahony one day if he understood Italian. "Yes, please your majesty," answered the count, "if it was spoken in Irish."

New York dancing masters frequently have men over forty years of age come to them to be taught to waltz. They are tired of seeing their wives capering around with other men, it is said, but from what we know of New Yorkers, we believe they're more anxious to caper with other men's wives.—*Boston Post*.

"I can't live without her," he said to a friendly adviser, "and I am sure that away down in her heart she has a little feeling for me; I am going to test her." He pulled out a pistol, saying, "I am going to her with this and say, 'Here, shoot me down; I cannot live without you.' 'You had better not,' said the friend: 'she might pull the trigger.' 'I don't care for that,' replied the heart-broken lover; "I don't care for that; I have filled the weapon with blank cartridges."

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WHAT STOPPED IT.

One day last fall a number of Virginians got together at Wheeling and organized a railroad company with a capital of \$30,000,000. Directors and officers were elected, prospectus written, a memorial asking for a charter drawn up, and the meeting adjourned for one week. Two or three days later the president met one of the most enthusiastic of his co-laborers and said:

"Our whole project is dished!"
 "No!"
 "Sure's you live!"
 "How's that?"
 "Why, yesterday I got a horse and rode over the first five miles of the proposed line. I discovered that we should need ten cattle guards, six culverts, and a \$500 bridge in that distance, making an outlay of at least \$1,000, and we might as well lay down our cards."

"Why, colonel?"
 "Why? Because the whole idiotic gang of us will be dead-broke by the time we pay for the printing of that prospectus and give a reporter \$5 for booming the project."
 "That's so—that's so," mused the other.
 "Why, colonel, I never had the remotest idea that we should want to use a dollar except to buy French mirrors for the President's office."
 —*Wall Street News*.

Did you ever see a word in which the letter q was used but that it was followed by the letter u? Q-u-rious, isn't it?—*Breakfast Table*.

Headlines in the *Hartford Post*. "Inhuman use of an ax. An intoxicated man lays open the head of his son-in-law." It does strike one that the *Post* is right; it was inhuman.—*Boston Post*.

Scene, a restaurant; characters, two high livers who have eaten—and imbibed generously: First High Liver, with maudlin solemnity, "And y'uve no chil'len! Too bad! So sad to think nobody 'll come after yer!" Second High Liver, argumentatively, "Doanno bout 'at, F'i doan git home soon shoos wonner if m' wife came after me."—*Boston Gazette*.

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