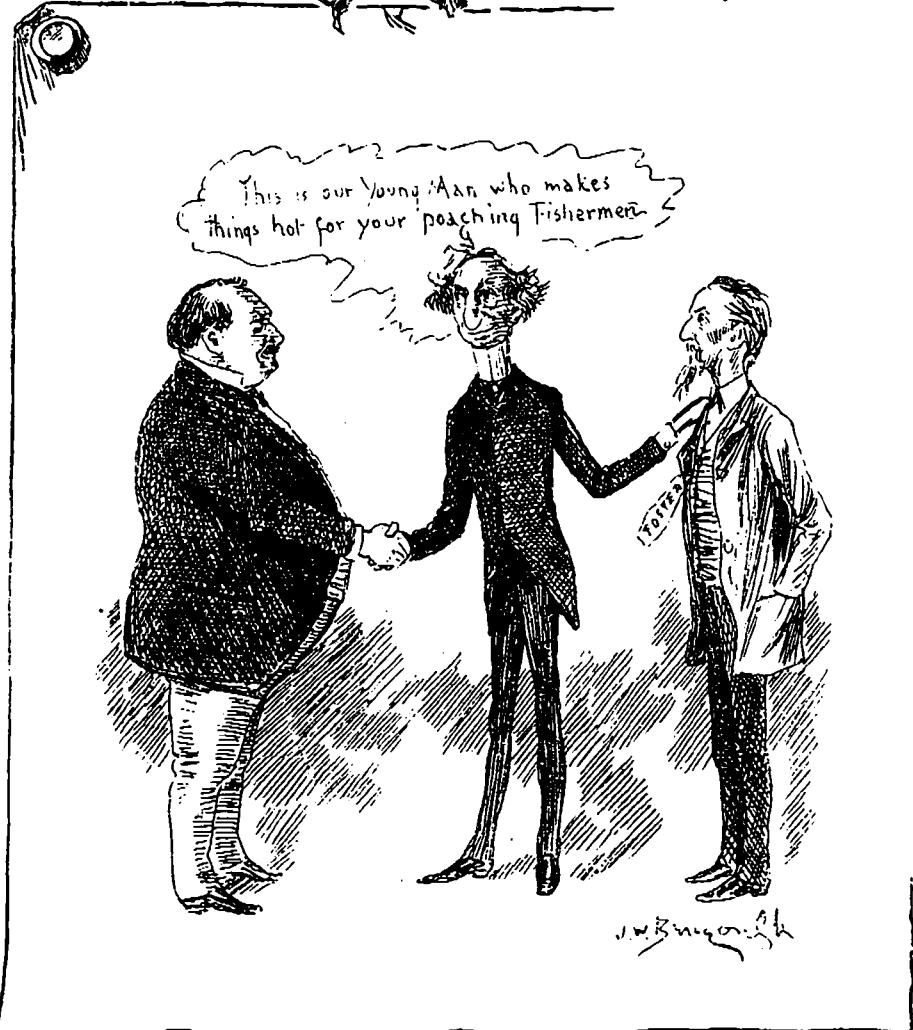


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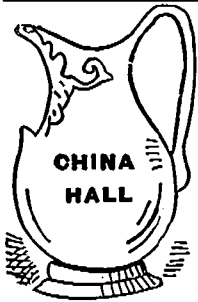
" FOSTERING " GOOD FEELING.

" But I believe that the Government of President Cleveland is exceedingly friendly to Canada, exceedingly friendly to extended commercial relations with Canada, and I can say that the Canadian Government is doing all that it can to foster that feeling, and to anticipate the time when there may be, perhaps, enlarged commercial relations between Canada and the United States."—*Sir John's Speech on the Fisheries.*

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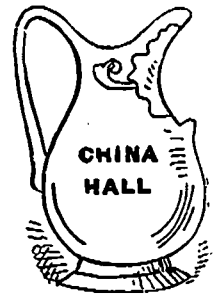
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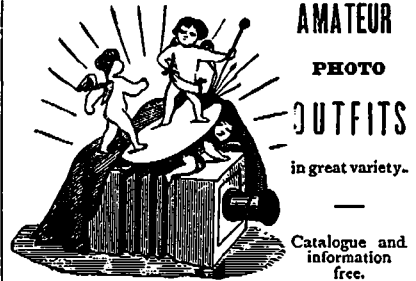
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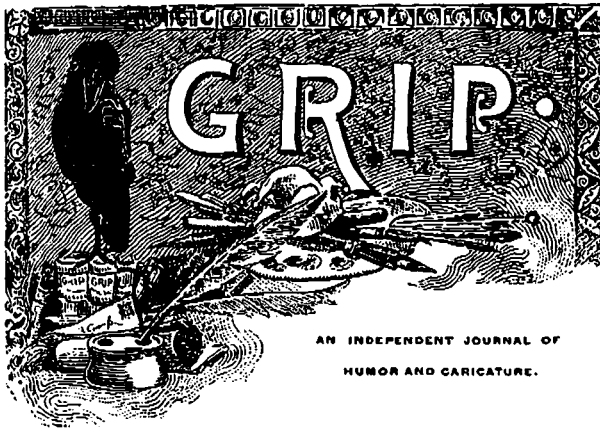
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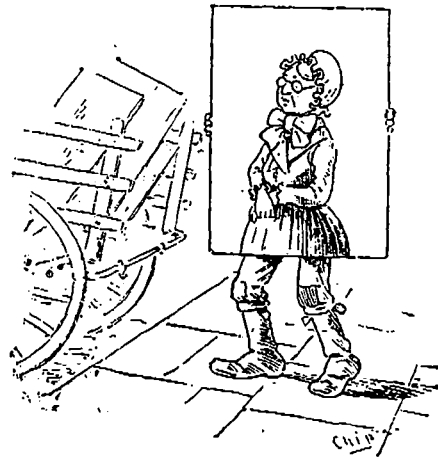
VERY MUCH ALIKE.—Mr. George's elaborate and able work, "Progress and Poverty," was an attempt on his part to answer the important question, *Why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?* That such is the tendency of wages at the present time, when the productive power of labor is greater than it ever was before, is unquestionable. Mr. George's reply is, in brief, that the laborer comes out short because the landlord gets more than his fair share, as the result of laws now in operation, which are radically wrong and unjust. We are aware that the "Anti-Poverty" movement, which seeks to rectify this wrong, is highly unpopular with many—chiefly with those who have given it no study, and are sublimely innocent of its real meaning and object, but it will hardly be denied that nowadays, in many classes of society, labor can not hope to do more than secure the absolute necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter—and this takes no account at all of the unemployed. Now, these things are what Slavery guaranteed to the Slave in exchange for his toil, and it follows therefore that, so far as the comforts and pleasures of this life are concerned, the laborer is literally in a state of bondage. It surely behooves every friend of humanity, if these facts be admitted, to listen with respect, if not enthusiasm, to the statement of any feasible plan by which, without doing real injustice to any other class, the circumstances of the poor and suffering may be greatly bettered.

FOSTERING GOOD FEELING.—We are not quite sure that the best way to foster good feeling with Uncle Sam at the present juncture is for Mr. Foster to be particularly strict in his interpretation of our fishery rights, and very vigorous in acting upon his interpretation. We do not say that our Minister of Marine has been so, but Uncle Sam *thinks* he has, which amounts to the same thing in this case. Sir

John's unconscious pun was, we thought, too good to let slip—hence our cartoon. The quotation in which it occurs is from one of the Premier's speeches during the session, a speech in which, by the way, he said nothing which would discourage Commercial Unionists. The passage quoted in connection with our cartoon is, on the contrary, a distinct expression in favor of that project, as Sir John must know very well that no Reciprocity short of the Unrestricted sort can be got from the United States. We commend this utterance to the *Hamilton Spectator* and other stupid organ-grinders who have been for some time opposing Commercial Union (not, of course, with argument—but with abuse of its advocates) under the belief that in so doing they were serving their masters at Ottawa. Those masters have not as yet officially declared themselves upon the subject, and the chieftain himself is, in his own words, in favor of "enlarged commercial relations" with our neighbors.

THE INFANT INDUSTRIES.—Some of the Canadian manufacturers are pleading the baby-act, declaring that under Commercial Union their infant industries would be crushed by the older infants of the Eastern States. The marvellous growth and present prosperity of the Western and Southern manufacturers (who, by the way, are considerably more infantile than those Canadian tender-feet) is a sufficient answer to this pleading, even aside from the consideration that the benefit of the majority, and not of a minority, must be sought. It remains with the timid ones referred to to show why Canada, with her superior resources, cannot do at least as well as the Southern and Western States under similar conditions.

THE NEW ORGAN.—A project is on foot to establish a new Conservative organ in this city—*vice* the *Mail*, reformed. Mr. Boswell is, as usual, head pusher. Big dividends are promised to shareholders, and the paper is likely to get some Government pap. It is (if duly born) to be christened *The Empire*.



AUNT MARTHA'S PORTRAIT GOES TO THE FAIR.

LEGAL NOTE.

Two distinguished Queen's Counsel met on Front Street the other day. While they stood talking, a dray loaded with dry-goods cases passed along the street.

"Do you observe anything legal about that team of horses?" asked one Q.C. of the other.

"I fail to note the resemblance you hint at," the other answered.

"Well," returned the first, "they are drawing a conveyance."

Just at that point one of the dry-goods cases fell from the dray, and as the driver turned to contemplate the disaster, the second Q.C. said to the other, "The expression on that man's face strangely reminds of an expression habitual to you. I suppose it is to be accounted for by the fact that he has just lost a case."

And the two lights of the bar went in opposite directions.

THE LOST BABY.

LOST, LOST, LOST.

Wednesday, from Union Avenue, a liver-marked fox terrier dog. Named "Baby." No collar. Five dollars to finder on returning to 20 DeBresoles Street. Anyone retaining him after this notice will be prosecuted.—*Montreal Star*.

THERE is no use trying to comfort me,
I tell you my Baby is gone!
I won't be consoled by your pity or talk,
Or by silver or cake or bon-bon.
What's the g-good of keeping on saying
"The dog has just gone away?"
Don't I know that B-baby's not w-with me—
That—b-b-boo!—some one's s-stole him away?

Will your telling me not to keep crying
Bring my darling straight home to me now?
"Yes, it might." Oh, go 'way! You're so foolish!
My Baby is gone—Ow-ow-ow!!
There he was in my lap just last evening,
And looked up in my face, 's if to say:
"Won't I know please—w-won't y-you p-please, missy dearest,
G-get in-me a c-collar s-some d-day?"

And I made up my mind I would buy it,
If it took every cent in my bank;
And I'd wash him and dress him and l-love him,
And not c-care if you called me a crank.
But now—Oh, my Baby, my Baby!—
They've got you! I'll not stop my bawl!
Boo-oo-oo! h-h-h-oo . . . poor lost beauty!
And you h-had no c-collar at all!!

When I think of his cute little antics—
How he'd beg and he'd bark and he'd frisk;
I let him go out in the sun-shine, you know,
Never thinking a bit of the risk.
So you see—bo-oo-oo!—he's been stolen,
Or the dog-catcher's got him, may be;
Or a big dog has killed him or something,
Or—boo-oo-oo! Go away! Let me be!

I don't care if you *do* advertise him—
But, anyhow, say, if you do,
That I'll give *all I have* for my Baby,
To get him back s-safe—Boo-oo-oo!
'T won't do any good now, I'm *certain*—
But tell them you'll punish the thief!
B-baby's gone, I will never more see him—
No—I-d-don't—w-w-ant—your—old—h-hankerchief!

He was more to me even than Dolly—
His cold nose or stump of a tail
I'd—not—give—for—a-a-any—one's—m-money—
What? I'll *not* stop this weep and this wail,
You can put it in all of the papers—
And I nev-never b-bade him g-good-bye!
There is *no use* in trying to comfort me!
My Baby is gone—and—I'll—die!

T.T.

DEFINITIONS.

(From GRIP'S *New Dictionary*.)

HARD DRINK.—Ice.
A BLANK FORM.—Chloroform.
A SHAVING BRUSH.—Trouble between two barbers.
HARD LINES.—Steel Rails.
NO THOROUGH FARE.—The Boarding-house Meal.
IN A TIGHT BOX.—Sardines.
SARDINES.—Three-inch herrings, boiled in kerosene.
AT A PINCH.—The snuff-taker's sneeze.
CONTAGIOUS.—The left felder catching a fly.
ON TICK.—The tick-cover.
ALWAYS SEEDY.—The fig.
IN THE PITCHER'S BOX.—The Pitcher.

IN THE RIGHT FIELD.—GRIP.

A BALL ROOM.—A bowling Alley.

ELECTION COLORS.—Black and blue.

THE CLOSE OF EVE.—Very brief.

A RISING MAN.—The balloonist.

A MAN OF STRAW.—The Hay-seed.

IDIYACHTIC.—The yacht owner.

A SPANKING GAIT.—The Schoolmaster's.

A BUSTLING BUSINESS.—The Dressmaker's.

EXTREMELY WITTY.—The End-man.

NOT HEADLONG.—The long-headed man.

FOUR-IN-HAND.—The fingers.

"A LONG FELT WANT."—The disappearance of this phrase.

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE.—The game of the gas meter.

A HEATHEN.—The butcher who offers "lamb at a sacrifice."

A QUEER FISH.—The one you catch.

AN ODD COINCIDENCE.—Fried Bacon and Fried Liver.

A DESIRABLE PARTNERSHIP.—The Lion and the Commercial Unicorn. TRISTRAM S.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

Illustrated by the Author.

ALFONSO QUANTURNERNIT DOWDELL, Frumenti, Ohio, writes to know something of the effects of alcohol on the brain of an adult, being evidently apprehensive that some day he may become an adult himself. He says:

"I would be glad to know whether or not you think that liquor stimulates the brain to do better literary work. I have been studying the personal history of Edgar A. Poe, and learned through that medium that he was in the habit of drinking a great deal of liquor at times. I also read that George D. Prentice, who wrote 'The Closing Year,' and other nice poems, was a hearty drinker. Will you tell me whether this is all true or not, and also what the effect of alcohol is on the brain of an adult."

It is said on good authority that Edgar A. Poe ever and anon imbibed the popular beverages of his day and age, some of which contained alcohol. We are led to believe these statements because they remain as yet undenied. But Poe did a great deal of good in that way, for he set an example that has been followed ever since, more or less, by quite a number of poets' apprentices who emulated Poe's great gift as a drinker. These men, thinking that poesy and delirium tremens went hand in hand, became fluent drunkards early in their career, so that finally, instead of issuing a small blue volume of poems, they punctuated a drunkard's grave.

So we see that Poe did a great work aside from what he wrote. He opened up a way for these men which eradicated them, and made life more desirable for those who remained. He made it easy for those who thought genius and inebriation were synonymous terms to get to the hospital early in the day, while the overworked wastebasket might secure a few hours of much-needed rest.

George D. Prentice has also done much toward weeding out a class of people who otherwise might have become disagreeable. It is better that these men who write the influence of rum should fall into the hands of the police as early as possible. The police can handle them better than the editor can.

Do not try, Alfonso, to experiment in this way. Because Mr. Poe and Mr. Prentice could write beautiful and witty things between drinks, do not, oh do not imagine that you can begin that way and succeed at last.

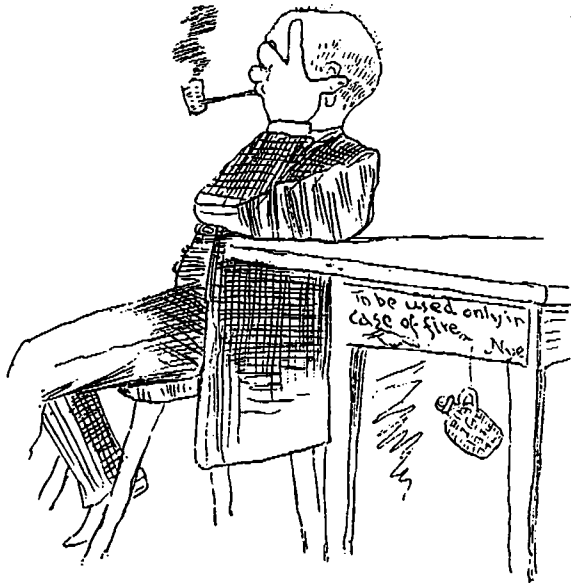
The effect of alcohol on the brain of an adult is to congest it finally. Alcohol will sometimes congest the brain of an adult under the most trying and discouraging circumstances. I have frequently known it to scorch out and paralyze the brain in cases where other experiments had not been successful in showing the presence of a brain at all.

This is the reason why some people love to fool with this great chemical. It revives their suspicions regarding the presence of a brain.

The habits of literary men vary a good deal, for no two of them seem to care to adopt the same plan.

I have taken the liberty of showing here my own laboratory and methods of thought. This is from a drawing made by myself, and represents the writer in his study and in the act of thinking about a poem.

Last summer I wrote a large poem entitled, "*Moanings of the Moist, Malarious Sea.*" I have it still. The back of it has memoranda on it in blue pencil from the leading editors of our broad land, but otherwise it is just as I wrote it.



The engraving represents me in the act of thinking about the poem, and what I will do with the money when I get it.

I am now preparing a poem entitled, "*The Umbrella.*" It is a dainty little bit of verse, and my hired man thinks it is a gem. I called it "*The Umbrella*" so that it would not be returned.

By looking at the drawing you will see the rapid change of expression on the face as the work goes on.

I gave the drawing in order also, to show the rich furniture in the room. All poets do not revel in such gaudy trappings as I do, but I cannot write well in a bare and ill-furnished room. In these apartments there is also a window which does not show in the engraving. I have tried over and over again to write a poem in a room that had no window in it, but I cannot say that I ever wrote one under such circumstances that I thought would live.

You can do as you think best about furnishing your room as I have mine. You might, of course, succeed as well by writing in a plainer apartment, but I could not.

All my poetical work that was done in the cramped and plainly furnished room that I formerly occupied over Knadler's livery stable, was ephemeral.

It got into a few of the leading autograph albums of the country, but it never got into the papers.

I would not use alcohol, however. Poe and Prentice could use it, but I never could. After a long debauch, I could always work well enough on the street, but I could not do literary work.



BILL NYE.

A SPECIMEN OF REPORTING.

GODERICH, *July 13th, 1887.*

MR. GRIP,—I herewith send you a report of the Orange Picnic, as a sample of what I can do in the way of reporting. I have done it up in a condensed, racy style, as you can see, and hope you will see your way to employing me on your reporting staff permanently at not less than union wages—to wit, \$100 per month and expenses, including board bill.

Yours truly,
FRANK CHEESIT.

A MAMMOTH ORANGE!

IN SECTIONS FROM ALL OVER CANADA—HOORAY FOR THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

It was a grand, stupendous, overwhelming mass of flaming yellow Protestantism that assembled in Goderich on the glorious and immortal memory of the twelfth. Thirty-nine car-loads of Protestantism influxed into the hotels, and maybe they didn't perspire. The sun was in full regalia, and anybody who thinks Orangeism is dying out must be off their base. The banners were blazing with silk, the procession being exceedingly handsome on the part of the local brethren. Mayor Leager was warmly received, the thermometer circulating among the nineties and still rising. Not knowing anything about Orangeism, he had to do some everlasting hustling, and read up the declaration of Orange principles, only yesterday. He found they were all O.K., in fact, very much like his own, and very essential to those not based on opposite views. He extended to all a hearty welcome, and hoped they would find it hot enough for them. (Applause.)

Right Worshipful Brother Fifty-something (I forget which) was then introduced. He said he was sorry there were so many men like the Mayor. The grand principle of the O. Ass. was equal rights, equal liberties, freedom of conscience and freedom of speech for all men of whatever creed, such liberty and such freedom as had been experienced by Editor O'Brien in the city of Toronto some weeks ago. He was was greatly pleased at the *Order-ly* character of the celebration. (Applause.)

Dr. Orrinocco was received with cheers. He considered himself the only decent man in the crowd. When they looked at him they accomplished all the purposes of their sweltering journey. The principles of the O. Ass. guided his forefathers long before the white robbers came and stole their land. The Indians were the first original

Orangemen, first, because they did not—no never—ever drink firewater, and second, because they never swore. There were no cuss-words in the Indian language, any more than in the mouth of an Orangeman. He hoped that the whole world of the whites would speedily be evolved into Indians, they being the more superior race. At present the Orangemen were the only whites who came up to them. Dr. Orrinocco was vociferously cheered. He left an impression on the mind of your correspondent that very few whites could begin to compete with the Indian in fine sarcasm and subtle fun-poking.

Past Grand Master for Ontario West explained that he had not been billed. It gave him much pleasure to hear his scarlet brother, the doctor, who had the bulge on them in being born, while they had to be made. Had the battle of the Bine not been fought, the pall of Popery would have attached alliteration's artful aid to pull the wool over the eyes of civilization. Commercial Union meant Annexation, but the *Mail* needn't think it was going to make a cat's paw of them to rake in Canadian chesnuts for the American tax collector. He implored them by the battle of the Bine which had been won by the unselfish William, not to sell their birthright to the Americans, who wanted to destroy them.

Senator Clam expressed his delight that all attempts to get Home Rule had failed. Another attempt of the same kind had been made by a man named Wiman, who wished to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. (Hear, hear!) Really it appeared to him there was a systematic conspiracy to destroy the British Empire. Once there was a man named Wood, an employee of the Montreal Telegraph Company, who urged the Reciprocity Treaty be not renewed, and it wasn't. They should not ally themselves with a nation *with whom there could not possibly be any sympathy!*

Brother Luce said they were a fine body of men, pip. He wasn't a prophet, allee samee he would prophesy that a second edition of the battle of the Bine would be fought afore long, and don't ye forget it. O'Brine was properly treated; he was not interfered with in any way. He went home with a lie in his mouth, and a bigger liar than he never existed. He advised them to be moderate, and not give offence to any man, at any rate they were to take offence from no man, but hold on to their end of the shank.

[ED. GRIP (*loquatia*)—What a born ass the fellow must be to hand in a *bona fide* report like this. Evidently he does not know the first principles of scientific modern reporting—no, sir, you can't report for GRIP.]

MR. L. O. DAVID'S DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

"Many among that population would be unable to point out where France lay on a geographical chart—but they would say, as said the Alsatian school-boy, that France was in their hearts."

WE know not where the place may be,
In Europe or in Timbuctoo,
Why wears the flag a *Fleurs de Lis*,
Nor why one of its stripes is blue.
It may not be till years shall pass,
Till Rome o'er Canada holds sway,
That we this knowledge shall possess,
But no doubt we will know some day.
Some day, some day,
Some day we will find out
France, we know not where nor how,
Only this, only this,
David declares we love you now,
We love you now.

We love to hear the "*Marseillaise*,"
'Tis better than "*Die Wacht am Rhine*,"
What the words means, some of these days
We'll know—and what means guillotine.
Oh, *France la Belle* we love so well,
How is it that we do not know
Something about you? where you dwell?
"How is it?" answers grim echo!
Some day, some day,
Some day we will find out
France, and find out why and how,
Why this is—why in bliss
Of ignorance we love you now.

JAY KAYELLE.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE-BOOK.



I HAVE often wondered why our police constables should always be seen, note-book in hand, at street-corners writing, as a rule, somewhat laboredly. The first I noticed was a strapping young fellow standing under a gas-lamp about 11 p.m., in a remote district of the city, and it was amusing to watch him carefully forming his letters in the small book, and occasionally moistening the point of his pencil between his lips. He kept looking up at a house opposite, and I concluded that he was writing a serenade to his beloved cook, perhaps to be published on the morrow in one of our papers. Such things do appear daily under *noms-de-plume*, which defy any sort of discovery as to their authors. I noticed one the other day in the *Mail*, where a fellow took four or five verses to state the fact that he was going to call on his girl, and that he would have to pass a few lilac and chestnut trees to get there. This romantic party may have been the identical policeman I saw the other night—who can tell? However, last night as I was going home from my club, I picked up a small black-covered note-book, which I carried home. I tried to find out its owner's name in vain; but to judge from the contents I believe there can be no doubt of its belonging to one of our numerous scribbling policemen. At the risk of summary arrest I will give a selection of the notes, which are very interesting:—

June 1st, 9 p.m.—Helped good looking girl across street—gave her arm the necessary squeeze of authority.

9.10—Arrested an unlicensed dog.

9.35—Heard two men call a License Inspector a fool. Followed them up for a block and found traces of whiskey in the air, but not enough to arrest them.

9.50—Arrested a child for going home alone after 8 o'clock.

9.55—Saw Angelina at the corner of K—g and Y—k streets, talking to a small man dressed in tweed.

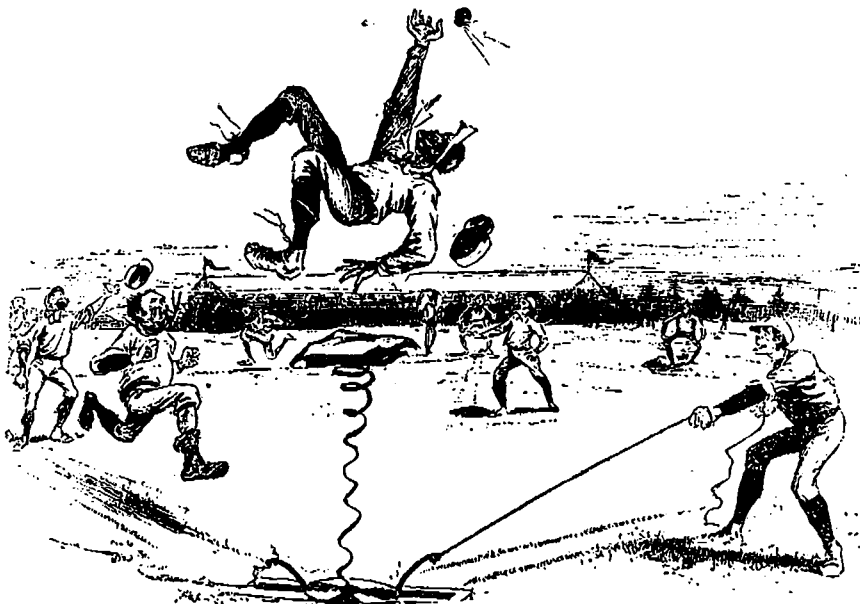
10.05—Two cabs passed and a boy on bicycle.

10.15—Two men fighting on the opposite sidewalk. Would have interfered if it had been on my beat.

10.30—Angelina goes home alone. Arrest man in tweed as he passes.

10.40—All quiet—will take a smoke—can't find a match. O.K.—Will get one to light my lantern.

10.50—Will write a verse expressive of my feelings —



THE PATENT SECOND BASE.

Here the notes cease, but
over the book are mottoes, riddles,
and verses, from which I
cull two or three :—

“ A chiel’s amang ye takin’ notes,
And ye’ll repent it.”

“ Thou hast outrun the constable at
last.”

“ Let none object my lingering way
I gain, like Fabius, by delay.”

“ Why is a clap of thunder
like a police station ? Because
it turns out a lot of peelers.”

“ Why is a policeman like a
fire-fly ? Because he is easy
to see, but hard to get hold of.”

PETER QUILL.

SOME PARADOXES.

WE cold never understand,
to begin with , why it is that
so little of the milk of human
kindness is to be found within
the pail of good society. We
do not think that the great
number of dancing pumps worn

by society men accounts for it satisfactorily.

And it has often struck us as being strange that the
show-cases in drug stores are not called counterpanes.
The things we speak of now as counterpanes might then
receive some other name.

Half of the pepper we buy is composed of p’s. But
why should this be true only of read pepper ?

We have often wondered, also, why papers will persist
in speaking of the man who is neither for or against
Prohibition as being “ on the fence.” Most of the time
he is leaning against the fence.

When these paradoxes are explained to us, we have
some more ready to unload.

GREEN AND GOLD.

Now all the woods and fields
Are clothed with glorious green,
And all the forest pathways
Are grassy now, I ween.

Green, green, green,
Are the poplars on the hill ;
But the green that most of all I prize
Is a crisp, green, ten-dollar bill.

Full soon when comes the autumn,
And summer’s green has fled,
The poplars and the sumachs
Will blaze in golden red.

And all the trees will dream
In the September haze ;
Their leaves all turned to flaming gold
In the languorous, lovely days.

Their leaves all turned to flaming gold
By Nature’s alchemy,—
But the only gold I clutch and hold
Is the realm’s good currency !

TRISTRAM S.

“ Angelina ! Angelina !
O why are you a flirt,
And talk to that small fellow, who
Wears diamonds in his shirt.
O do return—as say the French—
Unto the old old muttons—
And don’t despise this suit of blue
With all its braid and buttons.”

11.01—Will see if all the saloons on my beat are
closed. If open, some one might get a drink.

11.15—Jones and Smith of R— avenue passed along
very drunk. Jones called a cab and gave me a quarter.
Decent fellow, Mr. Jones.

11.30—Man passed, saying “ He wouldn’t go a cent
on any Jubilee.” As this sort of fellow wouldn’t proba-
bly go a cent on me, I ran him in.

11.40—Killed two cats, which will probably adorn the
street for a week.

11.45—Man and woman walking on the other side of
road—follow them cautiously four blocks—discover them
to be an Alderman and his wife, or should have arrested
them.

11.52½—Hear loud cries of “murder.” Probably a
row on next beat.

11.55—Renewed cries of “murder” and “police.”
Where’s P. C. Jones I wonder ? Somebody will get hurt,
if they don’t let up.

12.15—Row increases. P. C. Jones just turned up
with 3 more P. C’s. - We cautiously look round corner
and see a man knocking a woman down. Only a family
dispute after all. We go up and arrest two boys for
looking on and loitering.

1 a.m.—Feel sleepy. Will retire to a wood-shed and
wait for burglars.

2.30—P. C. Jones wakes me up and asks for a match.
Some fellows have no feeling at all.

UNRECORDED CONVERSATIONS OF
GREAT MEN.

VII.—GLADSTONE AND DISRAELI.

GLADSTONE carried the same umbrella for almost twenty years. Like Mrs. Gamp's, it was a bulging, dropsical umbrella; and as a result of its protracted experience of the peculiarities of the English climate, it had acquired a melancholy air of weariness and dejection. It has been said already that it was a bulging, exuberant umbrella; it had long lost, however, the faintest remembrance of the vivacity of its youth. It was of a sad, sober hue,—of a tint between that of a cigar box and that of a ham. At the top, where the converging whalebone ribs had originally come together in union and strength, the umbrella had suffered greatly; indeed, when it was open, there was almost as large an opening at the top as at the bottom. On the whole, it was just such an umbrella as one should expect to hold sombre views of life.

The great Liberal leader carried it with him everywhere. On account of its growing infirmities he bound it together at the top and bottom, when closed, with two elastic bands from the Government Office in Downing Street. One day Disraeli met him with the umbrella held affectionately under his arm, as was usual with him.

"How long have you had that umbrella?" he asked.

"Over seventeen years," said Gladstone, regarding it with pride.

"I can't understand how you have managed to keep it,—have you ever lent it to anyone?"

"Never."

"Well, I can understand that. But I can't understand," Disraeli pursued,—“it really astonishes me that during all these years you have escaped having it stolen from you. Why, there are two elastic bands of no inconsiderable value attached to it!”

W. J. H.

A TRANSFER.

BUT a moment ago and those soft brown eyes,
With a flood of tenderness looked into mine.
Was I happy? Ah, yes; as you would be
To be thrilled by a glance from such eyes divine.

But a moment, and now on another she smiles,
That tender glance is all for him.
She is fickle, you say. Why, no!—don't you see,
I've handed her photograph over to Jim.

T.

CONDUCTOR—"You surely don't expect those two boys to travel for one ticket ma'am?" She—"Most decidedly I do. It's a twin."—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

SWELL young lady (at the Polo grounds)—With Johnny on third, Roger on second, Gill on first and Danny at the bat, it's kid gloves to bone collar buttons we make two runs. Her escort (with surprise)—Do you know Messrs. Ward, O'Connor, Gillespie and Richardson personally, Miss Twillingham? Swell young lady (with hauteur)—Certainly not.—*N. Y. Sun.*



PARADOXICAL.

The Old Gent—No, Algernon. I do not approve of your breaking off the engagement. You will, no doubt, think more of Miss Goldust after you are married.

Algernon—I can't do it. The more I think of her—the less I think of her.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

(INSPIRED BY THE PASSAGE OF THE PERPETUAL COERCION BILL.)

IRISHMEN, shoulder to shoulder!
For country, for freedom, for right;
Shall the love of our country but smoulder,
Or the sun of our hopes set in night,
Because tyrants make laws only slaves could obey?
Shall we then meekly bow, and submit to their sway?
No! Irishmen,—shoulder to shoulder!

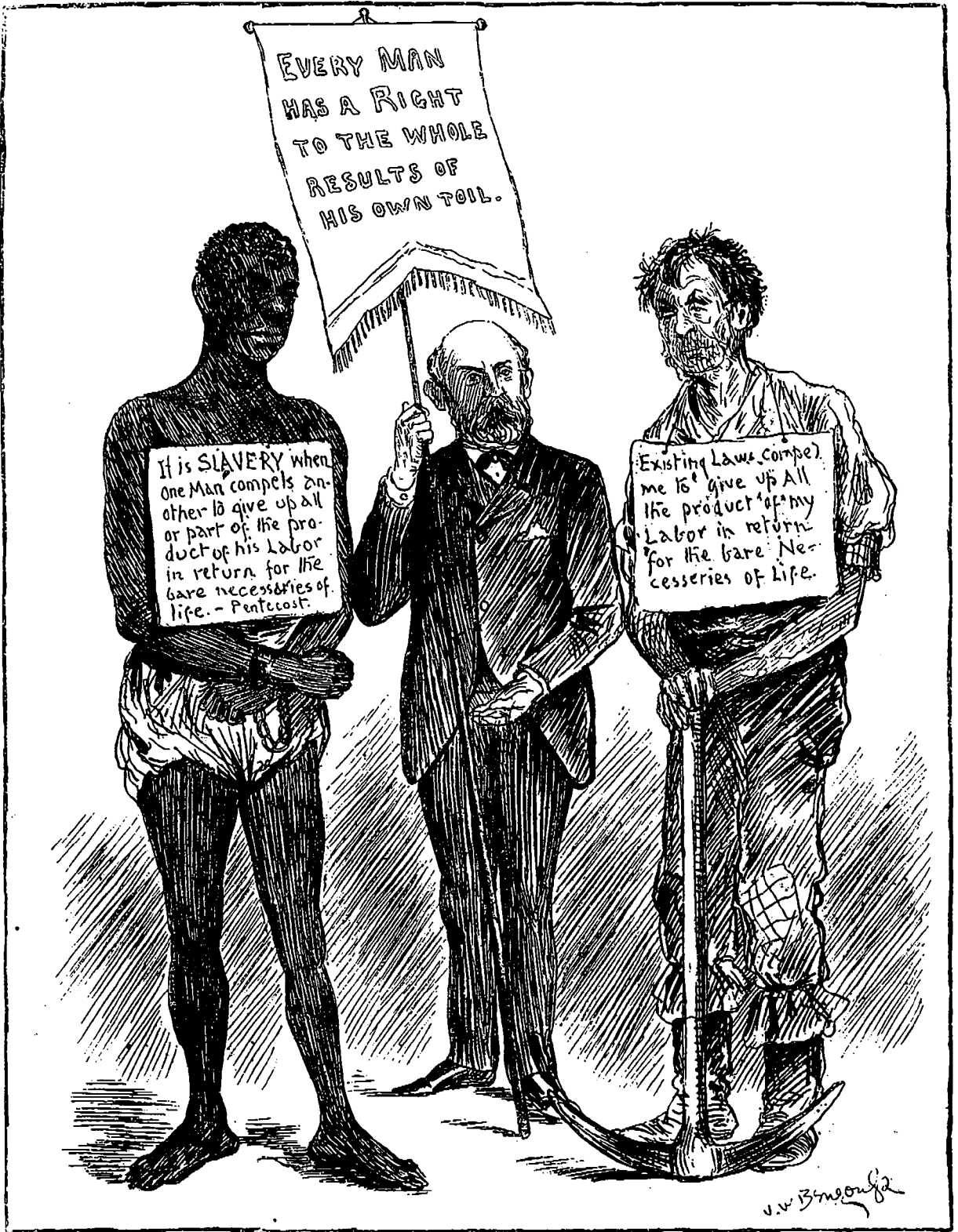
Go forward, determined, united,
And strong with the strength of the right;
Too long have our pleadings been slighted,
Too long hath Right bowed before Might.
Shall we suffer in silence now, as in the past?
In this day of the people arisen at last;
No! Irishmen,—shoulder to shoulder!

The tyrants who gag us and bind us
With fetters that chafe and that gall,
Too late, to their sorrow, will find us
A people who do and dare all.
When from England the tyrant, shall Englishmen true,
The PEOPLE of England, loved Erin, free you,
And with us stand shoulder to shoulder!

Shoulder to shoulder the wide world o'er,
Brothers in love as in arms heretofore;
Shoulder to shoulder when class and when crown
To the dust of oblivion long have gone down,
With caste and with greed and oppression to moulder,
While the armies of Progress march shoulder to shoulder.

JAY KAYELLE.

A MAGAZINE writer has been discussing the question "Will the coming man read books?" Not if he has to nurse the baby while his wife attends women's rights' conventions.—*Fall River Advance.*



VERY MUCH ALIKE.

Henry George—I DON'T SEE ANY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SLAVERY AND—SLAVERY.

BOARDING HOUSE CHAT.

"WHY is marble cake so called?"

"Marble cake is so called because it is marble cake—carved out of the solid rock in Italy and imported here at great expense."

"What's the idea of that?"

"Economy. It's cheaper in the long run. You see a piece of genuine marble cake will last a long time. Now here's a piece on this plate that has been in the house ever since I came to town—thirteen years ago this summer. Examine it closely and you will observe that it is almost as good as new. You will see here and there some scratches. They were made by strangers who had extra good teeth. There's a spawl knocked off that corner. That was done by the Man with the Iron Jaw who was through here last season with a circus."—*Oil City Derrick.*



OUT OF THE COMMON.

Mrs. Tart (whose domestic life is known to be stormy)—Do you know, Miss McFlimsy, as a woman I feel proud of this clever Miss Ramsay, who has carried off the highest honors at Cambridge. Just to think of a young girl being Senior Wrangler!

Miss McFlimsy—It is remarkable, considering that she isn't married, and to a man younger than herself!

WE ALL BREAK DOWN THERE.

HE was about to die for a cold-blooded murder. Standing beneath the gallows he made a short talk. He spoke of his impending death with slight emotion. Then of "his people" with some signs of tears. Then of his wife with sobs and a trembling voice. Then of "his old mother"—and there he broke down completely and gave way to uncontrollable grief.

Ah, yes! It is right there that we all break down. At the thought of "the old mother," with her graying hairs, her kindly face, across which time and sorrow are cutting their furrows, and her faith and affection that never wavers or doubts. It is to "the old mother" that man's heart turns at last when trouble, or affliction, or remorse overtakes him. Other loves may be stronger, and the passion of other loves may obscure this for a time. The wife clinging in absorbed happiness to the arm, or little ones, clambering fond and trustful about the knee, may efface all thought of "the old mother." But when a great

crisis comes, and the strong man is bending beneath a burden too grievous to be borne, the vision comes to him of one, idealized in his heart at least, who never doubted, who never wearied, but who loved all the time with a love that passeth understanding. The wife, wondering at this at first, accepts it at last, quietly acquiescing, but happy in her mother's heart to know that from her own children in the days to come the same miracle shall be rendered unto her.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WHO THE REAL SUFFERER WAS.

"Do you suffer much from cold feet?" inquired the shoe merchant, with kindly interest, as he complied with the lady's request and showed her the thickest-soled shoes he had in the store. "She suffer?" broke in her husband impetuously. "Great Scott! She suffer! Not much. I'm the victim; I'm the one that has to suf—"

"George!" said the lady. That was all she said, but George seemed to understand, and there was a silence that was not broken until the merchant observed in a deferential and funeral way that it looked as if there was going to be some kind of a storm if the wind didn't change.—*Chicago Tribune.*

SHE ARRANGED IT FOR HIM.

"SAY, Gaddersby," said Mr. Smith, as he came into the fish store with a lot of tackle in his hand, "I want you to give me some fish to take home with me. Kind o' fix 'em up so that they'll look as if they've been caught to-day, will you?"

"Certainly sir," said the grocer. "How many?"

"Oh, you'd better give me three or four bass. Make it look decent in quantity without appearing to exaggerate, you know."

"Yes, sir. But you'd better take white fish, hadn't you?"

"Why? What makes you think so?"

"Oh, nothing, except that your wife was down here early this afternoon and said if you dropped in with a fish pole over your shoulder, and a generally woe-be-gone look, to have you take white fish if possible, as she liked that kind better than any other."

Mr. Smith took white fish.—*Merchant Traveller.*

A RISING STAR.

FIRST ACTOR.—Do you know how young Shifter is getting on in the profession?

Second Actor.—Doing well, I think. You know he used to patronize the Fourth Avenue corner of the Rialto?

First Actor.—Yes.

Second Actor.—Well, I saw him coming out of the Broadway corner this morning.

A STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE.

"I AM devoted to George, of course," said a Chicago girl to her mother: "but I'm afraid he hasn't get-up-and-get enough about him to make any great success in this world."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Because he always kisses me on the forehead."—*Puck.*

HIGH-NECK corsages are coming into fashion again. Another one of woman's wrongs redressed.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

It is stated that \$11,000,000 worth of chewing gum is sold annually in the United States. The American girl is a great talker and by it's use between times keeps her jaw in working order.—*Washington Hatchet*.

THE man who sings "I would not live always, I ask not to stay," loudest in a prayer meeting, sends for the doctor when there's nothing the matter with him just as quick as the man who keeps a policy shop.—*Boston Courier*.

WHY do people fall asleep in church and not in the theatre? an exchange asks. Because, dear sir, in the church it is not the thing to talk during the performance. In the theatre it is different, and your neighbors keep you awake with their gossip.—*Boston Courier*.

"MA," said Bertie, "should I say 'pants' or 'trousers'?"

"Trousers, my dear," said the mother.
"Well, then," said Bertie, "I think Bridget had better give Fido some water; he trousers awfully."—*Tid-Bits*.

A FEMALE novelist says: "Perish the microcosm in the limitless macrocosm, and sink the feeble earthly segregate in the boundless rushing, choral aggregation." In this laudable undertaking, she should have the aid and encouragement of all right thinking people.—*Norriston Herald*.

Me been a swimmin'? Oh no, mother, I dassent without your consent.
My hair wet? Oh yes, that Tom Souther jumped on me, by accident.
How'd my coat get that muddy dirt?
Oh, that's from playin' in the ditch.
What! Me got on Tom Souther's shirt?
You've got me now, ma! Git the switch!
—*Rahvay Advocate*.

THE latest dresses indicate that the ladies would as sleeve have the arms puffed as not.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays a'l pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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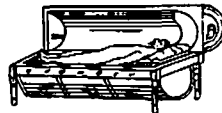
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(Copy.)
The Canadian Mutual Aid Association, Toronto, Ont.:—
DEAR SIRS,—As executor of Gilbert Horne, late of this city, I have to thank you for your prompt and satisfactory payment of \$1,400, being the full amount of the beneficiary certificate held by him in your Association.
Yours truly,
G. W. HORNE.
As solicitor to the estate of the late Gilbert Horne, I fully endorse the above, and wish your Association every success.
Yours, etc.,
T. W. GEARING.
We pay one-half the claim in case of "total disability," balance at death.

(Copy.)
The Canadian Mutual Aid Association:—
WROXETER, June 20th, 1887.
DEAR SIRS,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a cheque for \$90 for Mr. Chas. Servis, of Belmore, "total disability claim," being one-half of policy No. 1,038. The willingness with which your Company entertained, investigated and granted the above claim, and the promptness exhibited in forwarding the cheque for the same, commands my admiration, and convinces me that your business is conducted on the principle of "justice to all," and forms a striking contrast with the actions of some companies that could be named. I strongly recommend your Association to all persons wishing insurance on the assessment plan. Hoping that success will ever attend you, and that your Society will prove a blessing to thousands, as it has to Mr. Charles Servis, I remain thankfully yours, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Servis,
W. H. BROWN, M.D.

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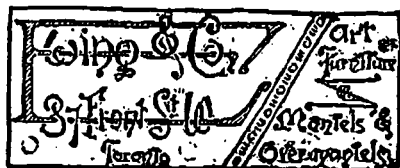
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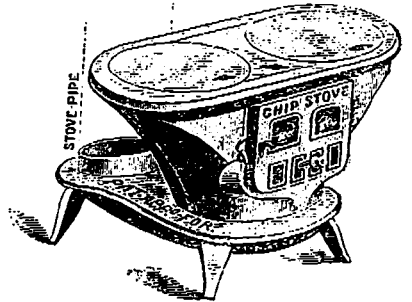
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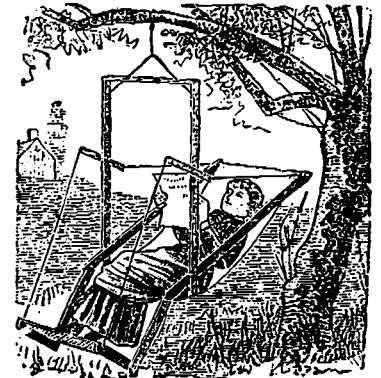
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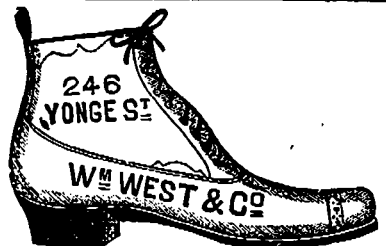
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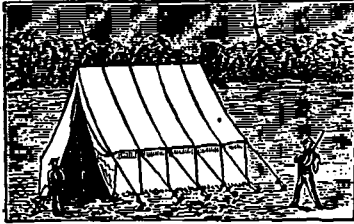


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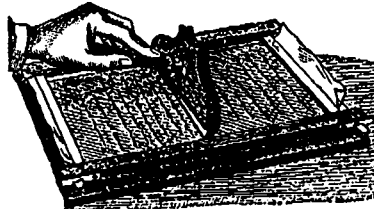
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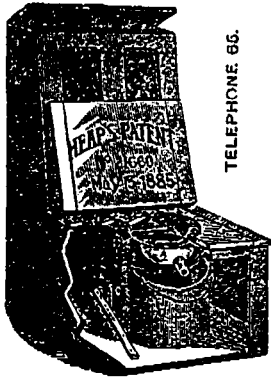
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