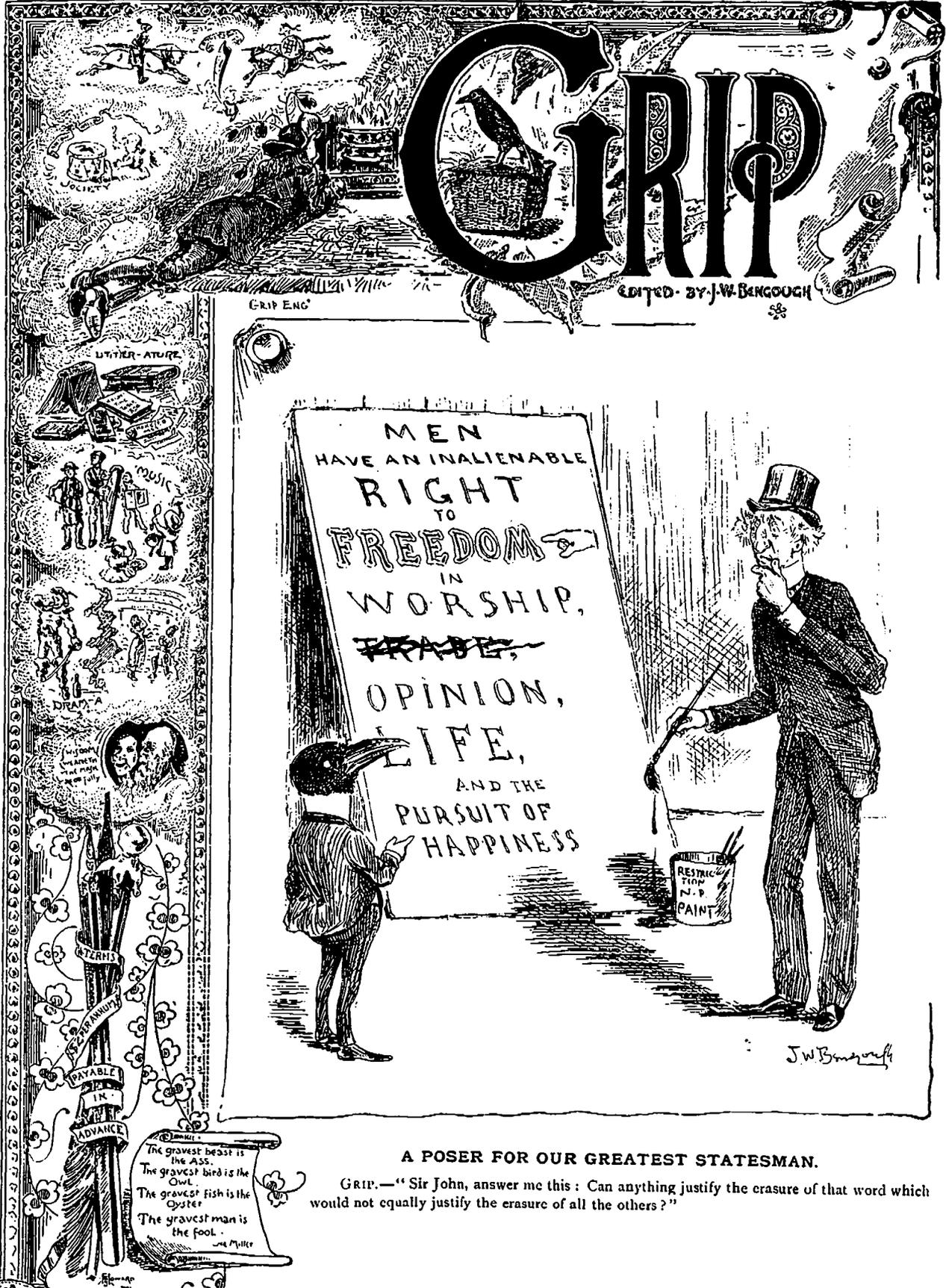


GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG



MEN
 HAVE AN INALIENABLE
 RIGHT
 TO
 FREEDOM
 IN
 WORSHIP,
~~TRADE,~~
 OPINION,
 LIFE,
 AND THE
 PURSUIT OF
 HAPPINESS



J.W. Bengough

A POSER FOR OUR GREATEST STATESMAN.

GRIP.—“ Sir John, answer me this : Can anything justify the erasure of that word which would not equally justify the erasure of all the others ? ”

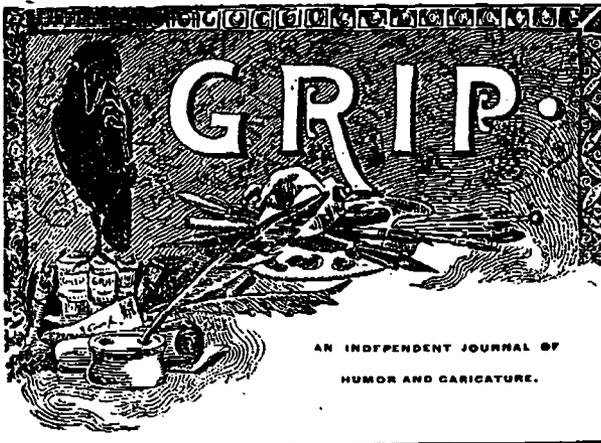
The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the OWL.
 The gravest fish is the OYSTER.
 The gravest man is the FOOL.
 — Miller

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Comments on the Cartoon.



A PARADOX.—The present phase of the Continental question presents us with an amusing paradox. We find Senator Sherman, and Mr. Boodle, the distinguished Canadian patriot, both denouncing Commercial Union, the one because that scheme would head off Annexation, and the other because it would assuredly bring about Annexation. Mr. Sherman appeals to history in support of his contention, declaring that not a single instance can be found in which free trade relations between countries ever led to their political union; Mr. Boodle scorns all history, preferring to rely upon the intuitions of a truly loyal heart. It is for the people at large to decide this dispute, and in order to do so it will be necessary to consider the motives

which animate the disputants. There can be no reason to doubt that Senator Sherman is perfectly sincere in his advocacy of political union; Annexation is what he really wants. His attack upon Commercial Union as something which would kill Annexation, is therefore worthy of consideration. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is a good authority, says that Sherman is right in his historical references: political union must precede or accompany trade union, if it is ever to be effected. In the present case, so far as Canada is concerned, at least, commercial benefits are all that are sought; even pronounced Annexationists do not dwell upon the gain we would make politically by joining the States; the commercial advantages once granted, therefore, there would be nothing left for the Annexationist sentiment to work upon. So much for Senator Sherman. And now, how about Mr. Boodle? Beneath all his frothing and fuming

over the terrors of Annexation, which he is so sure Commercial Union would bring upon us, what are his real motives? Mr. Boodle, you understand, is the representative of that small minority of our manufacturers who are protected effectively by the present tariff—that is to say, who are enabled, under forms of law, to rob the Canadian consumer whom the tariff places at their mercy. This "privileged" class, some practical politicians and newspapers for whom they "fry out fat" from time to time, and a number of people so stupid as to believe that high taxation makes cheap living, and that the protected tariff-robber is really the "friend of labor"—these constitute the Anti-Commercial Union party. What Mr. Boodle really wants is the continuation *ad infinitum* of the glorious monopolies he is now enjoying. His vapors about "loyalty," "the old flag," and all the rest of it, really deceive nobody, excepting perhaps those workingmen who are so dull and blind as to vote for a protective policy which keeps out cheap goods while it lets in cheap labor.

A POSER FOR OUR GREATEST STATESMAN.—Our Sir John is a pretty clever fellow, but we fancy it will puzzle him a good deal to frame a plain, fair answer to the question propounded in this little sketch—especially as he is not particularly given to making plain answers. Trade is as essential to human life as breathing; civilization could not possibly exist without it. To trade freely (in a legitimate way) ought to be and is one of the inalienable rights of man with which governments have in the abstract no right to interfere. If it were true that public revenue must necessarily be obtained by means of a tariff, it would be right, of course, to levy taxes upon trade to the extent of the national requirements, but no more right than it would be to levy that taxation on breathing, worshipping, or any of the other absolute rights of man. But it is not true that revenue must necessarily be obtained by taxation upon any right. *Privilege*, not right, is the suitable subject of taxation, and there is one privilege which we all in varying degree enjoy, and which each might fairly and justly be proportionately taxed for—namely, the appropriation to private use of the earth's surface. The raw materials of this planet are common property, if anything at all comes under that description, and from common property ought to come the common revenue. Let there be but one tax, and that equivalent in each case to the annual rental value of the *land* held by the individual, and the public till will be amply provided for without the cruel injustice of filching from industry a portion of its products, as is now done. We reassert that to trade is as much a right and necessity of man as to breathe; to trade *freely*, without restriction of any kind, is as much his right as to breathe *freely*. That tariffs on commerce are unnecessary as well as essentially unjust, only aggravates the case. But if this is sound reasoning, what becomes of the Protective doctrine? The great N.P. stands revealed for what it is—a villainous scheme of robbery. Will Sir John admit it? If not, he must deny man's natural *right* to trade freely. Will he do this? We pause for reply.

OUR brother of the Government organ is not likely to die of modesty. Speaking of the American Republic he says, "It must respect our allegiance to the grandest Empire on earth, an Empire which has been far too tolerant of American insolence." Now we do not for a moment deny that the Empire is the grandest paper of that name on earth, but to say that it has seriously compromised itself in the past by tolerance toward our southern neighbors, is going too far. Indeed we have long suspected that if there is a paper dear to the heart of any of our fire-eating colonels, it must be this very same Empire.

THE investigation into the alleged contract swindle before the County Judge, was suddenly stopped by the judgment of Mr. Justice Robertson, who demanded that the charges be made specific. The request has been acceded to, and now the accused parties have more specifications than they know what to do with. The case as amended has been submitted to the City Council by Ald. Gillespie, and duly referred to the proper committee, and yet Ald. Baxter isn't happy.

AN interested party calls our attention to the fact that the sign on the Central Bank window is out of repair, and looks disreputable, the letter N having dis-

appeared from the word Bank. He suggests that for decency's sake the matter ought to be attended to. This earnest person is evidently under the impression that this is the result of accident or carelessness, due to the absence of Mr. Blaine, Mr. Allen, Mr. McDonald and several others whose business it was to look after the property. But not so. It is simply the laconic way the liquidators have taken to intimate to the public that the "Bank" is broken.

DID YOU KNOW

THAT this is going to be a hard winter? A man said so.

THAT Gold-win Smith naturally doesn't fancy tin-pot titles?

THAT Anglin ought to know something about the Fisheries Question?

THAT when Forester Phipps starts out on the chase he goes loaded for bear?

THAT you can make your own conundrum out of the answer: "One is a Land-tag and the other a dog-tag?"

THAT, simultaneously with the reign of heavier and more stoutly-built clothing, GRIP'S Almanac will make its appearance?

THAT the crook fraternity consider the Toronto police too profuse in hospitable attentions, and would prefer to enjoy simply the freedom of the city, minus that of the jail?

INTERRUPTED MEDICAL EVOLUTION.

YE farmer he gazed upon his sons. Unto ye one who was broad of brow and strong of limb he said, "Abide thou on ye farm—and eschew ye book which thou hast too frequently in thy hand, for ye bending over it will make thee round-shouldered; and for that thou hast both brawn and brain, behold, I need thee to plow and sow and reap and mow and be a farmer's boy." And unto ye one with a cast in his eye he said, "Lo, I have watched thee fobbling marbles from thy fellows; also when I have sent thee to market with potatoes, lo! thou hast got a dollar a bag when I told thee to ask seventy-five cents; also in packing ye apples thou didst pack ye best ones on top and ye windfalls on ye bottom, and so on with each fruit in its season—verily thou shalt be a business man and become a millionaire or a bank cashier." And unto ye one who was weak of mind and body he saith, "Thou shalt evolve into a pious curate, and ye maidens shall work slippers for thee, and languish because of thee, and thou shalt come down with all thy feeble force on all who uphold not ye doctrine of everlasting punishment." But unto ye fool, ye hoodlum of ye family, he saith, "It troubleth me what to make of thee, unless indeed we make ye experiment of evolving thee into a physician. Yea verily, this is just what we will do; and look you, here is money to buy books and to pay thy board; go therefore into ye city and whatever thou seest ye other gay medicos do, that do thou likewise, and what ever traditions thou hearest of them do thou follow; so shall the process of evolution go on and thou shalt evolve into a grave, wise and reliable physician. So each went his several ways, and ye elder sighed, but since his father desired him, he abode on ye farm and read books in ye hay loft in secret. Ye second, he went into a corner grocery and

sanded sugar and became rich. And the weak one, lo! he standeth in a white gown and readeth ye Litany, and ye foolish spinsters—yea, and even ye married ladies, confess to him in private and say, "he is so sweet." But ye hoodlum remaineth a hoodlum unto this day. For when he had come into ye city he said, "Come now, if this chicken is going to evolve into a physician he'd better hustle." So he hustled, and learnt all the slang he could pick up and make acquaintance of ye "bhoys" and all ye dare devils among ye med's; and he bummed around among ye saloons; and ye cash which his father had given him to buy books, he went on a bust with, and got fired out of ye boarding-house many times and went to bed early in ye mornings and rose up late—and made of himself a nuisance generally. And when opening day came, lo! he said: "Let us hoot down this duffer who hath come to speak in our ears and let us salute him with slang, and deafen him with ye thunder of our clodhopper heels, so shall he see that of knowledge and of science we know quite as much as he does, and evolving rapidly into successful physicians." So this hoodlum and others of the same calibre made a bedlamite Babel of the opening of Trinity College and carried it by storm, so that ye faculty and ye respectable men of ye profession were fain to hide diminished heads for shame.

But ye hoodlums reckoned without their host, for ye faculty rose up in wrath and expelled ye brainless hoodlums who had wrought disgrace upon Trinity, for verily, said they, although a higher organization may come from a protoplasm, and a man from a monkey, yet it is not written in ye code of nature or of art that a physician can be evolved from a fool.

But ye father of ye returning prodigal did not do after ye manner of ye father of Scripture, for he fell upon ye prodigal truly, and kissed him, but it was by proxy and with a hoe handle, which he belabored him with so violently that ye poor hoodlum was fain to cry aloud; so it came to pass that ye elder, ye man of brawn and brain, who studied in secret, became a great and wise physician; and ye hoodlum abode in his own sphere and fed ye animals on ye farm, and when there was a ginger tea social in the village school-house he led the applause with his heels, "the way we used to in Trinity." JAV.



THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.

[Congress is about to increase the duty on eggs.—*News item.*]
 YANKEE FARMER.—"Maria, what's got into them hens? They've been actin' mighty queer lately."
 WIFE.—"Matter? Why they are discouraged. They want protection agin this pauper labor of the Canady hens."



POLICE COURT.

BEFORE COL. DENISON, P.M.

(By our own Reporter.)

JOHN JENKINS, 45, salesman, was placed in the dock.

THE P. M.—“Jenkins, you are charged with building a new brick house on Rose Avenue. What have you to say?”

PRISONER.—“I am guilty, your worship, but as this is my first offence—”

THE P. M.—“I can't accept any excuses. This sort of thing is so prevalent in Toronto now-a-days that it won't do to deal leniently with it. What did the house cost you?”

PRISONER.—“\$2,500, your worship.”

THE P. M.—(after figuring a moment) “I will fine you \$36.25 without costs. Call the next case.”

COURT CRIER.—“Thomas Strugglard!”

THE P. M.—“Bring in Thomas Strugglard.”

The prisoner, a respectable looking man, was brought in and given a seat in the dock.

THE P. M.—“Stand up, prisoner. What is your name?”

PRISONER.—“Thomas Strugglard, your worship.”

THE P. M.—“Strugglard, you are charged with building a new verandah, a fence and a summer house on your property on Manning Avenue, and with making sundry improvements upon your dwelling house. What have you to say to the charge?”

PRISONER.—“Your worship, the place really needed fixing up, and I thought I was doing no more than a good citizen ought to do in improving the city.”

THE P. M.—“Oh, you thought so, did you. Well, I'll have to teach you to do less thinking of that kind hereafter. I am informed the improvements cost you \$500. Is that so?”

PRISONER.—“Yes, your worship, something thereabouts.”

THE P. M. (figuring)—“You are fined \$10 or two months in jail. Next case!”

James Sharkey was next brought in.

THE P. M.—“Sharkey, you are charged with building a row of residences on Oak street in this city. Guilty or not guilty?”

PRISONER.—“Not guilty, your worship. I have a vacant lot on that street, but I am not fool enough to build on it. I am holding it for a rise; land is getting in great demand just now, you know.”

THE P. M.—“How much did you pay for the lot?”

SHARKEY.—“I didn't pay anything. Inherited it from my father, who got it in a deed from the Crown.”

THE P. M.—“And who did the Crown get it from?”

PRISONER.—“I don't know, but I suppose the Crown first took it from the original owners.”

THE P. M.—“And who were they?”

PRISONER.—“Why, the people in general, of course.”

THE P. M.—“Well, prisoner, I will have to discharge you, as you are not guilty of the charge in the information. I am here to execute the law, not to make it, which is lucky for you, as otherwise I could send you down for being found in possession of stolen property. That is what your lot is, according to your own account. The law however, does not regard that as an offence; it is only the improving of vacant lots that is punishable by fine in this enlightened community. You are discharged.”

Court then adjourned.

After adjournment your reporter made enquiry respecting these rather novel cases, and learned that they had come before the magistrate in accordance with a recent by-law of the Council transferring the business of the Taxation Department to the Police Court.

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

“Good morning! This is a *fine* day, as the Police Magistrate said to the prisoner. No, you needn't laugh at that—it's one of the old standbys. It's almost impossible to get off any new jokes on the weather—that is, our ordinary common-place Canadian weather. If we were in a foreign clime I should have a better chance. A friend of mine started for a foreign climb the other day—he is going to make the ascent of Mont Blanc. Tumble? Well, if you don't, perhaps he will.

“Ah, what have we for breakfast? The customary ham and eggs. Do you know what drink they always remind me of?”

“Muddy coffee, probably, the usual accompaniment,” suggested the law student.

“A very practical, matter-of-fact suggestion,” I continued, “but this is a conundrum. Everybody give it up? Egg-nog. Why egg-nog? Well, take two or three minutes to reflect.

* * * * *

“Aint you onto it yet? Eggs and ham are egg-an'-og, eh? (Groans.)

“Heard good story the other day of an Irishman; possibly it's a chestnut—don't know, but never saw it in print before.”

“And you couldn't see it in print behind unless you had eyes in the back of your head,” said the smart Aleck who thinks himself funny, but only succeeds in being idiotic.

I withered him with a look of scorn and resumed:

“This Irishman had just landed, and the first object on shore which attracted his attention was a huge anchor. He stared at it in open-mouthed astonishment—seemed to *hanker* after it, so to speak. ‘Come an, Patsy, i'what are ye shtoppin' fur?’ cried one of his comrades. ‘Sorra a fut do I shtir out of this,’ he replied, ‘till I see the man that's goin' to use that pick.’”

“A maist improbable story,” said the Scotch boarder, “I canna conceive o' ony man bein' sae ignorant.”

This Scotchman is a nuisance; he is always throwing cold water upon my *chef d'œuvres*.

“Talking about Irishmen, why would you naturally imagine that the Irish landlords would be more disaffected than any other class?”

“You wouldna imagine onything o' the kind,” said the Scotchman, “an' if ye did ye wad be wrong a' thegither.”

“The rents have been very irregularly paid,” said the law student, “which no doubt occasions some ill-feeling.”

"What are ye givin' us?" observed the smart Aleck. This youth, like many others, labors under the mistaken impression that slang is synonymous with wit.

"The landlords, don't you see," said I, "are the proprietors (proper-rioters). The joke would, of course, go a little better in the mouth of an Irishman. However, if you don't think it up to the mark I'll try again. Silence! Order! I've got her. Brace up, now! Why is the advocate of gratuitous education like one versed in reading character from the conformations of the brain?"

"Oh lor', I'm paralyzed," said smart Aleck—"say it again, please, and say it slow."

I repeated it twice over and gave the company five minutes for meditation, which I utilized to catch up, as a man can't talk and masticate simultaneously, and my breakfast was getting cold.

"All give it up. Well, the answer is—because he's a free-knowledge-ist (phrenologist)."

Some of my auditors smiled, the Scotchman uttered a contemptuous "Pshaw!" and smart Aleck went off in a series of grimaces and facial contortions intended to convey the impression of intense agony.



TERRIBLE MESALLIANCE!
SENSATION IN HIGH LIFE!!

THRILLING scene in the Boggs family, on learning that their daughter had married an eating-house waiter under the impression that he was a cab-driver!

OPENING ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE VAN RUMPUS COLLEGE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE hall of the college was brilliantly illuminated by animal lights when the learned professor and founder of the college made his entrance upon the platform at eight p.m., before a large audience. The following was his impressive address:—

"Gentlemen—In delivering the inaugural oration in connection with the institute that unworthily bears my name, I do not propose to assume my well-known attitude as a specialist on the hair; but will address a few general hospital remarks that may be useful in guiding you along your chosen walk. In the old time when man was considered as merely a lump of flesh arrayed around a few bones, the doctor's motto was a noble one—'Pro bono publico'; but the progress of scientific discovery has made that obsolete, and we now take the beautiful legend, 'Mors omnibus communis,' or 'Death is the common omnibus.' This may be a mournful fact for the public, and even the individual doctor may not altogether like it, but we must sink individual tastes and gleefully adopt it as the motto of our profession. It is our noble duty to see that the conductor does not put more people into the common omnibus than he is entitled to carry on each trip; moreover, every passenger must, as a matter of course, obtain a ticket for his journey from us—though not a few manage to get free rides. But let me address myself to you as doctors in embryo, or students. To ensure the success of this college you must all be of the same kidney. You must all work hard, and first study your own health before looking after that of others. Let your landladies know you are, and have, good livers, when the time of supperation arrives. Don't acquire an exclusive taste for muscles, for that is indeed very shell-fish. Though you study hard, do not forget the amusements of life. In the evening you can try your hand at draughts with the patients. Every Saturday you can take a trip down the alimentary canal. Regarding your practice, never appear in public without your dressing case. Tissueful to know the tissues; for what issues may not hang on their condition. Though secretions are the hardest things to find, hunt them up, for they are not all sells. Secure the best subjects for dissection. Don't

lose your head and be reduced to extremities. If you take a limb in hand, never take a limb of the law. No student ever did get justice from one. It cannot be dissected on account of its cuteness and tough skin. Relegate it to limbo. No student could ever stomach law. Do not neglect the smallest parts on the supposition that they have been thoroughly investigated. Even pimples are not all acne-d subjects. If in operating you are in doubt whether to use laughing-gas or chloroform, remember ether will do. Elective affinities should not tempt a student into politics. In tracing the causes of disease, don't be led away by the proximity of apparent reasons. I once knew a woman take ague from reading "The House on the Marsh," and recollect a man suddenly develop hydrophobia of the most agonizing character through suddenly looking at a painted signboard of an inn, named "The Spotted Dog."

RETALIATION.

Two little boys were standing, recently, on Queen street, near Osgoode Hall, when one of them remarked suddenly:

"My pop's goin' to retaliation on your'n."

"What for?"

"'Cause!"

"'Cause what?"

"Last winter, when he's runnin' fer de council, he said he wuz agoin' in fer buildin' up our ward."

"Well?"

"'N pop voted fer him cause he said that."

"Your pop's a brick."

"Yes, but your'n ain't no brick."

"Why?"

"'Cause he ain't built so much ez a dorg-house 'n our ward."

"Sonny, you're a ninny. Why you didn't expect pa to go an' build houses himself, did you?"

"Wha'd he say so fer, then?"

"My! but you're a green one. Say, but go home an' stay in till you learn something."

"Jest what pop said. Said if your'n run agin, he's goin' to vote fer bim to stay at home till he learnt some-thin'."



ABOUT TIME FOR A LITTLE TRUTH.

JIM CLEARHEAD.—"Say, mate, it's about time that we should sing out against these papers representing Labor as the child of Capital, clinging to her skirts and asking for 'Protection.' I'd like to know where Capital comes from if it isn't from Labor. And which of 'em was first in America, tell me that?"

TOM SOUNDRAIN.—"Suppose you ask those newspaper fellows that conundrum."

THE TORONTO JOLLY BEGGARS HOLD A GREAT BUCKLEY CELEBRATION.

MONSIEUR PADDIE RATZIS'S private rear restaurant was the scene of a great jubilation one night last week. It was got up by the *creme-de-la-creme* of Toughdom, several representatives of "The Ward" being noticeable among the company. The occasion was the sentencing of Buckley for five years for the crime of murdering his paramour, and before the sentence had been revised and improved. Amid the fumes of whiskey and tobacco an ancient convict arose and volunteered the following song, which he swore was his own composition:—

Come all ye jolly convicts, and listen to my song,
It's all about a young man to this town did belong;
He fell in love with a pretty gal, and she fell in love with he,
And she ran away fur to spend her time in his jolly companie.

Now Tom, he did get mad at her, and caught her at the door,
And took a chair, and knocked her down, and she did cry out sore:
"Don't Tom, oh Tom, I love you so," which made him hit her
again,
And he dug his boots into her sides till she was all one pain.

For Tom he was a powerful boy, and Bertha she was slim,
And he would not let no woman born go for to fool round him;
So he smashed the breath right cut o' her, as he'd a good right
to do,
And for a silly thing like that they jugged him, and put him through.

Now when poor Tom for this offence for months did lie in quod,
They put him in the Black Mariar, and drove him down the road;
The court was filled with angry folks as hoped to see him hung,
But how the public did get left, I'm just going for to sing.

The witnesses, all women most, they gave poor Tom away,
And for that same, when he comes out, you bet they've got to pay!
For women always like to blab, their cheek I can't endure,
And to pound their life right outen them is the only proper cure.

The Judge, so wise, he heard them tell about the infernal smash,
And how he brought the chair right down upon her with a crash;
But he said it was no murder at all, 'less they could prove quite
slick,

He meant in his mind to kill her dead; now ain't that jedge a
brick?

So he gave him as little as he could, five years to reoperate;
And this here happy circumstance this night we celebrate;
And when Tom's time is up we'll hold another jubilee,
And begobs we'll invite the old jedge himself to jine in the high old
spree.

A thunder of applause burst forth at the conclusion and the health of the "Jedge" was drunk with all the honors. When the company had resumed their seats and their pipes, one superlatively tough citizen was observed to be still standing. He was swaying to and fro and hiccuping an original tune. "La'ys an gen'lmen,—proudest day 'f m' life. I feel 's if the jedge was jol' goor fell'r, (hic) and by blank, blank, now (hic) that I know jest what've got to get fer it, I'm goin', I'm goin' (hic) home to break every bone in m' ole ooman's body. (Great cheers.) Yes siree! I owe her that much fer (hic) getting me jugged an' bound over (hic) to keep th' peace. I'll make the blank, blank, blanker keep th' peace herself all the time. Ha! ha! (cheers and laughter) Then the jedge'll give me five years free lodgin' as good as Paddy's here (hic)—" Here the speaker was hauled down into his seat by the coat tails, and another worthy stood up and coughed and cleared his throat preliminary to roaring forth the following song:—

There was a cove as was a cove,
And a jolly old jedge was he;
He could feel for a feller as 'ad bin in love,
And 'ad tired of his companie.

CHORUS WITH CLOG DANCE ACCOMPANIMENT.

Then hooroar! hooroar! for the jolly old buck,
Who tried our own Bill Sykes?
And when my turn comes may it be my lot
To be tried before him or his likes.

O I mind when Blinky fust was nabbed,
The jedge was a youngster then;
We thought for sure he would have him scragged
Or jugged in a lifer's pen;

But hooroar! hooroar! 'twas the same bully buck
Who tried our here Bill Sykes,
An' he got the same sentence—may it be my luck
To be tried by him or his likes.

So I says 'ere's a health to the jedge who can
Understand tough human natur;
An' says that its murder for to kill a man,
But woman killin's just man-slaughter!

Then hooroar! hooroar! for the brave old buck
Who tried Bill Buckley Sykes;
And when our turn comes may it be our luck
To be tried by him or his likes.

The applause and cheers following this song, the noisy heels stamping on the floor, and the hoarse hurrahs of the roysterers, brought six policemen to the spot, and at the time our special reporter left were trying to effect an entrance.

Subsequently the following conversation was overheard between two toughs who were supporting a tavern wall on Queen Street:—

"Wat ails yer Jim; wot's yer jaw drayt for?"

"I'm sick—I want to go and drown myself."

"Wy! wot's up?"

"The jedge's gone back on us."

"The blank, blank! as how?"

"He's taken the five years all back an given poor Tom fifteen."

"Well, well, if that ain't a blank shame, and me had laid out to give it to the old ooman this very evenin'."*

"Me too—I was bound to do for mine one o' these days—but begob's I spose I'll 'ave to let her alone now. A feller don't mind five years, but fifteen!—I guess I won't risk that much."

"Me too, Pete."

JAV.

OH, THE TRAMPS !

OH, the tramps !
Scurvy scamps !
Here they come !
'Tis a silent march they make sans the drum.

No banners wave,
No martial stave
Tells that they're here—
One by one, two by two, in they steer !

Advent dread !
To be fed
And be housed
Are the ragged ruffians, grimed and frowed.

Devil-may-care
Is their air,
Tramping the pave,
And their motto : " He who works is a slave."

Alas, alack !
Though to the track
They are used.
Run them out of town and " We're abused !"

To each vag,
Human snag,
Society's in debt.
" This world," he says, " owes keep to me, you bet !"

In durance vile
He rests awhile ;
" Indurance vile ? " not so !
The jail is where the very worst breeds grow.

Full fat and lazy
Does Michael Casey
Emerge in spring,
Then off in rural haunts resumes his fling.

Lusty lout !
Roam about !
Beggars, budger, thief !
Of stinky, slouchy sinners he's the chief.

Who can make—
And no mistake—
Tramps all quit this clime—
His will be a memory green all time.

WHO THREW THE BÜTTON ?



OCASIONALLY the boys and girls in the University lecture rooms have a little fun to enliven the tedium of profound study. For instance, a few days ago one of the learned lecturers, while in the midst of his " oration," heard something drop. Stopping suddenly and glancing on the floor, his eagle eye detected a button, which had impinged upon his reading desk and then dropped to its lower retreat. A common, infamous button, hurled, no doubt, by some ribald student ! It was not a vast outrage, to be sure, but it involved a principle of discipline, and the professor determined to nip the insubordination in the bud. Recalling the scene at Trinity Medical School a few days before, as a startling example of what students are capable of if not thoroughly controlled, he demanded in stentorian tones, " Who threw that button ? " Dead silence reigned. The question was repeated. No answer, beyond an irreverent titter from



IN THE WEST.

CAVALRY COLONEL.—" Boy ; did you see any Indians around here lately ? "
BOY.—" Yessir, saw a hull crowd. "
CAV. COL.—" Were they hostile ? "
BOY.—" No, boss ; they were all on foot. "

some of the benches, which only heightened the grave gentleman's wrath. Once more, by this time pale with rage, he demanded, " Who threw that button ? " Then up rose one of the bold, bad students, who said, " I think, sir, I noticed it drop from your own coat. " The professor gave a horrified downward glance, and there, sure enough, was the place where the button belonged. He was probably " too full for utterance, " as he said little, and it will never be known just how cheap he felt as he resumed the thread of his discourse, which had also been broken.

IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

GILLESPIE came down like a wolf on the fold
With charges specific, and laid 'em out cold ;
Then Baxter in ample proportions arose
And struck his old-time injured innocence post ;
Then Shaw, with that slick, oily wave of his hand,
Proposed that the whole blessed business should stand—
That is, he suggested it all be referred
To the City Solic. Hallam said 'twas absurd ;
It ought to go straight to the County Court Judge,
Where the case was in hand when a parcel of fudge
Expressed by a certain " unrighteous " big-wig
Had stopped it—which judgment was not worth a fig.
Then a wrangle ensued, which ended at last,
And the motion " refer to committee " was passed ;
But all through the scrimmage 'twas queer to perceive
That the friends of " accused, " who most fully believe
In their innocence—who the charges denounce as most vile,
Were most anxious of all for to hasten the trial !

CONSISTENCY.

" I DON'T see what the boys want to go loadin' themselves up with chestnuts for, " said old man Grumbleby, and then he turned from the window and resumed his reading of the " Round the Globe " column of humorisms in a certain leading daily.

THE *World* alludes to Sir John Frost, meaning our old friend Jack. This is one more instance of the demoralizing influence of the introduction of titles upon Canadians of the tuft-hunting variety.



TECHNICAL.

DR. BOLUS.—“Your husband is very ill, madam. I will have to make a diagnosis —”

MRS. JIMKINS.—“Yes, doctor. Could you make it with cotton? I haven't a bit of linen in the house.”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HIS VISIT TO THE BIG FALL SHOW.

It's me wance agin, GRIP darlin'! Gimme a hould o' your claw, an' bid me *cead mille failthe!*!

Rafferty's as thrue to you as the pig to the shwimmin' shwill-through.

I say, allanna, I'm not mesilf at all, at the prisint writin'. Why, shure, I've bin to the Big Fall Show at Toronto.

That's the thruth av it, avic! widout a bit av a lie in it.

I wint! I saw! I kim back conquered! I've a head on me like the Hill o' Howth, an' a tashte in me gob as though I'd bin fadin' on turpentine for a fortnight. Me best coat—the silf-same coat me grandfather wore whin a futman in the sarvice av the Duke av Wellington—is in wrack an' ruin. I losht me watch—the gift av an ould uncle who found it at the Crimea; me hat is battered out av dacent shape; an', what wid thrampin' home agin, a thrifle o' forty odd mile, what's left av me boots wouldn't be worth the while sindin' to the cobbler.

I got dhruv in be a neighbor, be the name av McPherson. Don't be afther thinkin' this same man was a countrypman av mine, becase he has a Mick to his pathronymic. Sorra a bit av an Irishman was me frind Mac.; he came from Glingarry, an' was as Scotch as a big plattther av oatmale mush.

Troth an' it's maybe a good thing for Denis that his frind an' fellow-thraveller *wasn't* wan from the County Down. Later on, GRIP, y' likely agree wid me on this pint.

We shtarted for the city in illigint shtyle. It was Mac's own horse an' wagon we hired for the occasion, wid a mintal resarvation on my part that Mac would shtand the whole expinse, unliiss I got home agin alive. Mac's horse was a gim—a rare bird. I nivir saw the likes av him before, an' I think I could survive it av I nivir saw the likes av him agin till I die. He was, widout doubt, the mosht obadient baste ivir I rode behind—you could make him do anything in the world he wanted to.

An' the slowness av him! Faix, put him to the haise at a funeral, an', I belave the very corpse himsilf would rise up an' order him to move on.

The car was a shpring wagon—at laste, Mac. said so, an' I have no right to doubt the man's word. But—well, it's a private opinion I have, an' I wouldn't mintion it to a livin' sowl, that the sphrings were WATHER, judgin' be the *crakes* that kim from the ramshackle, lumberin' ould hulk on whales!

Afther a day's journey, we shtrucked the pracincts av the city—“the soopburbs,” as Mac. tarmed the shpot. An', bedad, as we hadn't had a bite or a dhrop the whole road, “the soop burbs is the place for us,” sez I to Mac., in a bit av a joke an' mimicry.

“Ye'll hae tae fin' a hottel, afore ye cawn mak oot onythin' tae ate,” was Mac.'s only ricognition av my plisinthry.

“Thrust Denis for that!” sez I. An' wid that I hit the horse a murdherin' bang on the big hip-bone nearest to me; for I saw a light forninst us that samed to say as plain as the nose on me face, “Accommodation for man an' baste!”

The Saints be praised, it was that same!—a cross-roads tavern, nate an' comfortable as any one could wish for.

We ate an' dhrank—although not exactly in that same order. Thin we wint back into the tap-room, an' hour afther hour we shpint, as well as shillin' upon shillin', thratin' an' bein' thrated. Oh, there was a fine crowd av us—farmers, an' villagers, an' gintlemin, like Mac. an' me. We dhrunk an' talked, an' talked an' dhrunk agin, an' argued, an' hild controvarys, an' exchanged confidinces, an' told av our thravels an' advintures. Indade, GRIP, 'twas wan av the natest an' liveliest shprees that Denis Rafferty, or any other man livin' or dead, born or unborn, ivir enjoyed.

I am proud av the shpre, GRIP, an' be the same token, I am as mortially ashamed av the endin'.

A fight tuk place, bechune a big bog-throttin' laborer an' mesilf, on a pint av church doctrine. We wint to the barn-yard to settle it, an' were heart an' sowl in a beautiful scrimmage, whin the police disparsed the crowd, an' privinted the murdher—av me, the landlord declares, but av the bog-throtter, do I avow!

Mac. saved me from arrist be layin' the blame on me opponint, an' promisin' to have the law on him nixt day.

Whin I woke at noon, Mac. was gone to thry an' find his horse an' wagon, that some thafe av the world had tuk off; me money was gone too, bedad, an' I was in betther shpirit an' condition to atind a funeral than a Fair.

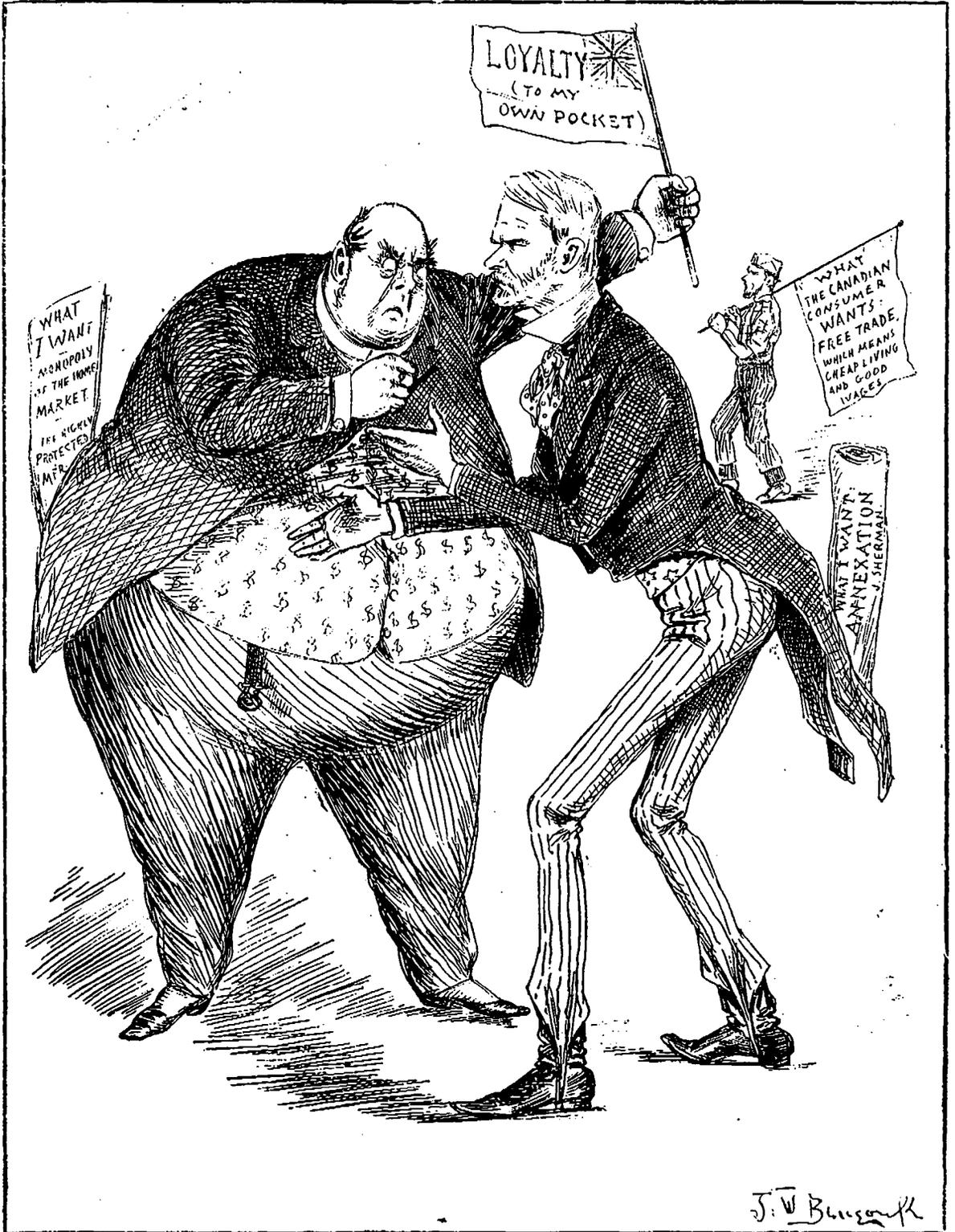
So home I thrudged it iviry blissed fut o' the way—an' mighty glad was I whin I got there.

Battered an' broken, but shtill alive, GRIP. Ye have the satisfaction o' knowin' that av Mac. had bin an Irishman, it's at the jail, likely, this time, ye'd bin hearin' from
DENIS RAFFERTY.

QUEER CASES.

THE *News* announces two new cases of small pox in the city, one being that of a “man who lived alone in a town with his wife,” and the other that of “a lad who resides with her mother” in St. John's Ward. The medical health officers will no doubt wait upon the intelligent compositor and the erudite proof-reader of the *News*, to obtain full particulars.

“WHAT do you make your sausages out of—beef?” asked the young housekeeper. “No,” replied the butcher, “we generally make 'em of ground-hog.”



J. W. Bussell

"A PARADOX, A PARADOX, A MOST AMUSING PARADOX!"

U. S. SENATOR SHERMAN (*angrily*)—"I'm against Commercial Union tooth and nail, because it would head off Annexation!"
MR. CANADIAN "PATRIOT" BOODLE (*emphatically*)—"I'm against it heart and soul, because it would bring about Annexation!"

MARIA'S REVENGE.

BY A. HAGGARD WRITER.

CHAPTER I.

WE were on a visit to Allan Halfmain, at his shooting lodge near the Humber, and fine sport we had, I can tell you. After dinner, one evening, when we had polished off six bottles of champagne, two quarts of sherry, and a dozen claret, and were sitting over our toddy and cigars, the company consisting of Good, Purkis, Halfmain and myself, Good said, "That was fine shooting this evening; did you ever do anything like it in Africa?" "Once," replied Halfmain. "Tell us about it," said I. "Yes, a story!" said Purkis. "Don't mind if I do," said Halfmain, dashing off three tumblers of toddy by way of a start. "Here goes":—

"Once I started from Delagoa Bay for Wambe's country. The head carrier raised a mutiny among the men. He was afraid of Wambe. 'Bad luck walk about in Wambe's country,' he said, 'Bussy might meet him.' 'All right, Bussy,' I retorted, 'if you won't go I won't hurt you, but I'll put fifteen bullets through your brain.' 'All right, Massa, me go,' said he. When we entered Wambe's country we got in the track of a herd of buffaloes, and I wanted to kill some for the camp. We were in the midst of them and could hear them breathing, but could not see them for the thick cover. I was stealing upon one, when I heard a noise something like a bell and the rattle of wheels. 'Ha!' said I to myself, 'it's a Queen Street car, and its got the wind of us and is charging down.' Down it came, snorting and roaring like fury. I swung myself up to an electric light, and it passed, raging and tearing by. When it had passed I got down, and going over to the garrison commor, shot two or three Jersey cows and a Durham bull. 'That's beef enough,' I exclaimed, as I dragged it into camp.

"Next morning a messenger came from Tony, one of Wambe's chiefs. He said there were three elephants devastating Tony's kraal, and he wanted the big white hunter to come and kill them. I liked the idea, and started out alone, followed at a safe distance by Bussy and the niggers. When we came near Tony's kraal we found all the forest for five hundred miles around had been cut down by the elephants, and sawn up into boards. They snapped the trees off with their trunks, like pipe-stems, and slit them into boards with their tusks—not only boards, but lumber of various dimensions, scantling, two inch plank, and inch boards. This they had piled up regularly as in a large lumber yard, and were evidently just waiting for a railway to be built to ship it off to the nearest market. I thought it a fine instance of reason in brute beasts.

"Tony received me graciously at the door of the kraal and offered me a cigarette and a glass of dry champagne. He said he would give a ball in honor of my arrival, but that the ladies in his kraal had very spare clothing, as he had sent no ivory to the coast this year, and had received no cotton.

"'Don't let that trouble the little dears,' I replied. 'It is the custom in all the capitals of Europe for the ladies to wear very little clothes at balls and parties. The less they have on the more fully they are dressed. But I am not a society man, so Tony, my boy, say nothing about the ball and tell me about the elephants.'

"He then informed me that the elephants came every night into the mealy fields to feed, and that my plan would be to watch for them and stalk them.

"Accordingly, that night I got into a hickory nut tree and waited for the brutes. At twelve, midnight, like the ghost in *Hamlet*, they made their appearance. The first one was as large as the Union Station, with a trunk that reached as far as Hanlan's Point; the second was as large as the *Mail* building, and the third about the size of the City Hall.

"As they went to feeding, I waited to get a good shot, as I wanted to save ammunition. When I got them in a row I fired and killed two of them, the *Mail* building and the City Hall, which died without a struggle. The other was only touched with the ball and simply lost his head. He became so mad he did not know what he was doing and ran bellowing into the midst of the village, trampling down huts and people. When he came to a Queen Anne hut with stained glass windows and a large silver plate on the door bearing the inscription, 'Mrs. Mumbo,' he stopped, looked more angry than usual, and putting his trunk in a chamber window, drew out something. What was it? Alas! he had seized Mrs. Mumbo in her sweet slumbers, and was savagely twirling her in the air. I was about to shoot him when Tony ran out of his palace, exclaiming, 'Don't, don't, it's my poor mother-in-law. Let the elephant alone!' 'But I'm going to kill the beast and save her.' 'No, no, don't fire, you might hit her.' 'But I won't hit her,' I said, 'I'll strike the elephant right in the heart, which is 100 yards from her.' 'No, no, don't, please, don't; his heart is very hard and the ball might glance and strike her. Oh! please don't, mighty hunter, better let the elephant alone.' While we were talking what did the brute do but put her in his mouth and chew her up. I glanced at Tony. He did not burst into tears; he had on a broad grin. Thus ended my elephant hunt for that occasion. "This is all true, I suppose?" commented Purkis. "True?" ejaculated Halfmain, indignantly, "it's as true as Haggard!"

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE.

BENNIE waltzed into the sitting-room the other day where his mother and sister Rosina were busy preparing floral designs for the harvest home festival, and said:

"Ma, if you put salt on a bird's tail, can you catch it?"

"You must not express yourself like that," said Rosina, a sweet girl graduate. "You should say chloride of sodium on a bird's posterior."

Next day at dinner Bennie convulsed everybody by requesting his mentor of the day before to pass him the "sodide of glorium," and later on in the evening sent Rosina into hysterics by straying into the parlor and remarking pleasantly to young Mr. De Jones that the posterior of his coat looked like it had been chewed some by a bull pup.

HOME RULE.

LET our brother Pat take heart of grace. Sandy has made up his mind to have home rule for the land of cakes, and Sandy never starts out without getting there, and what Scotland gets, Ireland can safely count on securing. British statesmen are aware that the radical cure for the home troubles is local self-government for all four divisions of the Kingdom. They are only taking their customary rest of a century or so before proceeding to apply the remedy.

MR. I. G. BOSSE is the new judge in the Quebec Queen's Bench. No doubt he will prove a very good Bosse.

HAD ENOUGH TO LAST.

WOMAN (to tired tramp, who is resting at the gate)—“If you'll come round to the back door I'll give ye a piece o' pie.”

TIRED TRAMP—“Thanks, ma'am, not any; you gave me a piece of pie when I passed through this section last summer.”—*Epoch.*

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HAD TO GIVE IT UP.

LONG-HAIRED PASSENGER (to Stranger)—“My friend, are you a commercial traveller?”
STRANGER: “Yes, sir, and I'm making lots of money.”

LONG-HAIRED PASSENGER—“Ah, my young friend, there is something to live for in this world besides mere money, which moth and rust corrupt and which thieves break through and steal. I was a commercial man myself once.”

STRANGER—“Didn't you like the business?”

LONG-HAIRED PASSENGER—“Yes, but there wasn't any money in it.”—*Epoch.*

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STRANGER (addressing an old colored brick-layer)—“Uncle, who's building this house?”

COLORED BRICKLAYER—“Mr. Hirsburg he build de house, but Queen Anne she drawed de plan.”—*Harper's Bazar.*

“Now, Waldo,” said a Boston lady, “the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy.”

“Yes, mamma.”

“And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table you must be sure and say slogger, not slugger.”—*Ex.*

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YOUNG FEATHERLY (indulgently): “Bobby, would you like to sit on my knee and have me tell you a story?”

BOBBY (who isn't struck on Featherly's stories): “Er—ye—es, please.”

YOUNG FEATHERLY: “And what kind of a story shall it be, Bobby?”

BOBBY: “A short story, please.”—*Epoch.*

YOUNG MR. SISSY (who prides himself on his music): “So you would like to hear me sing before I go, would you, Bobby?”

BOBBY (polite): “Yes, sir; if you would be so kind.”

YOUNG MR. SISSY: “Are you particular about what I sing?”

BOBBY: “Yes, sir, I would like to hear some of what sister Clara calls your alleged singing.”—*Epoch.*

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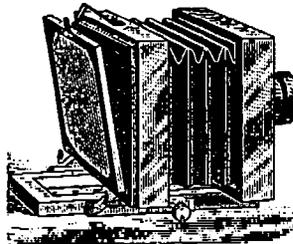


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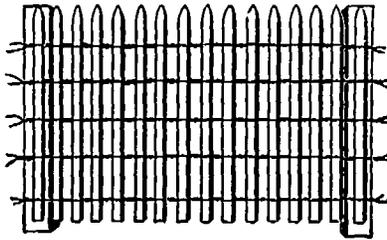
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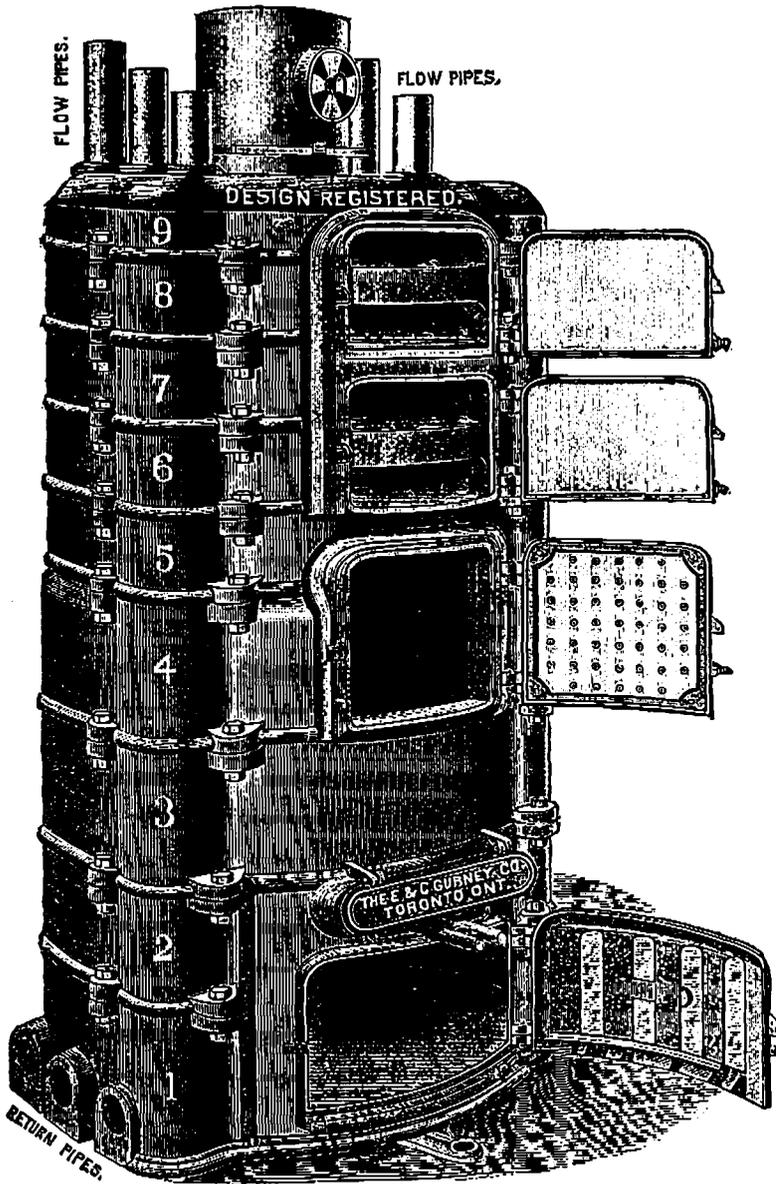
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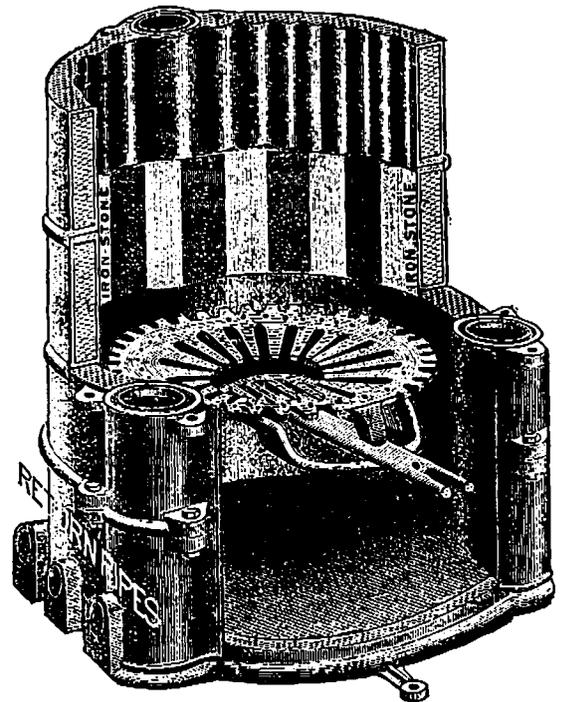
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