

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP ENG



## " PROTECT NG THE WORKINGMAN."

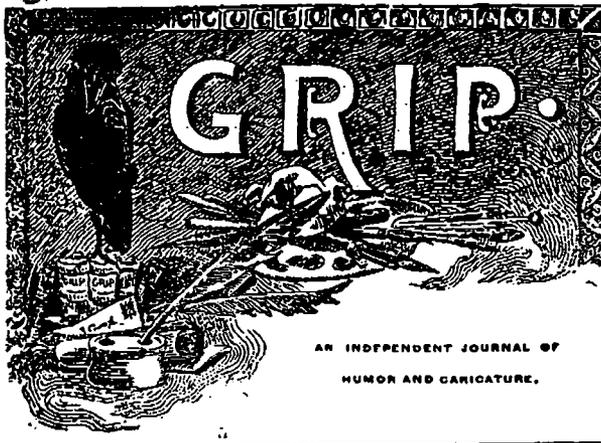
While the shield of our paternal statesman wards off the infliction of cheap foreign goods, there doesn't seem to be anything to prevent the entrance of cheap foreign labor to cut down the Canadian workingman's wages!

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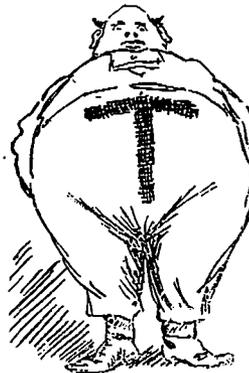
THE "MAIL'S" CHRONIC NIGHTMARE.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Mail*—on the whole the ablest paper in Canada—does not enjoy perfect repose, notwithstanding its consciousness that it is doing excellent work for the cause of freedom, and growing every day stronger in the respect of the public. The malady which troubles our neighbor is nightmare, and a very unpleasant complaint it is, too, when it becomes chronic, as we fear it has in this case. Nearly every night, when the editor sits down to pen the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" upon the fourth page of the *Mail*, a horrible monster imposes itself upon him, and the consequence is that next morning his readers are confronted with a column or

two about French aggression, *La Verite*, tithes, fabrique assessments, etc., etc. The *Mail's* monster takes the form of a gigantic Jean Baptist, who is gradually but surely absorbing the English element in Canada, and whose intention it is ultimately to transform this Dominion into a mediæval Province of Popedom. And yet these articles, startling as they are, have no appreciable effect upon public opinion, because one-half the people regard them as the result of a too-vivid imagination, while the other half, convinced of their truth, can frame no sort of answer to the question, "What are you going to do about it?"

PROTECTING THE WORKINGMAN.—The horny-handed son of toil is as dear to the Protectionist politicians in the United States just now as he was to their brethren here during the campaign of

1878. The workingmen are appealed to to support the high tariff because it "protects labor," and without it "wages would fall to the level of the pauper labor of Europe." In support of these veracious claims the affectionate friends of the toiler are quoting "extracts from the British press," written to order in New York, and are resorting to all the other lies of a moral, philosophical, statistical and economic kind that their fertile imagination can produce. The horny-handed son of toil over there is not such a fool as he was a few years ago, however, and we should hope that in this country, also, he has made considerable progress under the tuition of that eminent schoolmaster, Experience, since '78. And yet we have no manner of doubt that the Protectionists here will have brass enough to declare that the N.P. protects labor when next it becomes necessary for them to get votes. How such an absurd falsehood was ever credited by the most stupid workingman passes our comprehension, for there is not now and never was a tax upon emigrants entering Canada. And if competing labor is on the "free list," how can it be possible to "keep up wages" by any duties whatever upon foreign goods? Everybody knows that wages are regulated by the number of persons seeking employment, and if this law of political economy has been in any way modified, it is owing to combinations among the workers themselves, such as the trades unions, Knights of Labor, etc. The tariff certainly has no influence in the direction of raising wages, but it *does* raise the cost of living—for its imposts are upon goods, not upon emigrants. We hope there are very few workingmen in Canada now who cannot see this plain pikestaff. And it would only require a little thinking along the same line for them to see that labor (in connection with the raw material of nature) is the source of all wealth, and not, as Protectionists teach, the puny child of Capital, needing to be coddled by monopoly. What labor needs is freedom.



HE *cause celebre*, Parnell vs. the *Times*, has been fairly begun—let us hope it may be fairly conducted and concluded. By the bill of particulars submitted by the defendant's attorney, the world is practically informed that Mr. Parnell is a sort of Jekyll and Hyde combination, in the one character sitting in the House of Commons as a respected and influential member, and in the other sneaking through the bogs and lanes of Ireland inspiring "crimes and outrages, boycotting and intimidation." If all this is fully substantiated, there will be reason to suspect that Parnell knows more about the Whitechapel murders than he cares to tell. The legal job promises to be a long one, however, and a very "fat take" for the lawyers.

THE adage that "doctors differ" would seem to be verified to a slight extent by the Mackenzie-Bergmann-Gerhart embroglio over the case of the late Emperor of Germany. The row has had the effect of adding somewhat to our store of interesting biographical information. We learn on high authority, for instance, that Morell Mackenzie is a perfect duffer at his profession, and an awful story-teller; and we also gather that certain German specialists hitherto regarded as eminent are quacks of the most pronounced type. All this will be highly encouraging to the young men attending our medical colleges, as the dullest of them may now have hopes of learning more about medicine and surgery than all the Emperor's attendants put together.

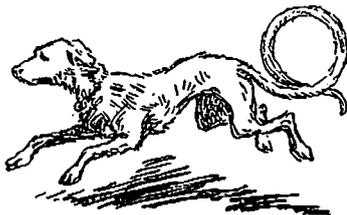
THIS young man Billy, the present Emperor of Germany, appears to be on a drumming tour for some Berlin jewellery house. At least we thus conclude on reading this news item from our morning paper:—

The Emperor took with him from Berlin 80 diamond rings, 150 silver stars, 50 scarf pins, all richly jewelled; 30 diamond bracelets, six splendid presentation swords, 30 large photographs of himself with the Empress and their children, all in gold frames; 30 gold watches with chains, 100 cigar cases with the Imperial arms and monogram in gold, and 30 stars in diamonds of the order of the Black and Red Eagle.

HER MAJESTY is looking about for a housekeeper for Windsor Castle, to succeed the late Mrs. Henderson. The situation is a very respectable one, with a good salary and many perquisites attached. Might we suggest to our beloved sovereign that a ten-line ad. in the *Telegram* or *News*, at a cent a word, would do the business for her?

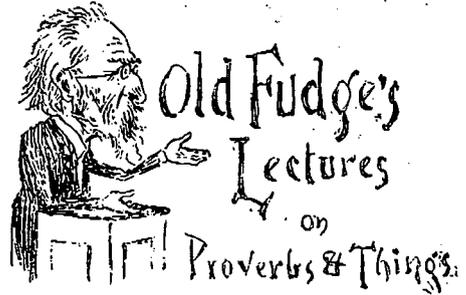
THERE is a red-hot feeling amongst the Parkvillains over the Annexation question, and it is nip-and-tuck as to which party will win on the 27th. The Antis had a meeting one evening last week, at which Mr. H. H. Cook made one of his regular stump speeches, now soaring into airy metaphor and anon coming down to hard facts with a ponderous thud. Recounting the projected public works of Toronto and the enormous increase in the civic debt to be thereby caused, he appealed to his fellow-Parkvillains to stay out, as they valued their pocket books. "Look at the new drive!" shouted Mr. Cook. "That will cost at least \$1,000,000. Let 'em build it if they want to; we won't object, but we don't propose to help pay for it!" "Nor ever use it, of course," remarked an impudent fellow in the audience, but Mr. Cook didn't hear him.

BY the way, this local contest is an object lesson on the larger question of International Annexation or Commercial Union, which is being discussed by the people throughout the country. Parkdale represents Canada; Toronto the United States. How many would be against union in the western town if the city, true to Protectionist doctrines, were to put a row of Custom houses along the boundary, imposing a high tariff on everything that came in? At present Parkdale enjoys political independence combined with free trade, and it would not be surprising if the people decided to stay as they are. If the Customs line was destroyed between Canada and the United States, there would certainly be no desire for any political change in this Dominion.



QUIETLY the Humane Society's delegates came, performed their philanthropic business, and retired. The reception accorded them by Toronto was such as to give them pleasant recollections of their

visit, and we trust one result of the gathering will be an increased interest in the work of the local branch of the society. Persons who are not familiar with the work of this excellent organization should obtain the volume explaining its aims and objects, copies of which may be had by addressing J. Geo. Hodgins, Esq., the vice-president. This book, which is profusely and beautifully illustrated, is well worth possessing for its intrinsic merits.



"NOTHING succeeds like success."

My philosophical brethren, the "ism" of this syllogism is a boodle-ism. I want to deliver a learned lecture in a "nut-shell." This is a chestnut—and is a pun, but I haven't time to explain it. The worst thing about language is that you can't talk without words. What we want are phoneticsims—see? When a very beautiful lady wants to express herself without words, she can do it by expressive geometrical lines—or, say, banging the door is sufficient. When I say boodle-ism—it's a reflection on morals, etc., and is a false ism, as Mohamedism—enough. Bobby Burns was right. It does not matter whether the impression of "the man" is on a "gold" spade guinea, or a brass farthing, as "the man's a man," etc. Sententiously, the greatest men of the hoary ages are the men who did not succeed. And, moreover what made Cræsus great? You have made a large monetary blunder. The man who order'd the "Charge of the Light Brigade" blunder'd. I say it was not his riches—Cræsus was great in that he fraternated with learned men, and with Aesop, the talented fabulist.

"Solon! Solon! Solon!" exclaimed the great millionaire when on the funeral pile, and Cyrus spared the life of the conquered king because of his quotation from Solon. "Poverty is a happier state than riches." My psychological hearers, a man must be sharp to create a fortune, but he need not be moral. The most pitiable men on the American continent outside of jails, etc., are the men who have succeeded; the men who have cornered things and locked up capital that ought to be circulating, as Cromwell said of the silver in old churches. He was an iconoclast, and would have had his head cut off if he had lived long enough. The millionaires will "bust" some day. Lastly, the man who got worst off in sacred story was the "rich man" who lived in a palace; and the man who got best off was a thief—the difference was that one repented, and the other didn't. See?

ZANZIBAR.

THREE nations went spying out into the East;  
Away to the East by Nyanza Lake;  
Each thought of the land that would cost it least  
And the grab of a colony it could make  
If Zanzibar were done for.

Three negroes who learned of the colony ruse  
Went up to the Sultan and told the tale,  
And that sable king swore that no Christian crews  
Should swallow his country till every male  
Of Zanzibar was done for.

Three armies and navies proceeded to take  
The Sultan's domain without signing a lease,  
And all for great civilization's sake  
And the spread of the gospel of blessed peace.  
And Zanzibar was done for.



L. L. BSE

**RIEL-LY OBLIGING.**

F SIR JOHN (to U.S. Senator Blair)—“Er—I have noted your demand in the Senate for information as to Riel’s citizenship. I presume, of course, your object is, in case he was an American citizen, to have the United States liquidate the expense of his rebellion. This is very decent of you, Mr. Senator. Here’s the little bill.”

**THE FALL.**

Yes, everything falls in the Fall, dear heart,  
With a crash as “by the board,”  
But I’ll tell you a something, joking apart,  
With your knowledge nuts to hoard.  
Yea, all things fall, alas! too true!  
In the country and the town.  
But—the plumber’s price, and the coal man’s too,  
Fall up instead of down.

T. T.

**THE FAKIR IN ENGLAND.**

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 24.

DEAR GRIP—

You will doubtless be surprised to learn of my whereabouts, but having sold out my patent for a Noiseless Hand Organ to a sucker, I determined to visit the old country, with a view to biz. England is N. G. The people are the most unenterprising, stupid lot imaginable—no snap about ‘em. They don’t catch on worth a cent. The place is as slow as a bar-room clock on a Saturday evening. No show for me; I shall come home.

For instance, I hadn’t been looking round more than a week before I saw a splendid opening for a real estate deal. It was in the suburb of High Diggleborough, near this city. The place is pretty well built up, but there is a big piece of vacant land planted with trees, and a stone fence about fifteen feet high round it, just in the outskirts.

I asked the barkeeper in an adjacent gin-mill who it belonged to.

“It’s part of the Dook of Diggleborough’s estate,” said the man. “The Dook belonged to a fine hold family, sir. Wy, I’ve’erd tell as how they come in with the Con-

queror. But ‘e’s pretty ‘ard up at present. He lost a pot of money on the Darby, don’t yer know.”

“Thank you,” I said, “I’ll drop in and have a talk with him.”

A scared, wild look came over his features. My remark seemed to paralyze him for a second or so. As I turned to go he remarked in a low tone: “Well, I’m blowed. He’s actooally a goin’ to call on the Dook; he must be out of ‘is ‘ead. Shouldn’t wonder but ‘e’s the cove as is wanted for them Whitechapel murders.”

The Duke’s mansion was close at hand, but I had some trouble in seeing him. First the flunkey asked me what my business was. I told him it was private; then he said the Duke was not at home. I handed him half a crown, and he said possibly the Duke might have come back.

He took my card and a message that an American capitalist desired an interview on urgent business.

After I had waited nearly an hour in the ante-room, I was ushered into the presence of the Duke. I was disappointed in his appearance and general get up. He did not wear a dazzling coronet upon his haughty brow; neither did a costly robe of ermine enfold his stately form. He just wore ordinary good clothes. He did not pace the apartment with a majestic stride, nor exclaim, “What, ho there, varlet!” to his attendant, nor ejaculate, “By my halidom!” nor act like a duke in any way. If any theatre manager were to put a duke like ‘him on the stage he would be hissed off in no time. He was just a slim, elderly looking, slightly bald headed gent with spectacles.

“Proud to make the acquaintance of your Dukeness,” I said, hastily swallowing a quantity of tobacco-juice. I was afraid that if I discharged it on his carpet, it might give him a prejudice against me. “Will your noble Dukeness accept a cigar.”

“Thank you, but I do not smoke,” he replied somewhat coldly. “Will you kindly state your business?”

“Why, cert. I have been given to understand your Dukeness is somewhat strapped, as it were, having blowed in considerable boodle lately.”

“I—ah—hardly apprehend your meaning; I regret that my acquaintance with foreign languages is limited.”

“I mean that your Dukeness’ lavish and patriotic encouragement of the noble national pastime of horse-racing has resulted in a temporary embarrassment. Now I have a scheme to propose that’ll make you a solid Muldoon (excuse the metaphor). You have a large amount of real estate close to the town. Why not lay it out in building lots, and start a boom? Pull down your fifteen foot wall, run a few streets through, and put up signs announcing lots to be sold on instalments. You want to let a few aldermen in on the ground floor, so as to get the grading and paving of the streets done by the city. Then if we could give the *Times* and *Standard* an interest, it would help on the boom; we would of course need to publish the sales from time to time to keep up the interest. Naturally we put the figures considerably higher than the real amount paid. We must get little boom items about the rush to buy, and the intention of some man or other to start a factory in the neighborhood inserted, even if we have to pay advertising rates. You being a Duke, of course couldn’t be expected to be fly to the racket. But I can work it. Think over it; you’ve got a fortune in that vacant land. If you let me into it I’ll undertake to fix the aldermen and work the press and run the boom generally, either on fixed salary or a reasonable commission.”

The Duke had listened to me with a confused, bewildered expression on his aristocratic features. "Really," he replied, "I have hardly been able to follow you. You will pardon, I trust, my ignorance of foreign idioms. Am I to understand that you propose that I should sell some land for building purposes? If so, I fear you labor under a misapprehension. I have no land in this neighborhood available."

"What is your Dukeness givin' us? Don't you own all this vacant land right here?" said I, pointing out of the window.

"That, sir! That is my ancestral park! It has been in our family for centuries! I never was so insulted in my life! Such audacious unparalleled insolence! Leave my house instantly, sir! John, show this person to the door."

"So long, Duke," I said. "I see you don't know enough to go in when it rains. All right. The bailiffs may sell you out for all I care."

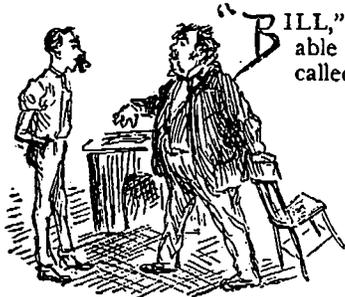
I declare it's heart breaking to see splendid chances of making a pile fooled away like that.

Yours dependently,

THE FAKIR.

### SANCTUM SKETCHES.

NO. IV.—"FOOLED ON FLATTERY."



"BILL," said the editor to the able foreman—and when he called him by this cut diminutive, William knew that his chief was more than commonly perturbed in spirit, not to say disturbed by spirits—"Bill, 'm a nin'n'rl' (hic) jackass!"

William smiled acquiescence in a subdued manner.

"Bu' you needn't shay sho, 'f I do 'mit it m'shelf (hic) 'F I shay sho (hic) I'm t' be un'sthood ash sh'lil'quis-hin—not 'dressin' public aujence. Man'll call 'shelf a fool (hic) 'n yet won't p'ennybody (hic) shecond mo'sh'n (hic) b' hish wife—(hic), shee, Bill?"

William put on a becoming look, as though the extreme gravity of the situation had fully dawned on him and he felt too full for utterance.

"Now (hic) t' bishness, Bill! Y' know ol' fler (hic) I ain't 'versh to th' taffy (hic) deal. Don' I lesh you write 'p all localsh 'n give 'em—give ever' body—(hic) shof shoap? Don' you puff, 'n puff, 'n puff (hic) th' hull com-(hic) mun'ty, till you make me shicker 'n a cow? Yesh, I do (hic), cosh why? Cosh 'm a darn (hic) chump! Fac'! Been shinkin' 't wash a good (hic) move. Make money by 't. Make folksh (hic) b'lieve I wash ra'l'n good fler.

"Pshaw! W'ash (hic) all 'mount to (hic) an' way? 'W'ash ush me try'n 't on too? (hic) 'N't I lash' week shay (hic) Col. Jonesh wash mosh prom't man 'n villagsh? (hic) Wha' d' do t'day? Shtop's paper, cosh I charged (hic) charged 'm dollar 'n 'alf year when (hic) he didn't pay 'n 'vansh. Shez (hic) 'yer darnol' ragsh no good 'nyway! Only 'l' in housh fur char'ty!' 'N me (hic) me puffin' 'm 'n puffin' 'm, ri' shtraight 'long fur yearsh 'n yearsh—doin' more (hic) t' bringsh ol' carcash (hic) 'nto not'it'y 'n 'f he wash m' own brother!

"Wha' d' I shay 'bout Dr. Doshem? Shaid he wash mosh sk'l'l' practish (hic) tish'ner 'n thish dis'trict, 'n well earned (hic) high 'pinion all knew 'm!



### THE ENQUIRING MIND.

BOBBY.—"What's the matter with the baby, Ma?"

MOTHER.—"I've just been nursing him, Bobby, and he coked a little."

BOBBY.—"Did he get a bone in his throat, Ma?"

"Wha' d' he shay t' me yesh'day? Shaid' f I didn't quit writin' ed'tor'l rot—calish m' articles rot—'n give people shome newsh—shome *newsh* (hic) min' you!—he'd go work 'n take hish card out! (hic) Blash picture! 'Ve good min' shtudy up m'shelf 'n shart op- (hic) op'shish'n doctor shop!

"Wha' d' I shay 'bout our member (hic) t'her day? Big article—gr't shtashm'n—doin' gran' shervish country—be in cab'net shome day—loved 'n r'shp'ct'd b' ali's consh- (hic) shtit'nts!

"Wha' d' he shay t' me t'day? Tol' me fur party man 'n ed'tor he didn't shee 'ow I shp'cted pop'lar'ty fur th' paper (hic) when I didn't know wha' shide I wash (hic) wash on! Geewhit (hic) iker! How (hic) I've worked fur th' party, day 'n night (hic), shtump'd, canvassh'd, wrote articl'sh, paid m' own 'shp'nsh's, walked, (hic) rode, driv'n, (hic) hooray'd, fought, (hic) bled 'n dide! Now 'm tol' 'm no good!

"Look (hic) 't all peoplsh we bring out 'bscur'ty (hic) into th' noon-tide glare fame 'n for- (hic) for'shun! We poor, 'bused coun'ry ed't'rs do more good 'n world 'n any o'r classh human beingsh! An' yet we shtom' more (hic) more gol-darn ingrat'tude 'n con- (hic) cont'mp' (hic) 'n cussed meannish frum fei'sh we—(hic) yesh, we really *make zhan* 'f we were (hic) lot darn shlavsh, by grash!

"M goin' quit, Bill! Right on shtop! 'F ever I cash you (hic) gettin' in a puff (hic) unlesh ash paid 'vert'shment, Bill—I'll (hic) shack you, Bill—by grash's, Bill, (hic) I'll fire you dead out (hic) shure'sh yer namsh wha' tish.

"Nex' week, Bill (hic) make room fur two col'mn article (hic) writ'n in col' blood 'n 'ntit'd 'Fooled on Flattery!"

"Now g' out 'n get two bottlish beer 'n we'll prosheed 't noggerate new polshy (hic)."

WHAT is the difference between a beaver and a bank president? One banks a run, and the other runs a bank.

IN what way does a colt resemble a cocoanut? Each must be broken before you can get any good out of it.



### DRINKS THE BEST.

BROWN.—“What do you pay for your whiskey, Dumley?”

DUMLEY.—“I (*hic*) don't drink nothin' less than fifteen cent goods, Brown.”

BROWN.—“I don't mean by the drink. What do you pay for it by the barrel?”

### MORE OF AIRLIE'S DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP—

MISTRESS AIRLIE nae doot thocht she was a lang-headed woman when she moved oot o' oor last hoose just afore the Exhibition, but I vera sune fand oot the meanin' o' t' a'. There's sic a thing as the pooer behind the throne, Maister GRIP, and the pooer behind the throne in my hoose is—ma Mither-in-Law. Aye! she's aye livin' yet, the auld limmer; an' what's waur, she's likely tae live. The ither mornin' ma collar button flew off, an' as I had sleepit in, there was nae time tae dae ocht but preen't thegither the best way I cud till the morn's mornin'. Sae I got haud o' a preen an' was preenin' the collar on, when didna the infernal thing glance aff the stiff starch an' rin up an inch-an'-a-half intae ma thoomb! I gaed tae look for a clot and what should I find but a letter frae ma mither-in-law stowed awa in the rag bag! I tied up ma thoomb an' sat doon on the edge o' a kist tae overhaul the epistle. Here is a'e extract after twa three lines mair or less complimentary tae masel:—“Take my advice and get out of that hoose—for there's twenty-two people that I know of who have all told me separately that they intend coming to stay with you during the Exhibition. Give your neighbors the hint to say that you have moved to the eastern part of the city, and, of course, once they go they won't come back. You try and manage Airlie; but don't for the life of you let him see my finger in the pie.”

Aye, aye, ma leddy! thinks I, so that was the reason o' yer movin' and a' yer faut-fandin' wi' the hoose we left—eh, who can be up tae a woman? I'll just leave it tae yersel' noo if that was a way tae tak advantage o' a puir innocent man! Garrin' him sneak oot o' the claims o' hospitality as clean as though he had been a somnambulist led by the nose! I had a sair worstle wi' ma feelin's Maister GRIP, but I got the upper hand o' masel' an' forgave her freely—in fack, I felt I cud forgie her the same trick the morn again—for twa reasons. First—sic an invasion o' the Goths as that letter pointed tae wad hae laid me under eternal obligations tae the corner grocery an' the butcher; secondly—in consideration o' the way she has been punished in the flesh for movin' intae this hoose. Yes, sir, when I thocht on that, I cud even forgie the pooer behind ma domestic throne. The hoose we moved intae here, had, it seems, been formerly

tenanted by the Reverend Wiry Jones, whaever he may be. The very first day after we were settled doon, I was sittin' enjoyin' a tatie an' a baffed herrin', when the maist terrific ring at the bell gart me hap off ma seat like a grasshopper. The wife glowered at me an' says solemnly, “Hugh, ye'll better gang tae the door, that bell's waukened the bairn.” Tae the door I gangs after layin' ma tatie an' ma herrin' on the stove tae keep warm till I cam back, an' the meenit I opens the door a red-headed fellow grabs me by the hand and says, like as his heart was in his moo:—

“Hc w *do* you do, how *do* you do—I am so glad of the privilege of making your acquaintance. I have read some of your articles and I must say I quite coincide with your views on these subjects.”

Tae say I was flattered wad be only speakin' the truth in a mild form; the fack was, I was sae uplifted tae think ma GRIP letters were sae appreciated that I speirt if he wadna come in.

“With the greatest of pleasure,” says he, an' wi' that in he steppit intae the parlor.

At length, after crackin' awa an' interchangin' views on a' an' sundry topics, he speirt if I wad hae any objections tae fill their poopit up in Sawbuckville some Sunday. I tell't him I thocht I cud fill their poopit creditably enough, only I wad look queer withoot a white choker on, but I micht buy ane for the occasion.

The fellow lookit at me an' said, “Ah, I presume you are a man of broad, of advanced democratic ideas, who objects to be tied down to formalities in dress, etc.”

“Oh no!” says I, “for instance, I believe in wearin the breeks especially in ma ain hoose, an' as for white ties, weel they're ower easy dirtied—that's a' the objection I hae tae them.”

“And do you preach and lecture in an ordinary necktie?” he cries oot, wi' something like horror in his een. I laughed.

“Preach,” says I; “I never preached in a' my life, an' as for the lecturin' I leave that tae Mrs. Airlie.”

“Mrs. Airlie!—never preached in your life!—I presume I am speaking to the Rev. Wiry Jones?”

“The Rev. Wiry wha?” says I, a wee bit angry like, for the smell o' that burnin' herrin' was gettin' unbearable.

“The Rev. Wiry Jones, sir,” says he, rising to his feet.

“Wiry here, or Wiry there, there's nae Wiry Jones here; I waut ye tae ken that ye're speakin' tae Hugh



### REVENGE IS NAUGHTY, BUT IT'S NICE.

REV. W. T. WILSON (*to dismissed policeman*)—“Haw, Jarvis move on there, will you!!”



IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

Airlie, Esquire, a representative o' the fourth estate, sir—a man that cam near being Mayor o' Toronto no sae lang since syne."

"I beg your pardon," says the fellow humbly slippin' meekly oot tae the door; "I have made a mistake; I took you for the Rev. Wiry Jones; I was told he lived here."

"No," says I, "I live here—an' if ye had haen half an e'e in yer head ye micht hae seen there's naething Wiry about me." Wi' that I steekit the door on, the creatur' an' ran in tae feenish ma dinner. But wae's me! there was ma herrin' on the stove burnt till a cinder; Mistress Airlie up the stairs tryin' tae get the bairn tae sleep again; the cat on the table feenishin' the milk in the cream joog, an' the dowg just lickin' his lips after feenishin' the black puddin' I was keepin' for ma dessert. That was ma first experience o' the new hoose; next week ye'll get the rest o't frae yer afflicted freen,

HUGH AIRLIE.



GLINTING 'neath the electric light,  
Gaily shone the ladies' dresses;  
With mirth and gladness eyes were bright,  
And roses decked the fair ones' tresses.

Youth and Pleasure (Love's alliance),  
Strong in the Present's blissful glow,  
Flung to Care a brave defiance,  
And mocked the Future's chance of woe.

And happy faces moved around,  
With smiling lips and laughing eyes,  
As if each heart that eve had found  
Earth's dearest and most joyous prize.

But one there was in that gay crowd  
Who sat apart and mused alone;  
Whose head in anguish low was bowed,  
Whose lips were pressed in stifled moan.

His handsome face seemed Sorrow's throne  
His youthful brow was Grief's abode;  
Fell Care had marked him for her own,  
And laid on him her darkest load.

But see, from out that festive throng,  
Comes one whose sweetly troubled face  
Speaks of her love, so pure and strong,  
Though half concealed with charming grace.

"My loved one, speak! What is thy woe?  
What is the grief thy bosom bears?  
Why droops thy head so mournful low?  
Whence spring thine anxious, gnawing cares?"

This night of all, oh, 'tis too bad!  
(Thou so prone to fun and frolic)  
Ah! tell me, why art thou so sad?"

"My dear—OH, DEAR!!—I've got the colic!"

Wabigoon.

E. W. L.



YOUNG LIBERALISM AND OLD GRITISM.

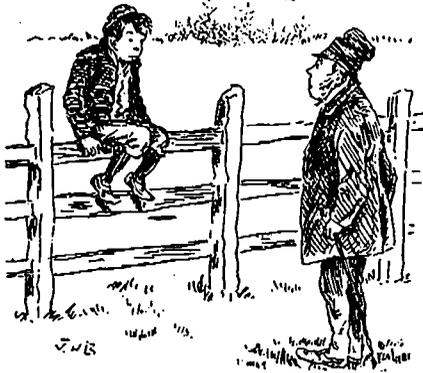
THE ELDERLY PARTY.—"I was thinking, my son, that it would be better if we both held our meetings in the Reform Club yonder."

THE JUNIOR.—"I differ with you. And, look here, old gentleman, don't go calling me your 'son.' I want you to understand that the relationship between us is one of sympathy and not of dependence. Do you tumble?"

EPIGRAMMATA.

LORD RONALD GOWER! we have no need to pat you,  
Yet still must thank you for the Stratford statue;  
"Do Canucks study Shakespeare?" We should—rather!  
English is our mother tongue—we call him Father.

Bergman declares Mackenzie struck the blow  
That laid the German Emperor Frederick low;  
Mackenzie answers, Bergman is a blower,  
And by his bungling laid the Emperor lower.



### HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

SEEDY TRAVELLER (to boy sitting on fence)—“ Say, sonny, can you tell me where Mr. Jellup lives ? ”

Boy—“ Yes, I kin.”

S. T.—“ Ah, thanks, my good little man ! And where did you say the house was ? ”

Boy—“ I didn't say, Mister.”

S. T.—“ Well, will you do so ? ”

Boy—“ Not much. I live there myself 'n my dog's there, 'n I'm a trainin' 'im down to de fightin' pint, cause he's got ter fight Jim Bragg's dog termorrer. He's ez hungry ez er duck at daylight, 'n I want 'im to make his nex' meal of 'n dog. Ef you go there he'll see yer 'n ef he sees yer he'll sail inter yer quicker'n dad's blessin' at meal time, 'n there's enuff grease in them togs o' yourn to feed 'im fer a week. Nop, I don't think I kin tell yer. Ef I did, Jim's dog would scrub de earth with Tige when de mill comes off.”

### A CONSISTENT PROTECTIONIST.

A TRUE Protectionist am I,  
And do not know the reason why  
Those who for increased tariffs shout  
Should fear their views to carry out.

Home markets are the things we need  
To save ourselves from foreign greed,  
And native capital and labor  
Thrive best by keeping out our neighbor.

This being so—as all agree  
Except Free Traders—don't you see  
'Twould benefit Ontario  
To give Quebec no sort of show.

So we should raise a tariff wall,  
Nor dicker with Quebec at all ;  
The blue-nose provinces, likewise,  
Should pay a tax on all supplies.

So far so good, but why stop there ?  
For I can hardly think it fair  
That places rich by nature's bounty  
Should flood with goods a poorer county.

To strictly carry out my view  
We'd need a township tariff, too ;  
If each itself could isolate  
All must ere long grow rich and great.

Or, if they did not, it would be  
Because in each community  
One portion still might make a raid  
And carry off their neighbor's trade.

To fully carry out protection,  
We must empower each school section  
Its market to preserve intact  
And rigid tariff laws enact.

And then, to make the scheme complete,  
Draw lines across each village street ;  
Or else some greedy merchants may  
Sell goods to folks across the way.

But still there will be people there  
Who will not get of trade their share  
Until, to get the thing down fine,  
Round each man's lot you draw the line.

No need abroad for trade to roam,  
Each finds his market right at home,  
And if the theory's correct,  
Prosperity all might expect.

And yet, and yet, I have my doubt ;  
The thing I've clearly reasoned out,  
My chain of logic shows no break,  
But surely there is some mistake.

I cannot tell, I only go  
According to the facts I know,  
For surely men could hardly live  
Without the aid their neighbors give.

But if protective schemes are right,  
The facts must be remodelled quite ;  
It's clear to me they do not fit—  
Some wiser brain must settle it.

### THE SHORT-HANDER.

IN a moment of distraction,  
And an hour of fancy's flight,  
With a thirst for higher knowledge  
And aspiring for more light—  
I determined to learn Shorthand,  
And dash it off with ease,  
When golden guineas would be sure  
To grow as thick as pease.

So I started this dumb language  
With a “ System ” most complete ;  
With a temper quite angelic,  
And a pencil stock replete,  
All sharpened to a nicety,  
And my paper all a-rule.  
Now, my temper's sharp, and pencils dull,  
And I've nearly grown a fool.

My spelling, which had ever  
Been a source of grave delight,  
Here indulged in fancy capers  
As ri-t “ rit ” for “ right ; ”  
And betimes the curves and accents  
Rose and smote me on the brain ;  
While the ever changing angles  
Caused me long and bitter pain.

Such curves and sprawling figures !  
Circles twisted ! angles bent !  
Why, a thing that stood for “ duty ”  
Was the stay-pole of a tent  
While “ love ” and “ kisses, ” charming  
In their native element,  
Look'd quite crooked and alarming,  
Symbols dire of discontent.

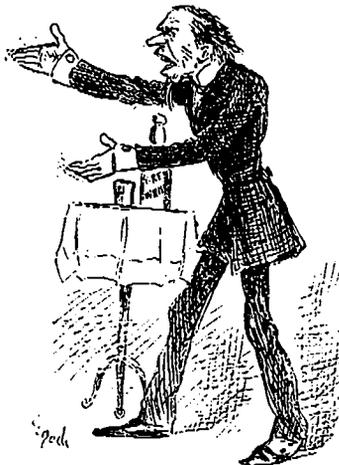
The awful hieroglyphics  
That stood for “ charming man, ”  
Was a skeleton umbrella  
And a battered oyster can.  
While a “ Wesleyan Society, ”  
That orthodox old clan,  
Looked just like a *ballet dancer*  
In a sort of mild “ can-can. ”

Thus I floundered through the stages  
Of this “ System, ” till my bones  
Came poking through the tissue,  
And asleep I uttered groans.  
Thus they plagued me, and perplexed me  
And unbalanced my poor brain—  
Oh ! I wish I never started !  
But alas ! that now is vain.

For like thunder comes the tidings,  
Turning triumph into moan :  
“ Shorthand has been superseded  
By Van-Bubble's Chat-a-phone. ”



THE "MAIL'S" CHRONIC NIGHTMARE.



ON THE STUMP.

"WHY," shouted an impassioned Republican orator, "why, I say, was not Daniel eaten up in the lion's den?"

Then in a low, thrilling whisper he answered the question himself:

"Because, my friends, they were British lions, and thought that Daniel might be a Democratic free-trader!"

### CONFESSIONS OF A CIVIL SERVANT.

PAPER NO. 2.



I HAVE often been in the office of Telloonus, of the Cut-and-dried, where "extra-work" is given out to ladies; the latter being in some cases very deserving of the employment, and writing remarkably neat hands—this latter having often led me to think that it would be better in some cases to have the positions of some permanent male clerks reversed.

There was, however, a quantity of ill-written, miserably-spelled and punctuated copying which was merely "counted" and then bundled away on some musty shelf, totally unfit for use, and to be transferred to the waste-paper basket at some future and consistent date—the writer, meanwhile, receiving her cheque at the same proportion as that of the better and more practicable work.

Smoking was prohibited in the two departments—nominally. For instance, when the Minister of our department intimated to our deputy that he would visit the offices on a certain afternoon, the deputy would send for Fitzallen, and say:—

"Mr. Fitzallen, the Minister will probably pay your room a visit this afternoon"—or perhaps it would be some peering, curious M.P. of the Opposition—"about three o'clock; see that everything is clear."

So we knew what that meant from the *air* in which he spoke.

Fitzallen would only say "ya-as"; well knowing that he would not be returned from lunch at that hour, or probably be playing cricket on the House of Commons grounds.

So of course we smoked—even the grate enjoyed *that* forbidden privilege.

One of the *disinterested* and honorable systems employed in the civil service, and which I have particularly noticed, is that of promoting messengers—worthy fellows!

who have shown their abilities for gossiping and reading the dailies, and who have been scrawling their names on sheets of paper in the waiting rooms ever since they entered the service—to the envied positions of *clerks*.

When I got my first leave of absence I was given to understand that I was receiving a great favor; and as I was to be back on a certain Monday morning on account of some supposed important work, the deputy said he left it to my *honor* to be at my desk at that time. As I didn't have any honor myself, I borrowed some of the brand he used himself, and—didn't come back. I soon learned, however, that in most cases the man who did least work was most respected.

I often wondered how Fitzallen on his seventy-five dollars a month managed to live as he did. He was married now and lived in a stylish brick house on Snob avenue; dressed expensively, as did his wife; went to Government House balls; gave a party now and then, and cut a fashionable figure—cutting also two or three of his old friends who had piloted him through certain financial straits during his first existence in the city. He always spoke to me when he was alone; and was, in fact, most cordial if we happened to meet out walking in the country, or when he was entirely unobserved by his social equals—Heaven bless the mark!

But when he was with his wife or her friends, and saw me from afar, something more attractive than my humble self drew his attention; and I generally reconciled my fast vanishing pride by gazing in at a shop window until he had passed; and for which he thanked me heartily, I dare say. His wife was a little snob from one of the lower provinces, who had married an Englishman, and so I did not blame her.

However, I soon found out the secret of Fitz's monied and social success. He frequently sent home large foolscap parcels in brown paper, which he had brought in from the secretary's room of an afternoon. Happening one day to go away suddenly and leave one of his mysterious parcels behind him, I played snob and *looked*.

I had strongly suspected that these parcels contained departmental stationery for private use, of which I knew Fitz to be fond. But I had been mistaken. Fitz's fashionable little wife, who worshipped Government House and who would have let old General Guzzleton, C.M.G., etc., etc., tread on her corns without uttering a sound, *did extra work at ten cents a page!*



HIGH BRE(A)D.

WORKINGMAN—"That chap is getting so mighty uppish lately that we're scarcely on speaking terms."

FLOSSIE—"Can I give one of my dolls to Cicely Waffles?"

MOTHER—"Certainly not, Flossie. Why do you want to?"

FLOSSIE—"Cause I find that twins are too great a charge."—*Wasp*.

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

CHAP. I.

THEY married in the beautiful month of June, and the summer sped away on the wings of love. Then the honeymoon seemed to wane. Their neighbors and friends noticed that a coldness had sprung up between the man and wife, and frequent jarring was heard in the house where heretofore nothing but billing and cooing had been heard. What had happened? Well, the cold weather had come on, and the work of putting up stoves and pipes and attending to them had proved too much for the devoted husband. Moreover, the amount of coal required made a difference in the household purse, which the lady did not relish a bit.

CHAP. II.

All is now joy and peace and love once more in that dove-cote. Whence the change? Why, they have had one of Gurney's Furnaces put in the house, and the source of all former friction has disappeared. There is now no trouble, no dust, and much less expense for coal, and the happy pair can devote the time to mutual endearments which they formerly spent in keeping the self feeders going. Gurney's Furnaces are an unspeakable blessing.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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OLD GENTLEMAN (to boy behind the but): "Haven't you got a mask, little boy?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "Why don't you wear it?"

Boy: "My big sister's wearin' it to-day."—*Epoch*.

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"It's papa's birthday next week, Johnny," remarked mamma, "and you ought to be thinking of giving him a present."

"Yairp," said Johnny.

"You hadn't forgotten it, had you?"

"Yop."

"Then you hadn't thought of anything to give him?"

"Nawp."

"Let's see. You've saved up two dollars, haven't you?"

"Yup."

"Then don't you think it would be a good thing to give him a real nice, new pair of slippers?"

"Whap."

"A nice new pair of slippers, with red morocco—"

"Nawp!" said Johnny, with solid emphasis: "what's the matter with giving my money to the heathen?"—*Puck*.

MIKE CANADA.

THE haddock's feet are on thy shore,  
Canada, my Canada;  
The halibut is at the door,  
Canada, my Canada;  
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,  
For codfish, hake and mackareel,  
Arise and meet the Yankee steal,  
Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cover in the brine,  
Canada, my Canada;  
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line.  
Canada, my Canada;  
Defend thy sculpin, save thy skate,  
Strike for thy shad with soul elate,  
Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait,  
Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race,  
Canada, my Canada;  
Put up your swordfish in its place,  
Canada, my Canada;  
If for reprisal you would sue,  
Just turn your other cheek—please do,  
And take a Yankee smack or two,  
Canada, my Canada.  
—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle*.

MR. AVOIRDUPOIS (to young Physician): "Slimshort told me, doctor, that you cured him of rheumatism in less than two weeks, and you've been working at me for over a month."

YOUNG PHYSICIAN: "Yes, sir; but you are a good deal bigger man than Slimshort."—*Epoch*.

DEAFNESS CURED.—A very interesting 132-page Illustrated Book on Deafness. Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

An American Church paper has the following: A practical revivalist requested all in the congregation who paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. After they had taken their seats, a call was made for those who didn't pay their debts, and one solitary individual arose, who explained that he was the proprietor of a Church paper, and could not pay because the rest of the congregation were owing him their subscriptions.

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MAGISTRATE: "Are you guilty or not guilty, Uncle Rastus?"

UNCLE RASTUS: "I specs' I wont declar' myself, yo' honah. Yo' see, sah, if I should say I was guilty, an' de gemmen ob de jury fin' me not guilty, den dey could sen' me up fo' pleuris or some sech crime in law. So I prefers to remain quiet, but non-committal."—*Epoch*.

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KEEPING HIS AGREEMENT.

CITIZEN—"I sold you that mule, Uncle Rastus, on the condition that you were to pay so much a week, and if the payments were not promptly made I was to have the animal back." You haven't paid me a cent in two months."

UNCLE RASTUS.—"Yuse right, Mistah Smif, dat was de 'greement, and I'se willun ter lib up to it. De mule died last week, an' yo kin fetch him soon's yo like."—*Epoch*.

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**Business Index.**

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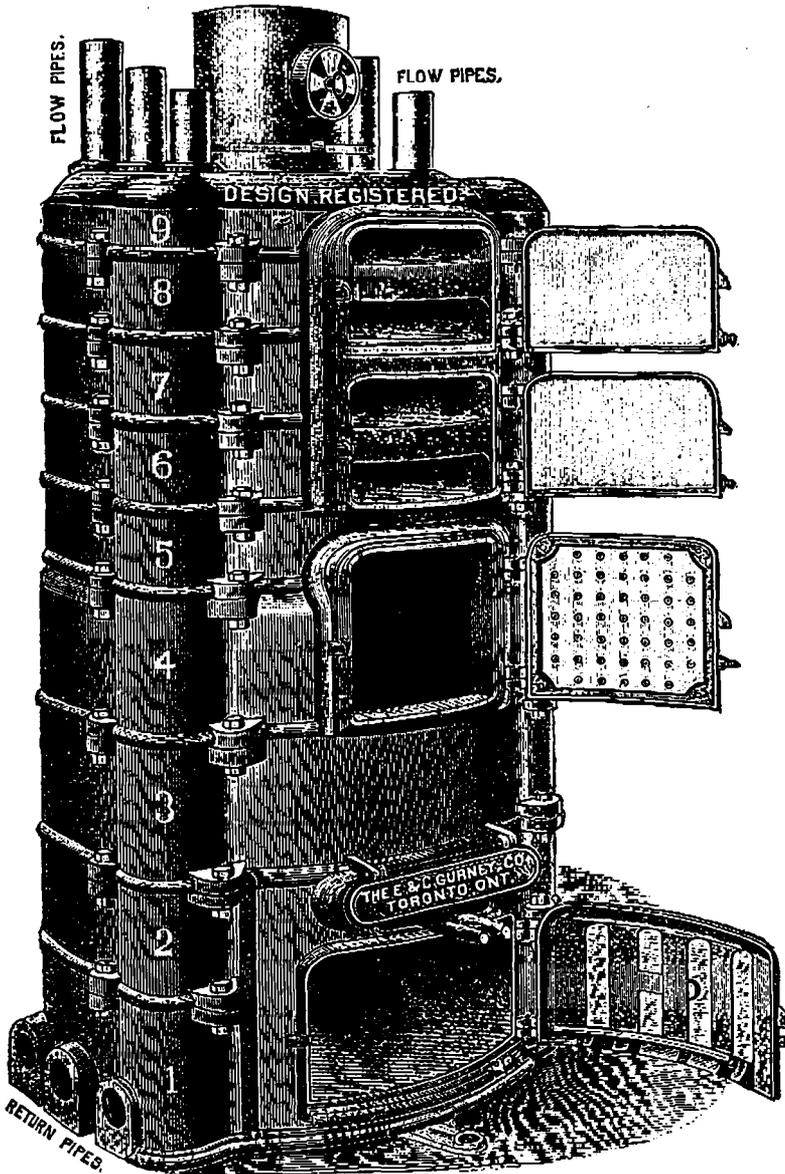
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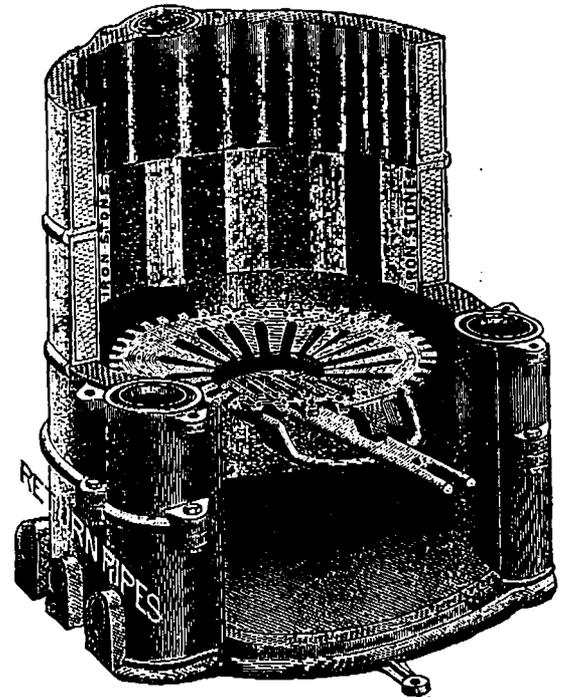
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