

* GRIP *

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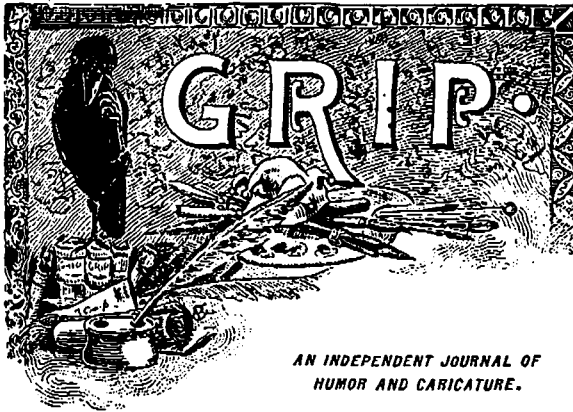
No. 16.
Whole No. 880.



NO "ARBITRARY MEASURES."

HIS REVERENCE—"Not at all, Mr. Mowat; sure, he doesn't want the ballot."

THE ATT'Y GEN.—"Oh, then, in that case of course I won't force it upon him!"



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Artist and Editor

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.
J. W. BENGOUGH.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.



ELSEWHERE in this number will be found a printed ballot. It will appear in the seven issues following, that is, up to May 31st. During these eight weeks we hope to have a lively voting competition on the question:

"Is the Mowat Government worthy of a Renewal of Public Confidence?"

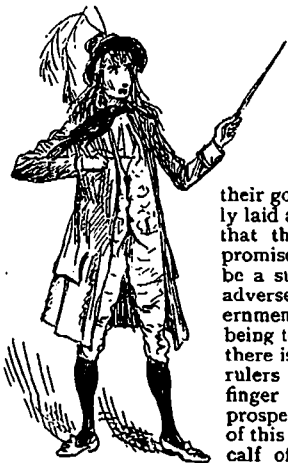
The ballots are to be cut out and forwarded to the personal care of Mr. J. W. Bengough, who will keep them safely until the fourth day of June, when they will be delivered to a committee representing both political parties to be officially counted, the result to be published in the number of GRIP for June 7th.

Ballots may be sent in open envelopes under 1 cent postage.

\$50 IN CASH

will be awarded to the person who most nearly guesses the total number of ballots that will be sent in before June 4th.

Comments on the Cartoons.



BUILDING UP CANADIAN INDUSTRY.—The debate on the Tariff, which occupied the House of Commons for more than a week, has made it clear that the Government has determined to sink or swim with the N.P. When the people of Canada regain full possession of their good sense—which they deliberately laid aside a few years ago in the hope that there might be something in the promises of the Protectionists—it will be a sure case of sink. Owing to the adverse attitude of the American Government, Reciprocity seems for the time being to be out of the question, though there is no reason to suppose that our rulers at Ottawa would have moved a finger to secure it, however bright the prospect might have been. The secret of this redoubled devotion to the golden calf of Protection on the part of the Government is not, we may hope, the

accelerated decay of such mental powers as the Cabinet possesses; it is more likely to be accounted for along the line hinted

at in our cartoon last week—the Boss of the Government Monopoly, has dictated it as his will. The pretence that the N.P. is simply a weapon with which we may win Reciprocity from our southern neighbors is now openly abandoned. Members of the Cabinet now plainly declare that it is not a means but an end, that with it they propose to "build up Canadian industry." This cant phrase has long had a catching sound on the hustings, but it has been understood always by the people in a wrong sense. No phrase could more exactly describe the results of Protection than this, when properly apprehended. We have endeavored to convey its correct meaning in the accompanying sketch. The work of "building up" Canadian industry has been going on for some years, and when it is completed Canadian industry will perish from want of fresh air. To surround a country with a high tariff wall and to put all manner of restrictions and impediments in the way of natural trade, is to "build up" a nation after the manner in which barbarian tyrants have sometimes built up individuals in air-tight cells. What our farmers, artisans and producers generally vitally need is more freedom; what the great N.P. gives them is more restraint.

No "ARBITRARY MEASURES."—Mr. Mowat is a most considerate statesman, as is shown in his action on the school ballot question. He might have made a law requiring that all school trustees, like all members of the Legislature, should be elected by the secret ballot process. This could have done no harm even in cases where voters would just as lief record their votes openly, whereas it would have been a decided boon in other cases in which voters would prefer the ballot, but might not care to offend others—the clergy, for example—by saying so. But Mr. Mowat does not make it his business to force good things upon people against their will, and when he was assured that the Separate school electors did not want the ballot, and had not asked for it, he refrained from giving it to them. Whether this assurance came from the voters themselves or from their spiritual advisers, we are not informed, but we have some faint recollection of some proceedings in the Separate School Board of Toronto in which one Mr. Cahill and a few others seemed to indicate that their objections to the ballot were not particularly strong.



BROTHER WIGGINS, of Ottawa, claims that he foretold the Louisville cyclone. Perhaps he did, but he forgot to mention that it would strike somewhere in the vicinity of Louisville. This is the trouble with our eminent Canadian weatherologist. He can foretell storms with wonderful exactitude, except in the matter of time and place.

* * *
SENATOR SANFORD, Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mr. Adam Brown, M.P., have been elected honorary members of the Hamilton Minstrel Company. This has raised something of a laugh in ribald circles, but the honor is at least as great as knighthood. Some curiosity is also expressed to know what the function of honorary minstrels may be. We have no exclusive information on the point, but in this case we should suppose that the three distinguished statesmen will be expected to occupy seats in the burnt-cork semicircle as interlocutor and end-men respectively. Or, if honorary minstrels are excused from the use of burnt cork, their duty will probably be to pay for a box apiece at each performance.

* * *
ANOTHER great strike is on. It is the bricklayers and stonemasons this time, and the customary homilies are being read on the irreconcilable conflict between Capital and Labor. The workingmen's organizations are beginning to understand that strikes and boycotts are not radical cures for the disease they are suffering from, though meanwhile they are the only available palliatives. If you fasten a donkey up in a box-stall and then prod him with a pitchfork he will kick; and in similar circumstances human nature will "strike."

If the donkey were in an open field he could get away from the pitchfork without taking the trouble to kick ; and if workingmen were free to employ themselves as an alternative to working for an employer at less wages, they would never waste time striking, either. The Knights of Labor have lately discovered that the box-stall which encloses the wage-worker has land-monopoly for two of its sides and Protection for the other two, and that is why Powderly has come out so emphatically in favor of Free Trade and the single tax on land values. He is on the right track now, the path which leads to Justice.

* * *

IT is time that certain members of the City Council I heard some plain talk from the citizens on the Esplanade question. There are three classes of aldermen pretty sharply defined in the public eye—first, those who are squarely honest and openly fight for the city's interests in this great matter ; this class could be numbered on the fingers of one hand ; second, those who are the sneaking servants of the railways while they pretend to be serving the city, in whose cases bribery is strongly suspected—also a small number ; and third, those who, through stupidity or supineness, take no active interest in the question one way or another—this class including the large majority of the Council. We can tell the gentlemen of classes two and three that they are being keenly watched, and will be reckoned with in due time.

* * *

WHAT a profound and glorious document the Canadian Constitution must be, if Hon. William McDougall reads it aright ! According to that great lawyer, it spreads its sheltering wings over such defenceless mortals as Mr. Rykert, and estops Parliament from even denouncing timber limit jobbery as scandalous in a Member of the House. We have long been convinced that our Constitution required amendment in many particulars, and if this reading of it is correct the necessity becomes imperative. It was surely an oversight on the part of the framers of the Constitution to deny to the High Court of Parliament the power to protect its own respectability. Or, perhaps it never occurred to them that there could be anything questionable about a Member "making provision for his old age."

* * *

MR. STANLEY has been so long in the Dark Continent and deprived of his daily newspaper that he may be pardoned for being a little behind the times in his notions. During the course of an interview on his arrival in Italy the other day, he was pointing out the bonanza there was in North Eastern Africa for some European Government. "There are millions of strong men to gain," said he, "men who can be converted into wealth by proper management. Every laborer who enters the United States is valued at a thousand dollars as an addition to the national wealth." In this last statement the intrepid explorer is "away off." Now-a-days the great cry in the land of Liberty is to shut the gates of Castle Garden, because the country is overcrowded, and every additional laborer makes it worse. When Africa becomes the private property of a few landlords its "millions of strong men" will become a nuisance instead of a blessing, in the same way.

WHEN D'Alton rises to debate
On Jesuits or treason,
He's like a natural inference,
Because he stands to reason.

A THREATENED INVASION.



NEW cloud is arising in the Northwest. We are threatened with an invasion of the adherents of the Mormon (it should be called Morewomen) faith. Already some have crossed the border, and with many times the usual force of matrimonial gravitation, have settled down on our virgin soil.

The question arises, is it our duty to admit free of duty such large importations of appropriated femininity ? Or should we restrict it by tariff regulations ? One wife may reasonably be included in a man's personal belongings, but a dozen or more looks like smuggling. Or, seeing that they have been brought into the country in bond, should we not insist that the consignees forward their cargoes across the frontiers again, without breaking bulk, as the law relating to such goods directs ?

The latter course would seem to be the wisest. Nothing could be more injurious to the rising settler, than to have such a baleful example of prodigality in the matter of women set before him at the outset of his career. He is usually a poor young man, whose future success depends upon his practising for the present the most rigid economy. Monogamy may be for him a profitable investment in the matrimonial stock market, but when he sees so much speculation going on about him in the form of bigamy and polygamy, he, too, may be struck with the gaming spirit, and fritter away his little capital in a wild endeavor to husband it.

The Mormons may be right in their contention that there is nothing illegal in a man's marrying several women



THE ALTERNATIVE POLICY.

SIR JOHN—"Well, Cartwright, you oppose the N.P., and you can't promise Reciprocity, as Uncle Sam is against it ; now, what I'd like to know is what policy you can offer the country as an improvement on ours ?"

SIR RICHARD—"Well—er—"

GRIP (enthusiastically, aside)—"Here you are, Sir Rich !"



M.P.-CUNIOSITY.

MRS. STONEY BROKE—"Dear, dear! here are some more bills. What are we to do?"

MR. STONEY BROKE, M.P.—"I move they be laid on the table and read this day six months."

at the same time. But think what a dangerous custom this would be to inaugurate in a new country, where the fair sex are proverbially scarce. A popular young Mormon could pop the question like a Gatling gun and bag a score of misses at once. Single-minded men would have no chance. Consider, too, the desolation resulting from a Mormon elopement. No establishment, unless it were a nunnery, could recover from such a decimation.

On the whole these wholesale methods of procedure do not agree with the law-abiding spirit of moderation, characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization. To steal one heart indeed is permissible in the latitude accorded to the lover, but such large robberies seem more like house-breaking than house-building. Wedlock thus appears to be picked, and the knout, rather than the nuptial knot, is its proper reward.

Then the military aspects of this threatened Mormon occupation deserve attention. Should any unpleasantness occur like the late Half-breed rebellion, the Mormons, if hard pressed, would doubtless enlist their women as the better half of their forces. In engagements with these some nice questions would arise. Should martial or marital law be proclaimed, or both? Should prisoners be taken in arms? If good-looking this would be the most common method of surrounding them. Would it be necessary in order to sustain the gentlemanly character of our forces, to use only the new invisibly exploding gunpowder, as ladies generally object to smoking? Or would it be the correct thing for our men to attend such ball parties in dress suits?

All these considerations seem to point to the wisdom of excluding the Mormon on account of his *harem-scarum* manner of house-keeping. It would be better to let our prairies remain idle than that they should be so *Utah-lised*.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

Boston people will look at Peter Jackson through colored spectacles.

THERE is to be no budge on the boats in future. As a consequence, the new fashions in tourists' pants will embrace two rear pockets.

A SUGGESTION.

WHILE grief for the loss of the magnificent library of Toronto University is yet green let us be practical or nothing. Now is the time for every Canadian author to present to the new collection one copy of his complete published works, bound in library calf, with his autograph therein and the photograph inserted that is most like him, whether it makes him look like a pirate or a—a—in fact, a spoon. Even alleged poets should not neglect to do this, for they all have unsold copies of their lays on hand, and in this presentation lies their main chance of going down to posterity. Further, on unused shelves, from the farm-house to the palace, books of some kind, printed in Canada, are falling a prey to dust and spiders. Send them along, please. The limited editions published are rapidly going out of print, with no likelihood of being reissued. Book-buyers know the trouble and cost they have in rescuing stray copies of our earlier works. The value of such a native collection, as proposed, cannot be overestimated as material for history. GRIP is, perhaps, the only work of giant mind that needs no such aid to immortality, for its pages are embalmed in the heads and hearts of the countrymen of the illustrious fowl.

OUR Kritical Kolumn.



MESSRS. SUCKLING & SONS, whose enterprise in bringing Von Bulow to Toronto was deservedly rewarded with success, now make announcement of a still more popular attraction for the evening of Monday, May 5th. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English concert and oratorio tenor, who comes to America to fulfil a limited number of engagements, has been secured for one concert at the Pavilion on the date named, on which occasion he will be supported by the Torrington orchestra. Mr. Lloyd's name is known as widely as that of Sims Reeves, and he is regarded by many as the greatest of living English tenors. A magnificent audience will, no doubt, greet him on his first visit to Toronto.

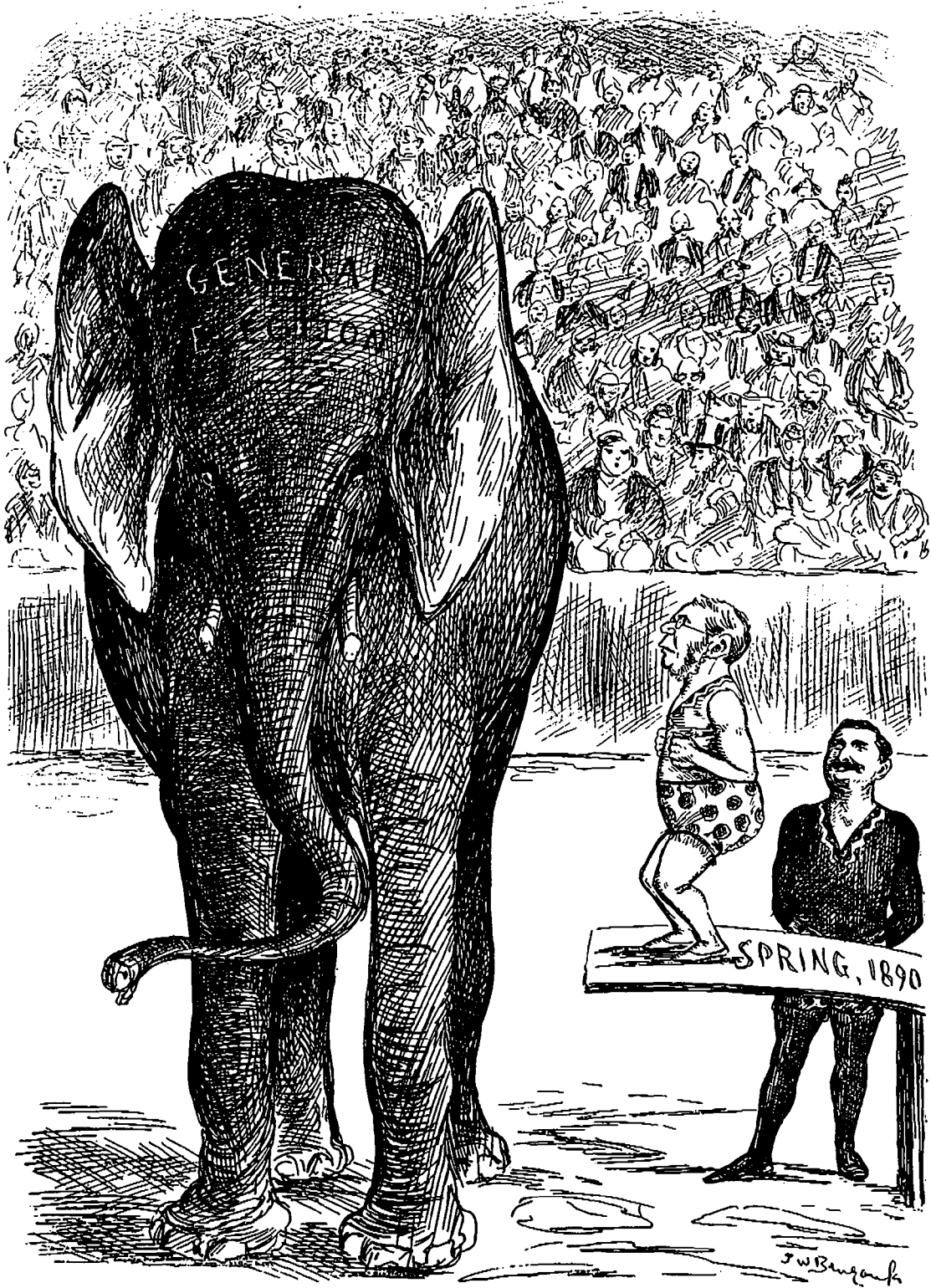
VON BULOW played the piano as well as that instrument can be played by mortal man, and yet there was an unmistakable air of dreariness over the audience. Can it be possible, after all, that our passion for the severest classical music is a humbug, and that, notwithstanding our *décolleté* dresses and white ties, we would really have liked a few bars of Sullivan here and there in the programme? This is a startling and even horrifying suggestion, we are aware, and yet—well, that's the way it struck us. The shadow of pain upon some of the fair faces as the audience moved out, recalled to mind the latest Wagner story. "Vell, an how haf you enchoy it dis evening?" enquired the Professor of the New York society belle, as they left the opera house after *Parsifal*. "Oh, I think I'm beginning to really appreciate it," was the answer. "my head ached awfully to-night, don't you know!"

THE attractions at the Opera Houses this week are:

GRAND—HARRY Lacy and Company in "The Still Alarm," a New York and London success. Next week, the Emma Juch Grand Opera festival, a magnificent attraction.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," a dramatization, as we are given to understand, of a novel by one Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is an extraordinary spectacular production of this favorite play.

ACADEMY—"Little Nugget," a musical comedy, presented by a capital company, under the leadership of Miss Goldthwaite and Messrs H. S. and Joseph Cawthorn, the well-known Irish comedians. On Monday, 28th, for Manager Greene's benefit, Louis James, the tragedian, and his excellent company will produce "Othello."



THRILLING SCENE IN THE POLITICAL CIRCUS.

THOSE FAMOUS ACROBATS, MOWAT AND MERCIER, ARE ABOUT TO PERFORM THEIR MARVELLOUS SOMERSAULT OVER THE ELEPHANT.



DASH MY BUTTONS!

LADY (to applicant for page's situation)—"And have you had any educational advantages?"

NEW BOY—"N-no, mum; but I been vaccinated, and I got the measles!"

FABIUS AT OTTAWA.

WHO was Fabius, anyway? It would be in vain to ask the English-speaking members of the Cabinet, for they would not be likely to know, although the three French Ministers might, but these gentlemen are all Past Grand Masters of the Fabian policy of delay. Cunctators, every man of them. *Ou sont les nieges* of year before last? Where the important subjects outlined in the Governor-General's speech? Where the Departmental reports? Where many other things that ought to have been in possession of the House within a few days after it met? The too-confiding public fail to see that all this unnecessary and inconvenient delay is part of an adroit system to postpone unpleasant things until too late to act on them. Not only should the Departmental reports have been laid on the table, but they should have been in the hands of the public immediately thereafter, inasmuch as they contain important points on which constituencies require time to confer with their representatives. This could easily have been done, else what is the use of an extravagantly expensive Governmental printing office? The whole system is as rotten as last year's eggs. For example, in the Department of Fisheries there are many things that demand full information, and others that are necessary for the guidance of all interested in the important industry of sea-fisheries with their many dependent branches. For want of the Fisheries report fishermen know nothing of what has been done the past year or of what is intended to be done this year in respect to the business in which they are engaged. This Fabian policy in delaying information as to the Fisheries is an actual grievance to all the Maritime Provinces. Where is the definite pledge extracted by Senator Poirrier's able speech last session that a measure would be brought forward to develop our valuable but shamefully neglected oyster fishery? Young Mr. Tupper himself, of course, knows nothing about oysters, except on the half shell, but it is not too much to expect that his subordinate should. The luscious bivalve is dear (twenty-five cents a dozen) to every Canadian of whatever stripe in politics. Meantime Mr. Tupper's promise has melted into the abyss of his hereditary inaccuracy.

Nor is the Fisheries the only Department in which the Fabian policy flourishes. Post-offices are promptly accorded to back settlements if Tory, but postponed indefinitely "under consideration" if Grits apply. Throughout all the Departments the same system of putting-off prevails. Brethren, is this right? Oh, no not at all. It is only a masterly Fabian policy.

A SHOPPER'S PROTEST.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—There's an article been going the rounds of the newspapers advising women "How to shop."

I did think, until I read it, that there was at least one thing that the average woman knew how to do all by herself, and a great deal better than Man could tell her.

What says this sapient adviser? "Avoid the bargain counters!" Just think of that! The pleasures of life are few; the older a woman gets the more that sad fact is forced on her observation. The only one really worth speaking of is "shopping." But what would shopping be without bargains?

No doubt we generally pay our one hundred cents on the dollar on our twenty dollar purchases, but when we buy five yards of cotton at 99½ cents, there's real enjoyment in spending money. What if we don't just know what we are going to do with that piece of goods? I say there is more joy over saving all those half cents than in all the other expenditure together. Possibly it is an exclusively feminine failing to love a bargain. I won't argue the point (though I have known men who attended auction sales), but why take away this solitary pleasure of the sex?

The fact of the matter is, women are being advised to death, and half of the stuff printed is about as useful as another newspaper article, which began by telling the harassed mothers of the country "not to let their babies cry."

"Let them !!!!!!"

I have but one wish for the writer of this advice, and that is, that he should test it practically by having the sole charge of our "latest arrival" for one week.

J. M. LOES.



A TECHNICALITY.

SALOONIST—"We don't sell no liquor to minors."
CUSTOMER—"I ain't no miner; I'm a plasterer."

THE INDEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

WHAT is all this racket they are raising about the Independence of Parliament? Parliament isn't independent. Far from it. It is dependent, first on the B.N.A. Act, which created it. Then it is dependent on the presence of Members when the House meets. Afterwards it is dependent on the Speaker being in his seat. Next it is dependent on the whips razoo round. Further, it is more or less dependent on the clerks, the pages, the reporters and the refreshment bar. Finally and above all it is dependent on the people; therefore the people ought to have a little dependence on it, through the Members; consequently there is interdependence and no independence. Q.E.D.—D'ye mind? So it comes to pass that this kicking against Members doing a little something in a quiet way for the people who send them to Parliament must stop right now. What's the good of your Member if he can't get you a timber berth, or a mineral claim, or a coal mine, or a railway contract, or a soft job in the Civil Service? That's what they are there for. We are the People, and now is the time to subscribe!

T.

WHY THE LADIES VOTED.

(A VERBATIM REPORT.)



HE ladies can vote now for the Mayor in Rural Dell. There has been far less sensation than you would have thought over it. In fact the place seems to jog along much as usual. It was at the first Thimble Party after the election, and when conversation ran low some one started politics, and the newly elected mayor.

"You voted, I suppose, Mrs. Smith; who for, Thrifty or Harte?"

"For Harte of course, an awful kind man," replied that old lady, "why I remember two years ago

he offered me his arm as I was trying to cross the street where it was all ice. Such a man in my opinion ought to be encouraged."

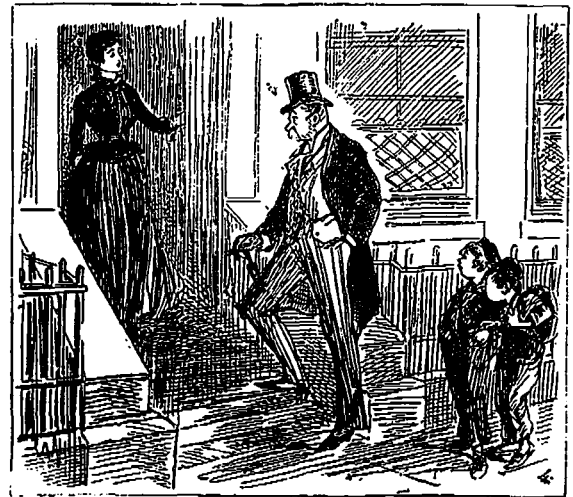
"Ah—yes—you do want some one 'to lean on' as it were, Grannie," put in a flippant granddaughter of Mrs. S.

"Just my opinion, Mrs. Smith, Harte's the man to vote for. I hadn't quite made up my mind who I'd support, but when Harte sent a cab to take me to the polling-place, I hesitated no longer. He is a man who knows what is due to a lady of position. I shouldn't wonder now if Thrifty thought I was going to take the trouble to walk down, but he's found out his mistake," and the lawyer's wife smoothed her black silk complacently. "A lesson in manners won't hurt Thrifty."

"Well," ventured a meek, care-worn woman, "I voted for Thrifty, we're neighbors, and I've never shaken hands with Harte more than once in my life."

"Well, I don't care anything for politics," said Miss Simple, who had a little property of her own, "and I do hope you won't think it strong-minded on my part, but really I couldn't refuse to oblige a gentlemen when he asked me."

"You don't say so, Sally, did you always feel like that?" asked one of the young ladies present. There was a badly repressed titter all around the room.



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

THE morning after their tiff, Edwin called at Angelina's nouse. Angelina herself opened the door. He stammered and asked if her father was at home. "I will see," was her frigid reply "what name, sir?"

"I don't believe I was ever one of your cast-iron opinioned people," answered Miss Simple, who didn't quite see what everyone was laughing at. "Ma used always to say 'twasn't lady-like."

"She was right, Sally," replied Mrs. Martin, "I don't think women ought to vote at all, they don't understand these matters."

"Not understand! Oh, come, Mrs. Martin, any child could have sense enough to vote for either Thrifty or Harte; neither of them amount to a row of pins; it's just which you like best."

"Well, I think when women take upon them the sacred duty of voting they ought to know what they are doing and make a study of the thing."

"Oh, Mrs. Martin, you don't want to make blues of us all?" simpered Sally, "do you?"

"No," answered that lady—"No, Sally, I couldn't."

"Mrs. Martin, it is no use you're talking like that about women not understanding. I believe you think you could vote as well as any man, you aren't quite clever enough to take me in," hotly interposed Mrs. MacStinger, "you merely want to insinuate that you know so much more than the rest of us, you know *what you don't know*. Perhaps some of us could show you that you are not so very superior to—"

"Tea," announced the servant, much to the disgust of Mrs. MacStinger, who was a strong advocate of woman suffrage, and thus lost an opportunity of airing her opinions. She had only just time to whisper to her next neighbor, "it really makes me ill to see Mrs. Martin posing as the gentle retiring female, when every one knows that poor henpecked husband of hers, daren't call his soul his own, but—"

The remainder of the speech was lost in the general move to the dining-room.

CHICAGO REVISED VERSION.

"TO have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or worse, till divorce do us part."

Afurtive air for the Nor'-West—"Come, string thy loot."



AFTER THE VON BULOW CONCERT.

MISS GUSHINGTON—"Oh, goodness! isn't he a lovely player! I never want to touch the piano again!"

THE OTHER MISS GUSHINGTON—"Nor I!!"

MR. OLDBOY (*literary man, whose apartments adjoin the room in which the Misses Gushington do their daily piano practice*)—"Thank heaven and Von Billow!!"

TOUCHING THE NOBLE ART.

MUSIC is the "divine art," while pugilism is the "noble art." This is to say that while to sing is divine, to scrap is "noble." And so, while you listen as

The orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres,

you must not forget that the sound of slugging is harmonious also, because the terms "divine" and "noble" ought to rank side by side.

The *reductio ad absurdum*, eh? Well, as an eminent statesman once used to say, "what are the facts?" The facts are simply these: The "ring" department of the papers is written up quite as fully and faithfully as, if not more elaborately than, the "music" column. Take the Toronto Press—and you note Joe Popp's Academy and Paul Tattillo's College given a prominence scarcely second to Torrington's College or the city Conservatory.

Is this creditable to our boasted civilization and social refinement? Is it a tribute to our advancement in culture and progressive mentality and morality that fisticuffs should take rank with the performances of the *maestro*? Perhaps it is not really so in Canada. The surest sign of national decadence is that which indicates the elevation of the manual, the gross, the sensual, the merely physical, the brutal, over the mental and spiritual. And yet, the attention which is given to the affairs of the prize-ring in Canadian journalism would seem to say that our people were as much concerned in questions of pugilistic supremacy as in those of any other department of athletics; and more so than in matters concerning those gentler attributes, both of mind and matter, which civilized and Christian nations take pride in.

There is no need to defend Canadians against the charge of grossness and semi-savagery. Our institutions and their products speak out in protest against it. But it cannot be denied that the space which the Canadian Press devotes to the brutal prize ring news of the day is evidence that such news is relishable amongst us. If our papers wish to preserve this country as against the allegation of "toughness," let them give less countenance to "the ring," its lights and its patrons.

A FARMER'S IDEAS.

MR. GRIP, YOUR HONOR,—If your worship would mend the grammer of this here letter it would be an oblectment, for our fingers is more used to handle the plowstilt than pen printing. Me and some neighbors was talking over the hard way us farmers is sat upon by the Raining Powers up to Ottawa, and nothing for us but to grin and bear it. Neighbor Spuds pays \$1 per year strikly in advance for the *Eradicator* noospaper what printed Ricketts's letters. That's a bully boy that Ricketts is and he has put us up to a wrinkle that if you want to get a job out of government men you must work them and tip them the boodle. So me and a few neighbors clubbed all the spot cash on hand to see if it was worth sending to the minister, but could only make \$14.23 of it although the old woman had 85 cents egg money hoarded in an old teapot without a snout that she offered to chip in. It was aperient that this was not enough to make a show upon, besides it would not bring one of the Tupperses and Macdonaldses from Winnipeg or wherever they come from to work their fathers. Myself it was that purposed to make up a few cheeses for Sir John, and pack a panier with a young Shanghae rooster that I raised over three feet high and can lick his own weight in bantams as a kind of present to some of the French members, but Jim Slunk, him as has the mash farm, that knows the world because he was wonct for three whole days up to Toronto some years agone as witness in a contract case, said it would not do. So as we have heerd that all the big bugs up to Ottawy, excepting Mr. Blake, read GRIP reglar on Sundays when parliament is not a setting we take the precaution to write to your valuable columns.

Your Honor our bits of clearings nigh the line does not grow feed enuff to fill all the mouths that are gaping to hoist it in and we needs must buy flour, and does the man Forester know what it means to stick another quarter dollar more tax onto the poor man's bread. If he was half three quarters of a man he would say, "No, Sir John, I carnt do it, the poor man would be needcessitated to buy an inferior article and the difference of the taxes would keep two of his childering in boots." We have good forest pastur hereaway, Your Honor, and could fatten two three steers but has to pay taxes on the feed, but the corn for brewing whiskey pays no tax but maybe Mr. Forester likes whiskey, I can't say. And if we would try to fix some homemade fanners or something we pays half the price of the cogs and teeth for taxes and has to have them whether or no for neighbor Bellus, the blacksmith, is but a botch at macheen gear although he can shoe a oss as tidy as e'er another man and not drive no nails into the frog. But—say, GRIP—the farmers is sat upon because they do not wear store clothes and has not the eddication to write letters sich as squire Ricketts. If we could all write like him we would soon get our rights, for I have heard say that there is a whole million on us in Canada as is farmers and farmer's folks that gets our living out of the sile and, as the song says, root and wool and corn and horn. Not Van Horne. This last is a joke. Your Honor will excuse me.

It was at this pint that the schoolmaster happened in and must a' heard what was saying for he is a kind of a flyaway kind of a chap with none too much wits about him, and he pulled a most extrordinary face like a circus clown and roared out in a playactor kind of way

"EmBowelled will I see thee by and by—

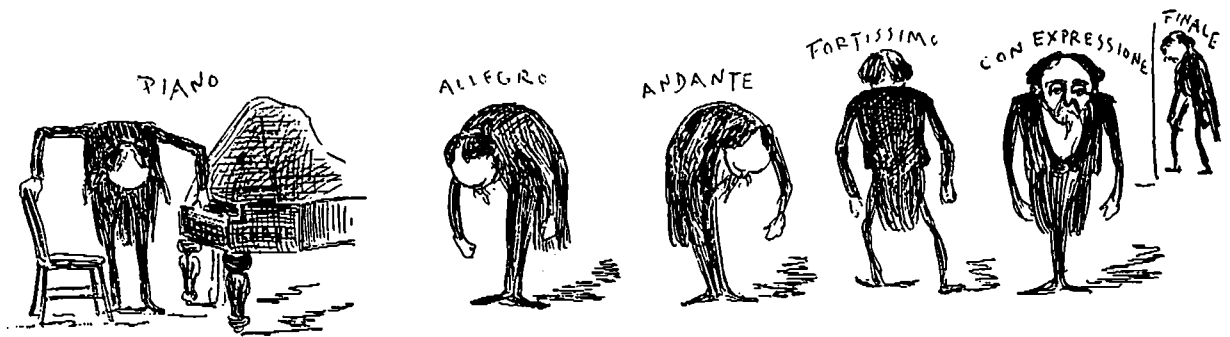
EmBowelled! if thou emBowell me to-day I'll give you leave to powder me and eat me too, Old To-morrow."

What he meant by it we are unable to say.

We remain yours turuly, A FARMER.



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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE VON BULOW RECITAL.

MISS AVENUE IN THE COUNTRY.

"WELL, Uncle," said Miss Avenue, as she grasped a set of fingers as dry as corn-cobs, and was assisted by means of them into the antique farm wagon awaiting her at the station, "here I am, come to spend a whole month with you in the country."

"Well, we're glad to hev ye," responded her agricultural relative, who resembled his wagon in that he was somewhat at creaky in the joints, and had a slightly broken-down appearance. "Hope ye can put up with plain fare."

"Yes, the plain'r the better. 'The doctor said that country air with mush and milk was what I needed. I suppose you have plenty of mushrooms growing about your place. How nice it must be to get your mush from them right at your door instead of having to go to a grocery store after it."

"That's so," said Mr. Mullin. "And then if the milkweed won't let down its milk we fall back on butter and sugar. I've got rows and rows of sugar beets and butter beans."

"How nice! But I thought butter was obtained from buttercups."

"So 'tis! so 'tis! but that's extra fine butter. What we get from beans is good enough for common use."

"I suppose you have lots of egg-plant," said Miss Avenue, after a pause. "Doctor said I must take a well-beaten egg every morning."

"Well, no. Egg plant didn't turn out very well this Spring. There's less than quarter of an acre of it all told. But you're welcome to every egg that grows on it."

"Oh, thank you, Uncle. I'm going to see just how strong and fat I can get, so as to surprise them all when I go back home. I've heard that sweet potatoes are fattening. Do you grow them?"

"We tried to grow 'em, but 'twas no use. I mixed the seed with molasses before planting it, same as usual, and I couldn't tell why in thunder they should all grow up to be Irish potatoes. Then it struck me all of a sudden. The hired man that hoed 'em was an Irishman. 'Course the molasses didn't have a fair chance. I might as well have mixed 'em with so much vinegar."

"What a pity! But I like Irish potatoes when they're nice and mealy."

"Well, they're all of that. We sprinkled them thoroughly with oatmeal just as quick as they were dug."

"Wouldn't cornmeal have done as well?"

"Well, it would if you're willing to run the risk of getting corns. I don't like 'em myself. These are pine woods we're passing now. Ever been in the woods?"

"Never! But pine-apples are a favorite fruit of mine. How nice it will be to pick them direct from the trees.

Oh, I shall want to go to the woods the first thing in the morning."

"Just as well as not. Take your sewing along and spend the day. You'll find plenty of needles under the pines, and thimble-berries on the bushes."

"But I never sew by hand. I always use a machine."

"Well, I'm using the sowing machine now to plant grain with, but as quick as I'm through with it you can have it. Get up, there, Dobbin!"

"Your horses don't seem very excitable, do they?" said the young lady. "I suppose you feed them on straw."

"Not altogether. Our strawberries gave so little straw this year that we have to be saving of it. I feed 'em chopped stuff mostly."

"Oh, what difficult work that must be! I don't believe I could lift an axe, let alone trying to chop stuff with it. But how thoughtless I am!" she exclaimed. "I've never inquired after my aunt and cousins."

"Oh, the boys and gals are all right. As for your aunt, she seemed all withered up and ageing fast last winter, and I didn't know what ailed her till I found she'd been eating dried elder-berries. She was thin as an April icicle, and so weak she could hardly get across the room. Then I see what she needed, and I set right to work and made her a good strong cup of smartweed tea. That was Sunday night. Well, the next day she had us all hustled out of our beds before it was light, and had the week's washing done, the house straightened up, and was sitting down to her afternoon sewing by six o'clock in the morning."

"That was encouraging."

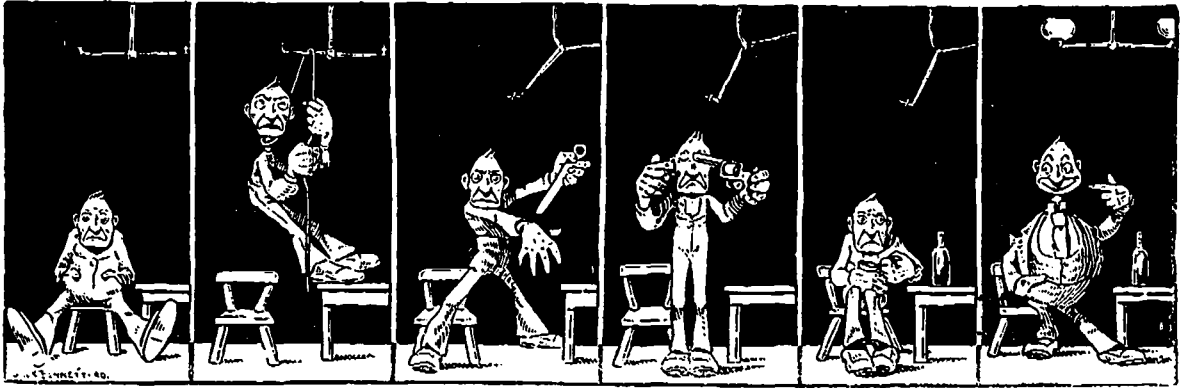
"Yes, it was. But poor George is past help. He's gone completely silly. I set him to picking gooseberries off the old goose one day, and—well, the sun was hot, and the trouble went to his brain. He's writing for a comic paper now, and making good wages, but what's mere money compared to an affliction like his?"

Miss Avenue made no reply. Her silence was a tribute of respect for the old man's grief.

LILY BUBRO.

TALKING about the substitution of fire-extinguishing work for statute-labor, our critical friend ventures to remark that if the fire-extinguishers do not get a livelier move on them than is characteristic of the ordinary statute-laborers, there is going to be some bush burned before the flames are got under control. This, of course, is a mere matter of surmise. The proverb says that the flame is mightier than the road master. Let us wait and see.

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It broke. Attempted to blow out my brains—

Had none. Intended to take poison, but

Took a dose of your tonic by mistake. In five minutes I was a new man. Ever yours, J. GRIGGS.

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



"HA! What's this? James I. Hughes nominated for the Local Legislature by the Peel Conservatives in place of ex-Mayor Campbell, who declines the honor. Let me reflect awhile—there is food for thought in this. Steady—brace up, now. I've got her. If Peel should return Jim Hughes it would be Orange Peel, wouldn't it?"

"But it won't, mon," replied the Scotchman, dogmatically.

"You bet she does," asserted the Heeler, emphatically.

"Now, please don't diverge into a political discussion just yet. I hadn't exhausted the subject. Methinks I see another joke vaguely floating in a kind of a nebulous form, as it were, before my mental vision. In a minute or so it may materialize. S-s-s-h—Silence, now. Ah, let me clutch thee! Now then. The Tories having substituted Hughes for Campbell will have to change their tune from 'The Campbells are Coming' to 'Protestant Boys.' But it won't be much of a change after all, because it will still mark the advance of the *drum o' Derry (dromedary)*. Do I make myself clear?"

"Gosh," remarked Smart Aleck. "That's an old hc-one. Make yourself clear? Somebody ought to make you clear."

The rest of the company appeared lost in thought, and several shook their heads despondently.

"I will attempt," I said, "to place the various phases of this somewhat elaborate jest before you in their logical sequence, till the beauty and symmetry of the whole dawns upon you—'Campbells are coming'—camels are coming—camel is the same as a dromedary—'Protestant Boys'—drum o' Derry—catch on?"

A faint glimmer of intelligence seemed to irradiate the features of two or three—but the remainder gave no sign of appreciation.

"I fear," I continued, "that the refinements of classic humor are largely thrown away upon this assemblage.

The crude and familiar witticisms of the circus clown or the end man of a minstrel troupe would doubtless be more on a level with your intellectual capacities."

And then I resumed consideration of my steak. Meanwhile, the political prospects of Jim Hughes continued to be the subject of conversation.

"He is such a nice good-looking man, and so very polite," said the saleslady. "I'm sure all the girls in the store would vote for him if they had votes."

"The weight of priestly influence will be against him," said the Portly Plutocrat.

"Ah, so it will," I replied. "Now, can anybody tell me exactly how much the weight of priestly influence amounts to?"

"It cannot be precisely estimated," said the Portly Plutocrat.

"Oh, yes it can. It's a *ton sure*."

Just then the postman arrived and brought me a letter, the contents of which I speedily communicated to the company.

"You remember that little epigram of mine on Gladstone and the Athanasian creed, don't you? Well, here's a fellow who signs himself 'Fairplay Radical'—probably because he is the rankest kind of a Tory and given to striking below the belt—who sends me an answer to it as follows, viz.:

You say that Mr. Gladstone with much emphasis must read The damn-a-tory clauses of the Athanasian creed, Methinks that he would know if he were not a traitorous fool That the Athanasian principle is dead against Home Rule; A measure which so dearly tends towards disintegration, Ought not to be the creed of any one who *hath-a-nation* (Athanasian.)

"How sad," exclaimed the law student, in a lugubrious tone. "I have often wondered if Scephenhaur, the founder of the pessimistic school of thought, was the victim of a pun fiend. 'Tis such things that cast a gloom over existence."

THE OFFICIAL LANGUAGE.

BUMMERSON—"What makes you always tote around with that lean slim umberreller, hey?"

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A HINT TO WEDDING TOURISTS — YOUNG WIFE (on her honeymoon)—"When we get to the hotel we must be careful not to let the folks see that we are newly-married, mustn't we, Hermann?"

HUSBAND—"Quite right, lovey—here, carry my stick and umbrella."—*Flicgencd Blatter.*

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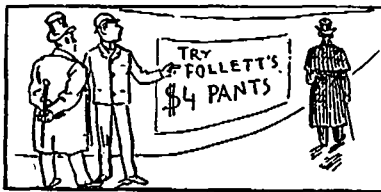
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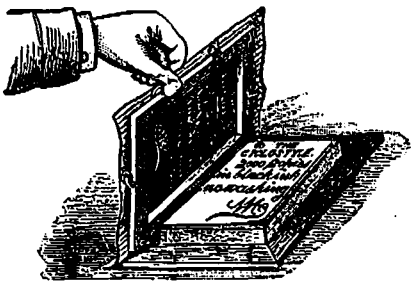


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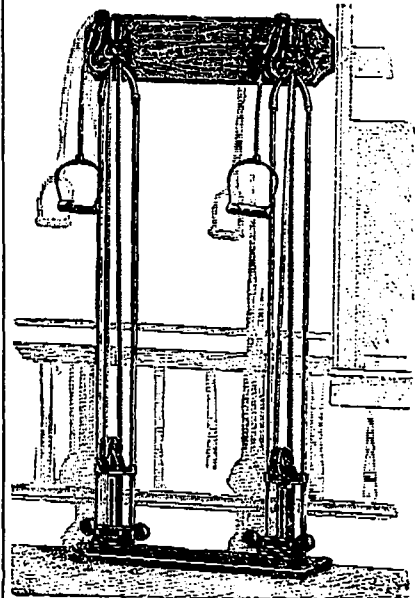


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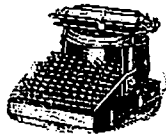
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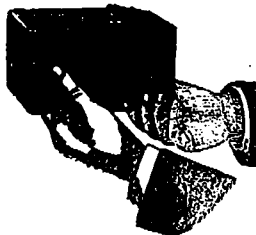


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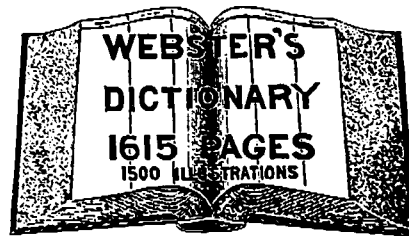
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