



GRIP



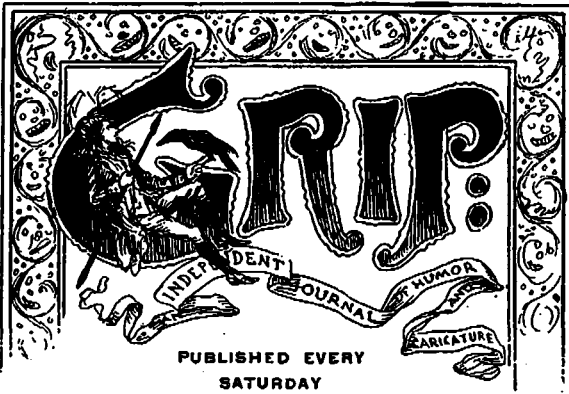
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THE FAKIR AT THE FAIR.



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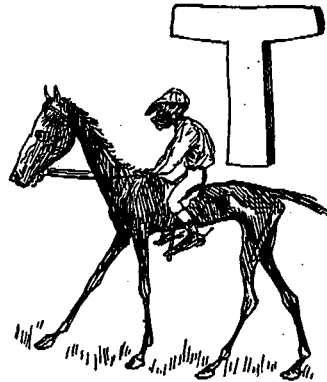
Comments
ON THE
Cartoons.

QUITE BEYOND THEIR REACH. — It cannot be said that the Opposition let slip the opportunity afforded them in Committee of Supply of expressing themselves on the subject of High Commissioner Tupper. The item in the estimate setting aside \$2,000 for the use of Sir

Charles the Magnificent, apart from his salary and contingencies, was made the text for a fusillade of invective that enlivened Parliament for the greater part of two sittings. Nor can it be justly said that the attack was unwarranted. Sir Charles Tupper is a man of ability, and nobody questions his competency for the duties of the position which he occupies. The trouble is that he is not content merely to perform the functions for which he is established in London. It is true that the duties of the position are not very definite,

but they certainly do not include some of the things to which Sir Charles Tupper devotes a great deal of attention and earnestness, such as making onslaughts through the press upon the Grand Trunk Railway, vilifying the Grit party in general, and its leaders in particular, as a parcel of rebels, traitors and "ruined gamesters;" coming out to Canada as a partisan election spouter, and promoting financial schemes with which this country has no concern. The Opposition were, of course, chiefly hurt by the attack of the High Commissioner upon themselves, and they demanded to know whether this conduct, on the part of a public employee, had the approval of the Government. To this, and a great many equally pertinent questions, they could get no answer, beyond the highly diplomatic (and idiotic) one, that "the attitude of the Government toward Sir Charles Tupper was one of attentive consideration." The truth seems to be that the baronet is as far beyond the reach of the Cabinet as of the Opposition. It looks as though his colleagues (for that is practically what the ministers still are) are one and all afraid of him. If this is not the explanation, the only other conclusion is that these gentlemen are such rabid partisans that they are willing to condone any sort of outrage upon the proprietors, if committed in the supposed interests of their party. Sir Charles Tupper's conduct is certainly indefensible by the rules of the civil service as laid down by himself.

THE FAKIR AT THE FAIR.—The *Mail's* "popular minister" competition ended in the "election" of Rev. Dr. Wild, who polled some 160,000 votes. Presumably the free return ticket to Liverpool has been duly handed to the prophet of Bond Street. And now the great military competition is on, and promises to be as prolific in shekels to the enterprising journal as the other was. This sort of thing is not dishonest; to many it is undoubtedly interesting, and it may be legitimate as journalism. But in point of dignity it stands on a par with—well, just take another look at our picture.



THE gentlemen of the Ontario Jockey Club are feeling gay. The Woodbine meeting was such a success, with clever horses, smart people and faultless weather. Quite like the Derby, don't you know! But why should such elaborate accommodation be provided for the gambling shops? According to Mr. Patterson, and other gentlemen whose names do

honor to the club, the single end and aim of racing is to illustrate the results of scientific training upon that noble animal, the horse. We do not see that the "book-maker" is an essential element in the matter at all. Of course (or perhaps we should say on course), people with the taint of gambling in their blood will bet, and nothing can prevent them. But it is not necessary that the vice should be given official recognition, and special facilities provided for its encouragement. The man who goes to the races "just to see the horses run" is now commonly regarded a twin-brother of the other unvarnished person who visits the circus only that the children may see the animals in the menagerie tent.

THE probabilities being that the street railway franchise will remain in civic control, we would like to inject an earnest whisper into the ear of the City Hall authorities, viz., leave the line as it is for a year or two, until we have made some money out of it. Don't listen to any proposals to change from horse power to electricity until we are in a financial position very different from the present. No doubt the change would be an advantage, but meanwhile it would cost about two and a half millions, which would eat up our profits for a long time to come. The



TRADE IS DULL.

BROWNSON—"Well, how's business?"

JONESON—"Business is entirely at a stand."

ROTONI BANANI (*aside*)—"Nota *dis* standa. Sella notting to-day!"

service will do very well as it is in the meantime. When our tax rate has been brought down to about twelve mills on the dollar it will be time enough to talk about undertaking such an expensive work

* * *

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER to'd the prohibition deputation that he couldn't see his way out of the revenue difficulty, which the abolition of the liquor traffic would bring about. He should consult some of the speeches he made before he fell from grace and became a Cabinet minister. There he will learn how this point can easily be got over. Or he might give some consideration to the suggestion thrown out by a member of the deputation—curtail expenditure in other directions. He estimates the deficit at \$7,000,000, which is \$20,000,000 less than is now spent every year for liquor in the Province of Ontario alone. It is also, we apprehend, a mere fraction of the amount now expended upon law courts and prisons for cases brought about directly or indirectly by drink.

* * *

ARCHBISHOP CROKE says "All is lost,
Home Rule has ended in smoke!"
A blue look-out, but please to note
His name's Archbishop Croke.

* * *

THE Senators are agitating for increased indemnity. They want \$1,500 instead of \$1,000 per session, and the *Globe* objects to it. The organ goes so far, in fact, as to say flatly that the old fellows don't give value for what is now paid them. There is a sad lack of appreciation in this. It is a piece of downright cruelty and ingratitude after all the Senators have done for the country. Do they not go to Ottawa every year and devote nearly half an hour a day, on the average, to the discussion of public questions, such as whether Senator Tweedledum shall be allowed to occupy the seat in which Senator Tweedledee wants to sit? The *Globe* seems to think the country could get along without the Senate altogether. We would just like to see the country try the experiment. We would, indeed.

AGAINST the theory of Protection we protest, and will continue to protest with all our might. It is a delusion for which we have not the smallest respect. But for that *rara avis*, the thorough-going, consistent protectionist, we cannot help feeling a certain kind of admiration. Such a one is the capable young man who is known to fame as the editor of the *Toronto World*. "GRIP is all wrong on the trade question and always has been," said he the other day. "You advocate absolute free trade with the world, on the hypothesis that all men are brothers and ought to live in peace and friendship with one another. The trouble is, you are Humanitarian in your views. Now, the truth is, man is a fighting animal, and his customary attitude (with his fists up against others), is the right one for him to occupy." This is protectionism carried to its logical conclusion. It is a philosophy well adapted to bull dogs, but not to human beings.

* * *

WHY couldn't the vexed question between the Industrial Exhibition Association and the "so called Colonels" be solved by moving the whole military outfit away from the Old Fort altogether over to the Island? The land now occupied by the military is needed for sundry useful purposes, amongst others for the extension of the Exhibition grounds. The Island is in every way more suitable for barracks and rifle-range purposes. The idea that the Old Fort in some way serves as a protection to the city against invasion is a ridiculous fiction only to be laughed at. The property ought to be expropriated for civic use without further delay.

QUITE A STRING OF 'EM.

GRIP might extort a joke from the fact that Fish Commissioner Blatchford is manager of Prof. Totten, of Yale University, in his mathematical lectures proving that the end of the world will come in 1899. Something about (h)erring, you know, or new species of cod.—*World*.

Yes, we could easily have made those jokes, and we have a few more of the same brand on tap that we can let you have if they are of any use to you. The part taken by Fish Commissioner Blatchford in the business, for instance, gives an off-fish-al significance to the proceedings. It is to be hoped that he will not lose his place in consequence, though certainly Prof. Totten's announcement is calculated to disturb people's soles. The net proceeds of the lectures must have been considerable—such fakes always attract a lot of suckers. The Prof. fixes the date with mathematical precision, but perhaps he has made a mistake in Totten' up the figures. We merely throw these off in a casual off-hand fashion in response to the *World's* demand, but they are nothing to what we could do if the subject were worth the necessary meditation and research. No charge. Want any more of 'em?

A STUDY IN NOMENCLATURE.

O'DOOLAN—"Say, Houlahan, an' fwhere's this Hiawatha Island that I do be readin' about in the papers?"

HOULAHAN—"The divil fly away wid ye, fur an oma-dhaun. Sure don't ye know its right beyant in the Bay there."

O'DOOLAN—"Fwhat? I didn't know Hiawatha was the name av it. An' fwhat do they be callin' it that fur?"

HOULAHAN—"Och, ye don't know nothin'. There's *higher wather* there now since they've been fillin' up the Bay, dy'e moind."



WE'RE IN THE SWIM.

[Our London contemporary, *Funny Folks*, depicts, as above, the chronic state of the London streets at the opening of the "season." This ought to reconcile us to the uptearing of Yonge Street just as our summer visitors are arriving. "It's English, you know!"]

A POINT FOR THE COMMENTATORS.

REV. DR. GRONER preached a strong sermon at the church of St. Athanasius the other Sunday on the killing of Agag by the prophet Samuel. Old Podgers, the contractor, was noticed to be listening to the discourse with such unusual interest that he kept awake during the entire service instead of taking a comfortable nap in the corner of his pew, as he was wont to do on ordinary occasions. At the close he waited until the parson emerged from the vestry, and wrung his hand enthusiastically.

"Begosh, doctor," he exclaimed, "that's the best sermon I've heard in a dog's age. Right to the p'int, doctor. It's just the kind of preaching we want. The way Sam'l went for that ellow Agag had order be an example to all these here agitators an' demigogs. You just want to keep right on sockin' it to 'em in that style and I'll double my subscription."

"I am glad you like the sermon," replied the doctor. "But I do not remember that I said anything bearing on the labor question."

"Didn't you say that old Agag was a agitator? Why of course you did. 'How did he approach the prophet,' says you. 'Was it with fearless and haughty stride? No, he came walking delegately.' Them was your very words, and you made out as how Sam'l got so mad at the airs this here walking delegate put on that he went for him and cut him up. Serve him right, too, I say, an' if some walkin' delegates in this town could be served the same way it would be a mighty good thing an' put a

stop to these ridiculous strikes. But if you're goin' to weaken an' say you didn't mean it, just for fear that it might get into the papers and bring the Trades and Labor Council down on you, why, you ain't the man I've always took you to be, that's all."

And Podgers strode out of the sacred edifice with emphatic disgust depicted on his features.

"HANDS OFF."

AIR—"RULE BRITANNIA."

WHEN T'ronto first her sense displayed
And took in charge the street-car line,
This was the motion Hallam made,
And everybody called it fine:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!

When tenders all are voted down,
(On that the Council will agree),
And 'tis decided that the town
Will keep it, let the watchword be:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!

To work the railway well, it seems
The heeler must be kept at bay
With all his crooked wiles and schemes,
So let the city firmly say:

Rule unfettered, Superintendent Gunn,
"Hands off," every blessed alderman!

THE BALLAD OF BILL BLATHERS.

(AFTER TOM HOOD—BUT NOT APT TO CATCH UP WITH HIM IN A HURRY.)

BILL BLATHERS was the baldest man
That ever you did see,
For on the place beneath his hat
He'd no cap-illary.

He fell in love with Mary Jane,
And feeling somewhat big,
He put on 'airs—that is to say,
He wore a curly wig.

"She ne'er could love a hairless man,
Though love's a great transmuter,"
He said, "But as I'm now hirsute,
I soon may be her-suitor."

And so, bedecked with borrowed locks,
He did his love impart,
And laid in fashion orthodox
Sieve to her tender heart.

An artless maid was Mary Jane,
Unversed in such deceit.
'Air-long methinks he'd captured her
With airy nothings sweet.

Until, alas! one luckless day,
As with his curls she played,
His wig came off. Oh, fancy then
The horror of the maid!

"Go, base deceiver!" she exclaimed.
"Oh, for some lone retreat!
I'd quit this cold and heartless world.
My Bill is counterfeit!

"Away, away—far hence away,
Nor dare thy suit renew.
Thy head is like a billiard-ball,
Can'st thou not take a cue?"

"Oh, I could die," remarked the swain.
"No more deceptions try,"
Replied indignant Mary Jane.
"You have no hair to dye."

He did not die—they seldom do—
Such loss one soon repairs.
He quickly wed another girl,
And now he has some heirs.



A DIAGNOSIS.

JOBBLESON—"Keeps losing time, does it?"

BEESWAX—"Yes; and I don't know what's the matter with it.

JOBBLESON—"It's all on account of the season."

BEESWAX—"What d'you mean?"

JOBBLESON—"The backward spring, you know."

AN EPISODE OF SPRING.

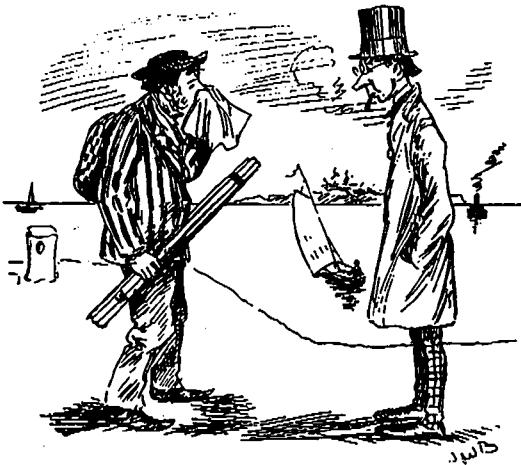
ONE morning last month I was strolling down a side street enjoying the glorious freshness of the gentle breeze that fanned my burning brow. Who, but those who have experienced it, can tell of the gladness of heart, the buoyancy of spirits and the calm peace that is produced by a walk in the early morning? I felt at peace with the whole world. Under the softening influence of that breeze I forgave all my enemies. I wondered how any creature that was allowed to exist in this beautiful world of ours could murmur or repine at his lot. The fresh, pure air, laden with the breath of approaching spring, was a free gift to all. But suddenly, even while I ruminated on the grandeur of the atmosphere, I became conscious of a strong overpowering odor of brimstone, while a heavy blue vapor floated around me. Astonished and somewhat horrified, I gazed around in search of the origin of this strange phenomenon, and at last I discovered it. Leaning upon the fence was a woman, and from between her parted lips there issued blue flames, while at her feet, down in the mud and slush, was a clothesline full of clothes. It was my wife. Noble woman, she hadn't sworn a word!

F. W. HARVEY.

SURE CURE FOR VERDANCY.

BEE SWAX—"Do you know, Miss Kultshaw, that when I mingle in literary society I feel quite ashamed of myself. I've really read so little that I can't understand half the allusions, and in fact I seem awfully green. What would be a good thing to read up?"

MISS KULTSHAW—"If you feel so very green as you say I should be inclined to recommend a course of Browning."



SPRING SPORT.

DAWKINS—"Catch anything?"

HAWKINS—"Yes, a beastly cold!"



TORONTO, THE CITY OF CURS.

Things our Policeman sees when he comes out *with* his gun.

QUINTESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(BY OUR OWN VERY SHORTHANDER)

OTTAWA, *May 21st.*

JAMIESON'S Prohibition resolution up again, like Banquo's ghost, to the consternation of the Whiskey Macbeths. Mr. Mackintosh moved in amendment that a Committee of Enquiry be appointed to quietly bury the issue out of sight. Mr. Taylor (compensationist) moved to amend amendment by taking steps to find out how the cat is likely to jump before asking timid members to vote. Mr. Gillies moved adjournment of debate. Carried.

May 22nd.

Field day in Committee of Supply. Langevin raked over coals for not resigning until Tarte business is over. High Commissioner Tupper made subject of castigation on item concerning his salary and emoluments. Grits wanted him kicked out instanter. Government looked horrified but said very little. Lots of questions asked, but on Treasury benches mum was the word.

May 23rd—25th.

House not in session as per usual.

May 26th.

Supply circus continued. Tupper flayed, scalped and generally lambasted. Government still maintains masterly silence. Item passed. Piteous pleas put up for increase of judges' salaries. Lawyers in House thought this urgently required. Laymen thought otherwise.

Mr. Foster promised that Budget speech would not be made on Friday next.

Sir R. Cartwright enquired affectionately after those papers promised in Speech from Throne.

Sir J. Thompson said some would be down to-morrow.

May 27th.

Nothing done in House. Tarte enquiry drew the crowd. Lot of letters read. Don't know yet, but looks as though nest of thieves might be uncovered.

May 28th.

House adjourned on account of Corpus Christi, a day which is held sacred by Protestants. Sir John not to return to his seat this session, owing to illness.

May 29th.

Motion censuring Tupper introduced by Laurier. Debate interrupted by news that Sir John is probably dying. House adjourned, on motion of Langevin seconded by Laurier.

THISTLEDOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFETS.

BY ACUS.

THERE is something very striking about John L. Sullivan.

Burglars ought to be favorites. They have very taking ways.

It is astonishing how few people feel at home at an At Home.

What a multitude of sins every day in the week a little religion on Sunday is supposed to cover.

It is a pity that the aphorism, "Death loves a shining mark" does not read, "Death loves a mining shark."

Do the temperance people object to a man being "elevated" by means of an elevator?

At Ottawa the House is sitting. Strange that the House has to be paid for sitting. Most of us are glad enough to get a chance to sit for nothing.

The poet asks, "Why do summer roses fade?" But why don't bummers' noses fade? is the question that is agitating a large portion of the community.

One consolation for having a headache is that it gives the assurance, which might otherwise be wanting, that one has a head.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the Speaker who does most of the listening.

Spring poets seem comparatively few and far between this season. They must have been planted early.

The aristocracy think that Goldwin does not belong to their "set."

I call my dog "Fish," because he doesn't bite.

THE MORAL OF IT.

JONKINS—"I see they arrested a man in Boston the other day for kissing his wife on the street."

TOMKINS—"Moral: when you kiss a woman on the street, be sure that she isn't your wife."



"ONE'S SCARED AND T'OTHER DASSENT."

"Parliament will do anything with Prohibition but take the Bull by the Horns and try a fall with it."—*Montreal Gazette.*
(N. B.—The Tory Party is behind the barrel.)

UNCONSCIOUS JOKES.

A JOKE is none the worse for being unpremeditated—unconsciousness on the part of its perpetrator rather sets it off. Few jokes are immortal, or deserve to be—only the fittest survive. The criterion of a good joke is the breadth of the grin that duly attends and justifies its recall, as when we think of the *Globe's* unconscious *jeu d'esprit* about registrars' "earnings." But the real fun will come in when, after "serious consideration," Mr. Mowat begins to wrestle with his own paradoxical position on this burning question. Mr. Mowat recognizes "the nobility of labor, the long pedigree of toil," and is the professed champion of the good old orthodox principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, as well as of the other somewhat later evolution of the same principle, that the hire should be proportioned to the work done; at the same time he is the professed champion of the fee system, whereby his favorites draw large salaries for which they toil not neither do they spin.

"THE HAPPY COUPLE THEN DEPARTED."

EVIDENTLY it is a very sweet sight to see a pair of lovers journeying on their honeymoon. You can tell them as soon as you set your eyes on them. They bear the mark, and they can no more rid themselves of it than a bob-tailed dog can grow out another caudal appendage.

They don't mean that people shall know that they are lovers; that does not enter into their calculations.

They think they are keeping the whole thing very close. They don't believe that anybody suspects it, and they do not realize it when all the people in the train are laughing at them.

She leans a little way from him, and pretends to view the scenery out of the window, and he holds her hand under her shawl, and they converse about the cows, and the grass, and the brooks, and other natural wonders of

the landscape. He gives her some sweets surreptitiously as if he were passing counterfeit money, and she shies one into her mouth and looks all round out of the corners of her eyes to see if anyone observed the performance.

The young husband picks up everything she drops, and she generally drops her bag and her rug and one of her gloves and her handkerchief and her umbrella about ten times each on a short journey. He buys her a fashion paper, which is supposed to be the only style of paper in which a young lady ought to be interested. She looks at the female figures in the fashion plates, with their round faces like dumplings, their ham-like arms, and their mouths puckered up to the regulation size and contour, and shows them to him, and he looks at them as most of us look at an acrostic, and with a suave smile he agrees with her that they are just "too sweet for anything."

If a man who has imbibed rather freely happens to be in the car and looks at her, the lover bristles up, and his eyes express enough to make that man—should he happen at all to notice his enemy—go on his way without hesitation. When the train reaches its destination you want to look at the lover and see him hand her out. He steps in front of everybody, and hands her down to the platform as if she were an egg-shell painted for a museum, and they both look so happy to think the thing is safely accomplished as they trip off into the dim and distant future.

COULDN'T SEE THE LINE.

SNIGGERLY—"Well, I've been to see the art exhibition. Didn't see your picture of 'The Game of Tiddlewinks,' though."

DAUBER—"Didn't, eh? How could you miss it? It was hung right on the line?"

SNIGGERLY—"That's just where I got fooled. Looked all round and couldn't see no line. All the pictures was hanging on the walls. Guess they must have took that line down."



AT THE "PINAFORE" PERFORMANCE.

SCENE—Grand Opera House, Hamilton.

HE (*a visitor from abroad*)—"The performance is really capital. Did I understand you to say that the company is made up entirely of amateurs?"

SHE—"Yes; all excepting Mr. Warrington, who is playing *Captain Corcoran*. He's from Toronto."

CAVEN ON CANVAS.

THE Alumni of Knox College, having decided to adorn the wall of their Convocation Hall with an oil portrait of their Grand Old Man, have given the commission to our leading artist in that line, Mr. Forster. Accordingly, the eminent Principal may be seen every fine morning streaking it down to the studio on King Street, where he gives the painter what the General Assembly would call a sederunt. We dropped in and had a look at the work the other day. It is as yet only in the initiatory stages, but anybody can see that Mr. Forster has there the makings of a very smart man. The Principal is represented as sitting in his official chair in all the glory of his academical gown. The likeness is striking, and the expression peculiarly pleasant. We remarked to the painter that he was dealing almost too tenderly with the strong lines of the face, whereupon he explained that he was doing the portrait from the American point of view, and keeping the natural Calvinism of the face subdued. Anyhow, we confidently predict a picture which will be voted first-class.

CANDY FOR GRIP.

EDITOR STEAD speaks of our own GRIP as being "one of the very cleverest comic papers in the world." Mr. Bengough, we give you this little advertisement without charge.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Thanks. But is it a little advertisement? Editor Stead's *Review of Reviews* circulates all over the English-speaking world, and he is an excellent judge of comic papers; as for the *Brantford Expositor*, it is read by everybody, original and aboriginal, in the County of Brant.

NOT THAT KIND OF TRAIN.

"ARRESTED for holding up a train," read Mrs. Jimpsecute in the news columns of the *Mail*. "Well, now, *did* you ever hear of anything more perfectly ridiculous? As though any woman wouldn't hold up her train rather than drag it along over the dust and have it stamped on and perhaps torn by every clumsy brute of a man that passed. What next, I wonder? It's all very well, I suppose, to prevent *ballet* dancers making an exposure of themselves on the stage, but it's just like the police—they always overdo everything, and so because some shameless hussies want to go capering and kicking around on the stage to please a lot of bald-headed old *roues*, a decent respectable woman can't take proper care of her clothes by lifting her dress off the ground but what some prying sneak of a detective must make it an excuse for interfering. But let me see who it was. Well, I never! it wasn't a woman at all, but two men who attacked a train of cars! Just like those papers. Why can't they say what they mean in plain English, instead of putting such nonsensical, deceiving headings on? I don't believe half the things they put in ever happen at all. I really think of all the trash I ever read some of those things they write in the papers nowadays just beat all!"

And the good lady threw down the paper in disgust and went to the door to scold the milkman for coming around so late.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

WHY, how pale you are!" said the ivy to the lily, "you look as if you had had a fright!"
"Well, I would not want to be as green as you are, and anyway, though I may look white, I stand my ground and don't run up a tree like you do!"

THE INWARDNESS OF IT.

AP MORGAN, the Welshman, is an inveterate punster. "I'll tell you why he's always perpetrating his atrocities," said Beeswax, "he feels more at home with twisted English. It's more like Welsh, you know."



"GOOD BYE, HARDY!"

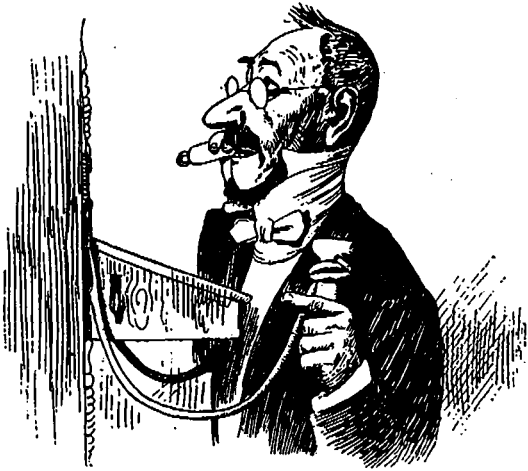
A letter from Sudbury, printed in the *Mail*, says that Hardy's Mining Act, imposing royalties on the ore taken out, has knocked mining operations on the head. Capitalists, prospectors and miners are leaving the country, and blue ruin reigns supreme!



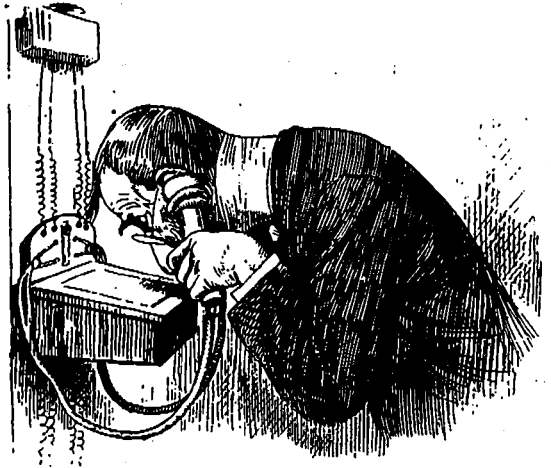
QUITE BEYOND THEIR REACH.

TUPPER (*very High Commissioner.*)—"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?"

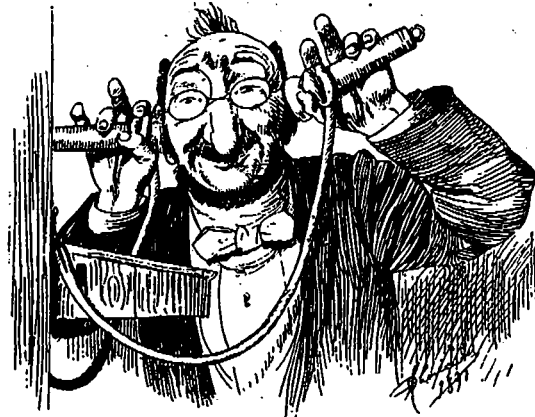
TELEPHONIC DEPARTMENT.



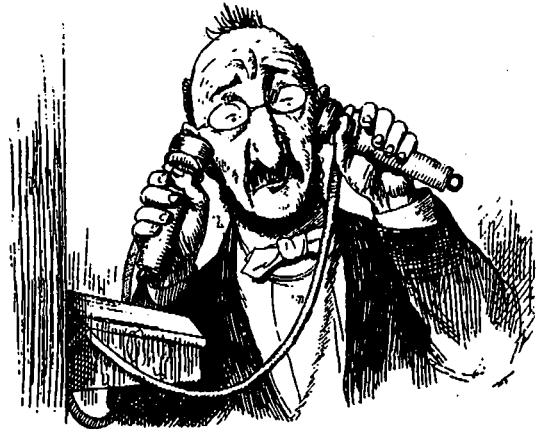
I.
When he speaks to a subordinate.



II.
When he speaks to a superior.



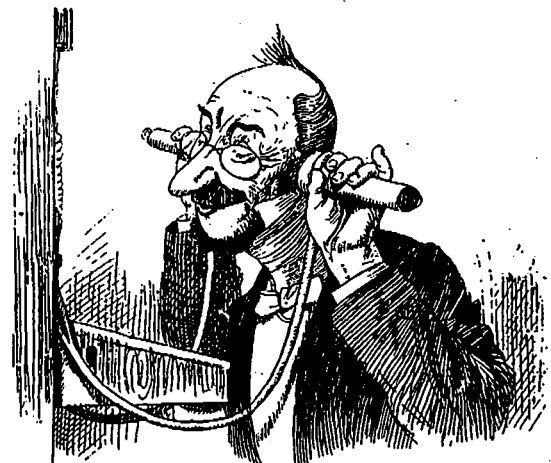
III.
When he hears that stocks are up.



IV.
When he hears that stocks are down.



V.
When his wife announces the arrival of her mother.



VI.
When he speaks to the pretty girl around the corner.

THE ART SHOWS.

THE exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is closed for another year. The same dismal tale as of yore is to be told as to its success financially. The lover of art, with a quarter to spend for a peep at pictures, either doesn't live in Toronto, or he prefers to squander his substance at the Musee Theatre. Such patronage as the exhibition might otherwise have secured was pretty well killed in advance by the "private view" function, for on that occasion everybody who would be a probable patron was invited to come and see the show free. One tour of the room seems to have satisfied most of the visitors.

Something on a smaller scale, but on the whole more interesting, was the annual exhibition of the Toronto Art Students' League. It consisted of the work done during the past season at the regular meetings, in oil, water-colors, sepia, crayon, and pen-and-ink. There were some capital things on the walls, but the walls are those of a somewhat dingy room away up on the top of a building in a particularly uninteresting part of the city. The League is nothing if not modest. It would probably blush itself to death if the general public came to see its productions. Yet it is to this organization, which works its own independent way without civic or Government aid, that we look for the Canadian artists of the near future. At present Toronto doesn't go in much for art shows, "intellectual centre" though she is. But no mat tar! The time *will* come!

HIS CANDIED OPINION.

PLUGWINCH (*fishing for compliments*)—"Now tell me honestly old man, don't you think that landscape of mine in the exhibition is an improvement on anything I've ever done?"

BIGGLESWADE—"Yes, indeed. It's excellent. Never saw anything better in my life."

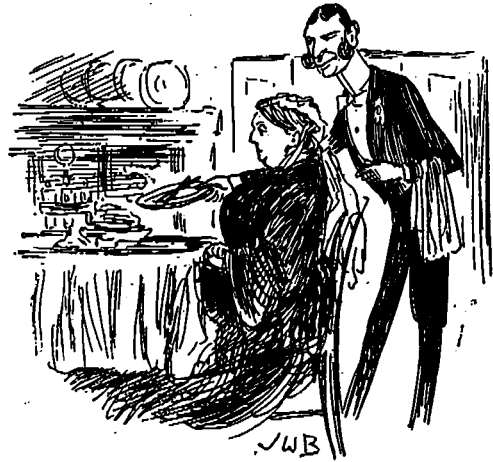
PLUGWINCH—"Delighted to hear you say so. You really think so?"

BIGGLESWADE—"Yes, that's *candied*—(*aside*)—or otherwise taffy."



THE NORTH YORK YEOMAN.

(In the debate on Judge's salaries the other day Mr. Mulock repudiated the assertion that he was a lawyer. "I am a farmer," said the member for North York proudly.)



"TAKING THE QUEEN'S PLATE."

FULLY ANSWERED.

HE (*talked down in argument, and intending to get even with her*)—"Do you know why they call Echo 'she'?"

SHE (*rising to the occasion*)—"Why, certainly! Because of her many good qualities! You know she never speaks unless spoken to. Even when a man yells at her her voice in reply is generally sweet and low, and though she does often repeat what has been said to her, she never adds to the tale, in fact very often leaves a good deal unsaid! (*Kindly*) Is there anything else you want to know?"

WELL DONE, MURPHY!

IN Ireland the farmers are up in arms against fox-hunting squires and peers. The young Earl of Huntington, a captain in the Prince of Wales Regiment, was dashing across Farmer Murphy's meadow after a fox and a pack of hounds, when the farmer unexpectedly appeared and seized the Earl's horse by the bridle. The Earl, who traces his ancestry to a steward of the Conqueror, was aghast at such a liberty on the part of a plebeian, and raising his whip struck a blow at the farmer. Murphy held the horse with one powerful arm, while with the other he struck and nearly dismounted the Earl.

HIS NEW ROLE.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY is a prominent member of the new People's Party in the United States, and is spoken of as their probable candidate for President in '92. Bacon will be a live issue, along with beef, wheat and corn. Ignatius sees a cryptogram in the signs of the times which reads "Down with the Money Power."

IT WAS THE RING.

HE—"I never noticed that Miss Smith was left-handed before."

SHE—"She never was—until she became engaged!"

IN CHURCH.

HUSBAND—"Dear me, my foot's asleep!"
WIFE (*anxiously*)—"How dreadful if it should snore, John!"



"ENGLISH."

COSTER—"Might I condescend to arst you for a light!"—*Pick-me-up.*

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

ITEMS WHICH ARE PROBABLY ABOUT AS ACCURATE AS THE AVERAGE NEWSPAPER PERSONAL.

IBSEN, the Norwegian dramatist, is inordinately fond of buckwheat pancakes which he eats with pepper and vinegar, and always wears a light blue necktie.

The Czar of Russia amuses himself with amateur photography and insists on taking the likeness of almost everybody with whom he comes in contact. He has translated several of Zola's novels into Russian.

The Duke of Argyle habitually wears lavender pants, a velvet shooting coat and yellow kid gloves. He is not infrequently mistaken for Mr. Cunningham Graham, to whom he bears a striking resemblance.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is an inveterate punster and given to interlarding her conversation with quotations from her favorite author Euripides.

The poet Swinburne wears a long gray beard and has grown remarkably corpulent. His favorite amusement is standing on Blackfriars bridge and dropping stones down into vessels passing below for which he has been several times fined in the London police courts.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of peanuts, and always carries a pocketful, which he eats on the street. Eating peanuts in public is consequently now regarded as good form in the highest social circles.

Mrs. Annie Besant has large ears, and is always attended in her promenades by two bull-dogs, which were presented to her respectively by Cardinal Manning and Sims Reeves.

The Pope finds recreation in hoeing cabbages, and has few equals as a violinist.

Oscar Wilde celebrated his sixty-first birthday on the 4th ult. He has a strange fancy for the music of the and-organ, and on that occasion retained about a dozen Italian organ-grinders, who played simultaneously for three hours on the lawn in front of his residence at Twickenham.

Edward Bellamy is six feet two inches in height and wears a heavy black moustache. He is an inveterate

poker-player, and lost the entire amount he realized from "Looking Backwards" at a single sitting.

Sir Charles Tupper is a rigid temperance man and vegetarian, and invariably walks three or four miles before breakfast.

John Charlton devotes all his spare time to the study of hypnotism, and will shortly publish a book disclosing some remarkable psychological discoveries.

Sara Bernhardt is thirty-five years of age. She intends passing the summer in a secluded village in South-eastern Roumania, where she can indulge her passion for fishing.

Baron Tennyson devotes most of his spare time to attending baseball matches.

MAUD TO NELL.

A LETTER.

DEAR NELL—I know you are just dying to hear from me. It's funny, isn't it, that you like to hear from me so much more than I like to hear from you? And yet it must be so, dear, for you are not the only one who has noticed the difference. All the boys say the same thing. By the way, I am delighted to hear that you are engaged at last. For a long time, dear, I was really fearful that all your misgivings about your dying an old maid would come true. It's really better to be born lucky than good looking. Look at me. Here I am almost nineteen and not married yet. Of course I have had any number of chances. Your husband that is to be was the poorest offer I ever had. He thinks I accepted him, and he mortified me dreadfully by telling people so. Now don't upbraid him on my account, for he might get angry, and then you would loose the only real chance you ever had. I tell you this, dear, because I am, and always have been, your best friend. I did all I could when he was making love to me to get him to switch off to you, and now that he has done so I want him to marry you just to complete my undertaking. Charlie is a good boy, but such a fool! However, he will make you a good husband. I don't suppose he wants me to return the presents he gave me. You don't, do you? It certainly wouldn't be fair, considering the amount of trouble I have taken to marry you off. The only one of real value is a diamond ring. You have seen it. It is the one worked "Mizpah." I showed it to you and pretended at the time that I thought a great deal of it. Of course I didn't. Perhaps I ought to give it back to him. Then he could give it to you and it would save his buying another. That would be so much towards starting housekeeping. How poor you will have to be for a time! Still, it's better than being an old maid.

By the way, papa wants me to sue Charley for breach of promise. I won't do it, of course. I couldn't sue for less than \$10,000, and if I got half of that it would leave you almost nothing to begin life on. I am too much a friend of yours to do any such thing. There is one thing I wish you would do, though. And you ought to do it just to please me. Make Charley come to see me and have a talk with me. I think he misunderstood me. I misunderstood him. I know I did. Do make him come. You know I would do anything for you.—MAUD.

—Tom Hall in *Munsey's*.

WATER STATE O' THINGS.

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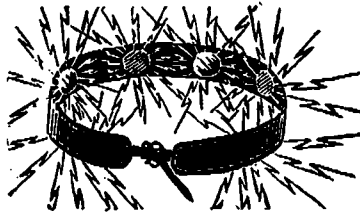
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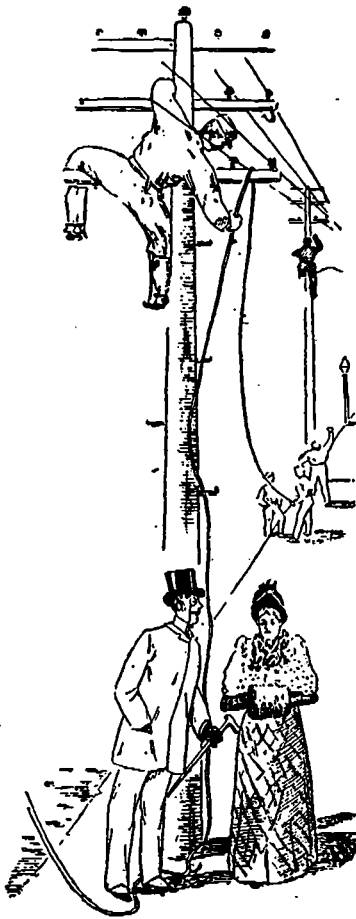
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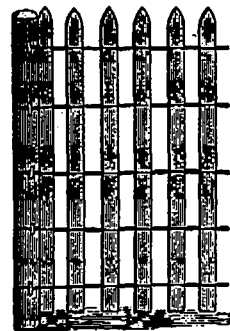
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