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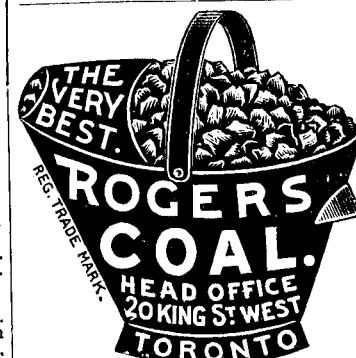
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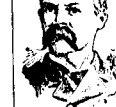
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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 41. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1070

*The Unauthorized Reproduction of our Cartoons and Small Cuts is Prohibited in the Dominion.*

No. 22.



*J.W. Bengough*

**"NATURAL SELECTION," OR, THE STRAY DOGS.**

Neither of these Canines belongs to the Gentleman at whose heels he sniffs; they are both stray Animals that have attached themselves to the respective Parties by some instinct of natural selection.

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MR. ALD. BURNS.

GAY—BUT FLIGHTY.

LADY GAY, writing in a late *Saturday Night*, and rapturously describing the delights of the preceding Sunday afternoon at the Horticultural Gardens, where a vast crowd had gathered to see the soldiers and to listen to the band, wonders "if the gracious influence of that beauteous May afternoon will not remain to bless that vast multitude and do them lasting good; better" she adds, "than the good of rampant emotional hymns and acrid, tedious discourses."

Well, the "gracious influence" doesn't seem to have been very lasting in "Lady Gay's" own case, or she would have left out the last phrase—which is a decidedly bilious and malicious fling. Her reference is apparently to church services, though it describes nothing in that line which is familiar to Toronto people. Too much of flippant "society," we fear, hath made "Lady Gay" cynical. Cannot the well-disposed citizen enjoy his quiet and elevating outing for the worship of the God of Nature in the Garden, on any fine Sunday afternoon, and enjoy the more formal worship of the God of Revelation in the christian assemblies as well? Why should Lady Gay sneer at the latter worship while gushingly apostrophising the former?

UNDER THE "CHESTNUT" TREE.

"Sparks from the anvil,"—tinkle, tinkle-ee,  
Done by "The Blacksmith," who'n the *World* is he?

Clever, awfully, awfully clever, don't you think!  
Epigrams in couplets easy as a wink!

Yet a trifle conscious in each epigram,  
As who should say, "Behold me! see how smart I am!"

And the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the thing,  
Like a blacksmith's hammer, has a tiresome ring.

"*Silent the anvil*,"—we respond with zest,  
Amen! clever Blacksmith—give us, please, a rest!

THE TELL-TALE EYES.

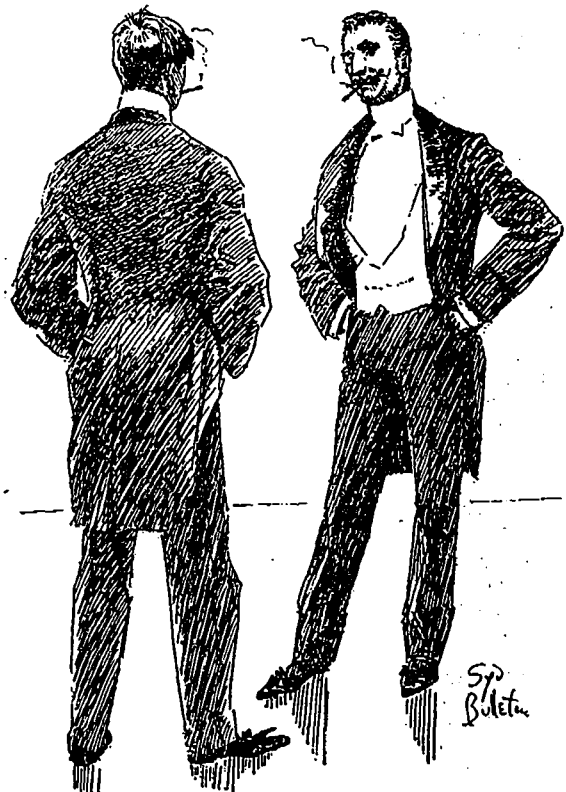
TRIOLET.

I LOOK in her eyes,  
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"  
She cannot disguise  
As I look in her eyes,  
(However she tries,  
That she loves the proposer,—  
I look in her eyes,  
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"

S. H. Clarke.

A LONG FELT WANT.

REV. DR. D. H. GREER of New York, established last February a Loan Bureau, for the purpose of saving the worthy poor from note shaving sharks and pawn shop comorants. He proposed to lend sums of from \$5 to \$50 at 6 per cent., repayable in monthly instalments, with proportionate decrease of interest, taking security only in the form of chattel mortgages. The plan has proven a perfect success, and in every instance the repayments have been made with a religious promptitude, so that not a single mortgage has been foreclosed. So great has been the demand for small loans that the good Doctor has been obliged to restrict the business of the bureau to New York City alone, and to heads of families only. It has been the means of saving many from utter despair. A similar bureau would do an equally good and necessary work in Toronto. Will not some of our solid financial men take up the idea?



HIS HONOR SAVED.

CLUBLEIGH—"You don't mean to say that you've challenged Jenkins to fight a duel?"  
SWELLINGTON—"Yaas; you know duelling is against the law, and so I sent him a challenge. It was the only safe way in which my honor could be vindicated, doncher know."



THAT MODEL FARM CALF—A VERY LIVE ISSUE IN THE PROVINCIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

II.

MISTHER GRIP:

**T**HE Belt Line is the root by which to see beauty and grandeur.

Beauty and grandeur are mixed in the scene,  
And most of Toronto encircled between.

'Tis a fact that speedin' along on the trolley, one sees life quite differently to thrudgin' on the sidewalk. Yer elevashun above the hurryin' crowd of pedestrians gives ye at wanst a commandin' advantage an' unfolds to view an ever-varyin' panorama of movin' human life. As the only difference between a pinch and a punch consists in the difference between *n* and *i*, so it is betwixt those who go abroad an' tell magnificent lies about their foreign thravels, an' those of us who, unlike the mariners of England, "stay at home at aise," an' take the trolley, and chayte ourselves into the belief that we are seein' life. And maybe, faix, that there's no chaythery in it, afther all. Praps life an' advinthures upon the trolley will be found as amusin', an' intherestin', an instructive as on board an ocean steamer or a railway thrain, an' less labor lost—to say nothin' about the economy of the thing.

Entherin' a Belt Line car t'other mornin', I overhard two min discussin',—what, do yez think?—Whether 'twas chaper to live or die in these expensive times!—There was a cheerful subject for ye?—I won't soon forget a remark med by wan of 'em.—"It is wonderherful," sez he, "how people, an' even clargymin, widh all their praises of heaven, are anxious to stay out of it as long as they can."

Here an' there, as the car filled up, yez cud hear a golden word in the shape of a proverb. But, generally, it was met widh some delusive countherpart calkulated to underhermine it. "Thrain up a child in the way he shud go," sez one. "Yez can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," answers another. An' thin on goes the throlley agin, widh a whiz an' a buzz. At the next stoppin' point, yer right ear ketches a whisper, "Anything for a change." An' yer left aurikular ketches the words, "niver lep out o' the

frayn' pan into the fire."—These two were discoorsin as to a probable change of govmint. Afther another short intherval there comes to ye the sage advice—"Marry in haste an' repint at layshure." "Happy's the wooin' that's not long in the doin'," is the ready reply; an' equally ready come the words—"Hottest love is soonest cowl'd." (Here Mrs. O'Day gives me one o' her pinethratin' glances.)

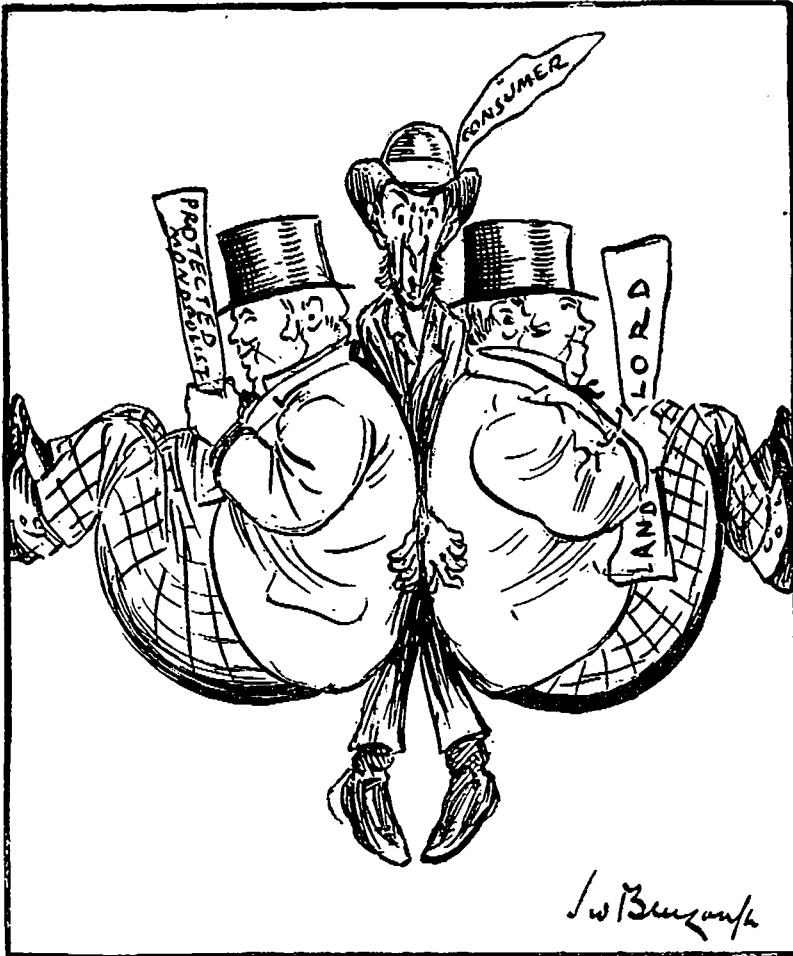
Whilst ruminatin' on the questhun of marriage, more owld proverbs come up to bother one. "Absence makes the hart grow fonder," sez a pipin' voice. But another timid one makes anser, "Out o' sight out o' mind." Right forninst me a nice lookin' girl gives ready ear to the advice, "Keep two sthrings to yer bow."—But yez hear the counter-croak, "Between two stools ye come to the ground."—I'm about to make a remark as to "killin' two birds widh one stone," when Mrs. O'D. tindhers her advice. "Tim," sez she, "think twice before ye spake wanst." The dear sowl quite forgets that tho' sich words sound well as a maxim, still if they wur acted upon, there wud be very little talkin' in the world.

A pert, forward young fellow of Mrs. O'D's acquaintance here puts in his oar.—"As to talkin', Misthress O'Day," sez the fellow, "do you know what happened to Balaam?" Quick as thought, the sharp lady answers,—"The same that happened to me - an ass spoke to him."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," is the next observashun that strikes the ear. At the word "Moss," there's a pricking up of all the ears of all the people in the car. And one gent, in a Howl-and-screech voice cries out—"Moss did you say?" "Did ye say that Charley Moss was goin' to bate Oliver A. Howland?" No answer. Conversation stops. A deep silence follows.

"Madam," repates the Howl-and-screech gent, elevatin' his voice, an addressin' Mrs. O'D., "Which in your opinion is goin' to win?—What do you hold on the subject?" To him the careful lady responded calmly an' deliberately,—"Sir, I howld my tongue." And a laff jined in by the whole company, filled the car.

Yer throe frind, TIM O'DAY.



"THE MIDDLEMAN."

[With apologies to Mr. E. S. Willard.]

**BULLY FOR THE JURY!**

A RECENT despatch from Brussels in the dailies reads as follows:

A short time ago a journalist named Osquarr was arrested and charges brought against him for hostile criticism, in an article in his paper, on the person of the Shah of Persia. The trial of Osquarr took place yesterday in a crowded court room. The prosecution showed that Osquarr had characterized the Persian Monarch as a swinish brute, and had advised his arrest as an altogether obnoxious person should he visit Belgium, as it was reported he intended to do. The public prosecutor demanded Osquarr's conviction on the grounds that Belgium had received important commercial concessions from Persia, which might be revoked if the insulter of the Shah should be allowed to go unpunished. The jury redereed a verdict of acquittal, based upon their belief that a verdict of conviction would be an abridgment of the freedom of the press.

Here was a triumph of truth over diplomacy, and it is quite refreshing. The journalist described the Shah with a photographic accuracy, as everybody knows who read the accounts of his "Majesty's" goings on when in London some years ago. The exigencies of business fashion the policy of states and newspapers so much now-a-days that a little outspoken truth once in a while is a godsend. Our distinguished regard to you, Osquarr, and to you, each and severally, gentlemen of the jury!

**HAPPY THOUGHT!**

"THIS half-past seven," said Dr. Black,  
 "This evening I am free;  
 There's a play on at the opera house,  
 I'll go to-night to see."

So, ringing for the servant maid,  
 He told where he was bound;  
 And where, in case of urgency,  
 His sitting might be found.

Reclining in the balcony,  
 (His daily labour done)  
 He thanked his stars that he could take  
 This weekly bit of fun.

The curtain rang up well on time,  
 The company was good,  
 The doctor looked on sagely,  
 Applauding where he could.

But just before the curtain fell  
 To end act number one,  
 To his dismay he saw what seemed  
 The death of all his fun.

Into the vacant seat in front  
 A lady walked and sat,  
 In size she was not very large,  
 But towering was her hat.

So leaning o'er the Doctor said,  
 "Fair madame, pardon me,  
 But would you please take off your hat?  
 It hides the company."

"No, sir, I'll not," was the reply,  
 Which was at least quite plain;  
 "All right," the doctor muttered deep,  
 "My next move won't be vain."

And lifting from the floor his hat  
 He calmly put it on,  
 A tall silk hat, attracting all  
 By the dazzling way it shone.

No sooner was the tile espied,  
 Than from "the gods" there came  
 The cry of "hats," in voices wild,  
 And mingled shouts of "shame!"

The lady started at the sound,  
 Then quietly took down  
 With all convenient despatch  
 The steeple on her crown!

"The gods be thanked!" the doctor said,  
 "Now I can see the show;  
 The gallery 'meds' have still some use  
 Tho' people curse them so!"

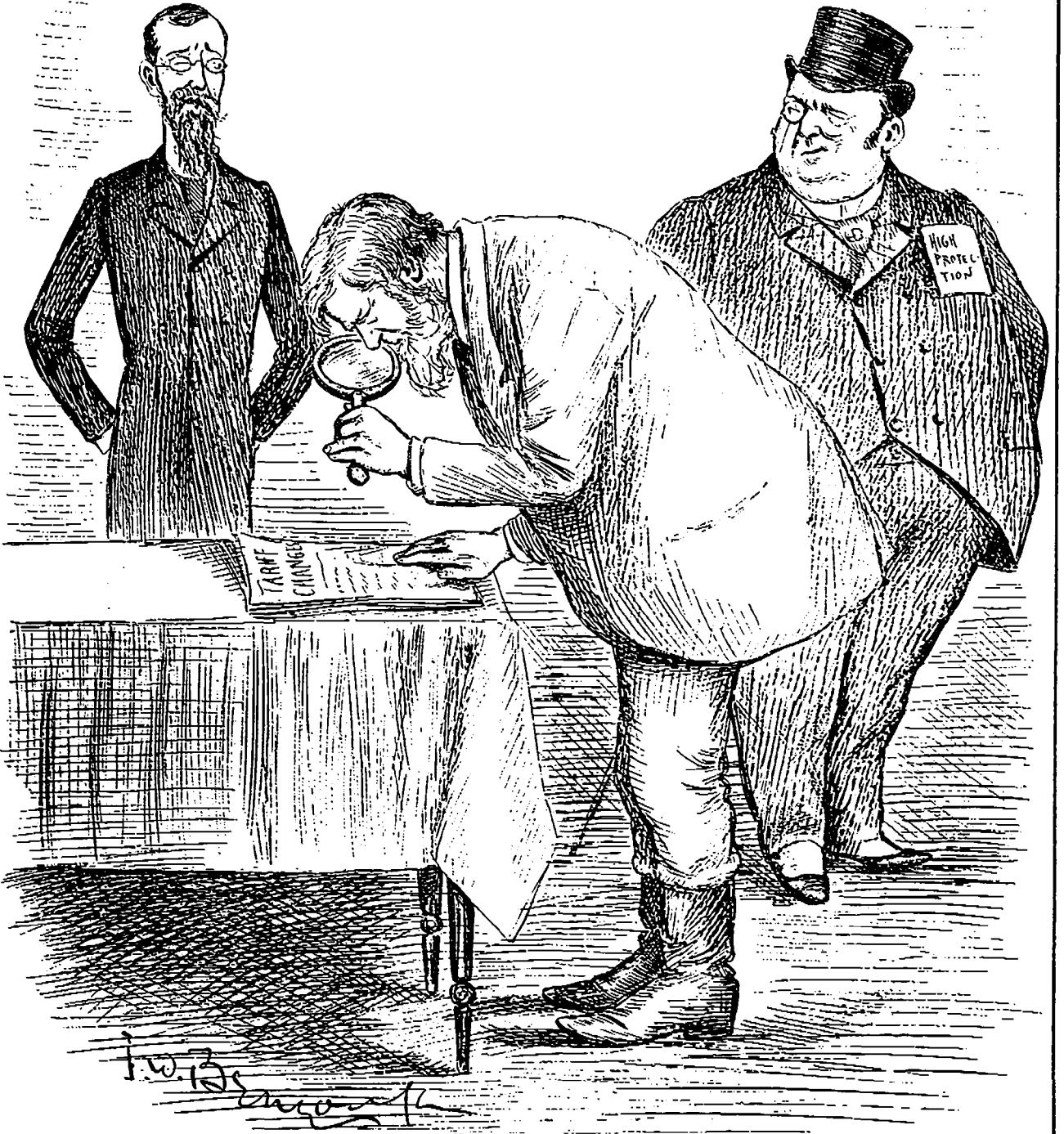
F. D. Jacob.

**THE ABOLITION OF CHILDHOOD.**

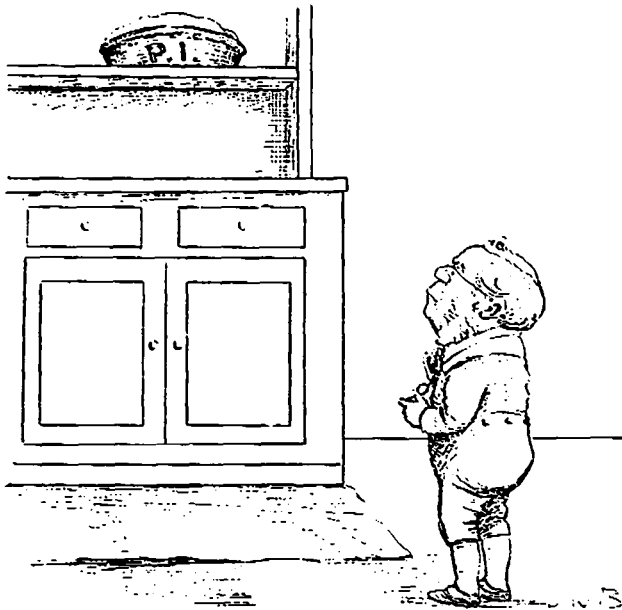
OUR esteemed contemporary, *Saturday Night*, performs a useful function as a mirror of the times socially, and performs that function admirably. But if its able conductor will permit us to make a suggestion, we would propose the establishment of a new Department under the heading of "Things that make us weep," or "Items to mourn over," or some such title, and into that Department we would put such paragraphs as the following, which appeared in a recent issue in the "Social and Personal" column: "The juveniles of Toronto have been having gay times this Spring—an unusual number of affairs having been given for them by kind relatives and friends. A quite small damsel confided to me on Tuesday that she had been at a luncheon, and would have to hurry home from the tea to change her frock for an evening engagement."

**MISERERE.**

A woman's figure, kneeling tremblingly,  
 With wet face upward turned, and trembling lips,  
 And eyes whose color tears have washed away!



AN INTERESTING QUEST.  
THE CANADIAN CONSUMER SEARCHING FOR THE PROMISED TARIFF REDUCTIONS.



**OLIVER AND THE PASTRY.**

“WONDER HOW I CAN GET AT THAT P.I.?”

**SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.**

Ottawa, May 30th, 1894.

If you go up to that Parliament and expect to see the members sitting in their places, with their hats off and their hair combed, looking nice and eager to be taught, you'll be dreadful sorry for yourself before you've been there three minutes. And then you'll begin to worry about the dignity of your native land. Not that some of them ain't dapper, but they mostly don't cut their hair, (those that have any) and the rest don't comb what's left. It ain't for me to be mocking any, and I know all about the little boys that got et up with bears, but I guess I'm voicing the feelings of the galleries when I say that patching up bald places with strips of hair isn't deceptive nor—nor—honest-looking.

There's one young man who takes things mighty easy. He sprawls his self all over his own chair and hangs his feet on another one. The country's burden of taxes don't seem heavy on his heart, but maybe I'm misjudging him—maybe he's clean wore out working for the country's good. Appearances is awful deceitful.

Another thing is that ef you think you're going to see the cog-wheels of the law-making machine go round; if you think you'll see how they fit into each other and what kind of oil they use, you'll get another disappointing blow. That's all fixed up in the secret places of the high and mighty ones, and the shooting match that comes off in the House, is a kind of public school examination, where the scholars have got off their little pieces, and where the teacher watches them to see they don't go wrong if he can help it. Sometimes the little fellows get balky and sometimes they're too spry. I watched one of the head scholars take back his motion because a big man (not the head teacher, but one that seems to make most of them stand round) just leaned back in his seat, with his thumb in his vest armpole and stared hard. Guess there must be some kind of a cipher arrangement in stares.

And speaking of cipher reminds me that that Detroit man has broken up all my comfort in thinking of Mr. Shakespeare. There was a man here in Ottawa last week, and he explained it dreadful clear, about how Bacon was Shakespeare and everybody else that amounted to anything, how he wrote everything that was writ, and strung things

together in all his different books into a mighty queer history. If it's truth let's believe it, and be glad to be quit of one lie, for most of us are believing some, get believing 'em pretty hard, too, ef we've got friends or politics ary one. (But that's an aside.)

Seems to me this being in Opposition so long, must be hard on the dispositions of the members. I've got an idea that it's going to make 'em suspicious even in the bosoms of their families, and distrustful of their own blood relations. Seems to me they'll get to be onsatisfied with their coffee mornings and hanker after the last word in the domestic circle when they get called to order.

It's pretty hard to tell when a man's sitting in his own seat in the House. Talk about women folks gadding! My sakes, it isn't anything to the way those men neighbor round. Of course when a member's talking to Mr. Speaker he's got to be in his own seat, and when he's musing around in a desk, it's pretty safe to say that the desk's his own. Other times it's resky to match him on the plan of the House, for like as not you're on the wrong track.

The folks down here have a way of speaking of the Senators that doesn't sound reverent. They call 'em “the old ladies.” It appears the men folks up in the red room don't like it, but there's a suspicion that the women feel down-trodden about it too.

In the mornings it's dreadful pleasant up on the Parliament hill. The birds are bustling around seeing about their housekeeping, and their little wings are quivering among the green branches most all the time. There's all sorts of trees on the bank—spruce and cedar, maple, beech, birch, basswood and goodness knows how many more. You can smell lumber and gum off the trees, and ef you're near the summer house, tobacco, too.

At noon they fire off a cannon. Bang, it goes just at twelve, and then everybody looks at their watches. You

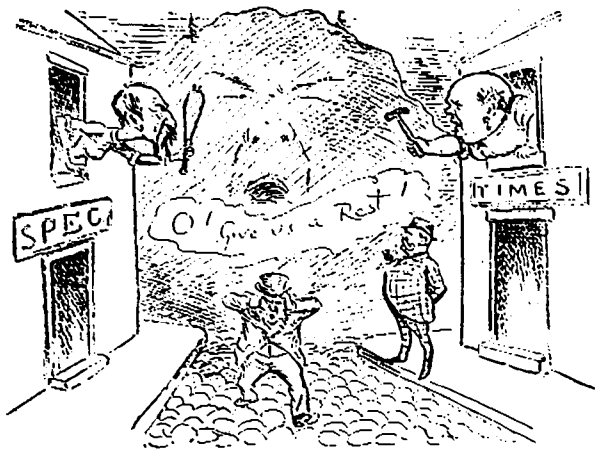


**IN THE NEAR FUTURE.**

1ST EMANCIPATED ONE: “By-the-way, old girlie, I haven't seen your husband lately.”

2ND DO. DO.: “Well, the fact is I'm without a servant just now, and he can't get out much. The last slavey-man we had was such a lazy, good-for-nothing.”





"HAMMER AND TONGS"

OR, JOURNALISTIC AMENITIES IN HAMILTON.

can hear 'em clicking all over the place. Everything goes by that gun here - hotel meals and street cars run by it, the Speaker leaves the chair at six by the clock, but the clock goes by the gun. Those madcap bells that twitter all over the place when the House gets called together, go by the gun, and I guess salaries are paid by it, too. In the evenings it's pretty nice on the hill. You can hear the falls pounding down. The tugs go screeching and snuffing along the river, and now and again there's a chirping in the branches of the trees like s'ef some little bird had been too tired to say its prayers, and wakened feeling scared he'd get et up for being so bad. Away up on the very pint of the tower at the front of the buildings, there's lights burning whenever the House is sitting. There's lights peeking out of the windows all over the place, too, and there's nothing so home sick like as window lights when you're outside and its getting dark.

SUSANNAH.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

THE FOOL'S BALANCE.

"Could Anything be more wisely adjusted or work more Beautifully than this!" said the Fool, with Admiration. "See how Perfectly the Balance is Kept. The Rye makes the Drunkard; then the Gold-Cure transforms the Drunkard into a Sober man again. When one goes Down 'tother comes Up; it's just like Clock-work, and I call upon the Whole World to give Thanks for this last and best Scientific Solution of the great Liquor Problem!" "Thou Fool indeed," cried Wisdom, looking on, "It is a Useless and Wicked waste of Time! Destroy the Barrel upon which your Teeter rests, and Smash the Rye bottle, and there will be no further need of Keeley!"

MORAL.—Prevention is better than Gold Cure.

OF INTEREST TO THE LADIES.

IN the Scottish Marriage Act, passed in the reign of Queen Margaret, commonly called "Maid of Norway," A.D. 1288, will be found the following:—

"It is ordainit that during the reine of her maist blessit Majestie ilk maiden ladye of baith highe and low estate sall hae libertye to bespeake ye man she lykes beste; albeit gif he refais to tak' her till his wife, he sall be mulct in ye sume of ane hundredth pundes, or less, as his estate maye be; except and alwaies gif he mak' it appeire that he is betrothed to another woman that he sall be free."

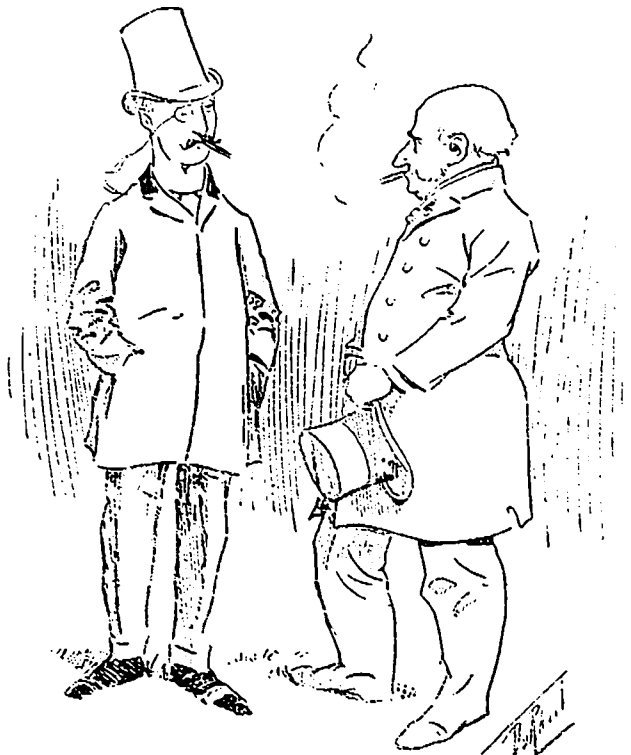
ARGUMENT.—With fools, passion, vociferation, violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, sound reason.

SOME POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN these piping times people honest have grown,  
But their reasoning faculties seem to have flown;  
Especially when they're discussing of trade,  
An argument something like this will be made:  
A nation that buys more goods than it sells  
It's folly abroad to the universe tells:  
When our exports exceed our imports, 'tis said  
In the balance of trade we are clearly ahead;  
The more of our goods we ship o'er the sea,  
The richer and wiser and better we'll be;  
To be inundated with foreign made goods  
Is as bad as to suffer from literal floods:  
So let exports be great and imports be small  
Or the nation will certainly go to the wall,  
Such is the argument solemnly made  
By those who stick up for the "balance of trade."  
In earlier times folks were morally bad,  
But sound reason at least they seem to have had;  
I'm referring just now to a sample of these,  
In the form of bold pirates who roamed the high seas:  
These gents, like ourselves, were seeking for wealth,  
But they plundered and murdered and took things by stealth:  
They never indulged in "exporting" at all,  
Except on occasion a mere cannon ball,  
Or perhaps more than one, and yet it is said  
They never gave thought to this "balance of trade,"  
They'd hold up a merchantmen, clamber on board  
And "import" to their own ship the whole of his board,  
The "balance of trade" was against the sea rover,  
And he kept it like that, and revelled in clover!

—R. G. Kent.

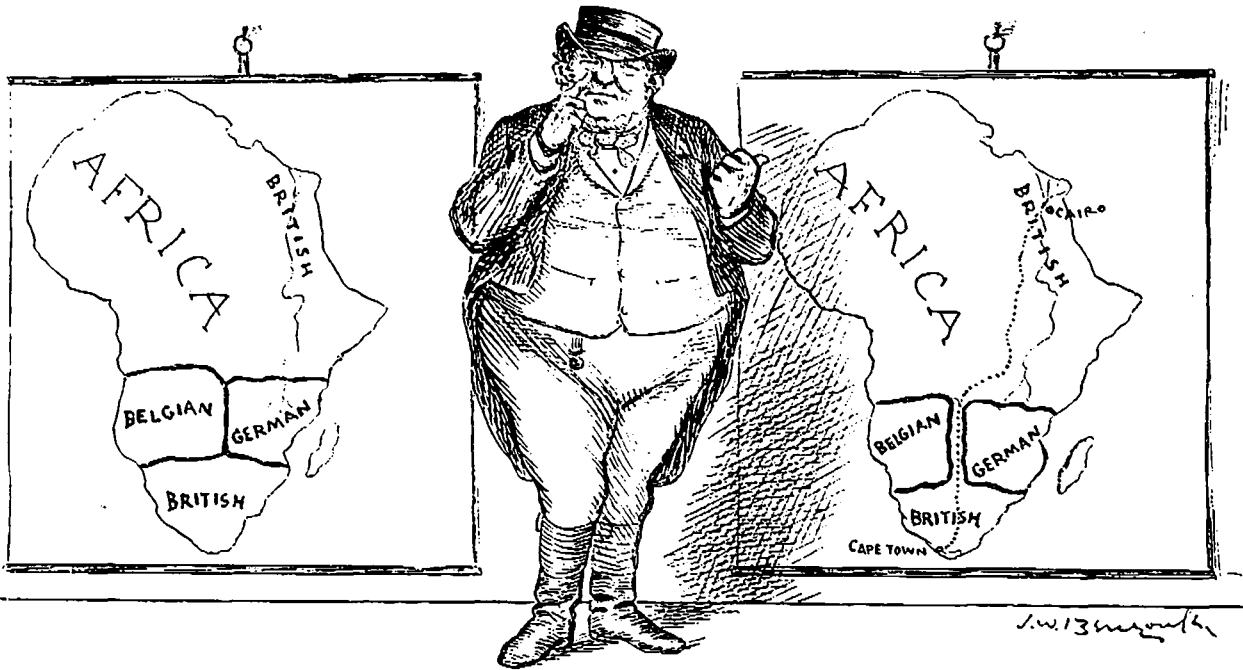
APPROPRIATE ENOUGH.—Subject: Life of Milton; student (reciting):—"His third wife was Elizabeth Minshull. After marrying her, he began 'Paradise Lost.' Uproarious applause ensues.



THE BRIGHT LEXICON OF BUST.

HEAVY FATHER: "With energy and perseverance every young man can succeed. There's no such word as fail!"

HOPEFUL SON: "You're right there, Father—it's compromise!"



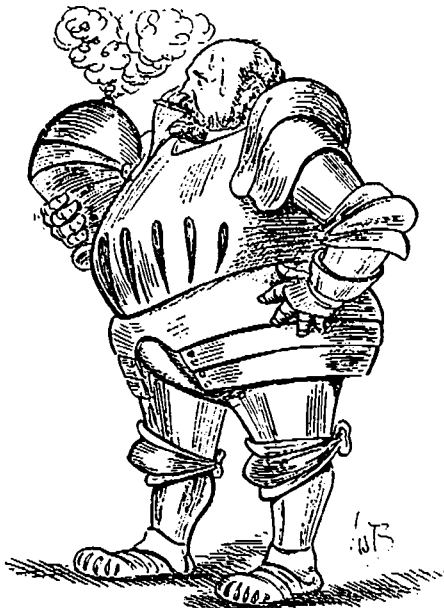
**JOHN BULL'S LATEST ALTERATION TO THE MAP OF AFRICA.**

[By the terms of the treaty just concluded with Belgium, Great Britain has obtained a strip of land in the Congo Free State, thus providing a right of way clear through the African continent from north to south.]

**MEANT FOR AN IRISHMAN.**

**A** LADY of great beauty and attractiveness, who was an ardent admirer of Ireland, once crowned her praises of it at a party by saying: "I think I was meant for an Irishwoman."

"Madam," rejoined a witty son of Erin, who happened to be present, "thousands would back me in saying you were meant for an Irishman."



**YE VALIANT KNIGHT, SIR VAN.**

"Yes," quoth he, "these royal honors are all well enough, but I don't believe a man of my build can hope to feel really comfortable in these cast iron clothes!"

**THEIR PRINCIPLE WEAKNESS.**

**M**Y good man," said the kind old lady to the peddler, from whom she was buying some dead herring, which he had lately declared in a loud voice to be "all alive." "You can do business without telling lies, can't you? I'm afraid untruthfulness is the besetting sin of you fish-peddlers." "There you're wrong, Missus," he replied, "our principal weakness is sell-fish-ness."

**SUNDAY PLAY.**

**C**HILDREN! Children!" cried Mrs. Goodwife, rushing into the nursery where her youngsters, arrayed in paper hats, were marching round with drums and tin pans and making a terrible din, "For gracious sake, stop! don't you know this is Sunday, and you mustn't play on the Lord's day?"

"That's all yight, mamma," replied Captain Tommy, "this is the soldiers goin' to church, you know!"

**A NEAT RETORT.**

**O**NE of our would-be city society ladies lately sent an invitation to Mrs. B——, who is an accomplished *artiste*, having before her marriage studied successfully under celebrated musical professors in Leipsig and Dresden. The invitation ran:—"Mrs. A—— would be charmed to see Mrs. B—— if she would be good enough to bring her music with her."—"To which the ex-pupil of the Royal Conservatory immediately answered, "Mrs. B—— would be charmed to see Mrs. A——, if she would be good enough to come to her house and behave as a lady."

**T**HE work that should to-day be wrought,  
Defer not till to-morrow;  
The help that should within be sought  
Scorn from without to borrow.

Old maxims these, but stout and true,  
They speak in trumpet tone;  
To do at once what is to do,  
And trust ourselves alone.

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**THE ART STUDENT**

For 1894, will contain illustrations by Frank Fowler, Wm. J. Baer, Chas. A. Vanderhoof, Albert E. Sterner, E. W. Kemble, Irving R. Wiles, Carl Hirschberg and other American artists, as well as reproductions from the studios of the European masters. Gerome, Menzel, Meissonier, Vierge, Jacque, Lefevre, Millet, Herkomer, Allers, Caldecott, Millias, Holman Hunt, Walter Crane, Fred. Walker and many others. There is no number without some masterpiece of draughtsmanship.

The ART STUDENT is for the home student of drawing, the student of illustrating and the teacher of free-hand drawing. Learning to illustrate and learning to draw are two serials by the Editor, which run through the year. The study of anatomy and the human figure is essential to the progress of the illustrator and the literature, with adequate illustrations upon the subject, is very meagre; a valuable feature of THE ART STUDENT in the future will be the publishing of superb studies from the nude, by such masters as Gerome, Boulanger, Meissonier, Madrazo, Holman Hunt and others, with accompanying anatomical notes. And in addition, on the opposite page to the line study of the artist, will be given a half-tone of a nude from life, so that the proportions, the markings of the muscles, may be traced from one to the other, and the drawings thus more thoroughly understood.

The ART STUDENT was begun October, 1892; the first year, vols I and II, ending with the September, '93, number, may be obtained bound in cloth for \$1.75.

We can no longer supply complete unbound sets of the first year; but will send 3 numbers for 25 cents; 6 numbers for 50 cents, and 9 numbers for 70 cents.

The second year, Vol. III, began in November, '93. Vol IV will begin May, '94. We will send Vol III and 8 numbers of Vols. I and II, and a year's subscription from May, '94, for \$2.00.

Or we will send you Vol. I and II, bound in cloth, one volume, the numbers of Vol. III now ready, November and December, '93, and January, February and March, '94, and one year's subscription from April, '94, for \$2.60.

Address THE ART STUDENT, 142 West 23rd Street, New York.

DR. BARNADO devotes a large proportion of his space in the May issue of NIGHT AND DAY to illustrations from photographs of a great variety of cases of rescue through the agency of the Homes. Some twenty-four engravings of boys and girls, admitted apparently from all over the kingdom, show conclusively how wide is the range of effort which the Institutions undertake, and also how necessary these efforts are. Cruelty, destitution, homeless and child-suffering appear to demand now as much as ever, unceasing care and attention. It is no wonder that the Homes have, as is abundantly evidenced in this issue of NIGHT AND DAY, friends and supporters from all over the world. The Annual Meeting, one of the most attractive entertainments of the year in London, has been fixed to take place in the Royal Albert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, 23rd June, when Lord Brassey will preside.

VERY few of our exchanges are of any service to us, but, we are nevertheless willing to reciprocate with our contemporaries in the hope that they will notice our occasionally. Will they be good enough to tell their readers in their next issue, that new subscribers can have GRIP from now till the end of the present year for \$1.

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