

GRIP

GRIP CO. ENGR.



A TIMELY QUOTATION.

North-West Indian—

“ Our sacred treaties are infinged and torn,
 Laughed out of sanctity and spurned away,
 Used by the Long-Knife's slave to light his fire,
 Or turned to kites by thoughtless boys, whose wrists
 Anchor their fathers' lies in front of heaven ! ”

Sir John (applauding)— AHEN! MAIR'S "TECUMSEH"! FINE POETRY AND WELL SPOKEN! (*Aside*) BUT MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY, HANGED IF IT ISN'T!

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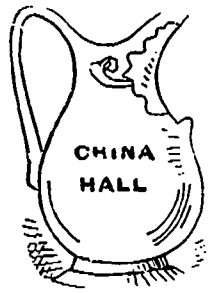
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SIR,—Having tried your celebrated St. Leon Mineral Water, I can testify from experience, of its efficacy in the cure of Dyspepsia and Habitual Constipation. I have tried a number of so-called remedies, but most emphatically declare this to be the only permanent cure. Yours truly,
JAMES JAMESON F.S.S.A.

TORONTO, DEC. 23, 1886.

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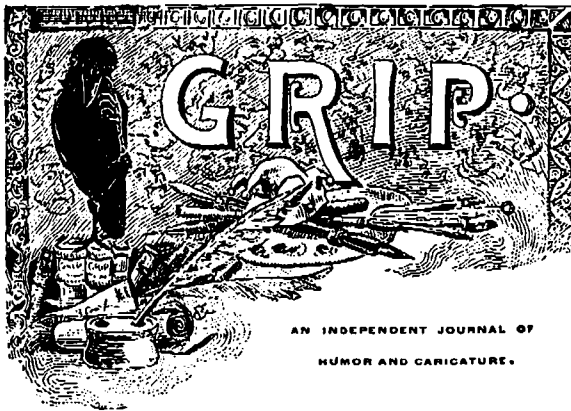
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Published every Saturday. \$2 per year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 5 cents. All business correspondence to be addressed to J. V. WRIGHT, General Manager; literary matter, sketches, etc., to the EDITOR.

J. W. BENGOUGH EDITOR.

VOL. XXVIII. TORONTO, JAN. 29TH, 1887. No. 5.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

Comments on the Cartoons.



A WANT OF CONFIDENCE.—The Government is relying entirely upon the N. P. to carry the present election, and if Mr. Blake can convince the high tariff advocates and those manufacturers who are benefited thereby, that a Reform victory does not necessarily mean a return to a tariff for revenue only, he will “at one fell blow” destroy the hopes of the Cabinet. It will require a good deal in the way of argument and persuasion, no doubt, to remove the rooted prejudice against the Reform party which has found lodgment in the breasts of manufacturers. It is hard for many of them to believe that their interests would be safe in the hands of Sir Richard Cartwright, whom they regard as a fanatical free trader, and who is sure to be Finance Minister in the event of Mr. Blake’s accession to office. But it cannot be denied that Mr. Blake’s argument in the case is well nigh irresistible. He shows that at

present, and for a very considerable period in the future, a high tariff is an absolute necessity, a something which must be retained regardless of the theoretical views of any individual or party, on account of the financial condition of the country. He therefore has no hesitation in assuring the timid manufacturers of the preservation their advantages, and aside from the tariff question Mr. Blake, modest though he be, must have the consciousness that he is a much better boy than Sir John, and would make a much more capable ruler.

A TIMELY QUOTATION.—The splendid lines which our poet Mair puts in the mouth of one of Tecumseh’s braves, as representing the perfidy of the white man in the olden days, are, we know to our shame, perfectly applicable to-day in connection with the administration of Indian affairs both in Canada and the United States. Surely this shameful record can be wiped out. Civilization, to say nothing of Christianity, demands a radical change in our dealings with the wards of the nation.

BY NO MEANS OFF HIS BASE.—The Ottawa correspondent of the *Globe* told a long yarn in last Saturday’s issue, conveying the idea that Sir John Macdonald had become insane. Of course the article was given as “rumor.” It should have found a resting place in the waste-basket at once, but with characteristic stupidity it was printed—greatly, of course, to the damage of the cause the *Globe* seeks to help. To still further aggravate the blunder, the *Globe* had an editorial comment in which it stigmatized the report as in all probability a canard. Such it turns out to have been, and now hundreds of indignant Grits want to know what was gained by

giving it publicity. Even if unhappily well founded, the *Globe* ought to be the last paper to publish such a thing, knowing how readily its motives might be misconstrued.

MR. CHAPLEAU has, according to a late report, seceded from the Tory party and started a show of his own—an organization that, it is confidently expected, will catch the bolters of Quebec and all others who are dissatisfied with the existing parties. The new party doesn’t seem to have any platform, which is convenient, and very like Chapleau.

IN A CITY DRUG STORE.

“WELL, young fellow,” said the man with a large and influential overcoat, as he put down a quarter on the counter, “I guess you may gimme a box of Brown’s Bronkile Torches.”

And as the young man deftly effected the exchange he inquired pleasantly, “How’s everything in Parkdale?”

THE PROFESSOR HEARD FROM.

“A GALLANT chevalier, *sans pair et sans reproche*,” is a quotation, Ethelinda, which you will meet with quite frequently in polite literature. You must not imagine that Bayard, the gentleman who first registered these words for transmission abroad, was a *chevalier d’industrie*; for if, after having had the deal, he had no more to show for it than even a pair, it is altogether probable that his conscience, dear, would have reproached him, you know.

W. J. H.



JOHN W. RANSONE, one of the rising comedians of the day, is amusing the patrons of the Toronto Opera House in his play, “Across the Atlantic.”

“SAINTS AND SINNERS,” the present attraction at the Grand, is one of the purest and best plays that has yet been given here. It is worth going a long distance to see.

REV. JEFFREY HILL, of Chatham, who is widely known in Anglican circles as a clever manipulator of the crayon, is giving a series of pleasant entertainments in this city. His subject is “Boys and Girls,” which he illustrates with rapid sketches. He will appear on Thursday evening at St. Stephens, and on Friday at Grace Church school room. A silver collection in aid of a deserving charity will be taken.

It ought to be more generally known that a series of Popular Saturday Night Concerts is in progress at Shaftesbury Hall, under the auspices of the Sons of England Society. The programmes given are first-class, though the admission fee is but 15 cents, with reserved seats 25 cents. This week the concert is under the management of Mr. Harry Blight, the always popular vocalist, who will be assisted by Mr. Sims Richards, tenor; Mr. Jas. Fax, comique; Mr. J. W. Bengough, (in rapid crayon sketches); Mrs. Carter, soprano; Mrs. Blight and Miss Eva Siddall, pianists. The programme will be one of the best yet provided.

TO INSPECTOR ARCHABOLD.

Its more power to yer elbow I'm wishin', machree !
 Sure yourself's badly wanted in this very town ;
 An' yer head I musht pat fur the way that I see
 You've got thim two devils of Hinton's sint down.

Though, bedad ! I musht say that a year is too small,
 For tormintin' an' roashtin' an eight-year ould child ;
 An' be jabers ! if I'd any say in't at all,
 Its wid hot tar an' feathers they'd soon be well iled.

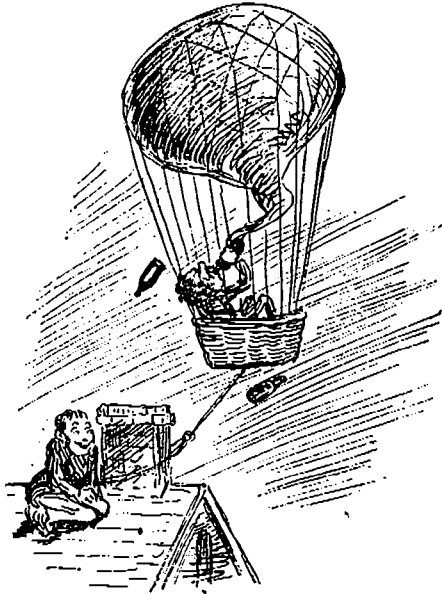
Och sure 'tis me heart that is broke wid the pity,
 At all the sad sights I musht daily behould ;
 An' the way that poor horses are driv in this city,
 'Ud make a man cry "have we no Archabould ?"

Jist luck at thim shreet cars ! sich tuggin' an' strainin'
 Poor helpless dumb bastes wid no langwidge to cry,
 The crowds pilin' on whin its snowin' or rainin',
 Till the poor horse drops down in its harness to die.

Musha now, Archabould ! can't yez shpake to his Worship ?
 Shure he's doin' a deal, but shull he can do more ;
 Can't we shtop overcrowdin' thim cars—an' so hush up
 This shame and disgrace to our city? ashtore.

Och ! a foine moral city we are to be shure !
 An' blarney so cheap ! an' the way its spread on !
 Wid red-handed cruelty havin' the flure,
 And the good Christians deaf to the dumb craythures' moan.

We'll belave all this blarney the day we behould
 Christ's law rule the city—not mammon's indade ;
 An' whin this is our motto an' yours Archabould,
 " He prays best who loves best the craythures God made."
 BARNEY O'HEA.



A SKETCH FROM THE CLOUDS.

DEAR READER,—Were you ever in a baloon ? I mean sky-high ? If not, you may not be uninterested in the experiences of one whose aerial voyage of last week will ever be remembered by himself as one of the most daring feats in the annals of aeronautics. For eighteen months past a baloon ascension has been my sole ambition, and during that period I patiently constructed a baloon in the garret of my dwelling on Yonge Street. I will not detail the troubles I had in making my cloud-scraper, for they were manifold. Let it suffice to say that Scroggins and myself finished our machine on the 9th January last, and

proceeded to inflate it. Scroggins filled it in about three hours with his own gas. We had secured it to the roof, and as we mounted the ropes and placed our provisions and instruments in the car, we experienced all the noble sensations of pride, etc., that attend successful adventurers. Not knowing how long we might be absent, we placed the following necessaries in the cupboard we had erected in the car :—

Coal oil stove, 3 polonics, 1 box crackers, 2 bottles hot pickles, 1 bottle stewed prunes, 1 doz. oranges, 1 lb. tea, 1 tin condensed milk, 2 doz. Labatt's beverage, 1 spirit lamp with kettle, 2 muddlers, 1 doz. Walkerville liquid, 1 cocoa-nut and 1 lb. tobacco. Besides these articles we took 4 carrier pigeons, paper and pencil, 1 cat with four kittens, and twenty-seven bricks for ballast.

Having seated ourselves comfortably, Scroggins cut the rope, and before he could seize the ladder, the baloon shot suddenly in the air with marvellous rapidity, and I found myself alone on my perilous voyage. Feeling sorry for Scroggins, I threw him a bottle of Walkerville and a muddler. I at once proceeded to take notes, and to save space will transcribe them entire.

9th January, 10 a.m.—4,000 feet over Hanlan's Island. Very cold. Ate 1 polony and 12 crackers. Drank 2 bottles Labatt and ½ bottle Walkerville. Curious phenomena—Saw 2 suns and 2 balloons. Probably mirage.

11 a.m. Commenced descending. Threw out 4 bricks, 2 kittens, 3 empty bottles. Entered a cloud.

3 p.m.—Passed through a rain-cloud with difficulty, having to swim several miles. Drank 1 bottle Walkerville to prevent cold. Could see people plainly on Yonge street, probably through cloud-rifts.

5 p.m.—Commenced to snow. Baloon violently started to descend, shaking fearfully. Threw out 1 cat, 2 kittens, 5 empty bottles, 2 polonics and 19 bricks. Curious delusion, sounds of bad language in Scroggins' cracked tone of voice. Am I going mad ?

6 p.m.—Very cold. Finished Labatt's beverage. Threw out the pigeons, forgetting to open the cage. Shot up suddenly many miles.

8 p.m.—Shower of small stones in my car—probably meteoric ; also a shingle and 2 beer corks. Moon rises, so does baloon. Threw out prunes, oil stove, tea, etc., also all empty bottles, leaving 1 bottle Walkerville and tobacco.

10 p.m.—Nearly frozen. Shall try to sleep. Moon's higher than baloon. Where am I ? Baloon shakes horribly and I notice a rapid decension. More showers of stones, mixed with plaster, finishing with a billy-cock hat, which, on examination, looks much like Scroggins' head gear.

10:15 p. m.—After terrible shaking—a series of horrid bumps, I cautiously look out. Scroggins is on my own roof pulling me in. How did I get back ? I get out and embrace Scroggins, whose head is bandaged up. He presents a sadly mutilated appearance, and the roof of my house is covered with bricks, kittens, crackers, bottles, etc. What does it all mean ? I will endeavor to explain satisfactorily next week. Yours, as usual,

P. QUILL.

P.S. (By Scroggins.)—Quill never ascended more than 10 yards. I had him fastened all the evening. My head received most of his ballast, and Quill had to be lifted out of the car and placed in bed. He was writing notes with the neck of a bottle on a shingle when pulled out of the cupboard.

THE LITERARY LIGHT!

DEDICATED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETIES OF THIS CITY AND OTHERS.

If you're anxious for to shine in the literary line
 As a man of culture rare,
 You must start with ancient writers,
 Say the prehistoric fighters
 Whose remains are everywhere ;
 You must certainly decipher what was cut by some old knife or
 Flint axe upon the surface of a stone ;
 And be able to translate, at first sight at any rate,
 Rudimentary cartoons upon a bone ;
 And everyone will say when they hear you spout away,
 Well, if that fellow knows all he says he knows, which is all
 double Dutch to me.
 Oh ! what a most particularly clever young man this literary
 light must be !

You must freely chat of Chaucer
 As you handle cup and saucer
 At afternoon high tea ;
 And proclaim that Maudeville,
 As a wielder of the quill,
 Was a great celebrity.
 You must also mention Gower
 As a sweet poetic flower
 In a period most desolate of verse :
 And talk of Wyckliffe's prose,
 And the rugged way it flows
 As a style that was most forcible and terse ;
 And your hearers will remark,
 As they walk home after dark,
 Well, if that party knows all about those men, which to me is
 mystery,
 Oh ! what a most astonishingly clever young man this literary
 light must be !

You must cite the Earl of Surrey,
 Leland, Cavendish and Murray,
 Roger Aschem, George Buchanan and his Psalms ;
 And the "Fairie Queene" of Spenser,
 Than which nothing is intenser,
 Or more graceful in its very tender charms ;
 You must launch out mighty hard
 On the great immortal bard,
 William Shakespeare, poet king of every age,
 And his human panoramas,
 That great legacy of dramas
 Bequeathed in trust unto the British stage ;
 And everyone will say,
 If you only talk this way :
 Well ! if that fellow's read all the things he's said as easily as
 A B C,
 Oh ! what a very wonderfully literary light this literary light
 must be. ET. CRT.



AN ALGONQUIN MAIDEN.*

OUR national intellect is expanding, Canadian literature is coming to the front, and at last we welcome a genuine Canadian novel, embodying some lively episodes of Canadian history, and illuminated by life like pen-and-ink sketches of Canadian individuality. In "An Algonquin Maiden," the authors have made a happy hit—the

* An Algonquin Maiden. By Ethelwyne Wetherald and G. Mercer Adam.

scene being laid at a time still green in the memory of several of the "oldest inhabitants," and the names even of some families referred to being pleasantly familiar to us, who lord it here on the old site of "Muddy Little York." Our interest is awakened in the very first chapter, and is pleasantly excited all the way through to the beautiful, and almost Tennysonian description of the passing of Wanda. Nothing can be finer than Miss Wetherald's realization of the untamable spirit of the woods, in the bosom of the gentle Wanda, in comparison with the perfect self-control of the white maiden, the flower and crown of civilization, born and bred in the atmosphere of a decaying aristocracy, which surrounds her dimly as the late half of Indian summer. Miss Wetherald's analytical style of dealing with feelings and motives of action, denotes an ability which ought to make for her a place in the front rank of Canadian writers.

We all know that Mr. Mercer Adam is a living encyclopedia of history, Canadian and Foreign,—but he deserves congratulation for the way he has gathered up the loose ends of the love story, and woven them into the historic chapters. GRIP bespeaks for this book an encouraging success,—but must say, he thinks such a picture as "An Algonquin Maiden," deserves a better frame than that furnished by the publishers.

A YOUNG fellow,—his name it was Mr.
Blank Blank, was with somebody's sr.
 In a neat-looking sleigh,
 And 'twas wonderful the way
 He managed the reins and all that sort
 Of thing with one hand as he kr.



THE ÆSTHETIC PREMIER.

HE APPOINTED THE TWENTY-SECOND AS ELECTION DAY
 BECAUSE THAT DATE IS 2-2!

FILKINS.

I NEVER finished telling you how I got rid of Filkins, did I? Well, you remember, the unspeakable nuisance had just snatched my telephone, when I broke off my narrative. There he stood with the affair to his ear and a look of supreme idiocy on his face.

"Why," he yelled at length, "they're going like blazes Come and listen. I fancy something is going to burs up." I inwardly prayed it might be Filkins, as I re-

marked I could not waste time. In a few seconds he had secured his friend's ear at the other end of the instrument and commenced:

"Hello! Bob! Is that you?"

"Yes! How are you?"

"Pretty well! Rather done up after last night. Did you get home all right?"

"Half past four. Had to see that girl Blinkers home. She lived about three miles away. Awful sell. Heavy weight and tired. Made my arm ache fearfully."

"Eighteen—all but two. Missed them at supper."

"What's that? Eh? Oh! yes. Deuced pretty waltz. Quite new."

"Eh? Yes! It goes like this."

Whereupon Filkins started singing in a beastly fashion something like this: "La— la— la, la, la, la, la, la— la, la— la, etc." Now Filkins has a cracked tenor and always sings as loudly as possible. It was perfectly unendurable, so I told him to stop that noise; whereupon he remarked to his friend White:

"Bob won't let me finish it; but that's how it goes. He's in a bad temper. Something's wrong in the office, I suppose."

"Eh? Riddle? No—give it us."

"What's that? Say that again."

"Why is a man asleep like a tomato? Eh?"

Filkins hereupon turned round to me and repeated the absurd riddle; but I paid no attention to him and he replied:

"Hello! Give it up."

"Eh? Because it's what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Filkins hereupon burst out into a fit of most ungoverned laughter, which so completely mesmerized the office boy that he joined in the hilarity. Peal after peal of hearty cacchination rang through the office as these idiots stood holding their sides. In vain I called the boy to order. There were only a few minutes left for the mail, so I copied my own letters and rushed round to the post office, glad to escape the awful noise and revelry. On my return, Filkins was gone; but he had left a piece of paper on my desk, on which was written, "If you want the answer to that riddle, ask the boy." On looking round for that youth, I saw him still convulsed with laughter, which he was vainly trying to suppress by stuffing a red cotton handkerchief down his throat. Calling him to my table, I paid him a week's salary and told him to go. I intend to pay Filkins a visit and bring our acquaintance to an end.

COURTSHIP v. MARRIAGE.

FIVE years to-day—oh, blessed date!
I was a ranting rover;
No care had I from morn till eve,
My time was passed in "clover."

My days passed like a fairy dream;
I thought they ne'er would vary;
My nights were threefold happier still,
When by the side of Mary.

And now to catch so rare a prize,
And reach joy's consummation,
I hurried on with buoyant glee
To fill the nuptial station.

No cloud bedimmed the honeymoon;
No transient darkening shadow;
And so methought I now had found
A perfect Eldorado!

The scene has changed—five years have fled,
And time has wrought some wonders;
The coals of love we've burned too fast,
And now we've nought but cinders.

The pet names now I hear no more—
The terms are more emphatic;
The "sweet" and "dear" have changed to "fool,"
And "darling" to "fanatic."

Her charming voice has lost its tone,
And turned an octave higher—
Of course I mustn't tell her that,
Or else I'm styled a "liar."

And when at night we go to stroll
(You know I still adore her),
How strange it seems, instinctively,
I walk a yard before her.

Yet, after all, it might be worse,
And things still more contrary;
What's done is done, and can't be changed,
No more than sulky Mary.



GRANITE ITEMS.

First Inexperienced Member—Say, Jim, how do you give a stone an "in turn" and an "out turn"?

Second do. do.—Well, when I slip with my right foot, that's the out turn, and when I slip with my left, that's the in turn.

First do. do.—Is that the only way it is done?

Second do. do.—Oh! there may be other ways, but that's as far as I've got.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-SEVEN was a bouncing boy of one month, when, wearied with the cares of editorial labor and tired of reproducing the eminent statesmen of Canada, in endless phases (pun), we lay us down on the sanctum sofa. The kettle hissed a pleasant and soothing hiss on the grate, and there were the remains of what had been a smoking glass of lime-juice on the table. Nothing stronger, on our soul, for PROHIBITION, in capitals, is written above our door. Like Socrates, our motto is, "Let no one enter here who has not studied, not Geometry, but Prohibition."

Soon care and lime-juice had vanished into dim smoke, with only the dream faces of John A., Edward Blake, and others, peering through.

The shadowy form of an old man stood before us. He had gray hair, a flowing robe, an hour-glass with the sands run through, and a broken scythe, while on his forehead

appeared 1876. He spoke :—" So, Mr. Grip, you thought I was dead, eh ?"

" Oh ! no, not dead ; only—only—"

" Exactly, departed. That's it, gone to the shades—to my numerous relations who were waiting to embrace me."

" Well, and why have you come back ? Isn't it comfortable there ? You had a good many storms made by Wiggins, and earthquakes, and wars when you were here. Surely you do not want to try it over again."

" I can't rest."

" What's the matter ?"

" Politics."

" What about politics ?"

" I'm excited. Can't sleep. Five hundred grains of opium has no effect."

" Poor shade ! Where wilt thou find peace ?"

" From GRIP. Came to see about it. Don't come regularly. Haven't taken my name off the list, have you ?"

" By no means—never do such an ungentlemanly thing till we've proved a man has no conscience, and intends to beat us out of our hard-earned cash."

" Thought so. Must be the fault of the P.O. Department. No P.M.-General to abuse down there."

" Well, we'll send a copy by special electrical express after this."

" That's right. The country would go to destruction without GRIP. The Tories say you're Grit, and the Grits say you're Tory, but you give it to them both fair and square. The *Globe* would ruin one-half of the country and the *Mail* the other half, but in the hands of GRIP the Dominion's safe."

" Stop, Stop ! Modesty forbids me to listen—"

" Can't stop. Truth must come out. Go on, most wise, fair, and funny bird. Be to 1887 what you ever were to me. Hold every humbug up to ridicule, and don't forget to send me all the clever things your pen or pencil—"

The voice grew faint. The kettle hissed louder than ever, and the dim form of 1886 curled upward in wreaths of vapor, and was lost to view. Instead, John A. winked at us over a burning coal, while Edward Blake sat meditatively on a clinker, revolving in his mind the great question of PROHIBITION.

THE INDEPENDENT RACKET—A COMEDY.

FIRST ACT.

SCENE—A private council chamber.

Present—Sir John and a chosen band of members.

Sir John—That I think is about the best way we can get out of it, however, if any of you gents can suggest any other idea, equally practicable and comprehensive, I will be glad to give it, as Mowat would remark, "my consideration."

C—n—I do not think, Sir John, that idea could be improved on. The recent straining of relations between the *Mail* and the Government, the preliminary mutual repudiations of each other's opinions, the prohibitory *coup* has all been, to my mind, the perfection of acting ; but this draft of an address to the public from the platform of honest independence takes the cake. *Ma foi !* It is the sublime of dissemblément !

W—e—Of course, the repudiation being mutual, people are more likely to be taken in by it. That is to say, more likely to consider it a genuine affair.

Sir John—With regard to this anti-Catholic crusade

these hands are clean—the *Mail* is independent—we are not responsible for its utterances, in fact we repudiate them, and call upon our brethren of the Catholic persuasion to endorse the stand we have taken against the no-popery-ites by returning me to power.

B—e—Grand ! simply grand ! I've just been worrying how the deuce we were going to get out of this corner, when—

Sir John—Slap bang ! here we are again ! ha ! ha ! As I said, our Catholic friends in Quebec and elsewhere will endorse our tacit defence of their religious principles, while on the other hand, the *Mail*, with its leaning to Conservatism, will carry double weight with the Protestants, now that it is no longer a party organ, but an independent voice.

W—e—But about the financial prosperity of the *Mail* after the supposed withdrawal of—of—

Sir John—Exactly ! but haven't you heard the rumors about the *Mail* being in a hole ? Oh, yes ! the *Mail's* in a hole ! a big hole ! the withdrawal of government pap, and so forth. Is thy servant a cat, that you should see green in his eye ?

C—n—*Pardonnez moi*, it is wonderful ! it is complete ! Your head is great my chief !

F—r—The prohibition departure then was merely preliminary to the greater *coup*. The *Mail*, of course, will support us when we bring in a prohibitory—

Sir John—Oh, the devil ! yes,—I suppose we'll have to tackle that next—better that than let Blake get the temperance votes, which I believe are on the increase, and not to be sneezed at.

F—r—Not to be sneezed at, I assure you. I happen to know from actual experience during a course—

Sir John—Excuse me, I think that's about all. Everything's arranged so that from whatever quarter the wind blows, it is entirely taken out of the sails of the *Globe*.

L—n—The *Globe*, Bah ! the *Globe* will say we but pull wool over the eyes of the people—say, it is all arranged for the party.

Sir John—Shouldn't wonder ! just like Annanias' impudence to say so. All the same, not having a party organ to fight with this election, he'll have to exercise himself with raking up old issues and making the air blue with big cuss-words, for the *Telegram* to compile a Grit dictionary out of. Gents, it's a compliment to be slandered by a man like that ! Whew ! didn't think it was so late—Foster, like a good fellow, oblige me by calling up McCarthy and Bunting—I'd like to see them as soon as possible.

At the telephone—[Exit Sir John and two members.]

F—r—Ah ! Hello ! ah, yes, yes, all right, hello ! ah, tell McCarthy and Bunting that the chief wants to see them soon. Hello ! eh ? oh ! splendid. People are bound to be gulled—gull them and they worship you—be honest and they repudiate you. You came out honest and independent, and we repudiate you—ha ! ha !—eh ? Hello ! yes, yes, the hugest joke of the season ! ha ! ha ! 'That independent ticket's the racket ! Tra-la !

POET AND PEER.

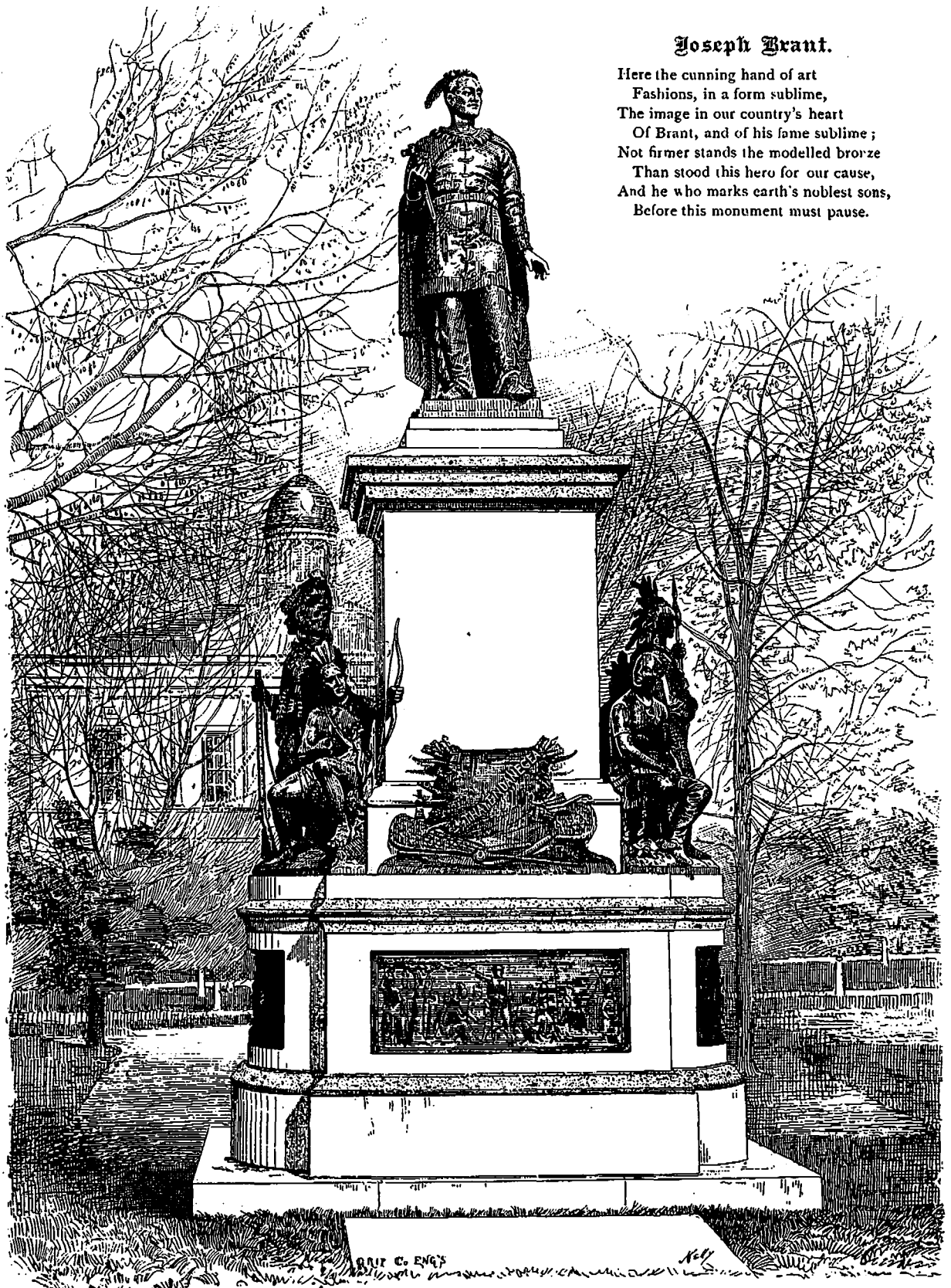
TIME by thy spell of rapture and tremulous tears,
Thine in the sway of thy wisdom, the world cried,
" Too short, O Bard, thy song !"
To-day, a thousand asses lift their ears
Unto thy singing, and bray, dissatisfied,
" How long, O Lord, how long ?"

W. J. H.

THE world moves because it cannot pay rent.

Joseph Brant.

Here the cunning hand of art
Fashions, in a form sublime,
The image in our country's heart
Of Brant, and of his fame sublime ;
Not firmer stands the modelled bronze
Than stood this hero for our cause,
And he who marks earth's noblest sons,
Before this monument must pause.



MR. PERCY WOOD'S STATUE OF JOSEPH BRANT.



A WANT OF CONFIDENCE.

Miss Canada (to the "Infant Industry")—WON'T YOU GO TO THE GOOD, KIND GENTLEMAN?

Mr. Bliss—YES, MY DEAR. I WON'T HURT YOU; IN FACT I COULDN'T IF I WANTED TO! COME, GIVE ME YOUR VOTE, AND YOU CAN HAVE THE CANDY.

A RHAPSODY.

(With intervals of frankness.)

SING my muse of my Clarisse!
Let my heart know no surcease,
Yea, and let it have no peace;
Let its love be stealthy.
Let my rhyme serenely flow
That Clarisse may surely know
How I love her. (*Breathe it low:
Her papa is wealthy.*)

Ah, her eyes are azure hue,
(*What a lie! They're faded blue,*)
And her hair is golden, too,
(*That's not so; it's tawny.*)
See her teeth—two pearly rows!
(*They are paid for, I suppose.*)
See her neck like drifted snows!
(*Yellow 'tis and scrawny.*)

Her complexion's like the rose
(*At her will it comes and goes,
And the hues with which it glows
Come from paint and powder.*)
And her voice's low, sweet ring
Is like wild birds' songs in spring.
(*'Tisn't any such a thing;
No steam-whistle's louder.*)

Oh, her hand is small and white.
(*That's a fib; her hand's a sight,
Calculated one to fright
By its dreadful grossness.*)
And the beauty of her mind,
Polished, cultured and refined—
(*Beh! she's stupid and inclined
To extreme moroseness.*)

If you could but see her dance,
'Twould enthral you and entrance;
(*Like a bear on plates she'll prance
Through a gay cotillion.*)
For her I'll no longer pine
I've resolved to make her mine,
(*And we'll live in style quite fine,
On her father's million.*)
—Rambler.

DOCTOR—And above all else, madam, no cold meats and no twice-cooked meats. I never allow them on my table. They are fatal. The great Dr. Huns has made this discovery and my experience supports his view. Patient—but what am I to do with all the cold meat? Doctor (ah, forgets himself)—I give mine to the children.

KENTUCKY man—Yes, we all like old General Clay, but I don't think he'll ever be governor, he's too crank on the temperance question. Omaha man—I did not know he was a Prohibitionist.

Kentucky man—Well, he isn't quite a Prohibitionist yet, but he's so extravagantly fond of water that we're afraid of him. Omaha man—That's it, eh? Kentucky man—Yes; maybe you wouldn't believe it, but it's a fact that he mixes a little of it with everything he drinks.—*Omaha World.*

UNCLE SAM—Got a new idea, have you? Naval Constructor—Yes, siree. I can make you a war vessel now that will meet every requirement. It's modelled after a duck. "Can it fly?" "Well, no; but it will sail like a duck." "Suppose a Canadian cruiser sees it and shoots?" "It will dive, just like a duck." "Dive out of sight?" "Clear to the bottom." "Well, I dunno. Sounds mightily like those we have now."—*Omaha World.*

AN Irish counsel, being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied: "I am concerned my lord, for the plaintiff; but I am employed by the defendant."

GRANDPA—Well, Fred, you're an uncle now. You ought to be real proud over it. Little Fred—No, I oughtn't to. I ain't no uncle. Grandpa—Why not? Little Fred—Because I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl.

SHE—How much is that a yard? He (salesman at a Western Sunday-school fair)—A kiss per yard. She—Give me ten yards. He—Will you pay now? She—Old Bridget has my money and pays all my bills to-night.

A SWISS law compels every newly-married couple to plant trees shortly after the ceremony of marriage. The pine and the weeping willow are prescribed, but the birch is allowed as being prospectively useful.—*Providence Telegram.*

AN Indian chief, who was visiting Washington at government expense, was introduced to a senator recently, who has a very bald head. The chief looked at him some moments with great interest. Finally he said: "Ugh! where you fight Injun some time?"

"DID you hear that Isaac, the pawnbroker, had recently been presented with triplets?" said Sam Sam-le. "No," replied Peabody Jamison. "But it was quite the proper thing." "Why was it?" "Three bawls you know."—*Merchant Traveller.*

It is announced that John L. Sullivan is about to publish his autobiography. Like Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales's sons and other distinguished people, he will have a literary man do the more intellectual part of the work. John will supply the facts and take care of the critics.—*The Pilot.*

"I AM positively opposed to having a choir in the church," said old Mrs. Piety to her husband, after listening to the half-operative airs of the service. "We have no account of choirs in the days of the apostles." "No," growled Mr. Piety, sally; "but you know they had other things to quarrel about."

"LOOK here," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's, "those eggs you sold me New Year's were bad." "Well, that wasn't my fault." "Whose was it, then?" "Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I am a grocery-man; I'm no mind reader."—*Washington Critic.*

THE commercial traveller of a Philadelphia house, while in Tennessee, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said, "Are you going on this train?" "I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, you can do me a favor, and it won't cost you anything. You see, I've two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one checked on your ticket, and we'll euchre them. See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you said you were going on this train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor."

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Not very long ago,
What interests the human race,
The highest and the low.

'Twas not a Grit was found to vote
Upon the Tory side,
Nor a reporter for the press
Confessed that he had lied.

'Twas not that John A. said to Blake,
'You are the better man,
Come here and step right in my place,
I can't do right, you can.'

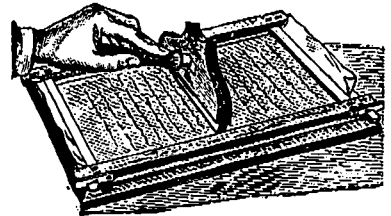
'Twas not that Blain to Howland said,
'Toronto voted fair,
Come temperance ladies, carry him
And place him in the chair.'

'Twas, "if diseased the ings should be,"
And if the blood not pure,
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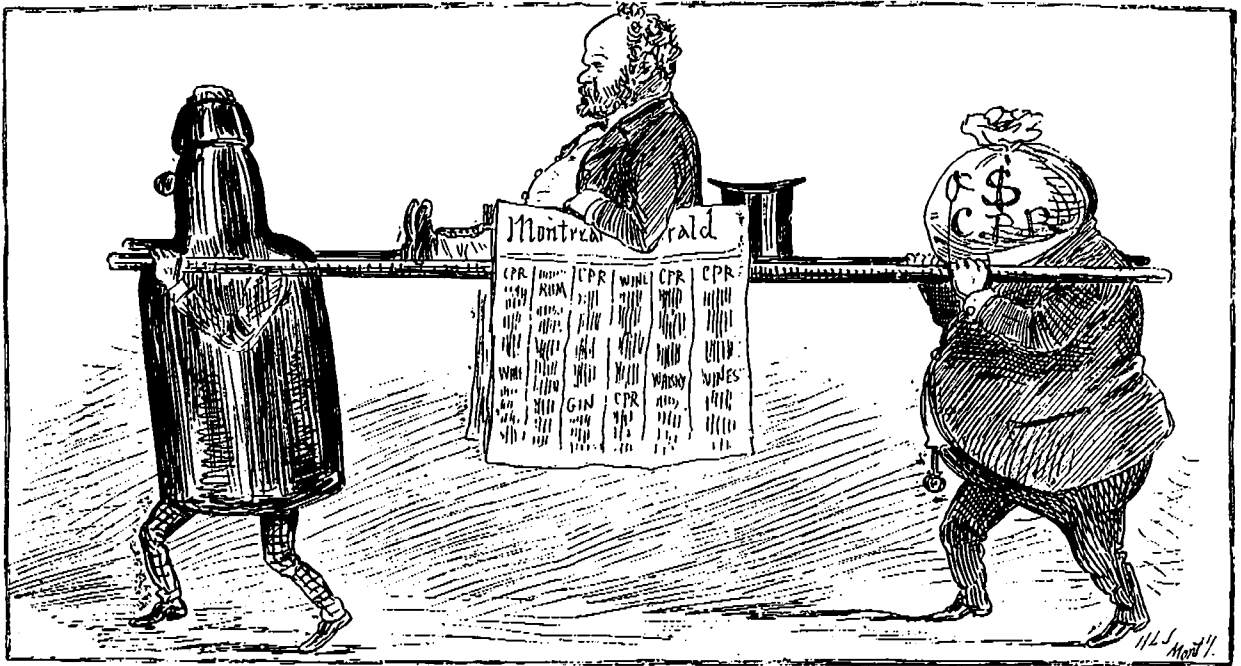
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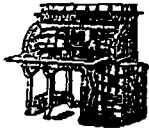
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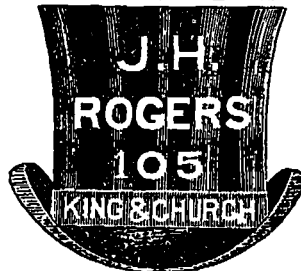
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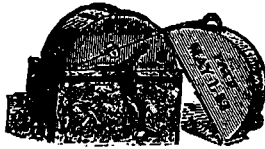
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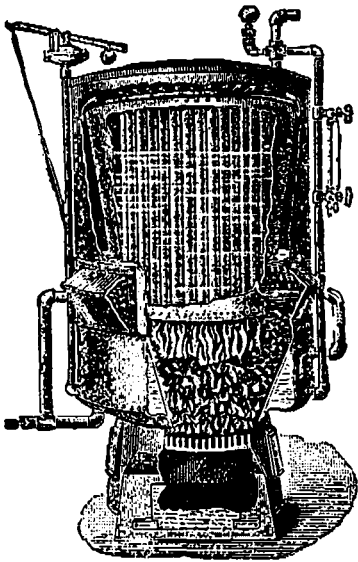
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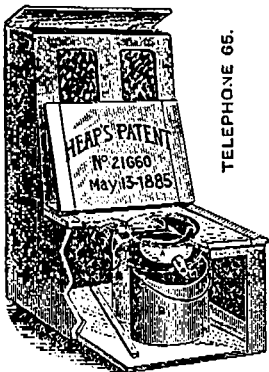
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