

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

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MUSIC

DRAMA

Who don't remember the page and folio

TERMS

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ADVANCE

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

— W. MILNER



WE'VE GOT A PROGRAMME OF OUR OWN!

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON—"Well, Master Canada, I have a notion of adopting you into my family; I'm going to pay off all your debts, and—"

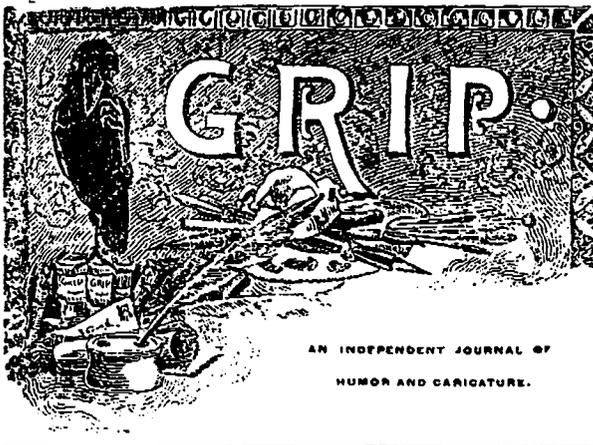
YOUNG CANADA.—"Excuse me, I'm afraid you don't understand my plans, Benjamin; take a prospectus."

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Comments on the Case.



THE LAWYER AND THE STATESMAN.—At this writing the judges of the Supreme Court of Canada have not rendered their decision in the case of the C.P.R. Co. against the Province of Manitoba, which was recently argued before them by the four greatest lawyers of the Dominion—Hon. Edward Blake and Christopher Robinson for the plaintiff, and Hon. Oliver Mowat and Dalton McCarthy for the defendant. The impression seems to prevail almost universally that the judgment must go in favor of the railway company, if it is rendered—as of course it will be—in accordance with law rather than sentiment. Hon. Edward Blake has been smartly criticized by some of the Government organs for accepting a brief

from the Syndicate, which he has always regarded, in his capacity of statesman, as an extortionate and rapacious monster. These jeers might have had some weight if Mr. Blake had found it necessary, in arguing the case, to take a position at variance with any of his statements in the House—though even in that case, it is an open question whether a lawyer has not a right to argue in behalf of a claim which personally he may not believe in. In this case, Mr. Blake simply repeated what he had contended for in Parliament, when the General Railway Act was under discussion—that certain clauses in that Act would have the practical effect of depriving the Provinces of the right to build local lines, because it was provided in these clauses that any such line as crossed a railway which had been declared "for the general advantage of Canada,"

would thereby come under the legislative control of the Dominion Government. As nearly all the railway lines in the country have been so "declared," any local line which succeeds in avoiding a crossing will have to run from nowhere to nowhere. At all events, the Red River Valley line must cross the C.P.R., and the latter has been (with some unconscious irony on the part of the Government) declared to be "for the general benefit." These clauses were put in the Act notwithstanding Mr. Blake's warning at the time, and his attitude in the Supreme Court was simply that of the man who says, "I told you so." The one thing the authorities of Manitoba wish to avoid is that their new line should fall under the control of the Federal Government, *alias* the C.P.R., but there is no help for it if the crossing is made—unless these clauses are repealed at the next session of Parliament. It is only now a question of how many millions the C.P.R. will take to allow this to be done.

A PROGRAMME OF OUR OWN.—The President elect of the United States is credited with possessing some great ideas in the direction of a "spirited foreign policy." One item of his new programme is the annexation of Canada, which is to be easily and expeditiously brought about by Congress offering to pay off our public debt. We cannot but acknowledge our sense of President Harrison's kindly regard in being willing to admit us into the Republic, though it is all clearly inconsistent with his teachings during the late campaign, when he made it as clear as mud to many audiences that the American workingman would be ruined if free trade relations were established with any outside communities. Of course if Canada gets into the Union all tariffs and customs houses between us will be wiped out, and Canadian "cheap labor" will proceed to get in its awful work of woe. But while it is kind of Mr. Harrison to be willing thus to ruin his own country for our sakes, he is evidently not aware that we have a notion of trying our hands at the Republic business on our own account. Yes; before long we propose to put a prohibitory tariff on imported Governors-General, cut our present European connection kindly but firmly, and start out on a career of independence. As a preliminary we have given our beloved Parent-land a filial slap on the eye in the shape of iron duties, though as yet we are a trifle hysterical about the "old flag." We are also discriminating about ten per cent. against the dear mother-country in our general tariff, and by-and-by we will cut her off, as already stated, altogether. Let General Harrison just wait and see how the great Canadian Republic "pans out" before he makes himself ridiculous with annexation proposals. Let him be content in the meantime with the knowledge that the best blood of our population is flowing in a steady stream into his territories, driven from Canada by the pressure of taxation. We are going to have a great and independent nation here—if we have enough folks left to do it with.



ONE of the best scholars in this city has been reading up the tariff literature of the world back as far as the seventeenth century. He declares, as the result of his researches, that there is nothing to be found anywhere analogous to the power possessed by the Canadian Minister of Customs to arbitrarily and dogmatically put a higher valuation upon imports, regardless of the easily ascertained foreign market price of the goods, and then clap his duty on the higher valuation. By the exercise of this outrageous power, Mr. Bowell has secured for some of his pets a protection of eighty-five per cent. where the tariff places the duty at twenty-five or thirty.

* * *

WE don't expect that our mention of this scandalous matter, which may be new to most of our readers, will do any good, however. The man of honest instinct will denounce it as a species of robbery more infamous

than garrotting, and then forget all about it, while the Protectionist will regard it as greatly to the Customs Department's credit thus to make Protection effective, where the glorious N.P. may perchance be found to have weak spots.

* * *

THE Young Liberals have decided by a good majority in favor of the proposal to exempt houses from taxation to the extent of \$600. Let it be done forthwith. What are the authorities waiting for now?

* * *

"WHOSO tooteth not his own horn, verily the same shall not be tooted," says the great philosopher, Briggs. Here we find the *Montreal Witness* declaring that it has been obliged to enlarge to twelve pages to accommodate advertisers who find it to their advantage to patronize a paper of sterling principle; and every week the *Regina Leader* has more or less to say about the superior virtues and abilities of Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin. The editor of the *Globe* has been for many days singing the praises of his own cleverness in getting out a Christmas number which eclipses anything ever done before. This self-praise is nauseating. What would be thought of MR. GRIP if he declared that his Almanac for 1889 is the very best and funniest that has ever been issued in Canada? MR. GRIP is too genuinely modest to say anything of the kind. He prefers that others should say so—as they do. And why do they say so? Simply because the Almanac for '89 deserves it. Buy one (only 10c.) and judge for yourself.

* * *

THE London *Free Press* expresses regret at Prof. Goldwin Smith's announcement that he will shortly retire from the field of controversy upon political or semi-political questions of the hour. In this the *Free Press* does honor to Canadian journalism. Prof. Smith's keen pen is literally mightier than a sword against the Government's policy on some topics, and it would not have been surprising to find the prospect of his retirement greeted with manifestations of delight by Government organs like the *Free Press*. We hope there are many more journals in the same position noble enough to join the *F.P.* in declaring that Mr. Smith's retirement will be "felt to be a severe loss by a large class of thoughtful readers."

THE FIEND IS HERE!

217 PONS ASINORUM AVENUE,
Nov., '88.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—

OH dear! when I think of it yet! I saw—oh, I'm sure it was him. I was coming home in a Spadina Avenue car; it was quite late, and I think he must have seen I was in the car alone and got in. Oh—oh! the moment I glanced at his horrid face I thought of the awful murders, and a wild suspicion that that might be him escaped to Canada struck cold to my spine; but, MR. GRIP, when he turned to sit down and I saw that bag, that horrid bag, hung over his shoulders, I was certain of it. And then the way he looked at me! I just grew cold; and to make matters worse, I remembered having seen that same man with that same bag coming out of Osgoode

Hall. Dear, oh dear! it's little wonder the London police can't catch him, when here he is, walking out of Osgoode Hall, he and his bag, every day, and watching the opportunity to ride home on Spadina cars with unprotected ladies who may have been detained. When we came round the back of Knox College, where it is so dark at the curve there, oh dear! didn't he take the awful bag off his shoulder and lay it down on the cushion and begin fumbling in his pocket! I am neither nervous nor fanciful, MR. GRIP, but what my feelings were when I saw that horrid, horrid monster fumbling for his knife, I leave you to judge. I cannot but admire my own presence of mind yet, when I look back and think how I behaved in moments which would have made any other lady scream right out. I just kept my eye upon him till he fished out a long shaped pocket-book, the very thing to hold a knife or a razor in, but I do confess to closing my eyes when he began to open the fearful wallet. No, I was pretty plucky, but I couldn't stand the sight of the knife. When I opened my eyes again he was standing up talking to the driver through that little door over the fare box, and I just seized my opportunity to ring the stop bell. Oh! the eternity of anguish I endured till that car got over the crossing, and I just said to myself, I shall drop when I get inside the door—I know I shall. Luckily, the monster's purpose was frustrated this time, for the car stopped right at a street lamp and our house is directly opposite. But, oh dear, MR. GRIP, do warn the public that this fiend of the bag is in our midst, actually prowling around Osgoode Hall, and riding—with his bag—on the people's cars. Frightful, isn't it? As soon as I got inside the house I made a bee line for the mirror, and wasn't my hair quite grey! Bob, my youngest brother, tried to soothe my nerves by telling me that he had played a trick on me by filling my hair restorer bottle with colored water, and I had been using that instead of the restorer. Of course he says that to comfort me, but really it was my sufferings in the car with that wretch and his bag that did it; anyway, if it wasn't the Whitechapel fiend, then pray WHO was it? Is not the bag the great feature by which the fiend can be recognized—has he ever been known to appear without it? How else do you expect the police to capture him, if not by means of the bag?

Yours in mortal terror,

JANE ANNA SMYKES.



THINGS WE SEE WHEN WE COME OUT WITHOUT OUR GUN.



DOWN ON OLD HONESTY, OF COURSE.

CHORUS OF CROOKED CONTRACTORS.—“Carlyle’s got to go; there’s no boodle for us as long as he is chairman of the Board of Works.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE GIVES AN OPINION ON THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

GRIP, avic!

Hould on till I shpake to ye, or, bedad, I’ll bursh!

What’s all this hullabaloo goin’ on in the papers about marriage? “Is Marriage a Failure?” is the way wan embecile jackeen puts a hid on the article he writes.

What the—— But shtop an’ Ill give the man a bit av a shtory by way av answer:

Whin me father—rist his dacent ould bones!—was makin’ his way to America aboard a big ship, wid his wife an’ the rist av the family that weren’t born on this side the wather—— But I’ll not throuble you, darlin’, wid an account of our ginnylogical three. As I was sayin’, me father was pacin’ the dick wan day, whin along kim an omadhaun an’ sez to him, sez he—— Be it known to ye, GRIP acushla, me father was no common bog-throtter, but a shmall land-owner wid some family pride av his own an’ a few pounds in his pocket.

Well, as I was tellin’ ye, this onmannerly omadhaun shtipped up to me father, an’, wid a monkey grin on his ugly mug, sez he, as bould as ye plaze, “Say, sir, are you the cook?”

Begob, GRIP, I wish ye cud have seen the luck on me father’s face as he shtared at the gawpin’ gosoon.

“The cook!” exclaimed the insulted gentleman. “The cook?” he repeated, with another dash av indignation in his tone. “An’ what the devil ’ud make me the cook, ye gibberin’ ijut, ye?”

Av the persons who ask, “Is marriage a failure?” are able to undershtand an allegorical answer to a plain question, there it is for them.

Wid the same degree av sinse an’ manners’ it might be asked: Is civilization a failure? Is religion a humbug? Is life a delusion? Is creation a mishake?

Why, the very indacency av the quisition—the maneness—the—the—the dirty consate av it, is enough to knock wan’s eye out!

Yis, yis! Av coorse, av coorse! I know what ye’d be after argyfyin’—an’ I’ll admit it to save yer -brith! Some marriages *are* failures. Troth, ye’re right, an’ it’ud be a miracle av they weren’t.

Young payple wid nayther money nor brains make up into pairs, and fall out before the honeymoon is half over.

May and Decimber unite, and all to find pace an’ comfort.

Marriages av convanience are brought about, an’ the ind is throuble.

Hasty unions are formed, an’ a ruction follows inside av a month.

Ill-starred min an’ wimmin join hands, under the mishtaken idea that doublin’ up bad luck ’ll put an ind to it.

Be aff wid such baldherdash as thryin’ to make out yer case wid these examples.

Say, me frind, is business a failure becase dishonest or unfortunate min do discredit to it?

Is medicine a failure becase a doctor now and then pizens his patient?

Is the law a failure becase the inds of justice are sometimes not mit?

Is the cheese-factory a failure becase some pathrons wather their milk?

Marriages are a failure—why? For the rayson that the parties don’t make thim a success.

But that *marriage* is a failure, the Lord forbid! Hivin ordained it! The angels rejoice at it, whin it is throu an’ pure! Providence blisses it, av it so disarves!

God hilp the man that finds his marriage a failure. An’ God forgive him who would go to work to tache the general doctrine that the howly bonds are a humbug for it’s not me that can extend that same pardon!

Whin I luk across the table at Katy, me own faithful; fond an’ heartsome wife—whin I see the cradle in the corner beyant, an’ think av the three thrundle beds up aloft with two apace in thim—whin I remimber the years agone that we’ve lived an’ loved together, sharin’ ache other’s plisures an’ wipin’ ache other’s tears, wid niver a cross word or misundhersthandin’ betune her an’ me, thin bad scan to the thafe av the world who dares to say “Marriage is a failure”! sez

DENIS RAFFERTY.

SPECULATIONS.

PERSONAL—Jim, Wednesday or Friday, am engaged Thursday and Saturday.—*Ottawa Free Press.*

Were Thursday and Saturday wash days?

Had she an intermittent boil?

What days did the instalment-plan collector call?

Was her sister in the habit of borrowing her bustle?

When was it that the lending library had its last novels in?

Did she have to make her own clothes?

Or was there a nearer one still and a dearer one than Jim?

ANGLO-FRANCO AT REGINA.

THE comet, he is on his way,
And whizzing as he flies;
The lesser planets flee before
This meteor of the skies.



There was never seen in any country such an array of brilliant women, such a phalanx of noble men, as gathered in the Council Hall, at Regina, at the opening of the first North-west Local Assembly. As an Illegal Expert, I was given a prominent seat, and was soon courteously expelled from it, to make room for a late arrival of female loveliness. At length I secured an upright position near our noble M.P., Mr. Davin, whose eagle eye and magnificent physique loomed above all the rest like an animated Tower of Pisa.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves."

All present were impressed with the determined, self-reliant bearing of the different members. They did not come in timidly, but proudly, and the floor of the hall rung to the stamping of their cowhide boots. Dr. Wilson, of Edmonton, was elected Speaker, and soon after Gov. Royal entered the hall, escorted by a guard of honor, and the Speaker was formally presented to him. "Parleyvous Francais?" said His Honor. "Oui," replied the Speaker. "Bon, I will say that he will do. I accept this man, what you call him? Wilson." Gov. Royal then read his address to the House. It was encored by the three Frenchmen present, and he repeated it in French. Lieut. Gov. Royal is not as commanding looking as Dewdney, but he is a better linguist. Dewdney couldn't have read that French exercise in a week, and Royal wasn't three minutes. You can judge from this which is the better man for Governor. "Vive la Royale!" Judge Rouleau now moved an adjournment until Friday. Mr. Cayley objected. "We are here, gentlemen, with cooler heads and firmer feet than we may have again during the session. Let us use them." Mr. Gordon stepped lightly down the long hall, and explained to Mr. Cayley that the following day was observed by the Roman Catholic and Roman English Churches as a Saint's day, whereupon Mr. C. withdrew his objection, assuring the House that he wished to show proper respect to saints of every denomination. Speaker Wilson then declared adjournment. I forgot to mention that during these ceremonies the band had been playing outside in both French and English. The members had been quietly requested to meet in one of the committee rooms directly after adjournment, to engage in business of importance. When we were all crowded into the room, Mr. Tweed informed us that the change in our Vice-Regal ruler necessitated many other changes. First and foremost he proposed the formation of an Anglo-Franco Society. He said, "Gentlemen, as French is now the Court language, we cannot accept the hospitality of the ladies of Gov. House, without showing a proper deference to their

native language. No doubt there may be a few present who speak French. I, myself, can say sacre, oui, and champagne—this is not sufficient. I wish to be able to shower a few French compliments around. I have been given to understand that an order-in-council will soon be passed, requiring all members to —"

"I shall oppose it most emphatically. If we submit to this French innovation the next move will be to force us to eat frogs," shouted Mr. Neff.

"Permit me," said Mr. Davin, who had entered the room, "permit me to say that I know it to be a fact that our most estimable Gov. does not eat frogs. Indeed, since the siege of Paris, during the Franco-Prussian war, frogs are no longer the national dish of France. In those days of extreme want horses were found to be a great delicacy, and have taken the place of frogs. During my last sojourn in Paris, in 1887, I must have devoured a span, and I have had more go in me since than I ever had before. With the present dearth of horses in this constituency, even our Gov. would hardly make it compulsory for us to kill and eat horses."

"Eat horses!" cried Jelly, "good heavens, no. I'll resign first. I shall advise the Gov. on this head."

"The member from North Regina mistakes the meaning of the Hon. M. P. He does not, owing to the present scarcity of blooded horses in the North-west, apprehend any immediate legislation upon this subject," said Mr. Haultain, courteously.

Mr. Tweed now suggested that the election of officers be proceeded with. The following gentlemen were elected by acclamation: President, Dr. Brett; Vice-Pres., Mr. Cayley; Treasurer, Mr. Sutherland; Secretary, Mr. Ross; Advisory Board, Mr. Betts, Neff, Jelly, and Oliver; Legal Experts, Mr. Secord and Mr. Haultain; Chaplain, Mr. Hoey.

Dr. Brett, in a few fitting words, accepted the Presidency, and assured them that any assistance that he could give them in acquiring the French accent would be cheerfully granted. If any member wished him to write out translations for a limited number of words, he would do so. Mr. Reaburn asked what was the French for good evening, wine and ladies. Mr. Jelly wished to know the French for trotting horses, get-up, whoa, gee, and haw, as he wanted his animals to be as accomplished as himself; he believed in equal rights.

The meeting then adjourned for one week, to allow the members to get their spelling books and grammars, and the Pres't advised close application to their books, as the following week committee work and permits would be coming on.

I will report progress in French, Legislation and Permits. I. EXPERT.



A BASE ASSERTION.—"OUT ON FIRST."



“THE O’CONNOR MARCH!”

OUR special composer getting up something real stirring in honor of Toronto’s new “Champion Oarsman of America.”

DE MISTAKES OB SCRIPTURE.

MISTAKE NO. 2.

BREDREN, it am de mos’ stordinarist feanomenons ob a stordinary age, dem dar mistakes ob Scripture. And, bredren, it am necessary to hab dis yar nineteenth century wid all its enlightningment an’ all its Christian institutions for a background in order to throw out dem dar mistakes in all dere lurid blackness.

De mistake we will proceed to scuss dis mawnin you will fin’ somewhar betwixt de boards ob de New Testament and it am as follows—“*Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*” Bredren, who eber am ’sponsible fo’ dis it am hard to fin’ out, but dere can be no doubt dat it am an unsean and palpable mistake. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon? Good lands! Why? Co’s’e yer can! Fact, de way society am constitooted it am next to impossible to serve de one without de udder. Where you think we am going to get money to build fifty thousand dollar churches ’less we keep on de sof side o’ brudder Mammon? Where you think dis chicken going to get three or fo’ hundred dollars fo’ de missionary s’ciety if I am going to give dese yer shop gals ob mine mor’en two dollars a week? Won’t pay dere board, eh? Nothing for clothes? Oh! dat’s dere look out, not mine; if gals will be extravagant and fond of dress and gib way to temptation for to get close fo’ dere backs, den I say dey are foolish and wicked, but as fo’ me and my house, as old Abram said, “We will serve de Lawd,” an’ dat’s what I can’t do ef I’ve got to pay ’em a wage enough to buy food and close into de bargain. If I am to serve de Lawd ’cording to de purveiling ideas of dis yer times we live in, I must serve Mammon too. Ef a poor woman comes to me and says—“Please, Mister, my husband’s dead and dere am four chillen to purvide for—Johnny

de oldest am only seven years old; help me, sah,” do you s’pose I’s’e goin’ to turn that po’ widow woman away widout holding out a helpin’ hand to her? No, bredren—de person who addresses you dis mawnin’ am a Christian—and he says to dat ar po’ widow, “Where am yo’ oldest boy?” “At school.” “Den take him way from school and I’ll give him a position in my store as cash boy.” And he goes down to his store and pays off de cash boy he has been payin’ a dollar an’ a half a week to, and puts the little orphan in his place and purvides fo’ dat po’ widow’s family by assuring to her ninety cents a week fo’ de boy’s wages. Dat am a clear profit of sixty cents a week to de Lawd’s cause—de missionaries, de build-in’ fund and de sick. Now, bredren, if dis chicken hadn’t been guided by de rules of Mammon in dis yer transaction—where would de po’ widow’s income of ninety cents a week have been? Didn’t de Lawd’s cause gain by dat ar sixty cents a week. What voice am dat from de back seats?—I might have given de po’ widow ninety cents and let the boy go to school, eh? In dat case, what about dat sixty cents fo’ de Lawd’s cause? What! you ask me to keep back d weekly dole out ob de Lawd’s pocket? Don’t you know, yo’ miserable sinner, dat if I was to go on doin’ dat sort ob thing, I’d soon be as po’ as—as—de

Master hisself was on yerf. Instead ob bein’ slick an’ comfortable with a mansion on dis yarf an’ another one waitin’ in de skies, I’d be only makin’ a livin’ fo’ myself—and what would de Church come to den, I’d like to know. Least ways, dat ar catastrophe is what’s goin’ to happen when folks get it into dere head dat dey cannot serve God and Mammon. When a man gives to de Church, and gets to be a big gun in de Church, dy’e spose he am going to give what he am going to miss? No, sah, de way to serve God with the aid of Mammon am to give what udders miss, what your cashier, an’ your clerks, an’ de woman dat makes up your ready-made clothing fo’ de store misses, when de children go without food half de time in order dat de margin of profit may be large to give to de Lawd. De time when de Lawd and Mammon were pitted gainst each oder in de race am long gone by; dey am no longer antagonistic fawces; dey am now a team yoked togeder in de Gospel chariot, and de way dat chariot am making de dust fly now-a-days half blinds de eyes of de doubters who still keep on axing, “Is it possible to make de best ob both worlds?” Why, co’s’e you can; all you want am a proper knowledge ob how to go about it and de following hints may be useful. Fust—set out in life determined to make money; second, to keep it after it is made, all ceptin de extras which am de Lawd’s, a sacred trust; third, keep de ears ob yo’ conscience well corked up, oderwise dere am certain sounds from de world ob poverty which might break yo’ rest o’ nights, upset all de calm an’ heavenly frame ob mind you got accustomed to—and breed delusions ob de senses such as “ye cannot serve God and Mammon.”

JAY K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

Sunflower Verandah.

SONNET.

"Your nothing is *your* all."—FAUST.

(Addressed to a select and selected circle, who imagine that words are wisdom, and that knowledge is confined to themselves.)

"CATCH on to them cripples!" thus I heard a bloke—
 "Rhymers of rubbish! painters of too-too!
 Players of banjos, tied with ribbons blue!
 Aesthetic persons with their purses broke.
 Give me the chap as grows an artichoke,
 Or with black visage sweeps a sooty flue,
 Or works in common clothes like me and you—
 Them are the coves as earn their beer and toke."
 I heaved a clinker from my breast and said,
 "Oh! when will airy nothings get first place
 Over the vulgar runners in life's race,
 Who beer prefer to tea, say toke for bread.
 Does not the beautiful proceed from our small clique
 Who splutter blots of wisdom in the press each week?"

A. DÜER.

THE WORLD DO MOVE!

PEEPS INTO THE FUTURE BY "GRIP'S" OWN CLAIRVOYANT
 —THE COUNTRY'S LEGAL PROFESSION.

[From the *Globe* of January 2, 1893.]

WE are wont in this Canada of ours to pride ourselves on the excellence and purity of the Bench. It is a proud boast that in Canada the ermine remains so spotless—that amid all the partizanship, factionism and nepotism characterizing the politics of the country, we preserve, on the whole, an unsullied judiciary. Long may it be so!

But, when we point with such pride to our national Bench, why should we be silent about our national Bar? Take our police-courts for the record of the brilliancy and forensic glory of our leading lawyers.

What a masterly exhibition at once of eloquence and legal acumen was that of Hon. Edward Blake, the other day, before Col. Denison, in his defence of Mr. Paddy Rats on a charge of not cleaning off his snow.

Opposed as he was by the Hon. Oliver Mowat, he nevertheless completely upset all the theories of the prosecution and carried his client to victory!

Let us glance for one brief instant at the striking figure presented yesterday in the same court by Hon. A. S. Hardy, ex-Provincial Secretary, but now, like Mr. Blake and the erstwhile "Little Premier," earning a living at his profession. Where could we find on this continent a more conscientious and painstaking conduct of the prosecution of a large number of liquor cases than Mr. Hardy yesterday displayed?

Look, further, at the grand spectacle of Hon. Mr. Fraser, the whilom autocrat of the late Mowat Ministry, standing beside his trusted and talented law partner, the former Leader of the Legislature Opposition, and the two working might and main to convince the Colonel that that colored man from The Ward was not guilty of chicken-stealing. Messrs. Fraser and Meredith, since they quitted politics, make, as the phrase goes, a "cracking team" on the legal track.

Sir John Macdonald, too, though his years are telling on him, exhibits far more energy and acuteness since he abandoned the poor-paying Premiership for a lucrative practice in the township Division Courts. We can all easily recall what a masterly defence he made in those hay-fork cases out at the York Township Court last week.

But there is no need to multiply instances. In the halls of our Parliaments we miss all these and many more familiar faces. Happily these able men are now earning a good living, and perhaps saving money. When

they shall have acquired a competency—or it may be sooner—when the country can afford to pay them enough to keep them in public service, we shall have them back in politics once more. In the meantime, we are sure, the people of Canada hope they may be abundantly successful in battling with life, and that at the Bar which they so eminently adorn they may amply realize, in a pecuniary way, what was denied to them as Members of Parliament and Ministers of the Crown.

We cannot close this article without one other remark. What an acquisition to the legal fraternity would Sir Charles Tupper have been if, instead of going into medical practice again after quitting the political arena, he had studied and been admitted to the Bar!

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS WHICH EXPLAIN THEMSELVES.

SLEEPY HOLLOW, Nov. 22nd, 1888.

RIGHT HON. LORD SACKVILLE:

SIR,—I am a Canadian paterfamilias and I sadly need counsel in the important matter of bringing up a large and interesting family. Judging from late events that you have a kind and paternal disposition, I write to ask your advice.

Bobby is fifteen and has aspirations for the army. Would you send him to the Royal Military College? And what about Maud? She is a year older. Do you believe in the higher education of women, and would you send her to Girton or the New St. Hildas, in the provincial capital of Ontario? Johnny is a bright little fellow of ten and has a great tendency to wear out trousers climbing trees and sliding down the bannister. How would you deal with him? Do you think that Canadian tweed wears as well as that of English or American manufacture?

Do you believe in the German teething neck-lace? That's what's the matter with baby.

I have the honor to be, sir, your obedient servant,
 JOHN SMIRKINGTON.

BRITISH LEGATION.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 28th, 1888.

SIR,—In reply to yours of ———, I am bound to tell you that I have no intention of being caught again by any such trap as you have just set. Once is quite enough, for I can tell you I have my eye-teeth skinned now all right, and when you catch this Ethiopian in the dark again without a lantern you'll get left worse than Grover, you bet—and don't you forget it. A man can't live in these United States, for any length of time, and in the height of a presidential contest, without improving fast. No doubt you notice that even my vocabulary has been some enriched.

I presume to calculate that you think you've got me fixed. No, siree. I see a trap in every line of your communication. Do you suppose I'll answer any questions about the Royal Military College while there is a West Point; or about Girton, while there is a Vassar; or about English tweed, with the burning question of the tariff still unsettled? No, sir, I've become a diplomat, lately. Your dear little baby may howl his teeth cut, but nothing is known about German neck-laces at this Legation.

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,
 JOHN SMIRKINGTON. SACKVILLE.



WANTED—A DISCRIMINATING WORD.

LITERARY MAN—"Well, my near, I'll be able to get that manuscript of mine copied after all. My friend Jollyboy has very kindly offered to lend me his type-writer."

HIS DEAR—"What! Algernon Charles! His type-writer! I hope she isn't pretty!"

MY INITIATION INTO HOUSEKEEPING.

WHAT AN UNSOPHISTICATED LITERARY MAN HAS TO
CONTENT WITH.

II.

ANOTHER of the problems is the hot and cold water arrangements. The landlord told me that hot and cold water would be procurable (that was not the word he used, but it is the first that occurs to me)—procurable all over the house. But how it gets there, whether he or I put the—the—I really do not know what has to be put in. Some one said something about a "boiler." Now, boilers, I know for a fact from my reading, have all sorts of fearfully expensive things attached to them—safety valves, feed pipes, steam gauges, vacuum pumps, and all sorts of other delicate and intricate machinery. (Besides, the water is now-a-days always heated in a "heater" before it goes into the boiler!) If there has to be a boiler, I hope the landlord has to have it made, not I. Think of all the testing of the steel plates that has to be done, the rivetting, etc., etc.!

There are a great many things about my house which I cannot for the life of me understand. For example, why does that hateful furnace with its forest of pipes have a whole cement-floored cellar to itself? Such waste of room! And why does not it do all the water heating itself, and the cooking, and the washing?

The washing—this reminds me that there is a "laundry" somewhere down stairs. My own idea of a laundry had always been that of a row of pretty girls with smiling faces, washing with their sleeves rolled well up and showing their plump, but rather red arms. A pretty picture, but I begin to fear a purely imaginary one. Certainly this "laundry" of mine can be nothing like it, for all I could see was a lot of tubs and a lot of brass taps.

There is another thing which to this day I have been unable to understand. They told me that there was a "vegetable cellar." I knew perfectly what a vegetable garden was, and I presumed this was a sort of covered vegetable garden in which I could sow things—melons, and grapes, and nuts—things for dessert, you know—in the winter. I went to look at it and found a beastly little room with a tiny window and a board floor. I don't believe a weed would grow there.

I am at present looking and advertising for a monograph on house-keeping. As soon as I have obtained and read it—there must be some such sort of book in print—I shall commence house-keeping in earnest. Then perhaps I may have something more to tell. H.

GRANNY SINGLE-EYE'S VIEWS ON THE SITUATION.

SEEMS to me kind o' queer, all this talkin' an' squabblin
About 'Varsities, Colleges, Filiations an' sich;
An' it makes my head ache, all this writin' an' gabblin'
About the position o' the Methody Church.

An' the money, good lands! why, you'd think 'twas a
quarter,

'Way they talk about thousands and thousands to
pay;

An' it quite turns my head what they want to be arter,
With this talkin' o' the Methody status to-day.

What I allus considered the Methody status

Was to stick to the Gospel an' preach to the poor,
To be doin' good allus, no matter who'd hate us,
An' follow the *Master* right straight to death's door.

The Methody status I tuk to be humble,
Despisin' the world, it's follies an' pride,
Taking care not to mix in a permiscus jumble
God's interests an' Mammon's, whate'er might betide.

'Way I understood it, we were to live lowly,
With a love that is Christ-like, not seekin' our own;
Not puffed with conceit, livin' gently an' holy,
Without any braggin' or trumpets a-blown.

'Stead o' that, what's all this I am all the time readin'
'Bout the Methody body, so powerful and grand,
Rich enough to build 'Varsities, an' sayin' what we're needin'
Is to stand first and foremost, second to none in the land.

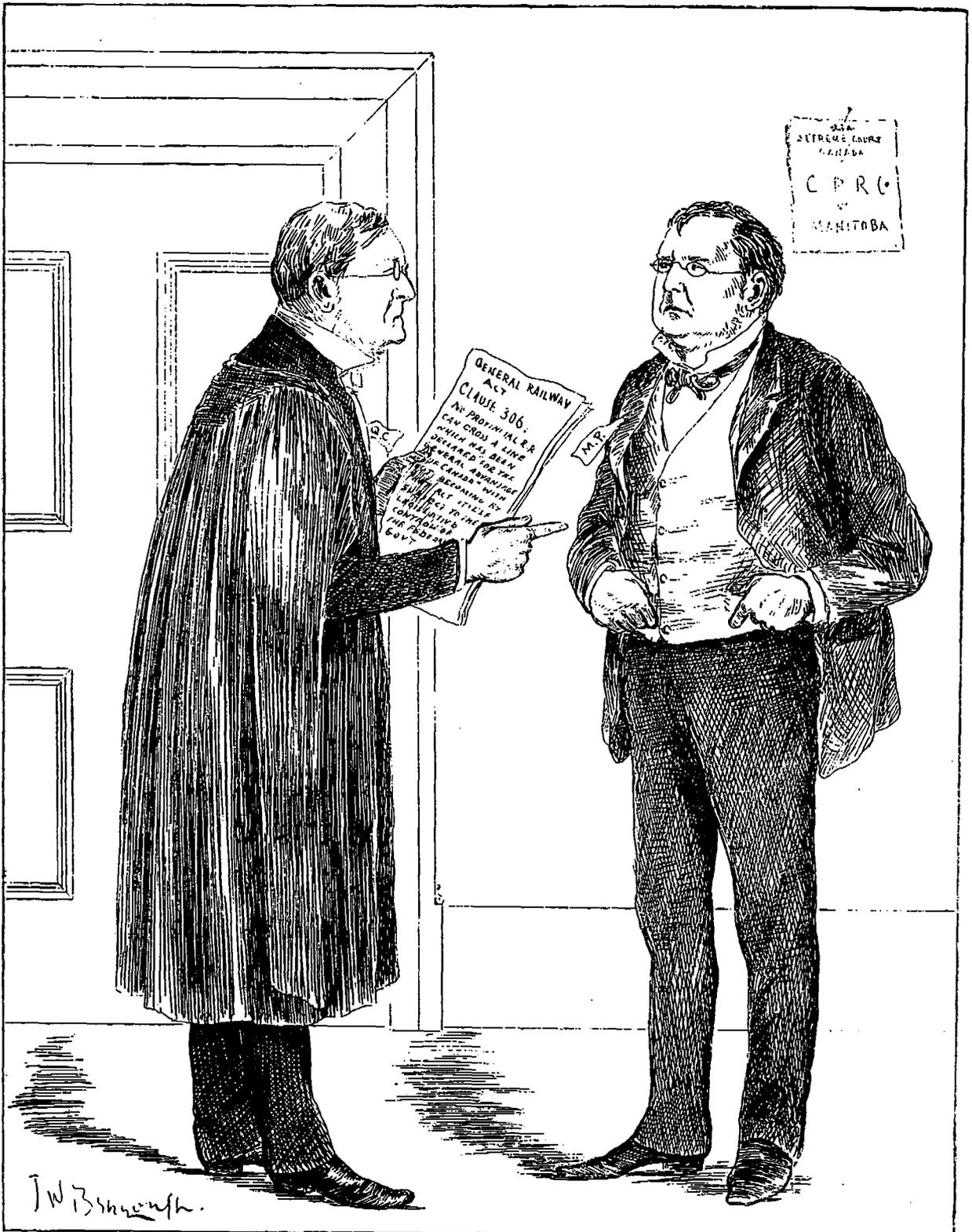
Sakes alive! what's the name o' the Master ye're under?
There's some mistake somewhere, but whether it's me
Or the Methody body, I cannot but wonder,
An' how *my* Master can be yours, too, I can't see.

I hear nothin' but church, church, church, every day,
An' the strength o' the Methody body, its wealth,
Its vote an' its influence; sich a display!
But nary a word o' the spiritual health.

It may be all right—but somehow I can't see it,
I know 'tain't the doctrine I larnt to believe
In the old-time class meetin', so homely an' quiet.
You'll excuse me—but I must my feelin's relieve.

GRANNY SINGLE-EYE.

If you are anxious to realize how it feels to wake up a nest of hornets, and you haven't any hornets convenient, just take some Browning Club man aside and tell him that Browning can't write poetry for sour apples.



A GREAT LAWYER MEETS A GREAT STATESMAN:

BLAKE, Q. C. (*Counsel for C.P.R., in Supreme Court Case*)—"There is no question that the constitution allows the Federal authorities to legislate Provincial roads into Federal jurisdiction, and that this Act brings under Federal jurisdiction every local line that crosses a Dominion road."

BLAKE, M.P.—"True, just what I pointed out when they were passing that Act. While it is constitutional, it is at the same time contrary to the spirit of the constitution, in so far as it interferes with the Provincial control of local affairs. As Law it may be sound, but as Policy it is evil and dangerous."



COSTUME A LA PORK SHOP.

"It is our intention to make this paper an original affair, if we have to borrow the money to do it."—*Smithville News*.

"It may be in keeping with the slang of the times, but it is hardly in good taste, to ask a washer-woman where she is hanging out now."—*Boston Courier*.

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FOGGS—"Just look at the absurd hat! Why, it's as tall as a steeple!" **BOGGS**—"What's odd about that? Isn't there a belle under it?"—*Life*.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the dates printed with their names upon the address labels. These will intimate, in every case, the date to which the subscriber has paid; and a great many will find that they have fallen behind. We wish it understood that subscriptions in arrear are to be paid at once. We are doing our best to make the paper all that it professes to be; and while it gives manifest pleasure to its thousands of readers, we want them to bear in mind the commercial side of the arrangement, and to pay up all arrearages without obliging us to undertake anything to jeopardize the pleasant relationships which bind us even to our tardiest friends. Please do not mistake this as one of the humorisms of the paper,—it is the production solely of the business department.

WHY HE LEFT.

"WHAT did Cain do?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Oh, nothing much," replied a timid boy with his finger in his mouth.

"He killed Abel, didn't he?" continued the teacher.

"Where's my hat?" asked a bad boy, rising to his feet.

"What—where are you going?" stammered the astonished teacher.

"Pap's a Democrat, and he said fur me to light right out whenever anybody begins to wave the bloody shirt. Gimme my hat, and I'll go."—*Arcola Record*.

GROCER—"This brand of oatmeal, madam, is called the '7:30' because it takes only seven minutes and thirty seconds to cook it."

LADY—"That's it? I have been using it and I thought it was called the '7:30' because it takes seven and a half hours to digest it."—*Time*.

HE had been there himself.—Police Judge: "William Hickaby, you are charged here with being drunk."

"Correct, your Honor."

"Have you any excuse!"

"My wife sent me down town to match a ribbon—"

"That will do, sir. I see you were driven to it by force of circumstances. You are discharged."—*Nebraska State Journal*.

LADY OF HOUSE—urging company to eat—"Please help yourselves. Do just as you would in your own house. I am always so glad when my friends are at home."

DIGEY—"Well, Filtrip, you've been on a farm for several years; what is the most troublesome thing you've ever tried to raise?" Filtrip (who is hopelessly in debt): "Why, the most troublesome, unprofitable thing I've to raise is a mortgage."

MR. TORRINGTON's second matinee of the Toronto College of Music called out an audience which completely filled the spacious concert rooms of that elegant establishment, last Saturday afternoon. The chief attraction was Madam Asher-Lucas, pianiste, whose performance was most masterly throughout a programme ranging from the delightful Bridal March of Greig to the Grand Parsifal Prelude of Wagner. Toronto music lovers will always be glad to find this gifted lady's name on their concert lists hereafter. Miss Kate Ryan, a pupil of the College, who possesses a promising contralto voice, assisted on the occasion, and acquitted herself most creditably.

A REPORTER in describing a teetotal meeting said that "they had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired full of the best spirits."

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.

A LADY, with a sigh, exclaimed, "Well, I've lost my lawsuit!" Oh, mamma, how glad I am," said the child, "that you have lost it, for it tormented you awfully."

PRECOCIOUS—Mamma and baby have stepped out on the terrace to see whether cook has forgotten to give the cat its dinner. They find pussy engaged in cleaning up its plate, in which operation it is assisted by an immense tom cat.

"Wherever can that creature have come from?" inquires mamma, and baby makes answer:

"Why, that's pussy's policeman!"—*Kinderwelt*.

THRIFTY MOTHER—"Ellen, why will you persist in eating the soft part of your bread and leaving crusts under the edge of your plate? Some day you may be glad to get even crusts to eat."

Thoughtful Daughter—"Yes, mother, that's what I'm saving them for."—*Boston Transcript*.

SHE of New York—"Did you admire Sullivan's style in his 'Yeoman of the Guard,' Mr. D'Kellyvan?"

He of Boston—"Admire his guard? Well, I should say I did. I always was ready to put up my last dollar on the old boy, and his guard is almost as wonderful as his terrible left hander."—*Detroit Free Press*.

FIRST YOUTHFUL SWELL—"I wondah, deah boy, that with youah—er—love of music and—er—all, you nevah learnt to play—er."

Second Youthful Swell (reproachfully)—"Oh, Chawlie! With my delicate ear, how could you suggest such a thing. Think of the agonies I should suffer while practising."—*London Fun*."

BUSY FATHER (hurrying through breakfast)—"Anything startling or important in the paper, my son?"

Young Hopeful—"Yes, indeed, father; Jack Shortstop is going to be with the Bostons next year."—*Philadelphia Record*.

SUSIE—"Why, how smooth your face is!"

ESTHER—"How smooth yours is!" (Consternation, blushes; short but painful pause.)

"TRUE Irish Hearts" is as pretty an Irish play as one would care to see, and is very appropriately set in scenery. The company, too, is a good one. Kittie Coleman, the soubrette jig and reel dancer, is a strong leader in the cast and merits all the attention she receives. She is a very clever little actress and in her dancing brings down the house.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. "True Irish Hearts" runs all this week at the Toronto Opera House.

LITTLE THREE-YEAR-OLD ARTHUR was pulling the cat's tail, when a gentleman said, "You musn't do that; she will bite." The little fellow replied, "Cats don't bite at this end."

"I TURN it down," said the young lady who was playing euchre with a gentleman who had called upon her. "What do you make it?"

"Hearts," was the response. "Hearts seems to be a favorite trump with you young men," she said, archly. "What trump would you prefer?" he inquired.

"Diamonds—or," she added in an abstracted way, "seal skin sacks."—*Merchant Traveler*.

IT is as plain as the nose on your face, and there's no excuse for you overlooking it!" exclaimed a husband whose wife had forgotten to reduce the size of the button hole in his shirt collar. "But, deary, how can I help overlooking the nose on my face!" was the patient and placid answer that set him wild.

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A SHOEMAKER from a country town was looking at the machinery in a shoe factory. "Well I declare," he said, "if that don't beat awl."—*Boston Post*.

HOW BEAUTIFUL—Jolly of Cucumber and Roses makes my hands soft and my complexion clear and transparent. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

MRS. WELFXT (showing Aunt Japonica the new grounds)—"That is the lodge over there." AUNT JAPONICA—"How nice it must be to have it so near. The one your uncle belongs to is more than four miles from where we live, an' sometimes it takes him all night to get home."—*Judge*.

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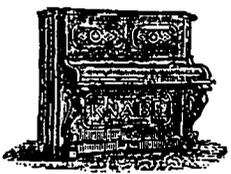
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E. E. WEBB,

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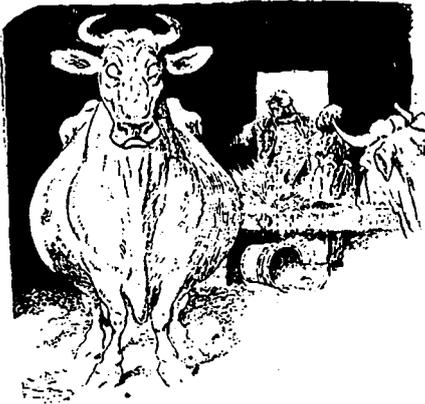
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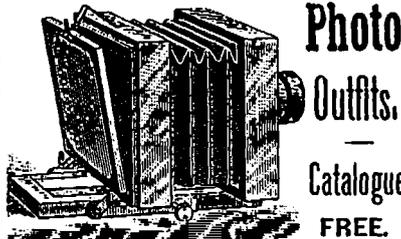
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