

* GRIP *

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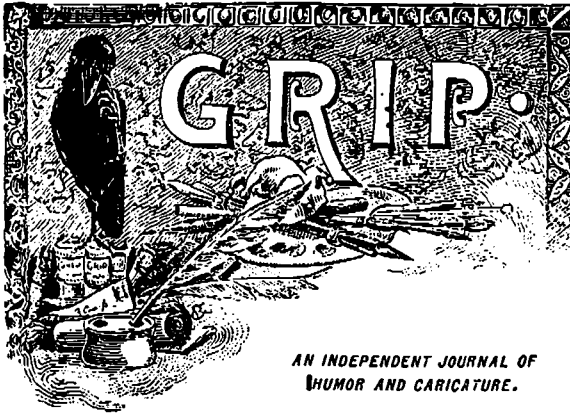
No. 15
Whole No. 879.



"HELPING" THE FARMER.

CANADIAN FARMER—"Here, mister, give us a hand out of this bog!"

FINANCE MINISTER FOSTER—"Certainly, my dear sir; here you are! Just clutch this!"



AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

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President	J. V. WRIGHT.
Manager	T. G. WILSON.
Artist and Editor	J. W. BENGOUGH.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.



ELSEWHERE in this number will be found a printed ballot. It will appear in the seven issues following, that is, up to May 31st. During these eight weeks we hope to have a lively voting competition on the question:

"Is the Mowat Government worthy of a Renewal of Public Confidence?"

The ballots are to be cut out and forwarded to the personal care of Mr. J. W. Bengough, who will keep them safely until the fourth day of June, when they will be delivered to a committee representing both political parties to be officially counted, the result to be published in the number of GRIP for June 7th.

Ballots may be sent in open envelopes under 1 cent postage.

\$50 IN CASH

will be awarded to the person who most nearly guesses the total number of ballots that will be sent in before June 4th.

Comments on the Cartoons.



GETTING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE BOSS.—The advantages to Canada of Reciprocity with the United States are, no doubt, as clear to Sir John Macdonald as they are to Sir Richard Cartwright, and the Tory party in general is as much convinced of the desirability of Continental Free Trade as the Grit party can be. Quotations could be made *ad lib.* from old speeches of the Conservative leader in which the benefits of the former Treaty are commented upon in glowing periods, and none of the natural conditions have in the meantime altered. What has changed is, not the needs and desires of the people of Canada, but the policy of the Conservative party. Sir John has convinced himself that it is "better politics"—that is more certain assurance of office—to play into the hands of monopolists than to devote himself to the well-understood

interests of the people generally. The people, as a whole, are a mass of stupidity that can be worked into any shape like a lump

of dough. Enough of them can be relied upon to vote for the Old Man anyhow, so what is the use of going out of the way to do them a favor? The monopolists are a spry lot of fellows, with their eyes wide open to their own interests, and liable to make trouble if not carefully looked after. Accordingly they have, in the language of Tammany, the "pull" on the Government. They don't want Reciprocity; they naturally prefer the lovely arrangement under which the Canadian market is reserved for their own exclusive benefit. Hence the Government doesn't take any notice of the offer already made and likely to be repeated by Congress. The Boss has indicated his will, and that settles it.

"HELPING" THE FARMER. The Canadian farmer, standing in the slough of despond, loaded down with debt and taxes, listens to the mellifluous warblings of Mr. Finance Minister Foster about the prosperity of the country, and awaits in some anxiety the practical help which the tariff changes will bring him. The help is forthcoming, of course. It is not in the vulgar shape of a wider market or a diminution of the cost of living; no, it is unique. It is the imposition of more taxation. The farmer will, perhaps, not appreciate this, but that is because he is not a philosopher or a logician. To others it must be perfectly clear that if taxation has made the country prosperous (and the Toronto *World* is prepared to prove this any time) then more taxation must make it *more* prosperous. The whole Protective philosophy is as clear as mud.



N English Viscount has been scandalizing the aristocracy by grinding an organ in the public streets of London "accompanying" his wife, who went around with the hat. Every effort has been made to get the erratic nobleman to desist, but in vain. One

gentleman offered to get him a clerkship on the Stock Exchange, but "the offer was loudly declined in the presence of five hundred people." His Lordship is anxious, no doubt, to prove that the aristocracy are good for something, and that at least some of them are particular as to the sort of business they engage in.

IF Humanity in general has felt a pleasurable uprising of hope and joy within the last few days—an indescribable exaltation of spirits which has given a new impulse to life—let it not be attributed to the coming of Spring. We can account for it precisely. It is the immediate and direct result of a *toast* offered by M. Simon at the Labor Conference Banquet at Berlin, and drunk with honors by the distinguished company assembled. The health of M. Simon having been proposed, that eminent Frenchman "thanked the people of Berlin for his cordial reception to their city, and offered a toast to *Suffering Humanity*." That's why Suffering Humanity has been feeling so good lately.

THE Dominion Parliament, the Local Legislature and the City Council have been or are being petitioned in favor of the establishment of Public Weighing Scales in connection with all public markets throughout the Province. We may surely look with confidence to the prayer of these petitions being granted, as nothing more

reasonable could be asked. The present system, under which, in most places, the purchaser of farm produce does the weighing on his own scales, or through his own hired servants, gives him an advantage over the seller which we may well believe in many cases he makes the most of. As a journal specially devoted to Square Dealing between Man and Man, GRIP gives the movement his heartiest support.



BAY LEAVES" is the title under which Prof. Goldwin Smith modestly sends out for private distribution only, a very daintily printed volume of translations from the Latin poets. It has been owing to the urgency of friends that even this modified publicity has been given to the offspring of the Grange muse, and the author asks

lenient judgment on that account. We are pleased at the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the learned Professor in the new capacity of Poet, and a casual reading of some of the poems, chosen at random, convinces us that the pen which has such a mastery of English prose is equally at home in the poetic department. A careful reading will no doubt justify our suspicion that the little volume is full of gems. "Bay Leaves"! Ah! now we understand why the Professor has of late left the seclusion of his evening fireside to raise his voice in demanding "free and safe access to the Bay!"

GEN. MIDDLETON made a slight mistake in supposing—as he admitted to the Committee at Ottawa—that he was the High Supreme Boss of Creation during the North-West Rebellion, and that he "could do pretty much as he pleased, so long as he kept within reason" up in that country. In confiscating the furs belonging to the half-breed Bremner, and appropriating them to his own and his officers' use, he was acting on this mistaken notion, and now he is astonished to find himself convicted of "looting." But the most astonishing thing about this affair is the conclusion of the Committee as reported in the papers of April 2nd. "The evidence as to the taking of the furs is complete enough," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, and his fellow-committee-men assented. Then the conclusion was reached—mark it—that a report be made recommending the Government to pay to Bremner the sum of \$4,500 to cover his loss!

WHY should the Dominion Treasury be called upon for any part of this payment? Let the looters pay for their own looting. Gen. Middleton gets \$6,000 a year for "commanding the Canadian army," and for his brilliant services in the North-West on the occasion alluded to he got a special grant of \$20,000, besides a knighthood. He can well afford to pay for his own blunders, and ought to be made to. In the name of the already overburdened taxpayers of Canada we protest against the payment of one cent of it by the Government.

LITERARY COPYRIGHT in Canada is applied for to the Department of Agriculture. Doubtless books are regarded by the Governmental mind as a species of ensilage—pressed green stuff, as it were.

THE Emperor William is full of surprises,
To-day it is Labor Reform,
To-morrow is Ministerial crises,
And Bismarck goes down in the storm.



A PROPOSED COMBINE.

GAMIN—"Say, Granny, is them wot they makes apple-sass out of?"
GRANNY—"Yes, sonny."
GAMIN—"Then s'pose we go inter partnership. You furnish the apples an' I'll furnish the sass!"

A PHANATIC'S PHEIGHT.

THERE was a young person named Cholmondley
Who used to behave very rolomondley,
For though dull as a heau
He would say: "I'm not sleau,
And I fancy I am rather colomondley."

He adored a fair maiden of Leicester
With a voice like a howling sou'-weicester,
Said he: "Will you be mign?"
Said she: "Thanks, I declign,
And I will though till doomsday you peicester."

"To his grave a true man she condhames!"
He exclaimed, his tears glittered like ghames.
He cried: "Life is a bour,
I can stand it no mour,"
And threw himself into the Thames.

JONES.

"THUS BAD BEGINS—"



"WELL, begobs, av you aren't the worrst luckin' shpicimin av a —"

BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND!"



"Howly Moses, howld on! O'ill take that all back—luck at this!!"

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

GRIP'S EVENINGS AT THE CITY HALL.

No. II.



HE first thing that attracted the attention of MR. GRIP, as he leisurely sauntered into the Council Chamber on the evening of the 24th ult., was the beaming countenance of Ald. Earnest Albert Macdonald, flushed with his recent victory at the East York Convention, as he received the congratulations of his fellow

aldermen.

"Well, well," said Ald. Hallam. "It's the first time I knew you were a Tory."

"What d'ye mean?" replied the man from Chester, as he winked with his left eye. "Of course I'm a Tory, like my father before me. I'm the stiffest kind of a Protectionist, and I think I proved it pretty well too."

"How so?" enquired Ald. Dodds.

"Why, by my strenuous opposition to the introduction of Birmingham machinery."

And a deep and solemn hush fell over the assemblage, so intense that you could almost hear the growth of the interest on the city debt, which was only broken by the calling of the roll. Ald. E. A. hopes soon to appear in a new role. In the absence of Mayor Clarke, owing to sickness, the venerable Ald. Boustead occupied the chair.

"The first item on the programme," said His Worship *pro tem.*, "will be a song and dance by the talented lightning change artist, Ald. E. A. Macdonald."

Ald. Macdonald—

I rise here to-night
With especial delight,
As I think it my duty to mention,
That in spite of the tricks
Which prevail in politics
I have captured the East York Convention;
We routed them clean,
We've bust the machine.
With the old party heelers to back it;
Like the Emperor of Bra-zil,
They got the razzle-dazzle,
For the gang have all tumbled to the racket!



I mean to go to Ottawa,
No matter if there's hotter war
Than yet we have waged on these
minions,
I'll play out the game,
I think I've a claim
For my well-known Conservative
opinions. (Laughter)
Oh, yes! you can laugh!
I don't mind your chaff,
To retire I've no sort of intention;
Let those laugh who win,
I shall surely get in,
Since I have the support of the
Convention.

Council went into Committee of the Whole on the University Aid report. Much figurative language and considerable difference of opinion as to whether it would cheaper to vote \$200,000 on condition of being relieved of the \$6,000 annual payment, of \$50,000 without conditions.

Ald. Graham proposed to submit the two schemes to popular vote.

ALD. MACDOUGALL—"We all hope, Mr. Chairman, to see the University rise from its ashes—"

ALD. LINDSAY—"I rise to a point of order."

THE CHAIRMAN—"State it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"Rise phoenix-like from its ashes" is the time-honored and classical expression. I'm surprised at Ald. Macdougall."

ALD. MACDOUGALL—"I accept the correction. Rise phoenix-like from its ashes, a thing of beauty and a joy forever." (Applause.)

ALD. HALLAM—"Redeemed, regenerated and enthralled."

ALD. SWAIT—"I have my doubts about the phoenix. The fees are too high. I would like to see the fee-nix."

CHAIRMAN—"Joke?"

ALD. SWAIT—"Well, yes."

ALD. FRANKLAND—"Now, here, let me settle this matter in accordance with my experience in the cattle business and common sense. If you submit both these schemes, between two stools you'll come to the ground with a dull sickening thud. I go for \$50,000."

But the Committee decided to ask the public for a vote of \$200,000.

Council in Committee on the Don Agreement between the C.P.R. and the city.



Ald. Macdonald—

This is a question I must speak upon;
My mansion overlooks the classic Don,
And in that sweetest of suburban spots
I own some very valuable lots,
And as the price is certain to advance
Investors now have got a splendid
chance;

When to my property I thus allude,
I have no motive but the public good,
As to this matter of the railroad track,
I move, sir, that we do refer it back. §

Ald. Dodds—

Why so? to please a Don Quixotic
crew
Of chronic kickers? No, let's rush her
through.

Ald. Shaw—

Of course! Why should we longer now delay?
The citizens? Why, what have they to say?
The man who would consult them is a fool—
It is the railroads, not the people, rule.

Ald. Vokes—

Yet fifty years does seem a term too long,
To let the railroads have it for a song.

Ald. Dodds—

A song? Ah, yes, now Brother Shaw advance,
And you and I will give a song and dance,
By way of clearing up the point before us
Now all you fellows come in on the chorus.

RAILROAD LEGISLATION.

Air—"We are the Brave Gensd'armes."

We're the railroad delegation,
And we rush their business through,
All the railroad legislation
We in railroad fashion do;
We care naught for indignation,
We defy the public scorn.

Oh we rush it through,
We rush it through,
We rush it through,
We rush it through,

We're servants of Van Horne!

CHORUS—Oh, we rush it through, etc.



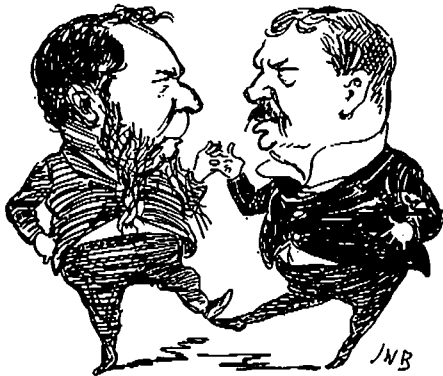
For mature consideration
 We'll not grant another day,
 For we serve a corporation
 That our votes can always
 sway,
 And they want this measure
 carried,
 So as sure as you are born,
 We will rush it through,
 We'll rush it through,
 We'll rush it through,
 We'll rush it through,
 We're servants of Van Horne!

CHORUS—Yes, we'll rush it through, etc.

Oh, the railroads are the masters,
 And the people must obey;
 It would but cause fresh disasters
 Did we sanction more delay;
 They would try expropriation,
 Which would leave us all forlorn,
 So we rush it through,
 We rush it through,
 We rush it through,
 We rush it through,
 We're servants of Van Horne!

CHORUS—Yes, we rush it through, etc.

And they did.



No. III.

"We meet again once more," remarked Ald. Boustead, on assuming the civic throne on the evening of the 31st ult., "to while away the hours with jest and song. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, may yield a tidy amount of money. I believe there has been a change in the *Globe* management. Touch not the cup which lures but to destroy. Philosophers differ as to the great question of cerebral sub-consciousness. But what matters it so long as Hope like a bright and ever roseate simulacrum beckons us on along life's arid pathway? Let us pause to reflect awhile over the fall of Bismarck, and take a tumble, as it were, to ourselves, for verily human greatness is evanescent."



"Really, your worship," remonstrated Ald. Macdougall, "this is highly irrelevant."

"Well, what of that?" responded Ald. Boustead. "That is really a most extraordinary objection to offer. If all irrelevant talk around this board was suppressed, we shouldn't sit more than about half-

an-hour. However, don't apologize."

"Wasn't going to," replied Ald. Macdougall.

"I see present a deputation from the Citizens' Association," resumed his temporary worship. "I hope their views will have due weight."

Echo answered "wait." And they had to.

Ald. E. A. Macdonald—
 I think it is a pity
 That the Street Railway Committee
 Doesn't fairly do its duty in the in-
 terest of the city.
 I'm sure it is desired
 That some members should be fired,
 Between you and me Gillespie is the man to be retired.

Ald. Hallam—
 I quite agree.

Ald. Macdonald—
 I'm very glad you do.

Ald. Hallam—
 And think we'd better drop Macdonald too.

Ald. Carlyle—
 And I beg leave to move to that effect.

Ald. Macdonald—
 Miscreants! Who could such villainy expect?
 What, leave me out, the father of the scheme!
 I'll not believe it; 'tis a hideous dream!
 Must I be sacrificed by such a trick
 Because Carlyle rushed in his motion quick?
 Say, is there reason, justice, sense or right
 In knifing me—the foremost in the fight?
 But I can frustrate your malign intention.

Ald. Carlyle—
 Can you? This isn't an East York Convention,

Ald. Shaw—
 Off with his head—he's caught in his own mesh
 Next time I guess he won't be quite so fresh!

Ald. Macdonald—
 Oh, pshaw! I would contemptuously reply,
 I'll have revenge or know the reason why!

The Chairman—
 Too long about this matter have we tarried,
 I must declare the resolution carried.

Ald. Macdonald (aside)—
 Now is the winter of our discontent,
 But mark me how my foes I'll circumvent.
 Ah, soon my vengeance will have due appearance.

(Aloud)—
 I charge one or more members with malfeasance.
 Well may you tremble—not an inch I'll budge.
 We'll try the case before the county judge.

Several Members— (General consternation.)
 What's that? malfeasance? And who, pray, are those
 Who have malfeased, malfeasen or malfose?

Ald. Macdonald—
 I name no names, for what would be the use?
 No, let the guilty stew in their own juice.
 Ha! Ha! This will their short-lived triumph dim,
 For every man of them believes it's him.
 Now why so much anxiety evince?
 If you're not guilty, let the galled jade wince!

Several Members (aside)—
 Malfeasance! ugly word! Who can it be?
 I can't believe that he's got onto me.
 And yet—oh, pshaw! he's got no proofs to back it!
 My tracks are covered, I can stand the racket!

The Chairman—
 Enough, enough! In fact, too much. Let's change the subject. Variety is the spice of life, and competition is the life of trade. Why do we linger, we are but strangers? Ald. Macdonald having been disposed of, we pass





HENRY GEORGE, ECONOMIC GARDENER.

by a natural transition, as it were, to the subject of barkers. Nay, Ernest Albert, shake not thy bristly locks at me, thou can'st not say I did it with my little hatchet. Perhaps I have got my quotations mixed, but what signifies it? On with the dance, let law be unconfined. Next thing is a recitation by Ald. Frankland, entitled

THE DOG BY-LAW.

Ald. Frankland—

When dogs go rabid they sometimes bite,
And a mad dog's bite is a dangerous thing.
I ask you, sir, do you deem it right
That a vagrant cur should such peril bring?
There is but one means of prevention known
In this age of science of which we brag,
And that is as soon as a dog is grown
To fasten around his neck a tag.

There are no-mad curs—pray remark the jest—
Which wander tagless around the street.
Such canine vagrants should be suppressed,
Or hydrophobia will be increased;
But dogs with tags on may flock around
And yelp and bark to their hearts' delight,
For in all experience 'twas never found
That a licensed canine was known to bite.

I could dog-matize on this hefty thee,
But I purp-ose to take up your time no more.
The by-law before us includes the scheme
Substantially just as it was before;
It embodies our wisdom the most profound,
And I'm sure on the subject you'll all agree,
That a tagless cur should be forthwith drowned,
And his bark go down on a waveless sea.

"Now, then," said Mr. D. E. Thomson, "surely they will give the deputation a hearing," But the hope was delusive. Vainly they lingered till the close of the evening, when the dropping out of members one by one left the

Council without a quorum. The deputation then withdrew to the following sad and touching refrain:

Waiting, sadly waiting,
As the hours go past,
Vainly, mournfully we hover,
Till the aimless talk is over,
We've no chance, alas, of stating
Our request, for they keep prating
Even to the last.

Waiting, sadly waiting,
While they spar and spat;
Call each other names abusive,
Chairman holding hopes delusive,
Still they keep each other slating
And for trifles agitating.
Darn 'em! Where's my hat?

A CANARD.

THE periodical literature in Canada is mainly American, the standard of Canadian literature is lower,"—*Goldwin Smith in N. Y.*

O Goldwin Smith, thou kind of myth,
Why dost thou haze our kin and kith
By letting such big bouncers slip?
Thou canst not sure have studied GRIP.

FRIEND—"Fine animal that. A little hard mouthed, I think."

SMIGGERS—"Unfeeling beast. Nobody can stop that horse but myself. 'He cares not for another's wo-o!'"

HAS Canada a Literature? We think so. Goldwin Smith thinks not. Perhaps he has not read Rykert's letters.

THE PIGEON BILL.

ADAM BROWN—"I expect, sir, that my little bill will be given justice."

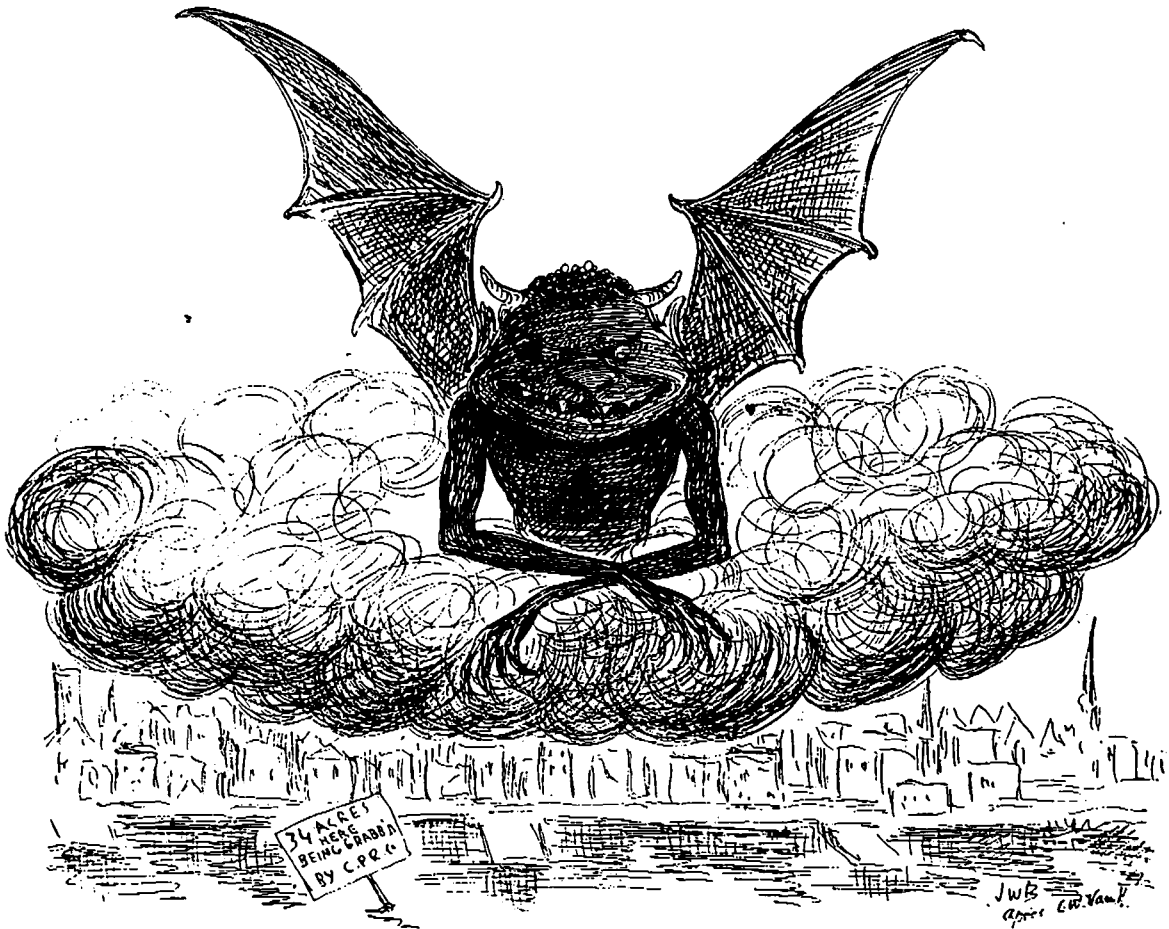
JOHN A.—"It shall, it shall. It shall be *pigeon-holed*."



AND SHE COULD HAVE SLAPPED HER.

MRS. SWAGGERLEIGH.—"What do you think my Hubby's bought me dear? A \$600 Mason & Risch Grand Piano.

HER DEAREST FRIEND.—"How nice! You'll have to take some lessons now, dear."



THE DEMON OF THE ESPLANADE.

(After a pen and ink sketch drawn by Mr. Van Horne during the late conference at the City Hall.)

CROAKS.

MANY five-cent cigars are really sick scenters.

THE bar-tender is not afraid of a vicious dog. He knows how to work the growler.

THE peel throws one down, the peeler takes one up.

THE prevalence of murder out West has caused it to be regarded as a matter of *course*.

THE Burr-dock should supplant the thistle as the national emblem of those Scots abroad who cease to speak the broad Scotch.

"ALL's well that ends swell," as the man said when he killed the dude.

THE race for wealth is no longer run in straight courses but in *rings*.

THE best material for "swell" jewellery is papier *maché*.

WHAT makes the spring poet *odcious* to editors?—His *laysiness*.

TOBOGANNING may be a very fine winter pastime, but it has its drawbacks.

WHEN a lady wears her new sealskin sacque she is very much wrapped up in it.

OLD AND NEW.

THE jester of ye olden days
 He wore a cap and bells,
 He played a thousand boisterous pranks
 And with his many quips and cranks
 Would peals of hearty laughter raise
 Among the lordly swells
 Who feasted in baronial halls
 And deemed his horseplay humor rare.
 The "motley fool" was always there.
 The liveliest reveller of all.

The jester of our modern days
 He wears a sombre mien,
 He seldom smiles and never laughs
 But tries to write smart paragraphs,
 Or seeks to turn a witty phrase
 From out his pun-machine.
 A downcast melancholy man,
 O'erburdened with his toilsome grind
 Of trying still new jokes to find
 Which through the papers never ran.

A RANK job—going to war.

WHAT has become of the P.E.I. Senator's great tunnel bore? Surely he cannot have taken the advice of the old Straits sea song—"Cease, rude Bore-us."



THEIR NOBLEST ASPIRATIONS.

ANNIE.—"My highest ambition is to be a great writer or singer; a second Patti or George Eliot—only better."

MAUD.—"Oh, mine is only to be a rich widow."

FASHIONABLE GOSSIP FROM THE CAPITAL.

BY OUR OWN SOCIETY SWELL

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Thursday last, about noon, while one of the most handsome and efficient *aides-de-camp* was making his breakfast toilet, he fractured an elegant and unique collar-button. The distressing accident completely prostrated the gallant officer, who has since been unable to leave his apartments.

COUNT OTTO VON BUMFOOZLEUMALL.—The presence of this distinguished foreigner has produced quite a flutter in the social circles in which he graciously condescends to move. The Count is a gentleman of commanding appearance; he speaks all known languages, except English and French, fluently; he is immensely rich to all appearances; he is lionized everywhere, and will likely be captured matrimonially in this town, if I am a judge. It is pretty generally understood that His Excellency left Germany to avoid appointment as Bismarck's successor—an appointment for which the people were wildly clamorous. The Count, however, modestly explains his object in coming to Canada is to learn farming. [Later.—Since the above was written I learn that Count Bumfoozleumall has gone East, accompanied by a couple of men wearing silver badges on the inside lapel of their coats. I have not been able to ascertain particulars in time for this letter.]

I GO A-FISHING.—The Governor-General is preparing for the forthcoming fishing excursion to the Eastern Provinces. Lord Stanley

is not content to take his fishing like an ordinary citizen, down on the wharf, with worms and a floating bob. He wants something richer—salmon rivers, artificial flies, boughten poles, landing nets, guides and a man to carry his fish-basket. He don't even have to cook his own fish. That's all right enough for those who like that style of fishing. But give me the old-time way and the fun, and Lord Stanley can stick to his modern methods and the style.

TOUGH ON THE TAILORS.—And now the fashions prescribe tailor-made clothes for ladies. I don't know what is going to become of Ottawa tailors. You can't sue ladies, either.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.—Outdoor costumes are to be "severely plain." The fashions are bound to harmonize with the devotees in some instances I could cite.

WISDOM BY EXPERIENCE.—As the Session approaches its close, boarding-house keepers assume charge of the bedroom key.

ABSENT-MINDED?—The enjoyable "At Home" given by Col.——to his gentlemen friends, Wednesday night, proved an unqualified success. But what was the matter with young Mr. De——, who was seen hurrying home at 3 a.m. with his coat on inside out, a tea-cosy on for a hat and carrying an overshoe under each arm? Was it only absent mindedness? Or do they really sometimes make the coffee too strong?

HOW TO STAY POOR.

SOME people never will be rich
Because they're always stewing
And fussing over something which
Some other fellow's doing.

—Somerville Journal.

And others never will be poor
Because while labor shirking
They tax the men who toil endure
For privilege of working.
And seeing no man ever yet
Grew wealthy by his labor,
Most of this "fussing" is to get
The bulge upon your neighbor.



A GOVERNMENT OF GENIUS.

Rough sketch of Design for a Cabinet (not of antiquities) by Mr. Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P.



GETTING INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE BOSS.

PROTECTED MONOPOLIST—" See here, this may suit the People's interests, but it doesn't suit MINE. You'll leave it alone. See? "

SIR JOHN—" As your contributions keep us in office, your will is our law."



IRRATIONAL ADDRESS.

"In a recent lecture on Rational Dress an account was given of the sad effect of tight-lacing upon a guinea pig."—*Daily News*

PROFESSOR MCPHAD:—"I have not experimented upon dumb animals, but Mr. Softleigh has kindly worn tight-laced stays for a considerable period to illustrate their dreadful effect."

CHORUS OF LADIES:—"Charming! Delightful!! Exquisite!!!"

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

(By Our Own Sweet Reporter.)

OTTAWA, April 10, '90.

RIDEAU HALL.

DEAREST GRIP,—I had been promising myself a visit to the gubernatorial residence for weeks before I was enabled to enjoy it—or, rather, I should say, make it, for positively I did not enjoy it a little bit. There was so much sadness connected with the experience. In the first place, the road was rough, the horse was snailly, and when we got out to the place an officious gate-keeper threatened to chase us away again, probably thinking we were collecting for some charity or canvassing for corset orders. But when he found out Norah was Irish he became another man, and actually unbossed himself to us.

"Faith, ma'am," he said to me, "they'll soon be at it agin, pullin' th' ould place to pieces an' nailin' the pieces together right off. They shpind all summer gettin' the barracks riddy for winther; an' thin' think all winther what they'll have done till it next summer. It's pull an' tear an' mind an' build, and then mind an' build an' pull an' tear, accordin' to the sayson. Oh, it's fine archyticks they are hereabouts, an' busy they do be, year in an' year out, biltin' an' bangin', shwiltin' an' shwagin', sawin' an' clawin' at the ramshackle, until no wan knows whether we're livin' in an ould or a new house, begorra. Whin the place looks dacent shure there's no wan t' live in it barrin' our-silves. What bates me is to know why the gintlefolk lave the Hall at its purtiest an' flock back to it at its dhreariest an' dirtiest. But, bedads, here's wan' av thim to shpake for himself." And our Celtic friend strolled off.

The new-comer greeted us cordially and told us a great many things about Rideau Hall, which inspired me with a perfect awe of the place. He assured us the ghosts of people who had been killed on the toboggan slide, drowned in the pond and scared to death at the architectural horrors of the building, constantly haunted it; while every day there came sorrowful accounts of the

plumbers, carpenters, house furnishers and others who had gone crazy by reason of the sudden and immense fortunes they made tinkering at the house.

All this was very gloom-producing, you know. But when this cultured young scion of nobility dwelt on the trials and troubles of those whom cruel Fate compelled to be Governors-General of Canada it fairly made me want to weep. "Why," he said, in mournful tones, "you cawn't have—cr—enny ideaw—aw—of the—the—exacting—yes, that's the term—nachaw of His Excellency's—er—duties! No, ideaw what-cvaw!" Then he told us he had known the Governor-General to be called away from an absorbing game of billiards just to sign some old Parliamentary Bills. Sometimes, when he was all ready for a drive, he would have to forego it and confer with his Ministers on some wretched affair of State. "What is the—er—good of being the Gov'naw—er—if you have to wo'k?" indignantly demanded our young *attaché*.

Is it any wonder I left Rideau Hall in a fit of the blues?

LATEST POLITICAL GOSSIP.

MUCH indignation is felt at the Commons barber for charging Mr. Davin full price for a hair cut.

MR. MCCARTHY pronounces the word "deficit"; other speakers call it "de-fic-it." Serious differences of this kind ought not to exist within the halls of Legislation. They are not creditable to our educational system.

THE next Tariff changes made are to be entirely in the direction of Reciprocity. That is, if the Government find that that is the best thing for the country—and themselves.

THE general elections are to be immediately brought on, if Sir John and his colleagues deem it necessary.

IT was rumored about the corridors last night that the Opposition had succeeded in capturing another policy, but that while trying to see what it was it escaped from the bag and is once more back in its native woods.

P.S.—Owen wrote these political items. He said I needed rest from political worry, and I guess he is about right.

You ought to feel very grateful for the long and delightful letter, to

Yours, awfully tired,

ANNA NYAS.

A STRAY LETTER.

OTTAWA, March 17, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN,—It was hardly worth while advising me to sell my mules, etc., in order to secure my independence to become a Senator, if you were going to allow Davin to abuse me as he did in the House of Commons a short time ago.

You will remember, of course, how I protested against accepting a position which, I see now more than ever, should have been given to Davin who, I am told, had also offered his seat in the Commons to Dewdney; I then told you how untaught I was, but you said that the less a man knew the better qualified he was for the position. Finally, I yielded to your entreaties, and I accepted. When doing so, I was under the impression that you would take me also under your wing with Dewdney, but it seems that, so far, there has hardly been room enough for him alone there. See what a man you have made of him! I remember the time when he could have hardly expressed himself on subjects he was conversant with, but now, he has got so that he can talk for hours

on things he knows nothing about, such as the French language. Of course I know that Dewdney always had a tender spot in his heart for the French language. I remember that during the session of the North-West Council, when T. W. Jackson, then member for Qu'Appelle, in a speech never to be forgotten, called the present Minister of the Interior a "Land Grabber," and gave him other useful information of the same nature, he (Dewdney) admitted to me then that he wished that speech had been delivered in French. I notice he is getting very witty, also. I met him the other day, and he says to me, "Did you hear about McCarthy fighting a dual?" "What dual?" says I. "The Dual Language," says he. How I do envy him!

Now, Sir John, I am quite willing to forgive you, but you must find some way of repaying Davin for his disrespectful allusion to me. I thought for a while that our Black Rod would do it, and, no doubt, he would have done it had Davin not shown so much sympathy for the French in his great speech. Couldn't you make him a Q.C.? It would be a good joke. But I suppose it would be rather rough on him, and after all I don't wish to ruin the man. I think I have it; I will wait until I meet him at Regina, and when we are together I will get Jim Brown, the Minister of Education, to sing that new song called "The Goodwin Sands." The music, the words, and some say also the singer's voice, are a most accurate description of a total wreck. I will let you know the result if you don't happen to see the funeral notice. Yours truly, W. D. PE—LV.

WEAKLY PAYMENTS.

JIGGERSNOOT—"Say, Plugwinch, where on earth did you raise the cash to buy all that furniture?"

PLUGWINCH—"Oh, I bought it on the weekly payment plan. But I don't know as I shall be able to keep it long."

JIGGERSNOOT—"How so?"

PLUGWINCH—"Because for the last month or so the payments have been so weakly that they haven't been able to get round to the dealer."

THE COURAGE OF HIS CONVICTIONS.

TRAMP—"I haven't had anything to eat for two days, sir. Could you give me a little assistance?"

GLAGRUNCH—"Why don't you go to work?"

TRAMP—"Nobody won't employ me. I'm just out of the Central Prison. Been there three times, and so nobody'll give me a chance."

GLAGRUNCH—"Well, I'm glad to see that at all events you have the courage of your convictions." (And he was so pleased with his joke that he actually gave the tramp a quarter.)



RIVALRY.

TOM—"How long you be'n barefoot?"

JIM—"Three days, an' I got a sore toe already."

TOM—"Pshaw! That's nothin'! I've bin on'y two days an' I've got a stone-bruise!"



TOO INEXPERIENCED.

POLICEMAN—"Do you have to take care of the dog?"

NURSE-GIRL—"No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."

THE DUDE'S DEVICE.

AUGUSTUS—"Aw, Cholly, you seem to owe a gweat many people, old man. Here's that unifawmed collectah at the dooah again."

CHOLLY—"Yaas. Fact is—now you won't tell anybody, will you—I've hiahed him to call heah two or three times a day."

AUGUSTUS—"Hiahed him! Whatevah faw? I don't understand."

CHOLLY—"Why, all the fellahs of ouah set, you know, are tewwibly in debt. I don't owe a single coppah to anybody. So I have the unifawmed collectah call wegu- larly just to give people the impession that I owe money to all my twadespeople. Must keep up my wepu- ta ion, you know, deah, boy. Have a B. and S.?"

SAVE THEM THE TROUBLE.

NOW that the Minister of Justice has got into the swing of framing his measures in accordance with the views of a minority that is not Protestant, should he not add to his Bill a clause enacting that marriage is a sacrament indissoluble and not to be set aside? This might not be agreeable to some of his colleagues, but would please his spiritual directors. Besides, it would save the hon. Senators from the unpleasantness of discussing naughty questions with closed doors, and would remove from those venerable men any fleeting erotic temptation to go and do likewise.

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

11 P. M.

SHE—"How beautiful the snow is! The falling flakes seem almost like angels' feathers."

7 A. M.

HE—"Say, darling, come out and help shovel off those angels' feathers, will you?"
—*The Hoosier.*

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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.

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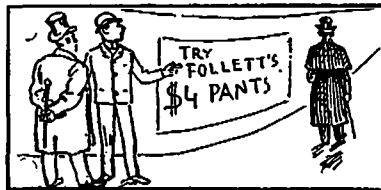
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DR. WELSH.



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1890.

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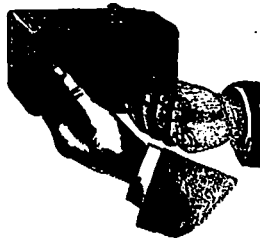


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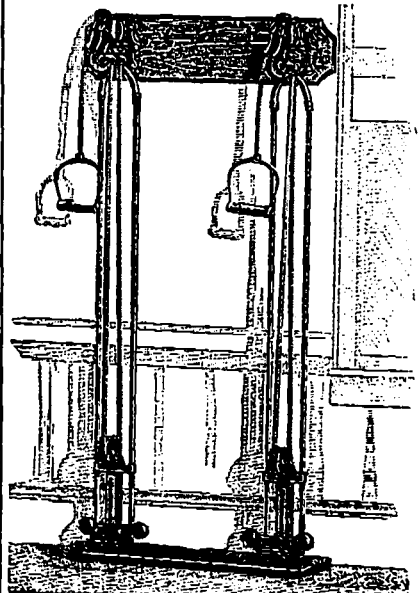


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