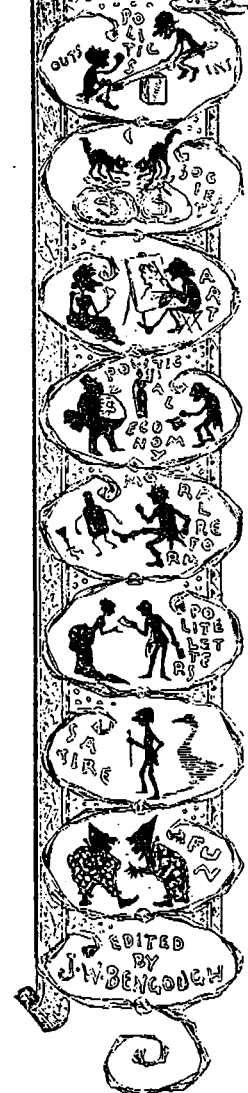


GRIP

AN
INDEPENDENT
JOURNAL
OF HUMOR
AND CARICATURE

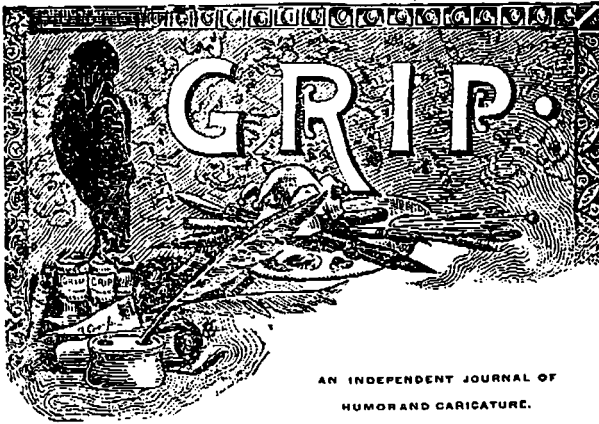


PORTRAIT OF THE MAN

WHO, IN MR. J. L. HUGHES' OPINION, OUGHT TO BE TURNED OUT OF OFFICE FOR FAILING TO DISALLOW THE JESUITS' ESTATE BILL.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE GALL OF THE GAUL. —The great St. Jean Baptiste demonstration at Quebec has given a "boom" to the Nationalist cause, and furnished the inspiration for a great deal of tall talk on the part of the orators and journals of our sister Province. The day was signalized by the unveiling of monuments to the honor of Jacques Cartier and the Jesuit martyr, Brebeuf, and nothing was more natural than that the affair should have been regarded as a counter demonstration to the anti-Jesuit movement in other parts

of the Dominion, and especially in Ontario. For the time being the line which divides Church and State in Quebec—never very distinct—was totally obliterated, and an intelligent stranger dropping from the clouds must have supposed that he had landed in a Papal state of the sixteenth century. In case the modern costumes of the people served to correct this error, his next conclusion would certainly have been that he was in some remote section of France. Hearing on all hands the language of that nation, and seeing on every flag-staff her tri-color, how would he ever have guessed that he was enjoying the free air of a British colony, and standing beneath the protection of the Union Jack? If he had heard and understood the speeches made by political leaders on the occasion, in which they praised their own generosity in permitting the English language to be spoken in the

Province, he would hardly have supposed that the country really belonged to the Crown of Great Britain. But when he learned the real facts of the case he would begin to apprehend that the gall of the Gaul is something it would be hard to match.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT TO BE TURNED OUT.—Mr. James L. Hughes and a good many others who are anxious that the anti-O'Brien vote should be avenged as speedily as possible, do not seem to see clearly that the only way to effect that object in accordance with our constitution is to turn out Sir John A. Macdonald's Government at the next election. They keep mixing up the name and record of Hon. Oliver Mowat with the issue to such an extent that scoffers are beginning to say their chief anxiety is to oust the latter gentleman. Now, we have no objection to the ousting of Mr. Mowat if it is shown that he has done anything to justify that punishment, but let him be tried and convicted on a separate indictment.

VOLUME XXXIII. NO. 1



RIGHTLY beamed the sun on Canada's national holiday; flags proudly flapped in the gentle July breeze; hunting gaily hunted from the windows of truly loyal establishments; the beaming citizen had his other clothes on, and everything was lovely. MR. GRIP sat contemplating the stirring scene from his sanctum window, his heart swelling with patriotic emotion. Presently

there was a sound upon the stairs as of ascending foot steps, and then came a polite tap upon the door of the Private Apartment.

"Come in," croaked GRIP, in a cheerful tone.

The door opened, and in stepped the jaunty (or rather John A.) Premier of the Dominion, followed by Mr. Wilfrid Laurier and a select delegation embracing the *crème de la crème* of both political parties. These distinguished persons were succeeded by a score of picked representatives of the Liberal Arts, the Learned Professions and the classes and masses of the country generally.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of—" began MR. GRIP, in an embarrassment of modesty.

"Not a word, if you please," promptly replied Sir John, in a business tone. "Allow me." And he thereupon produced from an elaborately wrought leathern case a magnificently embossed piece of parchment, which, as First Commoner of the Dominion, he proceeded to read. Our readers will excuse us for omitting the address itself—for of course it was an address. Our modesty (already incidentally mentioned) will not permit us to reproduce the terms of almost fulsome adulation in which our character and public services were therein spoken of. Had we been a common crow instead of a thorough-bred raven we must have perished of swelled head under the ordeal. And yet these calm and dispassionate personages assured us, at the close of the address, that they had but faintly touched upon our merits. The reading being concluded, Sir John received from the hands of Mr. Laurier a golden box, most cunningly wrought in silver and precious stones. "This casket, dear MR. GRIP," said he, "contains the Freedom of the Dominion. Accept it as a slight token of the regard of your country, and understand that it implies the wish of all of us that you shall continue to use the Freedom you have always exercised in the exposure of Humbug and the Defence of Right." ("Hear! Hear!" and cheers by the whole company.)

"Gentlemen," replied GRIP, with profound emotion, "I am at a loss to know why——"

"Let me explain, then," said Mr. Laurier. "This little affair is not in honor of the birth of the Dominion, as you may suppose, but to celebrate a greater event—the opening of your Thirty-Third Volume, MR. GRIP, and the commencement of your Seventeenth Year."

"Ah, I had quite overlooked the interesting fact. Thanks, my countrymen."

This was all MR. GRIP could say, and the meeting dissolved.



ONCE more the kindly-disposed people of Toronto are sending in their contributions to the Children's Fresh Air Fund, and, as was the case last summer, the result will be a series of delightful excursions for the poor little prisoners of poverty, who abound even in this favored city. This is a good work, and under our present social conditions, it is a necessary work. Let every one, therefore, who can help along the movement, either with money or in any other way, do so heartily and at once. No begging is done, but voluntary subscriptions are received by the Mayor or Mr. J. J. Kelso, 103 Bay street.

WHILE the good citizen is getting out his purse, this appeal ought to set him a-thinking. Isn't it queer that in this broad and beautiful land, with its sparse population *Pure Air* should be regarded as a luxury which must be *purchased* by the mouthful for thousands of our fellow-creatures as an act of charity on the part of the more fortunate? Some of the pale and poorly nourished children who will be taken on the proposed excursions are, no doubt, the offspring of shiftless parents, who would, under any circumstances, fail to support them properly. Eliminate these, and the rest are dependent upon parents who would gladly maintain them in comfort by honest work, if they could but get work to do. Now, why is it not possible for every willing man to find work in this country? Is the work all done?

NO; there is any amount of work to be done, but there are so many hands bidding for it that wages have gone down almost below the living point. The bare necessities of an animal existence are all they will afford to the people in question; there is not enough surplus for any trips to the Island. If these willing men were only allowed each to work for himself (in the absence of employment that would pay him better) the wolf would scurry from the door with tail between legs. Well, what prevents the willing man from working for himself? Isn't there an abundance of unused land all about us, from which labor could draw a good living? There is; but it is all fenced off and held at a price which the poor man cannot even look at. But here we leave the good citizen to think out the rest of the problem for himself.

IT is, perhaps, only natural that the Gallic race should be characterized by gall, but to have the orators and newspapers of Quebec pluming themselves upon their magnanimity because they permit English to be spoken and taught in a British Province, is coming it a little too strong. And yet, small blame to them. Their course from the first has been steadily toward a fixed object—

the supremacy of the French language and the Roman Catholic religion, and the realization of a French nationality on this continent. If they are now well on the way to the accomplishment of this purpose, thanks are due as much to the stupidity and nervelessness of the British authorities, Imperial and colonial, as to the persistence of the French Canadians themselves. The *Globe* is quite satisfied that we can build up a great nation with two distinct and separate races, and for all who share this belief the future presents a rosy aspect. But the *Globe* has lost its old infallibility, and may be mistaken about this. We rather incline to the view of *L'Etandard* that we must be united as one people, though we are hardly prepared to agree that that oneness should be of the Quebec pattern, in *langue, lois et religion*.

BIG thing that Dominion Day celebration! Col. Denison declares that any man who doubts the nationality of Canada after that ought to be led out and shot as a traitor. He is right. We are indeed a nation. We are more; we are two of them. Pope Leo has just been giving his blessing to the French-Canadian nation, and that does not mean us. Yes, fellow-citizens, we are a double-headed nation; a very prodigy in the earth.



EXPLAINED.

UNCLE ABNER (*reading*)—"Once on a time there was a poor but honest man——"

JOHNNY (*breaking in*)—"Why don't they sometimes say 'rich but honest,' Uncle?"

UNCLE ABNER—"Cause nobody would believe them, my boy."

Is the Prisoners' Aid Association a strictly legal body?

MRS. GUPPY addresses her son's letters to "Brandon Man," but her daughter's are always sent to "Brandon Woman."

EMPEROR WILLIAM and the Czar of Russia will meet at Kiel in August. It is not impossible their respective armies may meet to kill later on.

PREMIER GREENWAY reports the crop prospects in South-Western Manitoba to be good. It is well to remember that at present all crops are in a green-way.

IN the newly discovered land of Gilkika all the women drink and smoke, while the men deform their figures by tight lacing, and those people are said to be really no better off than the enlightened denizens of this great Dominion of Canada.



CAUGHT!

MRS. JIMPSY—"What an ill-bred person that Mrs. Flightly is—always turning round and looking at one after she passes."

MR. J.—"How do you know, my dear?"

MRS. J.—"Know? Why, I've caught her at it half a dozen times!"

THE POLITICAL FOOL.

PART I.

FEW, even among his most intimate friends, are favored with the entire confidence of Sir John Macdonald. The Old Man has a way of inspiring confidence in others, which he takes very good care seldom to reciprocate, and so he learns a great deal that he finds useful to him, without paying anything for it. If he wants recruits to the Conservative ranks, he gives the volunteers a kindly pat on the shoulder, instead of the traditional shilling. He says that he knows them well by reputation—must have met them somewhere, by Jimminy!—and believes he will be able to place them somewhere, before long, that will be to their advantage. In the meantime, traitors are abroad, and the Party must be kept in line. The king at Ottawa then enquires of them when they saw So-and-So, what So-and-So was doing, what So-and-So said, and how the land was lying at such-and-such a place. The raw recruits, who see in themselves prospective Ministers, Judges, or high officials, tell everything they know and all they have heard, and the Grand Old Man retires, chuckling that he sees the manœuvres in the enemy's camp.

PART II.

ERNSCLIFFE.

[SIR JOHN is reclining on a lounge in the library, perusing a recent work of fiction. Enter TIMOTHY JUNKS, who wants a high Government position.]

SIR JOHN (rising up, and looking extremely pleased)—"Well, Timothy, my boy, your visit comes like the first scent of a June rose. How are the young Junkes?"

TIMOTHY (who owns a rich Irish brogue)—"Well, now, Sur John, the childers are not complainin', and nayther would I, begob, if I'd nothing more to think about than they have; but the troubles of up-bringin' and the thrials I've endured for me party, has made Timothy Junkes look more like a biled tater that's soon to be used up than the June rose you spake about."

SIR JOHN (who grasps the situation)—"You make me positively anxious when you say so. Mr. Junkes, if you were soon to withdraw from my army of faithfuls, I could only regard it in the light of a calamity. Your loss would be irreparable; your usefulness to the party and to me personally is infinite. I'm afraid, Mr. Junkes, that if you were obliged to retire the Conservative party would be no good, and the Government, I'm sure, would collapse in a day."

TIMOTHY (whose immense importance is beginning to dawn upon him)—"I don't say that I want to withdraw from the Conservative party, nor do I want to see the Government go to smash because I'm not there to uphold it. But an ould man, you know, wants a saft seat."

[SIR JOHN pretends not to comprehend.]

By a saft seat I mean, Sur John, some place in the Government that'll repay me for my sarvices to the party, now that I'm an ould man."

SIR JOHN—"Ah, a Government situation! My dear Mr. Junkes, you would be as good as dead to the party then, and what would be the result? A Government situation such as you want would not be good enough for you. I intend shortly to reorganize my Cabinet. I may then be able to give Timothy Junkes his due reward. I intend to retire from the premiership before many years. How would that suit you?"

Timothy retires, overjoyed with the prospect of undreamt-of greatness, and, as he jauntily bends his way homeward feeling the youngest man in the country, Sir John resumes his book as he ejaculates,

"What fools these mortals be!"

FAIX.

MR. PAUL PRY:

"Not at all curious, but then he'd like to know, you know?"



HOW it happens that each City Council in its turn is worse than any that ever preceded it?

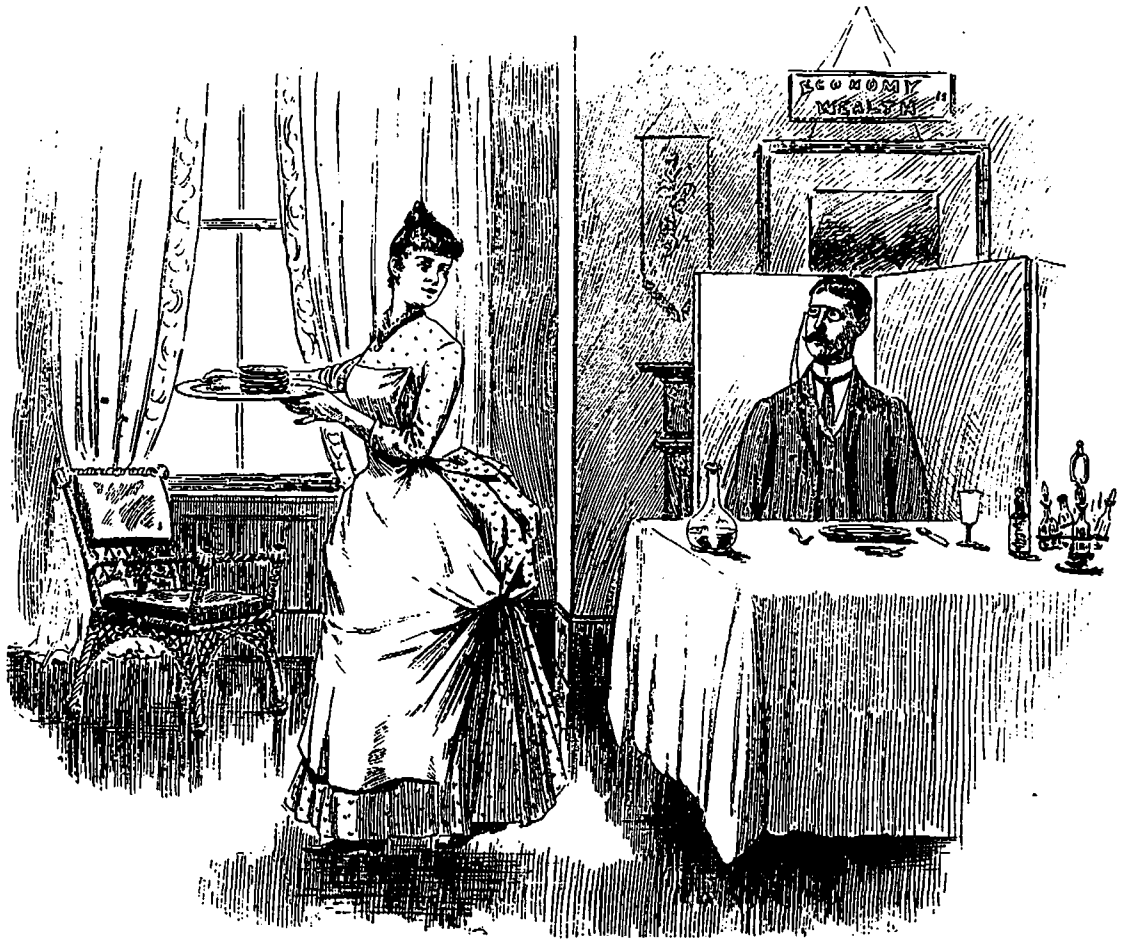
Why Justice should give Roland Gideon Israel Barnett seven years in penitentiary and let all the other Central Bank robbers walk round outside the walls?

Where any authentic information may be gathered concerning the whereabouts of the "French-Canadian Nation," to which Pope Leo XIII. has just accorded his blessing?

What the Orangemen of the country think of the programme arranged at Ottawa, under which the Conservative party has sold itself to the Roman Catholic Church in return for the solid corporate vote in the next Dominion and Provincial election?

If the Orangemen aforesaid have got their swallowing machinery in good order?

Why the city doesn't take out an injunction to restrain the C.P.R. from going on with their work in Toronto harbor until some decision is reached in the case now pending?



SUMMER BOARDING.

ALGERNON DE SWELLTON.—“ Will you please pass me the menu ?”

ELIZA JANE.—“ We haven't any this morning, sir. They're not in season, yet.”

NURSERY RHYME.

(AMENDED TO SUIT THE HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.)

THERE was an Orangeman,
And he had a little gun,
And the bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
He attended at the Lodge,
To disguise his little dodge
Of shooting the Brotherhood dead, dead, dead.

N.B.—The hon. gentleman referred to represents his own corporation in Parliament. He is an ardent advocate of Sir John's proposed gerrymander, which will render his political defeat impossible. After the next re-hiving of the constituencies he will propose an amendment of the Election Statutes to make it compulsory that all elections for the Dominion Parliament shall take place on the 1st April only. This will insure consistency. “ Britons never shall be slaves ” and “ God Save the Queen ” are his mottoes. He came to Canada from Spike Island.

M. ROSS, L'ORATEUR !

IT may not be generally known that large and influential deputations from the school sections of Essex, Prescott and Russell were present at the great Reform picnic on Saturday, and that Hon. Geo. W. Ross delivered a special address to them in the Zoo building, “ unbeknownst ” to the general mass of Reformers present. The subject of Mr. Ross' remarks, naturally enough, was the vexed question of the French language in the Public

Schools. The speech, which was brief, was secured exclusively for GRIP by our invisible reporter. The learned gentleman spoke as follows :

MESSEURS,—Si vous n'avez pas le pain noir, vous pouvez avoir le pain blanc. Le vieil homme, a-t-il un habit ? Non, mais le fil jeune de l'homme vieil a un chapeau rouge ! (Cheers.) Le cheval que la soeur des garçons acheta, ou est-il ? Je ne sais pas, mais le fromage est sur le table. Donnez moi un canif, et moi, je vous donnerai un bel habit. (Loud applause.) Le chien a un rat. Il ne permettra pas le chat à prendre le rat ! Cessons nos luttes fratricides ; unissons nous ! (Deafening cheers.) Monsieur Mercier est un homme tres magnifique, et moi je suis aussi un homme tres magnifique, mais la langue Francais est tres difficile à comprendre ; et plus difficile à parler, Comprenez-vous ? Vive la toute jeune nation Franco-Canadien ! Vive les écoles publiques !! (Loud and long-continued applause.)

The address created a profound impression, and it is understood that the French people of the sections named are now more than willing to relinquish their hitherto cherished language.

THE REASON WAS PLAIN.

MR. HARDY UPSON—“ What a miserable world this is. I guess Eden was the only spot on it in which a man ever was happy.”

MR. CUTAWAY CASHLESS—“ That's so, old boy. There were no tailors there.”



A LITTLE PLAIN IRISH.

MRS. O'DOWD—"There's got to be an ind to this kind av goins' on, Mister O'Dowd. This is the seventh night ye've come home in the mornin', an the next time ye go out, sorr, ye'll stay at home an' open the dure for yerself!"

WHO OWNS THE CITY?

(The lawyers for the City in consultation before meeting the Ministers and C. P. R. representatives.)

C. ROBINSON—"Well, Biggar, what are we to say on behalf of the city? Do you see any way out of this thing?"

C. R. W. BIGGAR—"You are the senior counsel in this case, Chris.; I'll let you do the talking this time."

C. ROBINSON—"What am I to talk in face of the arrangement the Mayor engineered at Montreal and Ottawa last year?"

C. R. W. BIGGAR—"Well, I don't intend to say much, the Mayor wishes to make all possible concessions to the C. P. R., and I'm powerless. You know, I suppose, that the C. P. R. is one of the children of the Government family."

(*Exeunt undecided.*)

(Sir John Macdonald, Sir John Thompson, Sir Hector Langevin and Mr. Carling, hold a brief consultation before the meeting.)

SIR JOHN A.—"Gentlemen, I'm not disposed to favor Toronto in this case. Sec the howl they've been making about this Jesuit business."

SIR JOHN T.—"That is surely a sufficient reason to give the C. P. R. all it asks for. If we can cover the whole of Toronto with railroads, we will confer a benefit on the C. P. R. and on ourselves, by driving nearly all the citizens out of Toronto."

SIR JOHN A.—"Capital idea, John, you've got a great head. But here they come."

(*Enter the City and C. P. R. representatives.*)

MR. BLACKSTOCK, (on behalf of the C. P. R.)—"We want the whole of the Esplanade, including the street of that name; we want all the Don flats, and we want the whole of Front street. We will in a short time, no doubt, make application for far more than this, but I believe this modest demand will satisfy us in the meantime."

SIR JOHN A.—"Your demand is a very modest one, and I see no reason why it should not be granted."

SIR JOHN T.—"As far as I am concerned I would prefer to give you the whole city, for Toronto is the hot-bed of this anti-Jesuit agitation."

MR. BLACKSTOCK—"Oh, thanks, but our demands I assure you are very modest and reasonable; in time we will, no doubt, make application for the whole city, and for running powers over every street and park. In the meantime we want just to get our foot down, as it were."

SIR JOHN A.—"Well, gentlemen, I think you had better go home, and come to some arrangement among yourselves, and we will see you again." (*Aside to Blackstock and other C. P. R. representatives*), "We'll make it all right for you."

(*Exeunt City representatives rather chop-fallen, and C. P. R. representatives elated.*)

THE SENATOR'S MISTAKE.

THE Hon. Senator O'Donohue has never applied himself to the study of the rules and regulations which govern the management of street cars. Perhaps his strained relations with his brother senator, Hon. Frank Smith, may account for this. The other day he had to suffer for his neglect of this branch of study, to the amusement of a number of unfeeling passengers on the Church street line. Wishing to get out at his own corner, the Hon. gentleman pulled the bell-cord, but, as occasionally happens, the order was not promptly obeyed. With a perhaps pardonable show of indignation, the Senator seized the rope and gave it half a dozen rapid jerks, in response to which the driver, as per instructions, whipped up his horses, and the result was that the unfortunate statesman was carried twice as far out of his way as he otherwise might have been. As he bundled himself out of the car he looked more than ever a representative of Ireland.

UNCLE SAM TO BECHARD.

"IF the fanatics of Ontario continue to persecute us, bear in mind that we can find shelter under the starry flag of the United States."—*M. Bechard's recent speech.*



LL right, Mister Bechard, but just look-a-here, I want you should see the position quite clear; Come into the Union, if so you've a mind— Here liberty, comfort and honor you'll find— But when you come under the old starry flag, No tri-color into the Union you'll drag; Good-bye to the "rights" that your race now enjoys,

Farewell to your *langue* and also your *lois*, Farewell to the *fabrique* and other Church powers,

We won't have no middle-age nonsense in ours. No Separate schools, and no Jesuit grants, One language official—and that not from France If you'll 'gree to the terms, then the bargain's *tres bon*,

It's a clear understandin', so come right along!

THE FRENCH INVASION.

THE Commissioners must investigate how the teaching is done in our city schools. At the recent closing of the Wellesley Public School, the following conversation was heard going on between two lady teachers:

1ST LADY—"You know this must remain *entry nous*."

2ND LADY—"Oh, dear, yes! Wouldn't there be a great *fraycas* if it got out?"

1ST LADY—"Wouldn't there! They would be *horse de combat* the moment it got on the *taypis*."

2ND LADY—"O *revoyr*."



A CRUEL SWINDLE.

PRETTY YOUNG LADY—"Gentlemen, this is the only seat hereabouts. Might I ask you to make room for—?"

YOUNG GENTS (*simultaneously*)—"Certainly! Delighted! Most happy!"

PRETTY YOUNG LADY (*to elderly person in the distance*)—"Come, aunty here's a place for you. Thanks very much, gentlemen."

"GRIP'S" CRONY CLUB.

THIRD NIGHT.

"THIS evening," said MR. GRIP, as he took the chair and beamed genially upon the company of celebrities assembled in the banqueting-hall. "We are to have something—I need hardly say something good—from Mr. Ned Farrer, who has had the luck to draw the blank ballot. It affords me the greatest pleasure in the world to introduce (though, of course, he requires no introduction), the distinguished editor of the *Mail*."

MR. FARRER, upon rising, was greeted with great applause.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I have noticed that the custom at this Club seems to be for the victim of the blank ballot to sing the company a song of an autobiographical nature. In accordance with that usage, I will do my best to render a little impromptu ditty in English as she is spoken in the land of my nativity:

'Twas in Ireland I was born,
An' passed me youthful days, sirs,
'Twas there I got me wit,
An' all me Irish ways, sirs.
Me father he was Irish,
An' so, begor, was mother,
An' I took after thim,
As also did me brother.

Whack fol de roll, etc.

Whin I was but a bie
They meant me for the altar,
(Tho', whisper in your ear,
More like 'twill be the halter).

An' so they packed me aff
To get me sacred knowledge,
At old Maynooth beyant—
The famous Jesuit' College.
Whack fol de roll, etc.

Well, there I shtayed awhile,
The priestly business larin',
Whin for a change av fare
I felt a mighty yarnin'.
So up I threw me books,
(Me father he was ragin'
To see more worldly things
Me youthful mind engagin'.)
Whack fol de roll, etc.

I left the dear ould sod,
An' came across the ocean—
To be an alderman
In New York was me notion—
But whin I saw the gang,
No longer thin I hankered
To jine their dirty ranks,
Me better nature conquered!
Whack fol de roll, etc.

'Twas thin a happy thought
Kem lapin' through me brain, sirs
Thinks I, me college coorse
It hasn't been in vain, sirs.
It's an editor I'll be
Upon some daily journal,
An' sure I got a job
Be some Jesuit trick infernal.
Whack fol de roll, etc.

Well, once I got a start
I went along a-kitein',
An' soon med quite a name
Be manes av purty writin'.
An' that is why I was
Imported be the Tories.
To boom up ould Sir John,
An dish the Grits wid "stories
Whack fol de roll, etc.

Me pen for many years
Was kep' a-floppin' gaily,
Me politics I changed,
If necessary, daily.
I laughed dull care away,
An' took me life quite aisy,
An' all the papers said
Ned Farrer is a daisy!
Whack fol de roll, etc.

An' so yez see me now,
Fat, jolly, red an' hearty,
I've danced meself quite free
From aich an' ivery party;
An' don't yez be surprised
If my next Protean caper
Is to take the editorship
Av a Frinch an' Jesuit paper
Whack fol de roll, etc.

THE SAME COLOR BUT A DIFFERENT CAUSE.

NEWBEE—"Who is that green-looking fellow?"

BIGBEE—"Green, did you say?"

NEWBEE—"Yes; green."

BIGBEE—"Well, he may be green, but if he is it is with verdigris. He is a country book agent."

CONUNDRUM.

(BY A BOLD, BAD MAN.)

WHY did Sir John Macdonald say that after him would come the Deluge? Because he has damned the country and enabled the Jesuits to flood it.



BEFORE AN AUDIENCE.

HAVING had a long experience on the platform, I consider myself competent to give the would-be orator some valuable practical advice, and, being of a philanthropic turn of mind, I do this gratis through your columns, MR. GRIP, rather than through the medium of a Professorship in the University (which, being a native Canadian, I probably could not get), or by means of private correspondence in reply to enquirers who enclosed the customary stamp (after the manner of those pious Bible-house "reverends" whose advertisements you see in the daily papers). I may say, to begin with, that the orator is born, not made, but this should not discourage the aspiring young man,* because he can't tell whether he is born or not until he tries.

The universal mark of the true orator is his power to hold an audience. It is, of course, necessary first to secure an audience to hold, and just here is where many a promising orator is nipped in the bud. The best way to secure an audience in this country is to have the admission free, and throw in a substantial meal without extra charge. To the man who is going into the oratory business with pecuniary objects in view, this may be an impediment, but such a man does not deserve success, anyway. His natural sphere is the real-estate business. An orator should be essentially a philanthropist, one who is willing to wear out his chin in the service of his fellow-men. Now, to come to particulars. Never forget to have a jug of water on the table. People will not sit patiently and listen to a dry discourse. Always choose a theme calculated to interest those you are speaking to. If you have an audience of farmers, give them a lecture on the Paris fashions; if your auditors are scientists, go to agriculture for your theme. Never drag any humor into a speech; it is apt to cause interruptions. Anecdotes, however, are always in order. Select those that have least bearing upon the subject of your discourse, and see to it that they are long and straggling. There are three things which every great orator makes it a point to do with his audience, viz., thrill 'em, rouse 'em, and melt 'em. To produce the first result you must lower your voice almost to a whisper, give your eyes a horrified, staring expression, spread your fingers in claw-fashion and work them nervously, and speak with a decided quaver in your voice. To rouse 'em, shout; clench your fists, raise them above your head, and shout. To melt 'em, all you have to do is to shed tears—this is a trick of the trade which you can easily learn by practising with common garden onions—shed tears copiously! I cannot now ask you for any more of your valuable space, MR. GRIP, but may, with your permission, have something more to say on this interesting theme on another occasion.

DEMOSTHENES TUBBS.

* I wish it distinctly understood that I am not writing for the benefit of the other sex. I simply can't endure female orators, good or bad.—D.T.

THE THREE WISE MEN, AND THE JUDGMENT THEY ADJUDGED.

FOR many years the shareholders of a certain co-operative concern had grumbled about the prices charged by the manager for the goods. When expostulated with on this subject he invariably assured his expostulators that they didn't know they were talking about—that the goods they purchased were cheaper than similar articles could be bought for in adjoining towns—that the quality of his stuff was better than the average anyhow—that in due course the prices would come down—that he understood the grocery and junk-shop trade thoroughly—that they and that he,—but, pshaw! what is the use of repeating here the various and numerous statements he employed to justify his position? At last he said to himself "These grumblers are getting pretty cheeky, I must prove to them that my judgment and experience in this matter are correct. Now, let me see. How shall I go about it! Oh, yes! I have it. Everything unpleasant is settled now-a-days by means of commissions—I will appoint a commission. That's the ticket! I'm glad I thought of this. Yes. I will select one man, particular friend of my own, one who knows exactly what I require without any coaching, a man who used to be in the wholesale business himself, and who knows therefore what is meant by legitimate profits on job lots, a friend of the wholesalers as well as of myself, and who won't make a speck of trouble for anybody. Yes, I will appoint Mr. Daniel."

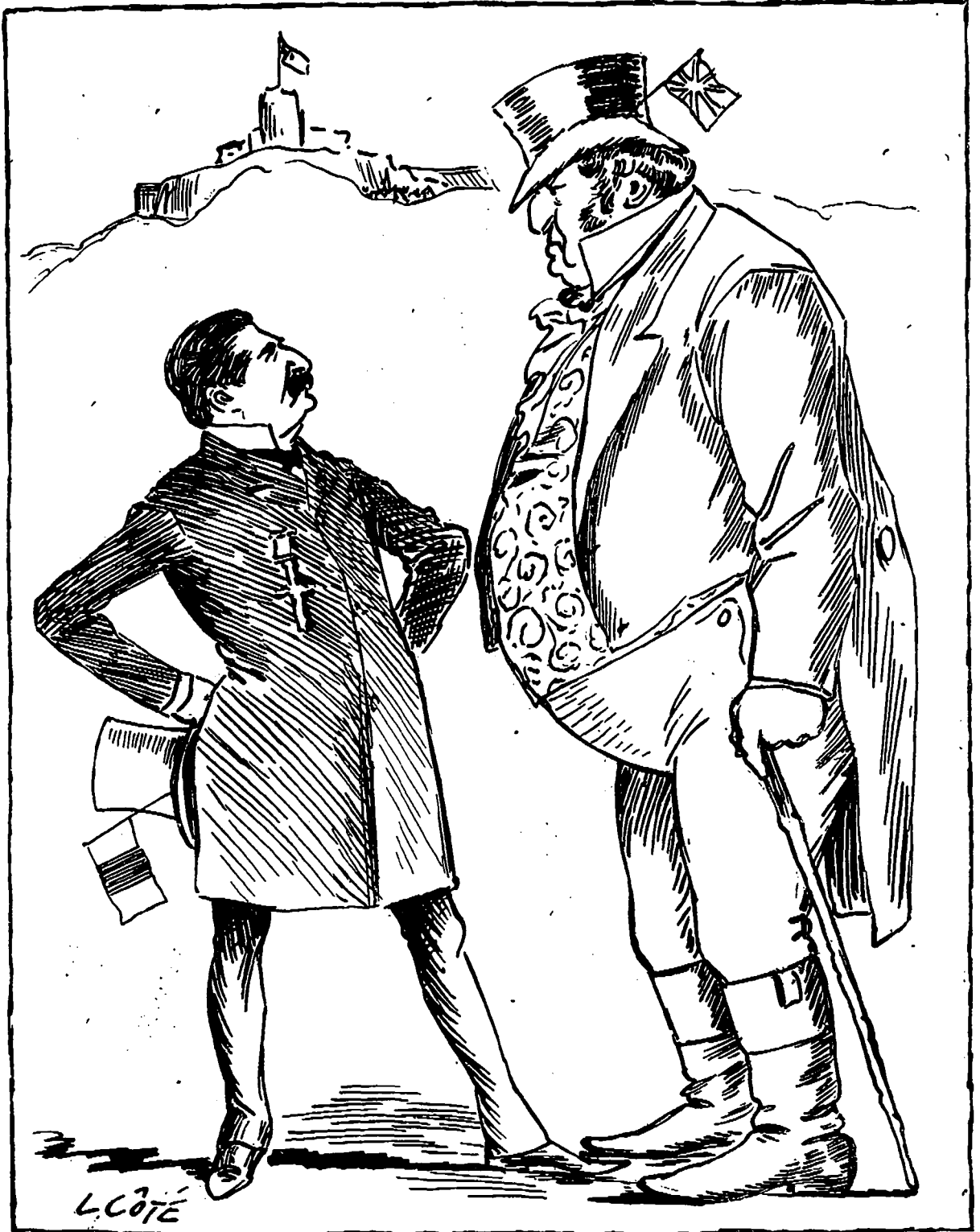
The manager smacked his lips and took another "chew" as he evolved the commission scheme, the upshot of which was that the wholesale men were to appoint another good fellow as their arbitrator, and these two should choose a third. Good—very good! Capital! Great Head! Also, Great Scott!

So the wholesalers appointed Mr. Solon, and when he and Mr. Daniel met and cogitated they eventually chose Mr. Solomon as the third party. Splendid trio.

Then they met again to consider how they should proceed, and having considered they proceeded. And this was the proceeding. All the wholesalers concerned were to prepare statements showing exactly how much it cost to lay down goods in Blanqueville:—well it *did* slip out, although the intention was not to divulge the name of the place. When these statements had been prepared to the perfect satisfaction of the wholesalers under the superintendence of an expert accountant whose name was Mr. Cook, the cogitators, I mean the commissioners, met from time to time and cogitated, and smelt the goods, and cogitated, and tasted the goods, and cogitated, and rubbed them between their fingers and thumbs, and cogitated, and cogitated and cogitated, and kept on cogitating until they had to adjourn to meet another day that they might cogitate some more, for the cogitating business pays tip-top at ten dollars a day. There are more than a score of good men and true in Blanqueville who would willingly go into this cogitating business for half the money. But this is a digression. However, after a whole lot of cogitating they arrived at a decision exactly in accordance with forecast of the sapient manager. For example, they said, "We find that Scrouge's sugar is sold for less than it cost, therefore the profit is not excessive."

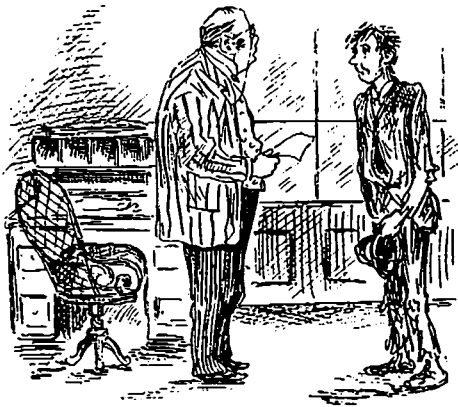
"We have tried Muggins's tea and compared it with the invoices. We find that it barely pays to bring it here, therefore the profit is not excessive."

"We have been assured by examination of Accountant Cook's figures that Bullper's cheese is sold at a loss, therefore the profit is not excessive."



THE GALL OF THE GAUL.

MERCIER.—“ You understand, Mr. Bull, that this is the French Canadian nation, and that you are here in Quebec on sufferance ! ”



INVIDIOUS.

MENDICANT (*entering merchant's office*)—"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trowsers, have you?"

MR. CLOSESHAVE—"No: I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house, anyhow."

MENDICANT—"Where do you live, and I'll call around in the morning for the old pair you have on."

"So far as Couldock's mustard is concerned, we find that the demand is not quite too, too lively, and we would recommend a slight increase in the price."

"We find that Couldock's pepper, however, has had an immense sale, and the price should be reduced immediately."

"We find that Sniffkin's flour has been sold for years at a price rendering no profit to the miller, therefore the profit is not excessive."

"Scrabble's butter is sold so as barely to cover expenses, therefore the profit is not excessive."

"We find that Dolliker's honey, which in Greenland would be worth \$10 a pound is sold by Dolliker here at a very small advance on cost, therefore the price is not excessive."

"Eggs is eggs, and we find that this fruit is sold by Brumley & Co. at less than it costs to maintain the pullets, therefore the price is not excessive."

"All of which is respectfully submitted,

Signed,

DANIEL,
SOLON,
SOLOMON."

Of course this judgment more than justifies the manager, and proves moreover to an undiscerning and indiscriminating public that the wholesale men are philanthropists who pursue their calling mainly for the good of their customers. If it doesn't prove this, then it does prove that they have been ignorantly sinking capital for many years, and have now to thank the cogitators for the discovery that bankruptcy is close at hand. Finding this out, it is quite certain that the wholesalers will shut up shop at once, unless it appear that they really are engaged in the philanthropic line aforesaid, or unless it can be shown that Mr. Accountant Cook's accounts were correct—that is, were not quite correct, or that Messrs. Daniel, Solon and Solomon were *non compos mentis* when they arrived in so many instances at the truly logical conclusion, that the articles being "sold at a loss, the profit is not excessive."

The conclusion of the whole matter is that when a foregone conclusion has been concluded, the only conclusion we can arrive at is that the conclusion which was concluded because it was foregone, would not have been con-

cluded had it not been foregone, and that therefore a foregone conclusion is a conclusion which has not been concluded subsequently.

Q. E. D.

HERO AND LEANDER.

(*Localized.*)

WHEN the voice of the fog-horn was loud on the isle
And the odors that rose from the waters were vile,
Leander stood lone by the wind-worried bay
And the longings of love o'er his spirit had sway.

In a tent by the side of the water-washed strand
Where the walloping waves were assailing the land
Lay Hero, the lovely, unconscious in sleep,
Unscared by the raging and bellowing deep.

When love is triumphant, pray who would be wise?
And who a brave heart to Leander denies?
At midnight he leapt from the dark Esplanade,
And resolved to the Island to swim or to wade.

Around him the billows dug many a grave,
But boldly he breasted each high-rolling wave;
And brushing the scum of the bay from his cheek,
To the tent of his true love he swam like a streak.

She awoke to the sound of a sweet serenade,
And striking a light saw Leander arrayed
In the suit of a bather, ungainly and lank,
And with sewage, malodorous, dripping and dank.

A moment, askance, her heart's idol she eyed,
Then with nose well compressed, to his song she replied:
"I own your devotion is wonderful, very,
But the next time you come, love, pray come by the ferry."

P. Kts.

A RARA AVIS.

"I SAY, Snaggles, that's a blamed fine church you have here. Got a pretty good minister?"

"Well, I should just say we have. He is a *very* remarkable man, indeed. Few like him nowadays, Mr. Jerrux."

"You don't say so! How is that?"

"Why, he isn't a D.D."

"Great Scott! Not a Doctor of Divinity! Introduce me to him, will you? Where has he lived all his life?"

"Oh, he's a Canadian all right enough, Jerrux, but he has been ordained only about six months."

"Ah! I see."

HOW HE LOST A DINNER.

THEY were coming home from church where they had been listening to a sermon on "The Immortality of Evil," and naturally fell to discussing the discourse.

"Don't believe it," said Wagstaff. "It don't stand to reason. Moreover, some of the profoundest of modern thinkers and disputants take an entirely different view."

"For instance?" enquired Gigglethorpe.

"Well, take Grant Allen. Able man—native Canadian, by the way. Now, he evidently don't take any stock in this notion of the immortality of evil—got too much sense."

"I'm tolerably familiar with his writings, but I fail to memorize anything sustaining your view of the subject."

"Why, take his story that's now running in the *Globe*. He states at the very outset that 'The Devil's Die.'"

"Humph! Good morning. I meant to have asked that fellow in to dinner, but I do hate a man who is always making senseless jokes."

AT the fish dealer's. "Please send up to my house, to-morrow, a couple of nice bass." "Yes, sir." "And, by the way, be sure they are bass I'm going off for a day, and—er—er—the last time I went I told my wife it was for trout fishing, and you sent up a fresh mackerel. These little errors of yours are causing strained relations in my family."

NEW YORK MAGISTRATE.—"Is it a furriner yez are?"

PRISONER.—"Si, signor: me from Italia; me sella fresh roasted peanut."

MAGISTRATE.—"O! thought yez were a furriner. I can always tell a furriner by his accint."

OF VITAL IMPORTANCE.—Sufferers from Neuralgic Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, etc., will find immediate relief by using Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine. Highly recommended by leading physicians. Drug-gists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

COWBOY.—"Say, you! Do you run this engine?"

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER.—"Yes; what can I do for you?"

COWBOY.—"I want a situation as cow-catcher. I've been on a ranch for the last ten years."

EQUAL TO THE BEST.

A VERY comfortable hotel for permanent or transient guests in New York is the famous Sturtevant House, Broadway, cor. 29th Street; Matthews & Pierson, proprietors. European and American plans, prices very reasonable.—*Tribune*.

THE WIDOW O'HARA (in front of a marble-yard, in which there is a fine granite monument).—"What is it, raly?"

MR. SHAFTS.—"That, Madam, is a Scotch granite monument."

THE WIDOW O'HARA.—"Shure an' Oi tho't it was sassage-mate in a glass case."—*Puck*.

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

AMERICAN BOY.—"Papa, the first Republican President was Lincoln, wasn't it?"

PAPA (with emotion).—"Yes, my son, Abraham Lincoln."

AMERICAN BOY.—"And the last Republican President is—"

PAPA (wildly).—"Stop! Stop! My son, please take another breath before mentioning that other name."—*Puck*.

HOWELL GIBBON.—"Aw, I'm quite shocked, Tom, to see you going around the streets without a vest!"

TOM BIGBEE (wiping his brow).—"Whew! When a man wears a flannel shirt to keep cool, Howell, he musn't wear anything else that he can possibly dispense with!"—*Puck*.

MISTRESS.—"Did you tell those ladies I was out, Bridget?"

BRIDGET.—"Yis, mum."

MISTRESS.—"Did they say anything?"

BRIDGET.—"Yis; one said to the other, I didn't s'pose we wud foind her in; she's on the strates most av th' toime."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Philadelphia *Ledger* relates that, to an old couple who boasted that they had lived man and wife for fifty years and never had a dispute, the listener replied: "What a doleful, monotonous life you must have had."

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.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

MR. HIGHLIVE (looking up from the paper).—"Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors."

MRS. HIGHLIVE (glancing at his nose).—"I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."—*New York Weekly*.

"OH, the Frenchman was very harshly treated. They threw him off the balcony into the street."

"They did? Well, was he hurt much? Anything broken?"

"Nothing but his English."



TO BE IMPROVED!

Not in principle, or object—everybody knows that in these particulars Canada's Comic Weekly is above criticism.

BUT IN HIS PHYSICAL APPEARANCE,

This is to be done by the use of a more highly finished and heavier paper and finer ink, with the object of bringing out the illustrations in the best style of the art. In other ways, not necessary to be set forth in detail.

The improvements will be pushed, and GRIP will be made not only a source of gratification to all lovers of right causes, independently advocated, but to all admirers of the beautiful in art.

Great attention will continue to be paid, not only to the principal cartoons, but to the

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which have lately been furnished in more generous profusion.

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New Bond Street, London, Eng.



"Oh, where did you have those lovely pictures taken—in Paris?"
"Oh, no! at PERKINS' STUDIO, 293 Yonge Street."
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IT IS THE— (See page 14.)



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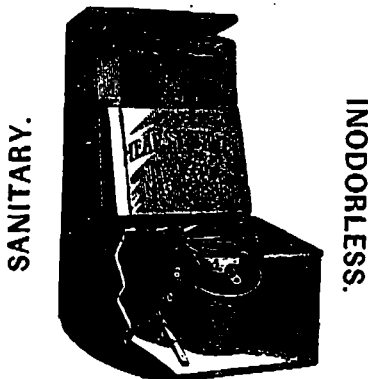
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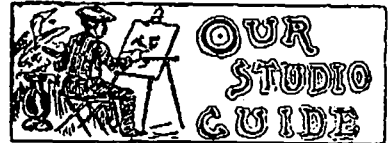
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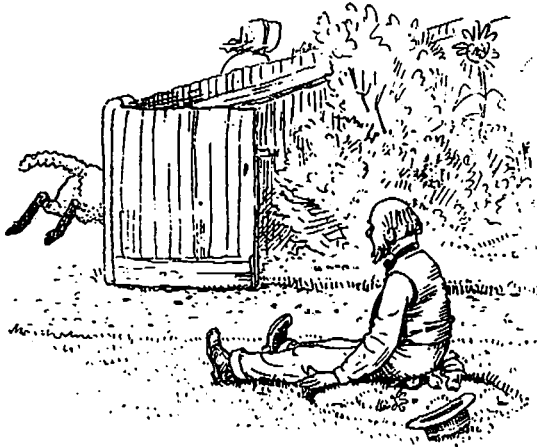
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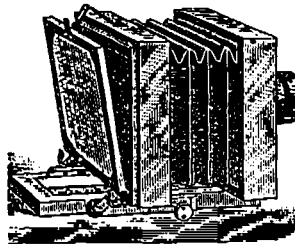


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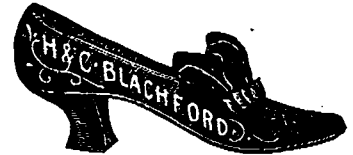
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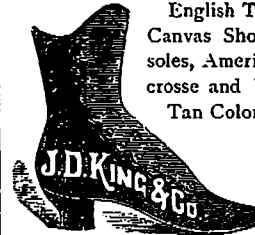


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