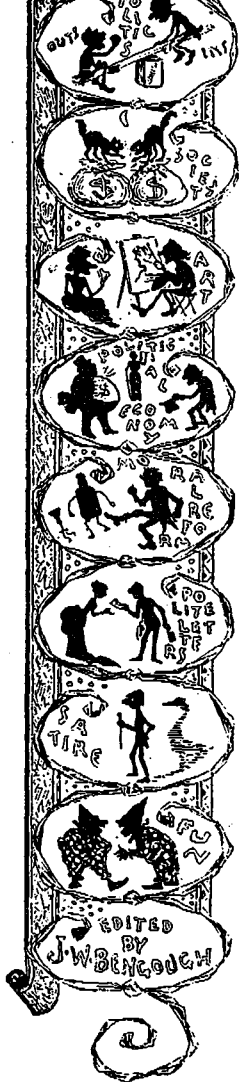


THE GRIP

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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE

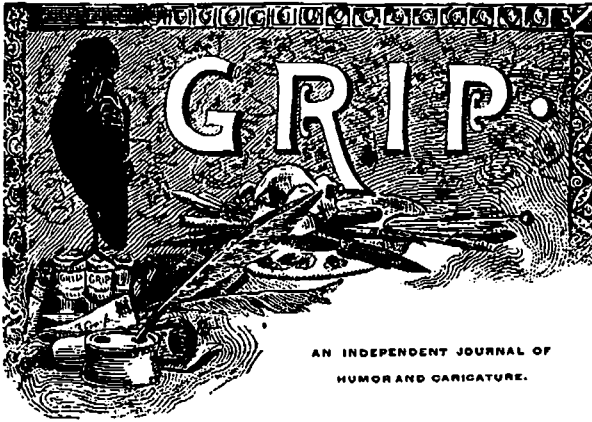


MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

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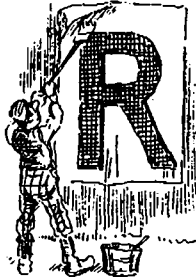


THE TIDE IS RISING.—If the leaders of the parties in Parliament supposed that the vote upon Col. O'Brien's motion would put an end to the agitation of the Jesuit question, they made a serious miscalculation. The popular discussion is every day growing more animated, for it does not circle round a mere technical point of law, as the debate in the House did, but takes cognizance of the broad and general issue presented as between Church and State. What the friends of civil and religious equality throughout the Dominion contend is that it is contrary to sound public policy to encourage Jesuitism in this country. Nothing can affect this position short of a demonstration of the harmlessness of the Society

—in other words, a demonstration of the falsity of all history relating thereto, and an impeachment of the common sense of all those Catholic rulers who have driven the Jesuits from their domains. The fact that the Quebec Jesuits have withdrawn their action against the *Mail* is not suggestive of their confidence in the results of an examination before a court of law, and naturally tends to strengthen the public opinion we have alluded to. But without this incidental acknowledgment Canadians at large have pretty well come to a full appreciation of the danger, and are manifesting a patriotic determination to "head it off." The vote in the House has apparently only had the effect of marking the English-speaking members of the majority for con-dign punishment when next they come before their constituents. They are probably aware by this time that neither the Grit doctrine of Provincial Rights nor the Tory doctrine of the Absolute Necessity of Sustaining John A. are regarded by the people as

more important than the preservation of British liberty in our midst. The tide is rising, and certain eminent ones are in extreme danger of being drowned.

MASTER OF THE SITUATION.—What the Irish vote is in the United States the French Catholic vote is in Canada. It holds the balance of power in the Dominion Parliament, and both parties find it necessary—or at least consider it so—to humor it in every possible way. Our cartoon is intended to convey an impression of the masterful position of the Quebec vote in Canadian politics. It is not necessary to suppose that Edward Blake and others who are generally regarded as high-minded and honorable men, consciously "truckle" to this influence. In this Jesuit Bill vote, for example, Mr. Blake, had he seen fit, could no doubt have given some reason for his course. But it would certainly have been short of the highest reason—the good of the country.



EARLY, it does look as though Mr. Minister of Finance Foster was "dans le potage," over this \$20,000,000 loan. It appears that, according to the bond attached to the loan, the money is borrowed for fifty years at three per cent.; but, according to the terms of the prospectus attached to the bond, it is really a loan for ten years at

from five to seven per cent. The question is, how the bond is to be reconciled to the prospectus. Mr. Minister Foster seems to propose to solve the difficulty by ignoring the latter document, which he does not regard as binding.

THIS is startling talk from such a quarter. It simply means repudiation, and if the Canadian people are prepared to support a ministry in any policy looking in that direction, the sooner we put up our national shutters the better. There is no question that a huge blunder has been made in connection with this fiscal transaction, and that the country is in for a smart loss of money; but bad as this is, in our present far from flush condition, it is not so bad as the loss of honor, which is coolly contemplated by the blunderers.

THIS seems to be a good season for new parties. Brother Sheppard, of *Saturday Night*, has just been presiding at the interesting ceremony of galvanizing into life the late lamented Canada First idea. In due time the new organization will be fully equipped, and labelled No. 4 in the list of Canadian political parties. Amongst its sponsors we observe the name of Hon. G. W. Ross, from which we infer that that distinguished statesman intends to cut his connection with the moribund Grit party. Just what the programme of the new party is to be is as yet something of a mystery. We gather from the speeches at the preliminary gathering that its chief function will be to "cultivate a national sentiment." This, at all events, is an admirable object, and the short cut to it is to make the country worthy of the love and admiration of its citizens.

SYMPATHY.

HOW strong the bond of sympathy!
 How touching is its power!
 How sweet to feel that someone sighs
 When clouds around us lower.

But though they're sweet, the fond regrets
 Of friends when luck is hard,
 I've no use for an editor's
 When he sends them on a card.

THE STREET CAR: AN IRRITABLE GRUMBLER'S EXPERIENCE.



STREET cars are my abomination, but I was recently forced to make use of one. It was a damp, depressed day. I was ditto, only more so, and hungry and tired to boot. With three miles before me, and no umbrella, no mackintosh, and no goloshes, I made one of a group of woe-begone individuals who stood at the corner of King and Yonge streets and craned their necks in the direction of the approaching cars. After waiting eighteen minutes by Ellis's clock opposite, and thirty-six minutes by my own

feelings, I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing my car being dragged leisurely along and filled like to the Black Hole of Calcutta. However, I was not to be balked of my ride whatever the crush. After making violent efforts to catch the driver's eye and signify my wish that he should stop and allow me to enter (I had an idea that the officials had to be cajoled into granting what evidently they regarded as favors), I succeeded in gaining my end, but not before I had rushed diagonally through several yards of mud and water. Before I had time to squeeze myself past the crowd of men clinging to various portions of the rear platform—some half sitting on the dripping railing chewing cigar stumps, some leaning carelessly against the door absorbed in the perusal of the six o'clock *Telegram*—the vehicle started with a jerk that very nearly precipitated me back into the street I had so hardly left. But I was fortunate enough to slip into a small space, by courtesy called a "seat," within a space of I suppose about twenty-five minutes.

In the cold dampness of the day, the breath of each person was plainly visible in the form of steamy vapor. Packed close, and each grudging his or her neighbor every inch of room, the occupants of this lugubrious public conveyance seemed like two hostile forces pitted against each other in battle array and sullenly and silently pouring forth against each other volleys of distrustful and curious expirations. The windows rattled jarringly; the door slammed and slammed again; the wet cushions exhaled a thick and odoriferous moisture; and the rancous voice of the conductor, muffled to his chin and stalking, like Venus of old, enveloped in a cloud, harshly bellowed the names of the streets.

Worse than all these, bad as they were, were my co-"fares." I was conscious of being stared at by every eye but one—that one belonged to a girl with a squint. Where to direct my own gaze was a problem. Opposite me was a red-haired girl with no eyebrows and a front of triple brass. The expression of her face seemed to indicate that she was prepared then and there to give with compound interest an answering smirk to any of the opposite bench and sex who might have the hardihood to open up a flirtation with her. I did not dare look in her direction at all events. Turning my head I saw beside me two other young women, gay and gaudy despite the weather. Evidently their aim in life and in that car was

to attract attention—perhaps even to make a chance acquaintanceship with some young man after their own heart—which, by the way, must have been an insignificant portion of their anatomical structure. While I was nervously debating in what direction I should look next without encountering unpleasantly hostile or dangerously amicable glances, a muddy news-boy pushed himself in shrilly shouting "*Mail, Globe, World, Noos, Telegram, Saturday Night er GRIP?*" into as many faces as he both conveniently and inconveniently could while he traversed and re-traversed the length of the car. Then came the conductor for the fares, which occasioned a great deal of awkward tucking in of long legs, holdings aside of be-draggled silk skirts and be-spattered white, or once white, petticoats, openings of reticules on the part of the women, and leanings over to one side on the part of the men, who had to thrust dirty hands into hip pockets in a long search for the required five cents. When this commotion had subsided there entered a corpulent and asthmatic woman of uncertain age, but of very certain weight and dimensions, who had a greasy face and a hairy mole on the upper flat of a two-storied chin. She breathed out threatenings and slaughter upon all around her in the shape of enormous chestfuls of peppermint-loaded breath. The car grew perceptibly heavier with the dense atmosphere with which she soon filled its entire bulk. This was the last straw. I confessed myself vanquished, and, tottering to the door, plunged once more into the muddy street, a decidedly sadder, if not a wiser, man. I have a dollar's worth of tickets, minus one, which I will give to any one who will have them. H.

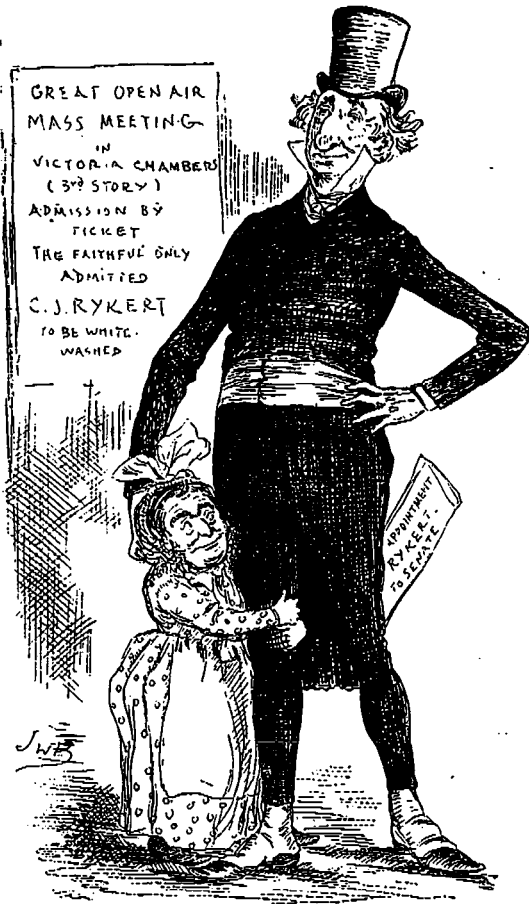


A GREAT WRITER.

JINKSON—"Who is that rather distinguished looking party?"
 BROWN—"Clever man, that; one of our finest writers; writes better than Goldwin Smith."
 JINKSON—"Indeed? Who is he?"
 BROWN—"Professor of penmanship in the Business College."

THEY AGREED, AFTER ALL.

SCRIBBLER—"It is strange I can't find an editor who agrees with me about my articles."
 FRIEND—"Why, they all agree with you, in at least one respect."
 SCRIBBLER—"I can't see how you make that out."
 FRIEND—"They all regret that what you write is not available; so, I presume do you." X.



MRS. MICAWBER AT ST. CATHARINES.

"I will never desert the Party. I do not want to see it go to the dogs."—*Vide Rykert's speech.*

FACTS FROM REGINA.

I LEFT Toronto in the Spring of '82. You may remember seeing a thin, red-headed man, one leg shorter than the other (the long one wooden), with only one hand, and one glass eye, followed to the station by crowds of sorrowing relatives and friends—that man was the writer. Regina, when I landed here, was a town of tents. In my walks about the city I felt a peculiar tingling at the stub-end of my handless arm. It took me just one week to locate my farm, and at the end of that time, I had a new hand, *grown out* as complete as the other, except finger-nails. I had to rub "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" on my fingers several times before the nails grew. This climate cannot produce finger-nails—and if any agent tells you it can, he lies. To make a long story short, inside of six months I had a complement of legs and arms. At the end of the first year a new eye had grown, forcing the glass one out, and both eyes were large, luminous and dreamy. In fact, I do not dare to turn them, with full expression, upon romantic young ladies, as I have had already several narrow escapes from that class of damsels who want to clope with poetical-looking young men. My hair has changed from a bright red to an auburn, or dark orange, and has the real scent of a Bermuda orange. This climate will not produce oranges, but it does yield the perfume of the orange

to perfection. If you doubt this, I will send you a pound or two of my hair.

When I left Toronto my teeth had

"Folded their tents like the Arabs
And silently stole away."

Now I have one hundred double teeth. If I were the seventh son of a seventh son I couldn't have more complete grinders. When I boarded the train at Toronto I girted twenty-two inches around the chest, and was thin in proportion. Now it takes something bigger than an ordinary horse to bear my weight, and I sleep upon an iron bedstead. My house is built four stories underground. The architect of the Eiffel Tower got the idea of that part of the building from a description of my house that Mr. Davin took across on his last visit to Paris.

Sometimes I get tired looking at my shadow and cry, "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Wings do not grow here, though on the shoulders of very good people they sprout. You can see a clearly-defined impression upon my figure, where they are ready to grow at a minute's notice.

Eating, in this country, is merely a matter of habit. Days when I am very busy I do not stop to eat. I step outside and inhale the pure, bracing, exhilarating, intoxicating oxygen. It is both victuals and drink.

I was not a wealthy man when I came here. In fact, I was at times reduced to the extremity of smoking chewing tobacco in a clay pipe. I am now in a position to smoke ten fifty-cent cigars per day. I did intend giving you the number of horses, cows, oxen, steers, calves, pigs, hens, etc., that I possess. The man that I sent out to count the animals has been a week rounding them into a large field, and will begin counting them to-morrow. I will send you the numbers in my next letter.

Our Emigration Agents are doing well. Our Mayor returned from Ontario a few days ago with settlers' car loaded with one whole emigrant, who had his effects securely packed in a paper bag. The Mayor intends going East again during the Summer after another settler.

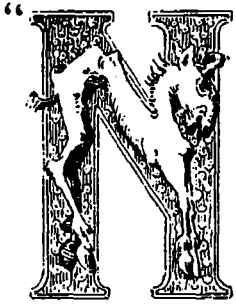
I will report as the different Agents come in. I wish to warn Ontario people not to believe all that is told them by our agents. Plain, unvarnished facts, such as I have given, are quite sufficient to convince any reasonable person that we have a country unsurpassed.

PIONEER.

MUSIC.

PERHAPS I am not one of the finest flute players in Canada? Oh, no! And perhaps scores of high-class musicians don't chase me around and ask me, as a particular favor, to kindly assist at their different concerts, by playing soul-lifting flute solos. Oh, no! perhaps not! I don't care about playing in public, but when the toil, heat and worry of the day is over, I dearly love to haul out my cherished flute and play mellow, pensive airs—it seems to soothe my tired spirit. But somehow it seems to have the opposite effect on the other boarders. When the exquisitely sweet and pathetic sounds float up the passage, all the doors on our flat are thrown open with a slam, and a wild rush is made for my room; but I have discreetly locked the door, and they can only stand outside and make fierce and sanguinary threats, and fire boots and unkind remarks through the transom. But I play serenely on, and heed not their envious jibes, and I can easily dodge any missiles thrown over the transom. Some people have no music in their souls, anyhow.

ANOTHER JESUIT DIFFICULTY.



OW, Jane," said Mr. Pontifex Pom-
pus, to his wife, "if you will put
aside your painting and give
your whole attention to me, I
will *try* to make you understand
something of more importance.
To begin, dear, what does the
word 'Jesuit' mean?"

"Spell it, please."

"Very well, I will. J-e——"

"Oh, I know; something
about the Jews, of *course*. I
knew all the time, only that

painting was in my head," and she leaned back in her
easy chair, with a smile of satisfaction.

"No!" he replied, tartly. "It means one kind, the
worst kind, of a Roman Catholic. If you will pay atten-
tion, I will explain. The Jesuit Order was founded in
1534, by Ignatius Loyola. It did some good, at first,
but the history of the Society, taken as a whole, has been
such that it has come to mean everything that is crafty,
designing, cunning, hypocritical—in fact, everything that
is opposed to an enlightened Christian age. So far, do
you understand, dear?"

"No, I do not, and I don't want to learn anything
about the Roman Catholic Church. I don't know about
half the different kinds of Protestant faith. *You* don't
know, yourself, the difference between High Church and
Low Church, and I——"

"*Do* stop. I know the difference between an intelli-
gent woman and one who spends all her time painting
daubs to litter the house, and——"

"And *I* can tell the difference between a man and a
brute, and you are——"

No consequence what she said next—they quarreled,
and haven't made up yet.

"HIGHER" EDUCATION.

OH! the daughter of our rector
Was a book-worm and collector,
And a model-school inspector;
And she cut her hair off short;
Hebrew texts she fairly sat in;
She was quite at home in Latin;
All the Greek roots she was pat in,
And all matters of that sort.

She had learned the high equations,
She knew all the constellations,
And the story of the nations
Was to her but A B C.
Clever speeches she could make on
That most knotty thing, the Krakon;
She could prove Shakespeare was Bacon,
Quite as well as Donnelly.

She went in for vivisections,
She was up in conic sections,
For her maidenly affections
She had left uncultured quite;
She could trace the birth of Homer,
And was quite a physiognomer,
She could prove "Chance" a misnomer,
And talk ethics all the night.

But one day at an excursion
Some one made the mild assertion—
"Ah, I love you!"—common version—
On that summer afternoon.
And she's given up her classics,
Science, art and mathematics,
And in Belleville, in two attics
Now she keeps her honeymoon!

ON WAISTS.

(ESSAY BY A "QUARTERLY REVIEW" MAN.)

THE true meaning of the proverb on the relative pro-
portions of Waisting and Wanting has hardly yet
been fully explained. Suffice it to say, however, that it
implies a Waist should neither be conspicuous by its
presence nor its absence. The word itself is, as Profes-
sor Schleidog observes, onomatopœic; by which the
learned Professor evidently hints at its delightful rythmi-
cal relations with Laced and Taste—both good and bad.
This, however, by the way. Christopher North pre-
ferred a Waist as a proper receptacle of the arm, rather
than such as to be spanned with the fingers. Again, the
disciples of Wordsworth "see something in a huge Bal-
loon." The bucolic mind, however, inclines towards
something of the gasogene system, more or less animated.
Another poet hints at "something large, and smooth,
and round." Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery,
and therefore the recognized dude should cultivate a
Waist. A dude is the highest representative of the race,
and, as such, should do all he can to preserve the John-
sonian type of manhood. Nothing adds to a good
forked appearance so much as a diminished waist. Wit-
ness the cavalry non-commissioned officer, as his spurs
ring along the pavement. Again, as he gallantly wheels
the perambulator for some sweet maid.

All matter can be classed under one of two heads—
useful and ornamental. The waist combines the two.
The practical use to which the exquisite puts his wasp-
like tendencies is to annihilate the weaker sex; ornamen-
tal merely in so far as gratifying to his 6x3 mirror repro-
duction. Thus it is that what was originally started as a
covert hint of subservience to the better accomplish-
ments of the fair ones, is now, in the hands of the dude,
turned as a battery against its authentic partisans and
promoters.



NOTHING PERSONAL.

MR. DE GRAY (*opening the conversation*)—"Er— were you
present at the Creation, Miss Tique?"

MISS ANN TIQUE (*who is sensitive on the age question—indig-
nantly*)—"Sir!"

MR. DE GRAY—"Oh, I only mean to inquire if you were at
the late performance of the Choral Society?"



A SORT OF FABLE.

HON. O. MOWAT—"Well, I suppose we may consider your day over, Scott Act? The trouble with you was that you wouldn't cut."

SCOTT ACT AXE—"Did you ever see an axe that *would* cut? Put me in the hands of a Party that believes in felling the upas tree, and you'll find out."

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE DISCUSSES MODERN NOVELS.

MISTHER GRIP—SIR,—I take me pin in hand wanst agin, in the inthrest av yer own blissed paper an the cause av Good.

Don't mind me flattery, allanna, or the sinse av me own self-importance. Shure, it's only a habit I have av thinkin' well av ivirybody dasint, mesilf included.

But to kim down to the fine thing, as me owld mother used to say whin she laid away her knitting and tuk up a cambric needle to sew buttons on the childher's pants, what I mane to shpake a few words to you in the shtrictest confidence on, is modern novels. An', sez I at the ousit: May Ould Scratch make a big bonfire av the most av thim, some day, an' roast the authors atop av the hape!

A thrifle av rheumatism, with a suspicion av gout, kep' me close indures last wake. A neighbor's gairl, bad scan to the timpter, gimme half-a-dozen paper-covered books. "They are good spicimens av modern fiction, Mr. Rafferty," sez she; "an' av they do ye no good, they can do ye no harrum. Ye're lonely, I know, an' a taste av light litheratoor will divart ye, like."

Kind av the gairl, acoorse; but, well, — isn't the road down below said to be paved wid good intintions? Vis? Thin add modern fiction in wid the pavement, from this out, av the shstuff I wasted me ould eyes on an' addled me ould brain wid is a fair sample, an' I have rayson to belave it is that.

O, the mush, an' the gush, an' the slush! O, the shlop, an' the flop, an' the pop! O, the flummery, the flap-doodle, the filth! O, the thrashiness, the silliness, the dirtiness! Will I iver, iver forgit it, an' be reshtored to pace av mind an' a clane heart?

"Don't read thim flimsy volumes, Denis, aroon!" cautioned Mrs. Rafferty, in her mild way. "There's nayther mate for body or brain in thim. Av ye must have a book, take up the History av Protestantism, or have a luk at the Pilgrim's Progress, or give GRIP Almac another go."

Sez I, in reply, puttin' on me well-known luk av sever-

ity an' official consequence, sez I: "Norah, since I was big enough to sit up at me father's table in a high chair, I've had me own way. D'ye think, thin, that as a J.P., Denis Rafferty will allow dictation at anyone's hands—much less his wife's? Nivir! Mrs. Rafferty," I went on, "I'll rade the books, for nothin' else than to show I'm me own masher in all matthers affectin' ayther me intellect or me judgment. Will that do ye, ma'am?"

Faith, I've supped sorra for thim words, though I wouldn't own it to another livin' sowl in the wurruld.

I read, an' I read, an' I read, till I grew, be turns, amused, indignat, vexed, disgusted, an' ashamed av mesilf. Whin I thought av Dickens, Thackeray, Shcott, Cooper, Lover, Lever, Marryatt, an' all me other ould favorites—min who *could* write books to entertain, instruth, edify an' what not, an' thin riflicted that I was murderin' their mimories wid the sinseless, haythenish jabber av modhern fiction, bedad, I felt like goin' out an' peltin' mesilf wid big hunks av mud.

Names, is it, ye want? Sorra the name do I rimimber, an' glad I am av it. But hould on! wan av the titles was, "The Shtolen Bride, or Airle Kilfogarty's Sin." Maybe Kilfogarty isn't the name; but it'll do, for I wanst knew a Lord Kilfogarty, an' a bigger divil av a man nivir grew. This book was full av love, an' blood, an' murder, an' rivinge, an' all sorts av bastely mischief. I thrun it away in horror, only to come acrass wan tin times worse, "Commodore Funk, or The Divil out av Petticoats." Aven supposin' that was not the title, faith, it's near enough to be thru. Av all the improbable, contimptible, infernal shtrings av stories ever put on laves, this bangs. Nixt kim "Why Did She Lave Him? or, Queenie Quinlaven's" something or other. Don't ask me to say a word about this, for hivin's sake. Thin I thried hard to rade wid intherest, "Mr. Potiphar from Kansas," I belave was the name av it. O, the agony I suffered, an' the shame. Since radin' "Solomon's Diamond Mines"—or "Goold Mines," is it?—I've been h'anted be a banshee. Thryin' "Adam an' Eve" med me mad as a hatter, bad cess to the chap that wrote it. Other "tales" were: "The Did-man's Dhrame," "The Skileton Pitchfork, or The Ha'nted Barnyard," "Black Puddin'," "The Ould Maid's Mischief," "The—" But, in the name of pace, man, don't ask me to go on. In the words av the great—the great—what's his name?—"Where the divil are we sailin' to," whin shstuff such as all this passes for "litheratoor," sells for good money, an' is read be ivirybody?

GRIP, acushla, isn't it time we raised the shtandard av our taste in this line, an', thin, mebbe the novelists would crape up on thimsilves a bit!

Begorra, the age is mighty barrin av rale authors, if fair spicimens of fiction are what were read by, lasht wake, an mortially sickened

DENIS RAFFERTY.

OP-POSING VIEWS.

DE PARQUET—"What I like about this actress is her manner of posing."

LE BOXEAU—"And what I don't like about her is her manner of ex-posing."

THINK well of tenses, young men,
Of the present, the future, the past,
Entreat them all kindly, and then
You may come to the perfect at last.

HAS its good points A paper of pins.

ANECDOTES OF GEN. BOULANGER.

(BY OUR OWN ANECDOTIST.)



UNDERSTANDING the interest which an intelligent public takes in Anecdotes of men who have risen to Fame, GRIP commissioned the literary celebrity who usually gets up our stories of distinguished personages to produce a few exclusive and never before published anecdotes pertaining to Gen. Boulanger, the hero of the hour in France, with the following result. The fine Frenchy flavor of the stories, due to a careful study of Ollendorf and the occasional perusal of our Quebec exchanges, imparts a truly Parisian *vraisemblance* to the work, which will be duly appreciated.

One evening Gen. Boulanger attended the *salon* of a *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain, where a numerous and *elite* company were assembled, including la Princess X., le Duc de * * *, Mons — — —, etc.

"*Comment ça va?*" enquired Boulanger, in a familiar tone.

"*Oh pas si mal,*" responded the Duchesse. "*Mais il fait froid.*"

"*Eh bien. Mais c'est un froid jour quand je suis laissè. Bon soir.*"

The enthusiasm was intense.

Boulanger has a fund of ready wit, as will be seen by the following: One day, when walking in the Champs Elysee, he met an *ouvrier* who entered into conversation with him in the usual French fashion.

"*L'epicier a-t-il l'habit de drap de mon grandpere?*" enquired the *ouvrier*.

"*Non mon ami,*" replied the general. "*Mais le maître d'hotel a de la biere du vin et de l'eau de vie.*"

And he borrowed a couple of francs from Jules Simon, who happened to be passing, to set 'em up.

During his earlier days Boulanger suffered considerably from inadequate means, and his appearance at times betokened his straightened circumstances. While standing at the door of a *café* in the Rue St. Honore, one of a crowd of *gamins*, noticing the dilapidated condition of his head-gear, remarked, sarcastically:

"*Oh fusillez le chapeau!*"

"*Mais non, pour je n'ai pas un fusil,*" said Boulanger.

The consequences might have been serious, but just then the *gens d'armes* appeared upon the scene, and arrested everybody in the neighborhood. The *gamin* was sent to Cayenne as a Communist, but the jury brought in a verdict of extenuating circumstances in the case of Boulanger, and he got off with six months.

The story of Gen. Boulanger's courtship is highly romantic. He saw and loved a daughter of one of the proudest aristocratic families in France, and sought her in marriage.

"*Pas si bête,*" she replied, scornfully.

"*Eh bien, chacun a son gout,*" he retorted, with affected calmness.

And he rushed out, and, hailing a passing fiacre, demanded to be driven to the seat of war!

Anecdotes in this style can be furnished at lowest

cash rates to the press. A discount of twenty-five per cent. made on taking a quantity. The author has also a lot of slightly shop-worn stories of the late German Emperor, Gladstone, Bismarck, ex-President Cleveland, etc., which he will dispose of very cheap. Most of them are constructed on the patent adjustable basis, so that they can readily be adapted to any other celebrity.

THE REGINA FACTOTUM.

MISTHER P—RS is down wid the feaver,
And the Government at a shtand-still,
For his pulse was as hoigh as wan hundred,
And himself likewise "high" as a hill.

His limbs wor quoite shaky an' saggy,
And the docthers had terrible fear
That his sickness 'ud close the Assimbly,
So they ordthered good P—rs to dhrink beer!

So while P—rs is down wid the feaver,
The Government can't shtir a limb,
For, since D—ney and P—ly were hoisted,
The counthry depinds upon him.

THE average young man who goes abroad seems to make a point of studying up Gulliver's travels before his return.

"WHAT's the matter with Brown to-day? I never saw him so out of sorts."

"He's sober."

HEN-CHANTING.

"OH, how delightful is the sound,
When springing from the dewy ground
The skylark from her warbling throat
Pours forth a clear, melodious note,
Come, Frederick, turn and hark awhile,
And let the song your cares beguile,
It thrills my soul at break of day
To list to the enchanting lay."

"I hear it well, Lucinda Jane,
Commingled with a nobler strain—
The speckled hen has left her nest,
And note how triumph swells her breast
The cheerful carol she doth raise
Commemorates the egg she lays;
And the subscriber begs to say
It is a more *hen-chanting* lay."



FELINE.

MISS DE BANGS—" * * * No; I don't chew gum any more. The doctor said if I didn't give it up I would become silly."

MISS SHARPLY—"What a pity you didn't consult him sooner."



BADLY EXPRESSED, SOMEHOW.

MR. JINKS—"You entertain a good deal, don't you, Mrs. Highfly?"

MRS. HIGHFLY—"Oh, yes; we generally have a guest of some sort in the house. Last week we had quite a distinguished man, and now we have you."

CULINARY.

MR. BOODLE was lolling in an indolent way in an easy-chair, and was monopolizing the conversation. "My dear Miss Smythe, how very few young ladies know the slightest thing about cooking. Young wives build death-dealing cakes and stony, inflexible bread, and then wonder in a mild sort of way that their husbands should be dyspeptic. Now, some men are quite adepts in the culinary line. For instance, last summer, when I was home in Chicago, our cook was quite ill for three days, so I volunteered to get up the meals. Now, what do you suppose was the principal thing I cooked?" And little Jimmy, who happened to be in the room, piped up and said: "Oh! I know; you cooked all the books in your bank, Clara said so last night." Then silence reigned so you could hear it running into the cistern, and Clara treated Jimmy to a frigid stare that froze his young blood, and caused him to retire precipitately to his mother with the startling intelligence that "he guessed Clara was going to have another of them fits; she looked so queer."

E. A. C.

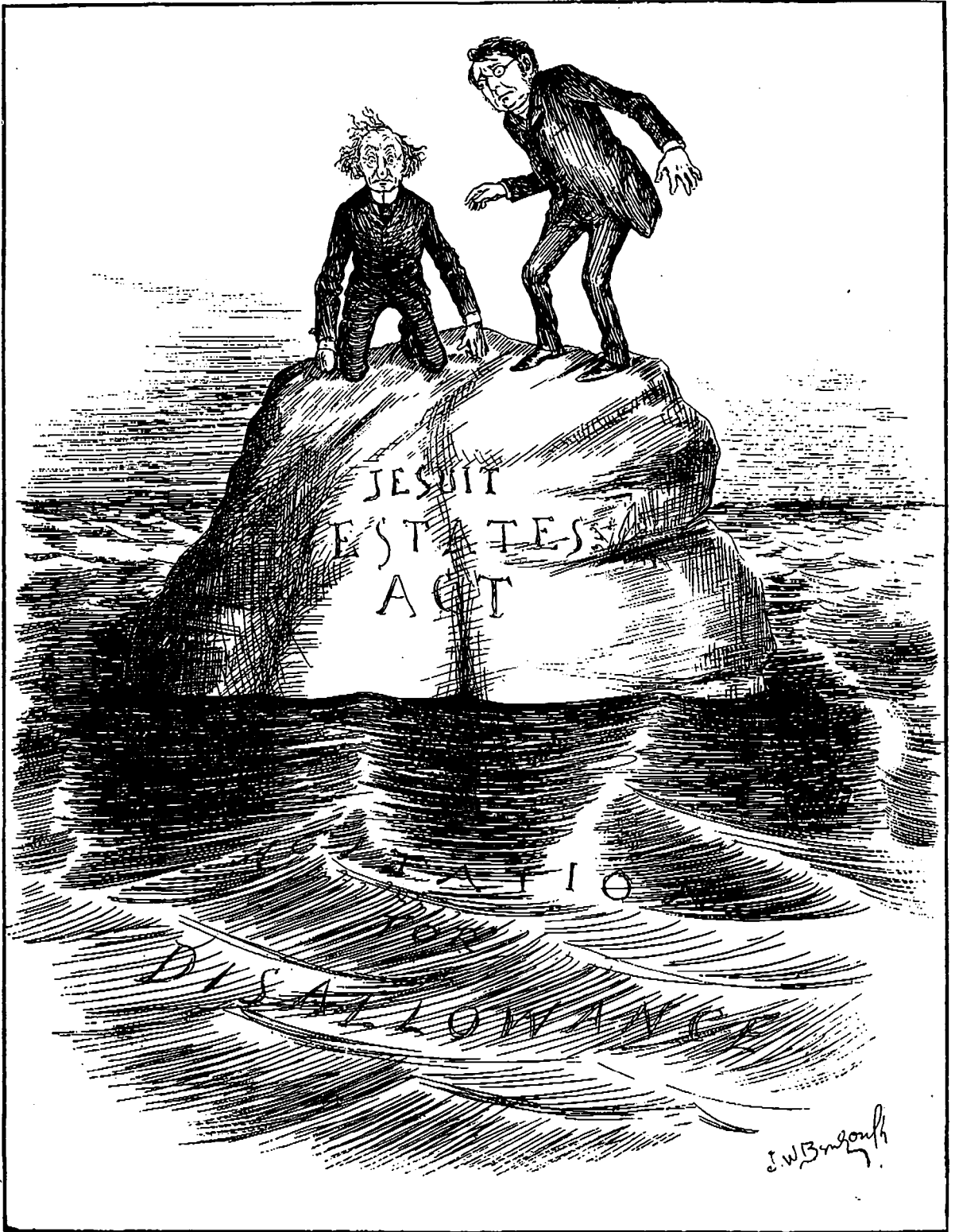
LITERARY.

IT was at an evening party, and the conversation had drifted on to books and popular authors, such as Dickens, Eliot, Haggard, etc. A lull in the conversation was broken by a simpering young man with weak legs, who said: "We often envy the good fortune that befalls the hero or heroine in the general run of books, yet, when 'She' went into that strange, mysterious fire and withered up, I don't think I would have cared to have 'Ben Hur.' Then he fell under the table."

JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE.

HE tied his horse to the hearse, and buttonholed the mourners as they came from the grave. "Ah! my dear friends," he said, "we must be prepared for trials, losses and crosses in this world. Life in general is full of disappointments. But there is no feeling of disappointment experienced in reading this 'Life of George Washington,' of which I am the agent."

They lynched him, and had another funeral.



THE TIDE IS RISING!



SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS.

MR. BLUNDERBUSS—" You must have thought it awfully stupid of me to have made that remark last night, Miss Scrumpton, I—"

MISS SCRUMPTON—" Why, no; I thought it quite natural." "

A WARNING.

I'M out on a rampage for knowledge,
And I'm going to astonish the world
With my raging assault on this dull age,
That lies like a sick kitten, curled
In the warmth of the flames that will reach it,
And scorch it, and burn it to dust,
And I'll waken my country and teach it
Some truths, or, by Thunder! I'll bust!

But first, I'll disgorge the enquiries
That are almost consuming my breast,
I am longing to know who the liar is
Who says that our land's not the best
That the sun in his glory doth shine on?
Oh, tell me the miscreant's name!
And if I get these fingers of mine on
His hair, he'll his folly disclaim.

The next thing I want 's information
As to who's the magnificent man
Who is going to remodel our nation
According to Liberty's plan?
Who will wallop the Jesuit faction
For bringing disgrace on the State,
And sit upon Orange inaction
With dignity, vigor and weight?

Again, there's the question of labor—
Pray what will be done about that?
Our statesmen have nothing to say for
Themselves, though on national fat
They see the monopolists feeding,
While workingmen struggle for crumbs;
Though for justice they ought to be pleading,
They sit as if sucking their thumbs!

Oh, there's trouble ahead of this nation,
And till some one turns up in the front
Who will fight against class legislation,
And bear of the battle the brunt,
We'll be like a vessel that's nearing
A rocky and desolate shore.
Yes, to just such a fate we are steering—
But you're warned, and my rampage is o'er!

THERE seems to be quite a craze among Toronto people for autographs of our leading citizens. The signature of Mayor Clarke brought \$100 last week. It was on the bottom of a cheque for that amount.

QUESTIONING.

WHAT shall we do when the circus man
Has honestly made his farewell call?
When visions greet our eyes no more
Of an Ajax defying a cannon-ball?
Of a street procession that has no end—
On the bills—and of animals, fierce and wild;
A lion chewing a tiger in two,
And a two-headed cyclops devouring a child?
For the world's changing taste in the matter of *shows*
Gives ground for belief that the *circus* must go.

What shall we do when the dude has gone?
When we see no more in the crowded street,
In the theatres, churches—everywhere,
That sappy possessor of rank conceit?
When the collars are only an inch or two high;
When the tongue's unaffected, the meaning more clear;
When hopefuls, scarce loosed from the apron-strings,
Don't emulate lords on four hundred a year.
Tho' improvement in fashion at present don't show
That sooner or later the *dude* must go.

What shall we do when the bustle has sunk,
Overwhelmed by satire, ridicule, scorn?
And how on earth will we ever exist
When a boot of a common-sense pattern is born?
When the present system has rolled away,
Of choirs retaining the right to trill,
And congregations, so long enthralled,
Can "praise the Lord" with a vocal will?
For continued derangements in choirs below,
Give reason to think that the choir will go.

C. G. R.

WHATE'ER SHE BE.

IF so be it she be
Tall, sedate and slender,
Light of heart and fancy free,
Dear—she will be dear to me,
I devoted, tender;
Her's a lover who'll love truly,
Who'll adore and worship duly,
Constant ever, ne'er unruly,
Charms in others never see,
If so be it be she be.

If so be it be she be
Short, *petite* and pretty,
Quick of tongue in speech to me,
Tireless in her raillery,
Sharp, sarcastic, witty—
Still with sighing I'll pursue her,
Still with ardent vows I'll woo her,
Ne'er before was lover truer,
Ne'er again such love you'll see,
If so be it be she be.

If so be it be she be
Neither one nor t'other,
Doesn't somehow take to me,
Carelessly rejecting me,
Like me for a brother,
Then with wild, impassioned pleading,
High shall be my interceding,
Just her love existence needing—
Praying till she marries me,
If so be it be she be.

If so be it be she be
Pure as skies above her,
Handsome, ugly, fair to see,
Plain or pretty—Love's decree
Simply this: I love her;
Don't know why, and don't much care, sir,
Ne'er to me was maid so fair, sir,
Ne'er such eyes, such lips, such hair, sir;
I am quite prepared, you see,
For whate'er it be she be.

W. C. NICHOL.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

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SURG. GEN. WOODWARD, U.S. Army, says of the results of chronic malarial poisoning: "Disorder of the kidneys frequently complicates the condition under consideration. Scanty, more or less albuminous urine is often observed, and those cases not infrequently terminate in chronic Bright's disease, with confirmed albuminuria, oedema or general anasarca." What at first is recognized as malaria is subsequently found to be Bright's disease, which Warner's Safe Cure cures.

AUTOMATIC.

"MASON & RISCH are making a new sort of piano, aren't they?—something that works automatically?" queried Mr. Metronome in one of our music stores.

"Not that I know of," replied the dealer. "Who said so?"

"Well, I notice by the papers that their piano played an important part in the late concert of Torrington's Orchestra."

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We have drawn the above visible lines simply to bring them prominently before your eye and to ask what they represent to you.

A railroad man to whom we showed them said, "To me those four lines represent a double-track railway."

A doctor replied to the same interrogatory, "The lines are to me the large arteries and veins lying alongside each other in the human body."

As every intelligent man or woman knows, the blood of every living person

flows with almost railroad speed through the arteries, forced by that wonderful engine, the heart. From the arteries it is side-tracked through the capillaries and veins, and every drop of blood goes through the kidneys for purification no less than 2,500 times every twenty-four hours. If the kidneys be diseased the impurities of the blood containing the worn-out tissues and deleterious acids are not drawn out or excreted as nature intended, but continually pass and repass through every fibre of the system, carrying death and decay with every pulsation. Unless remedied, the heart becomes weakened, the lungs trying to do double work, break down, the liver becomes congested, the stomach refuses to digest food, and the result is a general break-down.

Why?

Because the kidneys, the sewers of the system, are foul and stopped up, and the entire blood becomes nothing more nor less than sewage.

Now, is it not criminal, nay, suicidal, to allow such a state of things to continue when a simple remedy is within your reach, known for a certainty to do as represented, which will open the closed pipes of the kidneys, allow the effete matter to escape, relieve the overworked heart, lungs and liver, cause a healthy appetite, put the bloom of health in your cheek, the dove of hope in your breast and the light of life in your eye?

Do not allow prejudice to blind you to your best interests, but to-day procure Warner's Safe Cure, and be put on the straight road to rude health and correct living.

Our parallel and closing lines to you are, take our advice and your experience will justify you in thanking us for bringing under your notice a remedy without a parallel.

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it free to any person who applies to Nicholson, 177 McDougal Street, New York.

It is doubtless a knowledge of the fact that every one can see through it that causes the window pane.—Life.

THINGS be and they be, not. The lines along a striped cat's back are not furrows, yet they are fur-rows.—Zanhampton Republican.

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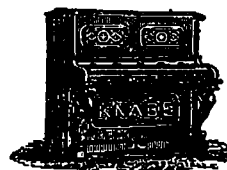
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(The Poet Brown is reading his latest work.)

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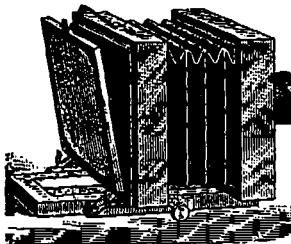


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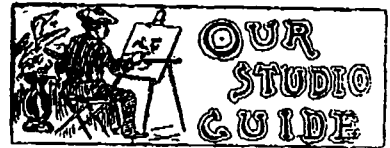
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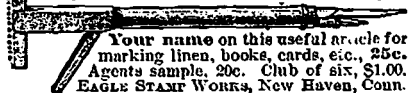
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