

# GRIP

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HOLDING HIM UP TO PUBLIC CONDEMNATION.

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

WILL THE SHOES FIT?—The papers (probably for want of something better to discuss), are debating the probabilities of an early dissolution of Parliament and the springing of the general election. It is alleged that the

matter has been talked over in the Cabinet, and it is counter-alleged that the old Premier hasn't even dreamed of such a thing. The *Globe* steps in to say that even if Sir John advised a dissolution just now, the Governor-General has the power of declining the advice, and would no doubt use it, in view of the necessity of another general election shortly afterwards, when the new census is taken. It seems to be generally believed that, whether the election is brought on prematurely or at the regular period, the coming campaign will be the last under the old chieftain's leadership. The subject of the Successor is, therefore, up for discussion in this connection, and the name of Sir John Thompson is mentioned among the knowing ones as that of the gentleman who stands best at present in the Old Man's limited list of availables. Notwithstanding the deprecatory query of the late Mr. Shakespeare, "What's in a name?" we cannot help

thinking that a "Sir John," with very moderate gifts would stand a better chance of wearing the Chieftain's shoes successfully than a man of any other name with twice the talents. There's a good deal in continuing business under a well established firm-name, and why shouldn't this rule hold in politics?

HOLDING HIM UP TO PUBLIC CONDEMNATION.—Gen. Middleton's open letter to the public is being discussed all over the country, and the comments upon it are not flattering to the Minister of Militia, who is shown to have been primarily responsible for both of the offences with which Sir Fred was charged—the looting of furs, and the withholding of promotions from deserving officers. It would have been at least manly for Caron to have stated at the time of the investigation or before, that in giving orders for the furs to be taken General Middleton was acting upon a reasonable interpretation of a telegram from the Militia Department; and he might also have relieved him long ago from the severe reflections which were being made upon his selfishness, etc., by stating that the Government's rule is—no promotions for French Canadian officers (who happen not to deserve them) no promotions for any. But it was left to the General, as a last resort in defence of his own honor and self-respect, to give the public the facts. And the facts as they now stand, add emphasis to the long-continued demand for the removal of Caron from a position which he was never fit to occupy.



LECTION day, anywhere—"I'll bet you ten dollars that you will not deposit a ballot in this election." "I'll take it; put up your money." The cash is deposited, and the day after the polling the non-voter is \$10 ahead. It is proposed to put an end to this insidious form of bribery by having a compulsory voting law passed in Ontario. The idea is a good one. We fail to see what objection there could possibly be to such a law, applying to every voter who cannot furnish good and sufficient reason for not going to the poll. The franchise is a privilege, a badge of manhood, and the State has a right to demand its use at the hands of all to whom it has been entrusted. Let the voter nullify his ballot by marking all the names or none of them as he sees fit, but compel him to cast it, anyway, if he is physically able to go to the polling booth.

IN a recent cable despatch we read :

The eyes of all Catholics in England are anxiously directed to Rome; but not only these, for so great is the regard for the dead Cardinal that most people of other religious denominations are waiting with interest to learn who will be declared worthy to occupy his chair. Speculation has been rife since the vacancy occurred, and many men have been mentioned as likely to be selected, but so far all is speculation.

And yet we have not seen it anywhere stated that the eyes of all the religious world are strained in their sockets to see who will be appointed to succeed the late Dr. Williams as General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada. We would like to know why such an invidious distinction should be made?

BERLIN, Aug. 27th.—Prince Bismarck, in a speech yesterday to a visiting deputation from Heilbron, declared newspaper criticism of him was mere dust, and he awaited the verdict of his tory. His only ambition now was for a good epitaph.



### IN LOVE.

EARLY CALLER (*smitten, and comes for sympathy*)—"Snoggs, were you ever in love?"

SNOGGS—"No, dear boy, but I've made an ass of myself in other ways."—*Pick-me-up.*

IF this is all the old gentleman needs to make him perfectly happy, we feel moved to supply it forthwith:

Here lies  
Otto Von Bismarck,  
late dealer in  
Blood and Iron,

WHO SAVED THE GERMAN EMPIRE  
from the American Hog

\* \* \*

TWO straight out Single Tax men (Messrs. Robert Beaven and John Grant) were recently elected to the Provincial Assembly of British Columbia. The good effect is already apparent. The Government has inaugurated a land policy which appears to move in the right direction. By notice in the *Official Gazette* the selling of public lands to private parties is discontinued, "pending contemplated legislation."

\* \* \*

WHAT the pending legislation may be, says the *New York Standard*, we do not know, but an indication of what it will be is shown by a series of amendments to the law relating to municipalities, offered by Mr. Beaven. First, he amends the law by defining the term "real property," which shall be held to mean the land itself, "with all things therein and thereunder, and all trees or under-wood growing upon the land," etc. Then he defines the term "improvements upon real property," which shall be held to mean "all buildings, structures, or other things affixed to the land, or improvements made to the land." Having made these definitions plain, Mr. Beaven further amends the act so as to authorize municipalities to fix the rate of taxation separately on "real property" and

"improvements on real property." Then he amends so that it shall be lawful for municipalities to declare that "real property" shall be taxed at "not more than eighty per cent. of its actual cash value, as it would be appraised in payment of a just debt from a solvent debtor," while "improvements upon real property" "shall not be estimated, for the purposes of assessment, in excess of fifty per cent. of their cash value, as they would be appraised," etc.

\* \* \*

THERE is food for reflection here for Mr. Mowat and his Cabinet. They ought to feel ashamed to have the little Pacific Province surpass them in the enactment of measures which really deserve the name of Liberal. A little less attention to the filling of fat offices, and a little more to the study of political economy on the part of our local rulers, might lead to something which the people would appreciate.

\* \* \*

MR. PAUL PEEL, the successful Canadian painter, was one of the large number who went across the lake to hear the Reciprocity speakers at Chautauqua last Thursday. In addition to the valuable color studies he was able to make from cloud and wave on the way over, there is reason to believe that Wiman's facts and figures supplied him with the materials for a thrilling picture to be entitled, "The Rescue of the Canadian Farmer from his Impending Doom." We have made arrangements to chromo-lith the picture when it is finished and hang a copy in every farmhouse in the land.



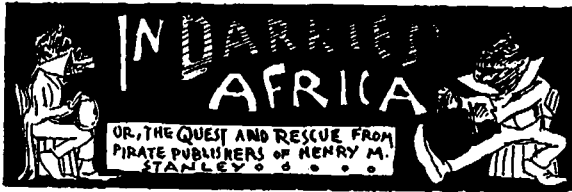
### RENT-DAY.

LANDLORD—"Fifteen dollars and seventy-five cents."

YOUNG WIFE—"I'm very sorry, but Mr. Graham is out of town."

LANDLORD—"Now, look here, madam, I won't have it!"

Y. W.—"Very well, then; if you won't have it why do you make so much bother about it?"



BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

CHAPTER VII. — WITH  
EMIN PASHA.

REACHING the shores of Lake Nyanza, I set out in quest of the interesting particulars of the meeting of Stanley and Emin Pasha, which was briefly alluded to in the end of our last chapter. I visited the various tribes in the vicinity and found the natives disposed to be friendly, but, in the absence of my Baleggian Grammar, Phrase book and Dictionary, I found it im-

possible to make head or tail of their accounts. What was my pleasure, therefore, to stumble across a white man, an Englishman, in one of the villages. He had gone to the district on a mission similar to my own, as the representative of a paper called *Funnifolks*, and he very kindly offered me the use of a copy of the account he had written for that journal from statements made by Stanley himself. He did not intend returning to London, he said, having become so deeply impressed with the future greatness of Darkest Africa that he had made up his mind to settle down there and grow up with the country. Following is the narrative:



CLIMBING TO THE PLATEAU.

On February 17, 1889, Emin Pasha, still in voluminous white pyjamas, and excitedly waving an enormous green butterfly net, rushed into our camp in the wake of a fine specimen of the Alligator Moth, and catching his foot in a tent rope, as he made a last desperate sweep at the evasive insect, he fell headlong at my feet.

"Dr. Emin, I assume," I said, smilingly, as I picked the Pasha up.

"Mr. Stanley," he gasped, as soon as he had recovered his breath, "you can assume anything you please, sir, if you will only let me have a look at that three-foot-six puce butterfly of yours." Since I heard of its existence I have traveled night and day to get to your camp. Bring out that pickle jar without delay, I implore of you."

"Alas, dear Doctor," I said, sadly, "I fear there is a grievous disappointment in store for you. . . . Only last evening and hungry and larcenous Zanzibari, prowling around for delicacies in my tent, took that unique butterfly you so long to see, and, because it chanced to have a flavor, owing to its preservation in a mixed-pickle jar, actually ate it with his roast plantain as a relish."

"Wha-a-a-t!" screamed the Pasha, "it is gone?" Then he added, after a short pause, his eyes flashing at me savagely through his blue goggles as he spoke, "I am going too!" and, snatching up his butterfly-net, he was just about to dash off, when, seizing his arm, I cried:

"Oh, dear, no, you don't, Doctor. This time I mean to keep you, now I have got you, and to rescue you straight away."

"Oh, very well. I expected this," returned the Doctor, with a calmness which, I admit, I could not understand. "It is the will of Allah, and I must submit."

"Why, cert'nly," I replied, pointing to the men with rifles, who guarded every outlet from the camp.

"There's only one thing," the Pasha went on, in a strangely quiet tone. "If you rescue me, you will, of course, rescue my beloved people also? That was your promise, you know."

"Oh, of course," I replied. "And my never-to-be-replaced-if-once-lost collection?" he continued. "You will not force me to leave them behind?"

"Have I not promised to take them all?" I answered. "By the way," I said, assuming a more nonchalant manner, "you said something about having a collection of ivory, did you not? Of course you would like to have that rescued, too?"

"Well, to tell the truth," returned Emin, "I was thinking more about my cabinets of beetles and my cases of stuffed birds."

Before I could say more, a series of loud yells from without the camp caused me to hurry to the spot whence the noise proceeded. Arrived there—our camp, I may explain, was pitched on the top of a plateau which sloped steeply down to the margin of the lake—I saw a sight which quite accounted for my natives' excited shouts.

For this is what I saw: Along the shore there were three large steamers anchored, and from them a busy crowd of coal-black Soudanese soldiers was busily engaged in bringing on shore one of the most curious collections of cumbersome baggage I had ever seen.

Scores of the men had, indeed, already begun to climb the steep side of the plateau, and, in a seemingly interminable line, I saw them toiling up, staggering beneath the weight of wooden bedsteads, twenty-gallon copperpots, millstones of abnormal calibre, empty whiskey casks, garden rollers, hip baths, milpuff mattresses, mangles, stone coffins, rolls of old carpet, hair



A PHALANX DANCE BY MAZAM DONI'S WARRIORS.



STANLEY'S PROPOSITIONS TO EMIN.

\* Stanley had written to the Pasha about this alleged insect as a decoy.



trunks, abnormally bulky bolsters, and no end of similar *impedimenta*.

"Why, good gracious, Doctor!" I cried to Emin, whom I had brought with me, "whatever does all this mean?"

"What does it mean?" he echoed. "Why, that is some of the baggage of Major Awash Effendi, one of the thousands of my beloved people whom you have promised to rescue."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, "but the major can't really require all that rubbish. Look there, for instance," I went on: "he can't want all those three-and-thirty fat bolsters, surely, Doctor?"

"Herr Stanley," returned Emin, in a piqued tone, "those are not fat bolsters, sir; they are a few of the Effendi's favorite wives!"

And so they were!

#### CHAPTER VIII. — PERSONAL TO THE PASHA.

A WARRIOR OF THE MAYORI.

"Well, Pasha," I said, the next morning, when he was brought round, strictly guarded, to my tent, "I hope that, now you have had time to consider my proposal, you are more reconciled to the thought of being relieved by me."

"I was hoping," returned the obstinate Governor, "that you, perhaps, on reflection, would be inclined to yield, after all, and let me relieve you."

"Pasha," I said, sternly, "you hope what is impossible."

"Stay, don't say that!" he replied. "At all events, before you quite make up your mind, tell me, fairly and squarely, what I shall gain by being relieved by you and your Expedition."

"What will you gain!" I exclaimed—"what will you gain!" and then wondering to myself what the deuce he *would* gain, I thought it better to add, "Why, Pasha, how can you ask so unnecessary a question?"

"I ask it," returned that inexpressibly stubborn little German, "because, so far as I can see, all that I shall gain by being rescued by you is a good chance of catching confluent small-pox at once from your not too cleanly Zanzibaris, and a certainty of being starved to death with you on the way back to civilization in the course of a week or two."

This was such a facer, that I thought it better to assume one of my sternest expressions, and to exclaim, with a dramatic gesture of disgust, "Ingratitude, thy name is Emin!"

"Whereas," went on the obstinate Doctor, "if you will only consent to be rescued by me, I can promise you at once"—and he took out his pocket-book and read out the following list: "1 First-class Paddle Steamer; 3 Half-gallon Jars of Mixed Pickles; 2,000 Picked Egyptian Troops;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. of Honeydew Tobacco; 50 A1 Donkeys; 5 Suits of Twilled Cotton Pyjamas; 2 Batteries of Artillery; 3 large Bottles of Hair Restorer; 1 gross Egyptian Officers (assorted ranks); 2 strings of capital Onions; 500 Fat Oxen; 1 box Articulated Bunion Plasters; 5 Tons of Bananas; 2 Pairs Carpet Slippers; 1,000 quarters of Maize; and one first-class Liver-pad (equal to new).



EMIN AT STANLEY'S CAMP.



EMIN RE-RESCUED.

It was awfully tempting, I admit, and for a moment I wavered, but just in time I thought of the disinterested "Emin Relief Committee" sitting in London, and of what their feelings would be if, after spending £30,000 or so that I might rescue the Pasha, I allowed him to rescue me; and this made me firm again. So I said, "Emin Pasha, there is no time for trifling! My mind is made up. Until you consent to be rescued by me, you will remain a close prisoner."

Seeing the look of inexpressible anguish which came into the Doctor's eyes as I said this, I resolved, if possible, to gild the pill I was forcing him to swallow. So I went on:

"It is true, Pasha, that I must insist on rescuing you; but, that once done, I shall be able to prove my gratitude in several ways. For example," I said, "if you really like this African life, I'll tell you what I'll do, old fellow: I'll make you King of the Congo, with a salary, say, of a thousand pounds a week."

Emin only shook his head.

"Well, if that doesn't suit," I added, "what do you say to my creating you Emperor of the Equator, with a Civil List of a million per annum?"

Strange to say, the Doctor didn't jump at this munificent offer of mine either.

"Confound it all, Pasha!" I exclaimed, "will nothing satisfy you? Look here, then, Suppose I promise to go 'grand slam,' and make you Kaiser of all Africa? That will about clinch the business, I guess?"

But—will you believe it?—that sceptical Doctor, instead of overwhelming me with ecstatic thanks, said, in his dry way:

"Thanks very much, Mr. Stanley, but I hardly see what authority you have to make me Emperor of anything."

And I had made the offer out of pure good-will to the Pasha, too! Clearly it was no use talking to such a man, so, with a nod to Jephson, I said:

"Take him away, and see you guard him closely."

"One word more," cried the Doctor, despairingly, as he was being led from my tent. "I know that I am in your power, Mr. Stanley; but surely you will not refuse to give me one chance for my life?"

"What do you mean, ingrate?" I hissed.

"Why, be a sportsman, do!" returned the Doctor, "and let us toss up to settle our little difference. Sudden death!" he added, excitedly drawing a coin from his pocket. "Heads, I rescue you; tails, you rescue me. Now, you cry!" and with the same he tossed up the coin in the air.

Acting on the impulse of the moment, and with my thoughts far away in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, London, S.W., I shouted, "Woman!"

"It's a man!" yelled Emin, hysterically, "I'm saved!"

"Bah!" I said, severely. "This is no time for trifling, I repeat. Jephson, remove your prisoner!"

#### CHAPTER IX.—TROUBLE WITH EMIN.

For three mortal months—the endless procession of burden-bearing niggers toiling up the steep side of the plateau with the assorted rubbish I detailed in my last chapter went on.

Day after day steamers and canoes laden down to their gunwales with corpulent Egyptian beys and obese effendis, each accompanied by a large assortment of bolster-like wives and other equally cumbersome belongings, continued to arrive, until the piled-up baggage began to form an imposing-looking barricade all round my modest little camp on the plateau.



EFFENDI'S WIVES.

Emin, meanwhile, serenely happy, passed his days in chasing (of course under strict escort) the wily Leviathan Moth (*Bche-Moth Jobiensis*) or in stalking the truculent crowing cockroach in its lair, and I noticed that as the piles of lumber rose higher and higher every day, the little Doctor's eyes twinkled more and more merrily through his spectacles.

At length, by the time that some five thousand people, and, say, fifteen thousand tons of baggage, had accumulated round our camp, I could stand it no longer; so I sent for the Pasha and his staunch friend, Captain Casati.

"Look here, Doctor," I said, sharply, when they had been brought to my tent, "I just want to know when this tomfoolery is going to stop?"

"Tomfoolery!" echoed Emin. "Oh, excellent Herr Stanley, you really should not speak in that way of your philanthropic efforts on our behalf. Should he, Casati?" he asked, turning to the captain.

"Certainly notto," said the latter, curtly. "It is no bono to parlate so."

"Shut up, both of you!" I exclaimed, somewhat rudely, I fear. "You know very well what I allude to as Tomfoolery is the way that fresh instalments of your precious people and their rubbishy litter of luggage keep on arriving. I didn't come here to rescue all Eastern Africa, you know."

Instead of answering me, Emin looked at Casati and shrugged his shoulders, as though to say: "There, you hear that? Isn't it inexpressibly sad?"

This made me wilder than ever. "No," I went on, "and I'm not a blooming traveling Pantechnicon, either."

Emin put up his hands and wagged them deprecatingly. "Oh, Casati, mein freund," he said, "isn't it distressing to hear the worthy Herr Stanley talk like this? And after he expressly engaged to rescue all my beloved people, too!"

"Si, si, Signor Doctoré," returned the captain, somewhat inconsequently.

I was about to use what the enterprising Yankee calls "cuss words," when Jephson rushed into the tent and shouted, "I wish you'd come out, sir, at once. Those confounded Egyptians, it strikes me, are mutinying again!"

Mounteney's belief was only too well justified. On getting to the outskirts of the camp, I found that Emin's Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers had utilized their stores of luggage as a *lager* or *zercha*, which they were lining, rifles in hand.

After a short interval, Jephson came running back, shouting, "Emin must have bolted again, sir, in the confusion! I can't find him anywhere!"

"Confound the man!" I exclaimed. "He's as difficult to rescue as a pig with a greased tail!"

Fortunately for me, however, I am an Explorer who can act in an emergency, and in a moment I had made up my mind what to do. So, calling on Stairs to undertake the defence of our camp, I rushed to the shore of the lake.

At first I could see nothing of the wily butterfly-snarer whom I sought, but at length, behind a rocky headland jutting out into the lake, I noticed a steam-launch, closely hugging the shore, and on board that launch an odd-looking figure which for a while seemed scarcely human.

But on looking intently through my field-glasses, I discovered that the figure in question was that of a man standing on his

head and briskly clapping the soles of his feet together in an evident ecstasy of delight.

"Surely," thought I to myself, "I know those ample pyjamas and those demonstrative boot-soles."

I was right. I did know them but too well, for they belonged to the absconded Governor, Emin Pasha.

"Emin Pasha! Ahoy!" I shouted.

I shall not soon forget the alacrity with which, at the sound of my voice, the Doctor, assuming his normal position, endeavored to hide himself abaft the funnel, whilst at the same time I could hear him shouting to the engineer to "Go on ahead faster!"

"It's no use, Pasha," I shouted. "You'd better come back with me quietly."

"But I'm only just going back to see after my ivory," returned the mendacious entomologist, cheerily. "I *must* pack up the tusks myself, you know."

"Go along with you, you prevaricating old beetle-hunter you!" I answered. "I know those tusks—they come from Sheffield!"

Still, I believe in building a golden bridge for an enemy; so I went on: "But I've news for you which will, I am sure, make you willing to be rescued right away. You refused to be made Emperor of all Africa the other day, it is true, but I've a better offer than that for you now. If you will only come back to England with me quietly, I can guarantee you an engagement at the Empire Theatre, to appear as the hero of a Butterfly Ballet, at one hundred pounds a week and a benefit at the end of the season."

"Can you, really?" shouted Emin.

"Honor bright, I can," said I.

"Then, I come!" cried Emin.

(To be Continued.)

#### PROVERBS RE-MODELLED.

(BY OUR ANTIQUARIAN—AFTER MANY YEARS RESEARCH.)

"BAD company spoils good manners."—Good manners, however, do not spoil bad company.

"Money makes the mare to go."—True—and the want of it frequently causes the *père* to "skip."

"One swallow does not make a summer."—Sometimes, though, it causes a severe attack of indigestion.

"One must strike the iron while it is hot."—Be careful, however, that the iron is not *too* hot when it strikes your best evening shirt front.

"He that touches pitch will defile himself."—This does not apply to the eighth pitch in your pet song.

"Go with the stream."—Certainly, don't let it go with *you*, especially if you can't swim. It's a bad thing, too, to go with the *extreme*!

"The receiver is as bad as the thief."—Still the *card*-receiver is not, of necessity, a gambler.

"You must grease the lawyer's fist if you would carry your cause through."—But too much grease, O client, might tend to a total *slipping away* of your cause!

"Hunger is the best sauce."—This is an obvious fallacy, as a desperately hungry man seldom feels *saucy*.

"A stitch in time saves nine."—A stitch in the *side*, however, is often followed by more stitches.

"Tell me what company you keep and I will tell you who you are."—Stay, my long-winded friend, wouldn't it be far more breath-saving to tell you my *name* at once—and let the "company" slide?

"Thoughts are free."—Then find me the crazy loon who said "A penny for your thoughts"—and I'll tell him he's a reckless spendthrift.

"Well begun is half done."—To the man who is avoiding his creditors this proverb is a boon, as one can readily imagine how welcome would be the sight of a half "dun" to one accustomed to the species "in toto."



**A DAUGHTER OF THE DEMOCRACY.**

AUGUST DE CAYD, 'tis well we meet!  
Here kneel I humbly at thy feet;  
For I have crossed the raging sea  
And spent a pile in search of thee.

Behold, kind sir, a suffering maid!  
You bear the time-worn name De Cayd;  
Ah! Baron, know my sorrow's pith—  
I bear the odious name of Smith.

In coat of arms to court you prance,  
And there do business with your lance;  
While pa in clothing factory made  
Is wrestling on the board of trade.

You spend your *otium cum dig*;  
While papa packs the gentle pig.  
Behold me, then, my knees upon!  
Observe, consider and catch on.

What tho' my folks plebeian be?  
What tho' my poor ancestral tree  
Be lowly as a hill of beans?  
My heart is thine, and pa has means.

Come, Baron, then, 'tis time to go,  
Just draw on pa for what you owe;  
Pause not for parents to approve;  
Fly forth, forthwith, with me your love.

—Texas Siftings.

**THE JOKERS' CLUB.**

"AGAIN we meet—" said the President.  
"And drink," interrupted Borax.  
"Ah, yes, certainly—at your expense this time.  
Summon the menial, if you please."  
"But hold up," protested the unlucky Borax, "there's  
no fine on my observation. It was a joke—meat and  
drink, you know."  
"That don't go," ruled the President. You said  
nothing about meat, you simply remarked 'and drink,'  
which is not *per se* humorous in any sense. You are  
stuck, Bro. Borax, so whack up like a little man, and  
let's get down to business. The subject for the next  
half-hour's agony mitigated by beverages will be the Czar  
of Russia. Are you all ready? One, two, three—go!"  
And then there was an interval of silence so intense  
that you could almost hear the first faint stirrings of Mayor  
Clarke's fourth-term boom. Then McGuffy languidly  
stroked his preternaturally black moustache and observed  
quietly: "The Czar is not a subject."

"Good, but not strictly original, I fear. Next!"  
'Methinks," said Binkerton, "that the Czar does well  
to discourage insubordination and insolence in his country.  
He has reason to fear a *sassy-nation*." (Applause.)  
"Yes," said Snorkey, "perchance he has been mis-  
judged. We should remember the lines of the poet,

' Though he may gang a Kennan wrang,  
To step aside is human.'

"Yes, and very easy, too, in a country abounding in  
steppes," replied Borax.

"And so he goes on Russian to destruction," remarked  
Pillsbury.

And then the conversation languished again. People  
can't keep his sort of thing up all the time. The silence was  
only broken by the entrance of the waiter, who inquired:  
"Did you ring, gents?" McGuffy rashly replied "No,"  
and was at once adjudged to pay the usual forfeit. As  
he put down his quickly-emptied glass to pay the waiter  
he sighed heavily.

"Which reminds me," said Samjones, "of the place to  
which the Czar sends his victims—Sigh-beerier." (Roars  
of laughter.)

"And they say," said Popenjoy, "that he feels safer  
among the Finnish people than in any other part of the  
Empire. It might be supposed that he would be afraid  
of being Finnished."

"In which case," said Samjones, "his end would  
recall that of Julius Cæsar—another Roman-off, you  
know."

"Ah, he Muscovite the lot of the humblest of his  
subjects," retorted Binkerton.

"Rather far fetched, that," said the President. "'Tis  
perilously near the line which separates jocularly from  
asininity. Are you all through? Then we will vote the  
subject and probably the club also exhausted, and pass  
to the consideration of the programme for our next  
seance."

**CONSOLATION.**

(For Real Estate Boomers.)

I hold it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have boomed and bust  
Than never to have boomed at all.



**AT THE ISLAND BATHS.**

"Oh, Mr. Small, how glad I am to see you! I'm a little  
timid and like to have some one to hold onto in the surf."



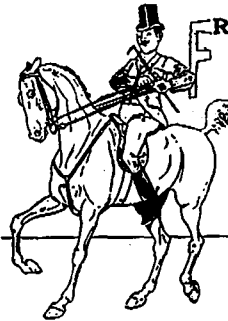
### THE CATS-PAW OF ROME.

"All we want is to live quietly here where our forefathers lived. And we ask you to protect us; and we ask that if the Seminary or the Council of Oka or anybody else tries to tear down our houses or put us off our land, that you would protect us just as you would protect people who are white, and people who are Roman Catholics."—*Reply of the Oka Indians to the Dominion Government.*

### AN INDIAN JOKE.

**WHITE TRAPPER** (*surrounded by hostile Indians, defiantly*)—"Come one, come all!"

**INDIAN HUMORIST** (*retiring to the rear*)—"Go-one-go-Mohawk."



### FROM THE NIAGARA FARMER.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I didn't turn out in very great numbers to hear Wiman, Longley and Smith at Chawtawqua the other day, bein a sight too busy with my harvest operations, and besides as I had read in the *Empire* the sort of chaps they were, and how they wanted to annex us to the United States. I don't know as I would of gone even if I hadn't been so crowded with work. But my naber,

John Fairley—a decent good chap is John, and has a fine head on his shoulders, though he is only a farmer like myself—he was there and heerd all the speeches and what is more remembered em. John is as good as a

daily paper for reportin things, and he has been tellin me what they had to say that day. He says Longley is a daisy of a speaker, and one of the comin men of Canada, and I judge he is. John told me how Longley made short work of the sneakin liars who call him an annexationist, and proved he wasn't and never had been in favor of any such thing. But I spose this won't make no difference, they'll go on lyin as before. They are paid to do it is my opinion. The facts and figures Wiman give that day, and which was backed up by the speeches of Longley and Professor Smith was simply paralizin. John told me the hull story, and now I want to know why us farmers don't rise up and get our rights? This Kinley Bill is goin to smash us flat as a fish, and no mistake, so John A. will have to hustle and get us free trade with the States, which we can get easy enough if we go about it right. I always voted for Sir John, and I believe he'll do it. He aint a fool to stand by and see the farmers ruined, cause that means good-by to the Conservative party. But if he don't stir his stumps' pretty soon I'm done with him. I've worked for the party long enough, and now I think I'll do a little turn for myself and my good wife and the girls and boys up to our house.

Yours, MR. GRIP,

WM. WIFFLETREE.





WILL THE SHOES FIT?

"An early dissolution of the Dominion Parliament is looked for by the *Toronto Mail*, and the Conservatives will, it seems to think, be under the leadership during the fight of Sir John Thompson."—*Montreal Witness*.



### LIGHT BREAKING IN THE FAR WEST.

PREMIER ROBSON, OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, IS AFTER LANLORDISM WITH A SHARP STICK.  
(See Editorial Page.)

### A BREEZE AMONG THE BRETHREN.

THERE was quite a little breeze in L.O.L. 4608½ the other evening. The lodge room being somewhat close, one of the windows opening on a back alley was raised, and a passer-by overheard the following fragmentary discussion:

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BOSS—"As I was saying, brethren, we have a big fight forinst us. We have to oppose the insidious machinations of Rome at ivery point. Whiniver there is an attempt med be the hierarchy and its degraded and besotted maynials to crush out free liberty and deprive the people of their rights, all thrue Orangemin will throw their infleunce into the scale agen ecclesiastical ty-ranny, and spake out wid no uncertain sound. (Applause). Our sympathies, and as far as we can afford it our assistance, should be freely given to thim brave and noble min that is standing up for their liberties as min and citizens, annywhere in the wurruld agin the Pope and his minions." (Applause).

A BROTHER—"It's proud I am to say 'amin' to thim noble sentiments of our Right Worshipful Boss. They do aquil honor to his head and heart. Like himself an' most av the brethren here I'm an Irishman, and its proud

I am of it (applause), and whin he spoke about standing by thim that was fightin' for free liberty, I couldn't hel' thinkin' av our oppressed countrymen at home—crushed by the tyrannical yoke of Rome. (Applause). It's Romish bigotry and shuperstition that's the cause av all the throuble. Ye might see be the papers lately that Dr. O'Dwyer, the Papist bishop of Limerick (groans), has been denouncin' John Dillon and William O'Brien (louder groans) and trying to dictate to thim in politics. Sure it's glad I am to see that the people won't stand such arbitrary interference of the hierarchy. The day for that kind of thing is passed, brethren. An' jist to show where we stand, I beg to move the following resolution:

"Resolved that L.O.L. 4608½ hereby condemns the insolent attempt of Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, to interfere in sccular matters, and expresses its strong sympathy wid John Dillon, William O'Brien and other members of the Irish National Léague in their manly resistance to—"

\* \* \* \* \*

"B-r-r-r-r!" "Thraitor!" "Liar!" "Put him out!" "Hit him wid a brick!" \* \* \* ———!!



POST OFFICE ACCOMMODATION.

CUSTOMER (*who has just purchased a stamp*)—"Would you please lick it for me, I'm so dry; I haven't had a glass of beer to-day!"

Just as the discussion began to get interesting the tyler came along and closed the window so that the subsequent proceedings were irrevocably lost. As no such resolution has appeared in the papers it was probably voted down. Incidentally it may be mentioned that a furniture man in the neighborhood has been kept busy executing repairs on a lot of damaged lodge furniture, which may or may not have some connection with the issue of the debate.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL.

DAVID BOYLE, PH.B (*on an Indian relic-hunting expedition*)—"I'll bet there's an Indian buried right here. See, there's a slight raise in the ground—a kind of half-mound."

ASSISTANT—"Yes, I notice a semi-knoll, as it were. It probably marks the last resting place of a Seminole Indian. Wonder how he got so far North."

THE DRINKER'S DILEMMA.

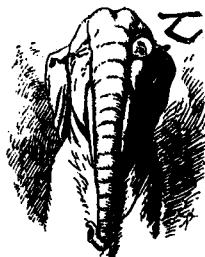
O H, dear, I am so thirsty,  
 I must, I fear, refresh  
 By drinking something right away,  
 For feeble is the flesh.  
 I haven't had a drink to-day,  
 I hate my health to mar,  
 By quaffing sewage from the bay,  
 Or poison from the bar.  
 I hate the taste of liquor,  
 And then from all I hear,  
 They shamefully adulterate  
 The whiskey and the beer.  
 I'd like a glass of water,  
 But all the doctors' say  
 'Tis polluted with the sewage  
 That they drain into the bay.  
 I'm temperance on principle,  
 Because I really think  
 That untold crime and misery,  
 Are often caused by drink,  
 But typhoid kills much quicker,  
 And I won't drink slush that squirms  
 With myriad animalculæ,  
 And noxious fever germs.  
 How long will such dilemma  
 The citizens perplex?  
 Municipal incompetence  
 Methinks a saint might vex.  
 No wonder that disease and crime  
 Too foully rampant are,  
 Betwixt the sewage from the bay,  
 And the poison from the bar.

ONLY A SOUVENIR.

DETECTIVE—"Ah, Bill, old man, I've fairly nabbed you at last, ye're wanted for that little job at old Boodlefaker's place. Oh, yer needn't try to play innocent—that don't go. Ah, I thought so, this silver spoon is part of the swag you got away with."

W. SYKES—"That silver spoon, eh? Oh, yes, I aint agoin' to say I didn't take it, but I only wanted it as a kind of souvenir, ye know, just to remember old Boodlefaker by. Things in this country is goin' to blazes if a feller can't pick up a souvenir without being collared for it."

THE POLICE ORCHESTRA.



HE police have a band  
 And their music is grand,  
 Their talents can no man dispute;  
 They recall the old days  
 Of the troubadour's lays  
 As he merrily struck his gay lute.

But when ructions break out  
 And the peeler's about  
 Without drumstick or fiddle or flute,  
 He can still with his club  
 Play a smart rub-a-dub  
 As he merrily strikes a galoot!

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

LEIGHTON—"Bigmouth is very popular about town, notwithstanding that he is always making unpleasant remarks."

GRIM—"Yes, the fellow never opens his mouth but he puts his foot in it."

DIGBY—"Perhaps that's why he has such a large standing in the community."

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

"Yes, I am losing some of my flesh, I am glad to say. My doctor advised me to get a bicycle and ride it."

"And it had the desired effect?"

"Oh, yes; I've been falling off ever since."

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

DIGBY—"I hear that the girl you were engaged to last summer is to be married to Mr. Spellman. I suppose condolences are in order?"

HARDEN—"Yes, indeed they are. Spellman is a very dear friend of mine and I feel quite cut up about it."

#### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'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.

Most sportsmen lie in weight for their game after they come back to town as well as while they are hunting.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

"Is he one of your scholars?"

"Not by a jug full. He is one of my pupils. He'll never be a scholar."

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

GREGOR MACALPINE—"Did you'll be hear our Tugalt will get a pursery?"

THE REV. MR. MACRORIE—"Then he'll be going to Saint Mungo's or Gilmorehill?"

G. MACA.—"No, whatever; the ship's name Tugalt's gone to be purser is Flory the Jess off Dumblanes."

WANTED! Boys to sell GRIP Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

RUFIN RATZ—"Yes; the bold thing actually stared at me."

EDITH—"It is queer, but some people will stare at almost anything."

THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE *Queen's* last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portière Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

OLD GENTLEMAN—"That young man stayed pretty late last night, Louise."

LOUISE—"He didn't intend to, pa."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"Didn't intend to?"

LOUISE—"No; he would have gone earlier, but he said that by waiting a little longer he could get a ride home with a milkman and save himself a long walk."

To make home attractive patronize the Golden Easel Fine Art Store, 316 Yonge Street. Novelties in picture frames. Choice studies to rent. Artists' materials, etc., etc.

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

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BLOOD  
BITTERS**

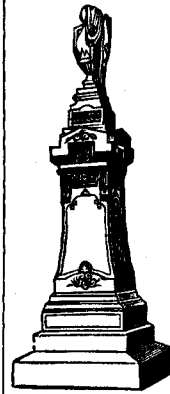
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Biliousness,  
Kidney Complaint,  
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Tranole Armand, 407 Yonge Street, 407 Toronto, Ont.

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## IMPOSSIBLE.

CONTENTED MAN—"How fortunate we are in the weather! and what a nice damp place we have secured! It would have been quite provoking to have brought our umbrellas and then to have had no rain. Glass of wine, Briggs, eh?"

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WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.

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Send for Calendar.

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**GRATIFYING—VERY.**

WOMAN—"Well, and how do you like the soup?"  
TRAMP—"Well, ma'am, I wish you had washed a few more dishes in it."



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Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Awerec, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto  
**ARTHUR S. HARDY,  
Commissioner.**

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.  
*No unauthorized Advertisement of the above will be paid for.*



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