

GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

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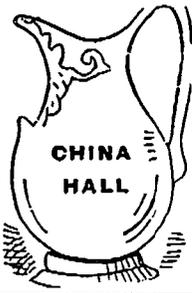
MISERERE !

(A scene from the political "Il Trouvatore.")

Mr. Revising Barrister (the wicked Duke) refuses to let Miss Canada (Leonora) embrace the man of her heart (E.B., of course).

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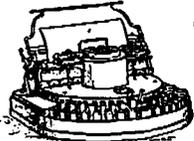
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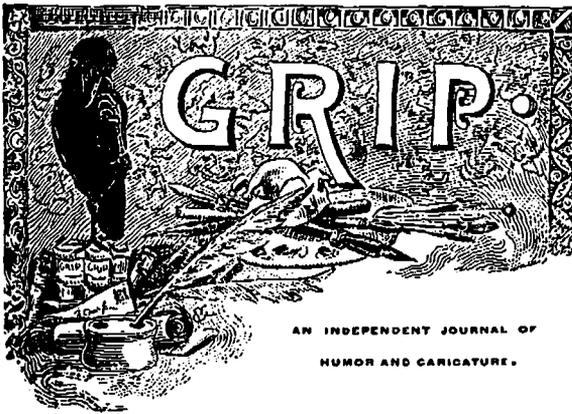
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Comments on the Cartoons.



PREPARING FOR WAR.—The speech from the throne announced the intention of the Government to commence at once the building of the new Sault Ste. Marie canal, as a precautionary measure in view of the possible suspension of good relations between Canada and the United States. A day or two after the speech was read, the House was authoritatively informed that the public debt is at present \$223,000,000, and the deficit for the year somewhere about \$6,000,000. In the face of this latter revelation, it is surely the height of folly and madness to proceed with the costly work upon this new canal, unless it is clearly an absolute necessity. The people of Canada are in no mood to witness the squandering of additional millions if it can be avoided, and they have a right to be informed whether, in this case, every reasonable and honorable step has been taken to preserve the peace with our American neighbor. Bombastic jingoism is all well enough in melo-dramas, but in this business-like age common-sense is a more valuable quality in a government. It is to be hoped that our present rulers appreciate this, and foresee the incalculable harm that would certainly befall Canada in case President Cleveland felt it his duty to put the Retaliation Bill into operation. The most we can do is to hope, however, for our Government has not seen fit to enlighten their alleged masters, the public, as to the progress of the discussion on the fishery question, and Canadians who realize the seriousness of the position, may be excused if they are troubled by misgivings as to the wisdom and prudence of the men who have already bred a rebellion in our own country.

IL TROVATORE.—Whatever may be thought as to Mr. Blake's capacity for government, it is hardly to be questioned that he would to-day be Premier of Canada had it not been for the timely invention of that marvellous party machine—the Revising Barrister.

A CHANCE FOR DISALLOWANCE.—Sir John has shown himself an adept at using his powers of disallowance, though unfortunately he has generally brought it into requisition to thwart the will of the people when there was no justification for his action. He is armed with the veto power for the purpose of defending the general interests of the country, and we make bold to say that these interests are plainly threatened by the bill now being passed in Quebec to incorporate the Jesuits. As well might the Ancient Order of Dynamiters be incorporated in any free country. The Jesuits are such a pestilence that every Catholic land in the world has driven them out, and Canada should not be the first to do them honor. Let Sir John show that the veto power has some justification, by using it on this dangerous measure.

THE COERCION BILL.—Salisbury's Coercion Bill has reached its final stage, and in our view it is simply an invitation to the Irish people to rise in rebellion. The predicament in which Parnell has been placed by the *Times* letter concerns him alone. If the letter is genuine it proves Parnell to be a dangerous and extreme man, but it does not affect the question as to the justice and wisdom of granting Home Rule to Ireland, however partisans may strive to mix the issues.

THE TWO-HEADED PARTY.—The latest news from the seat of Chapleau-Langevin war, represents the latter distinguished statesman still holding his own. Chapleau has not as yet been hailed as leader by the French Conservatives in the House, as was anticipated; the rivals appear to be about on a par. Meanwhile their followers present a very absurd appearance.

WALKING HOME FROM THE MEETING.

The light of the moon through the dark of the night
 Fell down on our faces and mellowed our sight,
 And shimmered and shivered, and flooded the skies,
 Like the love-light which flooded our soul and our eyes;
 And the sheen of the stars was the splendor of noon,
 As we walked from the meeting that evening in June.

There lurked the sweet touch of an unfathomed grace
 In the touch of her hand, in the blush on her face,
 And the fire round my heart leapt in words to my lips,
 As I felt her soul thrill to the pulses and tips
 Of her fingers, the soul in her eyes half aswoon,
 Walking home from the meeting that evening in June.

We paused at the gate in a tremor of bliss,
 And my soul swept to hers in a lingering kiss
 Which mingled our spirits, and blended our eyes
 On a future of sweeter and sunnier skies,
 Ah! Love like a siren sang many a tune
 To our hearts and our fancies, that evening in June.

The years have grown grey, and the nights and the moons
 Have lived and have died, and the cord which attunes
 My heart to my fancy is broken, but still
 It vibrates and quivers with tremulous thrill,
 When the present is linked by the rays of the moon
 To the past—and that passionate evening in June.

BESSIE RYERSON.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"ONLY a Laboring Man" is the title of a good song, written and composed by the popular character vocalist, Mr. James Fax. The song ought to have a great run, now that the labor question is to the fore.

MRS. S. A. CURZON, whose dainty pen has so often pleased our Canadian public, has in press a volume of poems to be published shortly by subscription. Its leading attraction will be a dramatic poem entitled "Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812," in which the well authenticated achievements of this noble woman are worthily honored. All who wish to secure the volume may do so by addressing the authoress at 41 Belle Vue Avenue, Toronto. The price is \$2.50 and \$1.75 according to binding.

A BALLADE OF SPRING.

THE blossom's on the calkin,
The woods are full of breeze,
The robin's on the whistle,
The 'Tisheme's on the sneeze.

The dust is on the rampage,
The snow clings to the past,
The sunshine shows the dirt up,
The sky's too bright to last.

The home is on the house clean,
The tenant's on the move,
The stranger's on the house-hunt,
The ice is on the shove.

The horses shy at papers
Promiscuous round that fly,
The small boy shies at all things,
Within his ken that lie.

The side-walks blush with brick-dust,
The planks with lumber piles,
The grass grows greener daily,
So do the camomiles.

And when the summer tourist,
Shall join our Jubilee,
The bashful dock and thistle,
Will both be there to see.

The boulevards bloom with egg-shells,
Old boots and lobster tins,
Filth, ashes, refuse, parings,
The tail-end of the bins.

The scavenger takes charge of
To empty once a week,
The which he does by turning
Them plump on to the street.

And with his little shovel,
Three-quarters at the most
He pitches in his little cart,
Which is our city's boast.

And ne'er a broom he uses
To clean the mess away,
But drives off quite contented,
And thus he does away.

Like soup the city water,
Is meat and drink in one,
O come, where glory waits thee,
And hunt the reason down.

Brave Howland, there's a filter
They say at Yorkville fixed,
It must be out of kilter,
When our drink is so much mixed.

The water-cart is hiding,
With strikes the echoes ring,
The demagogue is active,
Who says it isn't spring?

S. A. C.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XL.

"COME, gentlemen," said Bramley, "we mustn't keep Mr. Douglas waiting," and he started off down-stairs, followed by his companions. Mr. Crinkle was duly introduced to Mr. and Miss Douglas, who made many kind and anxious enquiries regarding his hand.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Douglas, "as this promises to be a very hot day—it was very misty at an early hour this morning—I propose that we cross over to the

Island and enjoy the cool lake breezes, instead of being cooped up in the city; what do you think?"

"Excellent," exclaimed all four at once; "the very thing."

"And as Hanlan is at home," continued Mr. Douglas; "you can gratify yourselves with a look at the ex-champion; I know him well, and a first-rate little fellow he is. Well, are you ready? All right, we'll be off. We can walk down to my boat-house, and we'll go across in one of my boats."

The party accordingly set off in the direction of the bay, and shortly arrived at the boat-house, where the faithful Timbs was at his post.

"Now, Mr. Yubbits," said Mr. Douglas, "I believe you're a crack oarsman. Do you think you and I are equal to the task of rowing the party across, eh?"

Whatever doubts Yubbits might entertain in his own mind upon this point, at any rate he did not display any misgivings, and said, with a faint smile, that they could try.

"All right; now, this way please and help Timbs to launch the *Sylph*; she'll carry us all nicely; Elsie, you'll steer. Off she goes," as the *Sylph*, a roomy, but graceful pleasure boat, was run swiftly over the rollers and into the water, "there; capital boat, that; commodious and safe, and runs very easily. Throw in the mast and sail, Timbs; always best to have them with us. Now, Mr. Yubbits, you'll pull bow; I'll take stroke oar. Elsie, jump in, and now, Mr. Bramley, and you, Coddleby—there, that's all right—in with you, Mr. Crinkle; now, Mr. Yubbits—bow-oar, please," that gentleman having a most vague idea as to which was bow and which stroke, and having taken the seat which Mr. Douglas intended to occupy; "change your place, if it's all the same to you, though perhaps an experienced hand like you would prefer to pull stroke. Just as you please."

"Oh, no! never mind; I'd rather take the front oar," replied Yubbits with a forced smile, changing his seat; and Mr. Douglas stepping into the boat, Timbs shoved them off, and away they went.

No, they did not go—not immediately at least.

"Do you prefer a long or a short stroke, Yubbits?" asked Mr. Douglas

"Oh! I'm not particular; about the usual thing; suit yourself," replied Yubbits, taking a vigorous pull, but the oar happening to strike nothing more substantial than air instead of water, our hero found himself sprawling on his back at the bottom of the boat before he could realize what he was about or where he was.

"Hello!" cried Mr. Douglas, "are you hurt? No? All right, try again," as Yubbits regained his seat and said,—

"I'm a little out of practice, you know, but I'll soon get into it—this stick is terribly awkward and clumsy," and with the laudable desire of showing that he was doing his best to "get into it," as he was reaching forward utterly regardless of the time set by Mr. Douglas, to take a tremendous stroke, the blade of his "stick" struck the water with considerable violence, and the handle coming in contact with his chest at the same moment, Mr. Yubbits once more exhibited his heels and the soles of his feet to the party in the stern of the boat.

"Dear me! what ails Yubbits?" asked Coddleby, anxiously, as that individual scrambled back on to his seat and gasped for breath; "I say, Yubbits, are those some of the wrinkles you intend to teach Hanlan?"

"If you think you can do any better, come and take my place," retorted Yubbitts, sulkily; "these are very awkward oars indeed."

"Oh! never mind," laughed Mr. Douglas, "Come now; once more, there we go: capital—but try and keep time and don't break my back with your oar. Good: there we go." And, in fact, the boat was making considerable headway now that Yubbitts was "getting into the way of it," though his manipulation of his oar was eccentric to say the least of it. He was extremely careful, however, to avoid catching any more crabs, and his oar swept through the air after every stroke describing a graceful arc fully three feet and a half above the water; moreover his time was exceedingly irregular as Mr. Douglas found to his cost, for many were the thumps he received on his back from the handle of Yubbitts' oar. The Island was reached in due time, and the party disembarking, wended their way to Hanlan's Hotel, where Mr. Douglas soon espied the oarsman himself seated in an easy chair on the verandah, puffing a cigar, and looking very well contented with himself and things in general.

"Ha, good morning, Ned," exclaimed Mr. Douglas, shaking hands with the doughty sculler, who returned the salute with

"Good morning Mr. Douglas; it's quite a considerable time since I saw you over here. Well, I hope?"

"Quite well, thanks, Mr. Hanlan; this is my daughter and these are some friends of mine recently out from the Old Country."

"Happy to make your acquaintance, gentlemen," said the champion, "take seats. Would you like anything this morning, Mr. Douglas, or these gentlemen?"

"Well, a glass of ale would not be amiss," returned Mr. Douglas. "What do *you* say, Mr. Yubbitts?"

"I'm parched," replied that worthy, "a gallon will scarcely quench my thirst. Certainly, some beer by all means."

And Bramley having stated his preference for some "malt," Mr. Hanlan beckoned to a bar-tender who was standing at one of the doors of the hotel, and ordered the desired refreshments, which were soon produced and paid for by Mr. Douglas, whilst the champion gazed absently across the water.

"I should like to know, Mr. Hanlan," said Yubbitts, as he drank off his beer at a draught and gave the empty glass to the bar-tender to be refilled, "I should like to know how you feel before a race. Nervous a little, I suppose, eh?"

"Well, no; I can't say I do feel nervous," replied Hanlan; "in fact I can hardly tell you how I *do* feel. You see I am not much of a talker; I talk with the oars; not with my mouth."

"Ah! very different from that fellow Courtney," said Mr. Douglas; "he seems to do just the opposite."

"Yes, indeed," assented Hanlan. "Courtney is no gentleman; he is a boat cutter and a tea-poisoner: in fact he is a fraud."

"Well, it looks like it," said Yubbitts. "Now, I suppose Ross is a good man, eh?"

"Ross, gentlemen," replied the champion, "is the best man I ever rowed against. I said so after the last race I had with him and I stick to it. I never rowed a harder race than the last I rowed against Ross."

"You get away with our English oarsmen in fine style, Mr. Hanlan," remarked Bramley; "I did think Elliot would have given you some trouble."

"Elliot is the best man I ever rowed against, sir," said the great sculler. "I said in my speech after the race that it was the hardest I ever rowed in my life, and it was."

Bramley seemed a little surprised at hearing this speech, but, supposing it was made to flatter him, as an Englishman, he merely continued,—

"And Laycock and Trickett. Why, Trickett was considered invincible before he met you, Mr. Hanlan."

"Trickett, sir," replied Hanlan, "is a good man; a first-rate man, but Laycock is a better. I consider the race I rowed against Laycock as the hardest I ever rowed in my life, and I think Laycock the best man I ever rowed against. But, there,"—puffing his cigar, "I am talking more than I generally do. I am no speaker, gentlemen, I talk with the oars."

"What about Beach?" enquired Mr. Douglas, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Beach, why he's very good," replied Hanlan; "the best man I ever met."

"Dear me," said Crinkle, aside, to Coddleby, "all Mr. Hanlan's antagonists appear to have been the best men he ever rowed against. It's very strange."

"Coddleby made no answer, but merely smiled.

Presently Mr. Hanlan, rising, remarked,—

"I must say good morning to you, gentlemen, as I have to go into the city," and bowing to the party he disappeared in to his hotel.

"What a delightful breeze there is from the lake, is there not Miss Douglas?" said Bramley, to which remark the young lady assented. "Suppose we take a stroll along the island."

(To be continued.)



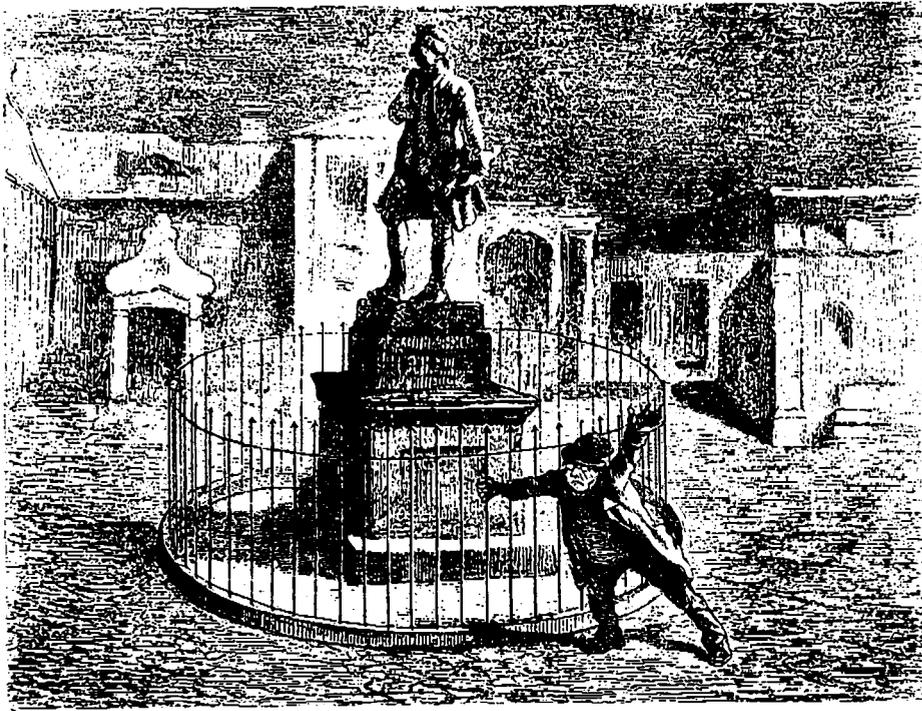
SOCIETY NOTE.

She—I hope to see you at my Five O'clock next Tuesday, Mr. Swellman.

He—I hope to be there, Mrs. Silverbill. *Er*—by the way, what hour?

She—O, four o'clock, sharp.

A LADY who suffered agonies from toothache, but shrank notwithstanding from having the offending molars extracted, timidly rang the bell at the door of a well-known dentist. A servant in livery answered the summons, and said: "Dr. — is not in." The lady (very much relieved): "Oh! how fortunate!"



THE OPPOSITION FENCE.

(Adapted from *Fliegende Blätter*.)

WHAZZ'R MAZZ'R! DON'T SEEM'S IF EVER GET THERE! BEEN TRYING FOR YEARS!

THE LATEST INVENTION.

THE last invention, for which a bran new patent has been taken out, is an Automatic Domestic. Not an Automatic Domestic Sewing Machine—that would only be *so, so*—but something much better, viz: an Automatic Servant. This useful article requires no room and never goes to sleep. At night it stands in a corner of the room, and you may have the satisfaction of knowing that it does not let itself out of the window for a midnight walk with Jeames or Thomas. When you go to bed, by a simple device, something like an alarm clock, you set it to commence work in the morning at any hour you choose. By the same mechanism you arrange, in order, the different household duties it is to perform. Then sleep with a quiet conscience! If you should happen to awake, say at 6, you hear your faithful domestic shaking down the hall stove, lighting the grates, and sweeping and dusting with the greatest care and precision. Breakfast is served to the minute. The coffee is delicious and the muffins light and hot. The beefsteak is done to a turn and the omelet is perfect. While the domestic, the cook, is busy in the kitchen you are served by the housemaid, or anything else you may choose to call her. She is quick and graceful in every movement, and her face expresses no surprise at anything you may say to each other, or about your dear friends and neighbors. You may be sure your conversation is never repeated outside.

This domestic has a placid countenance and an unruffled temper. She never makes a mistake. Any blunders that are made must be your own, as you may set the indicator, in the dial that governs her motives, to seven o'clock breakfast, when you meant nine. In this case you find everything cold, but a few such experiences

will have a tendency to make you careful. If you are out of temper, instead of letting off at your husband as you probably do now, to the ruin of his digestion, you may abuse your servant. Scold as hard as you like she will regard you with the same amiable smile, and cannot give notice or answer you back.

The best feature, however, of the new invention is its economy. You pay no wages and your servant costs nothing for bread. There is no leakage of provisions to supply other families, and you miss nothing in the way of jewels, handkerchiefs, or other articles of dress. Besides there are no followers in the kitchen. It is quite possible that some may be attracted once, and, in all innocence, follow your graceful Bridget off the street, but they will never repeat the visit. All you have to do when you send her on a message, or fear

an inroad of beaux, is to wind up the beaux annihilator attachment. As soon as they approach, this ingenious contrivance goes off with a whizz, the arms fly wildly about and put to flight all followers within their reach. They are manufactured by the Automatic Domestic Co., of 5 Smelt St., Toronto, and are sold at \$50 apiece. Each domestic is warranted to last ten years, except where the arms may get broken by conflict with followers. In this case they may be easily repaired, at a trifling expense.

GRATE COMPENSASHUN CONVENSHUN.

OUR esteemed correspondent, Mr. Bloomingnose Puffer, sends us the following account of the convention recently held at Rum Valley Corners:—

The oldest inhabitant kant remember such a gathering as we have had at the Kornerz. All day before thay kept pourin in frum all partz uv the kountry & when nite kame thay wuzent an empty bed or a full bottel in the Kornerz. The salune bizness wuz brisk all day Sundy and after wegot in a fresh suppli it kontinued good to the kloze. We depended on havin' that grate orritur, E. King Dodz give his vallible orashin and his prepared fax agent the Skot akt but he woodent kum without a chek markt good fur \$100 wich we refused. The haul wuz jammed full uv delygates, each class, however, bi itself. The distillerz hed one korner & the brooerz the oppsyit. Salune keeperz, grosers, wine groerz, segar men, sportz, sluggerz & gentelmen wur well represented. And (would yu beleve it) thare wur hole rows of theeves, pikpokets, kriminels all bent on getting thare names on the kompensashun list. Mr. Billings nominated Mr. Bloomingnose Puffer (cheerz) our respected fello-tounsmen (lowder cheerz) the boozem freend uv the Preemyer (tremenjuz cheering) to preside.

On akount uv the briskness uv the bar bizness & sale uv syndykate stok (I shud menshun thet in vu uv compensashun we formed a syndycate and bot up all the salunes here), I deklined & Mr. Shilok Fagin, a distiller wuz appinted. Konsiderable indignashin wuz shown by sum uv the likker men agens the kriminel classes present, & thare wuz sum talk uv kleering the haul uv all disgraceful karakturs but when it bekaame known that thay had a big majority and that the slugger and sporting men were redy to fite it wuz considered best to proseed to bizness. The komity on rezylushins presented the following wich wur all past with standin vote:—

1. Rezolved, that sinse the days uv that grate warreure and patreut, Magny Karty, evry Britesh subjek hez an inalyunable rite tu hiz beef & hiz beer—providing he buys frum a lisenst salune.

2. Rezolved that when our opponyunts say that drinkin gaus krime & imorality they li egregusly, az there is no konnekshin between em.

3. Rezolved, that we oppose the Skott akt bitterly bekauz where it hez been past there is more drinkin & konsekwently more vise & krime than whare it hazent past—all of wich we kin prove by King Dodz.

4. Rezolved, that az pure patreuts we oppose the Prohebitory law bekauz it will ruin the brooerz, rooin the distillerz, ruin the kountry by kausing more drinking & drunkenness and krime and immorality—all uv which it hez dun in Mane az we kin prove by the aforesaid King Dodz.

5. Rezolved, that it is perfekly justifiabel to mob whisky informerz, and to uze dinamite if nesseray to preserv our liberteez and to refuse to tell all we no on oth in skot akt triels.

We then adjurned fur lunch. The afternoon seshun was a very warm & sperrited one. The brethern seemed out of yoomer (the likker suppli hed agen run short) & it wuz evident that the tug of war was yet to come.

The distillerz moved a rezylushin to the effect that as Prohebitory law wood inkrease the sale uv beer & wines & rooin the whisky bizness tharefore the Guverment ought to pay full cash valyoo for all the distillereez & the prospektive profets fur ten yeerz; the brooerz moved to the effek that as the skot akt wood rooin thare trade & flood the land with whisky the brooerz shood get ten millyun fur thare invested kappytel and five millyuns more for prospektiv profits; the farmerz moved on the barly question; hotel keeperz moved for a big slise ov kompensation for dekrees in valyoo of thare property; sportin men & pik-pokets hed rezylushins each showing the grate loss to thare bizness thro prohibishin—& all uv this before the poor salune keepers kood get a word in ejways.—Over 40 men klamed the floor tu wunst.—Feelins begun to get riled.—Each party wanted to defeet every uther party.—Konfushun raned. It did seem az tho bedlum wuz turned loos. There wuz sum bloz struck before I got out the back windo & sum furnicher broke. When Billings came out half an hour after he hed one arm broke, his noze smashed & severel teeth missing. He sed it wuz worse than Donnybrook fare.

I very mutch regret we koodent amikably settel these littel pints. Our syndykate is rooined finanshelly & kompensashun I fere is in the kloudz. Yours in sorro,

BLOOMINGNOZE PUFFER,
Salune Keeper.

The organist expects to "get there" by the pipe line.



THE REVISED VERSION.

Mrs. Grundy—So you've been left a lot more money, I hear, Miss Luckie?

Miss Luckie—Yes; quite a lot.

Mrs. Grundy (with a sigh of resignation)—Well; it's true what the Good Book says—"Them as has, gits!"

A COUNTERPART.

DOWN by the brook, where the willows grow
And ferns caress the water,
I saw Dick Robin courting go
With Widow Robin's daughter.

A daisy bowed its pretty head
To hide the knowing blushes;
A jack-snipe moved with stately tread,
And watched them through the rushes.

A tiny wren—that pigmy scold—
Preached from his alder cover,
And warned Miss Robin not to hold
Dick Robin as a lover.

But still, the fact I must attest:
Miss Robin scorned the warning,
And sallied forth to build a nest
Upon that bright May morning.

And soon 'twas done—each little stick
Was in its place, each feather;
Its walls were strong, and high, and thick,
Defying wind and weather.

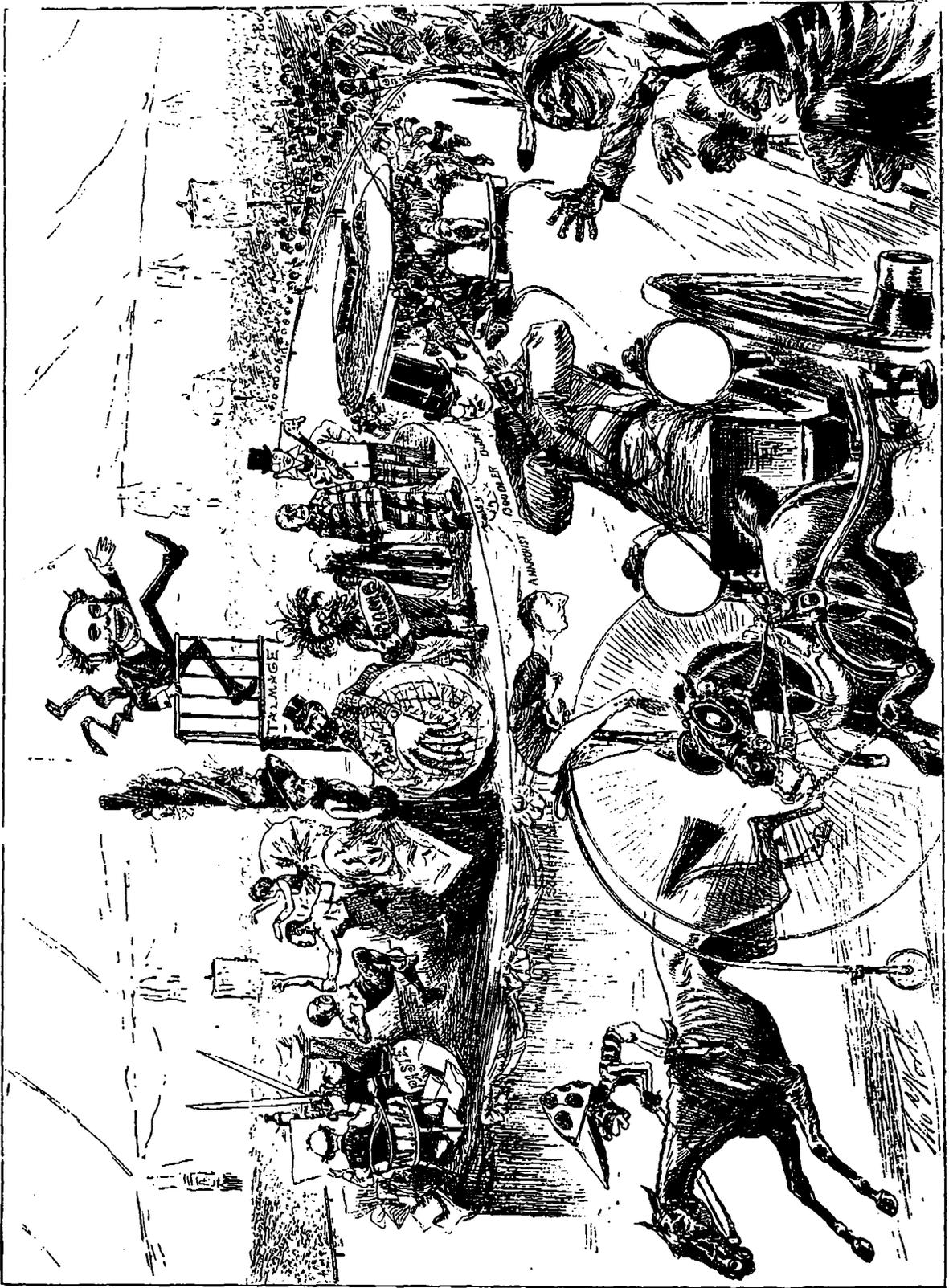
But when I chanced the nest to pass,
My ire I scarce could smother:
The wife who sat there was, alas!
Miss Robin's widowed mother.

W. H. T.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

A GREAT orator has just said in Montreal that "the Iron Band should unite the people of this Confederation." Very good; but the Iron Band and its confrere the locomotive should not unite in cutting them in two—should it?

The people of this Confederation must answer the question.



THE WILD EAST.

(Texas Siftings.)



JOHN A. PREPARING FOR WAR!



RELIGIOUS SCRUPLES.

Snigsby—Heard you were going to marry Miss Doolan, old man. If so.—congratulations.

Grigsby—No; there's an insuperable objection. She's a fine girl, and all that, but she's a Roman Catholic, and our folks are old school Presbyterian, you know. It's out of the question.

Snigsby—I don't see the force of that. It really can't matter very much *which* church you stay away from, can it?

FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

DAME RUMOR has it that ex-Mayor Beaugrand, Mayor Abbot, Mr. R. B. Angus and Mr. W. C. Van Horne, are to be knighted this year. The three latter are to receive this honor doubtless on account of their connection with the Canadian Pacific, of whom probably Mr. Van Horne has earned the honor, though Mayor Abbot was connected with the railway in the time of the late Sir Hugh Allan and was the recipient of the famed and famous telegram, "Send me another ten thousand." He merits some reward for his trials in those troublous times. And ex-Mayor Beaugrand, why should he get the honor? Well, he was a good mayor and that is a *rara avis* in this city; and he is a good Frenchman, which deserves recognition.

Last year the Board of Health wisely introduced a crematory which serves a good purpose. This year it is to be hoped they will introduce a lavatory, as the streets are in a horrible condition.

Ald. Archibald lately delivered a lecture on "The Fisheries Dispute." He covered the ground fairly, though there was a good deal that was old in his subject matter. He referred to the treaty of 1818 as the basis of contention and said its meaning was differently construed by the two countries. It is generally this way that people disagree. He said the fish Canada netted, netted Canada fourteen million dollars annually, and that while Uncle Sam was a good neighbor, like many other good neighbors, he desired to borrow without making any return. The exports of Canada to the United States were French Canadians, salmon, lobsters, herring, mackerel, and other fish. Altogether the lecture was very interesting, coming from a city offshal.

Quite a handsome sum has already been collected in aid of a Protestant Insane Asylum; hitherto the Protes-

tant insane have been confined with the Catholic insane. The poor creatures do not like it naturally, and are to have an asylum for themselves. This reminds one of the darkey down South who was driving a northern tourist, who noticing a large building asked what it was, "Dat am de colored crazy asylum," was the answer. "Why, do darkeys need an asylum?" "Why, yes sah, since mancipation darkey go crazy too." But the treatment of the insane in this province of Quebec is a matter requiring much more attention than it has hitherto received. They are farmed out to religious institutions or rather contractors at so much per head, and the result may be imagined. No cures are effected and the poor helpless creatures are used to make money out of by the contractors. The whole system is an abuse and a damnable reproach to the Province. The Protestant Insane Asylum project is the first rebuke to the system.

Sir Donald Smith is a capital fellow in more senses than one.

The police investigation here which has been discovered to be illegal was carried on far enough to disclose the fact that the city needs detectives to watch the detectives and policemen to look after the policemen.

The icicle has gone—the bicicle has come.

The Licensed Victuallers' Association has applied to the Provincial Government to appoint spotters to bring to justice those engaged in selling liquor without a license. These latter seriously damage the business of those paying the tax. This effort on the part of the L. V. A. towards "improvement" of this injurious traffic is commendable, but the day will soon come when the L. V. A. itself will be "improved" out of existence.

THE VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE concert of the Toronto Vocal Society on Tuesday evening of last week attracted a large and brilliant audience to the Pavilion. The charm of unaccompanied chorus singing seems to grow upon the public, and the future of this excellent organization is assured, at least so long as the conductor's baton is wielded by the present energetic and capable leader, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam. The soloists upon this occasion were Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thompson, Mr. Thalberg, tenor, and M'lle Ada Arturi, a charming young Italian prima donna who is at present residing in Canada to perfect herself in our language. All sang well, and the ladies were honored with floral tributes of an unusually sumptuous character. The general comment upon the programme was that the numbers allotted to the chorus were not so happily chosen as on former occasions, although the rendering was highly creditable.

KISSING telephones are the latest. It is the old man who cries "Hello!"

PENITENT husband (returning from the club)—I've (*hic*) got anuzzer load, Jessie. Disgusted wife—No, John, you are mistaken. P. H.—Mishtaken! Zen (*hic*) I'm all right. D. W.—No, John, But you haven't got another load. You've never lost the one you got the day after we were married.

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THE GREAT HEAD.

The issue of GRIP for April 9th, with the large cartoon of the Phrenological Chart of the Head of the Country, was soon out of print. Owing to the continued demand for this picture, we have had it reprinted on a separate sheet—size, 12 x 17 inches—and copies will be sent post-paid to any address on receipt of 10 cents each.
 Address GRIP, TORONTO, ONT.

EVERY thief would like to keep himself unspotted.—*Texas Siftings.*

WAR-fare—Corned beef and hard tack.—*Merchant Traveller.*

EVERYBODY is out slaying nowadays, Tom and Jerry included.—*Boston Herald.*

NOW the Easter bonnet is getting ready to reduce the surplus.—*Lafayette (Indiana) Times.*

NEWFOUNDLAND keeps Lent by pelting Lord Salisbury with codfish bawls.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

WHEN a girl gets in a husband a better man than she expected him to be, he is a sir prize to her.—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

HOW to keep the boys at home—Induce some of the neighbors' girls to run in often.—*Texas Siftings.*

MINISTER—"Do you bet on horse races, deacon?" Deacon—"No, parson, I bet on horses."—*Lowell Citizen.*

SPORTING men want the earth. If a champion wrestler in a match turns his back on it he is lost.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE amount of "literary aspiration" now going to waste in Boston society would stock a circulating library.—*Boston Herald.*

A WESTERN lecturer has selected for his subject "A Bad Egg." He says he was struck with it some time ago.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

FROM the Fursch made, it is inferred that a certain singer in the Metropolitan Opera Company was Madi 'bout something.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WE wonder why there are so many tramps in the south," says a southern exchange. It is doubtless because work is so plentiful in the north.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

YOUNG ladies who feel anxious to preserve the most symmetrical anatomical proportions, should never be in a hurry. They should remember that "haste" "makes waist."—*Whitehall Times.*

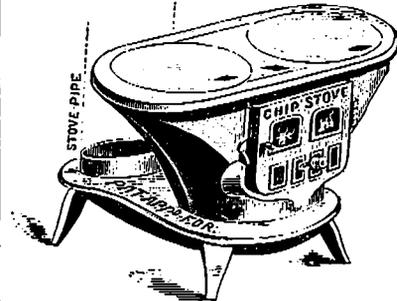
OLD Dick was like his dog, 'twas said,
 In every particular,
 And upright were the lives they led,
 Their ways were purp-and-Dick-ular.
 —*Merchant Traveller.*

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.
 (From the German.)

OFFICER—"Private Huber, how is a soldier to behave when he comes in contact with a civilian?"
 Soldier—"That depends on how the civilian behaves."

HIS FAVORITE AUTHORS.

VASSAR Girl (to a rising journalist)—"And who are your favorite authors, Mr. De Brassy?"
 Mr. De Br. (thoughtfully)—Horace, Bill Nye and—and myself."
 V. G. (who studies rhetoric)—"Oh, what a lovely example of anti-climax."

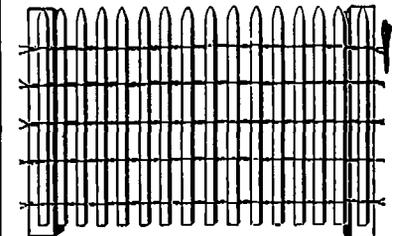


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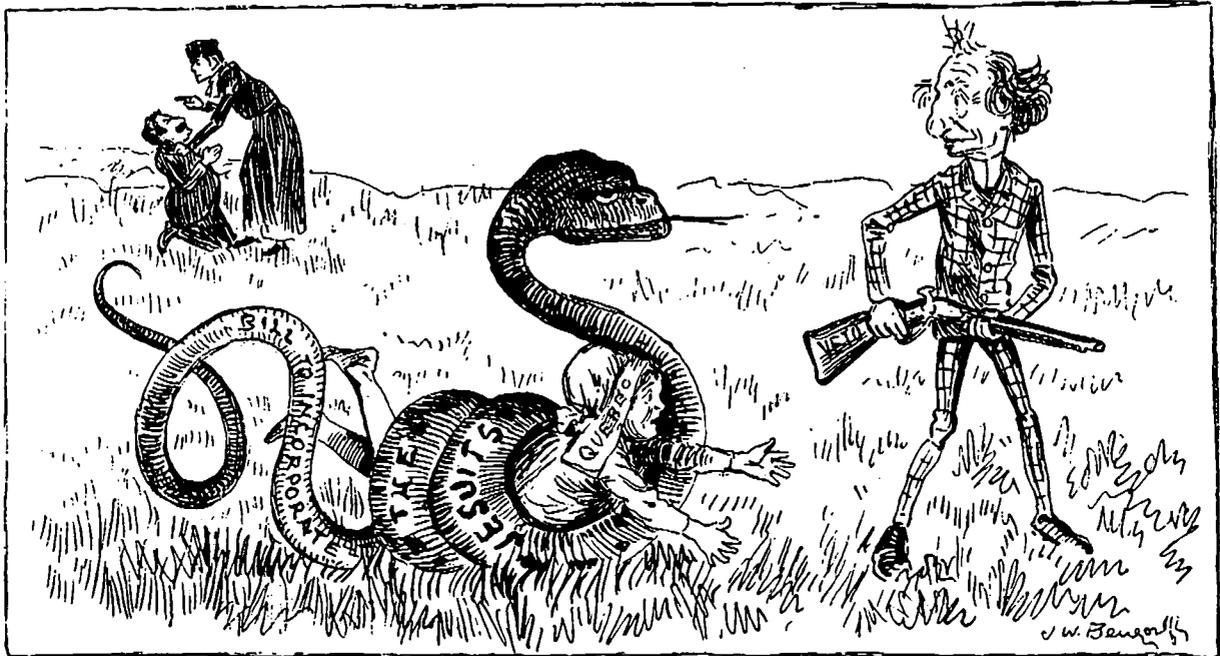
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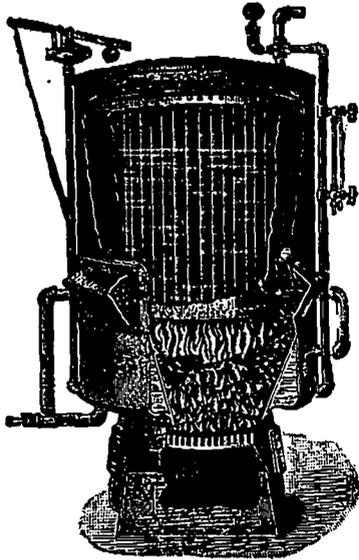
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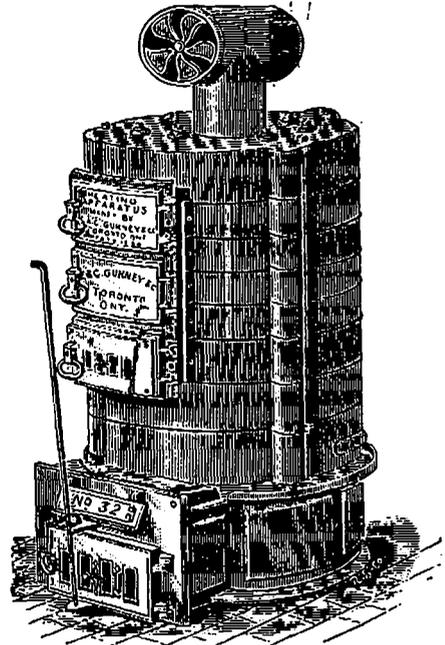
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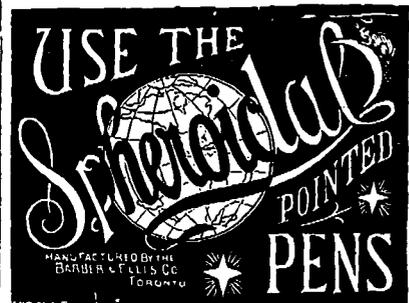
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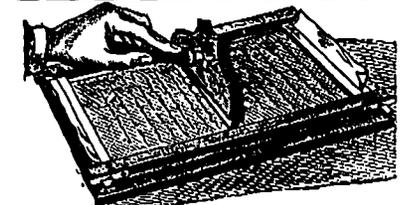
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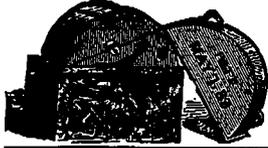


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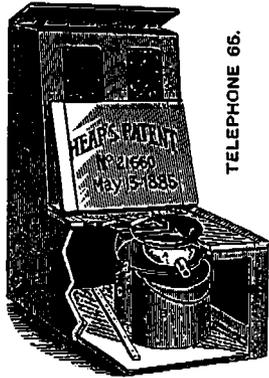
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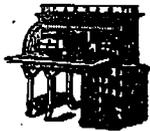
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