

The gravest bear is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

COMMON-SENSE ADVICE.

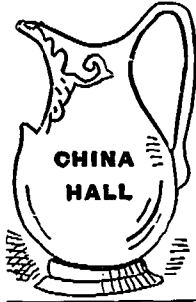
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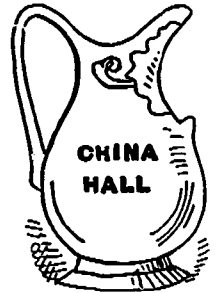
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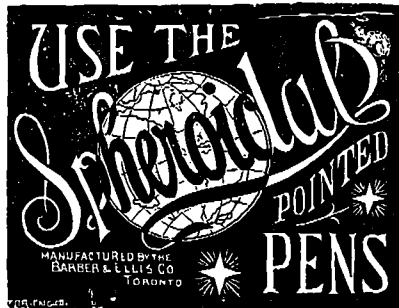
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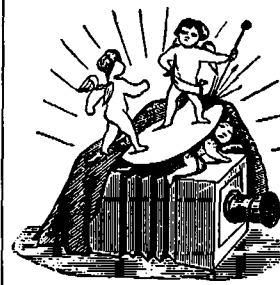
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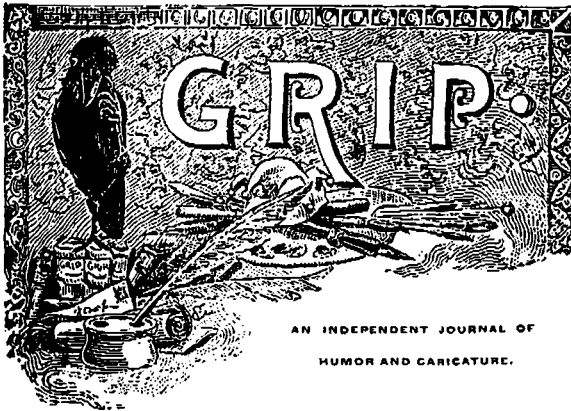
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PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

A finely executed portrait of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, from a recent photograph, will be issued shortly as No. 2 of Grip's Gallery of Men of To-day. This will be uniform with No. 1 of the series, and will be forwarded to all subscribers sending us 5 cents to pay for tube and postage. Subscribers sending us 30 cents, will receive this and the next five as issued (six in all), free of postage. To non-subscribers the price will be 10 cents each.

Comments on the Cartoons.



"THIS SORT OF THING TAKES A DEAL OF TRAINING."—Once more we acknowledge our indebtedness to "Ruddigore" for an illustration of the political situation. It is a very awkward situation, too, especially for our new-fledged finance minister, Sir C. Tupper. That daring genius has announced some one hundred and twenty changes in the tariff (which is keeping the ante-election promise that no changes would be made as implicitly as could have been expected)—and every individual alteration appears to have brought down upon him a half-dozen conflicting deputations. When a finance minister feels obliged to legislate for the private pockets of the classes instead of for the general welfare of the masses, he does indeed undertake an acrobatic feat which "takes a deal of training." It is abundantly clear that the clever Tupper is not as yet equal to the task, and probably nobody will be so long as human nature retains its present constitution.

COMMON-SENSE ADVICE.—The criticisms of Sir R. Cartwright and others upon the Budget speech are in the main agreeable to common sense. It seems quite clear to the average understanding that Canada will never find relief from the pains inflicted by swollen expenditure and abnormal debt, so long as the swelling is kept up, and the pretense that an increase of duties which manifestly benefit only a small class of the community can in any way relieve the difficulty is one that only politicians could be capable of. Sir Charles Tupper's medical learning ought to teach him that a course of brandy and gin for a case of gout is malpractice, but this is precisely analogous to the financial treatment he is giving the country. What we want now is rigid economy and a lightning of the taxes.

EXPLANATORY.—The *Globe* made a great fuss over the resolution passed at the anti-O'Brien meeting in the park, in which confidence was voted in the British Parliament to deal wisely and justly with Ireland. This, the journal alleged, was "snatching a verdict for Salisbury." We don't see it. We voted for the resolution, and we meant the British Parliament as and when controlled by Gladstone. No doubt that is what Prof. Goldwin Smith and Rev. Dr. Potts meant, too, for surely these intelligent citizens do not suppose that the Irish question will ever be "settled" by coercion.

JEW BILLEE—A TRAGEDY.

His coat was rusty-black and long,
 Long was his nose and slightly pendant ;
 Across his arm was thrown a sack,
 And in his wake a cart attendant.

His eye was darkly keen, in fact,
 At the first glance you quite concluded
 Its owner was a German Jew,
 Old clo' and usurer included.

His cart was harnessed to a horse,
 A veritable Rosinante ;
Sans flesh, *sans* muscle and *sans* hair,
 All bones and tail, well—highly scanty.

Around this cart a grinning crew
 Of city Arabs, all well mated,
 And all on deviltry intent,
 One day were slyly congregated.

"Say, chaps, we must be loyal," said one,
 "We orter keep this jubilee"—"Rayther !"
 "Let's pitch some crackers in the cart ;"
 "Oh, nay ! *he* won't keep joollee, nayther !"

So waiting slyly for a chance,
 Upon the sidewalk they kept strolling,
 And, Jubilee—Billeeojew
 They sing while leisurely patrolling.

The Jew meanwhile goes rat-a-tat
 At every door, all unavailing ;
 At last the boys' sly "Jubilee"
 Suspicion wakes, and sets him railing.

"Vat vor you names me call?" said he,
 "Vat vor you keep me call 'Jew Billee ?'
 I have you 'rest, you don't mindit out,
 Mine name pe Moses Lumpenpackee."

"Why Mister Moses, doncher know
 That Jubilee is all the style now ?
 Don't see wot that's to do with *you*,
 Or what's in *that* to make you rile so."

So Jew Billee ! *the* Jew Billee !
 They chant, the while fire crackers pitching
 Into the cart, while Moses buys
 Old rags and bones—his sack uphitching.

Crack ! crack ! fizz ! crack ! "Himmel ! vot dat ?"
 He cries, and turning, sees careering
 Adown the street his ancient horse
 And smoking cart—fast disappearing.

And crack ! crack ! crack ! still spurting on,
 The windy draught the rags igniting ;
 While Moses, yelling, far behind,
 Flew after, on his bosom smiting.

Down, down the street into the bay
 With maddened speed plunged Rosinante,
 While Moses howled and tore his hair,
 A picture for the pen of Dante.

But as the horse and cart went down
 Uprose an Arab snail, and swimming
 Like any fish up to the wharf,
 "Say, boys, is Jew Billee a-coming ?"

"If I'd a-known that darned old plug
 Would run right down into the wharf so,
 I wouldn't a-sneaked among them rags—
 But glory, didn't they go off, though !"

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When We Were Boys Together.

ITS weary in life's gloaming grey,
When mists obscure the track;
And to the dawning of the day,
We're tempted to look back;
For a' the loves and joys, I wiss!
Time may have brought us hither,
Were naething tae love's dream o' bliss
When we were boys thegither.

Who would have thought, ance in a day,
When joyful as the fawn,
And heaven and earth thegither lay
In love's delightful dawn,
Such changes would come o'er us baith,
We'd scarce ken ane anither;
And even blessed hope and faith
Within our hearts would wither.

But tho' we may be growing old,
And often sigh alack,
E'en tho' we may be growing cold,
We're oft in spirit back.
Where first an eye wi' modest grace,
From dross our spirits freeing,
Transformed creation's very face,
And glorified our being:

For then as from a fountain fair,
A nameless joy was streaming,
And men and women, earth and air,
Yea, a' the world was dreaming;
And far above the ills o' time,
Its trouble, toil and care,
What aspirations towered sublime,
What "castles in the air!"

Wi' love to ev'ry living thing,
Our hearts were running o'er;
And how the little birds did sing
Far ben our spirits' core.
And in that dear supernal dawn,
Sweet poesy first found us;
For love wi' silken cords had drawn
The Muses all around us.

And lovely Hope no longer dumb,
Sang of the yet to be;
And lyrics came in tongues of flame,
At sunrise from the sea.
O mystic power that aye directs
Our course on time's great river;
With more to glorify and vex,
Than all else put thegither.

Earth was an Eden pure and bright,
That nothing could defile,
No sorrow e'er could come to blight,
No serpent to beguile;
It still had the supernal dew,
With joy the air was laden,
As with our Eve we wandered through
The blessed bowers of Eden.

And all its gates were guarded then,
By Mystery and Awe;
And love's a den of wild beasts when
Thae angels flee awa';
The sanctities of Love and Home,
O may they never wither!
But bend o'er all as did heaven's dome
When we were boys thegither.

What names more sacred can adorn
The pathway of our life?
When in our heart of hearts they're borne—
Than mother, sister, wife?
Give me the pure heart of the boy!
Of gifts I ask nae ither;
For knowledge oft comes to destroy
Since we were boys thegither.

Tho' a' that's in the world amiss,
Was rectified the morn;
Tho' fortune came at last to bless,
And pleasure filled our horn;
Oh back to me they couldna gie
Ae dear heart that did wither!
Nor raptures rare, that come nae mair,
Save but to boys thegither.

O surely there's a blessed laun
Where love does aye remain!
Where nae heart's sair, and where O where!
We'll a' be young again.
O but to breathe that air sublime!
Where dear hearts cannot wither,
Where free frae a' the ills o' time,
We'll aye be boys thegither.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

RELIGIOUS NOTE.

It is said that the venerable Charley Rykert, now in his "old age," is very fond of that touching hymn, "The Sands of Life are Sinking."

LIBERALITY.

I am a total abstainer myself, but any man who attempted to deprive me of the right to take a glass of beer or wine would do so at the peril of his life.
Rev. C. E. Lewis, at Church of England Temperance Society Conference.

"BEGORRA," says Pat, as he wiped off his chin,
After taking a hooker of something like gin—
"I'm a total abstainer—a blue-ribbon man—
But be japers, I amn't a bigotted wan!"

THE "LOYALISTS'" ADDRESS TO LANSDOWNE.

WE understand it is the intention of the Ultra-Loyalists of Toronto to present the following address to the Governor-General, if they can secure a favorable opportunity:
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE MARQUIS OF LANS-
DOWNE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

May it please Your Excellency.

In approaching your Excellency, we beg to assure you most emphatically of our loyalty to the Queen and constitution, feeling as we do that our loyalty is of such a quality as to require a great deal of emphasis. That we are truly loyal, however, the brick-bats and bludgeons used upon the defenceless heads of Mulligan and the other friends of O'Brien, on Wednesday night, amply testify. We congratulate your Excellency that the agitator has left this part of the country with greatly improved views on landlordism and Home Rule, as we cannot but believe that our brutality in mobbing him has had the intended effect of showing him that his former views on these questions were erroneous. We trust your Excellency will properly appreciate the loyalty which inspired us to ignore your Excellency's idiotic advice that O'Brien should be allowed a fair hearing in Toronto. At considerable trouble to ourselves we effectually prevented him from speaking, and if in so doing we have helped to spread the impression that your Excellency's case as a landlord is one which will not bear discussion, we hope you will attribute the mistake to our loyalty. Pray do not forget, your Excellency, that we are loyal. Next to our whiskey, we love our Queen, and we will ever be found ready to vindicate the honor of the British crown so long as in so doing we may have the opportunity of enjoying a ruction. We thank your Excellency for the excuse which your presence here has afforded us to cover the city of Toronto with contempt and humiliation by an exhibition of the brutal ruffianism which, as your Excellency probably knows, is the invariable accompaniment

of Ultra Loyalty, and which, on a former occasion, brought upon one of your distinguished predecessors an appropriate expression of our true quality in the form of a shower of rotten eggs.

On behalf of the committee.

(Signed) HOODLUM McCANN.

THE JUBILEE POEM.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—If there's a'e thing mair than anither that I hate and abhor, its tae see a body fu' o' their ain conceit—an' in this opinion I find I'm backit up by Solomon himsel', nae less. Noo let me tell ye, it's nae sma' comfort tae find yersel' uphaiden in yer opinions an' sentiments by men whose minds hae been acknowledged at least no that far ahint yer ain. Still, I wadna like ye tae tak as an evidence o' self conceit the fack o' me sayin' (in confidence like) that I think the poetic element is vera strong in ma mind, an' if it wasna that poetry is sic an ill-paid article in the leeterary market, ma name nicht lang ere noo hae been inscribed in characters a fit lang on the roll o' Fame. Hoo I missed a grand chance o' Fame the ither day I'm just gaun tae tell ye. About twa month syne, just after a sair day in the warehouse, I was just sittin' in ma easy chair takin' a swatuch o' the *Week* when a' on a sudden ma e'e lichts on a notice in't, tae wut:—A hunder dollars for the best poem, etc. Noo, mony an' mong a time the Muse has come to me in various characters. I've seen her come like Love, or Freenship, or Fun, or Nature hersel', an' I wad aye dae ma best tae suit ma verse according tae the inspeeration she wad gie me, but this was the first time she had ever appeared to me in the shape of a hunder-dollar bill, an' the first thing I did was tae cry, "Avaunt thee, Sautan!" an' pitch the *Week* an' a' its temptations tae the ither end o' the room.

But then, ye see, a hunder dollars is a hunder dollars, an' sae I just pickit up the paper again—an' read the offer ower an' ower, calkilatin' hoo often I wad hae tae soop up the warehouse for siccan a sum. Then I began tae consider what a sinfu' thing pride was an' thocht if Robbie Burns cud accept an excisemanship I nicht accept the offer o' the *Week* an' sail aff wi' the hunder dollars—only I hated to take it frae the rest o' the puir needy souls that of coorse wad be tryin' for't. Charity, hooveer, begins at hame, so I telled Mistress Airlie that as I was beginnin' tae feel the divine afflatus comin' on, she wad better gae awa ben the hoose an' steek the door ahint her. She offered tae mak a mustard plaster tae pit on the afflatus—but I just waded her awa'. Then I tuk aff ma coat an' lowsed the twa tap buttons o' ma vest, so I cud heave a great sigh noo an' then, an' rinnin' ma fingers through ma hair to get a kind o' a toozy poetic look about me, I tuk up ma pen an' buckled tae.

"Go! strike, ma Musc, the sounding liar
A hundred dollars worth of fire;
Poetic—think of it, my soul,
And make your verses ring and roll!"

Then I strak up the grand auld Alexandrian rhyme, an' I just tell ye auld Dryden was eclipsed for ance. I got sae warmed up that like Jenny in the witches' dance I wad fain hae "cuist my duddies to the wark," in fact, I did take aff ma paper collar an' ma vest an' threw open the sash tae let in a breath o' bawmy air, an' tell the bairns roon the doors that as I was just writin' a poem for the *Week* I wad be extraordinar' obleeged tae them if they wad a' haud their tongues till I got through—an' when I got the prize I wad gie them a bawbee the piece.

I'm sure I feenished the hale thing in about ten meenits after that, an' then I wrote a letter tae ma brither Willie, tellin' him hoo the *Week*, in order tae tempt me intae their columns, had actually offered a hunder dollars for a poem, weel kennin' that gin I opened ma moo nae ither dowg wad bark. I telled him that the *Week* was an insignificant sort o' a paper, but that I had nae doot when ma name ance became connectit wi' its circilation wad mair than dooble itsel'. Tae this I added a lang screed o' family affairs, an' then I faulded baith manuscripts up, addressed the envelopes, an' pittin' on ma coat I set oot an' posted them then an' there. Just picter ma feelin's, ma complete miscomfishment, when I got ma letter tae mae brither Wullie returned frae the *Week* office—sair-castically declined wi' thanks! I'm no the better o't yet—but it's no mase! I'm thinkin' o', it's the loss tae the *Week*.

HUGH AIRLIE.

LADY—"Shut your mouth, Bridget. You are the most impertinent servant I ever had. You always want to have the last word." Bridget—"Sure, and that's not my fault. How can I know beforehand whin yez are goin' to quit answering me back?"

GOVERNMENTAL "ANSWERS."

IN accordance with notice, Mr. Paterson asked for a statement of the facts in the case of the alleged customs irregularities of the Montreal Cotton Co. Hon. Mr. Bowell, with reference to the matter brought up by the hon. gentleman, the Government will be pleased to afford every information. In the meantime I may mention that there is unfortunately reason to fear that the recent earthquake in Mexico was more disastrous than was at first reported.

Mr. Mills asked what action the Government proposed to take in the case of Mr Crawford, of Montreal, who complained that perishable goods imported by him and entered at the Custom House were detained until useless by the appraiser of that port, because he, (Mr. Crawford,) refused to pay extra fees illegally demanded by the official, Hon. Mr. Bowell. This matter was brought to the notice of the Government some time ago, and the complaint appears to be well founded. As yet the Government have taken no definite action, deeming it best in the public interest to await the consummation of the proposed union between the Greek and Romish Churches in Europe.

Mr. Blake asked if it was true that the Government had granted \$200,000 to the Podunk railway without referring the matter to parliament. The fact that this line was owned by a certain member of the cabinet, gave the transaction a suspicious appearance. Hon. Mr. Pope,—Since this has been brought up by the hon. gentleman, I may as well state that, from the best information the Government can secure, the mummy recently found in Egypt is undoubtedly all that is left of Rameses II., the oppressor of the children of Israel in olden times. In addition I may say that the latest returns brought down show that there are now nearly five thousand miles of road in operation in Japan.

A BAD boy who never obeyed
His parents, but tried to persueyed
Good boys to do bad tricks,
Got into a sad ficks
By calling his aunt an old meyed.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

WHATEVER brawls disturb abroad,
There should be "peace at home,"
So let's agree that here, at least,
No Catholics shall come.

We Protestants do all agree,
And 'tis a shameful sight
The way these Irish kick and rear,
And boycott and to fight.

It is a sin to boycott so—
It's very, very wrong.
These folks their landlords should obey,
And suffer and be strong.

But since across the Atlantic wave
Our voices cannot reach,
These Catholics in Canada
A lesson we will teach.

We'll teach them Christianity,
And raise the ancient cry:
"Wanted—a girl for kitchen work.
No Irish need apply."

To show them our religion is
Far in advance of theirs,
No work we'll give to one who goes
To mass to say his prayers.

We would not boycott, oh, dear, no!
We'll just refrain from buying
From stores by Roman Catholics kept,
And so we'll keep on trying

To make them feel how bad they are,
For sympathizing so
With their relations o'er the sea,
Demanding rents made low.

Unto this end do we unite
With humble piety,
We "ladies" who do form the "Peace-
At-Home Society."

JAY KAYELLE.

HIS LAST DANCE.

THE TALE OF AN ANCIENT MARINER.

"No boys, I guess I won't go to the dance." These words were uttered with great solemnity and decision by a man with "long gray beard and glistening eye," like a veritable ancient mariner which, indeed, the speaker was. It was not to a wedding guest he spoke, but to a lot of lake sailors who were sitting smoking their clay pipes and doubtful cigars in an Esplanade hotel.

"How's that, Uncle Dan? You used to be a sailor man yourself, and this is a seamens' ball," remarked a stalwart young sailor, laughingly.

"Yes," said Uncle Dan, after refreshing, "Yes, I uster be a pretty good man with a marlin spike and pretty lively aloft. I'm gettin' old now, too old to dance anyway. Boys," he exclaimed, with some show of warmth, "I've not been to a dance in over thirty year; the last one I was at was a settler."

"Let's hear the yarn, Uncle Dan," was the unanimous request of the assemblage.

"Well, boys, I think it was in the summer of '55 I was tradin' on Lake Erie shore carryin' staves down to Garden Island, opposite Kingston. In them days they used to ship a mighty lot of staves from the shore west of Port Stanley, and, boys, you ought to see the kind of wood they made them snake fences of—curly maple and

black walnut, by thunder! Well, we won't mind that. One trip we loaded all right with pipe staves off the coast of Romney, in the County of Kent, and left with a nice breeze off the land, but the wind chopped around to the east'erd and looked dirty and was blowing fresh when we got off the Round O. You all know where that is. Its a sort of harbor of refuge, but a mighty poor one. Well, the old man, the captain, you know, allowed that he'd bear up and run in till the wind shifted or lulled down. So that evening we were tied up to the piers all serene. There was another schooner headed there that went ashore in a gale of wind. They tried to get her off, but they had to give her up for a bad job. Wall, that's not got nothin' much to do with the dance story. This here Round O, or Rondeau, is a mighty lonesome place, and the settlements in them times was five or six mile off. There was a lot of country fellers, reglar bushwhackers, layin' round the piers askin' us all sorts of questions and tellin' us all about the country. One feller said old Rayneck was goin' to have a ball that night out to his place; there'd be heaps of fun, and we'd better go.—One of our men, Mike O'Brien, an old man-o'-war's man and an awful cuss to drink, asked if there'd be any grog. 'O! slathers of whiskey,' said the country feller. 'Be japers, we'll attend to it then,' said O'Brien, and yet we didn't like to go away from the schooner in case the wind would shift. At last, without lettin' the captain or mate know, we thought we'd go get a drink or two and then come back.

"So away we started along a corduroy road, and a mighty long way it seemed before we got to old Rayneck's house. Wall, we went in and were served out with a pretty stiff hooker each, but we didn't seem to take with the country fellers, for we began sparkin' the girls and sorter cuttin' the boys out. There was a couple of fiddlers sitting on a sort of platform rigged up with an old table and blocks of pine and they sawed away for dear life, takin' a drink about every ten minutes. We all helped ourselves to the grog as often as we could, and O'Brien took awful big horns so that he got very unsteady on his pins. In an eight-hand-reel he tramped on the tail of one of the girls' dresses, and nigh tore the whole consarn off. Her spark, or beau, or whatever you call em, interfered, and O'Brien hit him in the eye, and that was the signal for all hands of them to fire us out. So they did, but it took them a long time for we fit like thunder, we smashed the fiddles over the fiddler's heads, capsized the whiskey keg, broke all the furniture, and near set fire to the hull cussed place, but at last we had to 'top our booms and sail large.' The cusses followed us and chased us off the corduroy road into an infernal cedar swamp, where the muskitters were as big as hummin' birds. Wall, we tramped around until we got tired out, and then we built a fire and tried to make ourselves snug for the night. It was a particular long night boys, I tell you.—Next morning we found the road and when we got to the harbor the vessel was gone! The wind had got around to the west'rd and the captain was awful mad at our being away, so he shipped the crew of the wreck in our place and bundled all our traps on the pier. Here was a nice fix; we had no money, and it might be a week or perhaps two before any easterly bound vessel would run in to the harbor, so with our bags on our backs we tramped the whole way to Port Stanley, the nearest place we could hope to get a ship. We lived on turnips, apples and such like, and slept in hay stacks on the road and we were a pretty hard looking gang when we struck Port Stanley, where we were lucky enough to get a

chance to work our way to the canal where we overhauled our old vessel on account of a break in one of the locks, and got our wages. Boys, that was the last dance I ever went to so you'll excuse me to-night—wall, jist gimme a leetle taste of that old rye again—talking does make a man dry. Good night, boys," and the ancient mariner departed.

B.

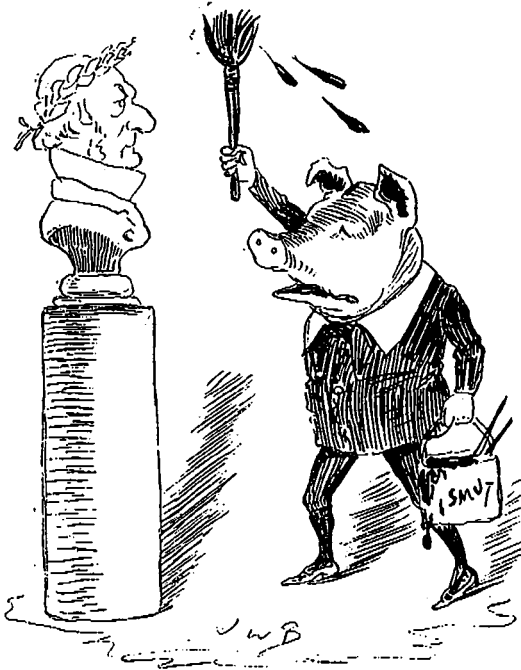
THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

PAT (in a whisper)—"An' what were the bhoys doin', Dan, thim foine dark stormy nights?"

Dan (also *sotto voce*)—"Ach, be aisy, sure the bhoys wur as busy as fleas. Didn't they put the pellets noice into the legs of owld McCartney, the dirty spalpeen, an' shoot his pig?"

Pat—"An' what harm was the poor pig doin' at all? Troth, an' it ain't by shootin' pigs owld Oireland's to be freed."

Dan.—"An' is *that* all yez know? Begorra, it's that same thing as Misther Dillon wants, an' we'll soon be afther killin' half the pigs in Kerry. Isn't the pig the mane *baste that pays the rint*?"—*Quiz.*



SWIN(E)BORNE ANSWERING GLADSTONE'S ARGUMENTS.

THE NEW CLOTURE.

The sixty rooms which are being prepared (in Millbank Prison) by order of the Government for sixty first class misdeameanants are meant for Irish members.—*Cable Despatch.*

Up spake the noble Marquis—
Of Salisbury, he;
The *cloture* doesn't really work
So far as I can see;
So build me sixty chambers
In Millbank right away,
For sixty Irish members—
We'll *shut 'em up* that way!

"You have no children, I suppose?" said the landlord to the prospective tenant. "Indeed, no!" was the shrill-voiced reply; "I'm a woman's suffrage advocate."

OUR READER.

MISS JESSIE ALEXANDER, who made her first appearance since returning from the Philadelphia School of Oratory on Monday evening, delighted her many friends by the way in which she presented her recitations. The term of study abroad has given a noticeable finish to the young reader's style, and she now certainly takes rank with the very best elocutionists of her sex. It may be as well to notify many aspiring young ladies, however, that the Philadelphia training school had rare material to work upon in this case, and that Jessie Alexander was a very fine reader before she ever saw the American professors.

WINNIPEG ON THE RAMPAGE.

WINNIPEG has got over the boom. Corner lots are cheap now, but they are just about to boom again, for the Winnipegers are on their metal. Railway metal is the thing they are on—the best Bessemer steel rails. Winnipeg is an afflicted and oppressed city. It has gained in population only about 1,900 in ten years. It is isolated and wants railway connection. At present there are only eight lines of railway radiating out from this centre. Poor Winnipeg! to be so cut off from the rest of the world. A few years ago it was quite satisfied with the Red River cart, which made as much noise as a locomotive, if it did not go so fast. Then it was humble and happy. Then it grew a little more ambitious. If it only had a railway! So a railway it got, and the C. P. R. came puffing across the bridge into the excited little town, gay with flags and arches and other evidences of rejoicing. Then it became more ambitious and more unhappy. It wanted two railways, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Now it has grown proud and outrageous. It wants railways by the score. It would like to run them out on every street, off into the prairie, no matter where they went to, if they only centred in Winnipeg, for Winnipeg is the Dominion of Canada and the hub of the Universe. There is, it is true, a stretch of country to the east of it, and a few cities, a Toronto and a Montreal,—but what are they? They are slow, unprogressive, and exist only for the greater glory of Winnipeg. Their interests don't enter into the question. It is a matter of Winnipeg first. Winnipeg is determined to run a line, a dozen of them if it chooses, to the southern boundary, to tap the great American system. It doesn't matter whether the country gave any pledge to the C. P. R. by the express votes of Winnipeg on this subject or not.

And now if the awe-inspiring deputation, which lately invaded Ottawa, is not able to prevent disallowance, the Winnipegers intend to build a road, in spite of the Government or any other man. They will have a Railway Day, just as they have an Arbor Day. Even women and children, moved by a common enthusiasm, will turn out with spades and picks. They will dig up that prairie amid the flying of flags and booming of the Winnipeg field artillery. They will lay the rails down to the twenty mile limit, and beyond it, to the very boundary line, and then they will plant a battery at the terminus and defy the world. If the Government make even a mild remonstrance, they will raise a revolution, to which the Saskatchewan rebellion was a mere straw. They will deluge the raging Red River with blood.

Shade of Riel! art thou come hither to mock us?

MAKE UP YOUR MIND, when men express a loud determination, This superfluity of stress will work its own negation.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES.

HERE comes O'Brien a-sailing,
A-sailing, a-sailing,
Here comes O'Brien a-sailing,
Come a rancy, tancy, tiddy I oh !

What do you want, sir ?
With your rancy, tancy, tiddy I oh !

I want to tell on Lansdowne,
Lansdowne, Lansdowne,
What kind of man is Lansdowne,
I propose to let you see, I oh !

What did he do, sir ?
With your rancy, tancy, tiddy, I oh !

Evicted his poor tenants,
Poor tenants, poor tenants,
Here's one of his poor tenants,
First cabin come with me, I oh !

All this we know already,
With a rancy, tancy, tiddy, I oh !

We want to raise a ruction,
A ruction, a ruction,
A regular Irish ruction,
That's why we've crossed the sea, I oh !

O yes, we understand,
With a rancy, tancy, tiddy, I oh !

FREAKS OF SOCIETY IN MONTVILLE.

BY A CYNIC OF THAT METROPOLIS.

SOCIETY in Montville consists of sets or cliques, which do not, except at public balls, or very large private parties, intermingle. In what is supposed to be the highest set, a certain etiquette of precedence is established, a certain aping after aristocratic form, which is at times most laughable. The origin of it is probably due to the large preponderance in the set of persons who have taken pattern after certain rules laid down at Ottawa some years ago, and which one or two ladies related to the semi-royal Ottawa court, were weak enough to introduce here. They have adopted certain extreme methods of pronunciation, a kind of Anglo-mania, in which they out-Herod Herod, and are awfully English, you know ! Their conversation is the quintessence of silliness, and their only object in life seems to be to avoid making what others in the set might consider *faux pas*. One lady whom I knew as a little girl, and whose father was a respectable, though uneducated, grocer, told me some time ago that she would not go to charitable bazaars, they were too promiscuous ! It is a very difficult matter to describe society without being personal, and as you intend publishing my remarks, I have to be very careful in my statements. Generalities about the hypocrisy and heartlessness of society are merely uninteresting platitudes, and are true of society the world over, in fact they are vices of human nature which find their fullest scope in fashionable life, and sham and living for appearances are no greater evils in Montville than they are in London, Paris, New York, or other large centres. But then in this city sham is so much the more easily found out, as we are intensely provincial, aye local, and everybody knows everybody. Let any family claim for itself a superiority, or "put on airs," and every one in the city at once remembers when the grandfather or father was a petty retail clerk, or failed in business, or ran away with somebody else's money. Or perhaps it will be stated that another member of the family is a drunkard, or that the grandmother kept a second-class boarding-house, or the mother

took in washing. And, unfortunately for our would-be lords and ladies, their pedigrees are too short. Without mentioning any names, I may say of the founders of three of our leading families, one was a cobbler, and a mighty poor one ; one an ungrammatical dry goods clerk ; and another a sailor before the mast. On the claim of pedigree for our aristocracy, the parchment is too small. Then again, even amongst the present members of the *elite*, education has been altogether a secondary matter, and while many are not uneducated, but few possess many accomplishments. It is not considered necessary.

The first set may be distinguished by the name of the Dining and Lunching set. They do manage, once in a great while to secure some guest or other from another country whose conversation is worth listening to—but as a rule they are most successful in keeping themselves unknown and unimproved, and passing and repassing from each other's houses, discussing a new entree—that is, new to them—and thanking heaven they are not as other people. And let us thank heaven that it is so. The wives have their five o'clock teas, the men loaf at the club when they are not at their offices, and thus they lead lives, at once vapid and useless—and they unfortunately see it not. They have no purpose in life, no high ideal, in fact are the merest mechanical nincompoops. Why, my reader they really think they are nobles, pure blue blood—save the mark—and yet in nearly every one of these high and mighty families is there a skeleton in the cupboard, something which galls their base pride ; and unless you have been in their little circle, you have no idea of the intensity of their desire to be thought exclusive. And yet they accept with open arms some numbsculls from the other side, whose vulgarity is thought to be originality, whose dicta and experiences are regarded as gospels, and whose uneducated accent and manner are, of course, quite the proper caper. Why, we talk here of our families, our hospitality, and our superiority, and think of New York, Boston, and other American cities as being peopled with those who speak only with a nasal twang—there never was a greater mistake. Montville snobs in those cities are altogether out of society ; are looked upon as verdant greens, as they truly are—and do not know enough, in fact are not cosmopolitan enough to perceive it. Now, mind you, there are plenty of splendid people in Montville, lots of them, but they are not in the "first set," in fact they are not snobs. And yet I know of people striving to get into the first set, running into debt, and suffering much mortification, and for what ? But there is no accounting for taste.

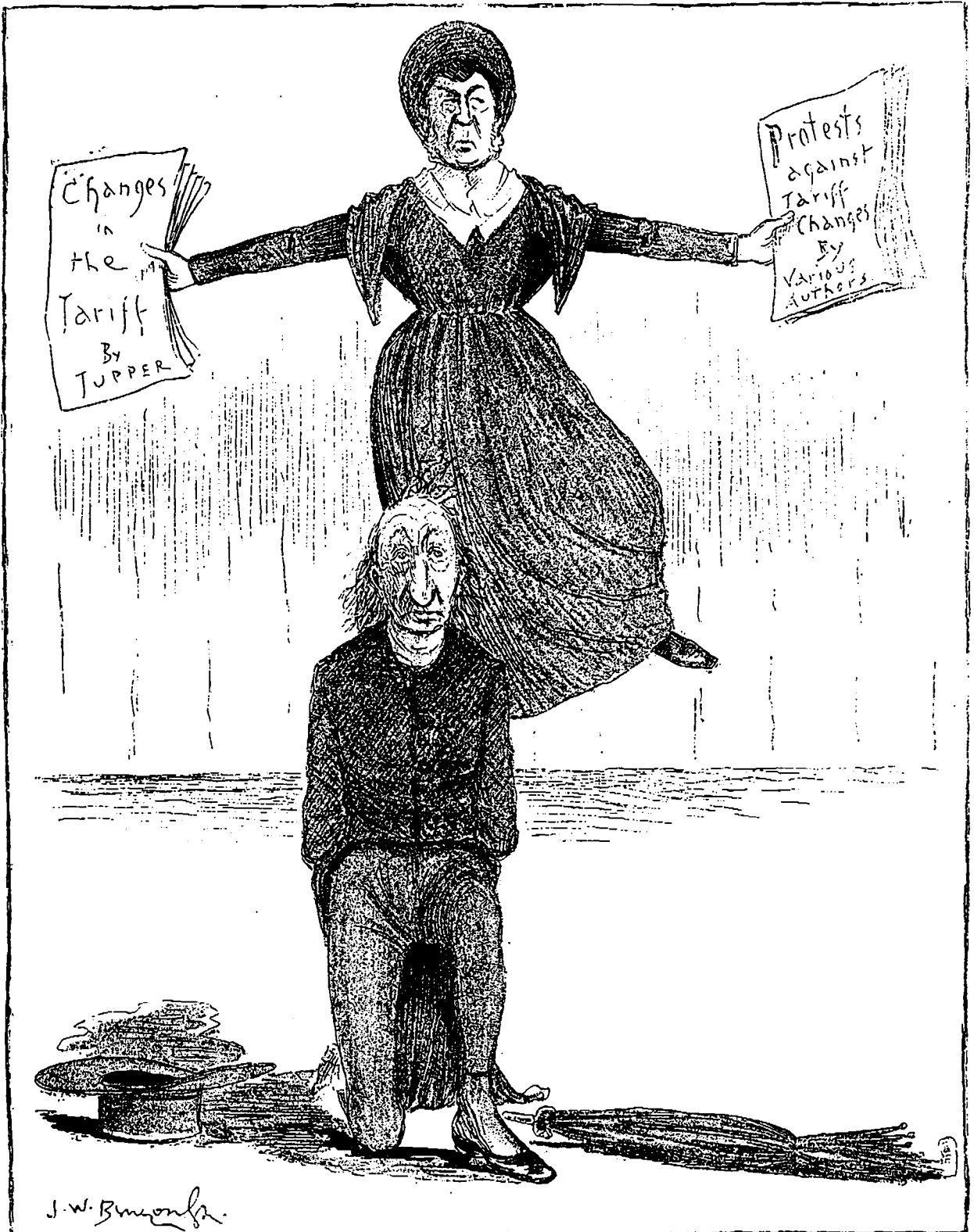
A PUZZLER.

AT the brilliant conversazione at the Geological Museum last week, all the storeys of the building were thrown open to the guests, and now De Smythe wants to know what the dooce the fellah meant who stood at the head of the first staircase and politely informed him that there was another flat up-stairs.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS UNDERSTOOD.

MAMMA (reading from the History lesson)—"Among the primitive tribes, women are the booty taken in battle, the same as other chattels. In times of peace, it is purchase instead of capture. The Kaffir not infrequently kills his wife."

Little Johnny—O, what a cruel thing the Kaffir must be ! Does he kill the poor woman many times ?



"THIS SORT OF THING TAKES A DEAL OF TRAINING."
—Vide "Ruddigore."

THE only man we can excuse for wanting the earth is the pottery manufacturer.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

PALM SUNDAY is not so called because of the hand-shaking proclivities of the spring candidates.—*Cleveland Sun.*

EXPLORER STANLEY's arrival at Banana would seem to argue that he is standing on slippery ground.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A LITTLE burn makes a big smart sometimes. But even a big burn could not make some people smart.—*Somerville Journal.*

IT is never too late to mend, but a man cannot expect to have a button sewed on much after midnight.—*Hebrew Standard.*

IF a man would be happy he wants to keep as far from his wife as possible when she is shopping.—*Peck's Milwaukee Sun.*

THE ideal wife gets out of bed, lights the fire, and has the breakfast prepared before she calls the ideal husband.—*Boston Courier.*

AN Indiana man fell dead laughing at a pun. Some puns are horrible enough to kill a man—but not with laughter.—*Norristown Herald.*

IT is premature to tell any woman that she is an angel until it is seen how she can cook a steak or boil a potato.—*Fall River Advance.*

"TREAT the clerks like gentlemen and ladies," says Brother Talmage in some advice to those who go shopping. There is certainly a desire on the part of the ladies and gentlemen to do so, good brother; but the good-heartedness is occasionally not necessary, and in numerous cases the clerks won't let 'em.

GUS DE SMITH had been talking to Birdie McGinnis about a certain actor. "Humph! I could play the lover better than that myself," he remarked. "I'd like to see you try it," said Birdie.

"THE car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beekonstreet to her friend from the West, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse car. "Yes," said the Chicago girl, "and how it chokes one up, don't it? I wonder they don't open the ventilators."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

"HUNTING yesterday, eh? Kill anything?" "No. I got disgusted and came home early." "What was the matter?" "Dropped my flask on a stone and broke it after I'd got five or six miles into the woods." "Your powder flask?" "Powder flask! No. I guess you don't go hunting much, do you?"—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

"DOES this street lead to the daypo?" asked a very stylish young man of a drayman on Jefferson Avenue.

"It does, sir."
"Ah! thanks."
"Did you hear him call it daypo?" asked the drayman of one of his craft after the stranger had passed on.

"Indade, I did."
"Wasn't it strange?"
"Not a bit. He was evidently going to Shay-cogo."—*Detroit Free Press.*

AN AGGRESSIVE POLICY EXTINGUISHED.



Mr. Fire-eater.—"Yes, sir! it is infamous cowardice for Mr. Bayard to allow an inferior power like Mexico to dictate to us. Why, if I were in his place I'd—"



Voice from the Windows.—"William! you're smoking again?"
Mr. F.—"N-n-no—I mean y-y-n-no, my dear." (Disappears into the house.)

TEACHER—"It you were president of a county fair and wanted a gate tender, what would you do?" Pupil—"Boil it."—*Danville Breeze.*

GUEST—"You're not taking any dinner, Mrs. Meredith." Hostess—"Thanks! I've had some of every dish." Guest—"Well, that's not much!"—*Punch.*

TOMKYNs—"I can't possibly make out what's coming to our old coffee-house. I wanted ham and poached eggs there the other day, and couldn't get 'em." Wilkyns—"Ah! and I wanted credit there the other day, and couldn't get that?"—*Judy.*

YOUNG CORYDON is bound to marry, For sage advice he will not tarry. The step he takes he'll soon be ruing, For billing always follows wooing.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

An Old Line Insurance Journal's Endorsement of the Mutual Reserve.

SOME few years ago if the question were asked, who is E. B. Harper, an answer would not have been readily given by many insurance men. But to-day, all over this country and beyond the seas, almost everybody in the life insurance business knows perfectly well very much concerning E. B. Harper. He has been criticized sharply relative to his methods, maligned severely concerning his practices, but has stood criticism and bad treatment, has been attacked and pounded more than almost any other insurance man that we know of, and still he remains at the head of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, as unmoved by all the libels perpetrated, as though he were an humble citizen without fame or fortune, instead of being at the head of such a great institution. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association commenced doing business in 1881, its income in these six years has been as follows:—

1881.....	\$ 34,552 17
1882.....	190,858 00
1883.....	637,442 08
1884.....	945,261 14
1885.....	1,580,879 39
1886.....	1,852,639 49

It may be said that there is nothing in the system of life insurance as devised by Mr. Harper, but if such be assumed to be the fact one thing is certain, Mr. Harper has succeeded in making a great many people believe there is something in the natural premium system, otherwise he would not have been able to report an income of nearly \$2,000,000 in the sixth year of the company's existence, a record never before achieved by any life insurance organization in the world.

Facts are said to be stubborn things, and when we find an insurance company paying about \$1,200,000 in death losses in a single year it is very evident that the beneficiaries of the deceased believed in the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

No other life insurance organization in the world has been able to report \$150,171,750 insurance in force at the close of the sixth year of its existence. No other life organization has been able to write \$57,050,500 of new business when it was only six years old.

Only two of the life insurance companies in this country wrote a business in 1886 exceeding that of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. While a life insurance company may write ten, twenty or fifty millions of insurance in a single year, yet from many causes other than death, the percentage of lapses is from the nature of the business very large, in some cases amounting to forty, fifty or more per cent. In the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association the lapses from other causes than death amounted to only 20 per cent. during the year 1886—a further evidence that the policy-holders of this company not only believe in the company, but believe in it enough to stay in it. In a recent article published in the *Underwriter*, we showed from the reports of twenty-two life companies, that the average amount paid in death losses during 1886 upon insurance in force was \$12.81 per \$1000, upon the same basis we find that the amount paid by the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association in 1886, was only \$7.65 per \$1000 of insurance in force. It is only fair to add, that the twenty-two companies referred to were of much greater age than the Mutual Reserve Fund, therefore their losses ought to be greater, but this showing seems to very effectually disprove the charge of heavy death ratio in Mr. Harper's organization.

We do not pose as an apologist for Mr. Harper's system of life insurance, and, judging by the success he has achieved, he needs no apologist or defender. He has, in these last six years, made himself one of the best advertised men in life insurance circles in this country, and now is seeking other lands to conquer. He has been traduced and maligned, but there is something in his nature which seems to enable him to thrive under opposition, and the more he is opposed, the more radiance is cast upon him, the more business he secures.

We venture the assertion that if the opponents of his system had simply let him alone, he would not have achieved the most magnificent success which had so far crowned his undertaking. Generous to a fault, kind and considerate to all his friends and employees, opposition seems to nerve him to still greater efforts; the more he is opposed the larger volume of business he secures. You may kill this man with kindness, but hard blows only serve to make him strike back the harder.—*The Underwriter.*

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THEY ALL LOVE JACK,
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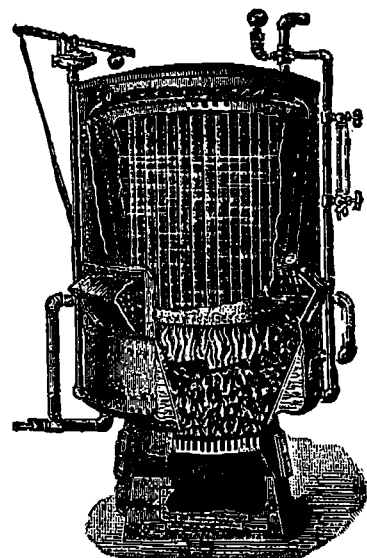
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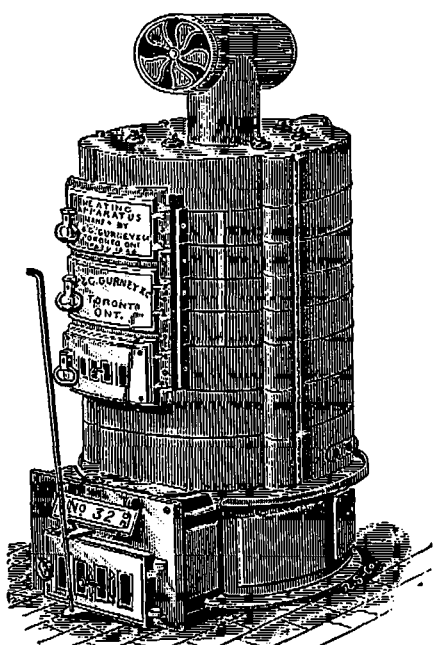
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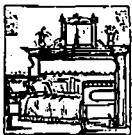
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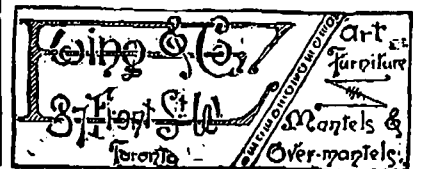
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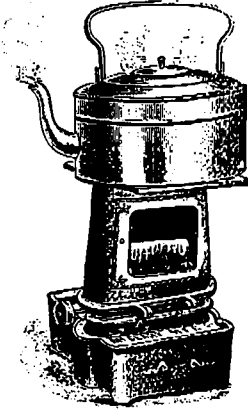
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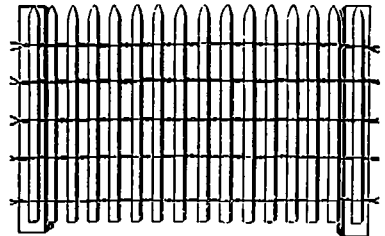
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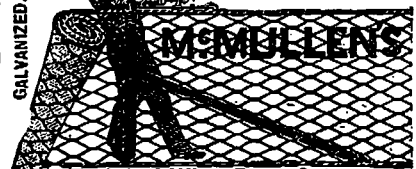


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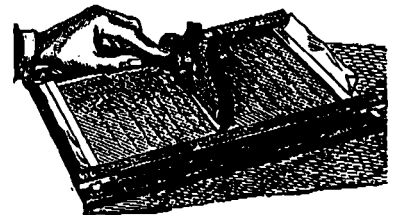
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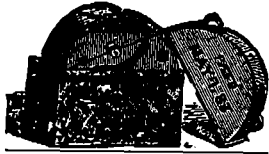
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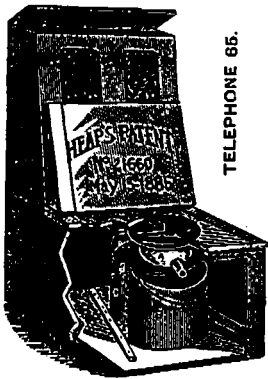
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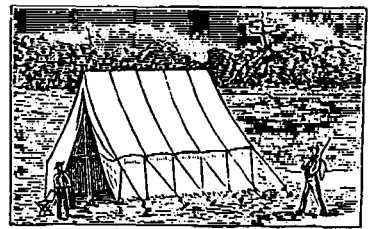
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