



# SIR FRANCIS BACON'S CIPHER STORY.

Discovered and Deciphered by Orville W. Owen, M.D. Vol. III.  
Howard Publishing Co., Detroit.

READERS of GRIP will recall a recent review in these columns of Vols. I. and II. of this remarkable work. For the benefit of those who did not see the notice in question we may repeat that the contents of these three volumes, and others yet to come, are a series of poems in blank verse deciphered by means of a code from the works of Bacon, Shakespeare, Marlow, Burton, Green and Peel. The code was discovered by Dr. Owen, and the work of deciphering, it is claimed, is purely mechanical, and could be done by any intelligent boy or girl who possessed the key. The theory, of course, is that all these works were really the production of one writer, Sir Francis Bacon, and that they were written for the purpose of concealing the cipher story in which many state secrets are revealed. Be that as it may, it is at least certain that the contents of these volumes are perfectly consecutive and coherent as to matter, and of a poetic quality fully worthy of the pen that wrote Shakespeare's plays. Vol. III is almost wholly taken up with the concluding portion of the poem on "The Spanish Armada," which was begun in Vol. II. This poem will easily take rank as one of the finest things in the English language, and it may be taken by itself as a test to settle the whole marvel and mystery of this matter. If Dr. Owen wrote this poem as an original work, he is the greatest of living bards; if he patched it together from sundry books by different authors, in any period short of a good lifetime, he is the most ingenious of human creatures. If neither of these conclusions is acceptable, there is no escape from the third, that it is really the work of Francis Bacon. We find this last by far the most easily believable, and we have no moral doubt that the writer of the "Spanish Armada" also wrote "Hamlet."

## 'RAH FOR HOWLAND.

WITH a full sense of the riskiness of endorsing other people's notes, GRIP has no hesitation in endorsing the *Telegram's* note about Mr. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., in which that gentleman was called an honor to his Party and to the Assembly. It may be true, as we are assured by a gentleman who took an active part in the election, that many of the "intelligent voters" of St. John's ward were under the impression that the candidate was their much loved ex-Mayor Howland—being actually unaware of the death of that good man—but although not hitherto as well known as his late brother, Mr. O.A. Howland is a worthy wearer of an honored name. As the *Telegram* well says, he has devoted many quiet years to thinking, and now when he has occasion to speak, he has something to say worth listening to—herein having a vast advantage over the average politician. GRIP hails Mr. Howland as a coming man, and wishes for him a long, happy and useful public career.

## WANTED—A ROYAL DOCTOR.

THE *Lancet*, the eminent organ of the medical profession in Great Britain, earnestly urges that Prince Albert Edward Christian George Andrew Patrick David, when he grows up, should become a Doctor. The army and navy are very well as professions, but the *Lancet* fails to see that they are more useful or honorable than that of medicine, and it is too much of a good thing that they should

absorb all the Princes of the blood. We are somewhat astonished to find this learned and respectable journal appearing in the character of a toady, and seeming to acknowledge that "royal patronage" in this form could confer any honor on the profession. But it is still more astonishing to find it assuming that as a matter of course Prince Albert Edward etc., etc., would make a Doctor. Almost anybody, whatever his birth, can wear a military or naval uniform with success, but for a learned profession brains are indispensable. Hadn't the *Lancet* better wait and see how the new Prince will "pan out" in that respect?

## SENATE ENGLISH.

A NUMBER of the members of the U. S. Senate have signed the following and given it out for publication as an act of justice to their colleague, Senator Call: UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D.C.—We occupy seats in the Senate near Senator Call, where he is within our observation all the time. We were present on the day of the newspaper statement of his exposure of his feet without shoes on his desk. The statement is untrue, and nothing of the kind occurred."

The senators no doubt mean well, but they don't know how to write English. The newspapers did not charge Senator Call's desk with having no shoes on; the allegation was that the Senator himself had removed his shoes and exposed his stocking feet upon his desk. We gather now that this never took place. How the newspapers do lie!

## A NOTABLE PEN-JAB.

THE Rum Traffic has just received a jab from the pen of the papal ablegate, Satolli, which will doubtless hurt it more than all the clubbing it has suffered at the hands of Prohibitionists for a twelve month. Mgr. Satolli has ruled that Bishop Watterson was right when he placed under the ban of the Church all Roman Catholic Societies in which liquor sellers were eligible as officers. This decision is of course vigorously opposed by the members of the trade, but their kicking will not avail. If they want to be members of respectable societies—or society—they have only to get into a respectable business.

THE papers contain news items about the divorce proceedings of "Minnie Palmer, the actress." We have nothing to say as to the merits of the case, but simply rise to object to the description appended to the name of the young woman. Minnie Palmer is not an actress, she is the woodenest sort of a stick.



"A NIGHT WITH THE BOYS."