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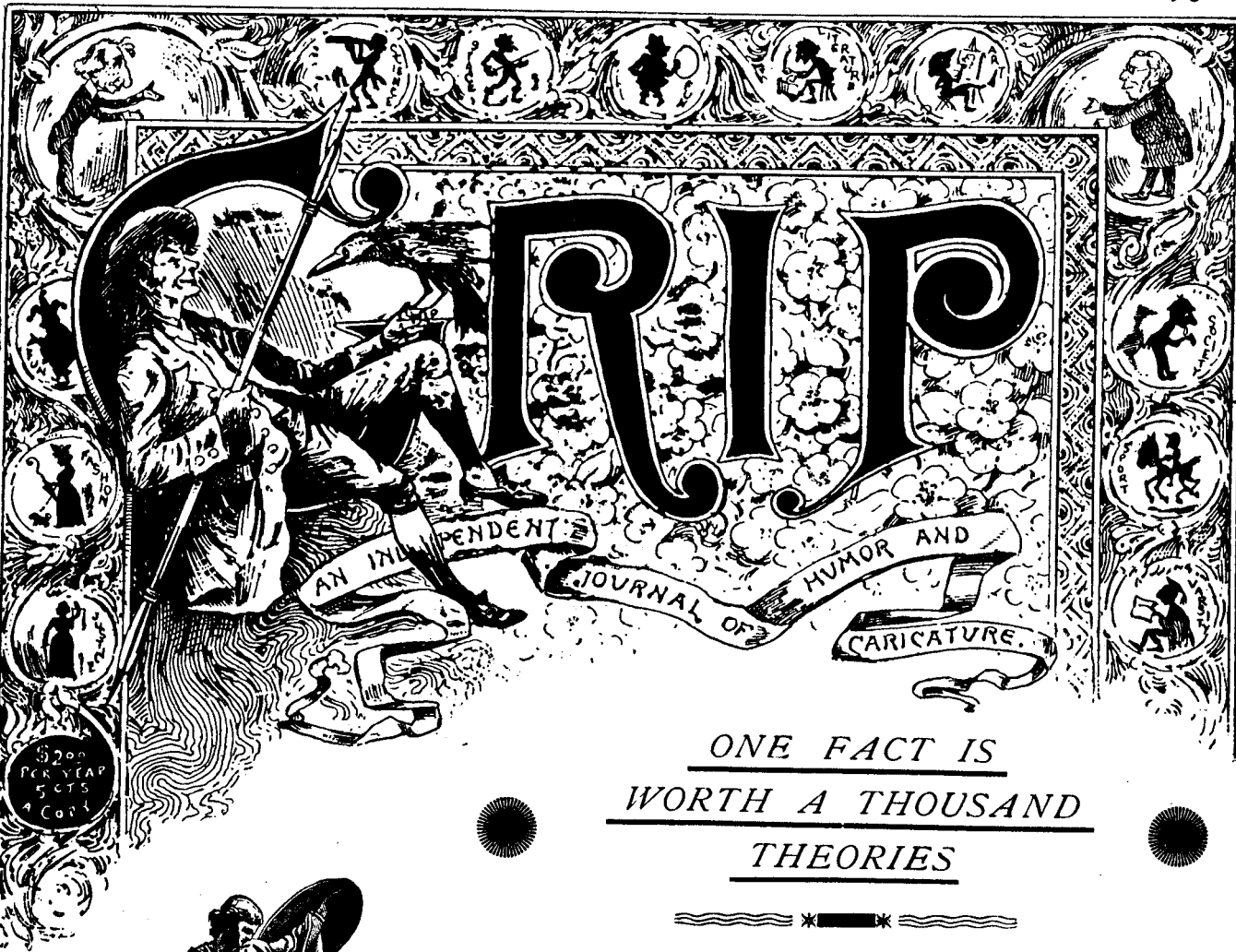
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VOL. XXXVII.—No. 22.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

No. 963



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STILL AT IT

Some months ago I offered to donate \$25 to the Library Fund of the Canadian Shorthand Society, if the agents of a rival Typewriter would give satisfactory proof that Mr. Yost invented the "Remington Standard Typewriter." The proof is not forthcoming, but the advertisement still appears.

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GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

No. 22.
Whole No. 963.



FRUITS OF THE FRANCHISE ACT.

The Dominion election lists are now being revised under an Act which discriminates against the Poor and Industrious, and is in every respect Iniquitous and Tyrannical, as well as Monstrously Expensive. Away with it, and

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As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith, on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



OUR WILFRID.—Mr. Laurier received an ovation at Boston, and delivered just such an oration as might have been expected of such an enlightened orator. His theme, of course, was Reciprocity, and he set forth the mutual advantages of that policy to Canada and the United States in a forcible and orate manner. His audience, which was large and distinguished, was in a decidedly sympathetic mood, and cheered every allusion to free trade to the echo. There can be no question that the Liberal leader's visit to Boston has greatly aided the good cause, and we trust that Mr. Blaine who is to speak in the same city shortly, will make a similar delirance from the same text. Apropos of the visit,

we observe that some of our Conservative contemporaries are raising the question of Laurier's loyalty in accepting an invitation to a foreign banquet. The Berlin News, for one, wants to know what the hon. gentleman means by going and making a speech in the States. It is unfortunate for a paper which supports the National Policy to ask such a question, for the answer is a condemnation of the Government. Mr. Laurier was invited to Massachusetts, not by Americans, but by expatriated French-Canadians, of whom there are some 15,000 in the city of Lowell alone. With very few exceptions, all these good citizens, together with many thousands of their compatriots in other parts of New England, were driven out of Canada by the crazy and corrupt fiscal policy to which the Conservative party still clings.

FRUITS OF THE FRANCHISE ACT.—The Dominion voters' lists are now being revised in many constituencies, and the work is being watched with interest by both political parties. The Franchise Act is seen in operation, and the result is a general chorus of indignation,

called out by its senseless, clumsy, tyrannical and costly character. It inflicts its injuries pretty evenly on both parties, though it was manifestly intended by its statesmanlike author to damage only the Grits. The Hamilton Spectator is constrained to refer to it as "cumbersome and expensive," and it is hard to see how any other Conservative paper, with a regard for its own intelligence, can think otherwise of it. Under this precious measure, young men, whose only fault is that (by reason of slackness in business circles) they fail to earn \$300 per year, are deprived of their right to vote, while idling dudes, the sons of property owners, are put on the lists. Old residents, who have long enjoyed the franchise, are likewise cut off, if, through misfortune, they have failed to reach the \$300 mark. The process of finding out the exact income of the would-be voter is a scandalous inquisition. He is obliged to submit to a searching investigation into his private affairs, lasting sometimes for hours, and before a crowd of listeners. But it would take a whole issue of GRIP to make note of all the glaring faults of this disgraceful measure. Let it be repealed at the earliest possible moment. Give us manhood suffrage and "one man one vote."



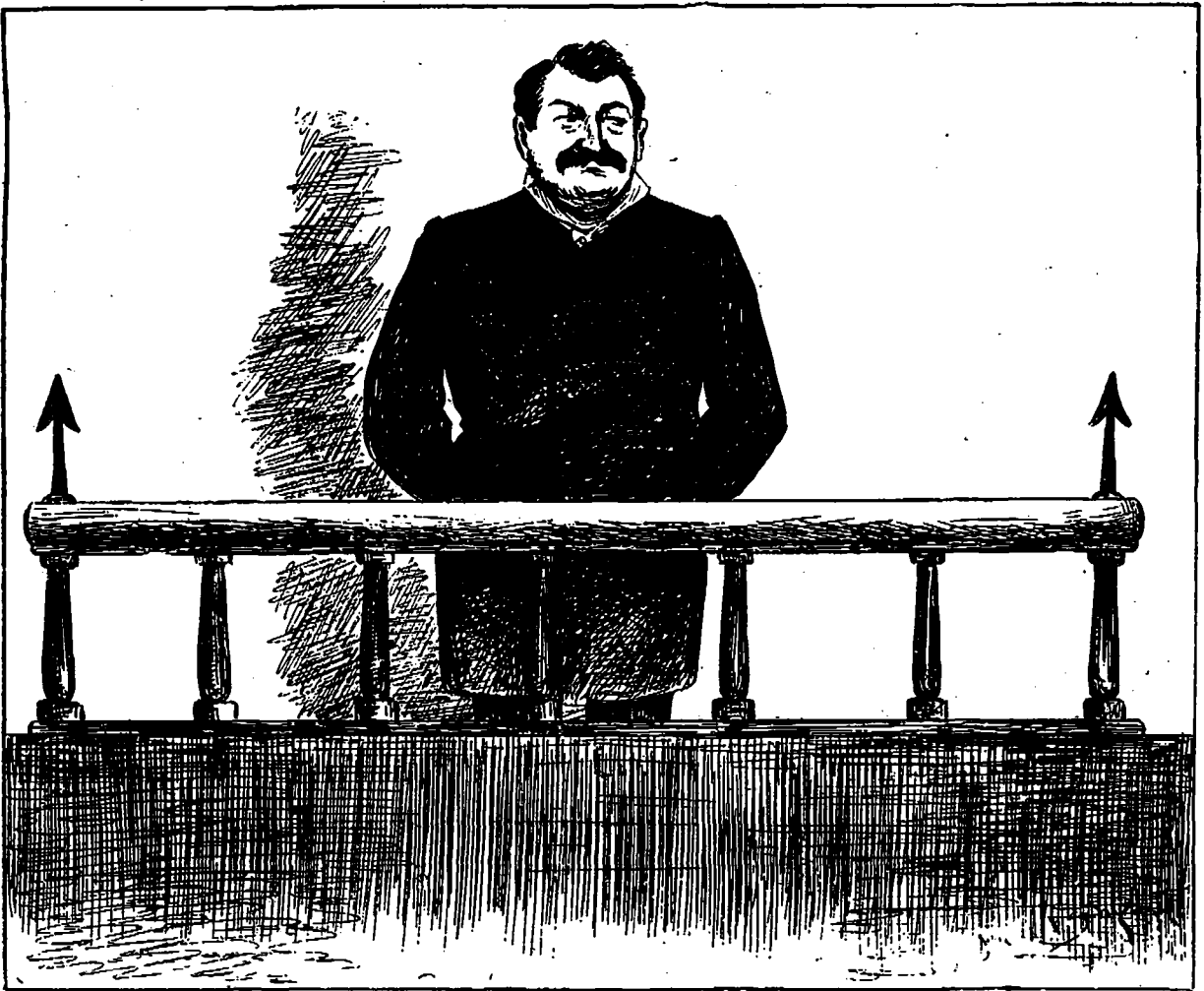
GENTLEMAN in Hamilton is about to start a pork factory and he has, as per usual, applied to the city authorities for exemption from taxation for ten years. Another gentleman there has just completed a new dry goods store and the assessor

has, as in duty bound, walked round and raised the enterprising merchant's assessment. These two facts have given rise to a lot of "improving" correspondence in the Times. One anxious enquirer wants to know why a request for exemption on a "factory" should be entertained while a mercantile building should be "gone for." The question is worthy of consideration. It is the regular thing to exempt manufacturing establishments in Hamilton and elsewhere, and it strikes us as curious that the dry goods men and other business classes have not struck the happy idea of calling their places by that talismanic name.

THE whole tax business is a muddle. And it will never be anything better than a muddle until taxation is abolished altogether, and the public revenue raised by diverting the rental value of land from the pockets of private speculators into the public till, where it belongs. Let every man enjoy all that he earns and give to the community that which it creates. This is good Christianity and the only sound political economy.

ALD. HALL'S recent bid for the votes of the large and influential element who are given to over-indulgence in strong liquors, by the declaration that drunkenness is a disease and not a crime and should be treated as such, will doubtless stimulate other candidates to similar pathological researches. We may shortly expect an utterance from some aspirant for popular favor who wishes to make himself solid with the dishonestly disposed to the effect that boodling, embezzlement and theft are diseases to be eradicated by a course of medical treatment instead of being punished as crimes. The class addicted to financial irregularities are quite numerous and powerful enough to merit a little consideration at the hands of those who seek votes, regardless of what devices they stoop to in order to get there. Who will put in a good word for the poor kleptomaniac?

In his speech at Perth the other day the Minister of Finance alluded to Mr. Haggart as "a prominent member of the Cabinet, an old and tried supporter."



WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

This is not marked by Mr. Foster's usual accuracy. Mr. Haggart may be an old and prominent member, but he can hardly be described as "tried" when it is well known that Lister's demand for a committee to investigate the section B charges was peremptorily refused.

* * *

WE are gratified to learn from Sir John Thompson that the widely prevalent impression that corruption and bad management exist at Ottawa is all a mistake. It is queer how erroneous notions of this sort get started in the community, and sad to think how very persistent they are. As a general rule they are believed to start from a basis of fact, but that appears to be absent in the present instance. The only other tenable theory is that the so-called scandals we have been hearing so much about are the baseless concoctions of mendacious Grits. Sir John appears to be of that opinion, and he is regarded as a man of sound and sober judgment.

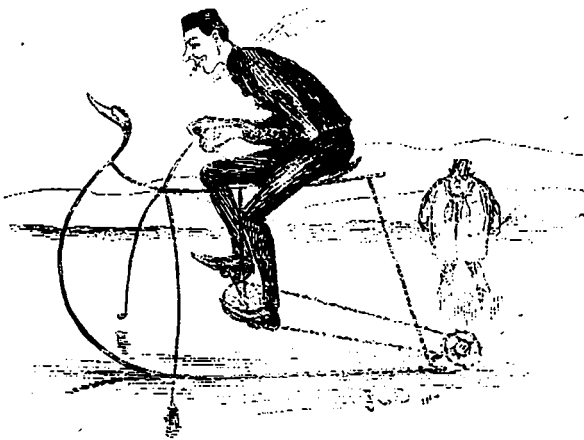
* * *

MAYOR CLARKE has intimated that he doesn't care for a fifth term, and the ironical suggestion of "sour grapes" is heard in some quarters. But with half a dozen Richmonds in the field, as there will be, nothing

is much more certain that that Mr. Clarke would be re-elected if he came out again. Public favor seems now to be moving Macdougall-wards, and the chances for the election of Mr. Osler, if they ever were good, are perceptibly diminishing. Toronto was never in sorer need of a first class mayor, but the occasion seems to have called forth the man in large numbers.

* * *

TAKING advantage of an obsolete law against seditious libel, which makes it an offence to bring an organized government into disrepute and try to overthrow existing political institutions, Count Mercier has taken steps for the prosecution of the editor and publishers of the *Empire*, *Montreal Gazette*, and a number of the French-Canadian journals opposed to him. We should not be at all sorry to see a number of leading newspaper men convicted and imprisoned for a while under this absurd provision—not that we wish them any harm, but because such a proceeding would be the surest means of getting the law amended, instead of being left to trip up some poor and influential writer who might violate it. It's rather funny, isn't it, though, to see the excruciatingly loyal *Empire* and *Gazette* accused of sedition!



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MRS. JIMPSECUTE ON SUBURBAN JOURNALISM.

"I DECLARE," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, as she glanced over the Saturday evening issues of the *Globe* and *Mail*, "I believe these papers get duller and stupider all the time. Here I've been wasting about an hour hunting through these papers to find something interesting to read, and positively there is not a thing worth looking at in them excepting the dry goods advertisements, but you can't believe them, for I know when I go to buy any of the wonderful cheap goods they advertise they nearly always say 'they are just out of them,' and try to sell you some kind of inferior trash that you don't want. Nothing but long-winded prosy pieces about Mercier and the candidates for the mayoralty and such stuff—that I don't care two straws about, though it may be all true enough about the goings on in Quebec, for they are mostly French down there, and as everybody knows, the French are a very immoral wicked people. I've read all about them in *Nana*, so I don't wonder that Mercier is a great rascal, but it's just what they might expect when they let those French people have anything to do with governing the country. But I really don't care about politics and it seems to me the people who get up the daily papers might find something interesting to write about.

"Well now, here's the *South-East-End*, that is what I call a nice interesting newspaper, if it isn't so big as the *Globe*. Here's a lot of news items that one can take some pleasure in reading.

"Miss Nancy Gaffick, the eldest daughter of our popular grocer, has returned from a fortnight's visit to her uncle in Bobcaygeon.' That girl is always gadding about somewhere, trying to capture a husband. I suppose she's given up setting her cap at young Piddicombe since he got engaged to Jemima Pettibone, though I heard Jemima was awfully jealous of her. I wonder if she's got a beau in Boycaygeon? What's this? 'Next time Harry goes to see his girl on Goosetrack avenue they had better pull down the blind.' I wonder if that's meant for Harry Watkins or Harry Bilkerson. It's one or other of them, I'll be bound, but who can the girl be? Let me see, didn't the Gollivers move onto Goosetrack avenue last month? Now I shouldn't at all be surprised if it was Mamie Golliver, for the way she and Harry Bilkerson used to carry on in the choir together was a perfect scandal.

"Well, well; listen to this—'Deacon McSorley has bought a new horse and buggy.' And it was only last fall that he failed too, but I always did think that he did it just to cheat his creditors, and the way Mrs. McSorley has been wearing silk dresses and diamonds and going off for a whole month in the summer to fashionable resorts, when honest people that the deacon owes money to can't get a cent of it is a downright shame, and I don't think that it's right that such a man should be allowed to hold a position in the church, and he wouldn't either, only that he gave a hundred dollars the other day, or rather his wife did, to help pay off the debt. I think he'd better pay his own.

"Miss Lizzie Hampstead, of Wayback, Ont., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Wagbustle, Chipmunk Place.' Oh, that must be the red-haired, scraggy-looking girl I saw going into Wagbustles' as I happened to be passing yesterday morning. I thought she must be a relative, for she has the same look about the mouth and chin as Mrs. Wagbustle, but her hair is a good deal redder, though nothing will ever persuade me that Mrs. Wagbustle doesn't use hair dye, and everybody knows she paints frightfully and gets herself up, which if she didn't she'd be every bit as homely as her cousin; poor thing. I suppose she got her to come down to help her in the housework, for she can't keep a servant for a week, she has such a terrible temper and is awfully close into the bargain, and I guess Miss Hampstead will give her a hand making over some of her old dresses and jackets which will save her going to a dressmaker. She'll have to work hard enough for her board as long as she stays, or I don't know Mrs. Wagbustle.

"And here's a long piece about the concert at the Methodist church last night, giving the names of all the performers and the songs they sung and how they did, only it's all wrong about that solo of Miss Squawker's when it says it was 'admirably rendered in a manner which elicited rapturous applause,' for she screeched in a way that was perfectly painful to hear, and the only people that clapped were her brothers, and that conceited young drug clerk that is sweet on her. The *Globe* had only two lines about it, and the *Mail* not a word. I don't see why they can't have nice interesting news in like the *South-East-End* about people you know, instead of all the stuff they give about the tariff and the boodlers. The *South-East-End* is a far nicer paper, for it really seems to get hold of everything that's going on, if it is so much smaller. There's something worth reading in it all the time."

THAT FAIRY FAY.

IT isn't very certain that there is anything supernatural about Miss Annie Eva Fay's performances, but if the houses she drew here are any indication there is at least one genuine materialization in connection with the business. The ghost walks regularly on pay night.



"A PRESSING ENGAGEMENT."

AN OUTRAGEOUS SUGGESTION.

SOME ridiculous person writes to the *World* as follows:—

Editor World: In no quarter of the world in old established nations with immense populations can we find three expensive governments within a few hours' ride of each other. In the name of all that's just and logical, why do we Canadians with our very small population put up with gross extravagance in keeping up three Governments close to each other here? Surely Ottawa, Quebec and Ontario should need less governing. What do your common sense business men and readers think? Are we richer than other countries?
A PUZZLER.

We are pained and astonished that so loyal a journal as our one-cent morning contemporary should give place to such a seditious letter as this. It is a covert thrust at the glory of the Dominion, which consists in the multiplicity of Legislatures, Upper and Lower. This iconoclastic "Puzzler" would not hesitate, apparently, to wipe a lot of these august bodies out of existence. And what is his ground for such a traitorous suggestion?—the sordid, grovelling one of economy! He thinks we can't afford to keep up so many Governments. This shows how little comprehension he has of the genius of the Canadian people. He does not know that our national watchword is *Blow the Expense!* Nor does he seem to apprehend the real function of these many legislatures, which is not so much to make laws as to train statesmen. The Provincial Assemblies and Legislative Councils scattered singly or doubly from the Atlantic to the Pacific form a grand university of statecraft, from which graduate the shining lights of politics whose names have made our country illustrious to the uttermost ends of the earth. Where is the land so benighted that it has never heard of Mowat and Longley and Greenway and Robson and Blain and Mercier? All these, and many more of equal renown, are the product of this magnificent chain of political schools. If for a moment, under protest, we do descend to the low consideration of expense, it may be frankly admitted that we could get along very well with fewer Governments, but we would have to be content with fewer distinguished statesmen. Will any patriotic Canadian, however, give a moment's thought to such an idea? No! A noble indignation stirs at the very idea. Our bosoms swell with national pride as we exclaim unanimously, *Blow the Expense!*

A BITTER MEMORY.

SAW her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
That stately tread, that drooping head, that white, unyielding brow.

Alas! why must such sorrow be? Would that we ne'er had met,
When meeting thus must ever be remembered with regret!

Oft I recall that anguish keen, that overwhelming blow
That crushed me helpless to the earth in the days of long ago!

I saw her but a moment, yet methinks I see her now,
With stately tread and drooping head, and white, unyielding brow.

Although we met in silence, what bitter pain I felt
When that Nannie goat advanced and took me right below the belt.
F. W. HARVEY.

THE WAH CLOUD.

BIXBY—"Europe is apparently on the verge of an outbreak. The tramp of armed hosts is heard in every direction."

IZZARD—"Is that so? Why, that must be the walk loud that we hear so much of."



"LOGIC IS LOGIC."

Here is a picture of the logical conclusion of the prevailing system, which regards land as a merchantable commodity, which may be owned and held out of use, and from which trespassers may justly be ejected. If an acre may be thus owned, why not a planet? And why would it not be as *just* for the landowning minority to eject the rest of the human race, as it is for an individual landlord to eject an individual tenant?

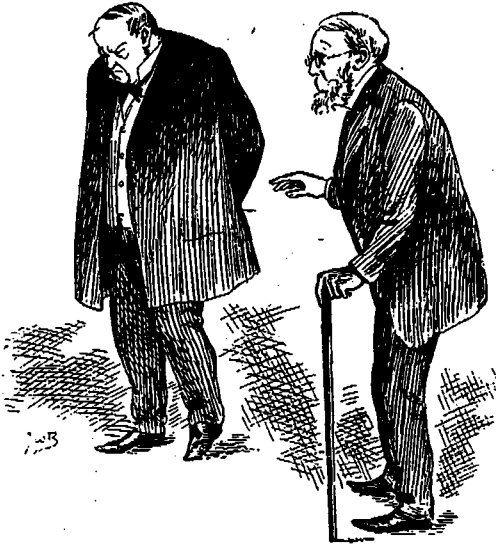
AN 'ARMLESS JOKE.

MR. DAVIN made a speech at Ste. Anne's de Bellevue lately, in aid of the Fresh Air Fund. He opened by telling of a Cockney waiter at Ottawa who remarked to him, apropos of this engagement, "I see, sir, you are going in for fresh hair," which he at first mistook for an impudent insinuation that he had begun to use some hirsute restorer. His speech was, as usual, witty and eloquent, and was the talk of the city clubs next day. Smith happened to be dining at one of them, when Brown enquired interrogatively, "By the way, Davin has one arm, hasn't he?" To which Smith replied insufficiently but truthfully, "He has." Next day an excited person rushed into Smith's office exclaiming, "What's this about Davin? Brown tells me that you say he has only one arm." "No," replied Smith, "I did not say *only*; I meant to add that he has also another, but Brown was so intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity that he talked straight ahead, telling all he knew and a great deal that he didn't know about Davin." Just then the telephone rang up wildly and a voice demanded peremptorily, "What do you mean by saying that Davin has only one arm?" And again the whole explanation had to be given. This sort of thing has now been going on for some days, and Smith's business begins to suffer from the interruptions. But it only shows how most of the Davin stories originate. Smith has taken a solemn vow never again to give an evasive answer.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.

DINGBATS—"Radley is a thoroughly square fellow as ever I met."

PEEVICK—"Is he? You surprise me. I thought he was a rounder."



"I TOLD YOU SO!"

A manufacturer denounced the National Policy as the curse which had brought all this corruption to the top. "It is the greatest curse we ever had," said he. "Alexander Mackenzie's prophecy has come true. We are cursed with corruption, as a result of it, and we are also governed to death. Why, you might take two manufacturers and give one 17½ per cent. protection and the other 30, and he with the 17½ may outdo the man of 30 by having better business capacity. It cursed without doing us any good."—*Montreal Witness*.

THE WONDERFUL N. P. TELESCOPE.

TAKE a well-filled champagne bottle,
Pour the contents down your throttle,
Then look through the neck and that'll
Give you wondrous sights to see;

Sights that well are worth the seeing,
Things that ne'er before had being,
Chimneys rising, hard times fleeing,
Products of the great N.P.

Look! from every hillside sloping
Minerals of all kinds outcropping,
Manna from the tree tops dropping,
Fishes swimming in the air;

Canada 'gainst foreign dealing
All her ports and harbors sealing,
Presidents and monarchs kneeling
Humbly at our Premier's chair.

Workingmen in buggies rolling
Fat and rich, and all extolling
That for which their votes they're polling—
Steady work and higher pay;

Manufacturers most genial
Raising wages of each menial,
Happiness all round perennial.
Everybody feeling gay!

Custom houses round our borders
Keeping out all trade marauders
By our Bowell's stringent orders,
Searching every box and trunk;

From all this the plain conclusion
Is—Long flourish trade seclusion!
But, perchance, it's all delusion—
Perhaps the gazer may be drunk!

THE British toadies have discovered that their future King Log contains a superfluity of Knottiness.

FREE ADVICE TO THE GOVERNMENT.

SINCE August, 1889, Middlesex has been minus a Registrar of Deeds. A fight for the position, said to be triangular in shape, is understood to be raging, and likely to rage for some time yet. If, besides being a silent spectator of the fight, Middlesex was also a victim, our sympathy would be freely extended to her, but we know that her Registry Office is in good hands, that her deeds and mortgages are carefully recorded, copied and put away; in short, that the work goes on just the same as it will go on when this cruel war is over, and the victor is crowned with the spoils. Middlesex has no need of our sympathy; that we reserve for the Government, which cannot afford to do away with sinecure offices, but has even to endure the humiliation of defending them. Take GRIP's advice, tendered honestly and fearlessly, Mr. Mowat. Put all your fee-paid officials on salaries commensurate with the public duties they personally discharge. Put your favorites in if you will but put them in to do honest work for their pay like other people, not to exploit the fees and farm out the work. The fees, after all legitimate expenses are paid, are not yours to give away. Don't overlook that important fact.

CODLING NOT SHORT.

LA SEMAINE RELIGIEUSE cannot find expressions touching enough to express its gratitude to Archbishop Tache for the great Catholic victory in Manitoba, but, says *La Patrie*, "All the world knows it was the incomparable legal talent of Samuel Blake that gained the victory. He it was who plead the cause of the Manitobans without caring for the prejudices of Ontario. Mr. Samuel Blake is a Protestant of the old school, an ardent Liberal, and an admirer of our Wilfred Laurier. Last winter he took a prominent part in the Federal elections and strongly advocated Reciprocity. It will be remembered, not without a twinge of conscience, that this same Samuel Blake, the defender of the Catholics of Manitoba, was denounced along with the Liberal chiefs by a certain number of prelates of Quebec as an annexationist, because he advocated reciprocity."

We may add, and did not his big brother defend the martyr Riel? Surely Codling is your friend, *Jean Baptiste*, not Short!

HIS SUPREMACY IN DANGER.

DEMETRIUS (*Captain of a band of Greek brigands—to captive*)—"Your ransom is fixed at five thousand piastres. Your friends must pay it over within a fortnight or you're a dead man."

CAPTIVE—"I can't raise it. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm a plumber, and I'll fit your cave up with all the modern conveniences inside of a week, and won't charge you more than six thousand. I think you ought to take it in trade these hard times."

DEMETRIUS—"Ah! plumber! Then perish on the spot. (*Shoots him.*) Demetrius will brook no rival as the brigand king." (*Red fire. Curtain falls.*)

NOT ALL OF IT.

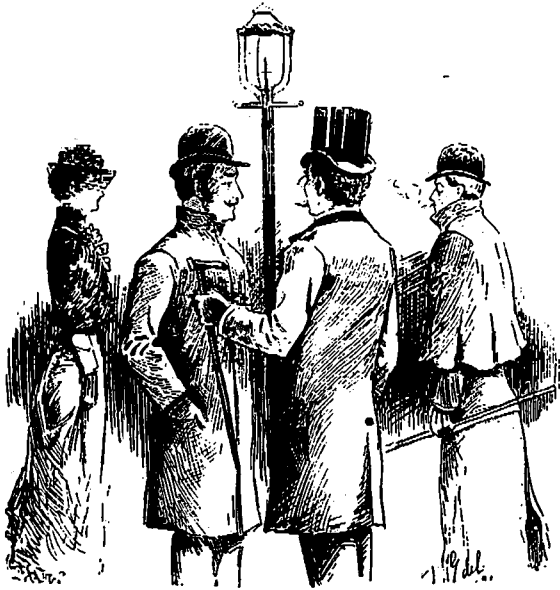
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is reported as saying, "I should like to see America strike out a literature of her own." Sir Edwin's remark is altogether too sweeping, though there is a good deal of it, such as the novels of Saltus and Amelie Rives, which might advantageously be struck out.



OUR WILFRID,
WHO "SPOKE" IN THE "HUB."

— MISS BOSTON — "Uncle Samuel, I distinctly approve of him! His annunciation of the considerations which predispose to a conclusion favorable to Commercial Reciprocity, and thus to the perpetuation of international amity, was masterful in thought and eloquent in expression!"

UNCLE SAM — "You bet it was: he's just a Jim Dandy orator, Hypathia, and don't you forget it!"



BEREAVEMENT.

WIDGERY—"Congratulations, old boy. I hear your Uncle Rufus bequeathed you his entire fortune."

BILLINGTON—"So he did, but the other relatives are contesting the will and giving me no end of trouble. (*Sighing.*) Sometimes I almost feel sorry the old man died."

DEACON PUNKIN'S EXPERIENCE WITH A MITE BOX.

CHURCH finances in Mudville is allus in a totterin' condition, and so our pastor, the Rev. Josephus Wilder, keeps up a keen hunt arter any noo idee in the collection line. The last thing that took his notice was mite boxes. He said everyone should keep a mite box, an' whenever anything bad happened to a neighbor, put in ten cents or a quarter, for thankfulness that it wasn't himself. Also when anything good came to him he should put in another piece from thankfulness that it wasn't a neighbor. So he said there would be lots of chances to fill up the box, with great spirituooal benefit to the giver. An' when it was full the proceeds could be applied to religious or benevolent pupposes.

Now ez I make a pint of never fallin' behind with my pew rent, I haint no call for sech contraptions to help me pay church dues. But I thought if I could secure all the noble an' elevatin' feelins the parson spoke of, at sech a reasonable rate, it was my dooty to invest in a mite box.

So I got an old match box, cut a slit in the bottom, set it upside down on the top of the clock an' laid low for opportunities for thankfulness. The first that came along was when the wind blew down a streak of fence and let in my cows on neighbor Jones' wheat. I felt thankful that it wasn't my part of the line fence that blew over, or his cattle would have got on my turnips. So I put ten cents in the box.

Then Jake Simmons' colt runnin' in the pasture, broke its leg in a pile of logs, an' they had to shoot it. I had offered Jake within five dollars of his price for that colt just a week before. Jake's one of the meanest men around anyway, an' did me brown in a cow trade last summer. So I thought it all had happened for the best, an' put a quarter in the box.

Then some greenhorns came here from the old country lookin' for a place, an' I got one of them quickern anyone else, an' sold them a lot I bought from Sam Snaggs for a song three years ago when he went to Texas. I made a round sum on that trade and could afford a fifty-cent thank-offerin', for such an opportunity to take in strangers unawares.

So the funds accumulated till I thought it was time to open the box, an' devote the contents to some good cause. Havin' derived such moral an' spirituooal benefit from contributin' of it, I was determined that the spendin' should be ekally meritorious. I wasn't goin' to empty it like as it was a slop bucket, on the first tramp that came along. I was bound to question every claim.

There was home an' furrin' missions of course, which our parson holds up as reliable outlets for any spare cash. But a friend of mine that had been in India, said that missionaryin' there, principally consisted of bein' carried about in a palenkeen, an' drivin' with the Governor General, an' other big bugs. An' when I hunted up the statistics, an' found out how much the converts cost per head, I concluded that the middleman had too large a margin of profits to make it worth while to invest it in that kind of stock.

Then I remembered Gen. Booth had a detachment workin' in India, in a cheap, practical way, an' thought I mightn't do better than just to dump my match box into the war chest of the Salvation Army. But a nevvly of mine what's studyin' at college, sent me a tract by Professor Huxley, which proved the Army to be nothin' bu: a family compact affair, to bring fame an' fortune to the Booth's. So I had to give up that idee.

I next thought of helpin' those kind of people that send out English orphans, to these hospitable shores. But after readin' some papers which condemned the whole system for floodin' the country with neer-do-weels, I thought I'd better wait for more light.

Then I concluded to hunt some partickler case of destitution, under my own personal supervision to whom I might become a peculiar providence and momentary gleam of hope. My hired man who was an English immigrant, told me a harrowin' tale of his early home, and the cryin' wants of those he had left behind him. I was just goin' to give him the cash on hand to send to his folks, when the low bred scum sloped with the proceeds of a load of potatoes, he had marketed, an' I saw him no more.

Then ses I to myself, is there no needy an' hard-working person to whom this sum might be given, who would use it wisely, an' be grateful for it? "Yes, thank Heaven," I replied to myself, "there is at least one poor and honest man known to me, for whose worth I can vouch, who will properly appreciate the gift. I shall bestow it u on him." Actin' on this generous resolution, I took those \$5 85, an' went down to Raggs & Tatters clothing store, where I fitted myself with a neat, all wool, tweed suit, suitable for wearin' out.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

"T'WAS a very pretty wedding," the fashion journal said, ("Tis one of Mr. Jenkins' common phrases—A sort of social chestnut that is getting somewhat played in the list of his discriminating praises.)

Yes, it was a "pretty" wedding, there is not the slightest doubt, Tho' everything was very plain, we're told; For the groom was pretty rakish, and pretty bald and stout, And the bride was pretty rich and pretty old.

THE MUNICIPAL SCAPEGOAT.

(BY A MEMBER OF THE RATEPAYER'S ASSOCIATION).

WHO has usurped the civic chair,
And for four years continued mayor,
To keep far better men from there?
Ned Clarke.

Whose hair is of a fiery hue?
Whose face is of high color too?
Whose glossy plug is always new?
Ned Clarke's.

Who piled our taxes mountain high?
Who could a drainage scheme supply,
Yet does that looked for boon deny?
Ned Clarke.

Who lays out miles of vacant farms
With pavements, drains and fire alarms,
To bankrupt taxpayers in swarms?
Ned Clarke.

Who brings about calamity
And smiles and smiles in fiendish glee,
The growth of city debt to see?
Ned Clarke.

Who panders to the Orange vote?
Who silenced Jumbo Campbell's throat?
And does o'er prostrate freedom gloat,
Ned Clarke.

Who is of jobbery the king,
And patron of each civic ring,
And doesn't know a single thing?
Ned Clarke.

Who is it keeps our rents so low?
Who empties houses by the row
And makes collections very slow?
Ned Clarke.

Who perpetrates those civic crimes
Which cut our dollars down to dimes?
Who is the cause of these hard times?
Ned Clarke!!

OBJECTED TO THE REFERENDUM.

THERE is an agitation on foot in favor of the adoption in this country of the Initiative and Referendum as it or they obtain in Switzerland. The unfamiliar sound of the words and the difficulty of pronouncing them except in a condition of absolute sobriety is one of the obstacles which the advocates of this reform may expect to encounter.

The other day Buzey, a politician of some local influence was holding forth on the situation, having imbibed just sufficient to make him feel comfortable and loquacious, but not enough to affect his speech so far as any ordinary language was concerned. He got along well enough until somebody asked him his opinion of the Initiative and Referendum.

"Well," he remarked in measured accents, "I think that the Initiarendum—no, I mean the Inferenshandum—is a good thing on general principles. If the Referish-andive—I mean the Iniferanshiendum—if the result of it would be to secure a greater consideration of those principles which are calculated to benefit the people, it seems to me that the public ought to support it. But then you see, if I understand this here Retcsisherfendive—this Interfesh—Reterfeshiatum—confound it, we don't want no such blamed thing as that, which a fellow can't get his tongue around after the first drink. It would give us away too often."



IT SCARED HIM.

OFFICER—"Stop there, what are you running at that rate for?"
JOHN SMITH—"I went into a place called Artgalry, an' after payin' twenty-five cents I went in, an' they made me give up me umbrella, so I took an' bolted in case they'd make me give up me clothes too!"

A ROMANCE SPOILED.

THE cable brings us a pretty little romance in connection with the life of Mr. David Evans, the new Lord Mayor of London, who, we are told, married in his youth a beautiful chambermaid. The former servant-girl has now become lady mayoress, and notwithstanding her humble origin, possesses all the qualities necessary to sustain her position with the requisite grace and dignity, etc. This, as it stands, is a very pretty and touching story calculated to show that honor and wealth from no condition rise, that virtue is its own reward, that the poor ought to be content with their humble lot even though there is a haughty and ostentatious mortgage on it, or any other commonplace moral which you like to tag on to it. But why, oh why did the cablefiend after thus having worked up our emotions of sympathy with the romantic lover and the fascinating chambermaid go and spoil it all by the prosaic statement "Her father was a plumber"? There's no romance in marrying a plumber's daughter. She was probably only chambermaiding for fun—pretending to be poor, and to earn her own living, just as we have read of other daughters of the wealthy classes, tired of a round of fashionable frivolities, occasionally doing. Young Evans knew what he was about, you may depend on it. No wonder that when he was shrewd enough to disregard appearances and capture an heiress he finally rose to be Lord Mayor.

SCANDALOUS!

"THEY say that Dasher skipped with another man's wife."
"How?"
"When?"
"Where?"
"At the ball last evening."



A DRAWING OPERATION.

ARTIST—"Now, I'm ready to begin."

SITTER—"All right."

ARTIST—"O, cheer up in appearance. I'm going to draw your picture, not your tooth!"

MR. OSLER'S PARTING ADDRESS

TO HIS COMMITTEE UPON HIS DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND.

I AM going away to England on important business bent,
To leave my boom in faithful hands I'm very well content;
There's no need for me to stay here, for my name, as well you know,
Will carry all before it—'twas yourselves that told me so.

You only need to say that I give my consent to run;
No need of vulgar hand-shaking—the fight's already won;
Inferior men may take the stump and canvass for support,
But dignity demands that I do nothing of the sort.

There are self-seeking intriguers who, I'm told, do not refuse
To appear at public meetings and elaborate their views,
And will go among the people and mean-spiritedly deign
Their future plans and policy to outline and explain.

Now, gentlemen, I'm sure that it would pain you very much,
Supposing that your candidate were classed along with such;
I occupy much higher ground—I should be doing wrong
To take into my confidence the low and vulgar throng.

A dignified aloofness is the *role* that suits me best—
A sort of "press the button and leave you to do the rest"—
My name is E. B. Osler and I'm candidate for mayor,
Now surely that's sufficient to elect me to the chair!

As this is my position, it is just as plain as day
That it makes no sort of difference that I shall be away;
Just mention to the public that I'm in it till the last,
And cable my majority when the election's past.

A SOCIAL STAR.

MRS. VANDERPOMP—"Really, I don't know what
society is coming to. To think of Jack Dollinger's
wife 'coruscating in the social galaxy,' as the society
reporter puts it. Why, she is a very vulgar person."

CHAWLEY LEFLIP—"Ow, yaas. Chowus girl, or some-
thing of that sawt. (*Suddenly struck by brilliant idea.*)
Perhaps that's why she 'cowus-cates,' doncherknow."

MOTTOES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

SIR HECTOR'S MOTTO.

"I AM as true as truth's simplicity, and simpler than
the infancy of truth."—*Troilus and Cressida.*

SCRAPS FROM OUR WASTE BASKET.

AS I was rideing onto the queen St. cars I heard some
people talking about the mayerality and one man he
says I don't think says he that Osler needs to put on
such airs he needent think hes way up in g—Wy says
the other heed make a good mayer—good nothin says
the 1st—Wy he neednt look down onto common folks
hes nothin himself but a 'Ostler—Ha ha said some r else
that's good enough to put into GRIP—so I just thought
Ide send it you and you needent use it if you don't like.

COLONEL DENISON's attention is called to the fact that
a man went into a drug store on King St. and asked for
tincture of *anarchy*. Did he mean dynamite? Let the
gallant colonel order out his troops and—

ABOUT this time of year
The cold gets more severe,
The winter winds do blow
And soon will come the snow,
Oh the sn—

—and hurl from power a set of corrupt and self-seeking
incapables who have basely betrayed the interests
intrusted to their charge. Hoping that I have not
unduly intruded upon your space, I remain, etc.

RATEPAYER.

So mr. Fleming needn't think
Hes going to be electid
were bound to have our beer to drink
and aint agoing to turn our cotes
An if he gets 200 votes
it will be a darn sight more
Than ever I expected.

—a great many Poles in the streets of Toronto"—
"Yes," said the other "I suppose they have been driven
out by the Czar of Russia." I won't charge anything for
this joke but Id like to write for you regular and can send
you plenty just as good at 10c. apiece or 3 for 25c.

JAMES BEATY, Q.C., is the man for mayor,
We've always found him fair and square,
His records pure and he'll get there sure,
Hurrah, hurrah for Beaty!

CONUNDRUM.—Why should McMillan be rejected if
he runs for Mayor? Because he'll sell the Orange every
chance he gets.

NOT A NOVELTY.

BEESWAX—"Have you seen the ossified man?
Quite a remarkable physical development, isn't it?"
SAMJONES—"Nothing so very wonderful. They had
the same kind of freaks way back in the ages of antiquity."

BEESWAX—"That's news to ine."
SAMJONES—"Fact though. Have you never heard of
the Centaurs? They were hossified men."

OUGHT TO GO.

THERE is a bore who ought to go
Headlong adown a flight of stairs;
He is the youth who pains your ear
With stories of his love affairs.

N. Y. Herald.

But if that youth could have his say,
He'd ostracize a different foe;
The "heavy father" pains your rear
As headlong down the stairs you go.

SIR HOGGERY'S BAD BREAK.

SIR HOGGERY GRABSNEAK, the distinguished Canadian statesman, being in London, England, on business lately, was invited to a public dinner at the Guildhall. Sir Hoggery is nothing if not eloquent, and has a large and select assortment of phrases such as "the development of immense resources," "our vast and fertile territory stretching from ocean to ocean," "the inborn sentiment of loyalty which every Canadian feels to mother country," etc., which at a moment's notice he can string together into a very passable and orthodox after-dinner speech without disturbing the placid post-prandial content of his hearers by a single idea. Had he stuck to this safe and commonplace style of oratory all would have been well. But unfortunately for his reputation as a representative colonial he resolved on this occasion to venture on a new line.

Sir Hoggery had noticed that the public utterances of distinguished English visitors to Canada were usually applauded in proportion as they tickled the national vanity of their auditors. Patronizing references to the growth and prosperity of the country and the intelligence, enterprise and loyalty of the people invariably excite enthusiasm and secure for the speaker a cordial reception and complimentary notices of his discernment and keenness of observation in the newspapers. Sir Hoggery therefore determined to try the effect of a little judicious flattery upon his English auditors.

Several dukes, right-honorables and financial magnates having spoken in reply to the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Lord Mayor called on Sir Hoggery Grabsneak, as the leading colonial present, to respond to the toast of "Our Colonies."

"Mr. Chairman, my lords and gentlemen," began Sir H., "it affords me particular pride and satisfaction to address you this evening in response to the toast you have just honored. As a Canadian I have always had a due appreciation of the privilege which we enjoy as a portion of an Empire on which the sun never sets. (Hear, hear.) Coming, sir, as I do, from a Dominion which stretches from ocean to ocean, whose immense natural resources are destined to support a population of hundreds of millions, I was surprised and delighted to note the degree of prosperity and advancement attained by the people of England. Gentlemen, the position of England is something of which, let detractors and pessimists say what they will, you have a right to be proud. Mingling with your different classes of society, I have been struck by the fact that many of your people display considerable intelligence—fully as much so, perhaps, as even the people of Canada. When I look around me in your cities I see positive indications of enterprise and commercial activity. And more than all I am told, and all that I have seen in the course of my sojourn amongst you tends to corroborate the view, that Englishmen are thoroughly loyal and patriotic."

Here the speaker paused for an instant to allow the applause which such an observation always elicits from a Canadian audience to come in. But to his astonishment there was no response. Such of the party as were paying any attention were glancing at him with expressions of amusement or curiosity.

"Yes, gentlemen," went on Sir Hoggery, "I must say that this state of affairs is really exceedingly creditable to you. I assure you that on my return to Canada to assist in the development of our vast natural resources, I shall not fail to convey to my fellow-countrymen the exceedingly favorable impression which England has made upon



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my mind. Speaking for myself, I believe that there is a bright and prosperous future yet in store for England, and I can only add that anything which my humble ability can do to secure for the English people that appreciation which their excellent qualities merit, and uphold the institutions of this country will cheerfully be done."

A laugh ran round the dining hall as Sir Hoggery resumed his seat, instead of the applause he had counted on. The next speaker, Lord Adolphus Fitzarlington, in a few sarcastic, though somewhat hesitating remarks, said that they felt exceedingly flattered—aw—by the complimentary—and he might say entertaining—aw—observations of the gentleman from the—aw—colonies, but at the same time—aw—he always supposed—aw—that the enterprise, progress and—aw—loyalty of Englishmen were regarded as a matter of course.

Poor Sir Hoggery was utterly crushed by his failure to propitiate English sentiment, and the comments of the *Times* and *Punch* upon his unfortunate deliverance were so severe that he at once quitted London without stopping to float his Sudbury nickel mining company, on which he hoped to unload mining lands for which he paid a couple of thousand dollars for something like \$100,000. He left by the next Allan Liner for Canada, and can't yet understand how it is that the kind of speeches which travelling Englishmen deliver in this country amid enthusiastic plaudits don't seem to catch on with English audiences.

ANCIENT AND MODERN MYTHOLOGY.

TEACHER—"We will resume the consideration of the ancient Roman mythology. Who was the king of the gods?"

1ST PUPIL—"Jove, sir."

TEACHER—"Right. You will notice as a singular evidence of the persistence of formulas long after the traditions on which they were founded, have been exploded, that even now 'by Jove' is a favorite expletive among some classes. Now, can anybody tell me what deity presided over agriculture?"

2ND PUPIL (after a minute's reflection)—"Gosh."

TEACHER—"Gosh? What do you mean, sir? Do you find any such name in your text-book?"

2ND PUPIL—"No, sir. But the farmers all swear by him yet, just like the dudes do by Jove."



AS USUAL.

MR. DOLITTLE—"I say, old chap, can you tell me if the mawning twain is behind to-day?"

MR. MCSORLEY—"Yes, it is, sir—roight behoind the engine."

CHATTER.

HE—"I always pay as I go,"

SHE—"Well, you don't owe anyone here anything."

HE—"There is nothing new under the sun,"

SHE (*meaningly*)—"No; but there are some things that are very fresh."

SANSO—"She is a perfect poem."

RODD—"Yes and she has amphibrachic feet."

JONES—"Is there standing-room to be had in that theatre?"

SMITH—"Yes; but I doubt if you can stand the play."

BROWN—"What music do bullets whistle during a battle?"

WHITE—"Ball music, I fancy."

HE—"Your father doesn't seem to fancy my suit."

SHE—"No. He says he doesn't believe your tailor has been paid for it."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE—"It seems impossible to find any enjoyment in this hotel any more."

HER HUBBY—"So? Couldn't you work up a little excitement by flirting with me for a change?"

VISITOR (*in museum*)—"Is that man a freak?"

MANAGER—"Yes, sir."

VISITOR—"I don't see anything peculiar about him."

MANAGER—"Perhaps not; but incredible as it may seem you there see a man who was once convinced, actually convinced, in an argument."

JUMPUPPE—"Is Bender so very bow-legged?"

JASTAR—"I should say so! When he wishes to go through a door he has to walk sideways."

ETHEL—"Why is Chappie so silent to-night?"

MAUD—"His mamma ordered him to always think before speaking."

STRANGER—"Is Mr. Cumso in?"

OFFICE BOY—"No, but he may be in at any moment. Will you sit down and wait for him?"

STRANGER (*after waiting an hour*)—"Are you sure he will be in soon?"

OFFICE BOY—"I don't know, sir. You see, he is travelling now and never comes to the office oftener than once a month, but we never know at what moment he may make his call."

To know how I may get the thing
I'd like to have, my brains I rack.
I wish that I were rich enough
To be a kleptomaniac.

HUSBAND—"Yes, dear, I am rich. I didn't tell you so when I asked you to be my wife. I wanted you to marry me for myself alone."

WIFE—"O, I knew it all the time; but I thought you would be better pleased if I didn't let on."

1ST SUMMER GIRL—"Ethel Longbow tells me she had seven proposals this summer. Do you really believe she refused the hands of so many as that?"

2ND SUMMER GIRL—"Hands! Oh nonsense. She must be counting every fellow that offered her his arm."

"PLEASE preserve order if you can, gentlemen," shouted a man on the platform to a crowded meeting. "Oh, come now! We leave preserving for our wives to do, and besides there's a deal too much jam at this end of the hall as it is," responded a voice from the rear.

BLINKS—"Charley is awful y disappointed."

WINKS—"Why?"

BLINKS—"You know that pretty Miss Fetchit he has been dangling after so long? Well, he proposed to her last week, and she refused him—left him in the lurch—won't have anything to do with him."

WINKS—"In fact he offered her his hand, as it were, and—she shook it"

He once a wandering tinker was
And well could mend a can, I wis.
But age has robbed him of his strength
And now a mendicant he is.

1ST LITERARY MAN—"What's become of that Miss Inker who writes those amusing light sketches? I haven't seen anything of hers lately."

2ND LITERARY MAN—"Oh, she's working on something a good deal heavier at present."

"That so?"

"Yes. I hear she is married, and trying to make bread and pies for her husband."

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HUMBLE CITIZEN—"See here, barber; you've cut off a piece of my ear."

TONSORIAL ARTIST—"Yes; they seemed to me a trifle large."—*Boston Courier*.

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