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Leave Toronto—7.30 and 11 a.m.;
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THE NAME TELLS
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Is Dyeing that is done right because it gives pleasure and satisfaction both to customers and ourselves.

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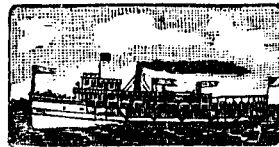
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Plying daily between Toronto, Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines. Leaving Toronto 3.40 p.m., arriving Port Dalhousie 5.45, St. Catharines Lock 6.45 p.m. Returning leaves St. Catharines 8 a.m., Port Dalhousie 8.45 p.m., arriving in Toronto 11 a.m.
Don't miss the Popular Wednesday, Saturday, 2 p.m. trips to St. Catharines, up the old Welland Canal. The finest scenery on the line of excursions, and Return Trip only 50 cents.

After July 1st a 7-hours outing to Wilson Park every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, leaving Toronto at 11 a.m., returning 6 p.m. Then boat leaves Toronto for St. Catharines at 6 p.m. Family Book Tickets at all principal hotels and ticket offices. Book tickets good to either Wilson Park or St. Catharines. For full particulars apply Garden City Ticket Office, Geddes Wharf, East Side.

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A BONA FIDE CHALLENGE

NO - CHARGE - IF - NOT SATISFIED.

The *Railway and Steamboat Times*, December 11th, 1893, says: "Science has only begun. Many things undiscovered up to the present date, one in particular being a cure for baldness or falling hair."

I assert positively that I possess that cure, and guarantee to produce an entire new growth of hair. Any person (extreme old age excepted) can be treated at

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Toilet and Shampooing Parlors,
Next to office for Toilet and Shaving
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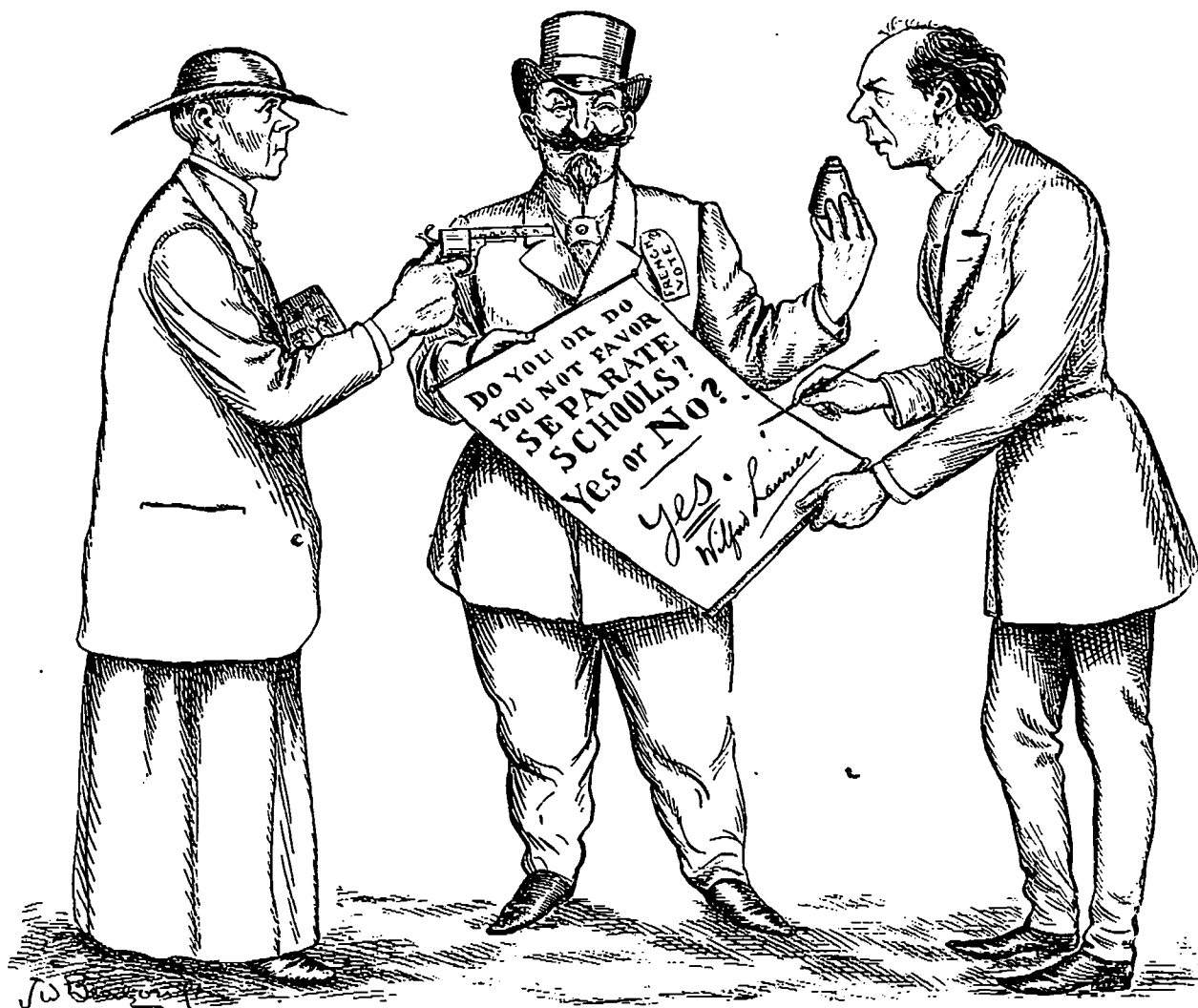
EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1079

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No. 5.



BROUGHT TO BOOK!

[Vide LAURIER'S SPEECH ON MCCARTHY'S MOTION, AS REPORTED IN THE "GLOBE."]



DECORATED BY HIS ALMA MATER.

[With GRIP's congratulations, and the hope that Mr. Geo. E. Foster, LL.D. will hereafter be able more successfully to Doctor the Laws and Ligatures which now hamper the commerce of the Dominion.]

SUSANNAH IN TOWN.

I.

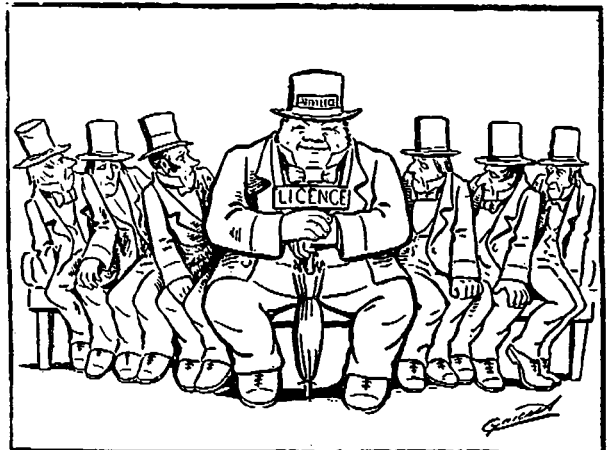
THIS higher eddication of women is a good-sized puzzle to me most of the time I aint asleep. When I looked out of the farm house winders long ago and yearned for something broader than butter-making, I used to think that when I'd read as many books as the young minister kept on his little shelf, I'd be purty well eddicated. When I got 'em read, I had some ideas that was new but most o' my old ones was muddled. Getting muddled and bad spelling is my biggest troubles. I thought somehow that readin' and sech would lead me up to the bran new womanhood we're always hearing of, but it seems you've got to travel on a double track to get there, fur it's expected you'll athletic some—do tennis and swimming and the like of that. It's real queer and it comes hard when you ain't used to it, but no body's any good that aint a summer girl. My nephew's taken me in hand, and so soon's I sot foot in Toronto he says, says he, "Aunt Susannah, you've got to let me teach you to paddle a canoe." "Aint I got time to rest after that three months of Ottawa politics?" "No indeed" says he, "most of the summer's gone." So we went paddling up the Humber. I used to think I'd never resk my life in one of them skittish things, but I've been believing hard at pre-destination sence I've been travelling 'round. It makes me comfortabler myself and not so worrying on those I'm with. "Now be careful, Auntie," says Tom when the thing was brung up, "step right in the middle and set down careful, keep your hands off the sides

and breathe through both your nostrils equal." I minded like a whipped baby, I was so scairt. He paddled off with a cute little smile on his face, me watching him, and breathing as he said, when I wasn't holding my breath, and wishing I hadn't come. Purty soon I got used to it, and begun to look around. There was a little reed jest near and I pulled at it. It didn't come easy, but I held on. Tom did some fancy strokes fur a minute, then he says dreadful solemn, "When folks do that, Auntie, the only thing to do is to boost them right in. It's better to drown one than two, and it keeps the canoe dry." "Well, I never," says I, "do you mean to say we was near upstot?" "Yep," says he, "don't do it again," and I didn't.

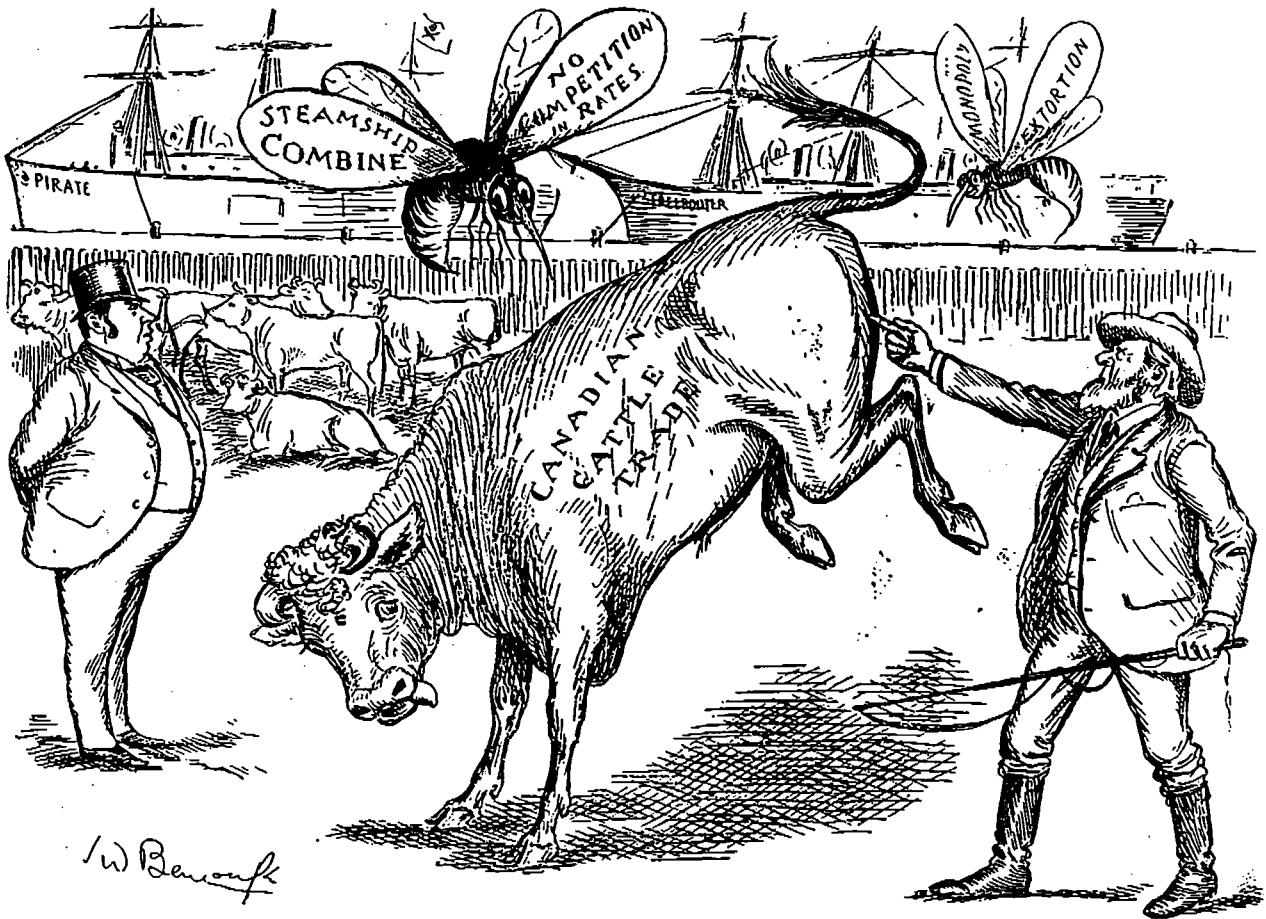
Bimbye we landed, and I got into the paddling place and begun to take lessons. My, it did look so easy, and it was so hard. There's only two banks to that Humber river, but there was several a minute after I got to steering the thing. Seems there's one way you put to go one way, and the other goes opposite. Ef they're pulled even, you go straight ahead. We didn't, we went into banks and sticks and we'd have run into row-boats too, only Tom yelled to them not to run into the lady. When I kep' perfectly cool we went middlin', but when I got flustered I forgot which way we wanted to go, and how to get there with a simple twist, as Tom says. Of course I splashed a good deal, and Tom he got purty wet. He had his old clothes on, and it didn't hurt my sprigged muslin, so there wasn't no grumbling. The folks we passed by, looked at us curious kind of. I s'pose they hadn't got used to the squaw way o' doing the work. But I guess they could tell by my eye that I could kinder mesmerize that boy till he'd paddle ef I was tired. As long's I didn't look down-trodden I didn't care. Tom says it's only right fair that women should keep on with rowing or paddling, and he likes these mannish women with little white dickeys and ties. He says the women who can row and paddle get asked out oftener. I guess it's true, but I'm scared it's all on account o' the men getting lazy. Seems like 'sef they've clean given up, we women is outstripping 'em so steady—getting into all their goings-on and wearing their clothes.

We wuz talking along nice like this and I kep' paddling steady. There was a burning spot of red on my left hand, and my right collar-bone felt jiggly. "That's fine, Auntie," says Tom, "but now you've got the stroke I guess we'd better tend to your department. You want to look nice, don't you?"

I straightened right up. "Elbows in," says he. I elbowed in, and held up my chin and crossed my feet and felt real smart, but it was dreadful wearing to remember to dip down, pull out, keep two banks in mind, watch for boats, elbow in, chin up, chest out, and all that and I got muddled



MONOPOLY.



THE PEST OF THE CATTLE TRADE.

CATTLE DEALER—"Mr. Premier, you see how this poisonous Insect is worrying the life out of the business. Now the sooner you lend a hand and put an end to its ravages, the better it will be for your Government and the Country."

SIR JOHN—"Quite so; yes. I may mention that I have the matter under consideration at the present moment."

pretty continual. When we got home, Sister Mary ast about it all, an' Tom owned up he made up his mind I'd upset us both out.

Canoes is purty fine fur going along sneaky—no noise, jest cutting the water in two and slinking into the creck, but they're resky. I wouldn't go out with an enemy or any relation what'd get my life insurance or remembered in my will. It would be dear tempting them. And I don't know as I wouldn't rather go in a scow fur real pleasure. We used to go out in a scow, up country, to get yaller water-lillies. They aint quite so graceful as canoes but you've got more room to enjoy yourself an' you can believe in free will, 'stead of pre-destination ef you want to. It's easier fur Methodists.

SUSANNAH.

PRAYER AND RESPONSE.

"Thank Heav'n!" McCarthy piously exclaims,
"I've left the Tory gang and ne'er again
Will I return!" And piously Sir John
With Methodistic fervor cries "Amen!"

THE Baptist Convention talked a great deal about the "three C's." They probably referred to the *Chippewa*, *Chicora*, and *Cibola*.

MERELY INFORMAL.

THE Chinese and Japanese seem to be pounding one another pretty freely—sinking troop-ships and destroying lives by the hundred, but this doesn't count. War has not yet been officially declared. They "still hope to avoid hostilities." Funny thing, this diplomacy!

SMELLING HIM OUT.

"**MOHAMMED**" WEBB, formerly a U.S. Consul, who was converted to the faith of Islam and is now carrying on a mission in New York in the hope of converting his countrymen, is pronounced insane by Nefeesa M. T. Keep, a woman who has interested herself in combatting Webb's efforts. She says she is sure he is insane as "he has the odor of an insane man."

"You see," she goes on, "I have been around hospitals and sanitariums a great part of my life and I learned to distinguish different diseases by their odors. Insanity has its characteristic odor. I don't know whether physicians have ever explained it or not, but it's so. Well, Mahommed Webb has that odor."

This is an interesting pointer for the doctors, and there may be something in it. If so, the old method of finding out disease will be superceded, and we will spell the new one diag-noses.



THE PATRONS AND THE PATRON-AGE.

SIR OLIVER.—“Oh, oh! Gracious, goodness, dear Patron Giant! take anything, everything you want, but spare, oh, spare this, my pet and favorite che-ild.”

(But that happens to be the one particular thing the Patrons are reaching for!)

“ VOTE FOR UNCLE THOMAS ! ”

If being understood that Uncle Thomas' opponents are to be legion, the following lines are respectfully dedicated (in the way of an admontion) to his old-time supporters :—

West Quebec men, to the fore !
Ever loyal to the core !
Your battle-cry peal forth once more,
“ We'll vote McGreevy ! ”

Who are those now in the field ?
Think they that we'll to them yield ?
Never ! for the fray be steeled,
And shout “ McGreevy ! ”

What of Barney—shining light !
What of Dick—the would-be Knight !
Let them come in all their might
And face McGreevy !

M— F— ! heav'n be praised !
Would from tailor's board be raised :
Th' upstart must be truly crazed
T'oppose McGreevy !

Larry Lynch, too, longs to see
His name in print with M.P.
To't axsed, but crushed he'll be
By Tom McGreevy !

Nor would Carbray have a chance
'Gainst our hero in this dance ;
My faith ! he'll ne'er cross a lance
With Tom McGreevy !

And the People's Jimmie, eh !
Who knows well the game to play,
Thinks in this he'll have a say—
Whilst smiles McGreevy !

Is it thought our old chief fears
Opposition where for years
Pre-em'nent amongst the peers
Stood Tom McGreevy !

Pshaw ! Mac's prestige on the wan !
And for what ?—a boodle stain !
“ Innocent,” his friends maintain,
“ Is Tom McGreevy ! ”

Boodle's in the very air,
Boodle's met with ev'rywhere,
Ev'rything's considered fair ;
Why blame McGreevy ?

No pow'r can be found to stay
Boodling, once it's under way ;
Come ! your tact again display
Bold Tom McGreevy !

But, enough ! why need he care
Who says “ wrong ” where we say “ fair ” ;
Vote him in ! the good we'll share
With Tom McGreevy !

Heed no cry of boodle, men,
Make of Mac your choice again ;
Votes ! I wish I'd ten times ten
For you, McGreevy !

As you've done so oft before,
In the good old days of yore,
Swell aloud your slogan-roar,
'Rah for McGreevy !

P. K.

AN L.E.G. ON PROTECTION.

READ this newspaper clipping to your Protectionist friend, and watch the expression of his face. If he doesn't blush, you may put him down as a hard case :—

“ A Canadian spent some time in the United States. While he lived there he met with an accident that compelled him to buy an artificial leg. Then he moved back to Canada. Being concealed by his nether integuments, the new limb escaped the lynx-eyed Canadian customs house officer at Windsor, but not for aye. Five years have elapsed since then, but an order issued that the duty on the artificial limb must now be collected. Under pains and penalties \$100 has been paid, and the majesty of the nation has been maintained.”



DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER.

ENTERPRISING AGENT.—“ I am taking orders for the superb set of World's Fair Views. Would you like me to— ”
NATIVES.—“ Yes, we would like you very much. *Step inside !* ”

[And he subsequently does.



MUTUAL THANKSGIVING.

MCCARTHY—"Thank heaven! I am no longer connected with the misled and corrupt Conservative Party!"

THOMPSON—"Thank heaven! the Conservative Party is no longer burdened with the Quixotic vagaries of McCarthy!"



UP-TO-DATE.

Our enterprising citizen, Sam Lee, keeps the public informed of the progress of the Chinese-Japanese war by means of bulletins displayed in his laundry window.

[ANTICIPATED EXTRACT FROM THE "DAILY MAIL."]

FROM THE CAPITAL.

(By our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 3rd, 1920.

IN the House of Commons to-day, after routine business, Mr. Paterson, the venerable member for Brant, made his enquiry, pursuant to notice, as to the report of the Prohibition Royal Commission. The old gentleman seems to have become a crank on this subject, and has regularly asked the same question since the session of 1894. There are, of course, very few men now in the House who have any personal recollection of the matter in question, and in fact the opinion is becoming pretty general that the whole thing is a phantasm of Mr. Paterson's mind, one of those strange hallucinations to which old age is subject. Mr. Paterson is still so clear and intelligent on all other subjects, however, that this theory is difficult of acceptance, and if earnestness goes for anything the disinterested listener would be almost certainly convinced that there is really something in what he is driving at. As usual, to-day he went over the whole story, which it may be presumed he now has "off by heart." He said that in the session of 1893—I think it was—the Government of the day, wishing to avoid action upon the Liquor Question which was at that time proving troublesome, conceived the idea of appointing a Royal Commission to take evidence as to the general effects of the liquor traffic upon the country, said Commission to report to Parliament at the next session thereof. The Commission was accordingly appointed, but at the session of 1894 the promised Report was not forthcoming. A statement was made by the Government, however, that the cost of the Commission up to that time had amounted to \$120,000. Mr. Paterson went on to say that session after session had passed since that day, and yet there was no Report. He began to fear that even if now

produced—which he was not sanguine enough, however, to expect—he greatly feared that the document would be so yellow with age, so mildewed and motheaten that it would be practically illegible. He felt it his duty to his constituents, nevertheless, to enquire about it, and to demand that the promise made by the Government of 1894 be now redeemed.

Sir John Thompson, the aged Premier, replied. His form is now so bent and his voice so low and quavering, that he is heard with great difficulty by the House. His reply to Mr. Paterson—as one of the regular sessional events—is always eagerly anticipated, and a profound stillness reigned in the House after the applause which greeted his rising had subsided. Sir John is several years older than Mr. Paterson, but his faculties have been preserved in a remarkable manner, and there is in fact no member of the House whose memory is more reliable than that of the Premier. He began by a touching allusion to the weakness of his old and honorable friend's mind, and to the persistency of the delusion which possessed it upon the subject of this alleged Royal Commission. He recalled quite clearly the session of 1894, which had been remarkable for several important political events. It was in that session that the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier—now president of the French Republic—had declared himself plainly in favor of Separate Schools; it was also in that session that the Trent Valley Canal had been completed and opened for traffic, and in that session also the crooked transactions in connection with the building of the Curran bridge had been discovered and adequately punished. Had there been any such thing as a Royal Commission then in existence he (Sir John) would surely have remembered it; and if there really existed a Report of such a Commission at the present day he would certainly know of it. This subject, however, connected as it now was with the mental infirmity of one of the most respected members of the House, was a painful one, and he would not dwell upon it further than to formally reply to the question of the hon. member in the usual form of words—the Report is not yet ready. The House then proceeded to the order of the day.



THE DEPRESSION IN BUSINESS.

MRS. RILEY—(to her husband)—“ You great, big, good for nothing loafer. Why don't you go and get a job of work, and not sit round the house day and night reading them sporting papers?”

RILEY (professional pitcher)—“ Get a job of work? But how can I when nobody 'll sign me to play?”



A STUDY OF CANADIAN "PUBLIC ORINION."

1. ISSUE.—*The calf with a cough.* Ontario campaign. Intense interest of the country!!!
2. ISSUR.—*Wholesale thievery by public contractors.* Ottawa. The attitude of the country speaks for itself.

MCCARTHY TO HIS CONSTITUENTS.

(A METRICAL REPORT OF HIS SPEECH AT CREEMORE.)

CONSTITUENTS: I'm with you once again,
 To give a statement lucid, true and plain,
 Of all that has been done this session past—
 (The good part of it is by no means vast!)
 And first, of course, about my little bill,
 Which still remains a hard, unswallowed pill,
 Tho' brought to vote. It's purpose, you're aware,
 Was eminently statesmanlike and fair—
 To let the people of the North West say
 Whether they wish the Sep'rate Schools or nay,
 And whether one official tongue will do,
 Or they prefer the extra cost of two.
 Is it not right to give the West Home Rule
 In this respect, and let it choose its school?
 The bill was lost, though it got forty votes,
 Some members dodged it, and some turned their coats;
 Brave Orange Wallace at the Premier's nod
 Had urgent business at the time abroad.
 We cannot always get what we expect,
 But the debate will have a good effect.
 Some words of mine have been misunderstood;
 I did not say that Separate Schools were good,
 My voice is for a national public school,
 Where God is recognized, not where priests' rule.
 As to the other matters of the session,
 The acts are like to deepen the depression;
 The Curran bridge—a most gigantic steal;
 The Turcotte case—a case that did reveal
 The Premier—notwithstanding purist gush
 As adept weilder of the whitewash brush;
 The Treaty made with France, a losing spec,
 By which our country "gets it in the neck,"
 The "fast-line" subsidy, a waste of cash,
 At once absurd, ridiculous and rash;
 Four millions more to railways through the land,
 Betokening election near at hand;
 And then the tariff—but it makes me ill
 To think how the Combinesters worked the bill;
 And, to conclude, lest I should talk all day,
 Our fair Dominion's in a desperate way!

THE CANADIAN CATTLE TRADE.

GRIP has no apology to make for devoting another cartoon to the subject of the Canadian cattle trade, and the way in which it is being harrassed by the steamship combine. The Government seems to be cowed or bullied by the steamship people, but if heifer there was a matter demanding prompt and strong action it is this. It does not seem to be generally appreciated that the business of shipping cattle to the Old Country represents more money to Canada than our entire output of manufactured goods, in which the Government takes a reasonable interest. If it were known that some combine was destroying the export trade of the country, we cannot doubt that speedy action would be taken to stop the nefarious work. And yet this is just what the steamship combination is doing with the cattle trade, by means of exorbitant and uncertain rates. Our shippers are entirely at the mercy of these people, who do not hesitate to meet any rise in price in the Old Country by a corresponding rise in freight rates, though they do not make a habit of lowering the rates when prices fall. The consequence is that the cattle-men are being ruined, as they cannot compete in the British market with the American shippers who enjoy the advantages of competition in ocean rates. The case is aggravated by two considerations—first, that cattle dealing is about the only thing that is left to our farmers, now that grain growing has become such a poor paying business; and second, that some of the steamship lines in this combine are enjoying subsidies out of the Dominion treasury. The whole matter was brought before Parliament forcibly by Mr. Mulock in the late session, but for some reason which passes our comprehension the Government failed to take action. One would suppose that, on the eve of a general election, merely political considerations would be enough to secure some show of interest in the question, but Sir John Thompson doesn't seem to have the fear of the Patrons before his eyes.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE PROHIB. AND THE POLITICIAN.

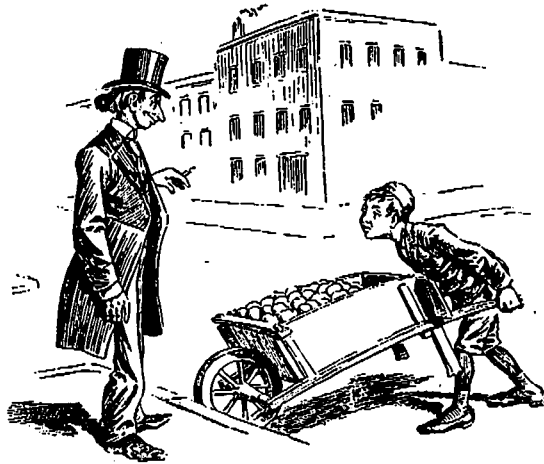
(Adapted.)

A POOR old Prohibitionist, looking Weary and Travel-stained, once met a spry-looking Politician on the Road. He recognized the Gentleman as one who had gained fame as a Temperance Orator, and naturally regarded him as a particular Friend. "Well, my dear old Fellow," said the Latter, heartily, "and where are you bound for this Fine Day?" "I'm just Returning from the Capital," replied the Prohibitionist, sadly. "I have been trying to get into the Privy Council Chamber so that I might secure a Law to suppress the Traffic I have been fighting all my life, but my Journey has been in Vain." "You couldn't get in?" queried the Politician. "No," replied the Prohibitionist; "the Inside Guard informed me that they allowed Nobody to enter who did not come there Mounted, and of course I was on foot." "Cheer up, my esteemed Friend!" cried the Politician. "I have an idea. You take me on your Back, and I'll ride you in, and so we'll both get there. I would Like to get into the Privy Council myself very much." So the Prohibitionist took the Politician on his back and travelled to the Capital once more. When they reached the Privy Council door and knocked, the Inside-Guard gave the usual challenge, "Do you come mounted or on foot?" "Mounted, sir!" promptly responded the Politician. "All right!" replied the Guard; "just hitch your horse outside and come right in!"

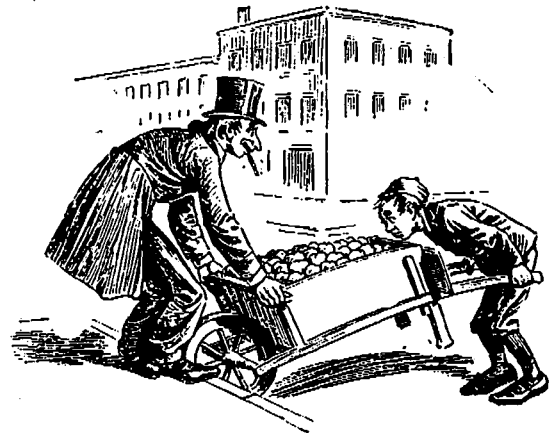
MORAL.—Prohibitionists who make themselves the Humble Servants of the Politicians generally get Left.

WHEN Sir Richard Cartwright read that in Newfoundland the Speaker, Premier, and all the other ministers save one, together with the whole Government majority had been swept out of existence by the drastic election law of the Island, he smacked his lips and inwardly ejaculated "Oh, for a similar law to bring about a similar calamity at Ottawa!"

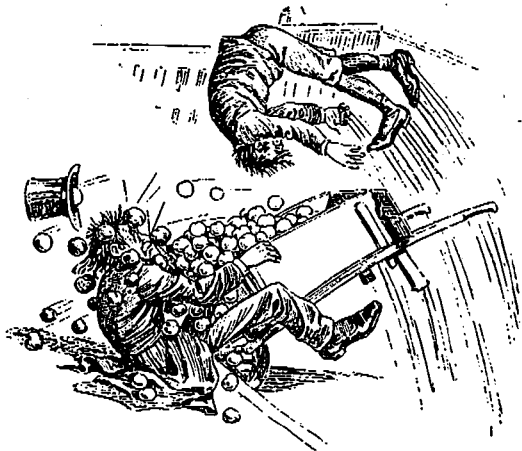
A HELPING HAND.



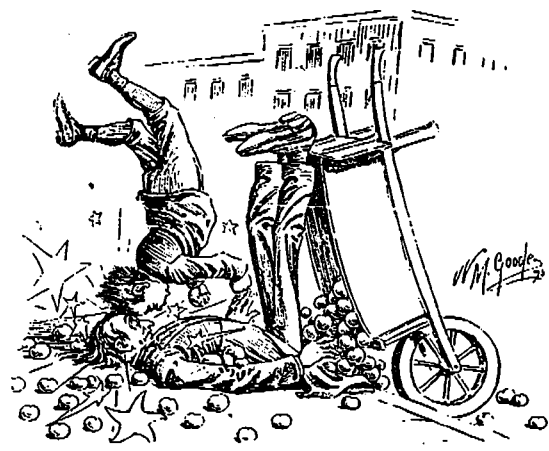
1.—“What’s the matter, sonny, can’t you get it up?”



3.—“Wait, I’ll give you a lift—one, two—



3—three!



Bang!!

NEBULOSITY.

“THE old ‘demand and supply,’ or ‘law of competition’ theory has had its day and must give place to a better.”—*The Week*.

It “must give place to a better,”—
’Tis very easily said—
But tell us, *O Week*, step forward and speak,
By whom shall that “better” be made?
The law of demand and supply
Is Nature’s own rule, is it not?
The world over, labor exchanging with neighbor
Ameliorating each lot.
Now, what would you put in it’s place?
Some queer man-made system, ’twould seem;
Some nameless condition, with no competition—
But why don’t you tell us you dream?
This “theory” you talk of is Fact,
’Tis rock-bottom Truth that you faunt;
“It has had it’s day,” and “now must give way,”
Indeed, brother *Week*?—*But it won’t!*

Suppose we get rid of demand,
Why then we would need no supply;
We’d have nothing to do the wide world through
Excepting to lie down and die.

If this is not what you mean
We search for your meaning in vain;
So, excellent *Week*, wise oracle, speak—
Your own private “theory” explain.

GRIP stands by the one you taboo,
The law of supply and demand—
The law is all right,—’twould work perfectly, quite,
If Labor had access to Land!

OUR COUNTRY’S PERIL.

WE are greatly disturbed at this disagreement in the ranks of Loyal Protestant Women of Canada Association. It appears that a terrible rupture has occurred in the Association and the Loyal Protestant Women have thrown up their sacred and glorious work of defending our faith from the myrmidons of the Pope and taken to pulling each other’s hair, metaphorically or literally. We do trust this diversion will not be of long duration. Every second of time is precious. It must not be forgotten that moment by moment the ruthless one-sixth of our population, who have sworn fealty to a foreign potentate, are stealthily creeping to their own altars to worship, and that they are quietly but persistently working away at their separate schools, and availing themselves of all the privileges and rights of citizenship here in our midst. Is it not blood-curdling to think that while all these fearful secret macinations are going on, the Loyal Protestant Women, to whom we look for protection against the foe, are squabbling with one another and scattering hairpins around the country? Oh, women! women! cease your internecine warfare; have some consideration for your country which is in such direful danger and—and—go home and look after your domestic affairs!

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If it doesn't apply to you, but you had better read on and see if it does. We want to talk to you plainly. You want GRIP and would feel annoyed if the publishers were to stop sending it to you. But you never think of paying for it when payment is due. Our terms are cash in advance, as with all papers, but we have not felt as if we would be justified these hard times in cutting off those who did not pay promptly. Still, the expense of publishing a paper like GRIP is very great, and the printers, engravers, paper makers and others, whose services we employ, will not wait till the end of the year for their money. Why, then, should we? Those who appreciate GRIP should be honest and pay up. Those who don't want it should, in common decency, pay arrears and stop it.

Look at the red label on THIS ISSUE and see the date to which you are paid, and if you are in arrears don't delay a day in sending what you owe us. If you do, you will probably forget it. Don't require us to dun you continually. We don't like doing it. Be honest and pay up.

Mr. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

SLIPS.

For railway fare and a Summer place, The pater spends his sheckels, And finds returns in his daughter's face— A crop of tan and freckles.

It doesn't make a room any cooler to put a frieze around the walls.

Overcome by the heat—The losing horse in the race.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "Going to vote, kind sir," she said. "What is your ticket, my pretty maid?" "The subjugation of man," she said.

Mr. Manna—"Do you notice, Miss Edna, how beautifully Mrs. Annex has her grounds laid out?" "Miss Prospect— Yes. You know her first husband was an undertaker."

"You kain't allus depen' on what you lyean," said Uncle Eben. "Tain't neccessarily de young man dat shoots off de nose' nah crackers on Domin'n Day dat'll be de fus' ter enlis' ef wah broke out."

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