



GRIP



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WHEN THE HOUSE MEETS.

LANGEVIN MACBETH—"Take any form but *that* and these firm nerves shall never tremble! Hence! horrible shadow, hence!"

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Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

SIR JOHN ON HAND AGAIN.—It is now tolerably clear that Sir John owed his late victory very largely to the C.P.R. Company. Not only did President Van Horne issue a manifesto, which practically instructed the thousands of employees of the road to vote for the Govern-

ment, but great things were done in the way of carrying Conservative non-resident voters free to the polling places outside Toronto and other cities. Now, it is just possible that all this extraordinary work was done free gratis and for nothing, and without any hope or expectation of reward. But, if the Montreal correspondent of the New York Herald is to be believed, it was all a matter of pure business on the part of the shrewd Van. The correspondent in question sends to his paper a detailed account of a deal which has been made, and which Parliament will shortly be called upon to ratify. This involves, as usual, a few trifling millions, to be handed over in connection with the North Shore road, the Onderdonk section, and a readjustment of the guarantee already granted on C.P.R. bonds. We will not be surprised to find the statement true, as it is not in the nature of big railway companies to indulge in purely platonic friendship even for those who have shown them great favors. Sir John is certainly on hand once more, but whose hand is it?

WHEN THE HOUSE MEETS.—The House is to meet at Ottawa on April 29th, and the session is likely to be a warm one, not merely because it will extend into the hot weather, but also on account of certain matters which are to come up. Chief of these sensational

tid-bits will be the McGreevy scandal investigation. The redoubtable Tarte has secured a seat in Parliament, and will have an opportunity of "getting in his work" on Sir Hector Langevin in the shape of a Parliamentary enquiry. Let us hope that Sir Hector will justify the confidence expressed by Hon. John Carling in his innocence, and be able to overwhelm his accusers when they meet him face to face.

THE difficulty with respect to the taking over of the Toronto Street Railway by the originally appointed date, the 14th inst., has been satisfactorily adjusted by an agreement between the city and the monopoly by which the latter agree to run the road until May 16th. It is to be regretted that the line remains in its present hands a single day longer than the time specified in the charter, but under the circumstances it was probably unavoidable the award not having been made. However, perhaps, the delay of a couple of months is all for the best as the feeling in favor of the city operating the road by means of a commission is growing stronger every day—and the longer a final settlement is postponed, the greater is the likelihood of its being on the lines of civic management.

THE antagonism of some of the members of the Board of Trade to the proposal to operate the road by a civic commission ought not to count for much until the public are assured of the disinterestedness of those who are actively engaged in endeavoring to influence that body against it. Some of them, under the mask of public spirit, are simply working for their private interests as promoters or stockholders of projected companies for which they hope to obtain this immensely profitable franchise. Their assumed solicitude for the public welfare and the over-burdened taxpayer is very transparent.

THE cable, as usual, when an opportunity offers, is hard at work endeavoring to kill off Parnell. If we could believe the stories which are sent over the Irish leader has completely lost his influence over his compatriots and must henceforth cease to count as an appreciable factor in British politics. But in spite of such disparaging reports Parnell always seems to have the whip hand of his opponents and to remain master of the situation whenever the matter comes to a practical test. The unreliability of cable despatches, dealing with the Irish question, is notorious and all predictions of Parnell's overthrow coming from this source ought to be received with considerably more than the usual saline qualification. In the words of the old song—

"This fine ould Irish gentleman
Was mighty hard to kill."

MR. WHITNEY, M.P.P., intends introducing a bill into the legislature increasing the penalty for bribery at elections. He proposes to give the judge power to send any man convicted of the offense to jail for three months, in addition to a fine. This is all very well as a penalty for the crude, ordinary, common-place form of bribery by which a vote is bought for so much cash in hand. But what does Mr. Whitney propose to do with the Minister who holds out to a constituency the implied promise of a liberal expenditure of government money in case the candidate of the party in power is returned? Or with the gentleman possessing real or imaginary "influence" who lets it be understood that he can deliver this or that "vote" to whichever party will adequately recognize his services? Or to the fortunate possessor of a



THE WRONG BOX.

"Parisians have been informed by a local paper that John L. Sullivan is the son of Sir Arthur Sullivan."

We give above a sketch of the musical knight and his little boy. Can the misapprehension have arisen from the fact that Sir Arthur composed the music of "Cox and Box"?—*Funny Folks.*

liquor license who, when he gets the tip that a continuance of the privilege depends on his political course and governs himself accordingly? Or to the gentlemen who assemble in the Red Parlor and hand checks marked with three or four figures over to Sir John in return for monopoly privileges at the expense of the taxpayers? Or—but the list might be indefinitely extended. If bribery laws can't touch these classes of influential bribe-givers and takers is there any particular use in jumping with both feet on the poor no-account rascal who sells his franchise for a two dollar bill?

WITH lady physicians, and woman-suffrage at municipal and school elections, those who advocate the extension of women's privileges have reason to live in hope; and now that Mis-campbell has secured a seat in our local legislature as the representative of one of the Simcoe's, the cause is looking up, and there's none of the proverbial old woman about Simcoe's member either. Oxford comes out strongest in this line.

THE *Mail* says:

There is said to be a little rift within the Tammany lute, but not one, it is thought, of so dangerous a sort as to make the music of the organization mute.

The rift will not trouble them much. Tammany never has any difficulty in securing abundant supplies of "loot."

AN EYE FOR BUSINESS.

BOGGS—"Cold, ain't it?"

FAKIR—"How cold?"

BOGGS—"Oh, dunno."

FAKIR—"Let me sell you a thermometer then."

THE LAST OF THE CLAYMORES.

THE Claymores of Clyde
Were renowned for their pride,
Their castles, broad acres and cattle,
Their prowess in arms,
Which gained them their farms,
When of old they had led in the battle.

Like the dukes of Argyle,
They had thriven a long while
On soil whence its sons had been shifted,
And even their kine,
In regular line,
Descended from those they had "lifted."

But this old stock at length
Had been shorn of its strength,
And had come to the end of its tether.
Its head was fourscore,
A year or two more
And the line would elapse altogether.

This old Scottish lord
No heirs could record,
And he feared to the crown and the stranger
He must leave all his land,
In the grave close at hand
He could not play dog in the manger.

His lawyer made search
Through every Scotch church
For some one akin to his lordship.
At last he found one,
A seventh cousin's son,
Who had cleared out the country aboard ship

He followed the clew
Through the Old World and New,
His patience quite equalled a setter's,
And in the far West,
To do the behest
Of his client he wrote many letters.

The Claymores' strange ways,
And family traits,
He had studied a full generation.
From history's pages
He found in past ages
The race had been famed for spoliation.

So the annals of crime
He searched in each clime
He traveled on this legal journey,
And when the long trail
Led at last to a jail,
It did not surprise the attorney.

A highwayman there
Lay in dread of the "chair,"
That latest invention new-fangled,
Where those who have killed
Are doomed to be grilled,
Instead of rope-dangled and strangled.

Yet he who has gold
In the New World or Old,
Can always play trumps in life's euchre.
Grim Fate without grace
Takes poverty's ace,
But never the joker of lucre.

So the glitter of chink
Makes blind Justice wink,
And Mercy is moved by the same ore.
The villain is freed,
And owned as indecd
The legitimate heir of Lord Claymore.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

WHY is the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier like a jilted lover?
Because he has been disappointed in the *maritime* (marry time) part of the business.



HER SUGGESTION.

FITZDUDE (*languidly*)—"I really wish I could find something to take up my mind."

MISS SHARPLEY—"Er—why not try blotting-paper?"

JULES VERNE'S NEW STORY.

IN the land of the Canadian midnight sun. The magnetic pole not far off. Three adventurers seated around a cook stove of the shovel-pattern, in a show hut built of whales' jawbones and curtained with flexible rubber cloth, manufactured by an enterprising waterproofing company, limited, in the rural hamlet of Montreal, so called from a person of that name who founded it a considerable time ago. Icicles hung from the noses of the adventurers notwithstanding that all were cased in furs of Bremner.

The interlocutors were M. le Chevalier d'Industrie de Macaire, Promoter of Companies, M. Tartarin (Tarrascon), of the Engineers appellation Civil, and M. Jacques Bonhomme, inflated Capitalist and Rentier. Conversation flowed.

The scenery and surroundings were such as are so graphically described in my admirable work "English as she is spoke at the Pole," which may be had from the publishers, Michel Lévy frères et cie, price 60 francs 15 centimes per volume, broché, à Paris.

"Tell me," said M. the Capitalist to M. the Promoter, "how you came to acquire as a concession the whole arctic circle of the western hemisphere."

"Nothing more easy," responded M. the Promoter to M. the Capitalist,—"chanced to see a departmental report of the voyage of exploration to the arctic of Canada by the commander Gorden. Went to their capital, Ottawa. Then, taking as ensample the skilful management of affairs of the illustrious M. Rykert, made myself known to the deputy executive. Got invited to Rideau. Thereafter all ran with effusion with the chiefs. Secured a concession of this territory by the present payment of \$316 of their Currency, that being the sum for which extensive slices of territory are given away. And here we are."

"But how does this benefit us?" demanded M. the Capitalist.

M. the Engineer took the parole: "This world, you know Messieurs, is in shape like an orange, but hollow within like a fool's head. Suspend this orange in water, as the world is suspended in air, and it floats with its north

pole upwards, that is to say its top. Cut a slice out of the side and the orange will gradually turn over towards what I shall venture to call its equator. *Comprennez?*"

M. the Promoter here interpellated, "and on that basis I have promoted this Canado-Arctico Mining Company, capital 20,000,000 francs (no more than the Panama Canal issue), in shares of 20 francs each, under the distinguished consideration of Sare Macdonel, M. le Seigneur de Langue de Vin, M. Rider Haggard, M. Tapier le jeune and his deputy, M. le professor Fostère, M. Grevé and others. See prospectus, largely circulated in the dual tongue."

M. the Engineer again resumed. "It is incontrovertible, Messieurs, that the main bulk of all metals underlie the magnetic pole. Else why magnetic? By bringing up a diamond drill and chemicals on the backs of Esquimaux and in dog carts we estimate we can manufacture our own dynamite at the rate of 120,000 pounds per day, or in the course of the summer 200 millions pounds, which we propose to explode by electricity and thus remove sufficient of the outer crust to cause the globe to dip more towards the equator, at once changing the climate and laying bare the solid mass of minerals beneath."

"Science is a wonderful thing," said the Capitalist.

"Very," said the Engineer.

"But," resumed M. the Capitalist, doubtfully, "when you have blown out the side of the world what will you do next?"

"Then," responded M. le Chevalier d'Industrie de Macaire the Promoter (laying his finger along his nose), "then we will sell out."

AN ORNAMENT TO HIS SEX.

HE was not eloquent, nor great,
 Profound, nor wise, nor witty,
 He held no office in the State,
 Nor helped to rule the city.
 Fortune and fame had passed him by
 This poor and humble mortal,
 But many a man will leave a sigh
 When he shall cross death's portal.

For though bereft of many a trait
 Which man to man commends,
 One praiseworthy and taking way
 Endear'd him to his friends.
 Small wonder that affection's link
 Should life's rough road beguile—
 He never took a ten cent drink
 When asked to have a smile!



WHAT IS IT COMING TO?



A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK. TIME WILL TELL.

SIR JOHN—"My dear old party, make your mind easy about the succession question. Permit me to introduce my boy, Hugh. Could anything be more like yours truly?"

THE TORY PARTY—"If the inner likeness is as striking as the outer, Sir John, he's the very man I've been looking for."

POST-ELECTION COGITATIONS OR WHEREFORE OF THE THUSNESS.

SIR JOHN.—"Really, it's more than I expected. I reckoned on 'The devil's dozen.'"

SIR RICHARD.—"And still I'm out in the cold, Oh, Mercier, me!"

SIR CHARLES.—"As father used to say when he was giving me a ride on his foot, "Away up, up, and away down, down,

'This is the way to London town.'"

SIR THOMPSON.—"Our Bluenoses saved us, 'way down by the sea. See?"

MR. LAURIER.—"Je ne sais quoi, mais le bon temps viendra, yeux bette."

P.E.I. MEMBERS.—"That tunnel joke worked like a charm. It went clean through 'em."

MR. MACKENZIE.—"I am sure it was very kind on the part of East Yorruck. 'Alas, poor Yorruck!'"

BILLY McLEAN.—"That blamed Irishman was right that said 'you're a Maclane an' we'll make a clane swape iv ye, so we wull."

MR. MOWAT.—"It is perfectly amazing. I must take it into my consideration."

MR. ROSS.—"As things look there will be no difficulty in always finding Roome for me in West Middlesex."

MR. HARCOURT.—"The Monck man is pretty well boyled down and done Brown at that."

DEFEATED CANDIDATE for Albert County, N.B. "I can't deny that it was Weldon."

MR. CARGILL.—"Twas a terribly false blow tho' inflicted by a Truax."

MR. INNES.—"Laurier may thank the Guelph Mercury. It was Innes' interest heart and soul."

MR. MACDOUGALL, of Ottawa County.—"I see the hand of the Deviin this elect on."

MR. MCGREEVY.—"I Hearn say I would git the G.B., and I made a narrow escape."

MR. TUPPER, of Lunenburg.—"I don't care to Kaul back my experiences."

MEMBER for Centre Wellington.—"We're 'no' a bad lot, tho' we're lickit. Tak me for a Semple o' Grits."

MANY other equally good things are reported to have been worked off both by defeated and successful candidates, in the secret recesses of their closets, but we cannot afford any more space for this sort of thing, beyond a line to chronicle the wail of Honest John, who said on Sunday afternoon, "Oh, yes, he's a Hyman to-day, but we'll make him a blank, blank low man, before we get done with him. You ask John McClary if we won't."

P.S.—We are tempted to add another, but this is positively the last—and the worst: Clarke Wallace was heard to say on Thursday night, week. "The weather was very in-Clement, to-day, and I am afraid it will Gilmore* Grits than one we know."

WHERE one can always made his mark—at the polls.

*It is generally supposed he meant *kill more*, but there is no certainty about it.



PRIVILEGED CHARACTERS.

DOLLY VARDEN—"I'm allowed to sit up till nine o'clock now, 'cause I'm six years old."

FREDDIE SPARKLE—"Hah, but I was allowed to sit up all night last night, 'cause I had the cramps."—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

ON THE "FOORCE."

I T was at night—it was late—it was a cold night—it was also a very cold night. I had seen the last form go to press, and I was on my way home. The wind blew keenly down Yonge Street, and as I forged my way north by north, I bent my head low enough to let Boreas expend his force on the crown of my fur cap which I may say is plucked otter, and cost me seven dollars and a half leaning against the blast at an angle of forty-five degrees, and moving more by instinct than under the guidance of eyesight. I found myself come to a stop—a very sudden stop. I also found myself grabbed by the collar. This happened just as I was meditating a leader on the letter of the Honorable Unmentionable One to his former constituents in West Durham. In a gruff, Belfast tone of voice, came the interrogation "Wheo are yeou sorr?"

Removing my cap from my eyes, over which it had become jabbed when the collision took place, I looked up, and discovered myself in the hands,—yes, literally in the hands,—of a colossal policeman. I was too much agitated to observe his number. "Excuse me," said I, "by George, I thought I had run up against a telegraph post."

"Where are ye goin' at this toime o' noight, sorr?"

For a moment or two I hesitated as I seemed to doubt my own identity, but at length I replied that I was on my way home to Wilton Avenue.

"Wiltin Avenue," he croaked incredulously, "an' 'ave n' you been wiltin' deown teown in some groggery until this heour in the mornin', me boy?"

I assured him that I was not a boy,—that, in fact, I was a husband and a father, and that if he would accompany me a few blocks I would prove it to him.

"That's all very foine," he answered, "you want to bate me off, but I can't go off me bate."

Becoming indignant I told him he would hear of this in our paper inside of twenty-four hours—that it was intolerable, abominable, vexatious, insufferably annoying,

terribly aggravating, and most outrageously officious thus to be impeded in —

"Hould aisy, sorr," he interrupted, "hould aisy, now I can swear that ye are an a paper, and what's more, I know the very wan that it is, and if ye had used thim words whin ye run agin me in the first place, and nearly knocked all the breath out of me livin' body, that would have been the ind of it. Excuse me small jokes about the *Avenue* and the *bate*—they're very ould wans as ye know, but I wasn't aware I had a hould of a man on the newspaper foorce. Good noight sorr."

Though glad to get away; when I left the fellow at the corner, my indignation was at a high pitch as there continued to ring in my ears, these loathsome words "newspaper foorce." Inquiry, however, has somewhat diminished my ire, for I find that it is customary for the city policemen to speak of persons being members of the "Medical foorce," the "legal foorce," and even the "pulpit foorce."

When the chief of police organizes his Civility Classes for the benefit of his "foorce," perhaps he will find an opportunity to edge in a few suggestions regarding the use of English.

HOW IT WORKS.

[*Kind Husband going to see Aunt Susan, who lives just across the river on the American side.*]

WIFE—"Dear, bring me a few cuttings from Aunty's garden, her berry bushes are always so nice and cunning."

KIND HUB—"Why, cert. [*Kind husband returning.*] There's your slips, demmem. And Aunt Susan. And you too."

WIFE—"Good sakes alive! What are you so grumpy for?"

KIND HUB—"Enough to make a man grumpy. They charged me two cents apiece duty on 'em, and there's thirty-eight on 'em, and made me sign papers that I was not trying to cheat the revenue. Worse than that, they stuck me into the Emigration Returns. If you had been with me they would have branded us as two more fool immigrants rushing into Canada on the National Policy dodge." (*Happy Canada!*)



AU FAIT.

MOTHER—"You must not forget to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

LULU—"Cert'nly, mamma! I shall say 'Yes, please' for the cake, and 'No, thank you,' for the bread and butter."—*Pick-me-up.*



A HUNDRED YEARS LATER.

SHADE OF WESLEY—"And this is Methodism! I should hardly have known it!"



OVER GOES THE SHOW.

"A Model Husband Show" has recently been held in New York, three ladies occupying influential positions in society being appointed as judges.—*Ex.*

We understand that a "Wife Show" having been instituted in this country, everything went most successfully until the time arrived for the awarding of the first prize, when, owing to the diverse opinions held by the judges appointed, the affair ended in a complete disagreement.—*Funny Folks.*

THE COLORED GATHERING IN LONDON THE LITTLE.

THE colored electorate of London was corralled in the Waterloo Street school on the night previous to the election, by the sturdy Reformers of said city. There were brass band, beer and cheap cigars galore, supplied in all probability by the School Trustees. Hyman and others orated powerfully until three o'clock next morning, but the speech of the evening, and of the morning, too, was made by Billy Brown, the mahogany-colored free and independent citizen, who was called to the chair, an article of furniture he held tenaciously until seven o'clock on the a.m. of the election.

"Gen'men," he remarked. "Gen'men an' fellah sinners—citizens, I mean, you'll 'scuze me, I'se use ter 'dressin' 'ligious congagashins. Mistah Cha'man—oh, 'scuze me 'gin, foh I'se de Cha'man hisself. Yah, yah! But wot I want ter get at is dis yeah, dat we, de free an' 'dependen' citizens ob dis immonstruous an' onimparaleled centah ob intillegince, am invited yeah by Mistah Hynam ter dispress ou' views an' 'speancis on de great an' solumm polikital question ob Onrespected Resphosty. Now, gen'men, wot am dis yeah Onrespected Resphosty? Wot am de inward philosphy dat lays at de bottom ob dis momentuous problum, an' wot am a tanglin up all de reminiscences ob de To'y pahty, so dey can't extinguish daylight f'om a fiah-bug, an' wot am now perdoocin' a wave ob iggerance an' felicity dat will some day in de neah futu', bust up de whole ob dis Dominion ontill dar ain't lef' a bit big nuff to knock down a spring chicken? Lemme tell you, fellah sinners—citizens, I mean—all 'bout Onrespected Resphosty in de twinkin' ob a bed-post. Onrespected Resphosty, gen'men, am de kin' ob Resphosty dat will bring down de price ob co'n an' bac'n to de horizontal ob a poo' man's equalibrum, an' h'ist his wages outer de spinnacle ob prosperity, ontill he kin lib an' die jes as comf'able as de mos' highest in de hull ob dis atmosphere on de Canajan pole ob de worl'. Yes, gen'men, an' Onrespected Resphosty am agoin' to help a poo' man ter ejicate his chillun, though I'm obleeged not ter prevaricate agin my own ejication, for my chances

was fust class, an' I kin stan' ter be examined by de mos' ejicatitist purfishers in de Weste'n Collig ob de London Univahsity, an' wot's mo', I ain't too stuck up to distend my fist ter a saw-buck fellah crittur, or to a artist in de calsomine line if he can pay a hundred cents in de dollah.

"Onrespected Resphosty am like de grease on a waggin axle—it'll make things perambulate as easy as a cullad gen'man kin foller a punkin condescendin' down a hill—it will superinduce back to Canady all dem juvenile young men wot have been expatiated from de lan' ob de ole man, de ole policy an' de ole flag—de flag ob ou' fo'fathers dat fowt at Watahloo an' oder ingagemen's in de wah ob 1812, an' de Mormon Conkist.

"Jes' let de free an' 'dependen' sinners ob dis congagashin ma'ch up ter de poles an' cas' dar votes foh Mistah Hynam, who is de epistle of Onrespected Resphosty, an' you'll see de To'y pahty to-mo' night, or to-night, if I ain't a-laborin' onder a hellhousination as ter de flight ob time. I say, you'll see de To'y pahty agoin' froo des yeah thorofores, wid dar anunder lips a hingin' so low doun dat if dey don' step mighty circumspectiously, dar boun' ter trip on 'em, an' frackcher so many bones dat dey'll hev ter monopriate all de beds in de hospital, an' I guess dat'll be dar las' oppertoonty ter fo'm a combine. Brudder Washington Simpson will now countertain the aujence wid a song, an' nex' we shall have some melliflooty from de brass ban'. Sam, han' me dat ar box ob cigahs."

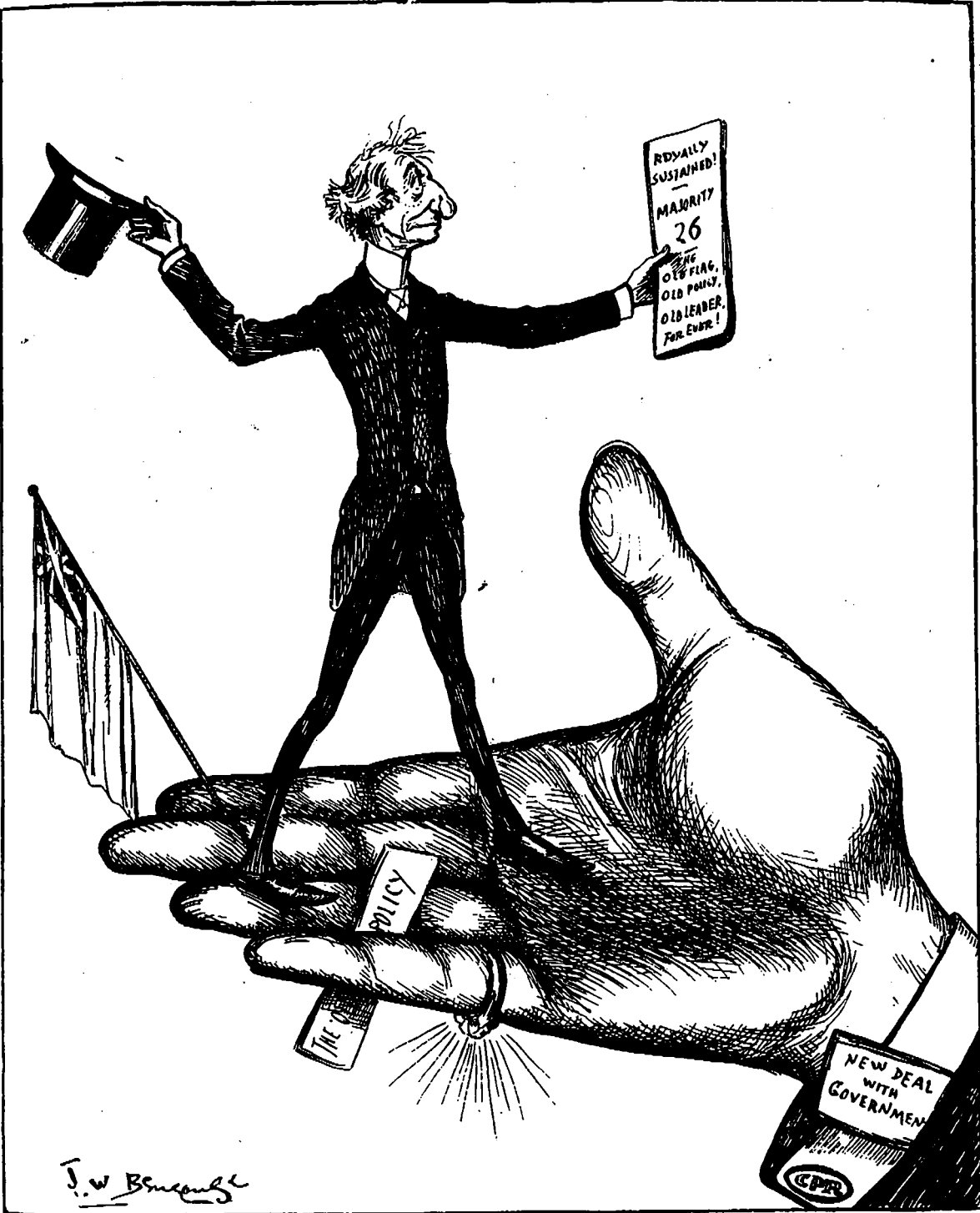
IT CAME IN HANDY.

REPORTER—"Say, Blēwpcencille, 'twould be a good scheme to give a portrait of Larry the Tough, in connection with that Centre Street murder, wouldn't it?"

EDITOR—"You bet it would, but there ain't no time to have one made."

REPORTER—"What's the matter with using this cut of W. F. Maclean, left over from the election campaign?"

EDITOR—"Let's see it. That'll do first rate. In she goes!"



SIR JOHN ON HAND AGAIN!



AN HEIRLOOM.

CRACKER—"How in thunder d'ye fellers kerry sich loads on yer backs?"

PEDDLER LEVY—"It vas an heirloom, mein frent."

CRACKER—"An heirloom? How d'ye make that out?"

PEDDLER LEVY—"Vell, you see, mein frient, ven Fader Abraham brought him up der children of Israel out hof Egypt he forgots to take him some horses, and dey had to carry der gloding, und der goats, und der synagogue und all on der packs for forty years, so dey gets dem aggustomed to it, und it has always peen like dot."

AIRLIE'S EXPERIENCE WITH CITY WATER.

HEATHER HA', *March 12, 1891.*

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—It's an auld sayin' an' a true ane that "truth is stranger than fiction," an' I quote this here first an' foremost for fear ye may think that I'm sendin' ye a curn blethers instead o' the solemn facks o' the maitter. An' a very serious maitter it is, I assure ye, when the mortal remains o' a human bein' comes bit an' bit doon oot through yer watter tap. Ye see I had gotten my tea, an' I was sittin' comfortably smokin' my pipe afore the fire, wi' my heels reposin' on the mantelpiece (Mrs. Airlie aye lights a fire in the paurlor o' an e'enin', no for heat ye ken, but just for the cheerie look o't), an' I was glowerin' at the lowe bobbin' up an' doon, an' thinkin' what an extraordinary world this is, when Mrs. Airlie cries to me frae the kitchen:

"Come 'ere a meenit, Hugh."

"What is't?" I demandit, no very weel pleased at haein' my meditations broken in upon wi' her bits o' fykes, for women are just fu' o' them.

"The watter tap is stappit someway—it'll no rin."

"Turn it the ither way, woman," says I, thinkin' that, woman-like, she was likely turnin' it aff instead o' on."

"Oh, it's turned a' richt, but—oh, hurry, Hugh, here's an eel comin'!"

My feet just tuk a'e loup frae the mantelpiece into the kitchen, an' there was Mistress Airlie on tap o' the kitchen table grippin' her goon ticht in aboot her an' skirlin' wi' a' her micht, at something oozin' oot o' the watter tap.

"Tak' the axe till't, Hugh. Hurry an' cut it through the middle afore it gets oot; it's a snake!—a livin' snake!"

"Hoo d'ye ken it's a snake," says I, keepin' a respectable distance frae the thing. Whatever it was, it didna seem to be in ony hurry to come oot.

"Tak' the carvin' knife, Hugh; tak' the carvin' knife," says my wife, gettin' doon at the far awa' end o' the table.

"It would be nae gude without ye tak' haud o' the tail o't. I would hae nae purchase on't the way it's hingin'," says I.

"I'll dae anything if ye'll only kill the monster. Just think, Hugh, it might hae come oot in the night time an' crawled intae the bed, an' there would we been twa dead corpses the morn's mornin' an' folk sayin' we had killed ane anither."

The very thocht o' the neebors' tongues waggin' pat mettie intae my wife, an', seizin' a pair o' tangs, she grippit haud o' the tail o' the thing, while I gaed whang across its back wi' the knife. Instead o' cuttin', hooveer, the force of the whack brocht the thing plout!—richt into the sink, Mrs. Airlie an' me makin' for the door sae fast that oor heads collided, an' the first thing I kent the bluid was poorin' oot o' my nose, an' the watter at nae allowance oot o' the watter tap. What I said there an' then I've mair respect for mysel' than to repeat here—a man says a hantle he's no' responsible for when his wife an' he rap heads thegither. Hooveer, seein' that the thing lay still in the sink, I wipit the bluid frae my nose, an' we ventured cautiously on oor tip-taes to the sink that by this time was threatenin' to rin ower, an', screwin' up my courage, I raxed ower my airm an' turned aff the tap. The Thing was swirlin' aboot in the sink, an', anxious to secure the specimen, I whips doon the dipper aff the nail, an' wi' a'e clever dip I captured his lordship, an' Mrs. Airlie clappit a lid on tap o'm then an' there.

"Bring the sealin' waux," says I, in a tone o' command, an' instantly she stood afore me wi' the sealin' waux an' a lighted cannel in her hand.

"Noo," says I, "you haud baith o' your hands hard doon on that lid an' I'll drap the waux a' roond the edges o' the lid for fear the ferlie gets oot. This she did a' richt enough, but whether I was nervish or what, I canna say, but somehow the het waux drappit on my wife's hands instead o' the lid, an'— I'll say nae mair. It disna dae to tell the public everything, an', besides, I've forgi'en her.

I pat the dipper in a box an' nailed it up, an' labelled it, "*Dangerous—this side up.*" an' the next mornin', aboot ten o'clock I set sail up to the School o' Science wi' my specimen box below my airm, for a' the wauld like a sma' coffin.

When I got up to the tap o' the stairs my breath was clean awa', an' when I speired at a high an' mighty kin o' a chap they ca' Grahame, he telled me it didna suit his convenience for me tae see Professor Ellis the noo. Weel, I comes awa' doon the stairs an' comes oot an' sits doon on the step, when, lookin' up again, I sees a short, stoot, curly headed, black e'ed sailor lookin' fellow wi' his coat aff, squarin' up very scientifically to his michtiness, Maister Grahame. I couldna very weel mak' oot what he was sayin', but it soounded like "*Parba Madonna! blank—blank—blankity—blankireferous—sulphur an' blazes!*" It seemed to me as if he was tellin' the man to keep his ain place, so after he slippit awa', shakin' his fist in the man's face, I staps up again an' speired if there was any chance for me noo. He lookit fit to eat me, but, openin' a door, he roared oot wi' a tone o' authority that a kind o' surprised me, "Professor Ellis!"



SKETCH OF A HUMOROUS WRITER MAKING A JOKE !

—Pick-me-up.

The Professor, a very fine gentleman indeed, seemed to stand in great awe o' the Grahame, for he ran the meenit he was ca'd, although I wad hae been only ower glad to hae gane to him.

— "Professor," says I, "here's some city water for ye to analyze, an' there's a sma' boa constrictor or something."

I never haltit till I got to the bottom o' the stairs, for the Professor, rash man, had opened the box, an' was pryin' open the lid o' the dipper.

Ten days after that I got a real fine letter frae the Professor wi' this analysis o' the bisniss :

"MY DEAR AIRLIE,—After thoroughly examining the specimen, I find it to be a fragment of check shirting, hemmed, and with a name on the corner. This name was so faded with the action of the water that I had to bring double microscopic power to bear upon it, and the result is that the words 'Mr. McGinty' appeared quite plain. I am of opinion that this specimen is part of that lamented gentleman's underwear, and I would advise you to provide a coffin as soon as possible, as the present state of city water would warrant the supposition that the rest of that gentleman's remains will arrive soon through the same channel."

I am, dear MAISTER GRIP, yours scientifically,

HUGH AIRLIE.

WOMEN should make the best voters, many of them being already expert *ba'llet* performers.

MR. GLADSTONE'S COAT.

"Mr. Gladstone has a deep-rooted dislike for new clothes."

GIVE me an old and threadbare coat
That I can feel at home in,
Like the one I bought with the Irish vote
The year I went to Rome in.

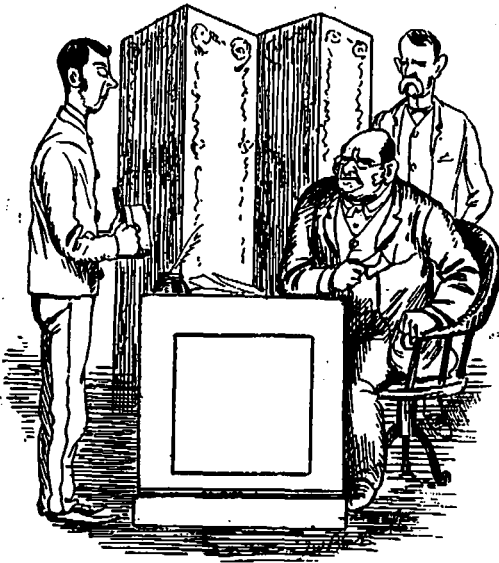
I wear it still, though its quondam black
Is brown with rust and greasy ;
But I laugh at the chaff behind my back,
For it's comfortable and easy.

It hangs, as to the House I go,
Like a sail that is loose and flapping,
And the nap is gone ; but the Tories know
They can never catch me napping.

The cut by nobody now is worn,
And the lining's all to pieces,
The buttons are off and the pockets torn,
Like an Irish landlord's leases.

It may look odd ; but it's naught to me
If appearances are comic ;
For the people see that my policy
Is certainly economic.

And I've made a bet with Mrs. G.
That I won't be millineried
Until the Marquis of Salisbury
To the Dead March of Saul is buried !



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

P. O. INSPECTOR—"I'm sorry to hear this of you, Hooper. The evidence in my hands clearly convicts you of stealing letters. What have you to say?"

HOOPER—"Yes, sir; I stole 'em and handed 'em over to cabinet ministers for use in the campaign."

P. O. INSPECTOR—"Ah, in that case, let's say no more about it."

AN EPISODE OF THE 17th.

MR. MICHAEL O'DOOLAN, a rising young professional man, who, as may be supposed from his name, was of Hibernian extraction, thought himself particularly fortunate in being waited upon a couple of weeks before the 17th by a delegation from the Shan Van Vocht Association, with the request that he would deliver an address at the annual celebration of that patriotic organization upon the national anniversary. Mr. O'Doolan was ambitious and clever, and was naturally glad to avail himself of the opportunity thus presented to display his talents and add to his reputation. Accordingly he devoted all his spare time during the interval to preparing a speech calculated to fire the Celtic heart, interspersed with such well worn quotations as, "Let no man write my epitaph until Ireland be free," and

Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.

His fellow-boarders at the Widow Mulrooney's hashery complained that his midnight rehearsals of his rounded and glowing periods in the endeavor to commit his speech to memory seriously disturbed their slumbers as he paced his room, addressing an imaginary chairman and asserting Ireland's right to be free and stand upright before the nations "in the words, sir, of one of her grandest orators and noblest patriots [he had forgotten the name] redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled."

The eventful evening at length arrived, and the Shan Van Vocht Association and their friends turned out in large numbers. Mr. O'Doolan was in excellent form, and made an exceedingly favorable impression by his opening remarks. Warming up with his subject, he proceeded to dilate upon the advances made by the cause of Home Rule, (applause) which, after many years of

struggle and adversity, was now upon the threshold of victory. (Renewed applause.) "Yes, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, that cause is going forward triumphantly under the brilliant leadership of that noble and sagacious patriot, Charles Stewart Parnell—(Hisses, howls and groans from half of the audience)—that is—I mean that—up to a certain point, as it were—('Oh, come off!')—when, unfortunately for the cause he represented, he diverged, so to speak, from the path of rectitude, and was justly superseded in the leadership by that true and fearless upholder of Irish nationality, Justin McCarthy. (Hisses from the other section of the audience.) But not to dwell upon an unpleasant episode—(Hisses from the Parnellites, and cries of 'Mr. Fox!' 'Katie O'Shea!' and 'Fire-escape!' from the anti-Parnellite crowd.)

"Really, gentlemen," resumed the orator, "I cannot continue if I am to be subjected to these interruptions."

"Are yez wid Parnell or agin him, anyhow?" asked a gentleman who occupied a front seat.

"I—I—that is—I think that Mr. Parnell is a great man (hisses) but in some respects perhaps another leader might be preferable—one who would be acceptable to Mr. Gladstone." (Cheers, hisses and cries of "The ould spider!" "No English dictation!" etc.)

By this time Mr. O'Doolan was thoroughly rattled, and the confusion had put the remainder of his carefully-prepared speech completely out of his head, so while the two factions were excitedly endeavoring to see which could shout down the other he seized the opportunity and his overcoat and fled by a side door, leaving the disputants to settle the question of leadership.

Next time he makes a patriotic Irish speech he says he will confine himself to glittering generalities, and if he mentions individuals at all it will only be those who have been dead a long time.

THE PATRIOT.

I MET a patriotic one
Soon after the election,
His countenance was woe-begone,
The picture of dejection.

"Cheer up," I said, "my downcast friend,
'Tis not, in my opinion,
Even the beginning of the end
Of this our fair Dominion.

"For though your party's hopes are low,
And free trade dreams are over,
The sun will shine, and harvests grow
From Gaspé to Vancouver."

Yet all my consolations failed
To rouse him from his fretting,
'Tis not the country's loss," he wailed,
" 'Tis what I've lost at betting."

WILLIAM MCGILL.

IN THE READING-ROOM.

A—"The Duke of Argyle, in the *Nineteenth Century*, shows that Huxley is as unsound in his geology as in his theology."

B—"Well, that shows him to be a consistent agnostic; you see—one who knows nothing."

WHY are candidates the greatest cowards? Because they run before they are beaten.



THE THEATRICAL FRONT ROW.

BALDENSTEIN (*with an eye to business*)—"Gentlemen, before der curtain vent up, let me call your attention to my patent, Nefer-fail Hair Restorer, varrant to cure balt-heads!"

NEW FABLES WITHOUT MORALS.

THE LAKE AND THE BAY.

LAKE—"I say, Bay, you can't be in such a bad state of health as we are told, if you are supplying ice for the city."

BAY—"Oh! I'm *solid* with the health officer just now. D'ye see?"

LAKE—"Icy."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND THE LAMP-POST.

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Does your mother know you're out Mr. Lamp post?"

LAMP-POST—"Oh, yes, and you're to blame for it, too, you stuck up thing that you are."

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Well, that's pretty strong now, but then, you always were a little gassy, and a little, *just a little light in the head*, you know."

LAMP-POST—"You needn't talk, for you're a good deal lighter in the head than I ever was."

ELECTRIC LIGHT—"Oh, thank you."

ANOTHER "TRAITOR."

MULDOON (*reading poem on the Canadian elections in London Punch*)—

"Macdonald is magniloquent, perhaps a bit thrasonical, His dark denunciations at a distance sound ironical. And when we read the rows between him and Sir Richard Cartwright, dear, We have our doubts if either chief quite plays the patriot part right, dear."

"Luk at that, now! Sure doesn't it sarve the Tories right fur their toadyin' to the British Government. Devil a bit av good do they get by it at all, at all. Oh, begobs, but it's mighty funny fwhin Sir John do be accusin' Ned Farrer and Wiman of thraison to have *Punch* turn round an' tell the ould omadhaun that he's thrasonical himsilf. Put that in yer poipe and shmoke it, ye Tory devils!"

A FIRE INSURANCE CLAIM.

DIGGS owned a house of ancient date,
That sadly lacked repair,
He kept it heavily insured
And lodged his hired men there.

He bounced the man who never smoked
Or smoked in much concern
Of falling sparks, but yet alas!
That house refused to burn.

There peddlers and the homeless tramp
Found shelter from the rain,
Diggs gave them matches for their pipes,
His bounty was in vain.

In vain to raise a raging blaze
The chimney he would clean,
With stacks of shavings, pitch pine chips
And cans of kerosene.

A cyclone struck that house at last
And flung it o'er a grove,
Smashed everything to kindling wood;
Diggs burnt it in the stove
And then claimed the insurance.

WM. MCGILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.—STICKLERS, ATTENTION!

BAMBOO & CO. beg to announce that they have on hand a large assortment of the latest thing in switches, canes, winter and summer walking-sticks and fashionable bludgeons. Alpenstocks. Carving done. Gents may bring their own trees. Knobs carved into gnarls, death's-heads, spherical bulbs, hook-ems, plug-uglies and every design that there is of the most hideous. Great attention given to ferules. P.S.—A few left of the old-fashioned malaccas with opera-dancers' legs for heads. Also, just published, a brochure on "The Management of the Cane," showing how to carry it in front of the body at "present arms," on the shoulder like a musket, perpendicularly as a falchion, as a half-pike to run into people we have met, as a hanging bar, as a moulinet or windmill, and how to raise Cain. Buy one of Bamboo's latest. No gent is complete without it.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthama and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Alonzo Howe, of Tweed, suffered thirty-five years with a bad fever sore. Six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him, which he considers almost a miracle.

JACOBS' & SPARROWS' OPERA HOUSE. Matinees—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Week March 23rd. Special Good Friday matinee. An exchange says: "The reception extended Mr. Barker and his company in 'The Emigrant' was of a most enthusiastic character. 'Pete' Baker, though he has had a career and experience that when told must be the envy of some more pretentious comedians, is just now in the bloom and strength of his power. As we saw him last night at the Whitney Grand in 'The Emigrant,' the mellowness and ease which comes by repetition were the most enjoyable charms of his acting, as the simple German. Baker ignores the bluster and the noise, which too many, unfortunately, mistake as legitimate tactics in the presentation of a true comedy characterization. Mr. Baker, in 'The Emigrant,' gives a personation that exudes the warmth of reality, and in its innocence and simplicity in action is positively natural and probable. Familiarity with it convinces that it is art, but to the occasional visitor to the theatre such revelation of character, as we see it in the byways and highways of actual life, must be an hour of joyful recognition and interest. The rolling by of years then continues to advance Mr. Baker in his art, and it looks as though Mr. Baker was destined to fill the popular field so long held undisputed possession of. Mr. Baker prances about the stage with alacrity, and sings his popular songs in excellent voice and with delectable ease. His support is all that could be expected.

HEALTH giving Herbs, Barks, Roots and Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters, which regulate all the secretions, purify the blood and strengthen the entire system.

Annie Heath, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

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THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

ONE great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines is that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys, while it imparts strength.

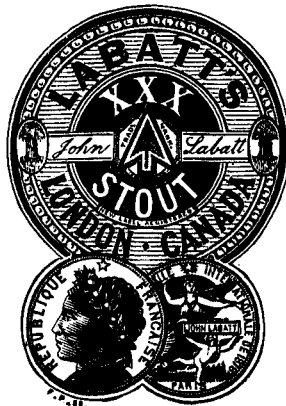
Mrs. Henry Sheldon, of Farmersville, was cured of Canker of the Stomach by Burdock Blood Bitters when her friends had nearly abandoned all hope.

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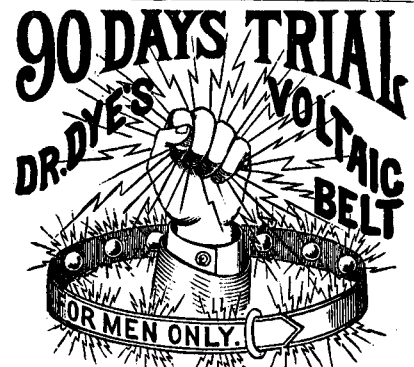
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(See page 196).

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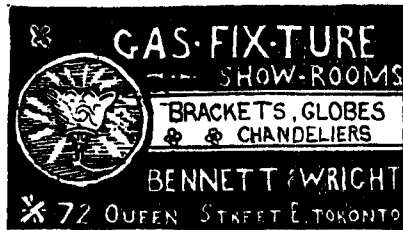
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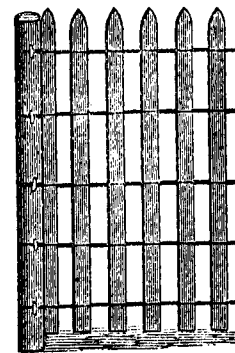
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