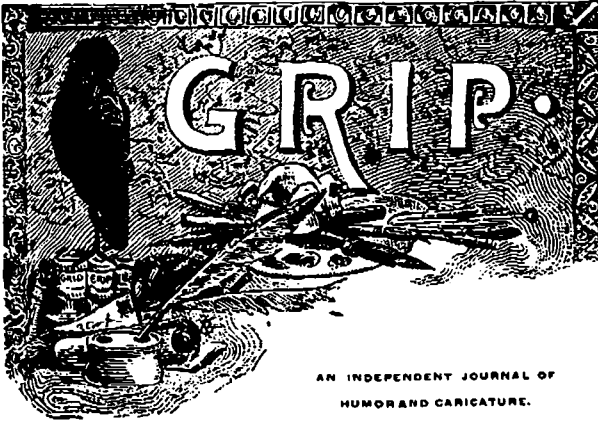


THE "LITTLE BIT OF PORK" HAS DEVELOPED INTO A WHOLE HOG.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE POLITICAL LEADERS AWAITING EXECUTION. —It is sad that two promising political careers should be ruthlessly cut off, but when, at the next election, both Sir John and Mr. Laurier are relegated into private life (together with their entire following in the House, barring only thirteen noble ones), they will understand that it is a case in which "the punishment fits the crime." They have gone back upon the country in a most treasonable fashion, all for the sake of supposed party gains, and the country

proposes to take it out of them in this constitutional fashion. They will do well, therefore, to avail themselves of whatever consolation their ghostly father, Mercier, can give them in the meantime. And let them not vex themselves with the thought that the country cannot get along without them. We have thousands of statesmen—hitherto mute inglorious Miltons and Village Hampdens—who will more than fill their places, and honestly seek to demonstrate that the Dominion of Canada can be governed without the base policy of sectionalism and grab which has so long been regarded as essential.

P.S.—The above prognostications are based on the idea that every voter in Canada who has declared himself in sympathy with the Equal Rights movement, is going to stand to his guns and act in accordance with his present convictions when voting

day comes round, and that every Orangeman is going to vote consistently with the principles of his Order. We surely cannot be astray in assuming this much, can we?

THE "LITTLE BIT OF PORK."—When the Jesuit Bill matter first came up in the House, Sir John treated it with his characteristic nonchalance, declaring that the whole agitation was "a little bit of pork." Since then the morsel has developed into a "whole hog," and a particularly rampageous animal at that. Perhaps Sir John has already noted this fact, but it is not certain that it has inspired him with very much terror as yet. He is by nature a cynic, and cannot very well be expected to understand people ever being in downright earnest—which he never is himself. And he may possibly be right in this instance in supposing that before next election the "whole hog" will have shrunk once more into "a little bit of pork." All we can say is that at present it doesn't look that way, and Messrs. Caven, Douglass, Charlton and McCarthy are only beginning to get warmed up to their work.



BEFORE the One-hundred-and-eighty-eight make their final exit from public life in an ignominious manner on the day of the next general election, fair play requires that they be heard in defence of their vote on the Jesuit Bill. And that the defence may be made in an able and orderly manner, we suggest that Mr. Edward Blake be the spokesman. It may be that the people at large are grossly in error about this business, and the arguments which proved so conclusive to Mr. Blake's candid mind may be equally convincing to theirs. It would be a thousand—or at least 188—pities to slaughter all these members of Parliament at the polls, and then find out that it was all a mistake. Now that the long vacation is over, and we are enjoying nice cool evenings, a large, intelligent and appreciative audience could be got together, say in the Pavilion, to listen to the eminent orator.

\* \* \*

THE commissioners appointed by the Local Government to investigate the question of French schools in Ontario have formally handed in their report, which, as was anticipated, is practically a modified edition of the *Mail's* statement of facts. The commissioners recommend the establishment of a special school for the training of French teachers in English methods; the compilation of French-English Readers; the rigorous exclusion of unauthorized text books; and the prevention of the use of the R. C. catechism in school hours. The Minister of Education showed in his speech at the reception of the A.A.A.S., that he has a good fund of wit. He will now have it put to the test in the accomplishment of the task thus categorically placed before him. That he will go at it with Scottish energy and discretion, and successfully perform it in a reasonable length of time, there is no ground for doubting. Political friend and foe alike ought to frankly recognize the formidable character of the job, and be prepared to give Mr. Ross a fair show.

\* \* \*

THE Scientists are with us, and to all appearance are having as good a time as strict scientific propriety will permit. We gave them a right royal reception, welcoming them in three distinct styles of oratory. On behalf of the city, Mayor Clarke addressed them in the Dignified and Civic style; for the Province, Hon. G. W. Ross—as the representative of a facetious ministry—

gave them a taste of the Airy Persiflage, Quip and Quid-dity sort of thing; and for the University Senate, Prof. Carpmael orated in the Erudite and Profound fashion. The reply by Prof. Mendenhall was a happy combination of all three varieties. Then, with a finer business instinct than men of Science are usually credited with, the scholastic ones got to work, and have been hard at it ever since, hunting for the secrets of nature in sections.

\* \* \*

BY way (as we presume) of reassuring any timid ones who might have felt afraid of attending the meetings of such very learned persons, Prof. Hill, of the Economic Section, began the proceedings by reading a paper calculated to show that intelligence was not necessarily a part of the outfit of a member of the A.A.A.S. His paper was in support of the Protective theory, and in it he attempted to demonstrate that Protection was a particularly good thing for the farmer and workingman! Those of us who happen to belong to the diffident class just alluded to would feel perfectly at our ease now, if some member of the Ornithological Section would assure us that birds can fly better with their wings clipped; but even as it is, we don't feel half so nervous as we did at first.

\* \* \*

CHILDREN, and certain other folks, the adage says, should not handle edged tools. They would also do well to keep clear of allegories, if they happen to be editing papers that are upholding unsound doctrine. Here, for example, is our contemporary, the *News*, setting out to warn the "gentle farmer" against the Commercial Unionists. To enforce the point that Commercial Union will infallibly lead to annexation, the editor tells a story of a poor old darkey farmer who cultivated a field of mint. A knowing traveler came along and let the old man into the secret of making mint-julep, and the result was that he soon went to ruin. This is not bad as a temperance story, but as an argument against Free Trade it strikes us as slightly idiotic.

\* \* \*

BUT just listen to the *News*' description of the ebony hero of the parable, who is meant to represent the Canadian farmer:

He (the traveler) found the simple negro happy and well-to-do, and unable to understand the restrictions on trade, and the disadvantages of the narrow market at his command. Free Trade was what the country wanted, Free Trade and prosperity for man, woman and child.

This analogy doesn't fit exactly, as the Canadian farmer is not "happy and well-to-do," nor is he as a rule "unable to understand" the disadvantages of a restricted market. But however did such solid chunks of truth as the rest of the extract get into such a good Protectionist parable? Free Trade is precisely what Canada needs, and it is the only thing that will give our people genuine prosperity. And yet the *News* is not ashamed to be among the spurious "loyalists" who try to prevent the people from seeing this by tying the "grand old flag" over their eyes.

**ONE RUNG HIGHER.**

THE *Magazine of Poetry*, a quarterly review, devoted entirely to the divine afflatus, contains in its last issue a highly appreciative sketch and excellent portrait of Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, whom it recognizes as one of the rising Canadian *littérateurs*. Some specimens of this clever young man's work are given, which compare very

favorably with the best in the magazine, and it is poetry from cover to cover. GRIP has had a paternal eye on Thomas for some years and is glad to note his steady progress up the ladder of fame.

**AFTER MANY DAYS.**

JOAQUER (*meeting Flipper on the street*)—"Say, Flip, how do, old man? Got a good one for you. As thus: Why is Cleopatra's Needle—you know what Cleopatra's Needle is, don't you? Why is Cleopatra's Needle like a necessary part of the outfit of a printing office? Catch on? Why, anybody could guess that? Give it up?"

FLIPPER—"Of course I do. I never could see anything in your idiotic jokes"

JOAQUER—"Why it's because it's a magnificent rock. See? Ha! ha! ha!" (*Exit.*)

FLIPPER—"Magnificent rock! What *can* the blamed lunatic mean? Part of the outfit of a printing office. Well, some kind of a rock ought to be kept in any printing office that he's in the habit of visiting. Cleopatra's Needle—magnificent rock—printing outfit. Oh, pshaw!—the thing's not worth bothering over."

\* \* \*

*(Interval of two months elapses.)*

FLIPPER—"Ah, there goes Joaquer. Haven't seen him in a dog's age. Le'mesee, last time we met he sprung a fool joke on me about Cleopatra's Needle being like part of the outfit of a printing office, because it was a magnificent rock. Now what did he mean? How could a magnificent rock— Oh, ah! I have it. I see it all now. The ensanguined nincompopp meant to say *imposing stone!* Well, well!"

FLY-TIME—During the baseball season.



**WITH THE ACCENT ON.**

VISITOR AT GRIMSBY—"Well, Mr. Benson, you've had a fine season. Now, who has been your greatest speaker?"

REV. MANAGER B.—"Oh, unquestionably *the* greatest speaker was John R. Clark; but *the* greatest speaker, I should say, was Miss Shaw; though unquestionably *the* greatest speaker was Rev. Dr. McIntyre."



**"I GIVE THEE ALL, I CAN NO MORE."**

MISTRESS—"Really, Norah, I wish you could contrive to make yourself look a little tidier."

MAID (*daughter of Erin*)—"Faix, ma'am, ye're always wantin' me to put so much tidiness into yer house, the divil a morsel I've left to spare for mesilf!"—*Fun.*

### FROM THE HALL OF THE SCIENTISTS.

(By Our Very Short-hand Reporter.)

MY DEAR GRIP,—Knowing that you must be suffering the pangs of a consuming yearn for accurate information regarding the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, I hasten to put your gigantic mind at rest by sending you these few lines.

On Thursday last Professor O'Chanute read a paper on the resistance of air to inclined planes in motion, and when the learned essayist showed conclusively that fluid pressures are in direct proportion to the number of molecules affected, a reporter's thinker collapsed, and he was carried out of the room in a dead faint; but when Mr. O'Chanute got through showing that there is no warrant for assuming that the geometrical figure enclosing the molecules is that of a column, but that it might be a prismoid with only the height due to the velocity, and still enclose double the number of molecules of parallelipipedeon of equal altitude, even the seats were in tiers.

Mayor Clarke is responsible for the suggestion that Judge Macdougall should be elected a member of the Science Association. The great legal light would without doubt make an excellent investigator, after having rummaged so long among the fossils that lie buried in the stratified stupidity of the Board of Works.

From 12.30 until 2 p.m. each day of the meeting, the "struggle for existence" was very noticeable in the

vicinity of the lunch-room. Many a determined attack was made on the door of the Residence dining-hall where the mighty were fed; but Mr. James Bain stood there and repressed the noble rage of the famished *savants*, and froze the genial currents of their souls until the caterer got a chance to supply those of the faithful who had secured lunch tickets early in the day.

It is quite certain that Lord Alfred Tennyson never hustled to report the proceedings of a Scientific Association, else he would never have said, "Science moves but slowly, slowly, moving on from point to point." The rate at which each day's meeting differentiated from the state of homogeneity represented by the General Session to the state of heterogeneity represented by the meetings of the sections was calculated to make the horse-reporter feel tired.

This interesting bit of conversation was overheard in the corridors:—

HE—"There is an anthropologist behind you."

SHE (*starting convulsively*)—"Ugh! Where?"

HE—"There; that old man."

SHE—"Oh, how mean of you to have given me such a scare! I thought you meant something that had escaped from the bug-man's collection."

Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed on Friday last by members of the Association regarding the treatment they had received at the Pavilion the night before. They were kept from entering the building by the police until after the arrival of the Reception Committee of the Council, by the special order of the chairman. It is true that some of the ladies almost fainted in the crush, but what of that? These foreigners must be taught to recognize the importance of eloquent Chairman Dodds and his friends.

Yours scientifically, P. Kus.

A STUTTERER is a man who breaks his word.



**HIS CHANCE FOR LIFE.**

SYMPATHETIC CITIZEN—"Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?"

POLICEMAN—"Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for a fwhile, I think he wud come around all right!"



### NOTHING TO ENTHUSE OVER.

GRIT "WORKER."—"Come along and register your name or you won't have a vote. This is the shop for you!"

TORY "WORKER."—"No, come with me, and don't fail to get your name on the list."

PATRIOTIC CANADIAN.—"If either of your parties had any principles clearly defined and worth fighting for, it wouldn't be necessary for you to be so importunate all at once. As it is, I hardly care to choose between you."

### COMPLICATIONS.

I. It was a pleasant June night. The three young people strolled along beneath the avenue of chestnut trees, pausing now and then to catch the sound of the distant band, borne to them on the light wind, or perchance to listen to the mellow chorus of the frogs.

During the course of the evening they reached home.

MISS RICHMOND—"Well, if you won't come in, Mr. Lester, I suppose we must say Good night! But really, now, while Miss Lightfoot is staying with me, I want you to come up often; just as often as you can."

MR. LESTER (*warmly*)—"Thanks; I will! Good night! (*pressing her hand*). Good night, Miss Lightfoot!"

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*extending a slim hand*)—"Good-bye!"

MR. LESTER (*feelingly*)—"Oh! not 'Good-bye,' I hope!"

MISS LIGHTFOOT—"Oh!"

II. Five minutes later the two girls stood chatting softly in the dim-lit hall.

MISS RICHMOND—"Isn't he sweet, though?"

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*archly*)—"He's sweet, my dear, on you."

MISS RICHMOND (*blushing*)—"He's nothing of the kind, Gladys; don't I know? I should think not—as a matter of fact he is quite smitten with you."

MISS LIGHTFOOT (*screaming*)—"Oh! oh! you dreadful girl! I could see he was in love with you; he looked at you so, you know. Of course it's you."

MISS RICHMOND—"I tell you I have been noticing all along how he likes to talk to you—how his face brightens when you come in—I should think I ought to know. But come, we must be off to bed. (*Yawning and going towards the stairs*).

### III.

Margaret Field sat on her verandah, pondering. On her lap lay two opened letters. She was leaning back in a large rustic chair; one foot tapped the ground meditatively.

Presently her face relaxed and she took one of the letters, and, holding it up lazily before her, re-read the last page:

".... And oh! my dear, sweet Margaret, if I could only tell you all about it. Last week he came and took us to a band concert—it was just lovely. We walked home slowly, and when he said 'Good night' he pressed my hand so, I was afraid Gladys would see. She thinks he is desperately in love with her—she is inclined to imagine that of everybody she meets. She is frightfully conceited. It amuses me, knowing what I know. She'll



### MUST BE, OF COURSE.

DUDESON—"See that young lady across the street? I can marry her to-morrow if I want to."

JABBINS—"Er—which? The short-sighted one?"

find out her mistake in time, and now I must say good-bye. I only wish, Mag, that you had some darling like Jack to fall in love with you; but never mind, I love you. Write and send me your congratulations. Affectionately yours,  
MILDRED RICHMOND."

Dropping this she picked up the second epistle with the same curious look of mingled pity and humour.

Thursday, June 20th.  
"MY DEAREST MARGARET.—I have only time to drop you a line. I am staying with Mildred yet. I am dying to tell you the news. I have cut her out with Jack Lester—don't you ever breathe it! She doesn't know, she thinks he is madly in love with her. It is such fun. I know I'm a flirt, but I can't help it. He is awfully nice. I reciprocate—to use a big word—fully. Write and congratulate me. Oh!

'Life is a joke that's just begun,  
Everything is a source of fun.'

Tra la la!

Most lovingly yours,  
GLADYS."

As the letter fell from her fingers the gate was opened and a footstep crunched along the gravel walk. Margaret peered through the Virginia creepers; her lips parted suddenly, but she made no exclamation. The next instant Mr. Lester, whose appearance she silently awaited stepped on the verandah, crying, "You didn't expect me; pardon the surprise!"

MARGARET—"Well, no, I didn't expect you—however, I am glad."

HE—"Are you sure? Well, I've been very busy; but this morning I got sick of the office. I had nothing important on hand this afternoon, so I decided to take a run down. How are you? (*looking tenderly at her*)"

MARGARET—"I am all right, thank you."

HE—"What have you been doing with yourself? Come, I want to talk with you (*bringing his chair nearer*). I want—Why, what letters have we here?"

MARGARET (*folding and putting them away*)—"Letters from two friends of yours in the city; Miss Richmond and Miss Lightfoot."

HE (*nervously*)—"Oh! Do you correspond with them? I took them to a band concert last week. I hope it will be some time before I drag out another such night." (*Then indifferently*)—"Did they mention me?"

MARGARET—"I believe they did."

HE (*still more carelessly*)—"What had they to say?"

MARGARET—"Each asked to be congratulated."

HE (*wiping the perspiration from his brow*)—"About what?"

MARGARET—"You. (*After a silence during which she buried her face in the mass of roses he had just given her*) and, strange to say, I had just posted letters to them asking for their congratulations."

HE (*wildly*)—"Oh! my darling—my joy! . . ."

MARGARET (*fixing upon him her direct gaze*)—"Why, is Mr. Hartford a friend of yours?"

### HOW NOT TO PLAY TENNIS.

IF you are anxious to graduate as Public Nuisance on the Lawn Tennis Court, first realize that the prime qualification is a thorough badness of play, combined with an insolent assurance of manner.

State that you really haven't played for two years; that, 'pon your honor, your racket is somewhere at the seaside; that the one lent you by your host is not the kind of tool you are accustomed to; and that, of course, you are "terribly off your play." But do not *look* over-modest.

If there is anything to choose between the ends, silently assume that you and your partner are to play in the better one. In the same manner trespass upon the good-nature of your partner by taking it for granted that you are to serve first.

After having served eight consecutive faults, and lost a love game at the outset, you may, if you like, make a very faint apology to your partner. But a smile of indulgent astonishment at your performance is recommended.

In like manner, whenever you hit into the net, swipe out of court, or miss altogether, amused wonderment is the proper attitude to affect. Your vile play must be made to appear not only exceptional, but unprecedented. And the most appropriate gesture to convey this impression is a frequent scrutiny of your host's racket, accompanied by serio-comic shakes of the head.

Balk your partner at every stroke, and raise your eyebrows at him as though *you* were the balked party.

If your partner is such a fool as to apologize, receive his apology in churlish silence, but on no account give him back the same coin, even though you personally lose every point in the set.

Volley at the net with or without provocation. Accidents will happen, even to the poorest players; and when a swift ball strikes your bat with fortunate results, don't omit to make capital out of the event—not only look as though you meant it, but declare that you cal-

## THE FAKIR ON THE SITUATION

"THE fight goes bravely on," said the Fakir, who, by the way, had a new suit of clothes on and looked as fresh as a daisy. "I've been traveling through the country whooping her up for the Equal Rights movement. Hurrah for Greenway! Ain't it a great scheme, though?"

"What?" asked the assistant editor.

"Why, this Manitoba business. The way the Grit Government has caught on and is going to abolish separate schools and the French language, out there. Biggest thing for us that could have happened. The Old Man and the heeblers are tickled to death over it, and no wonder."

"But I really don't see," said the cashier doubtfully, "why the Old Man, as you call him, and the Tories should be enthusiastic over it."

"You don't?—no, of course not, because you ain't in the inner circle and haven't got the insight to see anything less obvious than a hole through a ladder. But catch on to this idea: Greenway is going to get busted on it. That, of course, brings the Tories back to office. I tell you the very fellows that are now shouting for Greenway and pretending to back him up would like nothing better than to see his government go to smash. They're Tories first, you see. Then again, if we can get up a couple of side-show agitations in Manitoba and Ontario it distracts public attention from the main question of French influence at Ottawa. See? Oh, I tell you the Tories are mighty well satisfied with the way things are going. If we can bust Greenway for trying to suppress Separate schools and Mowat for encouraging them, won't it be great?"

"Greenway is taking a manly, independent course," said the assistant editor, "and I believe the people will support him."

"And if they do," returned the Fakir, "don't you see what a pull that gives us in Ontario? Then we demand in thunder tones that Mowat should follow suit. And if he don't, out he goes. Eh? But I guess you're wrong about Greenway. You don't know the Tories. They never go back on the party at election times. My only wonder is that Greenway should walk blindfold into such a trap, and expect to get Tory support sufficient to make up for the loss of the French vote. You couldn't fool Mowat that way. He's too fly. I tell you he's pretty near a match for the smartest of our crowd. But we'll



## A DIAGNOSIS.

AUNT CINDY—"What do de docter t'ink de matte' am wif yo' ma?"

LITTLE PETE—"He say she am took de foreshortin' of de bref."—*Light.*

culated the stroke to a hair. Remember that your flukes, and they alone, reveal your "truc form."

The above are some of the simpler rules for irritating and disgusting your partner. You must not forget, however, that it is your duty to be still more offensive to your adversaries.

Treat them (your adversaries) as knaves, from the very beginning; accept their words with reservation, and, on your side, cheat freely.

Thus, when a hot serve is sent down to you, protest that you were not ready, and count it a "let." An honest man's righteous indignation should be enough to guarantee you a fault next ball.

Where there is the least uncertainty as to a ball being in or out, give self and partner the benefit; when in doubt, cry "Out!" or "Fault!" as the case may be, and be prepared to swear to it gratuitously.

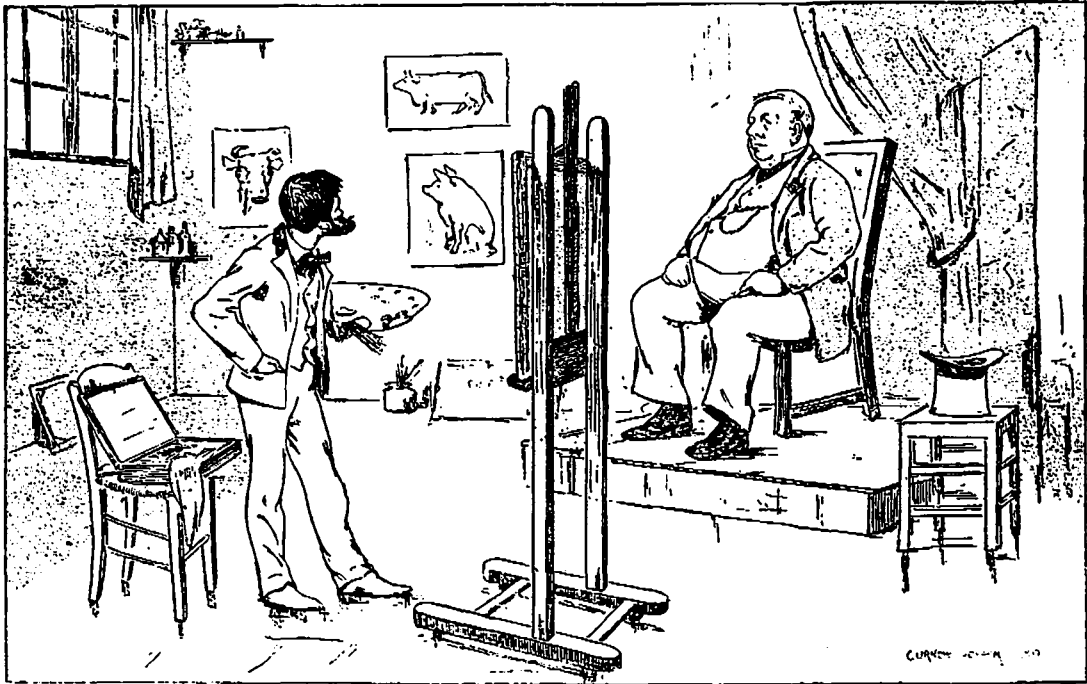
On the other hand, should your adversaries serve you in similar fashion, though you know well enough they are speaking the truth, express your surprise in a few sharp words, and your incredulity in the tone of them.

In the end, take your beating with the most elaborate indifference of which you are capable, or treat it as a huge joke, to be enjoyed at your partner's expense.

NATURE is peculiar in its methods sometimes. For instance, you always see the night-fall before the stars begin to shoot.



CASUAL EXTRACT FROM A POPULAR NOVEL OF "INCIDENT."



### JUST IN HIS LINE.

MR. PAWRKE (*sitting for his portrait*)—"But your line seems to be animal painting, Mr. Dawber."  
 DAWBER—"Yes, I do a good deal at that, but I'll be able to get an excellent likeness of *you*."

down him with the religious cry. You see there's lots of fool Grits that have gone into this thing to knife Sir John, and they don't care particularly whether Mowat pulls through safe or not. They're even prepared to vote against him, if necessary, as a sort of guarantee of good faith, thinking that their Tory friends are really going to help them turn out the Ottawa Government—McCarthy is pulling their legs in great shape—but won't there be a surprise-party for 'em when the Dominion elections come on?"

"Then you don't think the Orangemen will vote against the Government?" asked the cashier.

"They'll stick to the Old Man," said the Fakir, in a burst of rhetorical enthusiasm, "until the realm of Hades celebrates a winter carnival. They can't help it. They're built that way. That's a peculiarity of the Tory make-up. Now a Grit is different. You can sometimes turn him. That's where our chance lies in this agitation. We can't lose, and we may get enough Grits away from Mowat to carry Ontario. But I was going to tell you of my real estate deal. I've just bought some property in Hogg's Hollow, only \$10 per foot. Think of it! It's the chance of a life time. Don't you want some?"

Nobody seemed desirous of investing, and the Fakir resumed.

"Beautifully situated with a commanding view of the surrounding country. Negotiations are actually begun for the establishment of a line of balloons which will furnish rapid aerial transit to the city. I will give extremely favorable terms. Special attractions will speedily make Hogg's Hollow a popular resort. I mean to set out a free lunch on one of the leading avenues every day at noon."

"A free lunch?" said the cashier.

"Why, cert! Why not? Talk about E. A. Macdonald's flower gardens at Chester, and Harry Piper's Zoo at Howard Lake—what's that to a free lunch for advertising the place and attracting residents? Liver, cheese, crackers and pickles every day right on the street. Here is a chance for the industrious mechanic to economize. Then I'm going to get a cannon and fire salutes every morning and evening with a roar that will reverberate for miles over the surrounding country."

"But what will be the object of that?"

"Object? Why, to attract attention, of course. People will hear the report and ask, 'What in thunder's that?' 'Oh,' says somebody, 'it's that crank the Fakir. He's always at some fool business or another. He's got a lot of real estate out at Hogg's Hollow and fires off a cannon there every day.' Well, that makes an impression onto the public mind, and the next time they pass that way folks look at the property and take in the free lunch. Then I rope 'em in to buy. That's business, eh? I guess the cannon and the free lunch'll fetch 'em. I'm going to advertise my lots and make a special feature out of the fact that no Jesuits shall be allowed to purchase."

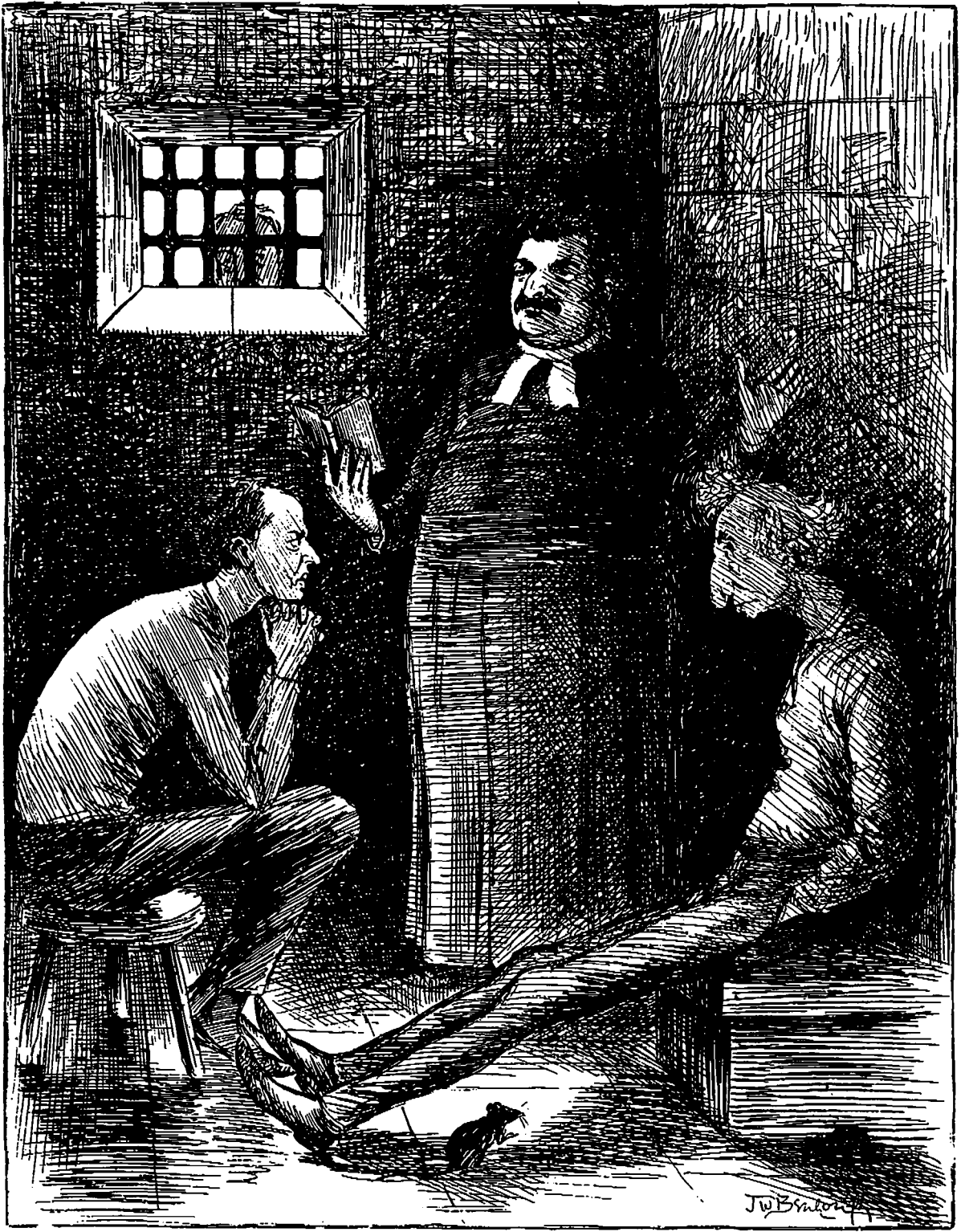
"Do they want to?" asked the dramatic editor.

"Well, no. But that's got nothing to do with it. 'No lots sold to Jesuits.' That'll take. It appeals to our common Protestantism. Nothing like getting on the right side of public opinion."

And the Fakir pocketed a couple of our favorite exchanges and drifted out.

No wonder that Russia holds a high place in literature. Nearly every Russian, to judge by his name, is decidedly a man of letters.





THE CONDEMNED POLITICIANS AWAITING EXECUTION.



### OUR "SERVANTS."

LORD OF THE MANOR (*knocking timidly at the door*)—"Oh! Miss Bridget, please, here is your coffee. I've lit the fire and laid the table. If you wouldn't mind getting up presently and cooking the breakfast—I'm afraid it's after nine o'clock."

### FROM OUR ESTEEMED ANTIQUARIAN CONTRIBUTOR.

(AFTER A LONG SILENCE.)

DEAR FRIEND GRIP,—It is a long time since you heard from *me*, but I'm getting old, and the young fellows are crowding out the ancients. Learning is nothing, nowadays—a large piece of *check* and a few out-of-the-way *coined* words, and there they are, taking their place as literary men! Never mind, they all come to *me* when they want to know anything worth knowing. I've grown into a regular coach for them; not a *slow* coach—no, no, nothing slow about *me*, my boy. When the Antiquarian gets slow, GRIP will get slow, and we all know that's impossible. Did any one say "taffy"? Let him come on, and I'll double him up in half a round! When I was a boy, I tell you, old chappie, I could lick—well, well, I'm no boaster; refer to any fellow who knew me then—but I suppose they're all dead or in their dotage, not hale and spry, like me, at eighty—never mind the other number! Now, I'll just tell you what made me write after retiring from print for so long. I've been insulted, friend GRIP—*Frater in Arte*—actually *insulted*. While sitting in my library chair the other day, "in bachelor meditation fancy free" (I fancy I've read something like that, but I *may* have invented it), well, as I was sitting there, an individual was announced who craved an interview. He was well-dressed, had a keen eye, indced, *two* eyes, a sharp nose,

strong, bony hands and fine teeth. He opened his business at once. "I hear you're a 'dab'" (vulgar snob! your Antiquarian a "dab!") "at stringing off rhymes." (*stringing off* rhymes, "to a man with my poetic fire!") "what I want is a neat, smart little poem. I'm a dentist, and I want this poem for an 'ad'" (by a tremendous effort I sat still, Vesuvius, however, raging inwardly), "it will have the advantage of being stuck over all the principal walls in the city, and if you're not too stiff in your terms, *you can put your own name to the poem*, and——" He never finished. With one fell blow which took all the rheumatism out of my ancient right fist, I sent all his teeth (whether false or not matters not to me) right down into his internal economy—at least I *think* I did—the only thing which makes me doubt is, that when he recovered from his surprise he grinned, (to pretend he wasn't hurt, forsooth!) and I fancied I saw the glimmer of a tooth in his grin, so there may have been *one* left. On regaining my usual dignified calm, I said, "Young man, you can now retire. Know that I am THE ANTIQUARIAN, and not a *Dab* of a *Rhyme Stringer* to pander to the insane multitude who imagine that a glaring wall placard assists their business! Virtuous indignation may cause me to write a poem for dentists to digest (by-the-bye, I trust your teeth may not disagree with you, you know best of what material they were composed), but this poem will not adorn the city walls. It will appear in a high-class illustrated paper, and may you and your brethren enjoy it! *Good morning!*" So saying, I bowed him out with a calm front and a flaring eye, under which he visibly quailed. Then I again comfortably settled myself, and my worthy house-keeper brought me a fried chicken, a roll, some *pommes de terre sautees*, a cup of tea, and a minute *petit verre de cognac* (my digestion *always* needs some such tonic). Ha! ha! friend GRIP, there's life in the old dog yet.

Yours ever,

THE ANTIQUARIAN.

### MUSIC VERSUS BASEBALL.

(Dedicated to Cranks of both denominations.)

THERE was a young man in the city  
Who said, "It's a very great pity  
That I haven't a fiddle  
To scrape 'Hey-diddle-diddle,'  
Whilst I warble that classical ditty."

So they bought him a bow and a Strad.\*:  
To encourage his musical fad,  
And he sang of the 'moon,'  
And the 'dish' and the 'spoon,'  
Till the people all thought he was mad!

But he grinned at these scoffers so small,  
For they were all cranks on baseball,  
And remarked, "I will howl  
While you screech at a 'foul,'  
And a 'fly,' and a 'pitch,' 'catch' and all."

So he sang of his "cow" and his "cat,"  
And they raved of a "ball" and a "bat."  
Then he said, "Which is mad?"  
Whereat they looked sad,  
Saying, "Easy to see which is that!"

LONDON.

SYMPLE SYMON.

\* Short for "Stradvarius" violin. It is always well to have a Glossary at the end of important and obtuse works.—S. S.

"HUSBAND—"Did you have a good time at the five o'clock tea?"

WIFE—"Not at all—it was very tiresome. Everybody that was invited came. There was nobody absent to talk about."

At the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge street, you will find, this week, some excellent water color sketches of Niagara river by Mr. W. Hannaford. Artists' materials, picture frames. Studies rented.

"Got to be imprisoned again for three days? What for?"

"Because I—well, for head-shaking."

"But it is impossible to punish anyone for shaking the head."

"Yes, but you know—it was not my own head!"

#### SIG. TORRINGTONI.

HARK! it is the tum-tum of the festive piano, the tiddle-tum-tee of the classic violin, and the rumble-de-rumble of the dignified organ. These sounds of sweet harmony assail the cultured ear as said ear perambulates lower Pembroke street. They tell that Father Torrington has returned from catching black bass and mosquito bites at Peake's Island, and got down to hard work for another season. From now until next midsummer the young man with pompadoured hair and the young lady with eye-glasses—the musicians of the future—will be seen in this vicinity with hope upon their marble brows and the fire of noble ambition in their eyes. For why? The Toronto College of Music is re-opened, and they are students thereof.

#### A PUNSTER'S QUERIES.

UPON what did the "carriage-spring?"

From whence did the "lemon-drop?"

Oh, what did the "apron-string?"

And who did the "Accordion-stop?"

How far did the "roller-skate?"

And whom did the "watch-charm?"

How long did the "paper-weight?"

And who did the "burglar-alarm?"

Whose path did the "iron-bar?"

And how long was the "ink-well?"

Against whom did the "glass-jar?"

And what did the "prison-cell?"

What did the "pastry-cook?"

And what property did the "carpet-tacks?"

Oh, what did the "cotton-hook?"

And who did the "ceiling-wax?"

What did the "clam-bake?"

And why did the "water-fall?"

Who did the "milk-shake?"

And how loudly did the "base-ball?"

What conspiracy did the "grass-plot?"

And whose brain did the "hat-rack?"

When was the "grape-shot?"

And what person did the "car-track?"

DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

CUSTOMER—"The last cigars you gave me were wretched—the deeper I went down in the box the worse they become."

DEALER—"You could have helped that. Turn the box upside down and begin from the bottom, then they would prove always better."

"How do you like that young man I recommended to you for a clerk?"

"You said he would be satisfied with very little."

"Yes. Isn't that so?"

"More than that, I find that nothing satisfies him."

#### DR. HUNTER ON THE EARLY SYMPTOMS OF CONSUMPTION.

You may know that your lungs are becoming diseased by certain symptoms which precede the development of tubercles.

A hacking morning cough is a sign of local irritation is some part of the respiratory passages. The seat of the cough may be in the throat or larynx or windpipe, but wherever it is, it shows that the lungs are in peril, because every breath you draw has a tendency to carry that irritation lower and deeper into the chest. If the cough is the result of a recent cold it may not be of much consequence, but if it has lasted for months, that shows it to be firmly seated. If it be attended by the expectoration of a thick, bluish-colored jelly-like mucous in the morning, or after meals, it is caused by chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane. Chronic inflammation thickens this membrane, causes it to secrete the glutinous sputa referred to, and diminishes the calibre of the bronchial tubes. This injures the freedom of respiration, and shortens the breath. Now, if with the hacking cough and expectoration you find that your breath is shorter than formerly; if you cannot run upstairs or walk uphill without being more out of breath than usual, you know that your breathing space has become lessened by some cause. No matter what that cause may be, or in what part of the breathing organs it is seated, it impairs the function of the lungs, and is a source of danger which must instantly be removed. Lastly, if with the cough, and expectoration, and shortness of breath, you are beginning to lose flesh, you have a combination of symptoms which, taken together, indicate either the existence of tubercles or that condition of the lungs which invariably leads to their development. If you would save yourself from consumption you have not a moment to lose. Your worst enemy is one who would persuade you to disregard the danger. You cannot afford to take the risk. Consumption comes from just that condition which produces these symptoms. To believe that it will not come to you when it comes to others in this way is simply folly. The howling of a wolf outside a fold is no stronger evidence of danger to the flock than are these symptoms of danger to the lungs.

ROBERT HUNTER, M.D.

73 Bay street, Toronto, July 26.

NOTE—Dr. Hunter's pamphlet explaining his treatment by medicated air and giving the wonderful results which attend it in all forms of throat and lung complaints, will be sent free on application—with a lot of questions to be answered by those desiring advice. Dr. H. can be consulted personally, or by letter, by all afflicted, at his rooms, 73 Bay street, Toronto.

The Professor is always steeping himself in learning, much to the awe of the maid-servant. One night the lamp bursts with a fearful noise.

NANNY—(rushing, horrified, into the library); "Lord! Lord! what has happened?"

PROFESSOR'S WIFE—"The lamp exploded."

NANNY—"Thank God! I thought it was the Professor."

HE—"Oh, Miss Grace! If I might hope for a place in your heart!"

SHE—"Now, you are the very last person I would allow there!"

HE—"The last? All the better, Miss Grace."

WITHOUT a doubt, Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine will give immediate relief in cases of Neuralgic Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"No, ma!" said Madge, putting her foot down firmly, "I shall not wear my blue dress to be married in. I shall wear white for my wedding dress or nothing?"

"W-h-a-t! nothing!" and paterfamilias threw his evening paper in the air and fell off the chair in amazement. Ma ran up into the garret and hid behind a trunk, while the young man jumped over the parlor sofa and crawled under the piano to hide his blushes. —Cleveland Union.

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

At dusk a letter is brought to an absent-minded man. "A light!" he cries. Things not going quick enough for his taste he exclaims, "Give me that!" tearing the lamp from the servant's hands. He rapidly makes a twist of paper and lights it. The whole room is illuminated but now where is the note? "By jove!" With that very note he has procured the light he needed by which to read it.

JUDGE—"Samuel Jones, you are charged with robbing Widow Green's chicken roost. What have you to say to the charge?"

SAMUEL—"Not guilty, Judge, to my knowledge."

JUDGE—"Explain yourself."

SAMUEL—"Judge, if I took them chicken I did it unconsciously. It am hereditary. Judge: I walks in my sleep."—Texas Siftings.

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(See page 158.)



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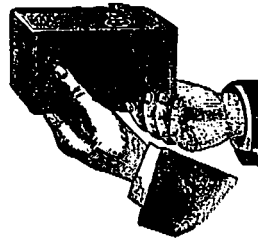
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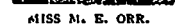
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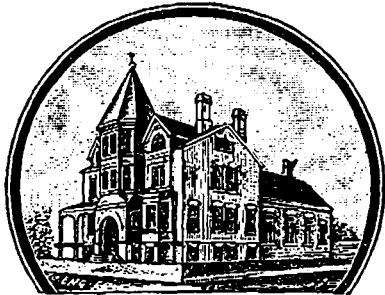
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Rat Portage, Ont. ....	Monday, "	16
Winnipeg, Man. ....	Thursday, "	19
Portage-la-Prairie, Man. ....	Friday, "	20
Kamloops, B.C. ....	Wednesday, "	25
Vancouver, B.C. ....	Friday, "	27
Victoria, B.C. ....	Monday, "	30
Nanaimo, B.C. ....	Wednesday, Oct.	2
Wellington, B.C. ....	Thursday, "	3
Victoria, B.C. ....	Friday, "	4
Vancouver, B.C. ....	Monday, "	7
New Westminster, B.C. ....	Tuesday, "	8
Banff, N.W.T. ....	Friday, "	11
Calgary, N.W.T. ....	Monday, "	14
Medicine Hat, N.W.T. ....	Tuesday, "	15
Dunmore, N.W.T. ....	Wednesday, "	16
Lethbridge, N.W.T. ....	Thursday, "	17
Fort McLeod, N.W.T. ....	Friday, "	18
Lethbridge, N.W.T. ....	Monday, "	21
Moose Jaw, N.W.T. ....	Wednesday, "	23
Regina, N.W.T. ....	Friday, "	25
Qu'Appelle, N.W.T. ....	Monday, "	28
Broadview, N.W.T. ....	Tuesday, "	29
Moosomin, N.W.T. ....	Wednesday, "	30
Brandon, Man. ....	Thursday, "	31
Portage-la-Prairie, Man. ....	Friday, Nov.	1
Minnedosa, Man. ....	Monday, "	4
Winnipeg, Man. ....	Wednesday, "	6
Morris, Man. ....	Friday, "	8
Manitou, Man. ....	Monday, "	11
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Gretna, Man. ....	Wednesday, "	13
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