

# \* GRIP \*

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## SHEEP'S EYES.

BLAKE—"No, madam: we've been regularly divorced and I'm no more desirous to resume than I was to assume or to retain you. My only hope is that you will fix your confidence and affection upon the man you have."

CARTWRIGHT (*sotto voce*)—"Or, ahem! on me!"

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE VOICE OF THE RANK AND FILE.—Major Gen. Middleton has at last handed in his resignation. For this satisfactory conclusion to the fur scandal the newspapers of the country deserve the chief credit. The gallant officer retires from

the leadership of the Canadian Militia without causing any inconsolable grief in the bosoms of the volunteers. If the plain truth were told they are probably very glad to get rid of him, for he was not highly respected for soldierly qualities and enjoyed very little personal popularity. If Sir Fred's resignation were now followed by that of Sir Adolph Caron positive joy would illumine the countenances of the militiamen from one end of the Dominion to the other. While the General has been regarded with indifference by the rank and file, the Minister of Militia is the object of their downright contempt and hatred. He is universally looked upon as an incompetent jack-in-office who has managed in one way and another to crush the enthusiasm of the volunteers and to bring the battalions down to the verge of ruin. Sir John

Macdonald could not do a more popular thing than to replace this bungling dandy by a man with some military tastes and qualifications. If our militia forces are not to be allowed to fizzle out altogether such a change will have to be made soon.

SHEEP'S EYES—Reports having gained currency as to the likelihood of Mr. Edward Blake resuming the leadership of the Reform party, that gentleman has given Dame Rumor her quietus in the following letter to the Editor of the *Globe*:

“MAISON ROUGE, Pointe au Pic, P.Q.,  
June 30, 1890.

SIR,—My attention having been called to the fact that your recent article has given circulation among Liberals to Conservative allegations that I desire to resume the leadership of the Liberal party, I beg space to say that there is not a word of truth in these allegations, and that I am no more desirous to resume than I was to assume or to retain that post. My only wish is that the confidence and affection of Liberals of all shades may induce Mr. Laurier to hold the place which he so admirably fills. I have, etc.,  
EDWARD BLAKE.”

The only possible consideration which could now lead the Liberals to replace Mr. Laurier by another leader is the fact of his being a French-Canadian. There is no more able, pure and popular man to be found in the party, and it would be impossible for Liberals in general to give any leader more confidence and affection than they give Mr. Laurier. The fact we have alluded to, however, is regarded in Ontario as rendering even so brilliant and capable a man as Laurier an “impossibility” as a permanent leader, and the next choice is unquestionably Sir Richard Cartwright. This gentleman lacks something of the geniality of the present leader, though he has more of that quality than Mr. Blake ever possessed. If elected to the position he could probably cultivate the *suaviter in modo* as a matter of business. Otherwise, he is the very “man for Galway”—scholarly, pugnacious, high-minded and eloquent. GRIP would like to see him in the saddle, if Wilfred the Winsome *should* retire, for we have a notion that he would work up plenty of the raw material out of which cartoons are made.



NEW Hope for New England is the title of Mr. Wiman's forthcoming Reciprocity speech to the people of the old Yankee States. The New Englanders are badly in need of a new hope. No part of the United States has suffered more from the restriction policy. The ship-building industry has been effectually squelched by the tariff, and farming has become so poor a job that hundreds of the old homesteads along the Atlantic are deserted. One of the toughest sections of the big job Mr. McKinley has taken in hand is to reconcile the conflicting demands of the New England and Western manufacturers. Taxes that mean riches to one mean depression to the other, and *vice versa*. Under all the circumstances the people ought to be glad to give ear to some common sense talk, and that is what Mr. Erastus Wiman deals in.

IF we may rely upon the erudite editor of the *Kingston News* the conditions in Canada are quite the reverse of all this. The able and profound economist in question, having concentrated his intellect upon the problem of hard times in this country, renders a solution in one oracular sentence, to wit: “There are too many men in agriculture.” If the Protection policy is to be continued (as the *News* man no doubt hopes and prays it may) this



HER "FATE."

DRESSER—"So you have determined to marry, I hear, Signorina."

FIRST DANCER (*sadly*)—"Yes; I see nothing else before me!"

deliverance is sound wisdom. There can be no question there *are* too many farmers for the size of the market and the heft of taxation. One or two agriculturists could carry on business and make money under present circumstances in Canada, but alas, there are thousands of them and the profits have to be divided to such an extent that they turn into losses. The *News* philosopher must regard the flocking of people to the cities as a hopeful sign, although everybody else regards it with distress. A little reading and thought is what this Kingston writer needs. He ought to go to some quiet rural retreat for a holiday and take some book like Henry George's "Protection or Free Trade?" with him.

THEY had a Farmers' Institute picnic at Ilderton the other day and, as usual, a portion of the time was set aside for oratory. Several speakers were engaged, but each was counselled by the managers to "carefully abstain from politics." Had these instructions been obeyed, it is safe to conclude that the assembled farmers would have succeeded in wasting two or three hours of valuable time which might have been turned to good account. When will this stupid notion of tabooing "politics" be outgrown? How long before people will be able to make the distinction between partizan black-guardism and politics? It is right enough to prohibit the former on all occasions, but what, in the name of common sense, is the matter with politics? What could more worthily occupy the minds of intelligent men in conclave assembled than the discussion of the public affairs which concern them, and the principles which ought to govern the administration of those affairs? This is politics—not a "dirty pool," as ignorance often flippantly asserts, but the noblest of all sciences. It is humiliating to think that in this enlightened age and country, politics and partyism are regarded in the popular mind as synonymous terms.

ON the occasion referred to Hon. John Carling was one of the orators, and he managed to sneak in some politics, though, as might be anticipated, not of a very sound kind. Mr. Carling is an ideal Protectionist, and, of course, his doctrines on the all-important subject of trade, are such as to revolt logic. Mr. Thomas B. Scott, a farmer who was present, has "done up" the Minister of Agriculture very neatly in a letter to a London paper. We make an extract from this level-headed citizen's rejoinder.

HE laid down two principles: First we must not point out the disastrous effect of false systems upon our country. It would hinder immigration. The man who does that is not loyal to his country. With all deference to a gentleman eminent as the Minister of Agriculture, I beg to say that the man who silently looks upon evil systems sapping the morality or prosperity of his country is not only disloyal to his country but to himself and his God. The other principle was this; Purchase nothing that can be produced in the country. This is a most important question; it is the keynote to "Protection." Non-intercourse is a bad policy for an individual, bad for a township, bad for a city, bad for a province and bad for the nation. The farmer who decides upon a policy of non-intercourse with his neighbors and resolves to purchase nothing he can produce, will make all his machines from a wheelbarrow up to a self-binder, his clothing from his boots to his hat, thresh and grind his own grain, grow his own tea, coffee and tobacco, brew his own beer, make his spoons, knives, crockery, etc., too numerous to mention—well, that policy is surely not a very desirable one for the individual.



AMUEL H. BLAKE, Esq., Q.C., has been getting it hot from some of the city papers because he happened to give expression to the opinion that it was quite within the bounds of possibility that some of the many press reporters might be "got at" by bribers, in connection with the street railway question now under consideration. Mr. Blake sometimes says injudicious things, but in this case his remark was reasonable enough, and the editors

who have been "going for him" so viciously have simply been making an exhibition of themselves. Reporters are, as a body, neither better nor worse than other people (as Mr. Blake remarked at the time)—but this is what is called the "silly season" and newspaper writers must have something to shy their ink bottles at.

#### A PLEA IN MITIGATION.

PLUGWINCH—"Really, now, you are too hard on poor Dodds. You should remember that the Carnival was a mere experiment, and that in the capacity of manager he was an untried man."

BILLAINS—"Untried, yes. But he oughtn't to be that way long, and if I was on the jury I'd convict him mighty quick."

#### A SUPERFLUOUS OPERATION.

MR. SLIMDEWD—"Ah, Miss Smart, I was told the other day that you are a graduate of Moulton Ladies' College."

MISS SMART—"Yes, Mr. Slimdewd, I have taken the course."

MR. SLIMDEWD—"Did you find it difficult to pass? and were any of your classmates plucked?"

MISS SMART—"Oh, dear no. You see, it would be quite superfluous to pluck a Moulton girl."

## THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. XII.



THEY had to hustle lively to hunt up a quorum for the last Council meeting. The members were, as a rule, late in arriving, and many of them absent, including Ald. Dodds. Cause, no doubt, the heat of the weather. It has been very warm for E. King since the "late unpleasantness."

"Now, then, occupy the time, brethren," said Ald. Lucas. "Can't we have some diversion—a song or something?"

"Cert," replied Ald. Gillespie.

"Ald Boustead and myself will, by special request, favor the company with a duet entitled, 'When Clarke has gone out of the Field.' Ald. Boustead, as senior wrangler of this Council, will lead off. Silence, now! Order!"

*Ald. Boustead—*

Oh, as soon as the Mayor has completed his term,  
And three years, goodness knows, is enough,  
My intention to run is unwavering and firm,  
And I'm not to be scared by a bluff.  
I give notice to-day that I'll never give way,  
My place to no other I'll yield,  
'Tis fairly my turn for to boss the concern  
When Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

*Ald. Gillespie—*

Don't be quite so cock-sure you've a chance for the sit,  
I've an eye on that lucrative post,  
It don't show superior genius nor wit  
To be reckoning minus your host.  
And greatly I fear you're a bad financier,

Unfit so much power to wield,  
The Mayoralty's mine, if to run I incline.

When Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

*Mayor Clarke (entering unexpectedly)—*  
Your nice little castles are built in the air,

In vain are your wire-pulling schemes,  
I haven't yet thought of surrendering the chair,

So your hopes are illusory dreams.  
When my third term is passed, why should that be the last?

To the people I've often appealed,  
Nor till they throw me out, will the time come to shout  
That Mayor Clarke has gone out of the field.

"And now, gentlemen," said the Mayor, ascending the civic throne, "as we have at length a quorum, to business."

Then they settled down and worked assiduously through the programme. They passed a tax bill and authorized the issue of a million dollars worth of local improvement bonds, and, of course, put through the customary batch of local improvement by-laws.

ALD. CARLYLE  
(St. Thomas) —

"Maister Chairman,  
I see here an account  
for \$17.50 for dinners  
at the Albion hotel for the  
arbitrators and property-  
owners of Sher-

bourne Street. Wad ye ca' sic like an eatem a local improvement?"



ALD. SHAW—"This eat em, as the worthy alderman appropriately calls it, must come under that head. A good dinner generally goes to the spot, as it were, and therefore has a local character."

ALD. CARLYLE—"But it's no right that the people should pay for it. It's a bad system."

*Ald. Shaw—*

Just for a minute lend your ample ear,  
And in a song I'll make the matter clear.

SONG.

When good King Arthur ruled the land,  
And further back, I think,  
The functions of the alderman  
Included meat and drink.

And in those glorious bygone days  
Had any catiff said:  
"This junketing must be put down,"  
Off would have gone his head.

*Chorus—*

And serve such miscreants right!  
Let aldermen unite  
And scout the rules, cheeseparing fools  
Have made our lives to blight.

But in these late degenerate days  
They've managed to abridge  
Our good time-honored feeding ways  
And dock our privilege.  
Yet always when we get a chance  
We'll eat at the expense  
Of civic funds in spite of growls  
From mean constituents.

*Chorus—*

Yes, serve such miscreants right!  
Let aldermen unite  
To eat and drink, whate'er folks think,  
And all remonstrance slight.

Just think of Baxter's noble form,  
How portly! How rotund!  
Like alderman of olden time,  
Grown fat on civic fund.



And such as he we all might be,  
But now, alas, they plan  
To stop the feed which is the meed  
Of each true alderman.

*Chorus—*

'Twould serve such miscreants right  
Did aldermen unite.  
How would they like a civic strike  
To gain our ancient right?

Then there was a long and lively contest over a resolution submitted by Ald. Gillespie to the effect that no further expenditure of money should be made by the Street Railway Committee without the sanction of the Council, which was finally adopted.



"ENGLAND'S Parliamentary tangle has attracted attention all the week long," says a cable despatch. It's no wonder that British legislators got into a tangle when they were tackling the license law—tangle-leg-islation, so to speak.





## ROMANTIC.

SHE—"Which do you prefer, Mr. Smirk—sunrise or sunset?"

HE (*promptly*)—"Which ever is honored by your presence, Miss Millicent."

## HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS.

BY PROF. RHAMSIRVTE.

IN accordance with a resolution passed by the Senate of Toronto University, appropriating the sum of \$2,500,000 to investigate the phenomena of hypnotism, formerly, and now vulgarly, known as mesmerism, I addressed invitations to a few leading men of this Province, requesting a sitting from each.

Briefly, the following are some of the results, as my notes *in extenso* must be first published in my official report:—

July 6th.—Subject, Mr. ———, a prominent politician. My assistant, Mr. Callem, used the krigliphomantioscope, and made the passes. Temperature of body, 98°. Action of heart, normal. No effect perceptible as the result of twenty-five passes. Subject explained that he was used to passes—held them, by the year from the railway companies. After gazing fixedly upon a bright object (in this case a \$20 gold coin), he went off. I requested him now to repeat to me the story of his life, as it would appear if written truthfully. He at once proceeded:—

"I was born in Fergus when very young; as a boy I distinguished myself at school by getting other fellows into scrapes, and escaping myself. At sixteen I became clerk in a bank in Hamilton. Here, on \$2 a week, I managed to pay my board; \$3 a week, clothe myself like a gentleman, wear two gold rings, keep a bicycle, and consume four ten-cent cigars daily. After four years was

promoted to an assistant managership in Galt, at \$500 a year. Saved a thousand dollars the first year, and at the end of that time came to Toronto and opened a real estate office. Cleared a million dollars in exactly two years and seven months. Bought a farm near ———. Made myself conspicuous in county affairs. Joined the volunteers. Joined the church also. Taught a class in Sunday school. Was made a Mason, an Orangeman, an Odd-fellow and a Royal Templar of Temperance or something. Never cared a cent for anything of the sort, but did it to make myself popular, and that's just what it did. Got nominated for parliament when 'old stick-in-the-mud' died. Got in. Am in now. Like the job first-rate. Don't understand politics a bit, and don't need to. Always vote the way our side goes. Don't believe I ever made ten thousand dollars in my life for voting any particular way. I expect to be made a sheriff, or a registrar, or a prison warden some day, that's all."

Knowing that Mr. ——— would be totally oblivious to the seance when he "came round" again, I said, "on your honor now, do you consider yourself an honest man—a gentleman?" He replied, unhesitatingly, "On my honor (if I have any) I do not. I'm about as mean a man as they make now-a-days." "How then," I continued, "did you become so popular?" "Haven't I told you," said he, "why, all you have to do in this country to win popular favor, is just to do as I did. The people seem afraid of themselves—the average farmer is



Speak to him about the Carnival, if you dar'!

jealous of every other farmer, and so they unite on a doctor, or a lawyer, or a banker as a rule. They didn't count me one of themselves because I played at farming, and besides I had once been a banker."

Thermometer—axillary  $99^{\circ}$ —linquial  $100^{\circ}$ .

Krigliphomantioscope  $x + 2y - z$ .

July 9.—Subject, Rev. ———. He wished to know whether his name would appear in print, and whether the connection of it with the examination would redound to his credit. Having satisfied him on these points, he lay back in his chair and devoutly closed one eye—then the other, and opened the first one. The emotional development in this subject made him an easy one to "send off." When Callem, my valuable *aide*, brought forward the krigliphomantioscope, the Rev. ——— exclaimed, "No, not a drop, thank you. I never, or I should say seldom, touch it before dinner—still, on this occasion, and if you had a little water handy——" In less than ten seconds from the time he uttered "handy," Mr. Callem had settled him according to the most recent method practised in Hide-a-bug University, and it is said also in Like-sick. "Now, sir," I said, sharply, repeat your biography as briefly and veraciously as possible."

"My name," he replied, "is the Reverend Doctor Samuel Henry ———. I received my degree from Corson University, Alabama, many years ago—I paid \$12.50 for it. I have presided over the highest court in our Church with great acceptance. A large number of my sermons have been published. My lecture on Old Ladies is much appreciated by a discerning public. I forget now where I procured the material for that lecture, but I think it was among the papers of poor Welkin, who died when boarding with us. I held a mortgage on the property of the man who published my discourses. I have been successful in procuring many calls, mainly, or to a large extent, through the influence of my wife. I have been instrumental in the erection of many churches,

and have labored earnestly in the mission cause. One year my congregation raised, through me, \$1,159.52 for China, the Jews, India, Zanzibar, Quebec and Papua, or New Guinea. As my salary has never exceeded \$2,000, I have been unable to contribute to the glorious work, personally. Should I secure the \$3,000 call I am now laboring to have thrust upon me, I shall be able to afford a small sum annually. My chief cause of complaint in my sacred calling, is the want of respect I experience now-a-days. Common members of the Church are not unfrequently impertinent enough to doubt my authority for making certain statements. *O tempora, O mores!* I am not a Latin scholar, but this means, Oh the times, Oh the manners. I have a knack of quoting Greek and Latin in the pulpit—sometimes also I refer to the original Hebrew, and most people regard me as learned in these languages. I don't tell them I am not. I have no sympathy with such views as so many hold, modified by modern "science," falsely so-called. I am sure that if the Bible were made a Public school text-book, it would save the minister much labor. I am strongly opposed to separate schools. I think prohib——." As the subject was likely to wander, I gave Mr. Callem the wink, and the Rev. gentleman came to himself, by means of the Bunn method.

Thermometer—axillary  $98\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —linquial  $105^{\circ}$ .

Krigliphomantioscope,  $q \times m + n^2$ .

July 10th.—Very hot—atmosphere highly charged ozonically and chromo-magnetically, Temperature of atmosphere,  $87^{\circ}$ . Wind, east by north.

Subject, Dr. ———. Extremely nervous. Wondered whether the operation would hurt, but was willing to suffer if necessary for scientific purposes. Loosened his neckcloth and removed his cuffs himself. Asked for a cuspadore, as he had been chewing "black-strap." Three passes on each side of the head, and three down his face made him ours. While Mr. Callem attached the krigliphomantioscope to the nape of his neck, a quiver shook his frame—not Callem's frame, but the subject's. It was an easy frame to shake. I tried Callem's recently discovered process with Dr. ———. It worked charmingly, but the ether was just a little too strong. Passes were



#### A GREAT LOSS.

AUNT—"Nellie, are you not leaving off mourning rather too soon?"

NELLIE—"Why, no. I have mourned the loss of gay color long enough."



"A FELLOW FEELING MAKES US WOND'ROUS KIND"—IN THE MATTER OF WHITEWASHING.—

made horizontally overhead, and perpendicularly along the spine. Condition, perfect. When asked to tell his own story he failed to utter a syllable. Found he had to be prompted with questions, and was astonished at the nature of his replies.

[Learned since that he is a notorious exaggerator.]

Said I, "How old are you, doctor?"

"Two years old," he replied.

"Where were you born?" "In Burmah."

"How old were you when you came to this country?"

"A little over ninety."

"Where were you educated?" "Cape Horn."

This was wearisome, and I said, "Can't you tell one the story of your life straight ahead?" "Of course I can," he said. "Will you be kind enough to do so then?" He at once proceeded, as I had expressed myself interrogatively. (I omit early details.) "I am legally qualified, but am an awful quack. I never read any book on my profession. Can't be bothered. Trade on ignorance. Believe in whiskey and quinine and a few harmless drugs. Make it appear I am a great physician by getting drunk now and again, and by swearing at my patients. This tells in the country. Don't advertise, but always let the papers know when I am called in on the occasion of an accident, and say the patient is doing well under the care of Dr. ——. Charge high, so that I can afford to throw off a good deal, and make believe I am generous.

Use big words in speaking of disease and my drugs. Own a fine house and grounds. Am worth about \$40,000. Made it all in eleven years. Am a deacon, and have contributed upwards of \$15 to——"

"Callem!" I shouted, "let's bring him round," and in less time than it takes to tell, the doctor awoke, before finishing his sentence.

Thermometer—axillary  $98\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ —lingual  $101\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ .

Krigliphomantioscope  $g \times pq + m - (n \times o)$

N.B.—This case proved Callem's method a speedy one. The muscles about the thorax were very rigid, while those enveloping the carpus were correspondingly flaccid. Pulmonary resonance normal.

#### A HIT.

THE plaintiff sued the defendant for commission on the sale of certain city lots. Defendant's lawyer begins to cross examine:

"What is your ordinary business?"

PLAINTIFF—"Milkman."

DEFTS. LAWYER (*facetiously*)—"How much water do you sell?"

PLAINTIFF—"As much water as you sell wind."

BYSTANDER—"That was a shot between wind and water!"



### BASE INGRATITUDE.

MRS. BASKLEY—"What's the matter, Henry? You look disgusted."

BASKLEY—"Why, I gave a poor widow ten dollars on the sly to buy coal with, and she didn't tell anybody."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

### HIS FIRST CANADIAN EXPERIENCE.

"OT? Why, I should just think it was 'ot! Never was as bloomin' 'ot as this in Hingland! You don't often 'ave it like this, do yer? Wy, I was told Canada was a cold country, and, don't yer know, when I left Liverpool in May I just bought the very 'eaviest clothes and wraps I could get. Wy, I hexpected I'd 'ave 'ad my ears and nose frozen afore this arf-a-dozen times over, and lo and be'old, 'ere it's as 'ot as Central Africar, and Bass' ale about heightpence a pint, that you can get for a bloomin' tuppence in the Hold Country. Yes, they tell me you can get good Canadian beer cheap, but, Lor' bless ye, it's nothink like Bass', don't you know, and as for the old rye, as you call it, it's rank poison. It's pure extortion, an' nothink else, to charge heightpence a pint for Bass, and I've arf a mind to write to *Reynolds* about it. They'll take it up in no time, and warn people against comin' to this bloomin' country to be swindled. If I'd only 'ave known arf as much about it as I do now I'd 'ave stopped at 'ome, instead of comin' ere to be made a fool of.

"Wy, there isn't hanythink to do in this blarsted city of yours, though I've tramped up an' down for weeks lookin' for a job. The emigration agent 'e told us as 'ow hany man, who was willin' and hable, wouldn't be twenty-four hours out of a job. Wy, such men has 'im ought to be in jail, that's w'ere 'e ought to be. If I 'ad 'im here wouldn't I punch 'is 'ead for 'im? Wy, 'e told me that nobody ever worked 'ere for less than a bloomin' pound a day, an' the place is full of poor chaps that would be glad to get five shillings. Well they shall 'ear of this in Hingland, by Jove! Went after a job I saw advertised yesterday, and they wouldn't give me it because they said I was a green'orn—didn't know the ways of the country. Hisn't this a British colony, I'd like to know? And, if so, wot call 'ave they to tell me I'm a green'orn, an' me a Hinglishman? An' wot right 'ave they got to 'ave different ways to wot we've got at 'ome, I'd like to

know? You talk a great deal about your 'loyalty' 'ere, but hit's all talk an' nothink else.

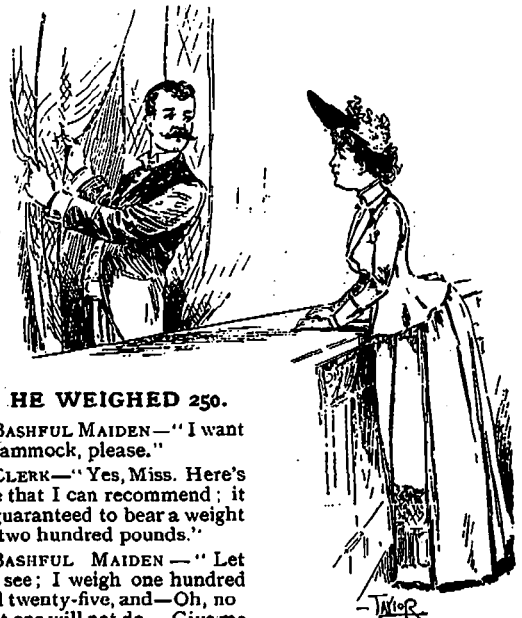
"Oh, yes, I could 'ave 'ad a job at farming if I'd 'ave liked. But you don't catch me workin' on a farm. There was a bloomin' old Scotchman came to the sheds, 'e did, an' said as how 'e wanted a man to 'elp on 'is farm in the township of Markham. Well I arsked 'im about the pay an' the hours, an' 'e said 'e'd give me sixteen dollars a month—that's a little more than three pun, ain't it?—but I'd 'ave to work from four o'clock in the mornin' till sundown. Wy, I call that nothink but slavery! Oh, no, I don't work on no Canadian farm, not if I know it.

"Well, I shall just stop 'ere a week longer, and then if I can't get some kind of a job 'ere in Toronto I'm hoff to Buffalo or Chicago. I don't much care about the Yankees, but, hafter all, you Canadians is a sort of arf-Yankces, neither the one thing nor the hother, an' you 'aven't got the go about you that the real Yankees 'ave, so I've about made up my mind to try the States. The hold flag is hall very fine, but a man must go w'ere 'e can get 'is bread an' b'utter, and I can't see much chance of it 'ere."

### THE LATE C——L.

OH, no we never mention it  
Its name is never heard,  
There's no one wishes now to speak  
That once familiar word.  
When friends forgather in the street  
Or meet for social chat,  
They gossip of a hundred things,  
But no one speaks of that.

We praise Toronto's enterprise  
And sound aloud her fame,  
To heights of eloquence some rise  
When Mowat's course they blame.  
The weather, crops and real estate,  
The latest game of ball,  
Of these we speak, but no one cares  
Its memory to recall!



### HE WEIGHED 250.

BASHFUL MAIDEN—"I want a hammock, please."

CLERK—"Yes, Miss. Here's one that I can recommend; it is guaranteed to bear a weight of two hundred pounds."

BASHFUL MAIDEN—"Let me see; I weigh one hundred and twenty-five, and—Oh, no that one will not do. Give me a hammock that will bear at least three hundred and seventy-five pounds."





THE VOICE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

## THE CIGARETTE.



**CIGARETTE**, spawn of the old clay pipe, let me inhale thy poisonous smoke and coat my lungs with thy deadly soot. Despoiler of the brainless ones, and ruination of small boys (who smell each others' breath, before going home, to see if there is any evidence remaining by which "mamma may find out.") Miserable snipe of a once poor cigar, rotten weeds and sweet perfume are the leading actors in thy cheap farce. The hands that curl thee shake—but it's with the cold, you know. The eyes that wink at thy smoke grow dim—but the eye-glass is so very aristocratic looking, and serves as a mask to hide the vacancy behind. The

face becomes yellowish like—but the doctor told the snipe sucker the other day, to please him, that he had the liver complaint. His teeth, his breath, are as a slight remove from the stern end of a pole-catastrophe—but the poor fellah has indigestion, and is in poor health generally, the result of overwork—eating his meals. His lips are too red for health—but he says he kisses too much. Kisses what? Not sweet girls, we hope. What girl would kiss him even with a ten-foot pole? Oh! girls, spurn him; or, perchance, you like to see the thing strut up the street, arms akimbo, knees in, sense out, the smoke issuing from his diseased nostrils like the fever-gas from the typhoid reservoir of a pig pen. Ugh, cigarette! we'll have none of you, or the company you keep.

WM. B. WALLACE.

## THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE MUSEUM.

**H**AVE you seen the grand collection, In the Institute Canadian, Of the relics of the Red man Made by David Boyle, Curator, Ph. B., and right good fellow, White man, if there ever was one, Though so mashed on Indian relics? If you haven't, go and see it! For it well is worth a visit. There are tomahawks and wampum, Wampum much like trouser buttons Of the ancient bygone fashion, Which the red man used as boodle, Used for purposes of commerce, Or to blow in on a racket, But you could not, round the corner In the hostelry adjacent, Buy a single glass of lager, Buy a thimbleful of bug-juice With a pocketful of wampum, For it is not legal tender. There are Indian skulls and thigh bones, Ghastly relics of the red man Of the bygone generations, Who no more will sound the war whoop.

Or dig up the axe of battle, Dance the war dance, or the corn dance, Kill the beaver or the bison— If they could 'twould be surprising After many years of deadness. Arrow heads in great profusion, "Arrow heads of flint and jasper Arrow heads of chalcedony," All arranged and duly labelled, Marked and classified and sorted, And displayed in neat glass cases, Pride of David Boyle, Curator. Pipes likewise, a fine assortment, Pipes of various dimensions, Strangely fashioned, oddly garnished, All of Indian manufacture From the great red pipestone quarry, Or some other famed location, Some renowned primeval centre Of our "native" manufactures, Long before they sought protection, Wildly clamored for a tariff— Likewise all arranged in order Ticketed and in glass cases.

Many other things you'll see there, Things too numerous to mention, In the way of Indian relics, Prized by David Boyle, Curator, He who goes around the country Resurrecting buried red men, Hunting in their graves for relics, Which he beareth home in triumph, To the Institute Canadian, Proud as though he'd struck a gold mine. There are people—I have known such— Narrow-minded, petty carpers, Jealous of the fame of others, Who assert in sneering whispers, Shrugging their contemptuous shoulders, Pointing with their index fingers To the stone yard just adjacent. "David never found those relics, Never groped in graves of Indians To discover pipes, or wampum, Tomahawks, or heads of arrows. That's the factory where he makes 'em, Chips them out of stone to order, That's his 'great red pipestone quarry' Where he gets up imitations Of the relics of the red man, Just to fool the stupid public, Just to mystify the savans, Of the Institute Canadian, But he don't fool us, by thunder!" Little for such talk he careth, Giveth it no more attention Than the wind among the pine trees.

Go and see this great collection, Admiration of the savans And the foreign men of science, Who are often struck with wonder At the order and completeness Of the varied choice assortment, Though 'tis on the topmost story, And there is no elevator, Well it will repay a visit Go and see it and you'll wonder At the slight appreciation, At the narrow, purblind vision; At the folly of the people, Who have money—tens of thousands— For all sorts of fakes and swindles, For pretentious institutions Not one-tenth part so deserving, But withhold their contributions, Save in niggardly proportion, From an enterprise so worthy, Which if housed in a museum Central, roomy and convenient, Would do honor to Toronto, Be a source of much instruction, And a permanent attraction.



### "BISMARCK AT FRIEDRICHSRUH."

The Editor of the *Terracottaville Times*, having been much impressed by reading the truly glorious reception accorded to a newspaper correspondent by the Man of Blood and Iron, at once dispatched a likely representative to Germany with the above results.

### THE TREACHEROUS HAMMOCK.

HOW I love to swing extended in my hammock 'neath the trees  
 A-listening to the sighing of the gentle summer breeze,  
 With a paper or a novel which at intervals I read,  
 And smoking a Havana—or some other sort of weed,  
 You can't be sure "imported" goods are genuine these days,  
 When the dealer in domestics a stiff import duty pays,  
 Just to fool the guileless customer by sticking on a stamp  
 When the article is rank enough to paralyze a tramp.  
 But let that pass—'tis pleasant here to lie, upon my word,  
 And list the merry chirrup of the gladsome fitting bird,  
 And watch the sunshine glinting in the foliage so green,  
 While a stretch of lawn and flower beds diversifies the scene.  
 It is very, very pleasant all this drowsy summer day  
 To read and smoke and doze and dream and pass the time away  
 A-swinging in my hammock thus beneath the maple's shade,  
 While free from the distractions of the city's bustling trade  
 To indulge in meditation and to let the fancy roam  
 Till the sunset and the gloaming comes and settles down to gloam,  
 And in the still calm evening air to hark the night-hawk's cry,  
 As zigzaggedly he flitters through the placid twilight sky,  
 As I said 'tis very pleasant — !—Oh, what's happened? Oh,  
 my head!  
 Oh lor' I think my arm is smashed. I wonder I'm not dead.  
 That wretched, rotten hammock will not stand the slightest strain,  
 I might have known the measly thing would let me down again.

### CHURCH QUIRES.

BY JIMMY LARKINS WICH THE BOYS CALLS "SHORTY."

CHURCH quires is found in churches. Their object is to teach other people to sing, and wake folks up. The high-toned churches has classical music, wich is louder than enny other. The higher toned the church is the more classical is the music, it is sometimes orful, & the organess plays all the keys she can hold down to once, wich knocks fire crackers silly. Some quires has men and girls which makes faces, and some has boys which sticks pins in each other. Some quires has only one man wich is a persenter, he has a big mouth, And waves his hand as if in pane. A persenter can't wake up as menny people as a quire. I think they should fix Mr.

Gilmore's rtilery to the organess, wouldn't that be great? A man in our quire sings tenner 'leven, last sundy he sung a so low, but it was high. He said, "Aw Law haw man saw aw pan naw" he made our baby cry, which was neer. Those wot sings a so low sings louder'n enny. The people in quires fights & gets married, and the leeder sometimes runs away with the organess. Some quires is pade, and some is pade about 4 octaves higher than they can sing.

Quires is a queer crowd. I'm going to look for a boy quire, wat is all smaller than me, then i'll join. my pa says I will sing semytone when I grow up.

### THE MOSQUITO'S REVENGE.

I LAY me down on a lowly couch, along on a midsummer night,  
 And I closed my eyes in a tired way, and slumbered a little mite,  
 And a measly mosquito came along,  
 With eyes that glittered and teeth that belong  
 To a cross-cut saw when you're using it wrong,  
 A-humming a dainty but pensive song,  
 And said he—or words to that effect—  
 "To a meal off o' you I wouldn't object."  
 And he lit on my snout,  
 As if he was about  
 To give me a bite  
 That I'd feel all night,  
 But I saw the insect a prowling round,  
 And I heard the weird and melodious sound  
 That he made as he flew by me on the bound,  
 And I let right out  
 To give it a clout  
 Hard enough to fell it with ease no doubt.  
 But he dodged it, right  
 On that midsummer night,  
 And said he, "I'll be even with you all right."  
 And he spread forth his wings in the glimmering light,  
 And flew to the ceiling dim and white,  
 And warbled away,  
 Without any pay,  
 Till the darkness vanished and it grew light.  
 And thus did the 'skeeter,  
 In rollicksome metre,  
 Get even with me on that midsummer night.

H. SID DAVISON.

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, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

#### 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 agony of Dyspepsia is immediately relieved by using Dyer's Quinine Wine. Perfectly harmless, easily assimilated and highly recommended by prominent physicians. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

HEALTH-GIVING Herbs, Barks, Roots and Berries are in Burdock Blood Bitters which regulate all the secretions, purify the blood and strengthen the entire system.

FREE.—In order to introduce our Inhalation treatment, we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis free of all charge for recommendations after cure. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

ANNIE HEATH, of Portland, states that her face was disfigured by eruptions, but she regained her former pure complexion by using Burdock Blood Bitters.

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

BURDOCK Blood Bitters cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Constipation, Headache, Loss of Appetite and Debility by the unequalled purifying regulating tonic effect of the medicine.

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city-selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

THE vaults of the Dominion Safe Deposit Company, corner of King and Jordan, are a marvel of strength and security. The more we have seen of the Company's premises, we are more than ever satisfied it is the place to keep absolutely secure against fire or burglary valuable papers or valuables of any kind. Our readers could not do better than call and see for themselves. Nothing like them in Canada.

#### SUMMER TOURS.

THOSE contemplating a summer holiday, involving the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of cost, cannot do better than take a glance through the elegantly illustrated little volume just issued by Mr. Edgar, head of the G.T.R. Passenger Department. In this brochure the trips outlined are truly an embarrassment of riches. Amongst the famous resorts described are Niagara Falls, Parry Sound, Georgian Bay, Muskoka Lakes, Mackinac Island, Midland District Lakes, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence Rapids, White Mountains, Sauganey River, Rangeley Lakes and the Sea Shore. Out of such a list paterfamilias ought to be able, whatever the condition of his purse, to make a satisfactory choice. The book (which is really a work of art) contains full particulars as to steamboat connection, rates of fare, etc. Copies may be obtained from Grand Trunk agencies, or by addressing Mr. Wm. Edgar, at the head office, Montreal.

REV. W. E. GIFFORD, Bothwell, was cured of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. Previously his life was almost burdensome with suffering.

#### A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well-known magazine, "*The Canadian Queen*." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of presents and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address—The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Ont.

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Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.

51 Yonge Street Arcade.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

[CUT THIS OUT FOR REFERENCE.]

### Muskoka Arrangements

On and After Thursday, July 3rd,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

Toronto to Muskoka Wharf for Steamers to Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Daily (except Sunday) at 7.55 a.m.  
Daily (except Saturday and Sunday) at 11 p.m.  
Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, Express at 10.25 a.m.

Toronto to Muskoka Wharf for Steamers to Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau only.

Saturday at 12.05 p.m.  
Muskoka Wharf to Toronto from Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Daily (except Sundays) at 8.45 p.m.; arrive Toronto 8 p.m.

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 12.25 p.m.; arrive Toronto 4.30 p.m.

Muskoka Wharf to Toronto from Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau only.

Monday at 8.25 a.m.; arrive Toronto 1.45 p.m.  
PARLOR CARS on day train. SLEEPING CAR (to be left off at Gravenhurst) on 11 p.m. train.

#### PENETANG.

During July and August passengers can leave Toronto on SATURDAYS AT 5.10 P.M., reaching Penetang at 10.45 p.m., and leave Penetang on MONDAY MORNING, at 5.15 A.M., reaching Toronto at 9.40 a.m., and Hamilton at 11 a.m.

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## According to the ACTUARIES' REPORT:

The death claims in the General Section of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution in 1889 were \$350,250 against \$447,240 the table expectation, or 78 per cent. of actual to expected claims. In the Temperance Section the actual death claims were \$219,370, against \$379,580 expected, or 57 per cent.—*Insurance and Finance Chronicle, July 1st, '90.*

That is, mortality in the Temperance Section was .37 per cent. more favorable than in the General Section, although comparatively small in that section.

Temperance men should insure in the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, and get the full benefit of the much lower mortality that always and everywhere occurs amongst total abstainers.



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Automatic Swing and Hammock Chair.



This chair is the Best and Cheapest ever offered to the public for solid comfort and rest, and differs from all other chairs, being a Chair, Swing and Hammock combined. It is adapted to the House, Lawn, Porch, Camp, etc., and is far superior to the ordinary Hammock in every way. Price, \$3.00. Manufactured only by C. J. DANIELS & CO., 221 River Street, Toronto.

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St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, ONEA, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Boston, and all points east daily at 7.30 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. from Geddes' Wharf, foot of Yonge Street by the Palace Steamer

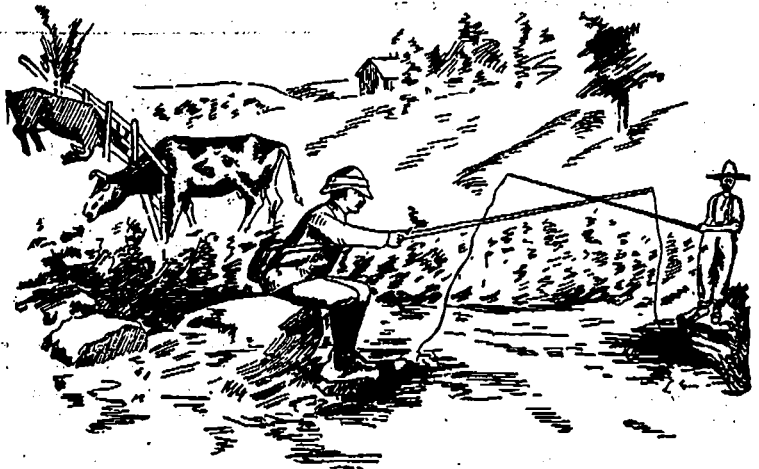
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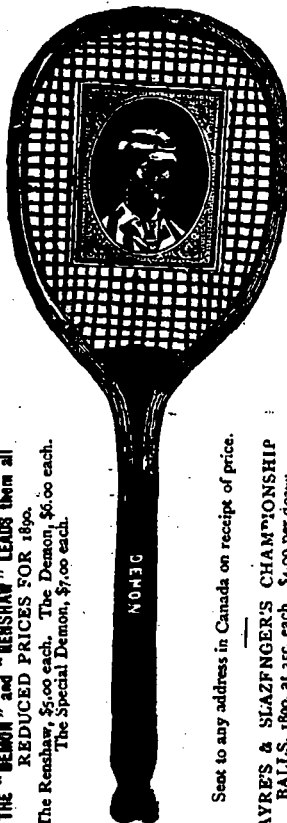
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DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

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TORONTO, 2nd July, 1890.

Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Aweres, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

**ARTHUR S. HARDY,**  
Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.



**ANALOGY.**

SHE—"My! how this city is growing, 'Rastus. It was quite a little place when I first came here."  
 HE—"Natural enough for it to fill out as it grows old, same as you and me."



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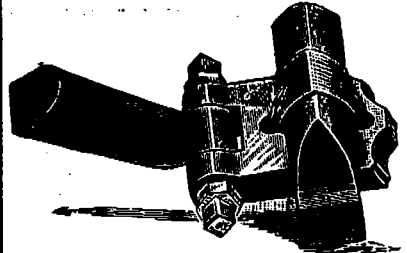
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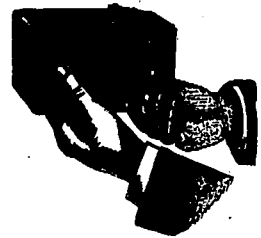
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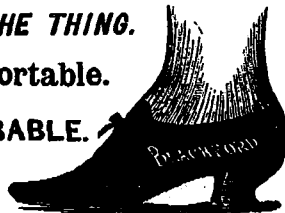
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