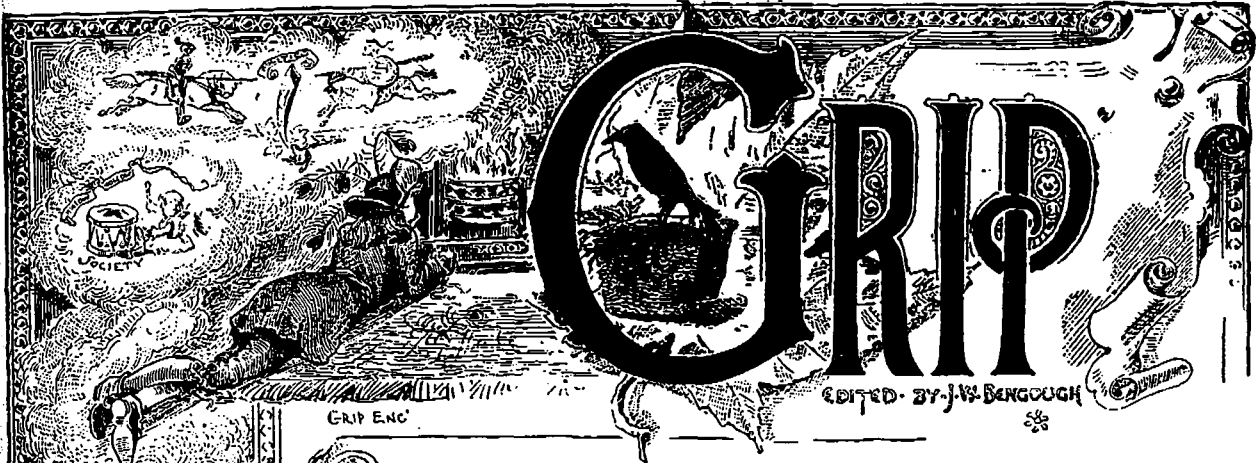


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG.



JUST TWENTY-ONE !

MISS CANADA (to the Steward of her estate)—“ Now that I am of age, Sir John, what about my dowry ? ”

SIR JOHN—“ Oh, yes, certainly, to be sure. I—hem !—that is to say, you have nearly three hundred millions—”

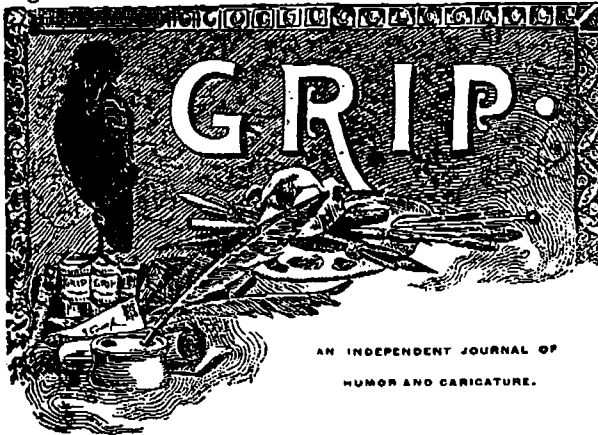
MISS CANADA—“ Oh, you dear old duck—”

SIR JOHN—“ Of a Debt ; besides a good round Deficit for the current year ! ”

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Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

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Comments on the Customs.



THE TWO METHODS.—Two hundred and twenty Prohibitionists, duly delegated, assembled in the Dominion Convention at Montreal last week, so that the adjective "great" may very fairly be applied to the gathering. Many of the ablest temperance men of the country were present, and the proceedings throughout were marked by earnestness and enthusiasm. The work of the three days, as ratified by splendid mass meeting held on Thursday evening, is summarized as follows:—

1. Demand for a Government measure of immediate total prohibition.
2. Declaring the Convention definitely opposed to compensation to the discarded liquor traffic.
3. Expressing appreciation of the good results attained through the Scott Act, and calling on the temperance people to stand by it.
4. Recommending the formation of a Law and Order League, to watch and supplement official enforcement, of anti-liquor legislation.
5. Endorsing the principle of woman suffrage.
6. Approving measures of scientific temperance instruction secured, and pleading for further extension of the same.
7. Providing a scheme for the reorganization of the Dominion Alliance on a broader basis, so as to make it a federation of all temperance and religious organizations.
8. Laying out an unanimously adopted scheme of political action in a detailed report, declaring for (1) united electoral action

towards total prohibition; (2) endorsing the Jamieson resolution of 1887, and calling for persistent Parliamentary action on the same line; (3) a definite plan to secure the nomination and election of known and publicly avowed prohibitionists, calling upon friends in the different Provinces and localities to at once inaugurate an organization for the carrying out of this electoral action policy.

The proposal to set up a third party was negatived for the present, after a red-hot debate, and "united electoral action" favored in its stead. This means that Grit and Tory prohibitionists are called upon to unite in voting for temperance candidates regardless of their party stripe, and *if they will only do so*, no better scheme need be asked for. But temperance men seem to lack altogether the cohesiveness of the liquor forces. With the latter, all politics is comprised in one word: ourselves. Sordid personal interest is unhappily a stronger motive in humanity than interest in the public weal, but in the absence of a Prohibition party, the temperance electors *must* unite as thoroughly as their opponents do if they mean to wring concession from the existing parties. GRIP sincerely hopes that the reorganization just completed will have the good effect of solidifying the temperance vote throughout the country, and once more he would remind the friends of the Prohibition cause that it is votes and not resolutions which count on election day.

JUST TWENTY-ONE!—The patriotic poet has done justice to the sentimental side of the fact that Miss Canada has just arrived at her majority; it is left to MR. GRIP, as the practical friend and well-wisher of the young lady, to look at the same interesting fact from its business side. How do the financial affairs of the sweet young creature stand? We have heard from the eloquent lips of Minister Geo. W. Ross a detailed statement of the "outfit" with which, on July 1st, 1867, Miss Canada was ushered into national being. She was born an heiress to immense wealth, and began life with what was regarded by the political doctors as a splendid constitution. Now, let us hear from the elderly gentleman who, during nearly the whole of her twenty-one years, has been her guardian and business manager. What is the extent of the dowry which has accumulated in his hands, not by brilliant speculations, but as the simple increment of her vast property? What is the state of her political health, as the result of ordinary attention to the ordinary wants of a young person who sets out with a good constitution? The blue-books furnish a reply to these queries, and they are particularly blue reading. This elderly gentleman has so muddled and mismanaged the estate that there is not a cent of increase to show, but on the other hand the unfortunate girl finds herself with a debt of nearly three hundred millions of dollars, and a deficit for the current year of a very formidable figure. She further finds that this precious manager has sold the greater part of her available land, and prepared the way for that worst of national curses, landlordism; that he has squandered her property upon the building up of monopolies whose bond-slave he has himself become; that he has put up artificial walls around her estate so that his own pampered favorites may feed upon the substance of the people; that by deliberate ill-usage he has well-nigh broken down her constitution; that, in short, he has done everything he should not have done, and left undone everything it was his duty to perform. That's what Miss Canada finds; and although the poets may twang their lyres and sing congratulatory odes, she doesn't feel a bit in the humor for jubiling.

"THE deuce!" ejaculated Mr. Farrar, emphatically, as he raised his eyes from his elaborate article on the "Evidences of the Existence of an Extinct Pre-historic Race of Anthropoid Apes in the Mountains of the Moon," and allowed them to fall for a moment on the editorial columns of the *Globe*—"the deuce! The situation is most unpleasant. It seems impossible to make these hide-bound partizans comprehend our position. I am not quite certain that I exactly grasp it myself, but no matter. It is most annoying, now, to turn from the— the unmentionable organ of that desperate set of rogues of whom I once was one, which makes us out a 'Junior Grit' to the *Globe*, which stigmatizes us as a 'Senior Tory.' Which are we, anyhow?" And he returned with frenzied haste to his manuscript, turned on the scientific tap, and ere long forgot his sorrows in an able leader for the next issue on the "Minatory Motions of Minute Migratory Micrococci."



REPUBLICANS across the line are in a bad way just now. They are going to be distanced in the Presidential race, and they appear to know it. The prospect has robbed them of what little judgment they had left, and the "arguments" they are using are well adapted to make votes for their opponents. The hundred thousand iron workers now "locked out" in Pennsylvania are being told that the tariff makes and keeps wages high!

The whole appeal for the election of Harrison is based on this arrant nonsense, and the equally childish assertion that the advocates of Free Trade in the United States are working in the interest of England. John Bull comes in for pictorial treatment on this line in a fashion which must mightily amuse him, though it isn't very flattering to American intelligence. "Everything is fair in love and war," however, and during an election campaign the losing party is not expected to talk sense.

* * *

SOMEWHAT to our surprise we learn that Mr. Dewdney's appointment to the Ministry of the Interior is being earnestly pressed by the people of the North-West, regardless of party. At a recent meeting in Calgary a strongly worded resolution to this effect was moved by Major Walker and seconded by Dr. Lafferty, both of whom are well-known Grits, and in the speeches made on the occasion it was made manifest that the ex-Lieut.-Gov. is looked upon as the best man available for the office. GRIP doesn't admire Dewdney's record, but as a firm believer in home rule he thinks the North-West people should get the man they want.

* * *

THE position of the Chinamen arrested in Washington Territory for unlawfully "being" in the United States, presents some curious aspects. Not to mention the fact that they are there simply and solely (at present) because they can't get out, what are we to think of the action of the authorities who, by gaoling them, make it certain that they shall not leave, for a time at least? Could not these officials themselves be arrested on a charge of complicity? And might not some enterprising constable of the Jarvis stamp arrest the unfortunate Celestials for daring to "be" in a U.S. penitentiary? And meanwhile, till our pigtailed friends decide on the relative advantages of chloroform and Paris green as their way to "love the country," what becomes of "All men are born free and equal"?

* * *

WE are sorry to observe that Russia has not yet awakened from her deep sleep in the darkness and degradation which have so long encompassed her. Mr. Kennan's articles in *The Century* reveal a terrible state of affairs in that benighted land. It is even said that an English or American citizen cannot enter its barbarous confines without the risk of arrest on no charge but that of his bare presence in the country! When will Russia awake? When will she rise to the full height of the civilization which we, in America, have so long enjoyed and prize so highly?

* * *

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Defalcations many a dime!

SCOTTIE AIRLIE IN PARIS.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—The last day I spent in Pairis was a memorable ane. It seems Landsdowne had written hame tae the Prince o' Wales tae tell him that GRIP's special correspondent, yer humble servant, tae wut, was in that gay ceety, an' it wad be a maitter o' policy tae hunt me up an' get on the saft side o' me; seein' that Canada and everythin Canadian was a' the go at the present meenit in England. The wife, I believe, wasna' carin' muckle aboot him gaun ower tae Pairis, but when the Queen explained till her that every civeelity shewn tae Canadians was anither shove aff o' the evil day when Canada wad be cuttin' clear o' the auld ties, an' settin' up independent for hersel', she began tae think maybe she micht risk him for a'e day oot o' her sicht. The mair sae, that she was assured he wad be perfectly safe an' oot o' ill company sae lang as he was under *my* wing. Sae he cam across, but was a hale week there afore he could hunt me up, but as he said it paid him, for I gae him twa-ree pointers aboot a'e thing an' anither that princes are generally no vera weel up in, tae wut, the opinions an' real sentiments o' the people. Ower an' ower again he thankit me, an' told me he had never seen the like o' me in a' his born days. He thoct, frae what he had been told, that Canadians were ready tae fa' doon an' worship everythin English, that Ottawa was mair Englished than England hersel', an' Royalty at Windsor was oot-Royaled at Rideau Hall. But when I told him that the way we werna' independent already, was because we believed in takin' time an' daein' things weel an' thorough when we were aboot it, an' that we had twa-ree little domestic bisnisses on hand, such as a prohibitory law tae get passed an' ratified afore we could set up national hoosekeepin' wi' ony kind o' satisfaction, he began scartin' that roond bald spot in his croon wi' a gude deal mair energy than I really saw ony need for. Hooever, we spent a vera pleasant day thegither, in sack we were just stannin' on the tap o' the Airc h o' Triumph, calmly viewin' a rainbow that had come oot, as I thoct, tae signalize my presence there, when Sandy comes fleein' up bareheaded and pantin' like a collie in het weather, an



QUEER PHENOMENON.

(But it was only Mr. Dudesome Simpisy speaking (to his friend Broadman.)



WAITING FOR THE REPUBLICAN FUNERAL TO GO BY.

hands me a telegram, which of course I opened instanter. "Return at once. A party named Donnelly is applying for a job in the printing office here, no doubt with the intention of proving that you are not the author of the Airlie letters. Rumours are rife, some crediting Sir John Macdonald, others Moses Oates, with the authorship." This was signed GRIP, an' I declare ye could hae knockit me doon wi' a feather when I read it. Sandy said I was as white as a sheet, an' the Prince he speered if Mrs. Airlie was dead.

"Its faur waur than that," says I, wi' a cauld shiver, that set my teeth rappin' in ma head, "its a diaboical attempt tae destroy ma ain personal identity. That man Donnelly will stop at naething. He's demolished Shakespeare, but if he thinks he'll demolish *me*, he'll find he's taen the wrang soo by the lug." An' wi' that I doon the stair without ever luckin' ower ma shouther tae say gude day the Prince, an' I tell ye grass didna grow at ma heels till I got aboard an ocean steamer an' landed in Toronto.

That was six weeks syne, an' I've never yet gotten a chance tae get doon an' report masel' at the office, for nae sooner did I set fit in Toronto, than anither danger menaced me. I wasna weel settled doon in ma ain hoose, afore Mistress Airlie told me that the knicht-makers, like the dog-catchers, were oot again, an' that ma worthy freen', Daniel Wilson, will hae been nabbit, if he hadna shewn his University President tag tae clear him. I dinna want tae reflect on ye ower muckle, but I canna but think ye ocht tae hae provided me wi' a tag certifeein' that I belang tae GRIP office, so as I can get oot o' the hoose safely without fear o' bein' knichted. For that's just what may happen, gin they find a man o' my talents an' physique rinnin' roond' lowse. Tae avert sic a calamity, sic a dooncome, I maun either bide i' the hoose or skulk along the alleways at nicht, for I couldna' stand the thocht o' losin' ma ain staunch individuality, an' becomin' ane o' the common crood o' craws we see struttin' roond this Dominion wi' peacock's feathers in their tails. Na! na!

"The Queen can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke an' a' that,
But Airlie's far abune her nicht,
Gude faith! she canna fa' that."

Robbie Burns was a far-seein' fellow, an' I canna' but think he had me in his mind's e'e when he wrote that. Hooever, I'll no say but what, if a title was offered tae me in consideration o' ma leeterary services tae the kintra through GRIP, I might be brocht tae squint at the proposition wi' a no that onfavorable e'e, for then the "Sir" wad hae some significance tae yours truly,

HUGH AIRLIE.

P.S.—I forgot tae tell ye that it wasna Ignatius—but anither Donnelly that gae me sic a fricht; an' that sae far frae haein' ony designs on ma identity, he had never even heard o' me or ma letters! Man! that was the unkindest cut o' a'; an' he was in dead earnest, never even heard ma name mentioned! An' this is fame! Is life really worth livin'?

ART IN MONTREAL.

THE commercial metropolis is, we are pleased to observe, making strides in the direction of high art. The visitor taking a stroll up St. James St., is not likely to pass the establishment of Drysdale & Co. without stopping to admire the painting which has just been hung there—a new work by the rising Montreal artist, Mr. Chas. Caron, executed at the instigation of Mr. Norman Murray. Mr. Murray is not an eccentric Cræsus who invests in high-priced paintings and then puts them on the street, for the enlightenment of the public, as might be inferred from the above. No; he is the energetic agent of GRIP, and the painting here alluded to is a spirited translation into color of a GRIP cartoon, and meant to notify Montreal that this excellent journal is on sale in that city every week.



A FAMILY JAR.

FABLES OF THE DAY.

I.

THE EAGLE AND THE BEAVER.

AN American Eagle lived near a Canadian Beaver. "My first duty is to my own," said the Eagle, "therefore I will discourage trade with this foreign animal." So she put a high tax on all the good things the Beaver brought her, and as she still continued to take the good things the tax only increased the cost to herself. "This Eagle is a wise bird," mused the Beaver, "and if she will not have my goods at the low price I offer, neither will I have her's." So the Beaver also put on a tax, and thereafter paid higher prices for all he purchased from the Eagle. And both were happy.

PICTURES FROM CHUMLAND.



No. 2.

"Don't you see," said the Manufacturer to the Workingman, "that a duty on imports *protects* me, because it enables me to get higher prices from the home-consumer than I could otherwise get."

"Yes," replied the Workingman, "and I am a home-consumer."

"True," responded the Manufacturer, "but you can afford to pay the higher prices because the tariff gives me big profits and I am therefore able to pay you wages in proportion."

"Why don't you do so then?" asked the Workingman.

"Because I am not in the philanthropy line of business, and I don't have to. Labor comes in free of duty, and the competition of laborers governs the rate of wages."

"I see," said the Workingman. "I never could clearly understand before how the tariff kept up wages, but of course I see it now."

OUR NEW HERITAGE.

THE most important work of the late session of the Dominion Parliament was done by Dr. Schultz' committee on the Mackenzie River district. We are so much in need of land for our teeming population, that it is little short of a god-send to discover that we have such a vast country, with such fertile plains and gigantic water courses. A few years ago we had no more room to occupy in Ontario and Quebec. Farmers were jostling against one another, and the millions in our large cities had long ago exhausted all the available oxygen. It was with delight therefore we learned the Government had purchased the Hudson Bay Territory. The new Province of Manitoba was founded, into which Ontario discharged its booming population. We acquired embryo provinces in Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. We constructed, at immense expense, the Canadian Pacific Railway. Our great need to-day, therefore, is more territory, and a new railway to open it up. We don't want people—they are well enough in their way—but acres, more acres, miles and miles of them, stretching out to no one knows where. We want room for people to develop. The million emigrants who every year walk over the boundary line, from Dakota and Minnesota, into Manitoba, and the two million we receive annually from Europe, will soon fill up that garden of Eden; and will build houses so close that the genuine North-West blizzard will be pent up, so that he must satisfy himself with rubbing gently against the new pine

planks, as against the Duke of Argyle's scratching posts. We want rivers too. The St. Lawrence and the Ottawa are pretty decent streams, and there is still room for a few craft upon their waters, but we want more. All praise then to Dr. Schultz! It is grand to learn that we have in the distant North the noble Mackenzie, navigable to ocean vessels for about 1,500 miles, to steamers of the Richelieu and Ontario stamp, about 2,000 miles further, to Doty's Ferry Line, about 5,000 miles further still, and to the airy vessels of the International Canal Association about 10,000 miles from the last steamboat landing. This was what the country wanted, a really good sized river. Besides we wanted land—a few acres of arable land where the horny son of toil might plough himself out a home. This we've got—thanks to Dr Schultz and a Conservative Government.

Now we want a new syndicate, and a new railway. But what we demand at once is a commission to spy out this great heritage. The Government should spend one million, at least, on the necessary work. We have a pretty good debt and pretty heavy taxes as it is, but we want more territory and larger lakes and rivers, and the patriot tax-payer will willingly foot the bill. CAN is willing to be taxed fifty cents on every new subscriber for a year, and this would raise about half the required sum.

GETTING ON.

FIRST IRISHMAN: "How long have you been in Montreal, Mick?"

SECOND DITTO: "Oh, about twenty years."

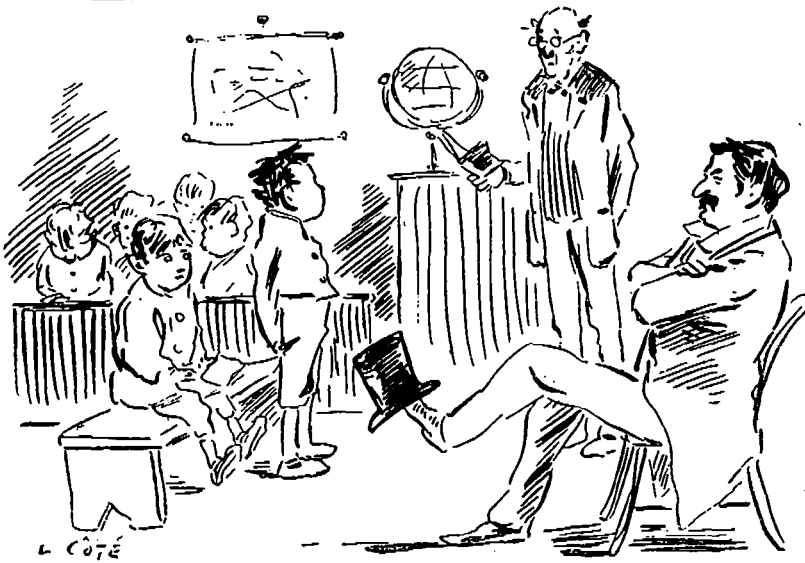
FIRST DITTO: "Have you got on well?"

SECOND DITTO: "Yis, whin I landed I hadn't divil a cint, and I've hild my own ever since."



THE SOCIETY EDITOR WELCOMED HOME.

"O, dear Mr. Sheppard; just home in time! I'm going to give a garden party, and Miss Jinks, of Hamilton, is visiting to our house; and our Matilda Ann is going to be married; and our pug is sick with shivers, and ——— etc., etc., etc."



THE YOUNG IDEA IN QUEBEC.

TEACHER—"Of what Empire is Canada a portion?"

PUPIL—"British Empire."

TEACHER—"Correct. Now, can you tell me who is the supreme authority in the Government of Canada?"

PUPIL (*promptly*).—"The Pope."

M—RC—R (*a visitor*).—"Correct!"

THE PROTESTANT INSANE ASYLUM AT MONTREAL.

QUITE close to the city of Montreal is a municipality known as Verdun, and a very pretty suburban retreat it is, too. It consists of rural properties of leading Montreal citizens with agricultural tastes and a very evident dislike to the payment of city taxes, and in consequence of this latter particular has not progressed much of late years. Some time ago it was proposed by the Protestants of this province to establish a Protestant Insane Asylum for the care of Protestant patients, and a large amount of money has been subscribed. The board of management had of course to choose a site, and bought property in Verdun for that purpose; having reached the conclusion, it is stated, that an insane asylum in Verdun would be in the immediate vicinity of many prospective patients. And their suppositions have been borne out, as the municipality of Verdun has recently passed a resolution to erect a public market near the site of the Protestant Insane Asylum. Some have been mean enough to insinuate that this has been done to injure the asylum, but this cannot be the case, as there are hundreds of acres of vacant land surrounding these necessities for Verdun, and it is evidently the desire of the municipality to make these institutions permanent. Quite a mass of correspondence has appeared in the local newspapers concerning the matter, and the general conclusion has been reached that Verdun should have had the Insane Asylum years ago.

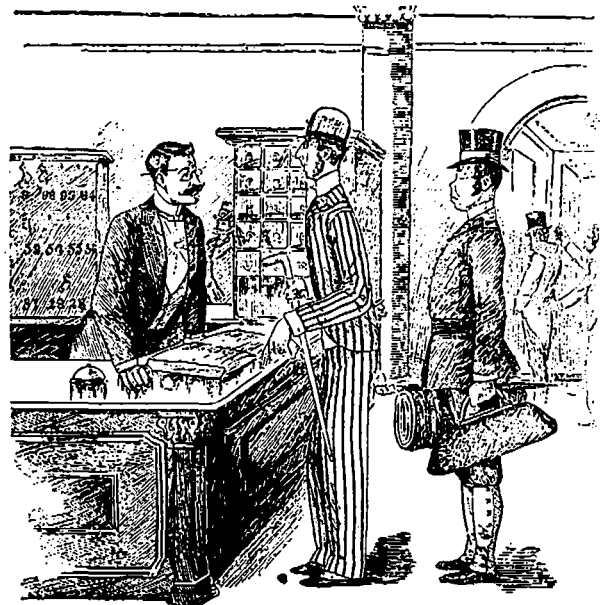
Another curious matter in connection with the asylum is the manner in which some of the subscriptions were paid—one especially being paid in the stock of a commercial company. The trouble was that no stock was taken in this stock after it had been transferred, and the acceptor of the stock was coolly informed he was crazy to accept it. Another evidence was thus afforded of the necessity of a Protestant Insane Asylum.

And even the board of managers has become tinged with a craze for withholding news from the press since assuming office, and no one knows exactly what is being done.

It is said that nearly one hundred thousand dollars is under the control of the board, and no one knows how it is being spent; it is of course not intended to convey any impression of malfeasance in the slightest degree. But as more money will be absolutely needed, all the transactions should be open, so that intending share-holders may not be obliged to buy a "pig in a poke." In a prospectus about to be issued, the advantages of the Protestant Insane Asylum as a permanent investment are to be dilated upon, and the directors hope that the stock will be eagerly taken up. This is probably a mistake as it is already asked how any revenue is to be derived unless the Government are willing to impose a protective duty of about forty per cent. It is felt that investments in cotton factories and other insane asylums have been somewhat unfortunate

in spite of the many promises made, and measures must be taken to keep this new venture free from American and English competition. The arrivals of late years from England show that the capabilities of the new Protestant Insane Asylum will be very heavily taxed, and this calls for action by a paternal government.

H. B. S.



HOSPITALITY.

(*M'Lord, just landed, wants to paralyze a Montreal hotel.*)
 M'LORD (*Pomposly*).—"I'm Lord De Lacy Shortmoney Starvedale, of Starvedale Abbey, England, y'naw."
 CLERK (*Sympathetically*).—"Oh! that's all right! That's no fault of yours. We'll see that you are treated as well as the rest of the guests."—*Ocean*.



SCENE AT LONG BRANCH, U.S.

[Messrs. Ryan, Preston and Robertson (of Shelburne) giving their political friend, G. W. Ross, a swimming lesson.]

PETER THE GREAT—"Now, Ross, drop your Education Department shiftiness, and strike out boldly!"

A ROMANTIC INDIAN LEGEND.

PREPARE, gentle reader, to wallow in woe,
And to mourn for the lovers so true,
Who died in the days of the dim long ago,
In the reign of the birch-bark canoe;
When the Indian wandered at peace through the land,
When at night in his wigwam he lay,
When he caught the coy turtle asleep on the sand
Or speared the sky-fish in the bay.

He, Drink-too-much-beer, was an Indian brave,
Of most graceful proportions was he,
His face was, of course, very solemn and grave,
And he loved Miss Brace-up-on-cold-tea,
Who, was tall, slim and lovely, though dusky her face,
While her clothing could scarcely be seen,
But she wandered around with a languishing grace
That must deuced bewitching have been.

They loved, did these two, with a cast-iron love
That was stronger than Limburger cheese,
And I dare say he called her his sweet turtle-dove
As they spooned Sunday night 'neath the trees;
But her parents were kickers, and told the young man
That Miss Brace he could ne'er hope to wed,
And they likewise advised him to hie to Japan
And reduce the extent of his head.

But Drink still stuck to it, he loved the maid so,
And he vowed 'neath the glimmering stars,
That his sweetheart he'd never, no never forgo,
Not even for padlocks and bars;
And she swore as she kissed him, she'd ever be true—
Be faithful for ever and aye—
That she'd stick to her Drinkie like extra strong glue
No matter what popper might say.

The day came at last when her parents decreed
That another young brave she must wed,
A brave most abnormally ugly, indeed,
With a skin not so dusky as red;
And the maiden's heart crumbled 'neath the stern blow,
So she sat down and had a good cry,
While she vowed through the tears that were streaming down so,
That she'd either wed Drinkie or die.

The marriage arrangements went rapidly on,
And the dawn of the day came at last,
And the ugly young brave put his Sunday clothes on,
And prepared to put single life past;
But the Indian maiden went off all alone,
To a place somewhere out of the way,
And with tears, and with prayers, and with many a moan,
She drowned her despair in the bay.

Oh! pity the heart that is crushed with a Woe,
And the soul that is stabbed by a Fate!
No more will Drink hear her speak softly and low,
Or caress her across the front gate;
The joys and the hopes and ambitions of life
Have departed from him evermore,
And left him in place of a true, loving wife,
A heart that is bleeding and sore.

When Drink heard the news of her terrible death,
He followed the maid right away,
He breathed a short prayer, and then, catching his breath,
He, too, flung himself into the bay;
Gone, gone were his dreams of her rapturous eyes,
Gone, gone were his hopes of her love;
But the water was low. He went in to his thighs,
While his legs were left kicking above!

The legend continues to tell every year
When an od'rous blue haze clothes the hill,
When the moonbeams fall gently upon their wet bier,
When nature seems peaceful and still;
That tragedy sad is enacted again,
While the birds hush their songs in the trees,
And the bull-frogs let up on their croaking refrain,
As a wailing sound floats on the breeze.

L'ENVOI

The years have gone by since they say this occurred
But hearts are still constant and true,
Though cynical people have ever averred
Real love no one yet ever knew,
But I'll pin all my faith in Her bonny blue eyes
And the firmness and depth of Her love—
Yet if she should be false! Well, I'm in to my thighs,
But my legs are still kicking above!

June, 1888.

W. C. NICHOL.



"CASTE."

"HAVE yez heard of Dinnis Murphy goin' to marry that dirty peanut man's daughter, an' Dinnis himself the foines mortar-mixer on the shreet ! Faith an they'll be marryin' Chinese, nixt !!"

THE REIGN OF TERROR IN TORONTO.

AND in those days many citizens returning to their own homes under the light of ye moon and ye stars, were laid hold of and maltreated and cast into prison because they refused to give up ye right to walk their own streets at any hour they chose, and yea even those who stood and talked at their own doors were ordered to move on, or move into ye house. And they, being afraid, did go into ye porch of ye house because ye streets belonged to ye people no more, but to ye hoodlum cops, even ye great and mighty bobbys; men having bodies without souls, and heads without brains.

And a yarn was told of a poor man who was sick with ye sickness of ye brain, and he wist not what he did. And ye cop said "Thou art drunk, thou fool;" but ye poor man said, "I am not drunk, but sick; go call this citizen, and upon that for they know me and my wife, and call ye doctor also, so shall they testify of me, and so shall I live and not die." But ye cop having neither soul nor brains, being only a large hoodlum, paid no heed to ye man, but fell upon him and clubbed him upon ye head, until the blood covered his face; and he cast him into prison, and threw him violently on ye floor, and pelted him with coals, and threw water on him, and maltreated him; so that he died two months thereafter, and his wife lifted up her voice and wept and said, they have killed my husband.

Then a great fear and trembling came upon ye people of Toronto, and ye citizens who came home under cover of night from ye lodges looked into each other's faces, and their knees smote against each other; and they said as they are wont to say after one dieth suddenly, who will be next? And they were greatly afraid, for their protectors, even their servants and slaves, had suddenly

become their masters and oppressors. And ye Cadi, who sat in the seat of justice, he also was with ye hoodlums in ye work of destruction and degradation of ye citizens; and over all there was a great and terrible reign of terror, such as had never before been seen in ye blessed and happy Dominion.

Now while they yet spake one to another, and their teeth still chattered in their heads, lo, a raven—black of wing and of beak alike, alighted in their midst and did fix his eye upon them, and did wink hard. And ye bird, even GRIP, opened his beak and said: "Men of Toronto, what mean ye, and what manner of men are ye anyway, that ye thus have these your servants to whom ye pay hire, to have rule over you? Shall ye, indeed, drunk or sober, submit to be clubbed to death—like unto this poor man; or, shall ye even while talking pleasantly to a friend, or, while waiting for ye citizens' chariot, suffer yourselves to be insulted, and hustled off to prison in ye

malefactors' chariot, when indeed ye have broken no law, nor have made yourselves offensive with strong drink. Nay then; but show that ye do value liberty and justice above all things, and seize these men and cut off their heads and appoint in their places men who have souls as well as bodies to do your work, yea, men who have brains enough in their skulls, to discern between a prophet and a loafer, and between a man who is sick, and a man who is drunk; and who can manage a man who is drunk, without putting him to death." And the people hearkened unto ye bird, and he continued: "Moreover, let it be known that ye citizens will tolerate insolence from no one whom they hire, not even from ye Cadi, and that oppression of every kind shall be put down with a decisive hand; and let them not forget to teach this doctrine to their children and their children's children, so there shall never more a reign of terror like unto this present visit us again." And the bird bent low his head and spread his wings and flew over unto his perch on ye street called Front.

QUEER SCOTCH.

OFFICER of Royal Scots, (Montreal) is on a visit to Glengarry. As he passes down the village street in his kilts, he is accosted by an admiring native with, "Hey, mon, hoo are ye; aw'm real gled to hae a look o' ye!" To which the Montreal Scotchman replies: "Merci, m'sieu; comment-vous portez-vous?"

"WHEN he realized his position he began to shed copious tears. He was bailed out."—*Mail local item.*



THE TWO METHODS; OR VOTES vs. WORDS.

"AND IF I should die, dear," said a sick husband, "will you sometimes visit my grave?"

"Yes, John," she replied brokenly, "every pleasant Sunday afternoon, and I will take the children. Poor little things, they don't have very much to enjoy!"—*Epoch*.

JONES (*who has not been asked*)—"Ullo! Another of those big crushes at Lady Gath-erum's, where I'm told the butler is allowed to invite his own particular friends. You were there, of course!"

BROWN (*who has*)—"Yes—and you weren't. I suppose the butler had to draw the line somewhere."—*Punch*.

"PAPA, what is a doubtful State?" asked little Freddy, who has been looking over the political news. "Marriage is a doubtful state, my son," answered Brown with a humorous wrinkle in his eye as he looked at his better half. "Don't you think so, Mrs. Brown?" "No, I don't think it's a state at all," she answered. "To me it always seemed like a territory." Brown was silent.—*Detroit Free Press*.

THERE is a famous brand of oatmeal called the "three minute," because it takes that length of time to prepare it. But after a while the manufacturer will be wild when a rival oatmealster breaks the record and gets out a 2.43¼ brand. The record may be broken again and again, until it gets down to 2.08; and then the manufacture of this delicious breakfast cereal will be known and considered only under the head of sport.—*Puck*.

CATARRH.

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Sang Addison. But hadn't you, for a few years at least, rather look at the firmament from the underside.

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WIFE—"Fishy, John, fishy."

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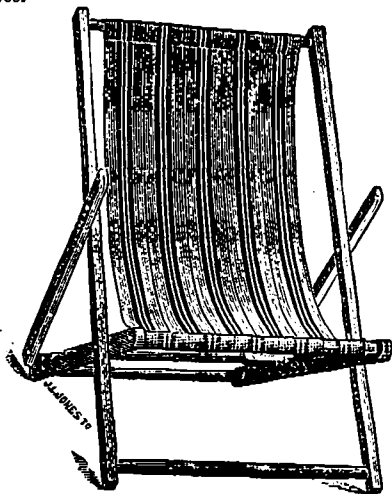
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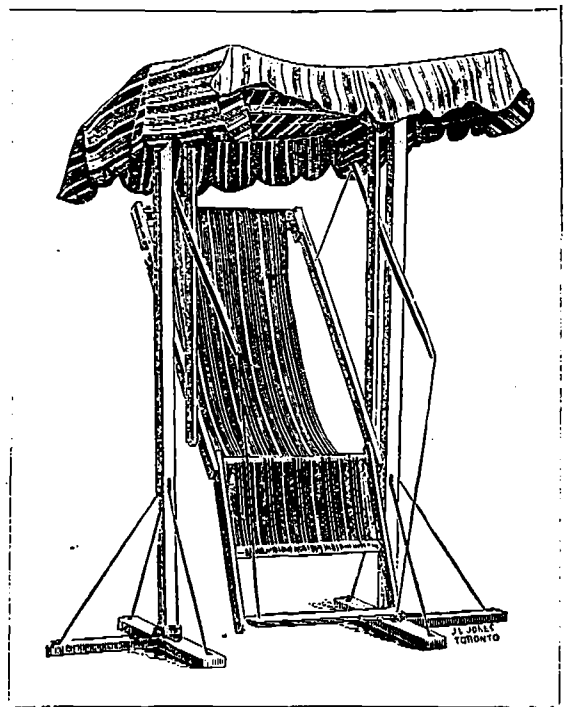
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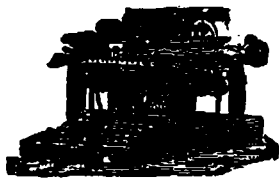
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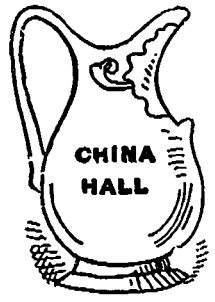
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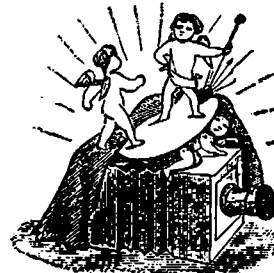
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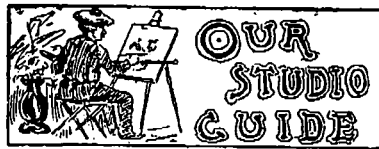
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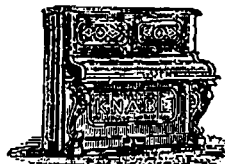
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