







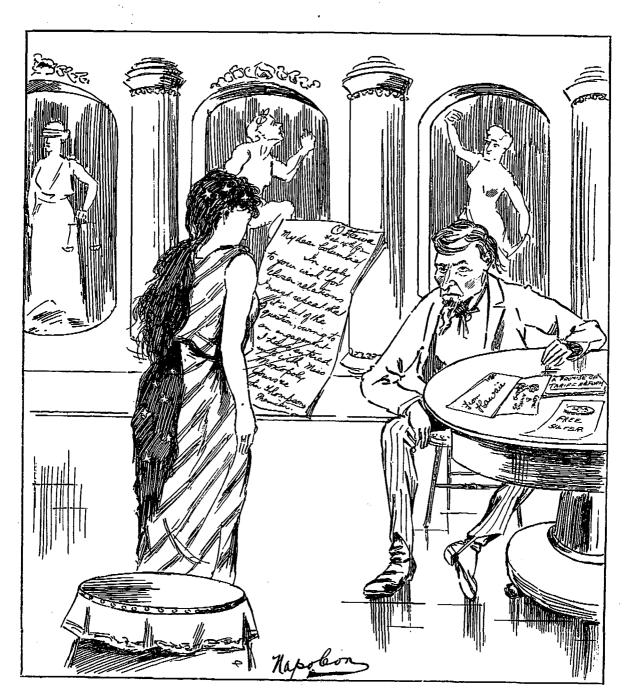


# **# GRIP #**

VOL, XL.

#### TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

No. 7. Whole No. 1027.



MISS COLUMBIA'S VALENTINES.



The gravest beast is the Gas; the gravest bird is the Owk; The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Sool.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK BY THE Grip Printing and Publishing Co. T. G. WILSON, Manager.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.



VIDENCES of widespread dissatisfaction with the N.P. are multiplying. The Central Farmers' Institute has passed a resolution in favor of Free Trade with Britain and reciprocity with other nations. This is all well enough in its way, but the farmers should remember that it is only votes at the polls that count. Free Trade, like many another good cause, has any number of friends and supporters every day in the year except election day.

Until farmers learn to put their own interests before those of either party and vote the way they talk, they can "resoloot till the cows come home" without any practical result.

MRS. SHEPHERD and Sir John Thompson have introduced into Canada the Protestant Protective Association, a body which may be briefly described as Orangeism with the party politics left out, which is said to have had a wide influence in the States in checking the designs of the Romish hierarchy. Its spread in Canada is due fully as much to the repulsion inspired by the Premier as the "awful example" as to the efforts of anti-Romanist propagandists. There is a good deal that looks like intolerance in its principle of remorselessly knifing at the polls every Roman Catholic or politician supported by the Catholic 'vote-but if this feeling gains ground the Roman Catholics are themselves to blame for permitting themselves to be herded together like cattle and traded off to the politicians for special favors to their Church.

M R. MEREDITH is said to have resigned the leadership of the alleged Opposition in the Ontario Legislature. Now if what is left of that farcical body would follow his example and quit the nonsensical work of dividing on party lines an assembly that ought to be run on purely business principles, they will for once earn the gratitude of the country. Party politics are a curse and a nuisance anywhere, but they are entirely without a reason for existence in a Provincial Legislature. Their only effect is to increase immensely the expense of government and to boost small-potato politicians into places many sizes too big for them. It is much to be regretted that Sandfield Macdonald's statesmanlike attempt to dispense with partyism in the first Ontario Legislature was defeated by the fanaticism of the Grits.

NOTHING more touching than the solicitude of the *Empire* for the safety of Prof. Goldwin Smith from attack by over zealous loyalists has been experienced since the Irish orator cried out to his friends who were suppressing an interrupter, "Don't nail his ears to the pump."

I T'S a mighty slack day at Ottawa when some hitherto docile Tory member doesn't rise up on his hind legs and take a whack at the tariff. But the Government majority doesn't seem to diminish perceptibly. Talk is cheap—and farmers, workingmen and fools seem to think it is also filling.

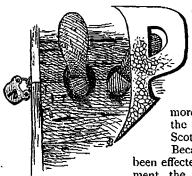


UMILITY rather than self-glorification over the vaunted power of the press should possess the soul of the Canadian editor when he reflects that the united influence of the journalistic profession has not been able to mitigate the rank injustice of the law of libel. Party hacks are more anxious to enable onehorse politicians to pose as statesmen than to secure fair play for themselves.

THE following friendly notice of GRIP appears in the February number of the *Presbyterian College Jour*nal of Montreal:

There is none of our exchanges more welcome than GRIP, more eagerly sought after. Although it deals with political and social questions it is non-partisan, its morality is pure and healthy, and its influence cannot but be for good. Its cartoons are volumes in themselves. GRIP is a paper which should be found in ever Canadian household.

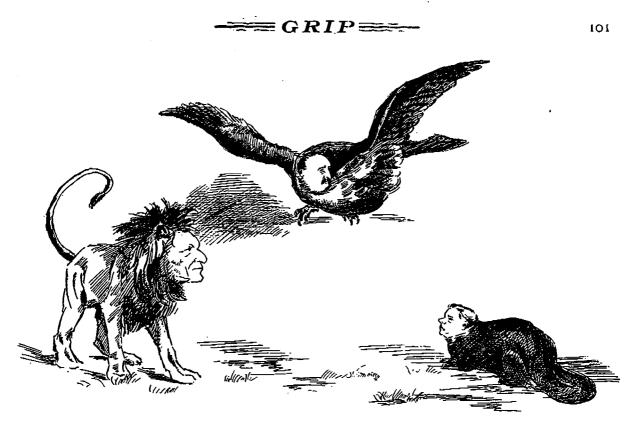
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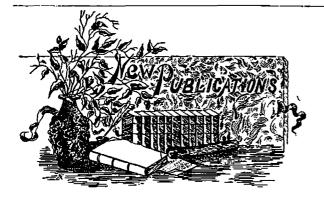
OLITICAL exigencies have been r e s pon sible for some queer developments and rapid changes of base, but their results have seldom been more remarkable than in the case of the Nova Scotia coal monopoly. Because the deal has been effected by a Grit Government, the *Empire*—the special

friend of monopolies in general—feels bound to assail it, and the *Globe*, which has built up a reputation in attacking Tory monopolies, comes forward to champion it. Yet some people would try to make us believe that there are differences of principle between Grits and Tories.

SOME of the newspapers are publishing lists of the surviving "Fathers of Confederation." There ought to be a moral statute of limitations to prevent malicious people from bringing up from the memories of the past the sins and follies of one's younger days. It's a mean thing to throw up at a man, who has settled down into decorous ways, the mistakes of his earlier years.



THE SITUATION. DEDICATED WITHOUT PERMISSION TO CONTINENTAL UNIONISTS.



"THIS Canada of Ours and Other Poems," by J. D. Edgar, M.P., is the title of a very neat little volume published by William Briggs, Toronto. It has often been a matter of remark that so few of our leading public men display the literary culture which has been so conspicuous a characteristic of many prominent English statesmen. Mr. Edgar, however, is a conspicuous exception, and judging from the true poetic feeling and taste display ed in some of his exquisite verses, he would have taken a high rank in literature had he followed his bent in that direction further, instead of devoting himself mainly to politics. Mr. Edgar is at his best in poems of an ideal and introspective character. such as "Canadian Autumn Tints," and "Euthanasy," raiher than the patriotic pieces, though the latter are probably more widely known. In the matter of typography and binding the book is a gem.

THE SATELLITE hailing from "Mars" dropped in upon GRIP the other day. It is a bright, well-printed little publication, and the idea embodied in its original title is well sustained throughout. It is published by R. F. Matthews, jun., London, at 5 cents per copy.



A TALE OF VALENTINE'S DAY .-- I.

#### 



#### WOULD ANSWER EVERY PURPOSE.

JASPER—" It is foolishness to have so many expensive policeman. I have a scheme to supersede them, at one-tenth the cost, without any reduction of efficiency."

JUMPUPPE-" What is it?"

JASPER—"Have a phonograph placed on each corner that would ay occasionally, 'Move an, now ! Move an wid yez.'"

#### PROTECTIONISTS IN OUOD.

THE "Dalton Imitators," Since prisoners they've been made, Must surely be protectionists, No longer free t' raid !



#### ALARMED AND ALL ARMED.

BUT a few days ago this city looked haggard under the terrible load of mystery and suspense that the daylight robbers had thrown upon it, and its careworn appearance was noted and gibed at by jealous but longdistance rivals. A very uncomfortable sense of insecurity was the only thing that stalked abroad at night. If the general dread had lasted a little longer it would have confirmed some domestic reforms it was the means of starting. Men suddenly, and as by one consent, began to love their homes and the refining society of their families during the long winter evenings. But they had not got thoroughly broken in before the desperadoes were tracked to their lair and dragged thence to prison cells. Then bravery once more asserted itself, and men might be looked for in their accustomed places.

I participate fully with my fellow-citizens in the feeling of intense relief that has followed the capture, and was as impatient as any with the law's delays in running the robbers to earth. The cause of my disquietude while the bandits were under cover was not because I am a bloated capitalist. What I feared was, not the robbers, but the guardians of treasure. I had several hair-breadth escapes while the panic lasted. As I am an attaché on



#### MONEY IN IT.

MKS. PROSY —"What is the use of getting engaged to a man if you don't intend to get married to him?"

MISS PERT-" Why, haven't lever shown you my collection of rings and presents ? '

a well-known messenger staff in this city—a position to which I have attained after many vicissitudes—it has been necessary for me to enter several banks and jewellery stores, and in none of them have I been able to pass the door without being challenged. The whole scribbling and counter hopping crowd was always armed and apparently under training, for they would invariably fall into a sort of order and draw on me. They drew on me at sight, too—if it had been at three days I wouldn't have minded it so much. Before any explanation could be made, the patrol wagon would dash up at hose-reel speed and a dozen police would alight and surround me. I feel that I owed my life to the crowd on more than one occasion, as strong men, unable to get out of the door, would implore the



clerks not to shoot, as the bullet might permeate the diaphragm of an innocent man. There is just a chance that after the fusillade I would have been found among the slain.

I thus carried my life in my hand for some time, and had about concluded to resign, when I heard of the arrests. I then breathed freely. Some friends of mine in the agency and in the organ grinding business had the same reasons as myself for rejoicing when the panic was over. They too had turned back from the muzzles of revolvers, but they unreasoningly held that the alarm of the clerks was always genuine in my case but simulated in theirs, though the inclination to shoot was no less certain. I seem to have been selected as a target out of pure ill-luck, and draw attention to the repeated coincidence as a psychical curiosity. TIMOTHY HAY.

#### NOT AT HEART.

FIRST GUEST—" All the waiters here are white, are they not?"

SECOND DITTO-"Yes, on the outside."

#### DOUBTFUL IDENTITY.

JACK.—" Cholly doesn't seem to be himself to-day." TOM—" Then the other fellow whom he is must be a blooming ass."

THE prodigal son was probably one of the first men to have a husky voice.



"DULCE DOMUM." Poor Wilkins returns from a *public ball* to a *private bawl*.



FULL TIME.

" I should think it would be more to your credit to look for work instead of going around begging."

"Well, how de deuce yer think I ken look for work when it takes me all me time ter hunt up somethin' ter eat, hey?"

#### PADEREWSKI AND MONTREAL.

**POOR** Paderewski! We read that in some places a woman would throw herself at his feet. In Montreal, too, he would have met a thrower, but now she will not throw herself at his feet; she is getting her lawyer to throw her protest at his head.

Paderewski's manager, Gorlitz, writes to the Montreal Herald that he telegraphed to Mrs. Thrower on the 17th of January, that Paderewski feared to face a Canadian winter in his present delicate health. Nevertheless, Mrs. Thrower proceeded to sell tickets and gave the public no intimation of the great pianist's desire to postpone the dates till later in the season. A great number of tickets were sold, and musical people made all their engagements give way to the Paderewski dates.

The first intimation received by ticket holders was through the morning papers of Monday, the 30th, the date of the first concert. A Montreal paper of a few days before informed us that "Mrs. Thrower brings on these great artists for the pure love of art." She may love the art, but she certainly does not love the artist when she insists on bringing poor Paderewski here in the depth of winter so soon after his recovery from a dangerous illness.

The Montreal public show no sympathy with Mrs. Thrower in her present attempt to take an action against Paderewski for breaking his contract, when in reality he merely asked to postpone the dates until he could come with safety to his own health.

Probably had Mrs. Thrower not sold so many tickets her *love of art* would not have led her so far. MUSICO.

# Will and the second second HE WAS IN IT. JOHNNY-"'I seen a fight between a cat and a rat to-day." SALLY-" How did it end?" JOHNNY-" Afte the second round the cat wasn't in it."

JOHNNY-" Not at all. The rat was in it-that is, in the cat."

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#### THE ANNEXATION PLOT.

SPECIAL DESPATCHES AS TO THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

SALLY-"Nonsen !"

(fust as reliable as those of our daily contemporaries.) WASHINGTON, Feb. 8.—Prof. Goldwin Smith, the atrabilious treason-monger, has just had a lengthy interview with President Cleveland, and has assured the latter that fully nine-tenths of the Canadian people are heartily in favor of immediate annexation. It is understood that he presented to the President documents urging active measures, signed by Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Laurier, John Charlton, Edward Farrer, Elgin Myers, and several hundred other prominent Canadians whose names are withheld lest they should be torn in pieces by an indignant populace. The President was deeply impressed, and it is certain that one of his first official acts will be to urge upon Congress the adoption of an Act annexing Canada without further delay. As soon as this is accomplished Prof. Smith will receive a Cabinet position as the price of the betrayal of his country. It would be extremely melancholy if he should be assassinated in the meantime by some patriotic Canadian, but it need not surprise anybody. Such things have been.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9. -Prof. Goldwin Smith was int: rviewed here to-day by the correspondent of the Oshkosh Bazoo, He said :- " I never on any consideration submit to be interviewed. I may mention, however, that the outlook for annexation is most encouraging. Fully ninetynine out of every hundred of the people of Canada are secretly in favor of annexation, but are deterred from speaking their sentiments by the dread of social ostracism. Lord Stanley is an enthusiast in the cause. Large numbers of armed men are drilling nightly and holding themselves in readiness to rise when I give the signal. President Cleveland assures me that annexation will be an accomplished fact before the end of March. I mention these things in the strictest confidence and have told no one as yet except a few reporters."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10. -It is positively known that Prof. Goldwin Smith, accompanied by several well-known military men, saw the agent for the Gatling gun factory to day, and after a careful inspection ordered a large consignment of Gatlings to be shipped to Canada for the use of the insurgent forces. Human nature must have changed remarkably if his undoubted charms of literary style can longer secure immunity for a pessimist who seeks to embroil his country in the horrors of civil war.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—A large quantity of dynamit has been shipped from New York, addressed, "Elgin Myers, Toronto." When Prof. Goldwin Smith was approached on the subject he smiled meaningly and said that he regarded dynamite as one of the most efficient agents for the overthrow of a corrupt oligarchy. Is it not possible that things have reached a point when patience ceases to be a virtue? However much we might deplore the act of any patriotic Canadian who should seek to wreak vengeance upon the betrayer of his country, we could hardly condemn it.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Prof. Goldwin Smith has not been in Washington this season, so the announcements made lately as to his proceedings here may be regarded as somewhat premature. As he will be here shortly, however, it is just as well that Canadians have been put on their guard as to the treasonable nature of his intentions.

It is always easier for a man to convince a girl that he loves her than it is to convince her that she loves him.





#### TOO EXPENSIVE.

CHAPERON SMITH (to Miss Canada)—"Give him some encouragement, my dear; he is a decided catch. You would have everything your heart could wish. Now don't forget, my dear, and I'll go and ask him his intentions "

JONATHAN (meditatively)—"There's no mistake, she's handsome. But she'd be expensive—they say she's a terror for running into debt."

#### THE ONLY BINDING SORT.

THE bonds of love in days of old Were stout and strong, so bards aver, But in these days of summer girls Love's bonds are made of gossamer. The only kind that now will hold Are those which must be paid in gold.

#### **REVERIES OF DISTINGUISHED NOBODIES.**

#### THE "SOCIETY" EDITOR.

AH! 'pon my soul, it is rather a curious thing, but I am here ! Who'd have thought it ? Well, I don't have to do anything very original, that's a blessing, and my position enables me to do a great deal of good. Under my nom de plume, which is Flameur, a compound, don't you know, of the old English flam, meaning humbug, and the French termination signifying an agent (not a real estate agent by any means, or any other low person in trade), I can pose as a gentleman of culture and give the very deuce to all sorts of vulgarities, and fads like woman's suffrage, free trade, taxation, this eternal labor question, home rule, and several other new-fangled and silly absurdities that engage the attention of discontented mechanics and unskilled laborers. Then I have so many opportunities to walk into that garrulous, effete, old chap, Gladstone, who was never known to be of any account anyhow, and who manages to hoodwink the common people, don't you know, most effectually. I am sure my strictures must make him wince fearfully, for no doubt he sees some of them-indeed, I know he does, for I have more than once mailed him marked copies of my criticisms. It's really remarkable how one who has had so

many advantages can stoop to pander to such vulgar prejudices as this old fool does. I should think he'd be ashamed of himself. It is also particularly gratifying to hold the position of a mentor and a monitor to all and sundry, especially at a dollar a column, which is a precious sight more than I ever made any other way, Yes, here I can spread myself and denounce this, praise that, and profess to regard something else *sub judice* for a time. This sort of thing you see gives one an air of judiciality.

Of course I am awfully sorry I can't write the best of English, and I often hear about it from country schoolmasters. Why only last week I had several letters correcting me for using the expression "to try and humbug" instead of "to try to humbug," but the illiteracy of one's parents is accountable for numerous instances of *lapsus linguæ*.

My literary judgment is very weak, no doubt, but I can always arrange my materials in print so as to mean anything or nothing. It always seems tolerably safe, however, to scorn the Female movement. Last week I had a fling at women as druggists, and I certainly should never call in a lady physician, if one can imagine such a very *bisarre* sort of person! How very shocking it is to think that a person of this sex is chairman or chairwoman of the Collegiate Board of Trustees! And yet the ladies chiefly admire my inanities about this, that and t'other. Many of my correspondents actually inquire whether I am really a lady or a gentleman, and it seems difficult to convince them. Occasionally I am in doubt myself.

Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that I stand at the head of all my class, conscious as I am of my own weakness. 'Pon my honor, I am disgusted with the productions of "Dom," "Maud Morton," "Fresh Fantom," "Kath," "The Planeur," and others. The trash they produce is very nauseating, very nauseating, indeed.

Some day I may collect my best things and publish as "Flameuria." The best will be but poor, still, when compared with the writings of Swinburne, Walt Whitman and Chas. Durand they may pass as "gems of purest ray serene."

Meantime \$5 a week is not to be sneezed at.

A MAN'S first waltz is undoubtedly a turning point in his career.

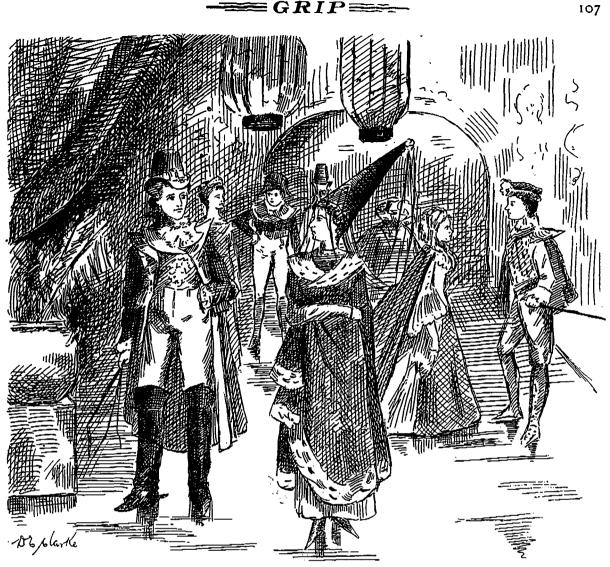


#### CONVENIENT.

MRS. DAYGIN-" An' how do ye loike the tinimint, Mrs. Bal hooley? I'm tould the walls is thin."

MRS. BALHOOLEY—"'Dade, Mrs. Daygin, it's deloighted Oi am. Whin Oi sit wid me head so, sorra a foight goes on at the neighbors but every note of it comes throo to me."

MRS. DAYGIN-"Thin troth yer in clover, Mrs. Balhooley."



AT THE FANCY BALL.

ISTH CENTURY CAVALIER—" How admirably that antique costume suits you, Bella." I3TH CENTURY DAME—" Well, you are complimentary I must say." ISTH CENTURY CAVALIER—" Well, you needn't get so peaked over it."

#### THE GREAT DRAWBACK.

I SN'T it jolly To ride on the trolley As long as the weather is fine? But often 'tis folly, And most melancholy, When snow has obstructed the line.

#### ONLY ON IMPORTANT MATTERS.

ETHEL—"Do you consult your chaperon about your love affairs?"

F MAUD-" Oh, no, only about my engagements."

#### HISTORICAL CONUNDRUM.

IF you had to request the manager of the Toronto Roofing Company to put a roof on a building in as few words as possible, what English king would you mention? Ans.—William Ruf-us.

#### IT WORKED.

JASPAR — "Can you recommend me a cure for insomnia?"

JUMPUPPE- "I was troubled with it once, and cured myself by the faith cure "

JASPAR—" You don't say."

JUMPUPPE—" Yes, I commenced going to church, and slept like a top."

#### IN THE OFFICE.

MR. NEWWED-" You are not jealous of me, are you, pet?"

MRS Newwed—" N-no; but I would like to know whether your typewriter is so deaf that you have to get your head up against hers when dictating."

MEN are like birds; when they feather their nests they do it with bills.

#### 



IT PARALYZED HIM.

EDITOR—" Got any beautiful snow poems about you?" POET (*indignan:ly*)—" No, certainly not." EDITOR—" If you had I might use them."

[Poet faints.

#### CAMPAIGN EFFUSION.

"THAT politician almost shook my arm off when I met him yesterday."

"He probably wanted you to lend him a hand in the election."

#### A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

"WHOOPLA! Selah ! Hurrah ! Honolulu!" exclaimed Mr. Ballivant, as he entered his house in a state of great excitement.

"Why, Joshua ! Have you been drinking again ?" exclaimed Mrs. Ballivant, reproachfully.

"No; not this time, old woman. On my honor not a drop. But I've heard some good news. Hurrah !"

And then he threw his hat into the air again, and embraced his wife with unaccustomed spontaneity and enthusiasm.

"Why, whatever is the matter Josh?" said the good lady, re-adjusting her spectacles which he had disarranged.

"Why, just this. We ain't half so poor as we thought we were. I don't own a single solitary foot of land in this blooming town."

"Why, you havn't been able to sell all your lots have you."

"No, it ain't quite as good as that. But it's the next best thing, The lots ain't mine. It seems there's some woman in England that owns the whole city. That lets us out splendidly, don't it. No more saving, and scrimping, and borrowing to pay interest and taxes! No more tenants clearing out and leaving rents unpaid. No more big bills for repairs and insurance ! I'm quit of it all. Hooray! Now, perhaps, I can begin to make some money."

#### STICKY.

A<sup>MY</sup>—"Bella thinks she is sweeter than honey." BERTHA—"Yes, and sticks to the fe low's hands just as easily."

#### REASSURING HIM.

MR. GOTTLEFT-" I can see plainly that you are fishing for that Count; but beware! The worm will turn."

MISS WAGBUSTLE—" Oh, don't get excited. I don't intend to use you for bait."

#### WHEN DOCTOR'S DISAGREE.

SICK is the Ontario Government, Both parties in a trice, Would have a new physician sent To give them his advice.

But as of old it now falls out, And sad it is to see The "learned casuists" in doubt, For Doctors disagree.

Ogden to strength'ning cordials flies, To tonics would resort, With these to cure their maladies He offers his support.

But Ryerson—Can he be right? Pronounces it a case Requiring change of air, and quite, A change of scere and place.

He finds with great debility, Exuberance of gall, The last incurable, says he, And constitutional.

A change of diet he'd advise, 'Twould help them, he allows, To take by way of exercise A walk across the house.



#### ZEPHYRS FROM THE WINDY CITY.

SERVANT-" Here is your fan, miss."

ETHEL-"'I don't need it, thank you, Mary; I've just been speak ing with a Chicago gentleman."



Too long they have on pap relied, And he would send them where The Opposition cooks provide More plain and wholesome fare.

Now, which has right upon his side? Our modern laws decree ; The people's ballots shall decide When Doctors disagree.

The Doctors both, 'twixt you and I, Philanthropists may be; Yet on whate'er they fix one eye, The other's on the fee.

And then the patients, never doubt, Are not such stupid elves The common folks to think about, They think about themselves.

Therefore, though furious grows the fray, Let none your minds excite; What you will gain? and in what way? Whichever wins the fight.

Though Frazer. Hardy, Gibson fall, Why should we fret about 'cm ? This Province, make no doubt at all, Will worry through without 'em.

Aud freed from all official pain, E'en George El Mahdi Ross, Where'er he goes will be no gain, To us a welcome loss.

Ee'n if the whole were gone, I guess, There 's nothing to deplore ; Monopolists will rob no less, They cannot rob much more.

G. C.



#### HE NEEDED IT.

CHOLLIE—"Weally, old chap, this is a pawsitive welief dontcherknow aftah a week's bwain-work."

#### DE DESTINY OB-OUR COUNTRY.

DISCOURSE BY VERY REVEREND ARCHDEACON DIAPHO-NOUS DIXIE, D.D.



ELUBBED BRUD DERIN an' fellow-sistahs wich am assembled in de ark ob the congregashun dis

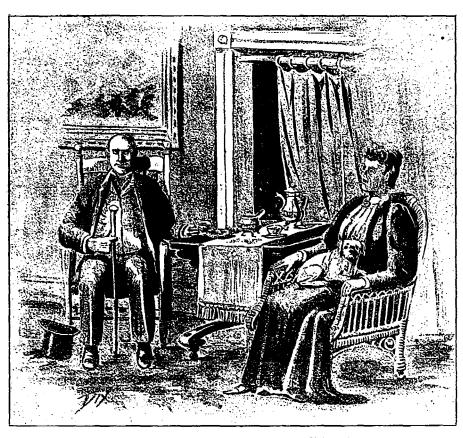
mawnin, I's gwine to propitiate a few opprobrious remarks onto de subject dat am ockerpyin' SO much attenshun indese days-de destiny ob our country. I reckon mos' ebery country dun got a destiny ob some kin' or other, kase if dev hadn't wat would de political heelers an' milishy kurnels an' school inspect or s find ter talk erbout wen dey didn't hab

nuffin' else ter say? I see by de papers dat eben so insignificant an' pusillanermous a place as Hayway has a destiny, so I 'low dat Canada must hab one dat am considerable bigger. Wich brings us round to de pint, Wat am de destiny ob our belubbed country?

> Libs dar a man wid soul so dead Wich nebber to himself hath said, "Dis am my own, my native land." Ef sich dar be-----

Well, 'clar to gracious, if I ain't forgotten de balance ob de psalm, but it am to de effeck dat sech a pusson am de kin' ob a man to stack de kyards in a poker game an' jump his board-bill by lettin' his trunk down from a fourth story winder into de back alley. Darfore ef any member ob dis congregashun ain't nebber said dem words to hisself, I reckon he mout better do so right away afore anythin' happens. It am mo' popular wid dem w'at has partickler reasons fer ter lub de country dat pervides dem wid offices, to say dem out loud an' ter keep on sayin' 'em whenebber dey gits de chance. Kase fur why, it am mo' spontaneous-like for a pusson w'at is makin' a mighty good libbin' outen de kountry 'thout nebber doin' a stroke ob work to say, " Dis am my own, my native lan' " dan fur de man w'at ain't got enuff ter buy a foot ob land in Mimico an' got to wuk twelve hours a day ter help ter keep de udder fellow. Selah !

It am all trash, my belubbed fellow-hearers, fur ter say dat de loyalists an' de politicians an' de office seekers don't lub dar country. Mout as well say a cullud pusson don't lub roast 'possum. 'Cose dey lubs it. Dat's jes' de same as sayin' dat dey lubs darselves, an' a good time, an' plenty ob money, an' to set into de high places. W'y, dat's only human natur', an' ef it wan't fur de fac' dat patriotism am de road to office, an' loyalty de key to de treasury, de country mout have been annexed long ago. It am a wise an' beautiful provishun ob Providence dat de mo' a man kin make out ob his country de mo' patriotic he gits, an' darfore we am justified in concludin' dat jest so long's de boodle hol's out de country am safe. You nebber see a crow or a turkey-buzzard yet, w'at wan't truly loyal to a dead hoss.



= GRIP =

#### SHE WAS "NOT AT HOME" NEXT TIME.

MISS FROSTIQUE—"I hate the winter. It makes one feel old." MR. PLUGWINCH—"Well, if it makes you feel much older you will be young again."

Dar's Brudder Washington Dorsey, fur instance, Deekin Dorsey's son, w'at got a position into de pos'office last year. Fo' dat Brudder Dorsey uster say dat dis country wan't no account, an' he 'lowed he'd go to Chicago fur to git a job. Sence he got into de pos'office dar ain't no mo' loyal man in de congregashun, an' 'tain't only free days sence I heard him wid my own lips say dat Purfessor Goldwin Smith had orter be tarred an' eathered. Kase ef dis country wuz annexed dey'd be bout forty-'leven Yankee politicians want to git Brudder Dorsey's job. De man w'at touches a ha'r ob de Ole Flag got Brudder Dorsey to settle wid, an' doan' you forgit it. Selah!

Brudderin, Britons nebber shall be slaves! De destiny ob de country am to stick by de Ole Flag, under wich our four fathers shed dar blood at Queenston Heights, an' de Denisons drawed dar swords, an' since dat time dar salaries, wid a self-sacrificin' patriotism wich stirs de deepest emotions ob de breast. W'at hallowed memories cluster beneath its folds! De unfeelin' may deride an' de traitorous may scoff, but dar's somethin' holy about de Ole Flag, an' de older it grows de mo' holey it gits. As it waves dar ober de Legislatur', an' de Custom House, an' de Pos' Office, it am de emblem ob our hopes, de lode-star wich p'ints de trabeller on life's weary journey to de goal whar dey is boodle for ebermo'.

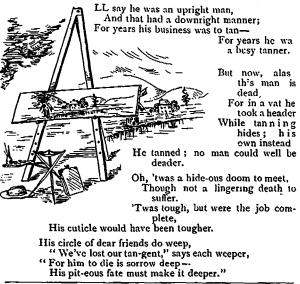
Yes, my brudderin, in spite ob de machinashuns ob

Goldwin Smith an' E. A Macdonald, de country am safe, an' de only question in de minds ob de truly loyal is how dey am gwine to git into dat safe so's to sheer de reward ob loyalty. Fur now am de app'inted time an' now am de day ob election, an' dem w'at kain't git a registry office or a sit into de Custom House mout hab a show in de Bureau ob Industries or a job ob canvassin' in de ward. For verily I say unto you, widout loyalty to de dear Ole Flag dar am no hope ob de recompense ob reward, an de man wich am an annexationist, de same shall be cast forth like unto Myers an' Cosgrove, upon de cold world, whar de ghost walketh not an' de big hog crowdeth de little pig from de trough. Selah !

Deckin Peter Watkins will kindly permeate de congregashun wid de plate, beginnin' at de do', while we sing de beautiful hymn :

My country, 'tis of thee, Burnin' wid loyalty, Ob thee we sing. May I with office blest, Find me a place ob rest, Close to de public chest, God save de ring !

#### THE DEAD TANNER.



DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



#### RAIN OR WHISKEY.

BARTENDER (as chappies approaches bar)-"Going to have some rain, gentlemen ?" CHORUS-" No; whiskey !"

#### THEH IDEAH !

DOLLY-" I heard that Cholly fainted last

night." CHAPPIE—"Yes. Somebody he had never met asked him if he were a man.

Dolly—"Yes" CHAPPIE—"Yes; and he has a man of his own, y'd know."-Puck.

COMFORT FOR MOTHERS.

DYER'S Improved Food for Infants is the best food you can use for sick or healthy infants. It is endorsed by physicians, nurseries and mothers all over the Dominion. Price 25c. per package. Druggists kcep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

#### BREAKING IT GENTLY.

TELEGRAM FROM NYMM RODD (to the man's tvife) - " Your husband met with an accident, and was killed,"

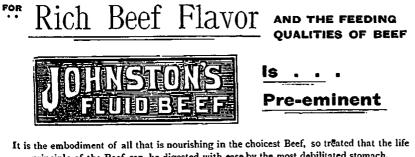
HER TELEGRAM—" Send on the remains." THE ANSWER—" There are none. He met a bear.

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy of the speedy and permanent cure of Con-sumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

GRIP's readers will'do well to read carefully the advertisement of Messrs. John Kay, Son & Co. on another page. It contains reliable information which will interest all who are requiring carpets, curtains, etc.

"My old aunt out in Brown County has sent me a jar of brandied peaches," said Mr. Lushforth to a row of friends. "Now, while I don't like peaches, still I fully appreciate the spirit in which they were tendered."-Indianapolis Journal.



principle of the Beef can be digested with ease by the most debilitated stomach.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED. - A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HRRBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

#### PREPARED.

SIBYL-" Let's cross over to the other side of the street.

TIPPLE-" No; let's stay on this side. The pavement is wet over there.

SIBYL-" That's all right. Mine are silk." –Life.

#### MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE LAWYER-" The witness will now please state his vocation. You raise chickens, do you not ?"

RASTUS H. CLAY (with marked emotion)-"'Deed I doesn't, yo' honah, only oncet, an den I clean forgot myself."-Chicago Nervs.

St. Jacobs Oil

CURES

٠

Lumbago

CURED BY

Sciatica

MAKES no difference what artificial light you use, gas or electric, R. H. Lear & Co. can meet your wants. Their assortment is well selected. Their terms are special for De-cember. In a word, Large Stock, Designs New, Prices Low. Same old place, 19 and 21 Richmond west.

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Prevents Rheumatism and Indigestion. Sold by Chemists throughout the world. W. G. DUNN CO. WORKS, Croydon, England

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Recritations and humorous readings, compiled by the celebrated humorist, James S. Bur-dett. In addition to the new and original picces here con-tained, this book has the advan-tage of bringing together into one volume all of the very best selections of a comic na-ture which have hitherto attain-ed a wide popularity through the public representations of the most renowned humorists of the other is the newest, choicest of its kind. No. 18. Price.....

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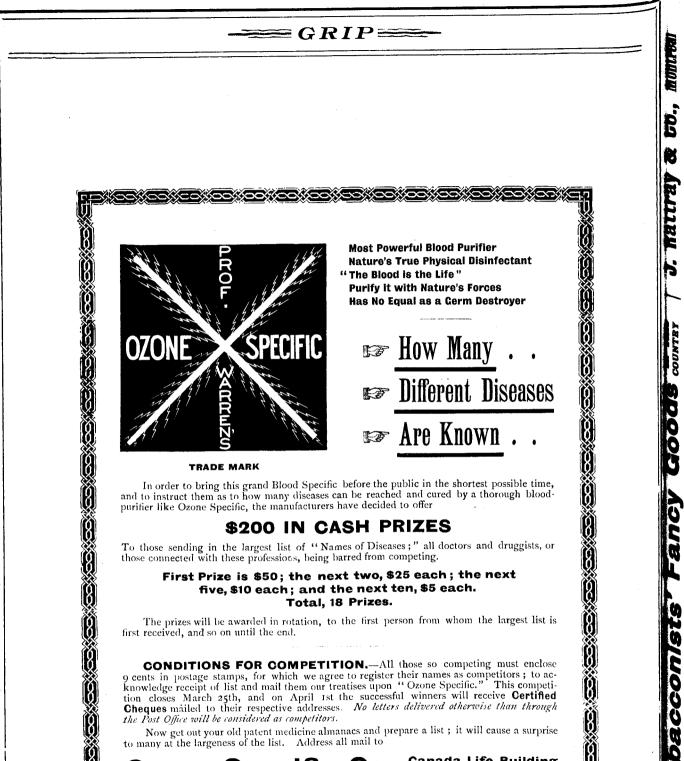
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