



GRIP



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FROM "ERMINIE" (AND QUEBEC.)

CHAPLEAU—We are partners in our present little game,
MERCIER— Tho' to hostile parties usually allied;

CHAPLEAU—We want to save Quebec from debt and shame,
MERCIER— Yes; by getting at the funds they have inside.

BOTH—We are shifters, we are listers,
 We are politicians fly,
 Run things in a high old style, and when we've used up all our store
 We know where there is a crib,
 We are politicians glib.
 We just raid the Treasury till, ha, ha!
 We've cracked that crib before!

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Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOURG.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.



AN OBLIGING DOMINIE.
—The feeling is universal that there is something in the political wind just now. Most of the weather-wise believe that something to be the general election. Sir John and his colleagues are scurrying to and from like a lot of stormy petrels

presaging the political tempest. The great and masterful Tupper has left the seclusion of his fashionable quarters in the West End of London and is at this writing on the breast of the briny ocean, with the ship's prow pointed hitherwards. The mercury in the barometer is falling. There is something up, for a fact. But how can it be the general election? When the amendments to the Franchise Act were under discussion at the last session of the House, Hon. J. A.

happeau, Secretary of State, made a somewhat elaborate statement of the constitutional rules governing a dissolution of this Parliament. He pointed out that the term of the present House would naturally expire in March, 1892, but that in 1891 the decennial census was to be taken, and before the House dissolved a redistribution measure based on the new census would have to be passed. Hon. Peter Mitchell followed with a careful annotation of the speech just delivered, and nailed the minister down to the statement that there would be two more sessions of the present House, one in 1891, and the other in '92, after the census. On putting the question point blank to Sir John, Mr. Mitchell received a reply which had an evasive sound about it, to the effect that the Government could not say how the Governor-General might use his prerogative in the premises. There the matter dropped. Now, notwithstanding the signs and symptoms of the moment, it is hard to believe that there is any seri-

ous intention of bringing on the elections before '92. The Governor-General has a constitutional right to refuse such a request and there is no ground on which to base an argument in its favor, excepting the exigencies of party, which Sir John is not likely to mention. There are several good reasons against a dissolution, however. In the first place the voters' lists are old and out of date, and ought in all fairness to be revised before another appeal to the country; secondly, the census will make a considerable difference in the representation; and thirdly, it will be necessary to hold another general election in 1892, after the census has been taken, in any event. On the whole, as Lord Stanley is rather a sensible sort of head master, the chances are that he will not consent to set aside the rules of the school just to oblige the boys.

FROM "ERMINIE" (AND QUEBEC).—Mr. Dalton McCarthy, who ought to be a reliable authority on such a point, has publicly informed us that Messrs. Mercier and Chapleau have joined forces for a raid on the Dominion treasury. The antecedent probability of this is very strong, for the sons of Quebec are always ready to drop their party differences where the interests of the Province demands united action, and the finances at Quebec are certainly in a pretty pickle just now. Mr. Foster must wake up and keep a sharp eye on that deficit of his while these predatory gents are around.



ALTHOUGH everything indicates that the Grand Old Conservative Party is beginning to squint in the direction of Reciprocity, we were hardly prepared for so violent a wrench to the old traditions as that given by the Chieftain and his entertainers at the Albany Club at a dinner a few evenings ago. We learn from the daily papers that the only toast drunk on the occasion was that of "Our Guest." The Queen and Royal Family, the Army and

Navy, and all the other loyal and patriotic staples were ruthlessly chucked away. If this sort of thing goes on the Grand Old Conservative Party will soon be altogether more shocking in its disloyalty than the unspeakable Grits.

* * *

THE Toronto detachment of these latter bad and dangerous people have moved into a new club house. It is situated on the north side of Adelaide Street, a short distance east of Yonge. The internal fittings are all in very good taste, a Conservative decorator having, no doubt, been engaged to do the job. The unique feature of the club is the shape of the dining room, which is that of a right angle. On state occasions, when the tables are spread to the full capacity of the room, the vice chairmen and their near neighbors will be shut off from each others' view by a solid corner of wall. On enquiring into the why and wherefore of this queer arrangement it was explained to us that the object in view was to preserve the harmony of the party, by preventing the left hand, or temperance section, from knowing what the right hand or imbibing section were doing on these festive occasions.

* * *

IN the good old days of Drake, Nelson, Wellington and the others, Great Britain was in the habit of taking any country she had a fancy for by force of arms. If the glory of the empire, as then understood, had not entirely passed away, our enterprising journals would probably be enjoying a boom just now chronicling the events of the war which would be raging along the American frontier. John Bull evidently wants the United States. But, as the sneering Frenchman said, the British have become a nation of shopkeepers, and the line of attack is now commercial instead of military. The weapons are not swords but syndicates. The campaign is going on

circumstances being the same, why should the reasoning of outsiders be different ?

CARLYLE was right. There is an infinite potency in clothes. Father Huntington's silent petticoats were powerful enough to discount all the wise and important things his eloquent tongue uttered in this city.

A DANGEROUS DISTURBER.

"PATERFAMILIAS" writes to the *Globe* advocating the simplification of the Short Catechism which is now used in the junior classes in Presbyterian Sunday schools. He says the work as it stands is totally unfitted for very young children. "The public school," he adds, "prescribes as a suitable lesson for such pupils 'It is an ox.' Why should the Sunday school at the same stage attempt to teach the mysteries of original sin and a future state ?"

We are afraid this correspondent is a dangerous character in the disguise of a respectable Calvinist. Revise and simplify the Short Catechism, forsooth ! It was bad enough to revise the Scriptures ; we must positively draw the line at the Standards, and the Short Catechism is practically one of them.

This wicked radical even questions the propriety of teaching the little ones such matter as this :

Q.—"Doth your wicked heart make all your thoughts, words and actions sinful ?"

A.—"Yes. I do nothing but sin."

Q.—"What kind of a place is hell ?"

A.—"A place of endless torment, being a lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

He evidently doesn't see that this is the sort of teaching which is sure to develop boys and girls into sweet, loving, charitable, self-denying followers of the Son of Man. Once more we repeat, he is a ruthless iconoclast and a dangerous person. If there is any revising to be done let it be upon the school books he so highly commends. They are distinctly below the robust Calvinistic standard. Away with "it is an ox !" It is a bovine quadruped of the male gender, is how our grand old Westminster fathers would have put it !

A POINTER FOR NEW YORKERS.

FULL soon in the blooming suburbs
The land will reach a rate
That will make the owners sell it
At apothecary's weight.
And soon to the flooded marshes
Glad buyers will resort
To ravenously purchase
The same by the wind-tossed quart.

—Puck.

If that's the way New Yorkers
In such-like deals engage,
It's quite apparent that they are
Away behind the age.

The way we do in Toronto
Leaves vastly greater room
To realize handsome profits
On a vacant marsh-land boom.

You've but to say you're a Syndicate
With capital at your call,
And our sapient Council will give you
The land for nothing at all.

That is of course providing
You're willing to do what's fair,
And let some aldermen stand in
And take a decent share.



PROFANITY.

QUEEN CITY GENTLEMAN—"Here, what's all this row about ?"

GAMIN—"This boy swore awful, sir."

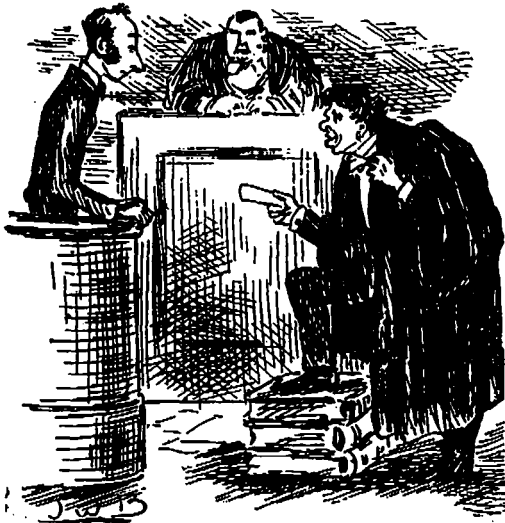
QUEEN CITY GENTLEMAN—"Indeed ! What did he say ?"

GAMIN—"He said 'Great Scott !'"

gloriously, too. Very little of anything now exists in the proud Republic that hasn't been purchased by British capitalists and corporations.

AS the result of the celebrated election trial in Hamilton Mr. Stinson, the elegant young member elect, has been asked to step down and out. He has been unanimously re-nominated, however, and will make one more effort to step across the threshold of Parliament, and if there are no Colonels or other impediments for him to trip over, he may possibly get there. They say he made some valuable memoranda in the court room, which he will endeavor to live up to in the new contest. One entry reads : "Keep away from Collier ;" another "Draw it mild on brass band music ;" and still another, "Drop cigarettes *pro tem*." The gallant Col. Gibson has, however, made definite arrangements to wipe the floor with his handsome opponent this time.

THE whirligig of time does indeed bring its revenges, and the editor of the *Toronto World* is occasionally the cruel instrument of their execution. Mr. Farrer, of the *Globe*, having gone to Washington on business which is presumably legitimate, the *World* cleverly seizes the opportunity of reprinting the articles in which the *Globe* some time ago denounced the same eminent journalist on the occasion of a visit to the same city. He then represented the *Mail*, and the *Globe* was more than sure that his trip was undertaken for base and traitorous ends. Farrer is now a "Reformed" character, of course, but the



MR. LEGALITY DOWNED.

BARRISTER—"Do I understand you to say that you were within ten feet of the prisoner when he committed the assault?"

WITNESS—"I don't know."

BARRISTER—"You don't know? Come now, answer my question!"

WITNESS—"I tell you I don't know whether you understand me or say so or not."

MORE CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

SO much interest was excited in scientific and society circles by the Delineations of Character from Handwriting published in our issue of a fortnight ago, that Our Expert has been emboldened to present another batch. We need hardly remind our readers that the signatures which follow are entirely new and strange to Our Expert.

1. "Robert Jaffray."—This is the signature of a man who is exceedingly cautious. I should say from the general shape of the signature that he has Scottish blood in his veins.

This characteristic would incline him to go slow and sure in everything. As the final stroke of the y denotes an interest in politics, I would incline to the conclusion that the gentleman is a member of the Conservative Party. Notice the loop of the capital R. This signifies forbearance to a phenomenal extent. Mr. Jaffray could endure a remarkable lot of cheek from a cross-examining attorney before slapping the latter's chops.

2. "R. J. Cartwright."—

Here we have a truly chivalrous signature. I would venture the opinion that the gentleman would not refuse a decoration if offered one. Mark the way in which the g and h are joined. This signifies a gentle nature, and a love of peace. He might make a useful public man if he could only bring himself to the task of criticizing his opponents. This, however, would go greatly against his nature.

3. "D. Creighton."—This signature, as will be noted by chirographists, is remarkably like that of the Admirable Crichton. There is some family connection,

able Crichton. There is some family connection,

probably. The same versatility of intellect is apparent in every letter. This signature indicates a man who can instantly adapt himself to all circumstances. If he were in politics, for instance, he would change the key of his party tune as often as necessary without any trouble, jumping from Loyalty to Reciprocity or *vice versa* with remarkable agility.

4. "W. A. Douglass."—The capital A here is a complete revelation. It brings before my mind's eye

a man of philanthropic disposition and great perseverance of character, yet a man of few words. If he ever got interested in any great moral question, he would be likely to devote himself to it somewhat, and might be induced to break his usual reserve and occasionally talk to his friends on the subject. To put this to the test, let somebody send Mr. Douglass some Single Tax tracts. If they happen to interest him, the transformation from his present taciturn disposition will be interesting to notice.

5. "John Laidlaw."—Here is the signature of a busy man, a perfect symbol of this busy, bustling, rushing age of commerce. The writing is done in evident haste, as if the writer were conscious of many important affairs demanding his attention. And yet, hastily as it is done, we see in the h, the n and the l plain indications of a friendly, clinging nature, which cannot fail to ensure this gentleman a numberless host of acquaintances.

6. "Clip Carew."—This is evidently a lady's signature, but that of a very original lady. The capital C's

denote a remarkable repugnance to gum, while every letter tells of a bright, sharp, incisive style. Literary ambition is indicated in the a and the final w, and if at some time she should think fit to sit down and write a novel like *Adam Bede*, the reading world will hear more of her.

7. "O. Mowat."—This signature bespeaks a man of profound consideration. Notice the O. This expresses surprise, such as the owner of the signature would probably express if he were asked to decide any question within six months' time. I understand Mr. Mowat is an honest tradesman. If so, I can only say that what has been gain to the trade has been loss to the Conservative Party. He would have made an excellent leader.

8. "G. T. Denison."—The British Lion seems to roar through this signature. Loyalty blazes forth in every capital

letter, while each curve of the small letters is calculated to give chills to Yankees who know anything of the science of reading character in handwriting. As I am from the other side myself, and not yet naturalized here, I feel this sensation coming over me now to such an extent that I really cannot go on, as I had intended.

NO NECESSITY.

LINER—"Come, old fellow, don't be angry. You must learn to take a joke."

SPACER—"Why must I? I'm not an editor."



AMONG THE MINISTERS—WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

RECIPROCITY.

WE understand that Mr. Henry George intends delivering a lecture shortly at Queen's College, Kingston, in which he will completely refute and demolish Newton's theory of gravitation. He has given long and earnest study to the subject and feels confident that he will be able to prove the fallacy of Newton's idea that the earth is kept in its orbit by the periodical falling of green apples. Principal Grant has secured a reserved seat for the occasion.

AT OSGOODE HALL.

Street Railway Arbitration adjourned for lunch. SCENE: the Barrister's Room.

JUDGE SENKLER—"Well, boys, I don't know how you feel about it, but I regard this thing as tedious to a degree."

HON. S. H. BLAKE—"You have expressed my view to an iota, Senkler. I'll be extremely glad when this job is finished."

MR. DALTON MCCARTHY—"I object to the term job, which is open to misconstruction. Otherwise I am in full accord with the sentiments of my learned brother. It's a thousand pities these enquiries can't be disposed of more promptly."

MR. RITCHIE, Q.C.—"You're quite right, McCarthy; entirely right. It is, indeed, a most lamentable waste of our valuable time."

MR. S. BARKER—"So it is. I am getting positively tired of the affair."

MR. CHAS. MOSS—"Cheer up, gentlemen; it can't last very much longer you know. The city's case is finished, and we'll get to the argument as quickly as possible."

MR. G. F. SHEPLEY, Q.C.—"And, say, fellows, let us cut the talk short when it comes to that. There's no sort of use in dragging out this punishment, you know."

MR. W. G. MCWILLIAMS—"Hear, hear! I want to get away to look after my business as soon as possible."

MR. E. M. LAKE—"Me, too. You lawyers have got your briefs. See that you don't belie them. Hustle the thing through."

MR. C. ROBINSON, Q.C.—"So far as I am concerned the argument won't last very long. I'll be as glad as any of you when it's done with."

MR. FRANK M. DENTON—"Well, gentlemen, we all appear to be of one mind, and yet I don't know that this is such a very bad snap after all. Most of you big-wigs are getting a snug little \$100 per day, others \$75. Now McWilliams and myself are only getting a measly \$40 per diem—hardly enough to pay car fare to and from the hall here. We may be excused for wishing the thing wound up right away; but, if you'll excuse me for hinting it, I rather suspect the sincerity of you other chaps."

CALL BOY (entering)—"Time!"

[Adjournment made to Court room and enquiry resumed.]

A SUPERFLUOUS VOW.

DEACON SKINFLINT—"Morning, Mr. Starvor. Great doin's up to Toronto, I hear. Folks just goin' wild over a preacher from New York that calls himself Father Huntington, an' says he's took a vow of poverty. I allowed to ax ye what yer think of sech goin's on. Kinder Popish, ain't it?"

REV. MR. STARVOR—"I don't know as to that, Deacon, but so far as any vow of poverty is concerned, judging by my experience among you, I can conceive of nothing more utterly superfluous."

A MAMMOTH CURIOSITY.

"MY cow gives milk and sometimes bellows on Sun days," writes Mr. Thomas Thompson in a letter to the *Globe*. We would advise Mr. T. to take steps to put this remarkable animal on view at the Musee-Theatre right away. A cow that gives bellows would be a big drawing card. No doubt the authorities would let the Musee open on Sundays for this special attraction.

THE TORY HEELER'S DILEMMA.

WHAT'S all this talk that's going on
About the tactics of Sir John?
There's some folks saying now that he
Will take up Reciprocity.

I ain't so sure but if he did
'Twould be a mighty taking bid
To catch the honest farmer's vote,
And I can quickly turn my coat.

Lor' bless you, 'twouldn't bother me
With our old Chieftain to agree,
What he says goes with us you bet,
I never went agin him yet!

I tell you just what knocks me out
Is this uncertainty and doubt,
Because, until I get my cue,
I don't know what it's safe to do.

I've been a shouter on the stump,
And reckoned that I played a trump,
By charging with disloyalty
All who opposed the great N. P.

I called Sir Richard "traitorous knave,"
To Wiman special fits I gave,
Urged all who loved their native land
Against the Yankee scheme to stand.

But now I dare not say a word
Until from Ottawa I've heard;
The Grits can talk—my tongue is tied,
For fear of hurting our own side.

I'm in a most unpleasant box,
I've got to take the hardest knocks,
And hardly dare to argue back
Lest I might kind of jump the track.

I've hardly nerve enough to call
A fellow "traitor," "fool," and all,
When old Sir John, first thing I know,
For Reciprocity may go.

I'll have quite crow enough to eat
And do not hanker for such meat,
So, till Sir John relieves the doubt,
On politics please count me out.

'Tain't fair to keep up this suspense,
I hate to roost upon the fence,
And down again I'll gladly skip
If I can only get the tip.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAMJONES—No, Bro. Samjones, it is not at all probable that the hostile Indians are so designated because they steal "hosses." There is, however, some force in your suggestion that the starvation policy of the U. S. Government is cowardly, inasmuch as a cowardly suffices to keep a whole tribe for a week.

J. Y. X.—The quotation "distance *lens* enchantment to the view" has no reference to the telescope.

JUDKINS, JUNR.—As far as we can make out each of the large city dailies has a circulation equal to the other two combined. Of course these statements don't harmonize, but then there are lots of other things in this world equally incongruous.

ORLANDO Q. GUFFY—We are surprised that a person of your apparent intelligence and education should be guilty of the ungrammatical assertion that "if you want to commit a poem to memory, write it out and then you will learn it by rote." First thing you know "Cheshire and Yorkshire" will be utilizing you in the *Mail* as an awful example of Canadian ungrammaticism, or words to that effect.

AN INCIDENT OF SIR JOHN'S VISIT.

THE reception held by the Chieftain in the Red Parlor on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto was characterized by the customary flow of badinage and witticism between Sir John and his visitors. The enquiries regarding the date of the election made by anxious partizans were deftly parried in the Old Man's jaunty fashion, and none of the visitors departed any wiser.

"There is a good deal of talk about the election coming on soon, Sir John," said Mr. John Herbert Beaty.

"Yes," replied the Chieftain, "you know people will talk."

"But I suppose the day hasn't been named yet?" said Mr. John Small.

"Well, no," replied the G.O.M. "Some of you fellows seem to be as anxious that I should 'name the day' as the expectant bridegroom of the old song:

"Oh, name the day, the happy day,
And I will buy the ring."

That's the most important matter, after all. Never mind the day—I'll buy the ring all right."

AT THE NATIONALIST ASSOCIATION.

VISITOR—"I like the way yez talk, but afore I jine yez I'd like to ax wan question, Mr. President. Are yez wid Parnell or agin him?"

PRESIDENT HOWELL—"We have nothing to do with that matter here."

VISITOR—"Arrah, listen to that, now! Bad cess to ye fur a pack av omadhauns as don't know nothin'! Purty Nationalists ye are, indade, if ye've nothin' to say about Parnell!"

MEMO. FROM BROCKVILLE.

"MR. JOHNSING," said the end-man of the Brockville Amateur Minstrels, "whar would you go supposin' a cyquake or an arthclone struck dis town?"

"Where would I go? I don't know, I am sure. Where would you go, Mr. Tambo?"

"I'd make a break fo' dis yar opery-house fust thing," replied Tambo, decisively.

"Why so?" queried the interlocutor.

"'Cos it's de *strongest* place in town," was the reply, which struck the audience as forcibly as the odor from the fire department horses stabled below had done all the evening. They say that opera house is a good paying concern. At all events, it's a stable institution.

WHICH IS THE CORPSE?

SAYS Chamberlain, "Home Rule is dead,
And never can be waked again!"
Says Home Rule from its bier, "Begob,
I'm not so dead as Chamberlain!"

NATIONAL SURGICAL OPERATION.

THE South American Republic of Chili has just had one of its i's removed. It is now called Chile. It is supposed that the name was changed for the express purpose of heading off the humorists who were in the habit of saying, "It's a cold day when Chili gets left," etc. The Chile is doing well, we understand, since the operation.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

The first number of the *Canadian Dry Goods, Hats, Caps and Furs, Millinery and Clothing Review*, a monthly published in Toronto in the interests of these trades, is to hand.—*Empire*.

FAST fell the shades of eventide,
As up the street a newsboy hied,
And in vociferous accents cried,
"Here's your *Canadian Dry Goods, Hats, Caps and Furs, Millinery and Clothing Review!*"

The crowd went surging up the street,
But midst the noise of tramping feet
Was heard the youth's protracted bleat—
"Buy the *Canadian Dry Goods, Hats, Caps, and Furs, Millinery and Clothing Review!*"

A passer by said, "Youngster, tell
What paper you have got to sell,"
And loud he answered with a yell—
"*Canadian Hats*—no that ain't it, neither—*Canadian Dry Goods, Hats, Caps and Furs*—hanged
if I ain't clean forgot the rest—hold up, I got
her now—*Millinery and Clothing Review!*"

But ere he got the sentence right,
The customer was out of sight,
Though loud he cried with all his might—
"Here's your *Canadian Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Knives and Forks, Furs, Millinery and Clothing*—got 'em all in that
time, by thunder!—*Review!*"

"I guess you'll have to rent a shop
To sell that numerous paper crop."
Another said, but did not stop
To buy the *Canadian Dry Goods, Hats, Caps and Furs, Millinery and Clothing Review*.

And still the youth his task pursued
And cried his wares in earnest mood,
As on the pavement there he stood—
"Walk up gents and buy the *Canadian Dry Goods, Groceries and Liquors, Wholesale and Retail—Hats, Caps and Furs, Boots and Shoes, Clocks and Watches, Clothing and Millinery*—
if you don't see what you want ask for it—be-
gosh, if that don't fetch 'em I dunno what will
—*Review!*"

THE DICKENS OF IT.

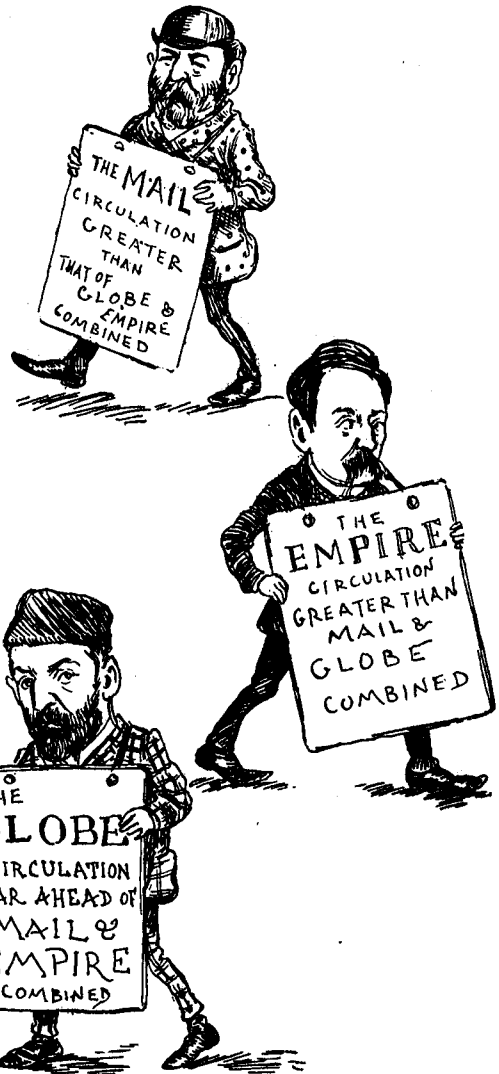
MR. JAMES L. HUGHES delivered an interesting lecture the other evening on "The Schools and Schoolmasters of Dickens." He demonstrated that each and every one of these seats of learning was a dickens of an institution. Their inferiority in every respect to the schools of Toronto was due, no doubt, to the want of Inspectors sound on the Protestant and Equal Rights Question.

A PRACTICAL TEST.

MRS. GROGARTY—"And what do you think of this Dr. Koch's lymph, Mrs. Bullivant?"
MRS. BULLIVANT—"Oh, indeed, and it's all a fraud, Mrs. Grogarty. My poor man died a couple of years ago of apoplexy, and the doctors said he was of a very lymphatic temperament. No, indeed, Mrs. Grogarty, if lymph would have saved him Jacob had enough of it for a dozen men."

SANCTUM-ONIOUS SEVERITY.

AUTHOR—"I thought you said you judged MSS. on their merits. But you can't have done so with mine."
EDITOR—"The reason is plain. It had none."



AFFIDAVITS, TOO, IF YOU WANT 'EM.

A PRINCIPLE GRANTED.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, deeply versed in divinity,
In a lecture delivered not long since at Trinity,
Endeavored to show that the Single Tax scheme
Is merely a wild and impractical dream.
Though strongly denouncing the Single Tax movement,
He says, "Tax the land and exempt each improvement,"
Say the Single Tax men, "That is just what is wanted,
And Principal Grant has our principle granted."

BYRON REVISED.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of their spears were like stars on the sea,
But more "sheeny" were those whom they came there to see.

AN AWFUL WARNING.

PIGSNUFFLE—"I see that the cable announces the death of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenberg-Schwerin."
MRS. PIGSNUFFLE—"Well, well! I've read of such cases before. It's an awful warning, and you ought to take it to heart, Pigsnuffle, and give up the habit. It's a horrible thing for anybody to die swearin'."



A LESSON IN DEPARTMENT.

(A FACT.)

LADY PASSENGER IN STREET CAR (to her next neighbor)—“Put that in the box.”

HER NEIGHBOR—“Say ‘please.’”

LADY—“Please.” [And he did it.]

A GREAT EXPLORER.

CHAPPIE—“That wine goes to my brain.”

CYNIC—“Then we must call it the Stanley brand. It is so successful in finding a thing on whose existence a doubt has been cast.”

ROUGH.

JONES—“I notice a striking resemblance between you and a famous statesman.”

BROWN—“Is he handsome?”

JONES—“Oh, dear, no!”

AN APT SIMILE.

SENIOR—“Have you been through the museum yet?”

FRESHMAN—“Yes.”

SENIOR—“What did you think of the fossils?”

FRESHMAN—“They seemed to me like a petrified attack of delirium tremens.”

UNKIND.

CHOLLY—“I have been forced to the conclusion that a man can't get along in this world without brains.”

MAUD—“Still, you seem to be getting along very well.”

VERY BLUE.

JOHNNY VON PORKLEY—“Oh, mamma!”

MAMMA—“What is it, pet?”

JOHNNY—“This dictionary speaks of blood as a red fluid.”

MAMMA—“Dear me! does it? Then I must see Mr. McAllister about getting a more suitable dictionary for your use. Red fluid, indeed!”

THE BELATED PASSENGER.

TINKLE, tinkle, little car,
Up along the street so far.
Travelling so mighty slow
Do you come or do you go?

As your bell I faintly hear,
Now it seems to sound less near,
And the twinkle of your light
Shows more distant through the night.

Of my final chance bereft,
I'm afraid I'm badly left,
And must foot it through the dark
Pretty nearly to High Park.

A STAB.

SPACER—“Brevity is the soul of wit.”

EDITOR—“You are probably right. There seems to be a shortness of ideas in all the jokes you submit.”

A SHREWD GUESS.

REVIEWER—“Hello! here is a new astronomical work called ‘The Story of the Skies.’”

EDITOR—“I suppose it is a tail of a comet.”

ANOMALOUS.

IT is a peculiar fact that during the fall a book that contains only two hundred pages frequently contains three hundred leaves.

INFORMATION WANTED.

WE find this advertisement in one of our exchanges :

NOTICE TO ORANGEMEN.—There will be a presentation of a flag to sub-district school No. 3, of Minersville, on December 25th. All *sister* Orangemen are invited to attend.

Has the faymale sex achieved the franchise in the order of King Billy—or, is the wording of this simply—Irish?

A MATTER OF TASTE.

AYE, mon, but yon's a fine sang—‘Aften Water’! said an enthusiastic Scot at the Caledonian concert, as Mr. Harold Jarvis finished his number.

“Vera guid,” responded his neighbor, “but I prefer aftener whusky!”

YOUTHFUL EVOLUTIONISTS.

JOHNNY—“Do you believe men have come from monkeys?”

BOBBY—“Yes. Look at the Chinamen.”

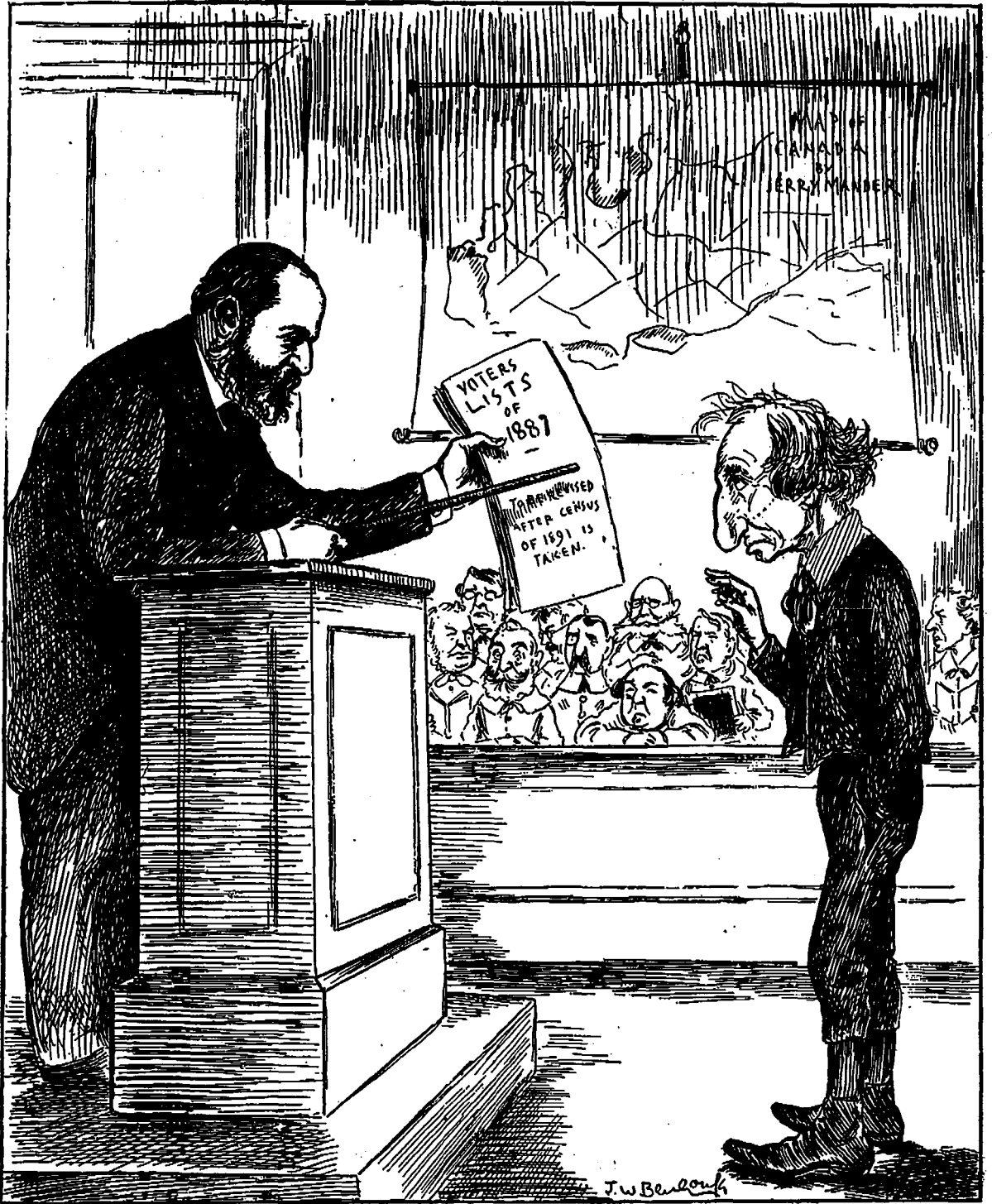
JOHNNY—“What about them?”

BOBBY—“They still have tails, only they have moved up.”

WISE MAIDENS.

MISS TANTIVY—“Why don't the Upson girls take their mother out with them occasionally?”

MISS NECKLER—“Because she is so old that her appearance would suggest that the youthfulness of her daughters is not so real as it is apparent.”



AN OBLIGING DOMINIE!

JOHNNIE MACDONALD—"Please, master, can we go out? We want to go to the country —"

HEAD-MASTER STANLEY—"Well, its against the rules, you know. These lists ough to be revised first, but—er—if you think you' like to go, all right."



INDEFINITE.

SMALL CUSTOMER—"Mother sent me for some insect powder."

DRUGGIST—"How much does she want?"

SMALL CUSTOMER—"I dunno, she didn't count 'em, I don't think."

THE USUAL PLACE.

PENNER—"I have a pen and paper, but have no ink. Have you any?"

SPACER—"Yes."

PENNER—"Where is it?"

SPACER—"On my fingers and cuffs."

SHE WAS THE BOSS.

CUMSO—"I see Mrs. Brown now wears her husband's white shirts, collars, ties, vest, etc."

BANKS—"It has come to that at last, has it? I always knew she wore the trousers."

ENLIGHTEN HIM.

IN order to close a prating man's mouth, open his eyes.

THEY AGREED.

SHE—"I am your better half now."

HE—"Yes, and you ought to be. You are the most expensive half."

TWO OF A KIND.

MRS. BANKS—"You used to snore terribly in boarding-school, Lal. Do you ever disturb your husband?"

MRS. CUMSO—"Oh, no. He snores so loudly he can't hear me."

ATTICS where one is cramped with too much room—rheumatics.

DIFFERENCES make law-suits, but their big wigs are all of assize.

THE COMBINATION.

WHEN at a burlesque show,
'Tis rather queer, I know,
To mingle thoughts of Scripture with the chaff;
But that way my mind did run,
To see the Prodigal Son
In front, and on the stage the "fatted calf."

MAX.

TALK OF THE STREET.

"WONDER who'll succeed Small in East Toronto if Mayor Clarke is made manager of the Street Railway."—"The Old Man looks as chipper as ever, don't he?"—"Regular old-fashioned January thaw, ain't it?"—"Better see Joe Tait. He might get you taken on as a sessional writer, but there's no show for the other sit."—"Mighty sorry he ever went to Dundas. Place is played out."—"It's little I expected I'd ever sit and listen to a preacher wearing a big cross, an' applaud him, too."—"I'll buy that valentine and send it to Mrs. Rackety. My, *won't* she be mad!"—"He began to sing 'Little Annie Rooney,' and we couldn't stand that, you know."—"So Tom gave fifteen dollars to the Home for Union Printers."—"An' sure, Mrs. Fogarty, av he don't belong to the thrue Church he ought to, fur I niver heard"—"Yes, he said it would be all right, but I've been put off that way too often, and if they want me to work next election"—"Oh, Bella, I met the handsomest fellow yesterday on Yonge Street, and the way he smiled"—"Opera of the Gondoliers. I suppose that means a *gone-dollar* for me."—"Yes, it must be Ve' nice."—"It's nonsense to say the Ashbridge Bay syndicate has no capital. Think how much it must have cost them to buy the press."—"I don't often drink, but seeing it's so long since we met"—"Bet you even money Stinson is returned again."—"Don't believe a word of it. Sir John knows too well who finds the election funds to go back on the manufacturers."

LOTS OF THEM.

ASSISTANT—"What do you think of Koch's lymph, doctor? Anything in it?"

DOCTOR DUFFER—"Bah! Silly!" (bacilli.)

SANCTUM-ONIOUS REMARKS.

EDITOR—"Haven't heard from Scribbles this long time. Did you send him a cheque for the last things he sent?"

MANAGER—"No, I sent him a remittance."

EDITOR—"How much?"

MANAGER—"Twenty-five cents."

EDITOR—"That was a check."

ZEPHYRS

TIES that do not bind—liber-ties.

A HARMLESS combine—A wedding ring.

FLOWING LOCKS—those of the Welland Canal.

A FOOT-NOTE—the one given to the shoemaker.

A MEND that always needs amending—mendacity.

THE crop of murphys that never fails in Ireland—Agitators.

WHEN should one not strike back?—When the clock strikes one.

A LITTLE LAY SERMON.

FATHER HUNTINGTON'S statement of the fact that *the whole population of the world* could be accommodated in the one State of Texas, giving each individual an acre of land, and leaving enough over to give an acre to each man now in the United States, was such a startler that it made the hair raise on all the bald heads in the audience. And yet America is now so "overcrowded" that there are at least a million men unable to find work, and the cry is going up, "Shut the gates of Castle Garden!" What's the matter? Just this—America, which was made large enough by the Creator, has been made too small by man. Contrary to the will of God, as illustrated in the Jewish Economy, man has permitted the raw material of nature to be classed among the commodities of speculative commerce. Hence, speculators cornered most of it. Look at this, for example, from a "Canuck," who writes to the *Globe* from Tacoma, Washington Territory:—"The Pacific Coast country is being advertised in the East as being about the only place in the United States where a man can get land for farming purposes. The fact is there is no land in this State open for homesteading that is worth having. * * If he (the Ontario farmer) comes out here he would be hunting a "job" with the Swedes and Scandinavians who swarm in this country, or else living on two meals a day at some Jap restaurant, like hundreds are doing in Tacoma and Seattle to-day. * * All the good land in the West is taken up, and lots of it that is not worth a dollar an acre is taken up, too."

This just means that so far as millions of men are concerned, there is a barbed wire fence around the land—the source of life—in the United States, and yet these men are and must remain land animals. Poverty and distress are the results of this condition of things, of course. Malthus, endorsed by Principal Grant, puts the blame on the Creator, for not making enough land to go round. It is a blasphemous lie. God never created the land speculator, the true cause of the difficulty. That monstrosity is the product of the foolish, grasping, flinty human heart. The single tax is the Way Out of Darkest America.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voice unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.



THE ADMIRAL COMES ABOARD.

HIGH COMMISSIONER TUPPER (*vociferously*)—"Lower away that 'Old Flag'! We're going on the Reciprocity tack!"

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.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from one to three months. Our Medicated Air Treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

THE latest musical success is "Danse des Pierrots," by Emma Fraser Blackstock; played by the Zerrahn Boston Orchestra. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Assn., 13 Richmond St. West, Toronto.

WHEN exhausted by physical or mental labor, or by any weakening drain upon the system, restore nervous tranquility and lost vitality by Burdock Blood Bitters.

"A CONTANTLY increasing sale with the same satisfactory results for which it was first noted," writes W. W. Branscombe, druggist, of Picton, of the noted blood and liver remedy—Burdock Blood Bitters.

MRS. NEEFY—"Me daughter Rosie got a phropose from Danny Doogan last night."

MRS. BURNS—"She did?"

MRS. NEEFY—"She did."

MRS. BURNS—"Sure Oi hadn't heard that th' bye had lost his oye-sight.—*Judge*."

BEAUTIFUL hands rendered still more beautiful by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the secretions, give strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and give excellent satisfaction to all.

POET (to friend on the street, enthusiastically) — "Ah! Do you know, I believe that fellow who just passed us is a genius!"

FRIEND (indifferently) — "Is that so? Do you know him?"

POET (radiantly) — "Never saw him before; but — er — that is — didn't you observe his resemblance to — er — me?" — *West Shore.*

"I HAVE never sold a remedy that has given such entire satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters; I sell more of it than of any other dollar preparation," says J. E. McGarvin, druggist, Acton.

If the Stomach becomes weak and fails to perform its digestive functions, Dyspepsia with its long train of distressing symptoms will follow. Cure it with Burdock Blood Bitters.

ELECTRICITY IS LIFE.

THIS has almost become an acknowledged fact even by the medical profession. There are many diseases that ordinary treatment could not remove, but which have yielded to electricity in some shape or form. Those who have made this treatment a study and invented batteries, etc., so that every person could administer the mysterious life-giving fluid without the aid of a professional man, are recognized as benefactors. W. T. Baer & Co., of 171 Queen Street west, are now reaping the benefit of their efforts in this direction, as we are told they cannot keep up with the demands for their Belts. If you wish to learn something on this subject that will be beneficial to you, write them for their circulars.

Attention is called to advertisement of this firm on another page.

NEWLY APPOINTED POLICE JUSTICE — "Your face is familiar to me, prisoner. Where have I seen you before?"

PRISONER (formerly a Police Justice) — "I had the honor to send your honor to the Island once when I was on the bench."

THE JUDGE — "Six months." — *Life.*

C. L. EASTON, of Hamilton, Ont., speaks in terms of gratitude and praise of the great benefit he derived from Burdock Blood Bitters, taken for Dyspepsia.

Most of the Complaints peculiar to Females may be promptly benefitted and cured by the purifying regulating tonic power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

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

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, 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, Asthama and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe 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, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHIEF — "Well, have you caught the murderer?"

DETECTIVE — "Not yet."

CHIEF — "Any clue?"

DETECTIVE — "No clue, but we've got the murdered man fast enough." — *West Shore.*

THE engagement of A. M. Palmer's company in "Jim the Penman" at Jacobs & Sparrow's, for one week, commencing next Monday, is interesting for one very particular reason. The present tour of the play is emphatically affirmed to be the final one. That the final tour of this great play should be made memorable and worthy of it, the company engaged for its production is a specially strong one. Chas. H. Riegel will play "James Ralston," a part in which he has added much to his already good reputation as a fine actor. In his former appearances here, he has always earned and received the strongest commendation. Miss Louise Rial, who assumes the character of "Nina," Ralston's wife, has only undertaken that part this year and wherever the company has appeared she has aroused the greatest enthusiasm. The "Baron Hartfeld" of Harry Eytinge is a study. Edward Travers plays the drawing, drowsy, clumsy Captain Redwood, and his work in this neat comedy part adds greatly to the fine acting of the play. The other characters of the play are in competent hands. Hardy Vernon plays "Louis Percival;" Wm. Sheldon, "Jack Ralston;" J. H. Washburn, "Lord Drelin-court;" Evlin Evans, "Dr. Pettywise;" John T. McKeever, "Mr. Netherby;" Eveline Hardy, "Agnes Ralston;" Grace Graves, "Lady Dunscombe;" and Clara Livingstone, "Mrs. Chapstone."

TRUNKS, TRAVELLING BAGS, Etc.

Best Goods. Lowest Prices.

C. C. POMEROY,

The White Store, 49 King Street West.



HOFFMAN'S HARMLESS HEADACHE POWDERS cure ALL HEADACHE! They are not addictive to cure every thing, but simply head aches. Try them, it will cost but 25 cents for a box and they are harmless. They are not a Cathartic.

Tigoral

FOR
**STRENGTH, NOURISHMENT
AND REFRESHMENT.**

Tigoral contains, in concentrated form, all that is stimulating and nourishing in prime lean beef. Vigoral is a foe to fatigue—a delicious hot drink in cold weather—a comforting and sustaining beverage for travelers, athletes, brain workers, etc.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

ARMOUR & CO., Chicago, Sole Mfrs.



**GREATEST
ANTI-SEPTIC
REMEDY
OF THE AGE**

Why Does it Cure?

Because it stops the fermentation going on in the body without injuring or killing the patient.

BY DOING THIS IT MUST CURE!

No fermentation or decay, hence no sickness can take place without Microbes, Air, Temperature and Moisture, Nature's Destroying Element.

To preserve healthy bodies or cure diseased ones, we must stop the fermentation going on in them by saturating the system with an anti-septic that will not injure the patient.

"Radium's Microbe Killer" is the only remedy known to the world that can be safely used for this purpose, and was never known to fail.

Investigate at once, do not let prejudice have sway.

Wm. Radium Microbe Killer Co.
(LIMITED),

120 King St. West, Toronto.

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Wm. Ellis, London, Ont.; J. S. Dingman, Ottawa; Robt. Paterson, Winnipeg; C. H. Pendleton, St. John, N. B.

Jacobs & Sparrow's
OPERA HOUSE.


Matinees every
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

WEEK OF FEB. 9th.
A. M. PALMERS,
JIM THE PENMAN,

First time at Popular Prices,
15, 25, 35 and 50c.

Week of February 16th—"The Man
About Town."

JOHN LABATT,




LONDON, ONT.

Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Austria, 1877; and Paris, 1878. Rev. P. I. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter XXX Stout of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable. It is a tonic more energetic than the above Ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article. James Good & Co., Agents, Toronto.

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Telephone 2278.

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THOMSON'S
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See that every Corset is marked "Thomson's GLOVE-FITTING," and bears our Trade Mark, the Crown. No others are genuine.

MIMICO.

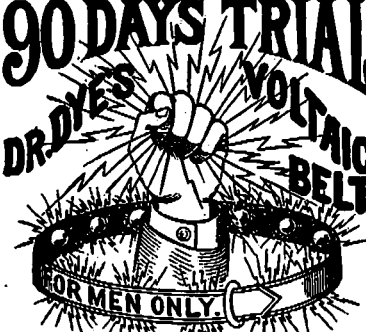
The coming town of Ontario is Mimico. When largely successful manufacturers get together, form a syndicate, and decide to locate where rents and taxes are cheap, it's a reasonable assumption that town is going to grow. Measure Mimico by such a standard.

Lots are selling double quick these days. You must look sharp if you want an interest in this "new Toronto." Send for my terms, plans and prices.

HUGH M. GRAHAM,
9 Victoria St., - Toronto.

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FOR MEN ONLY.

And ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY APPLIANCES are Sent on 90 Days Trial

TO MEN (young or old) suffering with NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Quick and Complete Restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD. Also for RHEUMATISM, all KIDNEY TROUBLES and many other diseases. The BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES OF EARLY. Full particulars sent in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE. Address

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BOILER
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COMPANY
LICENSED

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's, in Salmon wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.



THE HIGHERED GIRL.

EARLY ARRIVALS OF **Spring Styles**

IN STOCK

Ladies and Gentlemen



WM. WEST & CO., 246 YONGE ST.



Registered Trade Mark.

COAL AND WOOD.

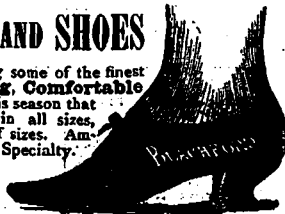


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New Fall and Winter BOOTS AND SHOES

We are showing some of the finest lines in Strong, Comfortable Footwear this season that we ever had, in all sizes, widths and half sizes. American Goods a Speciality.



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87 & 89 King St. East, Toronto.

TAR & TOLU

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS HOARSENESS FOR COUGHS AND COLDS PNEUMONIA WHOOPING COUGH, 25 CENTS

D. R. A. F. WEBSTER, Dental Surgeon. Gold Medallist in Practical Dentistry R.C.D.S. Office: N. E. Cor. Yonge and Bloor. Over Lander's Drug Store. TORONTO.

W. H. FERGUSON, Carpenter, 81 Bay St., corner Melinda, Toronto, Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to. Printers and Engravers' Jobbing a Speciality.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR Wine Marks (Naevi)—Moles and all facial blemishes, permanently removed by Electrolysis. **DR. FOSTER, Electrician,** Yonge Street Market.



SUPERFLUOUS HAIR instantaneously, easily, quickly and safely removed with **CAPILLERINE**, and the growth permanently destroyed without the slightest injury or discoloration to the most delicate skin. Discovered by accident. Every bottle is guaranteed by the **CAPILLERINE Mfg. Co.** to be genuine. Mailed free to any part of Canada, United States and Mexico on receipt of \$1.55, or P.O. Money Order. For sale only by our agent.

TRANCLE ARMAND, Perfumer and Hair-Dresser, 407 Yonge St., 407, Toronto, Ont., Canada. Telephone 2498.

GAS-FIXTURE SHOW-ROOMS
BRACKETS, GLOBES & CHANDELIERS
BENNETT WRIGHT
77 QUEEN STREET E. TORONTO

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NEW ENGLISH PERFUME.

CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.

REGISTERED. (Malus Coronaria.)

(EXTRA CONCENTRATED.) The Fragrant, Delicous and universally popular New Perfume.

"A scent of surpassing delicacy, richness, and lasting quality."—*Court Journal.*

"It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the Crab Apple Blossom, which is put up by The Crown Perfumery Co., of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a life-time and never tire of it."—*New York Observer.*



Sold Everywhere in 1, 2, 3 and 4-oz. Bottles. Made Only by The

CROWN PERFUMERY CO. 177 New Bond Street London.

Genuine only with Crown Stopper, as shown above.

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88 YONGE ST. ARCADE.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

BEST teeth on Rubber Plate. \$1. Vitalized air. Telephone 2476. **C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S., Cor.** King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

For Young Ladies.

50 and 52 PETER ST., TORONTO.

Music, Art, Modern Languages, Classics, Mathematics, Science, Literature and Elocution.

Pupils studying French and German converse in those languages with resident French and German governesses.

Primary, Intermediate and Advanced Classes.

New Tailor System of Dresscutting.

SQUARE MEASUREMENT.

(Late Prof. Moody's.)

The leading system of the day. Drafts direct on the material. Easy to learn.

J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dress and Mantle Makers.

379 Yonge St., Toronto.

Agents wanted.



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STANDARD
TYPEWRITER

For fifteen years the Standard. The manufacture now exceeds One Hundred Machines per Day. Write for particulars.

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YOST
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PROOF OF SUPERIORITY.

The sale of the Yost now exceeds that of any other machine.

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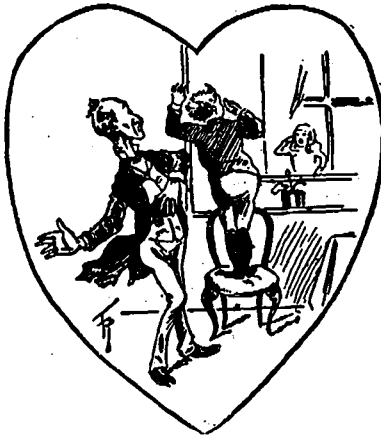
Type-arms tested to last over 30 years. No ribbons, shifts, spiral springs or safety pins. Portable, Noiseless, Perfect. Machines sent on approbation. Operators supplied.

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W. J. GRAHAM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

N.B.—Personally responsible, no fictitious "& Co."

Morse's Persian Bouquet

AND HELIOTROPE SOAPS.

Highly Perfumed, Lasting and Healing.



W. H. STONE, Always open.
UNDERTAKER,

Telephone 932. | 349 Yonge St. | Opp. Elm St.

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DEAFNESS!

ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

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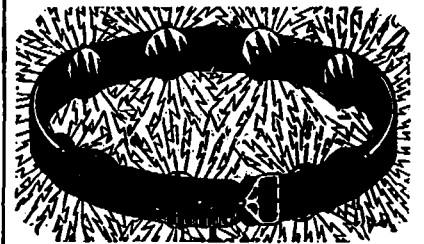
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