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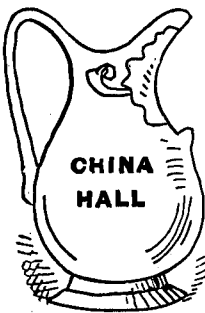
"The Grit party is persecuting Sir Richard for his conscientious vote on the Kiel question."—*Mail*.

THE GREATEST PLACE IS  
THE ASS.  
THE GREATEST FISH IS THE  
COW.  
THE GREATEST FISH IS THE  
OYSTER.  
THE GREATEST MAN IS  
THE FOOT.

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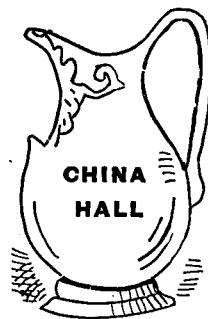
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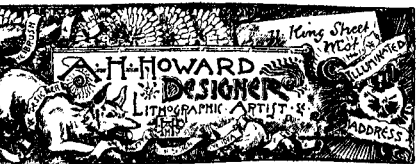
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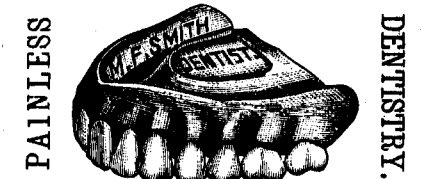


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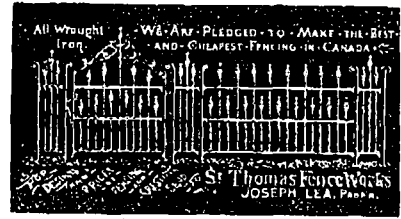
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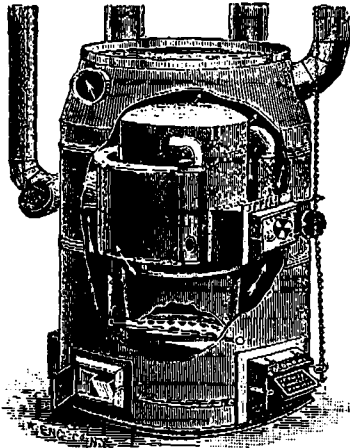
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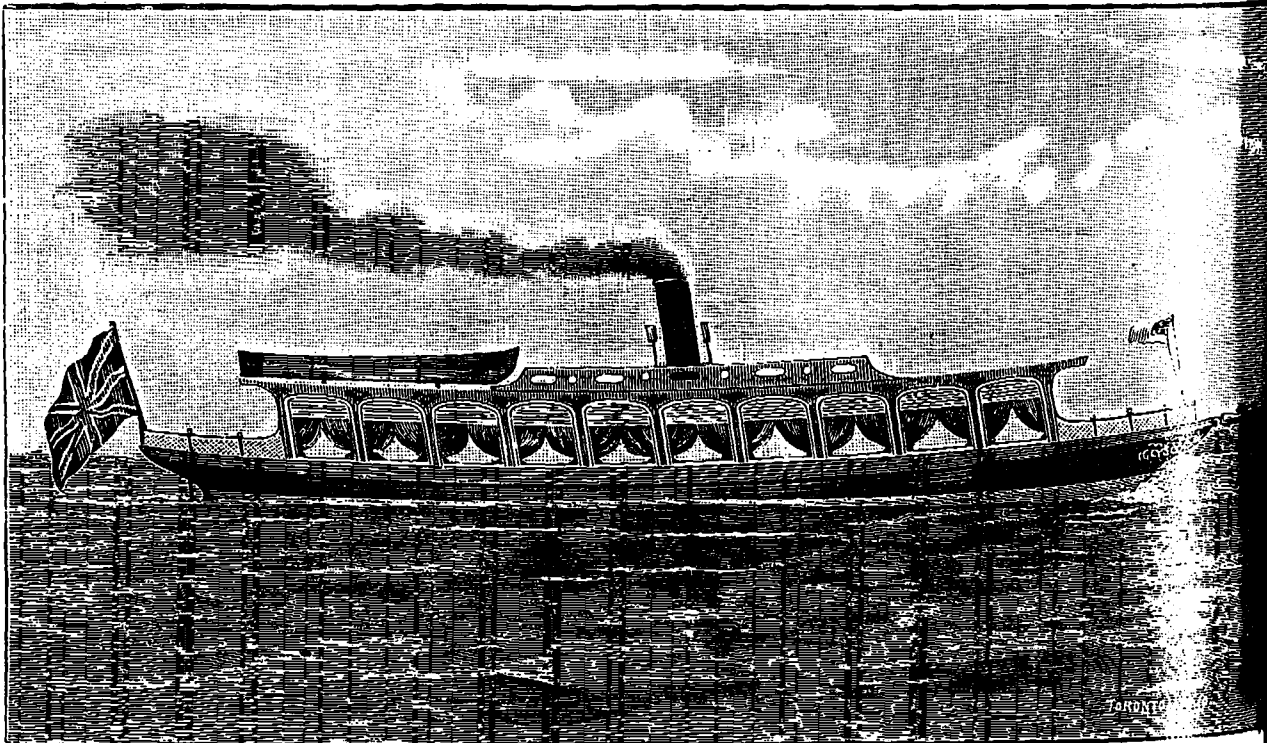
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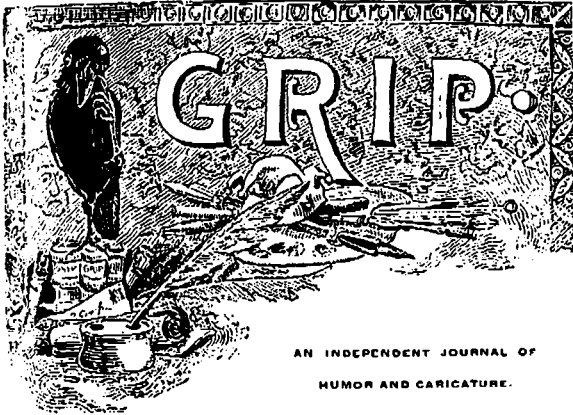
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J. W. RENGOUGH

EDITOR.

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### Comments on the Cartoons.



THIS week we take what might be termed a political half-holiday, and devote our space mainly to matters more suitable for the heated term than the "burning" questions of state. We do not entirely fail, however, to touch upon the political outcroppings of the week. Force of habit makes that well nigh impossible. For example, the pathetic efforts of the *Mail* to win back the allegiance of Sir Richard Cartwright to the Tory cause could not be ignored. Sir Richard's attention is earnestly called to the fact that he is suffering persecution at the hands of the Grit party, and this because, in conformity with the expressed wishes of the Grit leader, he gave a conscientious vote in favor of the Government's action in the case of Niel. It would be too bad if Sir Richard were persecuted without being aware of the fact, and the *Mail* does him a marked kindness in letting him know about it. To escape from the persecutors all the honest gentleman has to do is to join the Government forces. If he does this, all—including the "mixing and muddling"—will be forgiven.

There is considerable activity at present in the counties where electoral unions have been formed, and trouble is brewing for the party managers. These unions are being built up of the best material of both the old parties, and the members pledge themselves not to support candidates of either who are not known to be Prohibitionists. In some cases it is the intention to nominate a third candidate, where both Grit and Tory party put forward a friend of Rum. A straight out third party on this question is one of the certainties of the near future. . . . Mr. Goldwin Smith went to England and saved the Empire, for which the civilized world ought to be thankful. But we wonder how that gentleman feels when he finds himself an ally of the ghost of him who wrote *Lothair*. . . . The Grand Old Man was badly beaten, but we fail to see any elements of disgrace in his defeat, such as the super-

sensitive *Mail* professes to see. In the minds of millions Old Gladstone is grander than ever. If the *Mail* calls it disgrace to be openly defeated in a fair fight on a question of principle, what would it call it to win a battle by means of gerrymandering the constituencies and cooking the voters' lists? . . . Young Liberal stock has gone down in the market since the Montreal convention. The delegates had no excuse for their timidity in shirking the great questions that were to have been debated and formulated in the platform. They had Mr. Blake's permission (if that were needed) to say and do as they pleased. They were afraid to make the plunge, that was all.

### A DEBUTANTE.

A GROUP of young ladies and gentlemen chatting in the middle of a ball-room. One young lady's face turned fully to view. A matron and an old maid seated and looking at the debutante, whisper behind their fans:—

*Mrs. Bulky*:—"That's Miss Evcleen, is it, who comes out to-night? She's evidently cut out for a flirt."

*Miss Ivy D'Abbey*:—"Yes, and made up."

### THE CIPHER THEORY.

"WHO wrote Shakespere?" is the query that raised the *dander* of the powdered footman in "High Life below Stairs," and now, after another century, the whole question is raised again in O'Donnelly's Baconian theory. According to this ingenious author, "the greatest, meanest of mankind" wrote Shakespere to save his own Bacon—who cares as long as Bacon saved us Shakespere. As a great German critic says, "It's pig pother over nothing (*por'k*reature). By now the Bacon should have been well cured of his claims on the children of *Ham*. We await Mr. O'Donnelly's literary labor, his giant task with his pig pen of showing *us sowe* it all happened. If he can definitely demonstrate his cipher theory, he will be the greatest image breaker of this century. And though we may sigh for the laurels of our divine William, when transferred to Francis, we must give the Irish-American critic credit for going the whole "hog in tracking such big game to its lair," if he is not having a big game with us. What will be next tasked boar he will *shake his spear at?*

S. V.

NOTE.—By an oversight the initials A. H. H. (meaning A. H. Howard), were omitted at the end of the very clever triple-rhyme blank-verse-entitled, "A Bohemian Idyl," in last week's issue.



### RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

(At the "Damon and Pythias" Play.)

*Miss Topsy Turvie* (referring to programme).—Why it says the scene is laid in Syracuse, and my brother, who belongs to the lodge, told me that the Order was first instituted at Washington, D. C.!



THE MIKADO ONCE MORE!



REGRETS.

*Miss Gushington (to young widow whose husband has left a large fortune).—THAT IS THE FOURTEENTH MOURNING COSTUME I HAVE SEEN YOU WEAR IN THREE DAYS, AND EACH LOVELIER AND MORE BECOMING THAN THE OTHER.*

*Young Widow.—OH! MY DEAR, I HAVE FORTY—BUT SUCH A BOTHER AS THEY WERE TO HAVE MADE! AT ONE TIME I ALMOST WISHED THAT POOR, DEAR GEORGE HADN'T DIED!—A. E. Life.*

BROTHER SANCHO'S HOLIDAY.

THE brook sung clear through the shady glade,  
Some two good miles from the dusty town :  
And, there, in the cool of the willows' shade,  
Brother Sancho, the monk, had just laid down.  
He was quite alone  
And a jug of brown stone  
Lay by his side in the waving grass,  
And when he turned his eyes from the brook  
They fell on the jug with as fond a look  
As ever a lover turned on his lass.

He laid with his face turned up to the skies,  
Drinking his fill of the summer air,  
Lazily watching the drifting flies,  
Drowsily thinking the world was fair ;  
Then rose with a sigh  
And lifted high  
The brown stone jug with tenderest care,  
And lightly leaned o'er the lilyed brink  
And down through the brown waves let it sink,  
'Till it rested in watery coolness there.

Again he stretched in the cool dark fern,  
And again he looked through the towering trees  
Far up where the swallows wheel and turn,  
Borne by the sweep of the vagrant breeze.  
Still, his wandering look  
Ever turned to the brook,

Where the stone jug lay 'mid the waters brown,  
And he gently laughed as he thought of the heat  
That down on the white walls fiercely beat  
In the narrow streets of the sweltering town.

Soothed by the thought of his present ease,  
Doubly pleasant for rules he'd broke,  
Lulled by the hum of drowsy bees  
Brother Sancho dozed—and then awoke.  
Then reaching down  
To the streamlet brown,  
He lazily felt for the stone jug's lair.  
And just as his fingers the handle tipped  
He heard a splash—and the brown jug tipped  
While his loud oath rang on the quiet air.

On his hands and knees in the shelving sand  
He gazed at the crimson stain outborne,  
And then, with the empty jug in his hand,  
He cried to the stream in an angry tone :  
" Oh River, most cursed !  
Could you only thirst  
I'd pray that your waters may turn to brine,  
That whenever the Dog Star rages high,  
Your deepest bed may be as dry  
As my throat is for the Abbot's wine."

MELTON MOWBRAY.

At a French restaurant : " Here, waiter, it seems to me this turbot is not quite as fresh as the one you had last Sunday." " Pardon, monsieur, it's the very same."—*Ex.*



THE ICE-MAN'S BRIDE.

A ROMANCE.

THIS is only a simple story of unrequited love, of young affection blighted, and two souls, once united, forever swept asunder by the cruel waves of circumstance.

If you ask for startling situations, hairbreadth 'scapes and psychological study of humanity, throw this book at the nearest cat; you will seek in vain for such elements in these pages. This is a story of the modern realistic school, and you must not expect anything particular to happen. This is only the chronicle of the love of Axminster Perkyns and Clarisse Peabody, a simple but a tragic story.

Clarisse was the daughter of a poor but honest railroad President, while he was a man of untold wealth, a man whose proud demesne comprised the whole of the square bounded by Bruce and Spruce streets, Prairie avenue



HIS BROW WAS AS BLACK AS NIGHT.

and Lincoln Park, Gilhooley's subdivision, lot 21. He was a dealer in ice, and through the long, lovely summer, he had been the Count d'Orsay Beau Brummel and Marquis de Leuville of Chicago society, all rolled into one. Maidens rolled their hearts to his feet and tearfully besought him to accept them, but his brow was as black as night as he bade the bold-faced hussies begone. He loved one alone. Clarisse filled his dreams and his waking thoughts, even when he ordered his hirelings to load



SHE CAST HIM FROM HER.

his ancestral red wagons with congealed mud, or while he charged thirty pounds of ice to a citizen to whom three pounds had been dispatched. And did she love him? Not so. Oh, the irony of fate! she cast him from her with haughty contempt, and bade him take his riches elsewhere when he would go wooing.

His heart was heavy, but his cheek was undaunted. He determined to make one more effort to win the peerless daughter of the Peabody's, whom he felt was the only woman on earth who could rule in his baronial flat with that grace and dignity which he considered essential in a bride. One bright September morning he balanced his books, and sallied forth to the villa of the Peabody's which was situated on a respectable side-street (second bell on the right hand side). An old family retainer with flour on



SHE SWEEPED DOWN THE STAIR WITH THE AIR OF A QUEEN.

her hands and a duster tied over her head answered his summons at the portal, withdrew the portcullis and bade him enter the donjon keep. He asked for Clarisse and was told that she would be down in a moment. His soul thrilled at the words. He waited

patiently for a quarter of an hour which seemed weeks in its dreary length, and then Clarisse swept down the stair with the air of a queen. How his heart beat! The pretty phrases which he had invented to appeal to her for the last time fled from his whirling brain. He was dazed, distraught. She entered the room with that proud, haughty air of hers, all unconscious of the identity of her visitor (for he had no card), and when she beheld Axminster Perkyns, she was rooted to the spot.



SHE WAS ROOTED TO THE SPOT.

"You here?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Clarisse," he murmured, "it is I, your unhappy Axminster."



HIS JAW DROPPED,

and said:

"I know that you have refused my proffered hand seven times this week, yet I could not go to the baseball match this afternoon without seeing you once more and telling you how entirely devoted to you I have been for years in the face of no encouragement whatever. Does not this devotion plead for me?"

She threw back her tresses with a queenly air, and gave him a look of stern Archer avenue contempt.

"Never?" she exclaimed, "Never! *niemais! jamais!*"

"May I ask the reason for your persistent refusal of a hand which contains four aces in the matrimonial game, and which, despite its cleanness, is an honest one?"

"Yes, you may. You have a right to know. It is your business that I object to." His eyes were riveted upon her face as she uttered this extraordinary sentiment. "My business!" he gasped. "Why, the profession of ice-dispensing is one of the noblest, most elevating and most profitable. The girl is mad," he added under his breath. Then, all the manhood within him resenting the insult, his pride stung to the quick, he exclaimed: "Surely it is not for you, the daughter of an humble bank president, to inveigh against my old and honorable profession."



SHE THREW BACK HER TRESSES.



HIS EYES WERE RIVETED.

This was more than Clarisse could stand. She, too, was proud, though no patrician blood coursed through her veins. She flared up, and, facing the unhappy Perkyns, she said in firm and relentless tones:

"You are purse-proud and a plutocrat now, but think you that I have an eye only for the present? What of the future, of the long months of autumn, winter and early spring?"

Her manner was awe-inspiring in its terrible intensity. The young man was frozen with horror as he gazed upon her face, pale but resolute as the visage of Medea.

"What mean you?" he gasped.

"Ha ha!" she laughed in a thrilling Black Crook style, "think you that the fortune that you accumulate in the summer will atone in my eyes for the long months in which you will be doing nothing, and will be hanging around the house? No, the banker's daughter is not so green as she looks. I know the idleness of your kind for eight months in the year, and I will marry no man who does not work the year around. Do hear me twitter?"

He heard, alas, too well! he shook the dust of that place from his feet, and left Clarisse sobbing upon the *q. sauteuil* upon which she had thrown herself in an agony of despair. He flew through the chill night air: on—on to the brink of the river, where he

paused. He had to pause, as the bridge was turned. When it was turned back, he lit a cigar and went onward to his desolate home, a crushed and broken man.



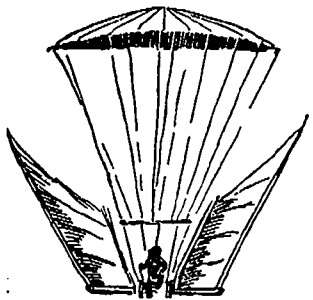
SHE FLARED UP.



HE WAS FROZEN WITH HORROR.



HE SHOOK THE DUST FROM HIS FEET.



HE FLEW.  
—Chicago Rambler.

*The Professor.*—How singularly you and your brother resemble each other, Miss Angelina!  
*Miss Angelina.*—Is that a compliment to my brother, or a compliment to me?  
*The Professor.*—Oh, a compliment to neither, I assure you!—*Punch.*

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

THE Order of the Knights of Pythias was founded by Justus H. Rathbone, of Washington, as a testimonial of that gentleman's respect for the memory of the late Mr. Pythias, of Syracuse (not N. Y.). This distinguished personage died some few hundreds of years ago, and Mr. Rathbone waited patiently for some person to take the initiative in commemorating his Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, but he waited in vain. In 1864, Patience having ceased to be a virtue, Mr. Rathbone took action and established the Order, reinstating Patience among the virtues, along with a large assortment of other moral attributes which remain to this day the peculiar property of the Knights of Pythias. The special incident in the life of the lamented Pythias, which the founder of the Order sought to commemorate, may be very briefly detailed. It appears that Pythias had a chum by the name of Damon—(our reporter regrets that he was unable to learn the given names of either of the gentlemen). This Damon was a real good fellow (as also was Pythias) and they were simply inseparable, excepting at meal times, for it happened that they boarded in different parts of the city. Most of their time, however, was spent in each others' company. If Damon turned up at the base-ball match or the theatre, you were quite certain to find Pythias at his elbow, and if Pythias took a notion to go to a picnic or a horse-race or an excursion, there was Damon close beside him, every time. One day they got separated briefly by some means, the particulars of which our reporter could not discover. The consequence of which was that Damon got into trouble. He was going along in his



The Van of The Order



Liston

chariot and happened to get on the street car track, unintentionally thereby delaying a car for two or three minutes. For this offence he was arrested and taken before Denisonius, the Beak, who promptly sentenced him to an ignominious death upon the scaffold. A great outcry was made against the harshness of the sentence, and an appeal was carried to the higher authorities. Here the whole matter was taken into consideration and the *pros* and *cons* carefully weighed. It was finally decided that, as more votes would probably be lost by commuting the sentence than by carrying it out, the law should be allowed to take its course. All hope being gone, Damon resigned himself to his fate, but as a last favor he requested to be allowed to visit his boarding-house, and partake of one more beef-steak. This, he assured the authorities, would make him willing, if not anxious, to die. He promised, on his word as a gentleman and member *in prospectu* of a High Moral Order, to return in time for the beheading ceremony, and to bring his head with him. The authorities, never having had



The Little Giant of Ohio



WORK FOR KNIGHTS.

any dealings with square, up-and-up contractors, and being unable to believe that there was such a thing as honor or sincerity in the world, refused the request, unless a substitute were provided whose head should be taken off



in case Damon failed to get back on time. Tenders were accordingly called for, and Pythias made application for the job. He was accepted, and his friend Damon received permission to go. Time passed on, and the hour of execution was drawing nigh. There was no sign of Damon, and although Pythias was in imminent danger of losing his head he managed to keep cool. It was within an hour of the time, and the executioner was grinding his axe. Still no signs of Damon. Somebody offered to bet Pythias a grand chancellor's jewel against ten cents that Damon had absconded. The bet was promptly taken, as Pythias knew that his friend would not

go back on him, if he could help it. At last the fatal moment arrived, and Pythias instructed the holder to politely hand over the stakes to the winner of the bet, when lo! and also behold, and moreover, Ha! Ha! Ha! Here comes Damon at a three-minute gait—just in time to undergo the operation. In a few well chosen words he explained that his hired man had killed his horse to prevent his getting back on time, but that he had been fortunate enough to find a K. of L. free buss going in that direction, and so had arrived in time to save his friend.

Upon this beautiful and true narrative the great K. P. Order of the present day is built—its aim being to cultivate the heroism, charity and benevolence thus displayed. The Order consists of subordinate lodges—(ever so many), grand lodges (quite a few) and the Supreme Grand Lodge—the one and only universal, top-notch, High Muck-a-Muck of the world. It is this Ne Plus Ultra body which honors our city with its session this year, and on behalf of our citizens we return the compliment by picturing the chief officers, and giving a brief outline of their duties.



**PAST SUPREME CHANCELLOR.**

This officer gets his position by right of having been Supreme Chancellor. His duties are not very burdensome. He is chiefly needed as an ornament, but is supposed to see that no member fools with the altar, or spits on the floor.

**SUPREME CHANCELLOR.**

This gentleman occupies the chair, and runs things generally, looking after the grand and subordinate lodges, and seeing that they keep their clothes clean and do their Friendship, Charity and Benevolence in accordance with the rules. He is also to decide any question of law that may be tearing humanity asunder. It is moreover his duty to regard with toleration all presidents, kings, queens and popes that may happen to be his contemporaries.

**SUPREME VICE-CHANCELLOR.**

This officer is to occupy the chair whenever the Chancellor is not at lodge on lodge-nights. His special business is to frown down Vice in any form should it make its appearance in the Order.

**SUPREME PRELATE.**

This officer is the Professional Ritualistic Clergyman of the party. His duty is to open and close the lodge with a big book, and to perform all obligatory ceremonies of the ritual.



**SUPREME MASTER OF EXCHEQUER.**

This gentleman has charge of the money-bags, and is not supposed to visit Canada unless accompanied by the Supreme Lodge. He keeps track of all financial operations of the Order, and pays cheques of the S.C., endorsed by the S.K.R.S., P.D.Q., but not otherwise.

**SUPREME KEEPER, RECORDS AND SEALS.**

This potentate keeps a record of all proceedings, and collects the rhino for the Exchequer man. He also prepares all charters for Grand Lodges, and fastens the seal onto all official documents, by licking the mucilage and then pounding with his fist. As a recompense for loss of moisture, etc., he is paid a salary.

**SUPREME MASTER-AT-ARMS.**

The duties of this high official are the same as Masters-at-Arms used to perform in the days of Damon and Pythias. Amongst other things, it is his province to look tremendously important at lodge meetings, and to do such little chores as the Supreme Lodge may assign to him.



**SUPREME INNER GUARD.**

This functionary is stationed at the inner door of the sacred chamber, and is expected to slay any unqualified persons who may by any means have eluded the lynx-eyed vigilance of the outer guard.

**SUPREME OUTER GUARD.**

This officer is on picket duty at the outside door of the lodge, where he stands around and chews tobacco when not in use. He is armed with a sword, and it is his painful duty, if necessary, to carve all outsiders who may attempt to force their way into the lodge. The dead bodies are generally placed *pro tem* in a closet at the foot of the stairs.

A GERMAN school teacher was instructing his pupils how to act when the Grand Duke should pass through on the railroad, an event which was to occur next day. "Remember, children," said the pedagogue, "that as soon as the train arrives you are to yell as loud as you can: 'Long live the Grand Duke!' until he leaves." Next day when the Grand Duke arrived at the station, and gracefully bowed from the platform of the special car, the school children made the welkin weary by yelling: "Long live the Grand Duke until he leaves!"—*Texas Siftings.*



THE MAD-DOG SEASON.

A FEW APPROPRIATE COSTUMES FOR TIMID PEDESTRIANS.

THE D. D. D. DOCTOR.

There was, once on a time, a young Dr.,  
Who of draughts was a noted con-Cr.;  
To cure a sick child  
He gave one "extra mild,"  
But it speedily out of time Nr.

Then her mother went down to this Dr.;  
He was out, so she sat down and Rr.;  
In a while he came in,  
Just wiped off his chin,  
And to death he with no delay Tr.

Now, this double-death-dealing young Dr.  
The corpse in a box put and Lr.—  
Gave a yell! Sat to stare!  
'Twas a horrid nightmare,  
So he flew for a knife and just Hr.

CARL SNAP.

HOW SHE WON HER HUSBAND.

A SEASIDE ROMANCE.

It was a glorious summer's day at — Beach (not Burlington Beach, but—no matter) and the waves were anything but sad. On the contrary, they appeared us-perabundantly sportive, and broke over and lashed around the hundred of bathers as though good humoredly disputing possession of the earth beneath.

Amongst the promenaders on shore was Miss Bella Montessor, a lovely creature in pink flowers and cream-

colored sunshade. (Please note these particulars, as Miss Bella is the heroine of our romance.) As she looked upon the bathers a peculiar something lit up her eyes and she thought something very powerful. (Please note the "somethings" as there is a world of mystery hidden behind them.) By her side stood Mr. Thomas Dugglewugs, an elegant gentleman dressed in the newest summer style suit, and sporting a delicate silken moustache which he tenderly carressed at measured intervals. (Please note these facts, as Mr. Thomas is the hero of our romance.) Their every action told they were lovers. Presently Miss Montessor murmured: "Tom, let us bathe."

It is not necessary to detail the conversation which resulted from this simple remark; (this is not a padded novel) suffice it that the lovely creature had her own way and that within half an hour the twain were disporting themselves in the water with all the fervor of ardent lovers.

But amidst all this sportiveness a strange scheme ran riot through Miss Montessor's pretty little head. Yet she showed it not, save in an occasional gleam which sprang from her eyes, but which Thomas saw not, owing to the salt water that would gather in her eyes. All this enjoyment had taken place in a shallow spot, for, sad to relate, our hero could not swim. But daring Miss Bella, like the water sylph she was, led him unconsciously



further out until nothing but his head was to be seen above the waters. Now began she to work the scheme that had hitherto loitered around the craneries of her brain. A mighty wave approached, and as it broke over them, Miss Bella tripped her darling Thomas and he fell beneath the raging waves. When he came up with a chest full of sea water he was badly scared and entreated his love to haste into shore. But his love gently chided him for his weakness and promised that she would see that he was not drowned. Our hero kissed Bella for such comforting words, and swore he loved her more dearly than ever. Was that a gleam of joy or self-satisfaction that came into our heroine's eyes at that moment? In the midst of their joy another big wave came along, and, strange to say, our Thomas went under that after the manner of the first, only to be again dragged forth by his darling Bella. When our hero came to the surface his delicate moustache looked very sickly and he evidently thought a deal before he addressed his darling. But his heart was full (and his interior ditto) and he could not refrain from saying a great deal to Bella about love and what a prize she was to him; he would never be afraid of drowning when she was near. Our heroine smiled knowingly and said many nice things in return which highly elated Thomas and they gambolled on as if nothing had occurred. Again a mighty wave rolled towards them, and we grieve to tell, our hero fell beneath its powerful swoop. With a heartrending cry Bella clutched at him, but he slipped from her grasp. The second time he came up he was rescued from a watery grave by the water witch Bella. This last daring effort was too much for him, and as soon as he could articulate a word, he asked her there and then to be his (he didn't go down on his knees for obvious reasons); that day's experience had proved that he could not live without her. Did our lovely water witch hesitate? Not a second. It was for this she had schemed and worked. Cute girl, Bella! They are married now but never go sea bathing. Perhaps Mr. Thomas Duddlewugs has "tumbled." Who knows!

TOBY TICKLE!

### EASY GOING ESSAYS.

BY OUR HAPPY-GO-LUCKY PHILOSOPHER.

#### II.—FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP, ah! As we pass along life's highway and lovingly, lingeringly recount the many bright scenes in the eventful past when sorrow was unknown to our young hearts and we gave little thought to the future, we are thrilled through and through. Now that we are in that future and realize the price of eggs in winter, we look back on the before mentioned eventful past with reflective eye and wonder however we were able to persuade the friends of our youth to lend us even a five-cent piece with a hole in it. Our experience is embodied in Sir Bulwer Lytton's lines:—

" 'Tis a very good world we live in,  
To lend or to spend or to give in,  
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,  
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

As Sir Bulwer truly and poetically observed, it is a good world to lend in; one can have friends, whose name shall be legion, on this plan of loans without security. It is a good world to spend in; if you spend wisely. Stand true to your friends at a saloon and remember them upon their several birthdays, and they will forget you when your dark days come round. It is a good

world to give in. Only give your \$500 to the building fund of the new Ananias church, and you will be known as a good giver the Dominion over. But to beg and—let us lump the sentiments of the two last lines—that is so. The Philosopher knows it. When he is rich enough to own a house of his own, it is his intention to hang Bulwer's verses on the front porch, and he guarantees them to scare away false friends as effectually as the emptiest of purses ever did.

We may conjure up the many beautiful sides to friendship and ruminant upon the golden gleams of hope that shine upon life's path, varied at times with the showers of disappointment and these in turn chased away by the breezes of cheerfulness, but when we come down to hard pan and languish for the loan of a dollar with not a friend to rely upon for it, the golden visions vanish and friendship fizzles into a fraud.

But the Philosopher digresses. This is not essay writing. Fact is, he did not intend to essay much on friendship, although it is a subject that has been little written upon by modern essayists. Happy thought! Will the lady students in our colleges give their impressions upon this interesting subject? It is a noteworthy fact that it has been almost overlooked by them. Think, ladies (with your fine susceptibilities), of the splendid opportunities for the display of choice language, (something within a shade or two of the Philosopher's at the beginning of this essay is specially recommended) and the telling of all you know of the dear friends with whom you went hand in hand in the days of your youth. The way is prepared for you, go on with the good work.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has purchased an estate. She will now cultivate her manor.—*E.A.*



#### THE ROSEDALE DRIVE.

PLEASE hurry, Mr. Hallam,  
Like a darling little man,  
And build that drive in Rosedale  
As quickly as you can;  
When you've raised the needed money  
And carried out your plan,  
I will fairly dote upon you,  
And so will doggie Fan,  
Won't you, Fan?

In my lovely little phaeton  
Every other afternoon,  
And sometimes in the evening  
'Neath the silvery shining moon,  
I will sweep—a dainty vision  
In my Paris-made maroon—  
'Round the drive with darling doggie  
And some military spoon,  
And I'll think of thee, sweet Hallam,  
If you'll get it ready soon—

CLARA LOON.



THE POLITICAL COWBOYS.



GAY LIFE AT A SUMMER RESORT.

TIME—EVENING.

Mr. Jinks (the life of the party) entertains a room full of mosquitoes with his favorite song—"O isn't this awfully jolly, ha! ha!"

HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.

I HAD been notified of the arrival at the custom-house of a box of books for me from England. I was densely ignorant of the constitution and by-laws of that great autocracy of this country, but imagined that all I had to do was to dress with care, betake myself to the custom-house, present my paper, and pay the duties. Then, of course, I should be able to collect my goods, and go on my way rejoicing. This proves how ignorant I was.

I was graciously received at the custom-house by a benignant elderly gentleman, and given some papers to fill out. This looked simple enough; and as I proceeded to fill them out (a not difficult task) I mentally laughed at the cock-and-bull stories that had been told me about the red tapeism of custom-houses. The benignant elderly gentleman moved away from me in the discharge of his duties, and my work of filling out the papers was all but completed when a spruce, mustacheless young man sidled up to me, and politely but authoritatively asked to see my papers.

I weakly surrendered them. The young man smiled a smile of profound pity for my dense ignorance as his eagle eye glanced over those papers. He was evidently a youth who, in moments of confidence, told his friend and his inferiors that he could always tell by instinct when a greenhorn was at large in the custom-house.

"You are all wrong, my dear sir," he said, cheerfully. "It would be impossible for you to manage this sort of thing, anyway. The ways of the custom-house are peculiar, you know, my dear sir."

I replied that I really knew no such thing.

"They *are*, sir," he said, deliberately tearing up the papers he had taken from me. "The proper way will be to go to Mr. —, a custom-house broker, who will assume all responsibility, and save you all trouble. If you will mention my name," tendering me his card, "he

will push the matter through without delay. And it will cost you only fifty cents."

Then he figuratively, if not literally, put me out of doors, and very carefully pointed out the office of Mr. —. Of course it would never do if I should stumble into the office of some rival custom-house broker! But, begrudging my enterprising young friend the small commission he thought he had made sure of in my case, I threw away his card, and did turn into the office of a rival broker. This proves how churlish I was.

I had considerable curiosity to find out what manner of man the custom-house broker might be. I was prepared to face a portly, severe, individual, who would try to extort some very damaging confession from me, but who would generously spare my life. I was therefore somewhat surprised to find myself confronted by a dapper little fellow, ballasted by a huge and extravagant eyeglass, but whom, for all that, even the slim senator from Virginia could easily have pitched out of the window. He looked as if he must have been tenderly brought up on fish balls and tapioca, and carefully protected from the sun and from draughty doors. I have since made an important discovery, to wit: that all custom-house brokers are not cast in the same mould.

This young man soon made me aware that however frail and spiritual he might look, he yet rejoiced in a gigantic intellect, and had ways and means of scaring some people almost to death.

The first thing he did was to prove to me that my books had been wrongly invoiced, and that in the name of his Queen and his country he was authorized to increase the invoice price by twelve dollars. As the duty on the books was fifteen cents on the dollar, this did not seem so very terrible, and I agreed to submit to the overcharge, though under protest. I thought I would allow him a fair start, just to see how far he would presume to go before I should suddenly check him. That was where I made an egregious mistake, for he seemed content to have raised and put into the pocket of his Queen and his country the sum of one dollar and eighty cents.

He now proceeded to lay before me such a pile of papers that I marveled where they all came from.

"You will sign your name and address, please; your name and address in full," he said, at last, taking up the undermost paper.

I did so, remarking that I had no objection to give him my age and the name of my dog, if he so desired.

He regarded me with withering scorn, and placed another paper before me to be signed. I perceived that these papers were precisely the same as those I had been given to fill out at the custom-house, only that here there were more of them. This was not calculated to soothe my ruffled spirits.

"Don't you wish me to fill out these papers in full?" I blandly inquired.

"No; it is my clerk's business to do that," he replied haughtily.

His clerk! I was astonished! But on looking around me I perceived an office boy of tender years and in all the glory of curly hair, pensively chewing gum in a corner. So he had a clerk, surely enough!

A third paper was spread before me, which I was requested to sign in two places. Things were beginning to get interesting. I had the curiosity to read a few lines, first humbly asking permission to do so. I had thought Blackstone dry and dreary reading—but this!

"Where do you get all your census papers, if I may ask?" I suddenly blurted out.



SEASONABLE FANCIES.

A contemptuous curl of the lip was an unsatisfactory reply, and I made bold to tell him so.

"I see," I pursued, "that you have not yet inquired into my politics, idiosyncracies, or superstitions. You will doubtless earnestly wish to know whether my father's stepfather drank tea or coffee; whether my grandmother said either or either; and whether I myself smoke a five cent cigar, or chew plug tobacco. I haven't the slightest doubt that it will be necessary for you to know whether I brush my teeth with "Sozodont" or with some obscure tooth paste; whether I prefer as a beverage hard cider, peppermint tea, or butter-milk; whether I use hair-oil, or trust to nature and the barbers to take care of my hair; whether I prefer the music of the hand organ to that of the mouth organ, or the music of the tom-cat organ to that of the organette; whether I carefully measure patent medicine out in a spoon, or swigg it down by guess work; whether I wind my watch when I get up in the morning, or when I retire at night, or whether I wind it at fitful intervals. As I am somewhat pressed for time to-day, I hope I shall not hurt your feelings if I urge that you should get through with your inquisition as soon as may be. In case, however, it is necessary for me to undergo a medical examination, or be placed before an insanity expert, I hope you will allow me first to telegraph my friends and prepare an obituary for my tombstone!"

This prompt manner of forestalling his programme seemed to jar on the nerves of the dapper broker, while it completely demoralized his "clerk." I presume it was not every day that they encountered a man who could thus easily take time by the forelock and get ahead of their knotty questions. The young man upset one of his three ink-bottles, and the "clerk" lost his grip on his gum.

"Where do you deposit all these valuable documents, anyway?" I jeeringly inquired.

The eye-glass deigned me no reply, but the "clerk," on whom I seemed to have made an impression, gasped out that the papers were sent to Ottawa. For this breach of discipline I am sorely afraid that the "clerk's" magnificent salary was afterwards docked five cents, or maybe ten.

"Are they scarce of waste-paper down there?" I asked, intending to be sarcastic.

"I meet with a great many fools in my experience as a broker," the young man replied severely.

I did not retort by saying that I also met with a great many fools; I kindly and respectfully told him that I was very sorry for him.

Then he brightened up and told me confidentially that the Government had of necessity to use some formality in collecting Her Majesty's customs. This proves that it is better to be kind than sarcastic in dealing with the custom-house broker. If I had retorted gruffly he would not have vouchsafed me that piece of invaluable information.

I thanked him gravely, and said that if I had known my handwriting was to be inspected by the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland I should have called for one of his very best pens.

However it was necessary for me to sign my name two or three times more, and I will venture to assert that I never took so much pains to write it well. What did this avail me when I could not prevail upon either the broker or his "clerk" to tell me which one of all the papers I had signed would be reserved for Her Majesty's perusal.

All formalities were at last concluded, and I asked, in an easy off-hand way, if I could get my books that afternoon.

The ethereal young broker became indignant at once. That afternoon! I might consider myself lucky if I got them inside of five days.

I paid him in lawful coin of the realm, \$2.30 (which included his own fee) and walked out of his office with a heavy heart.

I am happy to say that he over-estimated the time, as I received my books in good condition three days later.

BRUCE W. MUNRO.



THE GALLANT KNIGHT.

*Miss Gush (of Toronto).*—O, you all did splendidly. I never saw such pretty marching!

*Sir Knight (of Chicago).*—And I never saw such pretty looking on as in the upper windows where you were!

### WHAT FOLKS THINK.

GRIP is a paper wise in its generation. Every comic paper, to be popular, must observe two rules: 1st, never hit a man when he's down, and 2nd, always vote like an Irishman, "agin the Government." GRIP clearly foresees that the present Government is likely to be in Opposition before long, and is trimming his sails accordingly. He is a little easier on Sir John of late, and lets Edward Blake catch it very often. Fair play's a jewel.—*The Essex Liberal.*

BREECHES OF TRUST.—Pantaloons bought on the instalment plan.

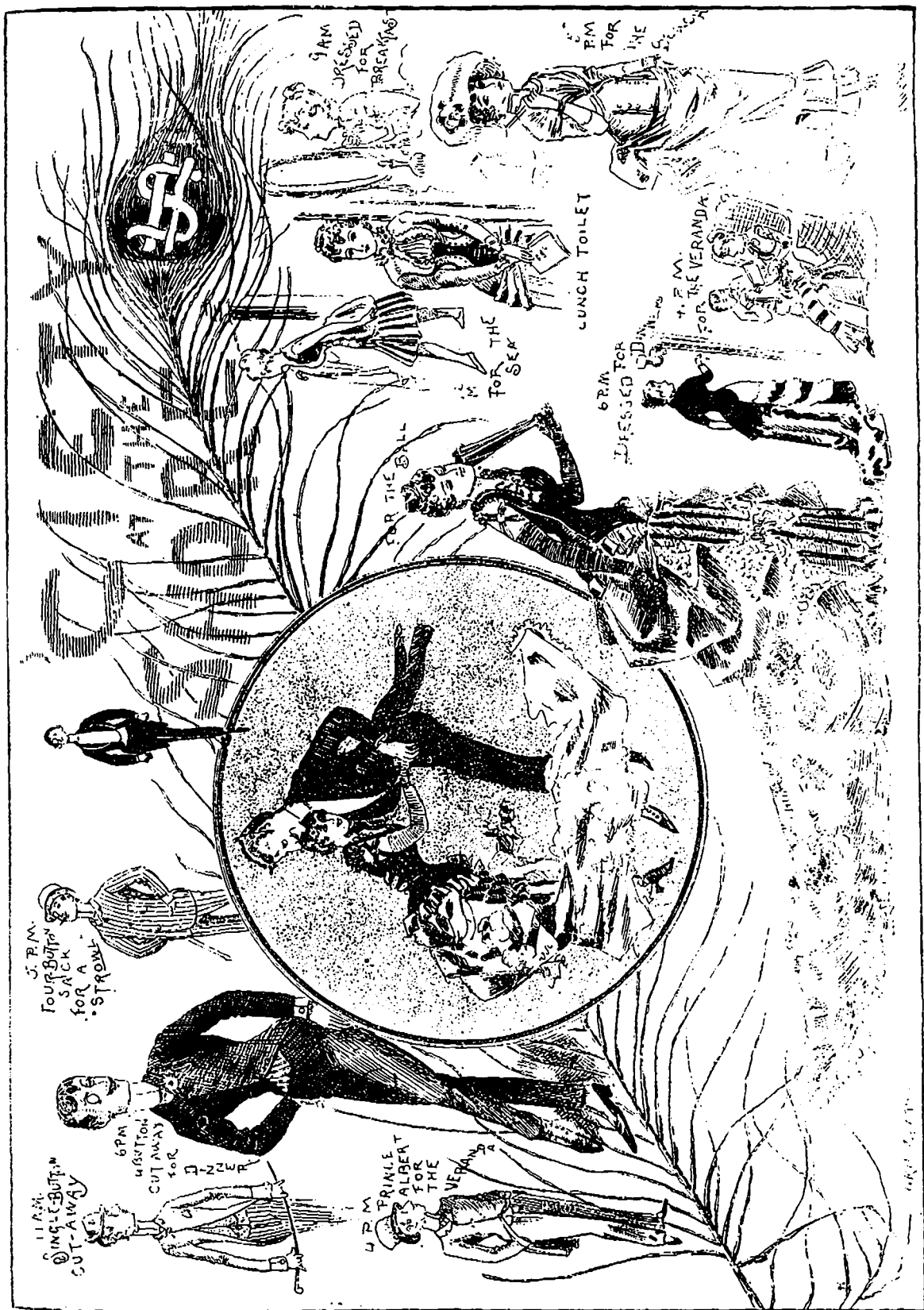


THE CAUSE OF IT.

*Miss Maud.*—Can you imagine, Perkins, what makes the fastenings of my dress keep bursting all the time?

*Perkins.*—I couldn't say, Miss, unless its force of habit.







**THE WORSHIP OF THE HORSE.**

(DEDICATED TO THE ADVOCATES OF THE NEW ROSEDALE DRIVE.)

**THE CANADIAN LORD HIGH EVERYTHING.**

Our business representative at the London and Colonial Exhibition writes us as follows:

"Sir Charles will not allow me to sell the *Illustrated War News*, as he thinks it will be detrimental to emigration; nor will he allow me to sell the colored plates—except the picture of Sir John."

The publications to which reference is made were sent to the exhibition as specimens of Canadian publishing enterprise as well as of Canadian artistic ability, and it is somewhat galling to have this upstart nobody, Tupper—clad, by the grace of parliamentary corruption, in a little brief authority—interpose his veto in this way.

The pictures in the *War News* were in most cases supplied by the pencils of the brave fellows who were fighting for our country, and the colored plates of Batoche, Cut Knife and Fish Creek, were authentic sketches of the three chief engagements of the campaign, which have an enduring interest to all Canadians and their friends. No doubt Tupper would like to suppress them as eloquent expositions of the "cruel and callous neglect" of the government which brought about the rebellion and heaped shame and confusion, but who made Tupper a dictator in these matters! "Detrimental to emigration" forsooth! Just as if the English public had never heard of the rebellion—and this, too, in the face of the claim put forth by the government organs that the rebellion was "the best thing that could have happened to advertise the country." The truth is, Tupper is working off a little private spleen in revenge for certain sharp and well deserved prods he has received in these columns. GRIP

has (unlike too many of his countrymen) refused to bow the knee to titled nincompoops, and this inflated specimen of the breed is now showing that the slavish sycophancy of the public can make a dictator out of a mighty small potatoe.

**" FOLLOW AFTER CHARITY."**

DEACON BLODGETT of Podunk has had two daughters born to him, and named them respectively Faith and Hope. Mrs. Blodgett wanted one of them called Charity, but Mr. Blodgett did not wish her to be followed after.

RECORD of the 49th Congress to date: Congress has done nothing, and the President has vetoed it.—*Pict.*



July 15, 1890.

98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Toronto .....	32	17	Syracuse.....	26	31
Rochester .....	28	17	Buffalo.....	19	38
Utica.....	27	16	Binghamton..	14	33
Hamilton.....	27	19	Oswego.....	11	55



MISS TORONTO MAKES AN IMPRESSION.

Visiting K. of P.—WELL, MISS, I'D HEARD TELL OF YOU ; BUT I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE HALF SO SCRUMPTIOUS !

## COUNTER Check Books.

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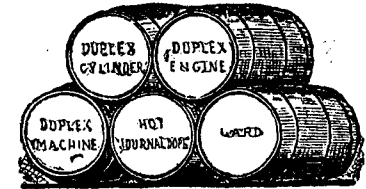
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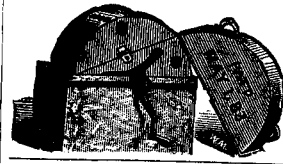
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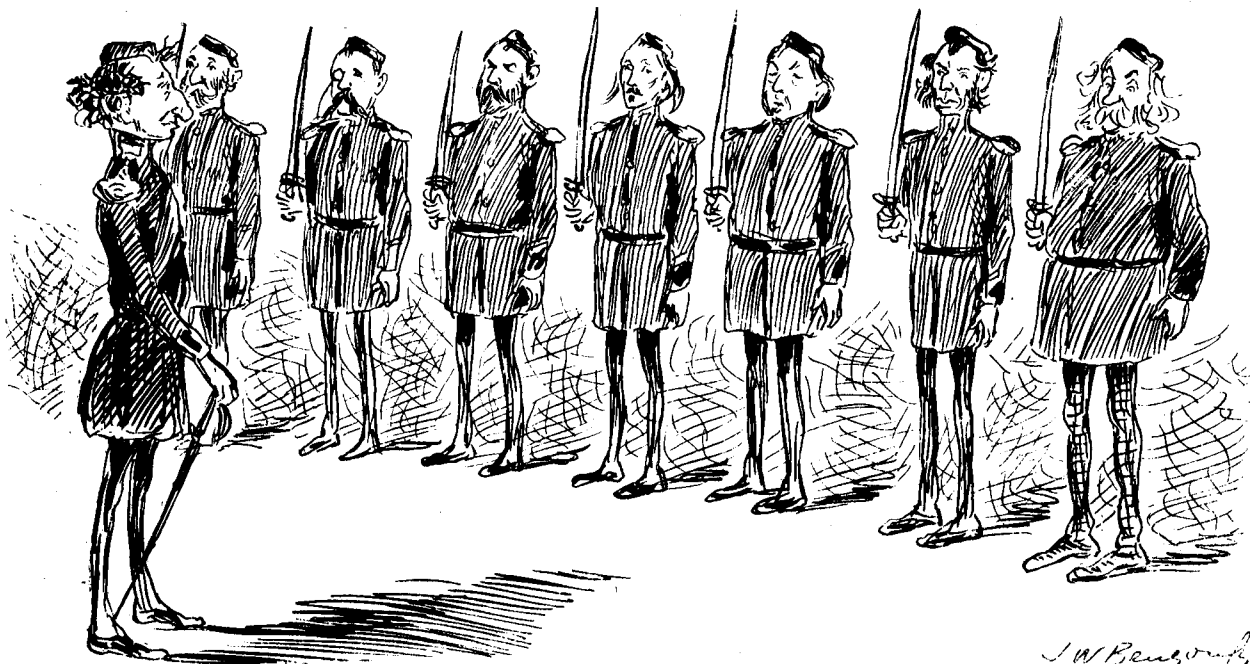
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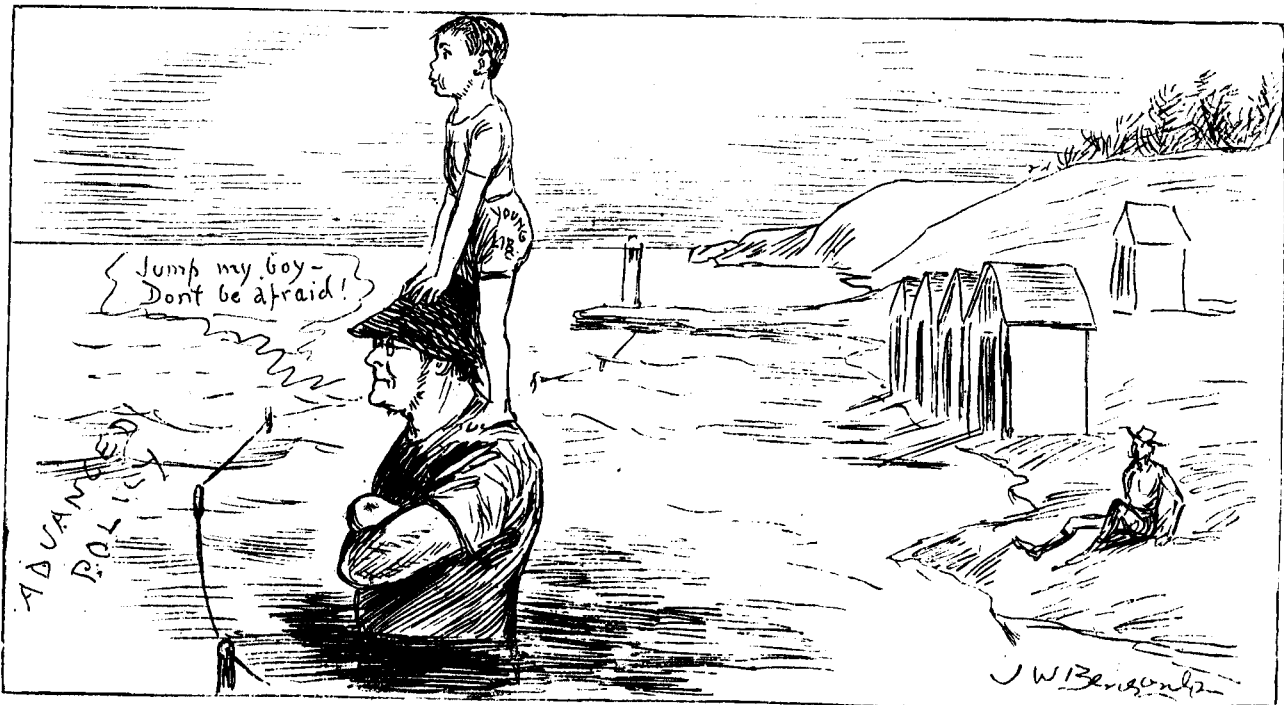
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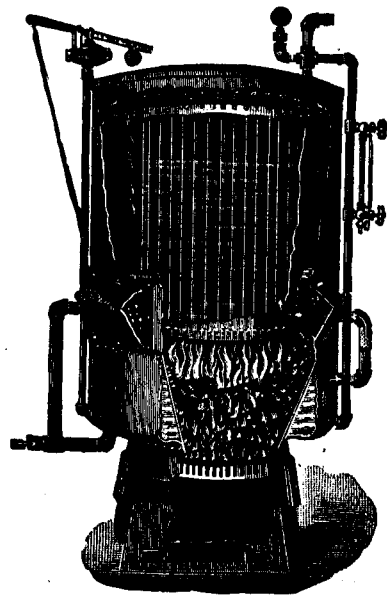
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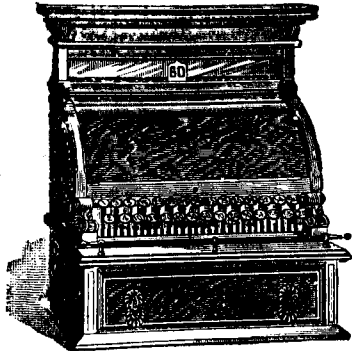
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THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD TO MAKE ROOM FOR FALL IMPORTATIONS.

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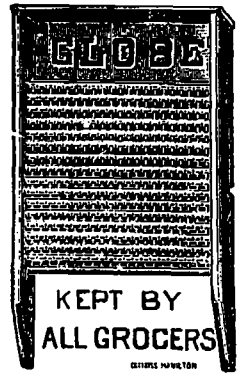
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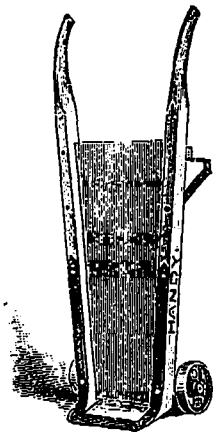
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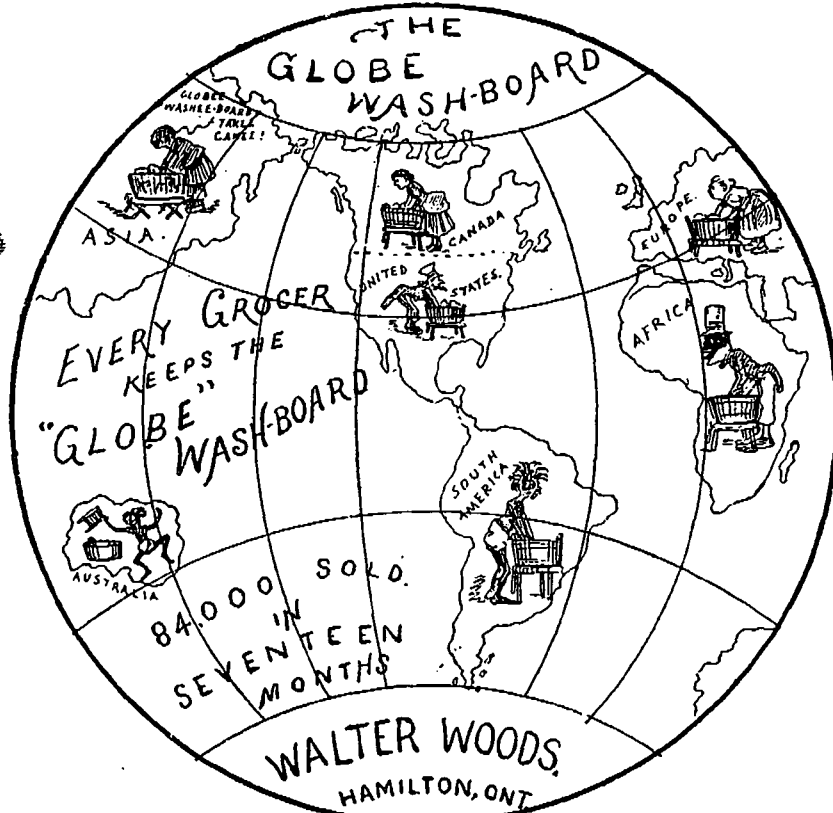
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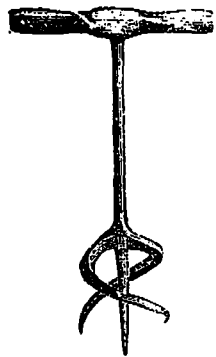
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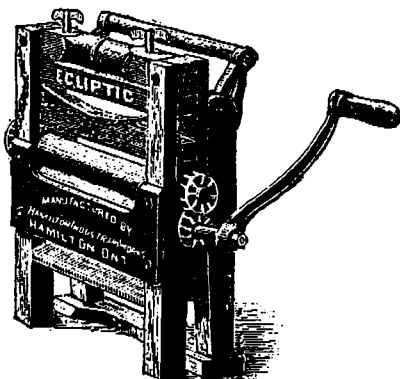


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