



GRIP



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SUMMER SMELLS AT OTTAWA.

NASTY, BUT NOT UNPLEASANT TO CERTAIN POLITICAL NOSTRILS.



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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



THE PIRATE'S THREAT. — Before the Tarte Committee had begun its work, Sir Hector Langevin made a more or less pathetic appeal to the Conservative members in the House to stand by him in his oncoming troubles. He put the idea, not in this plain, blunt fashion, of course, but in the more politic form of a moral aphorism pointing out the duty of a Party to stand shoulder to shoulder in the presence of a common foe, and to be ready to make sacrifices for those who had in past times sacrificed themselves for the Party's cause. The appeal appears to have been in vain. As the investigation has gone on, the case has become darker and darker for the head of the Public Works Department, and the advisability of throwing

that functionary overboard appears to have come up for discussion in the inner circle of the Government. We so judge because it is known that many of the Conservative members are astounded and shocked at the disclosures, none more so, perhaps, than the Minister of Justice; and because of the appearance in *Le Canada*, an Ottawa paper which has long been ranked as a "Langevin organ," of an article threatening to produce proof of the corruption of certain departments whose heads "owe their advancement to political influence or other unmentionable means." This appears to mean plainly that if Sir Hector is to be sacrificed, he will sell his official life as dearly as possible.

SUMMER SMELLS AT OTTAWA.—Our national capital was never intended for a summer resort, and the lot of the Parliamentarians confined there during the sweltering weather is "not a happy one" It looks now as though the pleasant anticipations of an early adjournment were doomed to disappointment, and we feel like extending our sympathy to the members in general. Perhaps we should make an exception in the case of the ministers, who have only themselves to blame for this unseasonable session. If the natural atmosphere is not so salubrious as could be desired, it is at all events a deal better than the political atmosphere down there just now. This latter may be correctly described as a stench, strong enough to offend the nostrils of the whole Dominion. And yet we have an idea that this nasty odour is not entirely unpleasant to the olfactory nerves of the Opposition leaders. Of course, as men of honest instincts, and citizens who have a regard for the good name of the country, they must deplore it; but, inasmuch as it indicates the "decomposition" of the Government, and the early attainment to power of themselves, there is possibly an element of sweetness in it as well. There is not a vast deal of glory about this way of getting into office, but, as Dr. Landerkin would probably remark it's better than not getting there at all.



WELL, our 'cross-the-line visitors have come and gone, and the memory of the week will remain with us pleasantly for many a long day. Uncle Sam could not have sent us a finer representation of his country, nor, so far as we can think, could any body of visitors have been more heartily received or more hospitably entertained. Toronto is sure to be a great gainer by this event, and the thanks of the citizens are due to the Education Department

for having been in the first place instrumental in securing the visit; and to Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hill, and the other active members of the Executive Committee, for the splendor with which the local arrangements were made and carried out.

THE addresses of welcome were all admirable. Our representative orators did us proud. Dr. Grant appeared in the new character of a humorist, and acquitted himself as well as Mark Twain could have done. Geo. W. Ross was not only forceful, as usual, but here and there positively eloquent. The Sister Provinces were also happy in their choice of welcomers. The replies were neat and hearty, but not in any respect better than the addresses of "our fellows." This is worthy of record, because oratory is an art in which United Statesians stand high.

ONE of the best received of the replies was that made by Mr. Harris, the Government Commissioner of Education, Washington. In the course of his remarks he expressed the hope that Canada would never feel called upon to sever her connection with the Mother Country. This was greeted with tremendous applause, but still greater applause followed his next sentiment which was that an alliance might be formed embracing all the English-speaking countries—a thing which he declared was perfectly practicable under the Anglo-Saxon system of local self-government.

THIS is what GRIP has advocated in opposition to the nebulous proposition of Imperial Federation, and it gratified us to note the response which the great audience of intelligent citizens of both nations gave to the idea.

BY the way, speaking of Imperial Federation being a nebulousness, perhaps this is not now fair to the fad. Sir Charles Tupper the great statesman who represents us in London, has evolved a scheme and submitted it to his fellow-cranks over there. We haven't seen full particulars, but it is to be hoped that it is more workable than some of those financial schemes his name has lately been connected with. Whether good or bad, Sir Hector Langevin stated to the House at Ottawa, in response to an enquiry, that Sir Charles was not acting in his official capacity in this connection, and the responsibility of the Government was not involved.

Kaiser WILLIAM had a fine time at his grandma's, and appears to have made a favorable impression on John Bull generally. The Kaiser may be a little too previous on occasion, but he is not a loafer, and that is something to be able to say of a royal personage. France, however, scowled at the whole function, and the Imperial visit hasn't done anything to improve Britain's relations with her Gallic neighbors, who now talk of getting up a fête for the Czar, if that royal ruffian can be got to visit Paris in the Fall. What a lot of children the hoary old nations are, to be sure!

DURING the procession from the Guildhall, along the Thames Embankment, the Prince of Wales was greeted with groans and hoots by the crowd. His brother Arthur, on the contrary, was heartily cheered. The bald-headed mocker of the *Hamilton Times* thinks Albert Edward's friends should have come to the front and greeted him with "counter" cheers.

IT now appears that Mr. Osler, the able criminal lawyer, is retained to defend Sir Hector Langevin, and not to bring out the whole truth on the part of the Government. This simply means that the country is to pay for services which Sir Hector Langevin ought to be very glad to pay for out of his own pocket, and is, in our opinion, not far removed from bare-faced boodling. If the respectable members of the Conservative party in Parliament, and the Oppositionists, allow any appropriation for Mr. Osler's fee to pass, it will say little for their sense of public decency. A more scandalous exhibition of gall was never made than this.

GRIP is pleased to note that the first prize of \$150, offered by *Public Opinion*, a Washington journal, for the best paper on the extension and development of trade between the United States and Canada has been taken by Mr. Frank C. Wells of Toronto. The paper is a clear-cut and forcible argument for Reciprocity, and sets forth very strongly the disastrous results of restriction. The success of Mr. Wells, who is quite a young man and a son of Prof. Wells, of the *Educational Journal*, is an argument for the influence of heredity. He has evidently a large share of his worthy sire's brain power.

NOT SO VERY DIFFERENT.

MRS. JIMSON—"The cause of Woman is advancing. I see that a young lady physician has been appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Woman's Medical College. How different such a career from that of the gay and thoughtless who mingle in the frivolities of the ball-room!"

JIMSON—"Not so different, my dear, as you might suppose. Some of the thoughtless devotees of fashion do a good deal in the way of demonstrating anatomy."

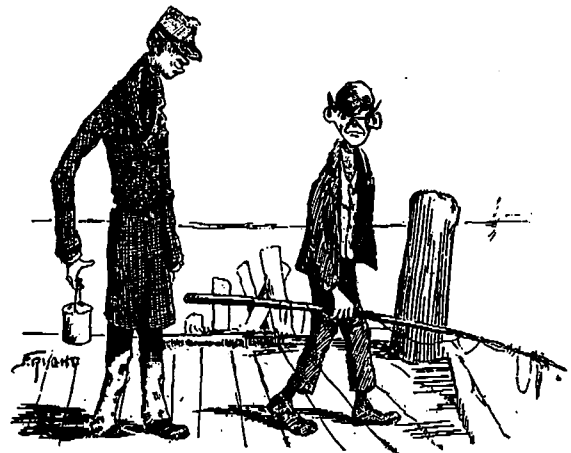
THE PERORATION AMPLIFIED.

PRINCIPAL GRANT concluded his address at the opening meeting of the Educational Convention with this impassioned utterance:

Oh, kinsmen, blend the two flags together, and count those men enemies of the race who seek to erect or seek to maintain barriers between the British commonwealth and the United States, or who teach that it is a good thing for neighbors to have no intercourse with each other. Join hands, and never forget that we at last are children of the light.

It was probably only want of time which prevented the learned Doctor from making his peroration somewhat more elaborate. He might have continued in this style:

"Let us, then, as children of the light, do what in us lies to dissipate the darkness which yet enshrouds us. Let us rise up and make an end of this ignorant and barbarous system of 'Protection,' which, while it pretends to conserve the infant industries of our nations, in reality only fosters the unworthy spirit of human greed and hatred. Yes, blend the two flags! Count those men enemies of the race who go in for Imperial Federation fads, and seek to induce grand old Free Trade Britain to revive discriminating duties against all nations outside of the family of colonies; who seek, in fact, to stir up the happily dying embers of hostility between Great Britain and the great American Republic. Out upon the Tupper, whose political example is ruinous to the youth of our fair country, and who, revelling in well-paid idleness have found, Satan-made, ready to hand, this far-reaching mischief of Imperial Federation. Out upon the Denisons, who, on prancing chargers, roar up and down our country in the desperate hope of reviving the heathenish spirit of war in the breasts of our peace-loving youth! Out upon the Grants, who, in a lamentable perversion of patriotism, stand in the high places of our seats of learning to sing the praises of corruptionists, and to cry down the rising tide of good fellowship on this continent. Count those men enemies! Count that Government an enemy which those men support in its policy of maintaining barriers between Canada and the United States, and in its teaching of the wild and guilty heresy that it is a good thing for neighbors to have no intercourse with each other (except in natural products). Out upon the Red Parlor, with its horde of bribe-mongering monopolists! Join hands, and let us never forget that at last we are children of the light!"



HIS PROSPECTS.

MR. LONGSHANKS—"What do you expect to catch, bub?"
 BUB—"A lickin', if I don't bring nuthin' home."



A WALKING DELEGATE

Representing the Order of Protected Workmen of America.

DAVID DID IT.

THE very core of the great educational meeting was the exhibition of school work in the Granite Curling Rink, and that exhibition was made just what it ought to have been because of the wise selection of its superintendent. Who but an educator to the manner born would ever have thought of decorating every available space with aptly chosen mottoes, or having conceived the thought, who but an enthusiast "not afraid of work" would have gone to the trouble of ransacking literature or the most telling sentences bearing upon the subject? All this was done and most admirably done by GRIP's brainy and brawny Scottish friend, Davy Boyle. Prof. G. H. Bartlett, President of the Massachusetts State Normal Art School, expresses himself to GRIP in the following terms: "It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the fact that in all the experience I have had in attending various conventions at which the Massachusetts Normal Art School has exhibited, I have never seen the facilities for exhibitions better arranged than they have been under the able and direct supervision of Mr. David Boyle. It was my pleasure to attend the great Convention held at San Francisco in 1888, being at that time the

president of the Art Department, and although the most heroic and strenuous efforts were put forth by the superintendent of exhibits, the arrangements were in no way superior to those which have been afforded under Mr. Boyle's direction. Personally, that gentleman has been so kind, courteous and helpful, that I cannot find words too warm to express my praise of him. I only hope that at all our future Conventions we may have the good fortune to find superintendents of exhibits worthy to be compared to him." In this, Prof. Bartlett, no doubt, expresses the opinion of all the exhibitors; and Mr. Boyle's work was equally appreciated by the thousands who visited the exhibition. He shed no small glory on the great event, and deserves a special vote of thanks, which GRIP, on behalf of the civic authorities, hereby tenders him on a silver tray.

PEACE AND FRATERNITY.

ONE of the best thoughts that found utterance in the tide of oratory during the past week was this—that if the school teachers of the United States and Canada decide that there shall be perpetual peace on this continent they can defy the politician and demagogues to bring about the opposite state of things. Certainly no other class wields such a unique influence over the young, and if the rising generation is brought up in the spirit of good fellowship which made the atmosphere of this city so wholesome and inspiring last week, the days of militarism and of that equally senseless and devilish thing, tariffism, may be considered as already over. Some of our Canadian pedagogues have an undue fondness for wooden guns and other war trappings in connection with public school work. It was hopeful to notice that these gentlemen were not behind others in applauding the sentiment referred to, and we trust they will hereafter find it possible to give expression to their loyalty in accordance with the new light they have received.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

"JANE," said Mr. Swipes to his wife, as he scrubbed his face dry with the rough towel after giving himself his evening wash at the kitchen sink, "we've got to turn over a fresh leaf in this house and go in for economy and retrenchment."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so, John; that's what I've always been telling you, but you didn't seem to pay any attention to me."

"Well, I see the necessity of it clearly enough now, and we're going to start right in from this time," replied Mr. Swipes, decisively.

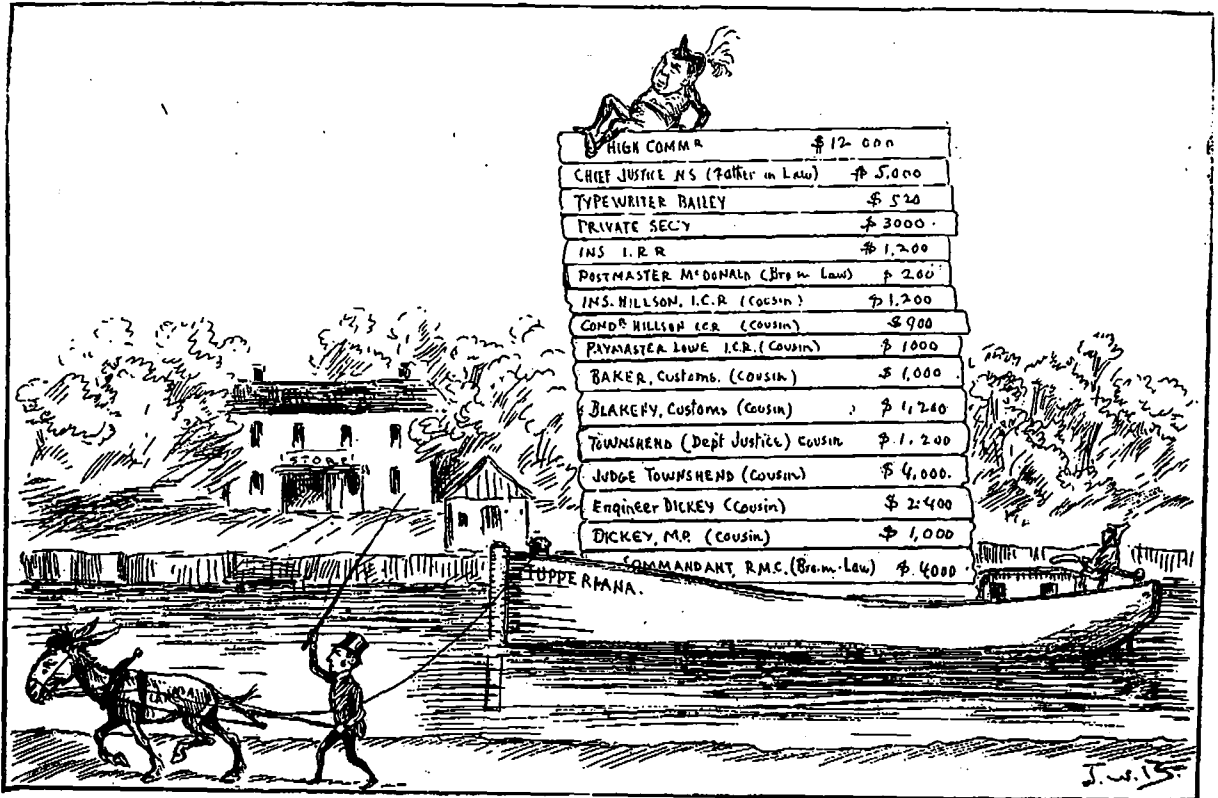
"All right, John," assented Mrs. S. "Things are getting so dear that really we'll have to keep a sharp look out or we'll get over head and ears in debt. The boys are badly in need of new clothes, and the best dress I've got is a sight to be seen."

"Now see here, Mrs. Swipes," said John, suddenly stopping the flow of his wife's eloquence, "I don't want any measly misunderstanding about this reform movement. I don't want you to come down with any supplementary estimates about dry goods and ready-made clothing. I have already issued an appropriation for the prospective savings."

"What do you mean John?" anxiously asked Mrs. Swipes.

"I mean madam, that drinks are now ten cents apiece, and I don't want to go short of my supply," replied John.

The domestic assembly then broke up in disorder.



SOMETHING OF A DECK-LOAD.

THE CHARACTER OF UNCLE THOMAS.

(From *Advance Sheets of a Biography by M. K. Conolly*.)

* * * THE strongest feature of Thomas McGreevey's character was his benevolence. So highly was this trait developed that it not infrequently led to his being misjudged, and those actions which sprang from disinterested affection were sometimes attributed to selfish and corrupt motives. Mr. McGreevey was at this time a member of parliament, and by the merest accident he happened to be on terms of intimate friendship with a gentleman who chanced to be at the head of the Public Works Department. When it came to his knowledge accidentally that I and my business partners had thoughts of tendering for a certain public work, our Uncle Thomas, with more than avuncular kindness, went unknown to us to his friend, the minister, and bore testimony to our excellent character as workmen. He did not dream when he made this and many subsequent visits of the same kind that one of the members of our firm was his brother Robert. Had he known this, a feeling of innate delicacy would no doubt have overcome his natural kindly impulse, and he would have refrained from putting in a good word, as he did, for fear that such action might have been misunderstood. When I saw he "put in a good word" all I mean is that he testified to our reliable characters. He impressed upon the minister that only in case our tender should be the lowest, and in all respects most in the public interest, should he give us the contract. When this work was given to us the joy of our Uncle was really touching. He was pleased that we had been found worthy, and that the country was sure to get good value for its money. It was the pure,

unselfish pleasure of an innocent, childlike heart. This is but an isolated instance of the unassuming goodness of this really nice man. Did space permit I could tell of journeys he took from Quebec to Ottawa, and from Ottawa to Quebec; of midnight conferences; of earnest labors and unrequited toils which he went through month after month, and year after year, for the financial benefit of our firm, without one moment's thought of reward. Had he borne any relation to our firm, or any of the members thereof, the case would not have been so striking; but, as I have said, he was ignorant all the while that his brother Robert was one of us, and he well understood that he was only our "Uncle" by adoption. Out of this unaffected kindness, I am pained to say, much trouble arose for the dear old gentleman. A certain Mr. Tarte professed to see in it evidence of what is known as boodling, and refused to believe that all this hard work was done by Mr. McGreevey for love alone. He went further, and made a series of cruel charges to this effect, and had the case tried before the High Court of Parliament. On that occasion I appeared before the tribunal and gave the plain, unvarnished account here written, but I regret to say others testified that Tarte's cruel charges were only too true.

THE OATS WERE BASHFUL.

TENDERFOOT—"How's the crops in this section?"

RANCHER—"Mighty little crops in these parts, 'ceptin' coyotes and such."

TENDERFOOT—"Coy-oats, eh? Well, that's a kind of poetical way of putting it. I suppose the coyness is owing to drouth or frost or something."



THE STYLE OF DRESS FOR COMFORT.

THISTLEDOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFLES.

BY ACUS.

A TRAP may be said to wear a sort of "set" expression.

In the case of the electric chair, the polite request "pray be seated" is merely a matter of form.

Answer to enquirer: No; curling-tongs are not used in the game of curling.

The July number of *The Missionary Outlook* says: "We have obtained a number of the Rev. J. T. Gracey's, D.D., pamphlet on China." This is a trifle ambiguous.

Anything cold sounds refreshing these days even if it is nothing but a "dull, cold, sickening thud."

The dignitaries at Ottawa resemble "the father of the Marshalsea," inasmuch as tokens of esteem in the shape of slight pecuniary testimonials are acceptable.

The poet says: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Well, I know a bank out of which a good many "wild times" might grow if I only had a fat bank account there.

AT THE CONVENTION.

LETTER FROM MISS DAISY DEANE TO HER FOLKS IN NEVADA.

TORONTO, July 16th.



DEAR FOLKS,—We got to Toronto all right and everything is now humming. This is quite a nice little city. It has a really civilized appearance, and might in fact almost be mistaken for a regular American place. The citizens seem to be a hearty and hospitable lot of people, and have done everything they could think of to make us comfortable. The hotels are all full (and I shouldn't wonder if the same

thing may be true of some of the people stopping at them,

though I don't know, of course). Dottie and I were furnished with accommodation at a private house on one of the swellest streets, and the family is just as nice as it can be. Toronto has a real handsome Mayor, a tall gentleman with beautiful orange hair and moustache. I had the honor of shaking hands with him, and he is just as nice as they make 'em. Speaking of Orange affairs, we got here on July 11th, and had the pleasure of seeing a great procession, with about forty bands of music, and a lot of gentlemen playing bagpipes. They had come away from home in such a hurry that they had forgotten to put some of their clothes on, but just snatched up some petticoats belonging to their little girls. I asked Mr. Hughes what it was all about, and he said it had reference to something about the Irish Question, but I didn't quite catch the full explanation. Of course you don't know Mr. Hughes, so I must tell you about him. He is the school inspector of Toronto, and the commander-in-chief of the Local Committee. He is a tall gentleman with a fierce moustache, but he is as full of fun as a woodchuck. Everybody here seems to like him so much, and they say he is one of the smartest men in Canada and will probably get to be President before he is much older. We go to the meetings in the street cars when we don't happen to be in a hurry. The cars belong to the city, and all the money taken in goes right into the public purse. This seems to me to be good common sense, but I understand there are a lot of cranks here who are determined to give the management of the roads over to a syndicate. This will relieve them of the trouble—and the profits. I like Toronto very much. The young gentlemen here are very handsome, if I may judge from the eldest son in the family we are stopping with. He is not only handsome, but awfully nice and so polite. He goes with us to all the meetings, and last night, while we were in the conservatory having a little conversation about the differential calculus, he asked me if I didn't think I would like to live in Canada all the time. This is what I call genuine hospitality. But I will tell you more about him when I go home. Meanwhile I must get my things on and hustle to the three o'clock meeting.

Yours affectionately, DAISY.

A MOMENT OF WEAKNESS.

A TOPICAL SONG FOR PARLIAMENTARIANS.

SINCE Foster gave voice to his famous excuse,
 " 'Twas done in a moment of weakness,"
 The phrase has caught on for more general use—
 " 'Twas done in a moment of weakness."
 It's neat and it's terse, and pathetic as well,
 To the tenderest emotions it makes an appeal,
 You can't help condoning an action, you feel,
 That's done "in a moment of weakness."

When Ministers boodle, pray do not look stern,
 'Tis "done in a moment of weakness,"
 When clerks follow suit, don't give way to concern,
 'Tis "done in a moment of weakness."
 When each placeman and harpy the treasury bleeds,
 And members still vote to support such vile deeds,
 Don't say that they probably share the proceeds!
 'Tis "done in a moment of weakness."

When the country submits to be ruled by a ring,
 'Tis done in a moment of weakness,
 'Tis a very peculiar and hypnotic thing,
 Is this spasmodic moment of weakness.
 But our country is sound, and before very long
 These workers of evil and doers of wrong
 Will get the grand bounce from a toe good and strong,
 And not in a moment of weakness.

THE ACCORDEON PLEAT.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

FREE ADVICE.

O STURDY Tory voter, get your name upon the list,
Or your ballot will be missed,
Your ballot will be missed!

O, Grit, you'd best do likewise, and on your rights insist,
So get upon the list;
Yes, get upon the list!

NAUTICAL.

"WE'VE done pretty well this season," said the captain of the stone-hooker, *Saucy Susan*, to his crew, as the gallant vessel breasted the stormy ripples of the bay. "Not so bad," said the crew, as he proceeded to belay the larboard binnacle.

"Now reef the foretop halliards—and let go the main taffrail."

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the crew, with alacrity.

"We've made pretty well outen the old *Saucy Susan*, hev me and you, an' she's a tidy craft yit, an' good fer a few years longer," remarked the captain.

"That reminds me," said the crew, pausing in his work to borrow a fresh chew of tobacco from the captain. "Why is you an' me like the silversmiths of the goddess Diana, which you might have read on?"

"Damfino."

"'Cause, yer see, by this craft we has our livin'."

"Huh!" said the captain, "guess you better quit sailin' an' go inter the nigger minstrel business. You're gettin' a'together too smart."

And then they proceeded to splice the mainbrace.

OF SUE AND RUE.

MY Sue!
'Tis true
That I
Love you!

But, my!
'Tis pie
That you
Love I!

Yet sad,
Your dad
Said "No,
My lad!"

Then, woc,
To go
I had,
You know!

Some day
My pay
Will grow.
They say

I'll come
Back hum
Right 'way,
By gum!

Then Sue
And Rue
Are one—
Not two!

HOWL.



IS THERE NO SAFE REFUGE ON EARTH FOR THE WANDERING JEW?

—America.

A RURAL ARCHÆOLOGIST.

THE following letter, recently received by Mr. David Boyle, curator of the Canadian Institute, is interesting, as showing the growth of the popular appreciation of archæological science:—

WAWANOSH TOWNSHIP, *Jewly 2th, ninety 1.*

MR. DAVID BOIL, ESQR.,
Relicker,

Canadian Institoot.

DEER SIR—I write you to inquire the price wich yoo woud charge for a grist ov Injun relics—say a bushel or so, wich I suppose woud be abowt enuff tew plant on 1 lot. It's jest this wa. Yoo see old man Weathersby, abowt 5 or six mile from hear, struck sum Injun relics onto his farm along in '87, and he had a hole lot of purfessors and them kind of folks come round, an sum of em boardid at his house an pade old Weathersby an the boy as much as 2\$ a day fur diggin holes tew see ef they could find sum moar. Now, farmin is mity pore business these times, an I was thinkin ef I could have sum relics found down inter my medder lot an git sumthin sed intew the papers about it it migt attract sum summer boarders and give our folks a good job, seein there is people willin to pay high for such truck.

I understand that yoo are regularly inter this relick busness, so I thort Ide get yoo to give me a idea of what the lowest cash price fur relics was by the bushel, or however yoo sell em, and tell me how tew plant them. Is it best tew put all yure relics in one place, or tew scatter them around kind ov permiskuous? An does it make any difference about plantin them wen the moon is

wainin? I should say not, seein they don't have to grow.

Alsow, I wantid to kno ef there is any openin fur a smart yung man tew learn your trade. My eldest boy Jake, like most ov the yung fellers these days, is tired ov farmin an wants ter go tew the city. Sence we hav been talkin abowt my skeme he has took a notion tew be a relicker. They aint nobody intew the busness in this section, an when I ast the school teacher he allowed yoo was abowt the only man in the trade he knowed of. Woud yoo take Jake as a apprentice? He will be nineteen year old nex Febuary. He woud be willin to go fur his bored the fust year or so.

Wy don't yoo advertize yure busness more? Eef yoo'd put advertisements intew the papers yoo'd ketch lots of farmers wich wants to git summer boarders—that is, if yure prices are not tew high.

I woudn't want to pay mor'n 10\$ a bushel for relics these hard times. Please rite an give me full partickulars, Yoors trewly,

JOHN S. LUMMIX.

P.S.—How's busness? I spose yoo have yure hands full gittin ready to work off a lot ov yure truck onto the Yanky skool teachers. Sock it to em all you like, but git us loil Canadeans the bottom figgers. J. S. L.

“NOT IN IT.”

A NUMBER of photos, kindly sent by members of the N. E. A. reached us too late for use in the cartoon. Our thanks are due and hereby tendered these gentlemen, all the same.



THE PIRATE'S THREAT.

SIR HECTOR—"THROW ME OVER OARD, HEY? JUST ATTEMPT IT AND I'LL BLOW UP THE SHIP!"

THE CHILDREN'S VACATION.—I.



ARRIVING AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—"The children will have such a nice time."

HARD ON THE CLASSES.

IN the picture gallery at Hampton Court are the portraits of a number of Court beauties of the reign of Charles II. In the catalogue which is furnished to visitors, the remark is appended to the name of one of the number, "This lady is believed to have been virtuous." A forcible reminder of this bit of sarcasm by the compiler of the catalogue is afforded by the lengthy press despatches from England describing the reception of the German Emperor William in London, under date of the 9th inst., we read as follows:—

A youthful, determined, but pleasant-looking man, observing everything round him with quick eyes, recognizing friends among the ladies and gentlemen standing by him. He steps out of his way to shake hands cordially with Lady Dudley, one of the handsomest and one of the purest women of the age. On her fair fame the foul breath of scandal has never left even a passing cloud. All honor to her.

If the morals of the English upper classes can fairly be judged by this despatch, the aristocracy must be about as corrupt as they were in the days of the Merry Monarch. It looks as if reputable women were a rather scarce article in the charmed circle of the nobility—when the fact that a lady's fair fame has never been clouded by the breath of scandal is deemed worthy of special comment and grateful adulation. Among ordinary middle-class English people, as among those of corresponding positions here, the purity of a woman holding

a respectable position is taken as a matter of course. But it seems that when a titled lady's reputation is left untarnished she becomes a *rara avis*—a sort of freak whom Emperors go out of their way to shake hands with, in recognition of her remarkable moral endowments. It is, of course, something that virtue is still at a premium, but if things go on as at present, we may expect that after a while those people who persist in displaying their singularity in this way will meet the usual fate of unconventional minorities and be ridiculed rather than applauded.

TEACHING BY CONUNDRUMS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (formerly a funny paragrapher)—"Now, then, boys, which of you can tell me who was the first artificer in metal?"

[Dead silence].

TEACHER—"Why, you ought to know that. What's this I have in my hand?"

SCHOLAR—"A cane, sir."

TEACHER—"Just so. Well, now, suppose that cane were hollow, it would be a tube, would it not?"

SCHOLAR—"Yes, sir."

TEACHER—"And now, why would a hollow cane be like the first artificer in metals?"

SMART BOY—"Tubal Cain, of course."

THE CHILDREN'S VACATION.—II.



LEAVING AT THE END OF THE SEASON—"The children have had such a nice time!"—Puck.



BIG HAT-TRACTION.

"Everything on the newest French hats is on a Brobdingnagian scale—gigantic flowers and bows of lace with great jewelled pins and daggers stuck through them."

"We are informed that the seaside resorts this summer will present the above somewhat crowded appearance."—*Funny Folks.*

MINISTERIAL HOGGISHNESS.

SAID Jinks, "Our pastor, as I hear,
Lives like a fattened hog."
To which his friend replied, "That tale
Comes from some slanderous dog."

"His conduct is above reproach,
His salary is small,
I often wonder how he lives
On such a sum at all."

"Just so," said Jinks, "that's what I meant,
Now don't you comprehend?
He lives as doth a fattened hog,
Within a small styce-penned" (stipend).

ATTENTION, FOSTER!

WE demand that the tariff be immediately amended so that the olfactories of the people may be protected!

AT THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION, ETC.

BEESWAX—"I move that the communication be received and filed."

PETERKIN—"Why filed?"

BEESWAX—"So as the members can see the point."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE Clerk of the Recorder in Montreal is Mr. Forget. It is to be hoped the Clerk of the Recording Angel is of the same family.

DROP US A POSTAL.

THE bookselling firm that inserted an advertisement ending with the suggestion "Drop Us a Postal," found the following the other morning in their mail:

TORONTO *June, 10th.*

"DEAR GENTS,—I send this in compliance with your request. How are you all, anyway? Fine weather for the crops, this. Times ought to be good this fall. The Government did a good thing in taking off the sugar tax. I'm going up to Muskoka Tuesday. All well as usual. Write soon.

Yours respectfully,

"FRED P. GRIMSHAW."

COOL AND COLLECTED.

PLUGWINCH—"In case of a railway accident it is always well to be cool and collected."

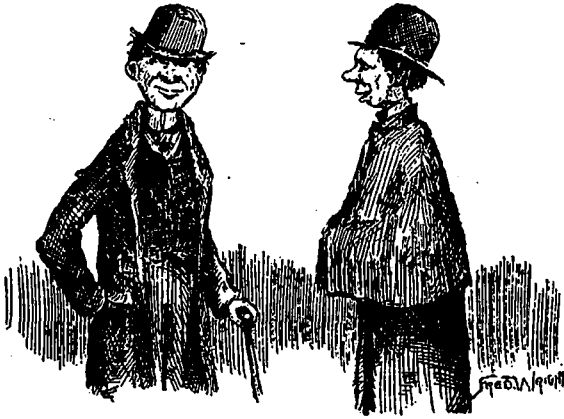
MCCHORLEY—"Yes, it is advisable to keep cool, and the coroner will probably see that what is left of you is collected."

ITS LAST CAPERS.

PLUGWINCH—"Good idea, waiter, to serve capers with this alleged spring lamb."

WAITER—"Yes, sir, most gentlemen likes 'em."

PLUGWINCH—"No, it isn't that; but I was just thinking that these were the only capers the poor old creature had had for the last ten years."



CLOAKING HIS POVERTY.

CHEEKSON—"Don't you find it uncommonly hot wearing that winter ulster at present?"

JOBBLES (*who is a philosopher, though not flush of coats*)—"By no means. On the contrary, I wear it for the very purpose of protecting myself from the heat."

AN URGENT CASE.

SMALL BOY—"Mother's sick this mornin', an' she sent this note."

DOCTOR (*reading note*)—"Please come at once, doctor, as I have a bad spell of dissepshier." "Well, yes, I should say she had—a very bad spell. John, bring the buggy round right away."

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."



THE McGreevey enquiry was enlivened the other day by a resort to fisticuffs in the lobby of the House, between Mr. Tarte, the originator of the case, and Mr. Curran, of Montreal, a member who seems to rank himself as counsel for the accused. As a climax to some angry words between these two little birds of the Conservative nest, Mr. Tarte declared in the most elegant of Parisian French that Mr. Curran was a liar. Mr.

Curran understands the language perfectly, and he replied in excellent Irish with his fist. The honorable gentlemen then scuffled around and clinched, after the approved Kilrain-Sullivan manner, but a knock out was prevented by the interference of members who had been attracted to the scene. We express no opinion as to the merits of the dispute which led to this pugilistic demonstration, but it does not surprise us to find Mr. Curran figuring as an assailant of Tarte. His course at the meetings of the Committee has been such as to suggest that he is anxious to burk the enquiry by every possible means, and it has not raised him in the public estimation. On the contrary, it naturally creates the impression either that he knows the parties charged to be guilty, or has reason to fear that he himself may be implicated before all is done.

THE BOOZER'S WAIL.

OH, hearken to my tale of woe,
My piteous story hear.
I'm all broke up, and fain would pour
My sorrows in your ear.
A horrible and fearful thing
At length has come to pass,
The choicest boon to thirsty men
Is now ten cents a glass.

Was it for this our fathers died
Where patriot blood was spilt?
Sure freedom's but an empty name
When mortal gizzards wilt,
And throats are yearning for the draught
Which erstwhile reached the spot.
Why do I live to see the day?
Oh, bitter is my lot.

'Twas hard enough to raise five cents
In balmy days of yore.
Alas! what anguish fills my breast,
They've put on five cents more!
And yet we prate of liberty,
With patriot hearts elate,
Delusive dream! Vain, fleeting show!
Ten cents for whiskey straight!

Now how can I such sum command
Whenever I feel dry?
Say, Mr. Foster, tell me that,
I pause for a reply.
You straight-laced, sordid, dried-up cuss,
Who never knew the calm
Which whiskey sheds athwart the soul,
Like some delicious balm.

There is no balm in Gilead now,
For joy there is no room.
How many a bright and ruby nose
Is withered in its bloom!
How many a man who oft was full,
As freemen well may be,
Must plod adown life's dusty road
In sad sobriety!

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



COOL. FOR A HOT DAY.

OLD BIRD—"You young rascal! You've been stealing my strawberries!"

YOUTH OF THE PERIOD—"Yes, I called round to see if you could lend me a plate, a spoon and some cream and sugar."

"I SUPPOSE," said the doctor, as he carefully bound up the stump of Sammy's amputated arm, "that you will not shoot off toy cannons on the next Fourth."

"Why not?" replied Sammy, "I have one arm left yet."

BURDOCK Blood Bitters will speedily cleanse, all impurities from the blood and cure Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Erysipelas and Chronic Diseases of the Skin.

A. Burns, blacksmith, Cobourg, tried every known remedy during fifteen years' suffering with Dyspepsia. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

If there is anything that makes a very poor man feel sarcastic, it is to read advice to rich men on how to secure a good appetite.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Matron of the Protestant Infants' Home, 508 Guy Street, Montreal, says: "We have used Dyer's Improved Infants' Food for the babies and have found it to agree with them, and have much pleasure in recommending it." W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

MRS. YERGER—"What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed."

MRS. PETERBY—"I have good reason to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, treats me as if I were not her equal."—*Siftings.*

"TOMMY," said Mrs. Glim, "you should not shoot your fire crackers in the house."

"But I want you to enjoy them too, mamma," replied the thoughtful boy.

THERE are few influences more detrimental to health than a Constipated State of the Bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters speedily cure Constipation.

Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, says that one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters did him more good, for a case of Salt Rheum, than \$500 worth of other medicine.

"WHAT are your grounds for this breach of promise suit," asked the lawyer, cheerfully. "Of course you were engaged; that is to say, he asked you to marry him and you accepted?"

"Oh no," she replied, but he used to kiss me whenever he wanted to, and put his arm around my waist, and visited us all his vacation, and borrowed money of papa, and beat brother Jack awfully at poker, and I made him an afghan—and isn't that enough?"

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

SHE—"Why do you always keep staring at all the young ladies when we go out together, Charlie?"

HE—"Oh, its only because it makes me think how much more beautiful you are than all the other girls!"

SHE—"Oh!"

MINISTER—"Bridget, these potatoes taste mouldy."

BRIDGET—"Yis, sorr, Oi dare say, sorr,—they set nixt to your barrel o' sermons, in the sullen."

LODGER—"I found something in my bedroom last night, madam, and—"

LODGING-HOUSE KEEPER (*indignantly*)—"There ain't such a thing in the 'ouse! You must 'ave brought it with you!"

LODGER (*coolly*)—"I was going to say, madam, that found a sovereign in my bedroom last night, and I won't dispute your word as to my having brought it with me, so I'll keep it."

WHY suffer the torments and evils of Indigestion when Burdock Blood Bitters will regulate and tone the digestive organs and cure the worst case of Dyspepsia.

Hon. John G. Gooderich, of Brooklyn, N.Y., writes in terms of highest praise regarding Burdock Blood Bitters as a medicine used for two years in his family with good results.

MRS. SNARLE—I can't think what makes you grind your teeth so savagely in your sleep, John."

MR. SNARLE—"I expect I am dreaming about you!"

AN old proverb says that "care will kill a cat." You may consign to us immediately a few carts of "care," and dump it into the back yard.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have any Throat Trouble—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

MRS. VYVYAN (*who means to capture Colonel Squash for one of her daughters*)—"Ah, dear! dear! You young folks think of nothing but marriage, marriage, marriage. Wait till we get into heaven, there will be no marrying and giving in marriage there."

COLONEL SQUASH—"I don't know so much about that. I rather think there *will* be marriages in heaven by-and-bye."

MRS. VYVYAN—"Good gracious! How so?"

COLONEL SQUASH—"Well, to speak plainly, madam, you are such an inveterate match-maker that I really think you'll keep the game up even when you get into another world!"

ALL the glands are secreting organs, of which the Liver is the largest. Regulate the glandular secretions and open the clogged channels of circulation by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

W. J. Tucker, Manitowaning, says:—"Burdock Blood Bitters is a boon to the afflicted, and gives great satisfaction to all who use it." It regulates the Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood.

HUSBAND—"I'm—er—just going out to see a man, my dear."

WIFE (*with emphasis*)—"Is he Scotch or Irish, James."

A MAIDEN lady in her boudoir sat, With honest company, her dog and cat; Glad, though her dreams of youth inspire no more That love, denied on two legs, comes on four.

FIRST CITY MAN—"How do you like living in the suburbs?"

SECOND CITY MAN—"You had better talk to my wife about that."

"But you live in the country, don't you?" "My family does; I live on the suburban train."

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Ottawa 11 Dec 79

My dear Sir

*I really have not
had time to read
your manuscript. But
has done so and thinks
highly of it. I shall send
it on Monday.*

*I shall look up the
newspapers to see if there
is any more to be had.*

Yours faithfully

John Macpherson

Authorized by Sir John himself. Written by his Nephew

Lieut.-Colonel Macpherson

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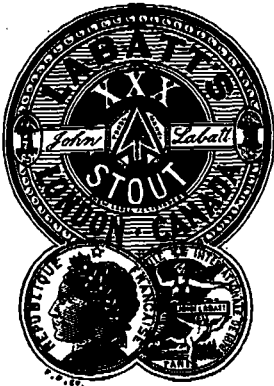
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See next page.

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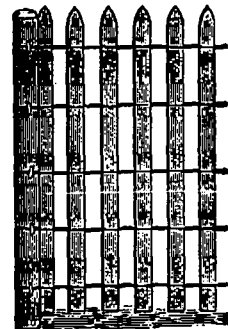
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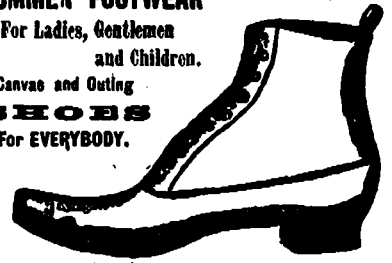
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