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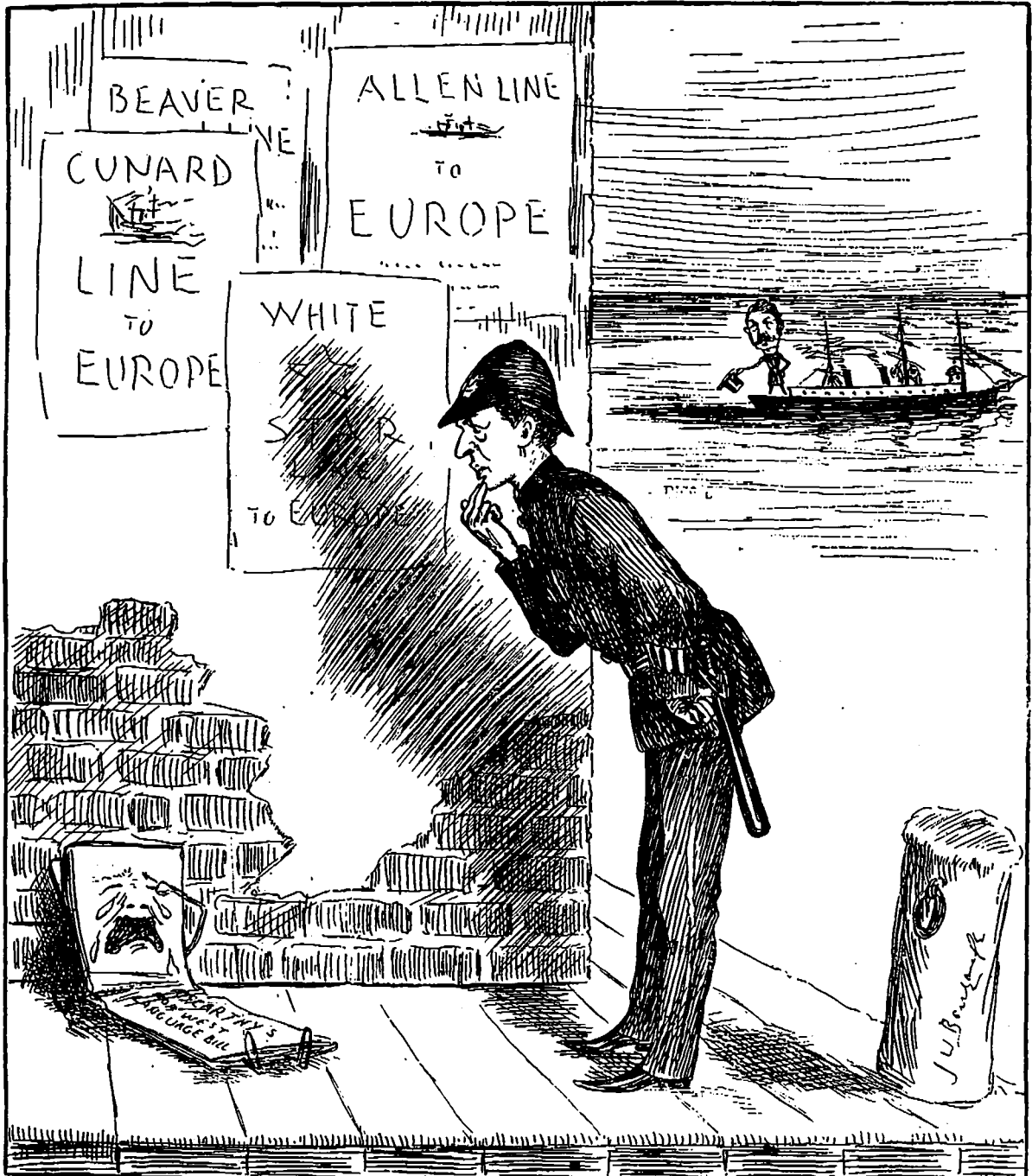
# GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1891.

No. 1.  
Whole No. 948.



### THE DESERTED CHE-ILD.

POLICEMAN LAURIER—"Poor little thing! Has it's daddy gone away and left it to its fate? Well! I can't do anything about it; it's not on my beat!"



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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



**Comments**

ON THE

**Cartoons.**

**IN SIR JOHN'S BOOTS.**—The Government continues to hang together nobly, and everything indicates that it will weather the gale safely until the end of the session. Mr. Laurier formally challenged the policy of the Administration on Monday of last week, and

after a debate lasting from three o'clock until after midnight, in which many able speeches were made on both sides, the vote was called and showed a majority of twenty, with four or five ministerial absentees. This division was notable for the defection of three Conservatives—Tarte, Savard and Vallaircourt—who voted with the Opposition. Messrs. Tarte and Savard and Mr. Joncas (who was on this occasion paired with Mr. Chapleau) have formally left the

Conservative party. Much was made by the Liberals of Mr. Abbott's statement in the Senate, that he was a Compromise Premier, appointed not because of special ability, but because he was inoffensive and had made no enemies. This was taken to mean the existence of factious divisions in the party ranks, but the Minister of Justice repudiated that explanation, and attributed the awkward expressions to Mr. Abbott's excessive modesty. The gravest objection urged against the new Premier was his friendship for the C.P.R., which it was insisted he could not get rid of by selling out his stock and resigning his seat on the directorate. This point was parried by one of the Government speakers by the statement that Mr. Abbott's past eminence in connection with this great railway was a testimony to his ability as a man of affairs. He certainly is an able man, and though he doesn't quite fill Sir John Macdonald's boots, he will probably be able to keep them afloat as the ark of the party as long as anybody else could.

**THE DESERTED CHEILD.**—Mr. Dalton McCarthy's sudden departure for England at the present juncture is much commented upon. He appealed to his constituents in the late election upon a little platform of his own, the chief plank of which was the immediate introduction of a bill to abolish Separate schools and Official French in the North-West Territories. This bill he bound himself to prepare and bring before the House, though on matters of general policy he proposed to support the Government. Well, he was elected, and although several opportunities have been presented, he has not brought forward the measure. And now, he goes away for the remainder of the session. Col. O'Brien says it's all right, but this cannot mean anything will be done before the House rises. The Opposition explanation is that Mr. McCarthy's love for his party is much stronger than his Equal Rights sentiments, and he has taken himself off so as to avoid embarrassing the Government at this critical time. This is probably the true explanation, and if so, is Mr. McCarthy very much to be blamed, after all? In his opinion, nothing would be gained for his pet project by the defeat of the Government.



**CANADIANS** ought to feel thankful that in 1849 Mr. J. J. C. Abbott signed the Annexation Manifesto. His presence at the head of the Conservative party stops the mouths of those silly and dishonest Conservatives (*vide Montreal Gazette*) who for some time back have been injuring the country by denouncing the members of the other party as "disloyal," not because they believed the charge, but for the purpose of "practical politics."

**THE Hamilton Times** enters a vigorous protest against those injudicious panegyrists of the late Sir John A. Macdonald who emphasize the fact that in all his long career in office that notable statesman was personally honest in his dealings with the public funds. The protest is called for. As the *Times* says, Sir John deserves no praise for this, because he was not addicted to larceny. It is really doing an injustice to his memory to dwell upon such a point, and furthermore, it is calculated to convey the impression to outsiders that as a rule our public men are thieves. This is running down the country with a vengeance, though it be done unintentionally.

**THE** evidence in the Tarte investigation, however, seems to indicate that there are some exceptions to the rule of the uniform honesty of Canadian public men. Should the verdict be given against the persons implicated after their defence has been heard, it is due to the good name of Parliament and the country that they be fittingly punished. In addition to being expelled from the House



### SUCCESSFUL.

HUSBAND (*to extravagant wife*)—"You have succeeded at last in making something of me."

WIFE—"I knew I should. What is it dearest?"

HUSBAND—"A pauper!"—*Pick-me-up.*

of Commons they ought to be indicted before the regular criminal court and there be tried on the straight charge of larceny.

\* \* \*

THE Baseball Association rules do not seem to hold good in politics. Chapleau has made more than three strikes, but he is by no means "out."

\* \* \*

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT essayed to pay some compliments to the new Premier in the recent debate on Laurier's motion. He said he had known the gentleman for thirty-five years, and recognized him as a man of very great ability. But he could not refrain from dragging in that unfortunate Annexation Manifesto business before he sat down. It was force of Abbott with him, you know.

\* \* \*

THE duty on raw sugar has been abolished, while that on refined sugars—eight-tenths of a cent per pound—is retained. Thus, one half dozen sugar refiners get their raw material cheaper while their finished product may command the old price. We consume about 224,000,000 pounds annually, which makes the aggregate duty nearly two millions. This nice little sum we will pay, not to the public treasurer through the custom houses, but to the sugar lords over the grocery counters. Our only consolation in such a case as this is that furnished by the Gospel according to Carnegie, that millionaires know how to use money better than the people at large, and therefore fulfil a useful function. Let us make the most of this beautiful thought.

WE are glad to notice that Sir Richard Cartwright was daring enough in his speech on the Budget to quote from a former utterance of his own to the effect that in the case of direct taxation the burden would fall fairly on the rich as well as on the poor. The feeling against direct taxation in the public mind is nothing better than a stupid superstition, of which the nineteenth century ought to be ashamed. Public men who understand this have too long respected it. We hope Sir Richard will soon find courage to plainly declare that direct taxation is the only honest sort of taxation, and that it is one of the planks in the platform of the party he helps to lead.

### THE HUMAN NATURE OF THE CROW.

FARMER CROWDER had finished planting his corn, but his heart was heavy. He knew the crows were whetting their bills to pull it up as soon as it appeared above the surface.

"I can tell you how to get away with the crows," said neighbor Stokes.

"How?"

"You get a gallon of whiskey and soak some corn in it till it gets full of the stuff, and then scatter it broadcast in the field. The black rascals will eat it and get drunk, and then you can catch 'em and pull their heads off. That beates pizen or shootin'."

In a few days Farmer Crowder met his friend Stokes.

"Well, how's the crops?" queried Stokes.

"My corn's completely ruint," replied Crowder, dolefully. "I tried that 'ere scheme o' yours, and it's humbug. I soaked the corn and scattered it one day, and next morn' I went to the new groun' to see how it worked."

"Found 'em drunk, eh?"

"Found nothin'. I hearn a big fuss down nigh the branch and went to see what it was; there was a bloated old crow what had gathered up all the whisky corn an' had it on a stump, an' he was retailin' it out to the others, givin' em' one grain of that sort fur three grains o' my planted corn, and dinged if they hadn't clawed up that field in sections."



HOW WE CARRY OUR CANES NOW.

## ANOTHER VOLUME.



THE new Cabinet was in session in the Privy Council Chamber, with the President in the Chair, and all the members present.

"Gentlemen and colleagues," said the Premier, "let us get on with business. We have fooled away too much time already. The question is, What are we going to do about it? If anybody has anything to suggest, let us hear from him."

"May I venture to enquire, what are we going to do about *what*? I came in a little late," said Caron.

"The phrase refers to things in general—policy, administration, patronage, legislation and all that sort of thing" replied Mr. Abbott.

"Well," said Sir Hector Langevin, "if I may be permitted to throw out an idea on one important point—I refer to the Tarte investigation—I would suggest that we all stand firmly by the Minister of Public Works, and see him safely through this unpleasantness. He is, of course, innocent, but whether or no, it seems to me that is the chivalrous course."

"I scarcely see it," observed Chapleau; "it strikes me that the suggestion of the hon. gentleman is not in accordance with the very highest morality, and nothing short of that will suit *me*. Moreover, I rather suspect that the hon. gentleman's suggestion is not entirely disinterested."

"Speaking of that unfortunate affair," said Sir John Thompson, "what is *your* conception of our duty, Chapleau?"

"It is very plain, to my mind," promptly answered the Secretary of State. "We should, with as little delay as possible, bounce the Minister of Public Works. He *may* be innocent of these charges, but he ought to be tounded on general principles."

"No, no!" cried Caron. "I don't agree with that at all. It is most arbitrary."

"Nor I," echoed Bowell.

"Nor I," said Carling.

"It is simply a ruffianly proposition," said Haggart.

"I should have added," remarked Chapleau, calmly, "that the Ministers of Militia, Agriculture, Customs and Post-Office should be bounced at the same time. What we need is a Cabinet of decent ability, with a really fine man as head of the Railways and Canals Department."

"We've secured the latter at least," remarked the Premier. "You have the promise of that portfolio, Chapleau."

"But what about the N.P. and the financial outlook," anxiously enquired Foster, "let us come to business."

"And don't let us overlook the administration of Indian and Interior Affairs. We must do something to choke off Davin's criticisms," added Dewdney.

"Well, gentlemen," said the Premier, solemnly, "between ourselves, we've got a hard row to hoe. How we're ever going to avoid the snags and pitfalls I positively don't see. Oh, for a master-mind to show us our way!"

"Hear! hear!" ejaculated the ministers in chorus.

Just at that moment the door opened, and a page-in-waiting announced—

"MR. GRIP."

"The very man!" exclaimed Mr. Abbott, as the Embodiment of Wisdom entered the Chamber.

"Mr. Premier and gentlemen," said MR. GRIP, with a stately bow, as he placed a handsomely-bound volume upon the table, "knowing how much you need the good offices of the Wise and Prudent at this crisis in our public affairs, I have waited upon you to help you out. Study well this book. In its pages you will find reflected the false and true steps that have been made by Canadian Statesmen for the past six months, with a running commentary of wise and wholesome fun. I will not further encroach upon your time, which is (or ought to be) precious. I leave you the volume. You need nothing else."

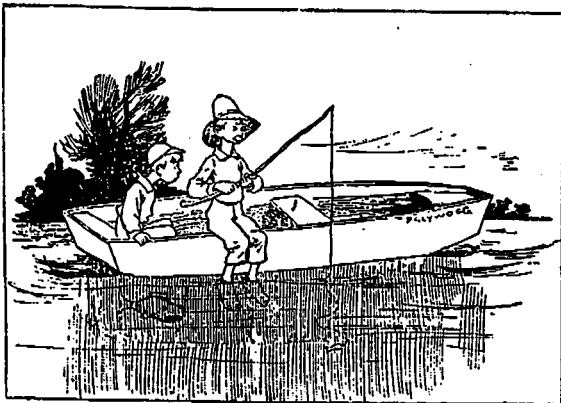
"Er—what volume is it—'The Institutes of Solon'?" asked the Premier.

"Better," replied Sir John Thompson, opening and reading the title-page, "it is

"THE THIRTY-SIXTH VOLUME OF 'GRIP.'"

A lady is like a carpenter, inasmuch as she often possesses a box of *tulles*.

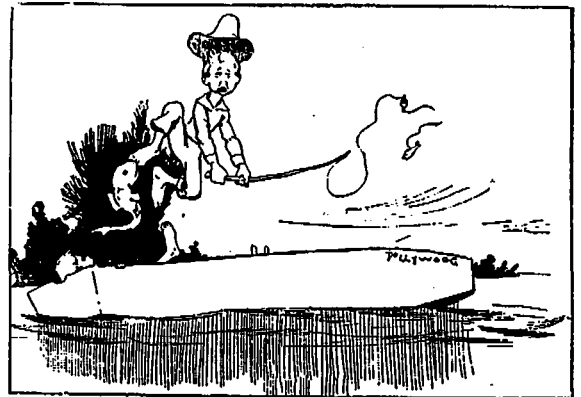
## THE CRUELTY OF LIVE BAIT FISHING.



I.

JIMMY—"Johnny, it's wicked to let the big fish bite the little ones like that, while they're alive."

JOHNNY—"Rats, Jimmy, it don't hurt to be bit by a fish."



II.

JOHNNY (as a large fish mistakes his toe for a minnow and gives him a practical illustration of the question at issue)—"Owch! Help!! The sharks!!!"



“TOUGH” ON THE TAX-PAYERS.

[Each of the 215 members of the Dominion Parliament have this year been presented with a solid English leather brass bound trunk, full of stationery.]—*Ottawa Item.*

Since there's "nothing like leather," let our liberal-handed Government go further and fit out the members and their families as pictured above.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

Not a few young women have asked Ibsen's advice as to the expediency of their marrying young men to whom they were engaged.—*Cable to daily paper.*

SCENE—A veterinary laboratory—shelves on the walls well filled with medical works. Mr. Henrik Ibsen experimenting with a mule and trying to decide from which of his parents he inherited his tendency to kick. He has a note book in which he writes from time to time. Door opens stealthily and a sweet girlish voice exclaims:

GIRL.—“Look out for yourself. I'm coming to interview you (*enters as Ibsen jumps up on a table*). Oh, you filthy, sweet, abominable lovely old genius, don't be frightened. I just want to consult you about getting married; but first I must have some of your blood (*draws a stiletto*).

IBSEN.—“Go away, young person. I don't want to be interviewed. Read my books. They'll tell you what you want to know about marriage. But why do you want my blood?”

GIRL.—“I inherit my craving for it, though it is usually dormant. You see I had a granduncle who was friendly with a Sicilian Mafiate, and he has transmitted the Sicilian thirst for blood to his relatives. Pardon me, but I must have some blood before our interview can proceed. Sicily's row in America makes me feel unusually vicious.”

IBSEN.—“Really, your case is very interesting. It looks like something new—like infectious heredity. I'd like to study your case. But do you want much blood?”

GIRL.—“Only a trifle, and I always carry court-plaster

with me to put on the wound. I always cut my friends in this way when I meet them. Pretty good joke, eh? Ha! ha!”

IBSEN.—“Ha! ha! Very good. (*Descends from the table*). Well, here is the fleshiest part. It will heal quickly. Ouch! Where is the court plaster? Thanks. Now proceed with your story.”

GIRL. (*wiping her stiletto and putting it away in the folds of her dress*)—“It is just this way. I am engaged to a young man who has interested me very much. Perhaps you know him. His case has interested the doctors throughout the world. He has a lovely ulcer on the back of his neck that he inherited from a grandfather who spent a winter in Paris. (*Mule looks disgusted, and Ibsen makes notes in his book*). Besides, he has led a very wild life hims-If—but am I quite safe here all alone with you, Mr. Ibsen?”

IBSEN.—Quite. My grandfather was an ice merchant in Stepnavik, and his blood got so thoroughly chilled that none of his descendants are troubled with violent emotions.”

GIRL.—“I am so glad. But to proceed. He is a graf, you know, and unless I catch him up quickly some American heiress will buy him. A dime museum man from New York has already offered him an excellent situation in his chamber of horrors, for he has a club foot, is squint-eyed, bald-headed, has bad teeth—”

(*Mule develops symptoms of violent nausea*).

IBSEN.—“I wonder what ails that animal. But why must you marry?”



### FRESH AIR FOR OUR POOR LITTLE BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

If you'd have bliss without alloy  
In your coming summer outing,  
And add an extra spice of joy  
To your fishing and your boating,

Before you go, send in your mite  
For the Fresh Air Fund to Kelso;  
'Twill help to make the summer bright  
For the waifs—each dollar tells so!

GIRL.—“I can't overcome the hereditary tendency. I inherit the desire to marry from my father and mother. They were married, you know.”

IBSEN.—“That is unfortunate. (*Muses for awhile and makes some notes.*)”

GIRL.—“But wouldn't it be a good idea for me to marry him as a pathological study?”

IBSEN.—“Excellent. Will you give me access to the data you accumulate for a drama I will write on your case?”

GIRL.—“Cert—Ou—o—!” (Mule is unable to endure any more—kicks them both through the roof. Ibsen falls on a dunghill, and escapes uninjured. His drama will soon be published).—P. McARTHUR, in *Town Topics*.

### CONCHOLOGY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. REGINALD P. BULSTRODE, the eminent Canadian litterateur, found himself a couple of years ago in somewhat straitened circumstances. This was not an unusual condition with Mr. Bulstrode, for the business of a Canadian litterateur is an unremunerative one as a rule. His last steady job had been a series of pen portraits of distinguished Canadians, being principally sketches of retired wholesale merchants, aspiring professional men and ambitious municipal dignitaries, who were willing to pay the publishing firm of Bilker & Co., at the rate of \$10 a page for laudatory biographies. Mr. Bulstrode had esteemed himself comparatively fortunate in securing the contract to put the notes furnished by these candidates for distinction into readable shape, with the appropriate spice of lavish encomium, at one dollar and fifty cents per page. Bilker had kicked greatly over the fifty cents, contending that one dollar per page was ample remuneration, as even the canvassers, who were much more necessary and important factors in the great work than a mere writer, only got about twice as much, but Bulstrode stood firmly up for the honor of Canadian literature and

the Royal Academy, of which he was a distinguished member, and carried his point. The book being finished and the pay for his share principally absorbed in the payment of sundry liabilities, Bulstrode found himself without other resources than an occasional remittance from an American magazine in payment for a poem or article. He wrote a Canadian novel dealing with the war of 1812, and flavored with the most ardent sentiments of patriotism, but the publishers to whom he offered it shook their heads and asked him what was the use of their paying good money for original stories, when they could steal all they could use from the Yankees. In short, Mr. Bulstrode found himself rapidly drifting upon the lee shore of impecuniosity, if that is the correct nautical metaphor.

In this extremity he one day took counsel with his friend McGorlick, whom he had obliged on several occasions. McGorlick could not write anything requiring more literary ability than a business letter, and was shaky as to his grammar, but he was solid with the Provincial government.

“It's my opinion you're a blamed fool,” candidly remarked McGorlick. “If I had your talents d'you s'pose I'd waste my time writin' sonnicks for Scribners, and puffin' a lot of chumps and swellheads for Bilker & Co.? Not by a darned sight! Why don't you git up a school text-book? There's heaps of money in that.”

“But they say there are too many text-books now,” re, lied Bulstrode.

“Well, I guess there are. But what do you care about that? If you can strike some new fake that ain't been took up by the department yet and get it authorized you'll be way up in G. By the way, do you know Ross?”

“Very slightly.”

“Well just you get solid with him—and you're all right.”

“How shall I manage that?”

“Nothing easier. Here's the *Empire* going for him nearly every issue: just get the last article attacking him, and sit right down and write a reply and send it to the *Globe*. Then lay for 'em next time same way. After a while I'll introduce you, and then it'll be as easy as rolling off a log.”

“But I really don't know what to write a text-book about.”

“I swear I never seen such an unpractical fellow as you, Bulstrode. Tackle something that sounds big—something endin' in 'ology: get some new kind of ology,



### FULLY EXPLAINED.

ROLLO—“Pa, why do they call the devil Old Nick?”  
ROLLO'S PA—“It is an Old-Nick-name, my son.”

"IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"



I.

which ain't into the schools yet—I guess there's a few still left—make out that thousands of parents want their kids taught that there ology, and it'll go."

"Let me see," said Bulstrode; "there's phrenology—that would hardly do—physiology—they've got that already—conchology—why not conchology?"

"Ah, now you're gettin' down to hard pan," said McGorlick. "Conchology—that sounds well, that ought to fetch 'em. They can stand a two dollar text-book on conchology, I guess that'll give you a pretty good margin. You go right ahead and do as I told you, and get up the book in the meantime."

"I really don't know the first thing about conchology," said Bulstrode. "But of course I could easily take some of the standard works and condense them, throwing in a little local coloring."

"And don't by no means forget," said McGorlick, "to ring in something about Canadian loyalty and patriotism, that'll catch Ross. But the first thing is to rip the *Empire* up the back."

"I'll get at that immediately," replied Bulstrode.

Accordingly, the next day there appeared in the *Globe*



II.

a lengthy letter from the pen of the eminent Canadian litterateur, Mr. Reginald P. Bulstrode, indignantly defending, with all the eloquence at his command, the Department of Education from the vile slanders and misrepresentations of the Tory organ. A second and a third communication to the same effect speedily followed. As Bulstrode had never taken sides in politics, the letters were eagerly seized on by the Grit press as the impartial utterances of an independent observer, and did good service as campaign documents in the pending election.

Shortly after the Ministry had been triumphantly sustained, Mr. Bulstrode sought an interview with Mr. Ross, who expressed his warm appreciation of his services.

"By the way," said the author, "there is a matter in the interests of education which I should like you to consider."

Mr. Ross smiled, for he guessed what was coming.

"You will agree with me," he continued, "as to the importance of the inculcation of the truths of natural science. Our school system, excellent as it is, is somewhat backward in this regard. Many of our scholars leave the Public



J. E. FOWERS.

III.

schools and grow to maturity profoundly ignorant of the science of conchology."

Mr. Ross looked grave.

"I have in preparation a little text-book of conchology, which, if introduced into the schools, would, I think, be eagerly welcomed by many parents who do not wish this important branch of study neglected. I was in hopes that possibly you might see your way clear to extend the Government authorization to it."

"Ah! conchology," said Mr. Ross, thoughtfully. "It is a highly interesting study. Not perhaps as practical as some others, but then it—it broadens the mind, as it were, and encourages habits of observation. Yes, I think—considering everything—that I may venture to promise you that, if your book is acceptable in point of style, and clearness, and general suitability for school purposes, we will place it on the list."

And that is how conchology came to be added to the number of school studies, and Mr. Bulstrode is now in receipt of a comfortable income from his "Manual of Canadian Conchology, for the Use of Schools"—price two dollars.



### ST. JAMES'S SQUARE FENCE.

PREMIER OF ONTARIO—"Hem! they're making a great fuss about this fence, but I don't know of anything that will more strongly impress upon our American visitors with the frugality and thrift of the Ontario Government!"

### TO THOSE ABOUT TO TRAVEL.

THESE words are not addressed to our citizens who are contemplating camp life at Muskoka or summer cottages at the Island, but rather to those travellers who intend to cross the Atlantic and visit Great Britain and the different countries of Europe. Probably this won't be the first request made you. We've realized ourselves what it is to smuggle sealskin jackets and silk dresses, and try to look the married man before Custom House officials, and sad experience has taught us how much it can cost one to save one's friend's freight charges. We are also aware that there is a point beyond which the elasticity of trunks will not stretch, even on the home trip, and we are not going to ask any one to buy new saratogas to carry parcels for us, but, dear fellow countryman, we implore you in the interests of your native land, your homes and pockets, do try and remember you are a Canadian.

It may perhaps be a little hard for you to refrain from the temptation to pass yourself off in London as an Englishman belonging to one of the county families, but remember that much will be forgiven as "colonial" that would not pass muster as English. If you are dubbed a "bloomin' colonist" too often, tell people that Canada is a Dominion, and get out your map of the country and teach them a little geography. Perhaps, too, when you visit your English relations, it would be only kind to our own young men, when all their incapables want information as to how "quickly they could make a million in the colony," not to exaggerate the salaries given Civil Service and bank clerks. When you meet philanthropic people, who devote their lives to the exportation of the diseased and criminal population of the Old World, you might hint that Canada is not a vast hospital for the lazy, if she does offer grand opportunities for willing workers.

You will also find it an advantage on your travels to utterly repudiate the notion that you are an American. First, because you'll be expected to spend money like a million

aire if you don't, and if you happen to be in Italy you won't feel anxious to belong to a country where they still resort to lynch law.

Why should Canadians be willing to be, as a nation, merely a submerged third between John Bull and Uncle Sam?

You don't catch either of those gentlemen sinking their identity at any time, and Canada is grand enough to be presented anywhere on her own merits. She has grown a big girl now, and patriotic countrymen should bring her out on every fitting occasion, and remember that our magnificent Dominion was never born to "blush unseen" and remain "unsung."  
J. M. LOES.

### KILLED AT THE PLOUGH.

A KINGSTON despatch says:

David Herlehy, of Bathurst, was killed by a stroke of lightning while plowing on his farm. The horses were also killed. At dinner-time Mrs. Herlehy sent a five-year-old child to bring the father to the mid-day meal, but the little one brought back the news that her father was asleep on the ground and she could not awaken him, and that the horses were asleep too. At this the poor mother apprehended the fatal occurrence, and running to the field saw her husband lying dead in the midst of his honest toil.

"T'was noon; the storm was over, the sun was riding clear,  
And o'er the clouds triumphant, he smiled thro' the vapory air;  
The farmer's wife in her kitchen was busy, and blithe, and gay,  
And her little prattling daughter was at her innocent play.

"Ma, was 'oo 'fyaid of the lightning; was 'oo 'fyaid of the big, big noise?"

Asks the little maiden with wonder, as she leaves her dolls and toys.  
"No, darling," says the mother, "in God's good hands we rest,  
He is our Heavenly Father, and our Father knoweth best.

"See, now the sky is clear again, the storm is over and done,  
And God is smiling upon us,"—and she kisses the little one.  
"So now put on your big straw hat, and go, dear, as yesterday,  
And tell papa dinner is ready, and tell him to come right away."

Then the blue eyes dance with laughter and the baby hands are quick,  
And the bloom of the roses heightens with joy on the girlie's cheek;  
And soon she is toddling nimbly adown the emerald lane,  
And the mother there in the doorway feels a pleasure akin to pain.

Once more the pattering footsteps are heard coming up the way,  
And the mother is in the threshold—"Well, dear, what did papa say?"

Why didn't you come on his shoulders, for the hills are long and steep?"

"Tause," said the innocent, panting, "I touldn't, 'tause papa's aseep."

"Asleep?" said the mother, smiling, "why, darling—" "Yes, yight on the gwound,

And Dobbin's aseep, and Jerry, all seeping, oh, so sound!  
I touldn't wake my papa, and I twied and twied again—"  
Then the wife's lips turn to ashes and her heart-beats cease for pain.

"T'was the lightning flash!" she gasping says, "he is dead! oh, God! he's dead!

In the midst of his honest toiling for our humble, daily bread.  
Oh, husband! Oh, my darling! Oh, desolate, stricken breast;  
Oh, God, Thou art the Father! Oh, Father, Thou knowest best!"

J. W. B.

### A. CARI-BOODLER.

MARTIN VAN BUREN ROWLAND has been found guilty by a British Columbia jury of being concerned in the Cariboo stage robbery in which a considerable amount of gold was taken. The prisoner was found with the stuff in his possession though there was no direct evidence that he committed the deed, so he was found guilty of receiving stolen goods. If he wasn't exactly a robber he was a sort of a Cari-boodler anyhow.





IN SIR JOHN'S BOOTS.



### A CYPHER.

1ST GRIT—"I don't think Abbott is up to much. He has never ut a figure in politics."

2ND GRIT—"Oh yes, he has. He's cut the tail off the figure 9."

### "THE DEGENERATE GLOBE."

"I DON'T know what George Brown would have said if he were alive to see it," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, looking up from her *Saturday Globe*. "It's enough to make him turn in his grave. As I always said, he might have his faults, and no doubt he was a bit dogmatic and all that, but there was one good thing about him—he was a sound Protestant, very different from the set they've got in there now. That Farrer is nothing but a Jesuit in disguise. I always said so, and now I'm sure of it. I declare it's shameful to see the way they go on. It was bad enough to have a Jesuit at the head of the paper, without getting the Pope to write for it every week. I never would have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Here's a piece with his name 'Leo' signed to it, and a big heading at the top, 'His Own Opinions,' wanting to dictate to us. 'His Own Opinions,' indeed! What does Pope Leo know about things in this country that makes his opinions worth more than mine or any body else's? Why, he never was in Canada, and don't know anything about our affairs, and yet, just because he's a Pope and head of the Church and all that, some poor, ignorant, superstitious creatures take every word he says for Gospel truth. I say it's just shameful for a paper that's supported by Protestants to go and print any rubbish that Pope Leo likes to write, as if Canadians was such fools that they didn't know their own business better than that old man away off in Rome, with his graven images such as no Christian ought to worship, for it's contrary to the Ten Commandments. I really don't know what the country is coming to. First thing we know we shall have the French Revolution all over again, and the martyrs at the stake. And I don't see why the Government allow it; and to think that none of these Synods, and Conferences, and Church Meetings that was held here lately had a single word to say against it. But those men are such a cowardly lot they darsn't open their mouths for fear somebody wouldn't like it, and it might

hurt their business or prevent them getting elected alderman or something. Of course it must be the Pope. There's nobody in this country with such a name as 'Leo,' and, if there was, it isn't likely they'd put 'His Own Opinions' to it when nobody had ever heard of him before. Well, well; I haven't any opinion of the *Globe* now. It's just spoiled and ruined by those Jesuits and Annexationists, and I'll have Richard call at the office to-morrow and tell them not to send it any more."

### TO A FLY

LIGHTING ON A PRETTY GIRL'S CHEEK.

Oh, fly!  
Will you but speak  
And tell me why  
You sit upon her cheek?  
Upon her cheek so white and pink,  
And there you seem to drink and drink  
The sweetness of the roses in,  
As if it were no sin;  
While I,  
Oh, fly!  
Would scarcely dare  
To touch so fair  
A cheek,  
Though I might speak  
And say in truthful meter  
That nothing on the earth was sweeter.  
Ah, would that I  
Were more fly!

—Detroit Free Press.

### THE FLY

DOTH MAKE REPLY.

Oh, fresh  
And callow youth,  
And would-be mash—  
I'll state the truth:  
Upon this cheek, you seem to think,  
I sit and drink and drink and drink.  
It is not so, dear boy,  
This "pink and white" is dry,  
But sweet,  
I admit;  
In fact, that's why  
It caught this fly—  
But not,  
As you have thought,  
Sweet in sense romantic,  
Or figurative, or pedantic—  
Pearl-powder's sweet  
And good to eat!

### RESTING ON HIS ORES

TODGERS.—"Ah, Pillbury; anything doing just now in Sudbury investment?"

SUDBURY SPECULATOR.—"Confound it, no! the government mining regulations have knocked all that on the head for the present. We are simply holding on—resting on our ores, so to speak."

### A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

INDIANS buy their wives of the bride's parents. Among white folks such bargains are not altogether unknown, and where the young lady is considered a specially eligible match in addition to the offer of the suitor, the father often insists on something to boot.

!!!

MRS. PUNNYMAN takes her colored servant, El a out with her when it rains, because she says the latter is an umber-Ella.

## A CATASTROPHE.



I.  
The Morning Paper.



II.  
"Bother the cat. Get out  
the way; you'll th—"



III.  
"There! I knew you'd do it!"



IV.  
"What's the matter with that  
cat?"  
—Pick-me-up.

## IT WOULD FILL THE BILL.

LEWIS MAITLAND CAMPBELL tunes his gentle lay in the minor key in the chaste column of the *Evening Telegram* to the following effect:

Away with the calm and still,  
For the tempest wild I pine,  
For sombre and serene  
And dismal and drear  
Is the storm-tossed life of mine.  
And elemental strife  
Soothes my dark and troubled soul,  
And the stormy sea  
Tunes a lullaby,  
With thunder of break and roll.

Our municipal editor would like to accommodate Lewis, and suggests the following as a means of satisfying his somewhat peculiar tastes.

If that is your little racket,  
If you long for storm and strife  
I can put you onto the game you seek,  
And give you fun that will last a week,  
Perhaps for the rest of your life.  
Go visit the City Council  
In the cool of the dewy night,  
And there for a couple of hours stay  
While they talk of reclaiming Ashbridge Bay,  
That'll suit your appetite.

## EGGING THEM ON.

BILDAD—"Who was the fellow that kept throwing antique hen fruit at Ald. Farquhar and Black Jack Robinson while they were fighting? and why did he do it?"

PODSNAP—"Don't know. It occurred to me however that perhaps he wished to egg them on."

## DEFYING THE KIRK.

WE suppose some official action will be taken by the Presbyterian General Assembly against the Kingston *Whig* for calling their evening meeting a "session" instead of a "sederunt."

## BACK NUMBERS.

FIRST GRIT.—"The present Tory cabinet, sir, is a collection of played out politicians—a slaughterhouse of political reputations."

SECOND GRIT.—"Just so—a sort of Abbott-oir, as it were."

## FOSTER SPEAKS.

MR. FOSTER is now just where Mr. Edward Blake was on the Prohibition Question. He doesn't think the country is yet ripe for Prohibition. Being in office and responsible for the Dominion finances is evidently a different thing from being a free-lance on the platform. Mr. Foster regards the loss of revenue which would follow the passage of a Prohibition law as a grave practical difficulty, but claims that this is in no sense weighing dollars against the happiness of Canadian homes. If the people say so, he is prepared to face that difficulty with as much cheerfulness as his accumulated trouble as Finance Minister will permit of. Furthermore, he very emphatically denies that he has modified his views for the sake of holding office. This is indirectly saying that GRIP did him an injustice in a recent cartoon. If so, GRIP apologises. But everything seemed to look so much like that! Even this omniscient bird is sometimes mistaken, it appears.

## SURE AS A GUN!

HERE is an instructive extract from the *Mail's* report of City Hall affairs on Tuesday, 23rd:

"The question of granting the Toronto Incandescent Light Company the power to operate an electric railway on the Island having been referred to Manager Gunn, that gentleman wrote to the Street Railway Committee to say that the franchise would be a very valuable one, and ought not to be parted with by the city."

This is a straight shot from the Gunn, but if the franchise on the Island is too valuable to be parted with, what is to be said for the policy of resigning that in the city itself into the hands of a private corporation? The Committee ought to ask Mr. Gunn for his opinion on that point!

## "UNDER THE YOLK."

"THIS is eggs-stremely annoying!" as Black Jack of the *Telegram* remarked, as he got up after his scrap with Farquhar and wiped off the rivulet of yolk that was coursing down his features."

MANY of us would be glad at this season to avail ourselves of a necessary change, if we we only had the necessary change.



**"THERE'S ALWAYS ROOM AT THE TOP"**  
(FOR THE BIG STRAWBERRIES.)

### HOW WE SWEAR.

THE Greeks all swore by Hercules,  
The Germans swear by Thor,  
The Romans swore by Jupiter,  
The Irish swear by Gor ;  
But up here in the northern clime  
Where life is full of hum,  
And three square meals are all the go,  
The girls all swear by gum.

Down in Chicago city,  
The girls swear by their feet,  
An oath devoid of shape and grace,  
That moves the whole elite ;  
While out on Kansas' treeless plains,  
Amongst their rakes and hoes,  
Neath broad-brimmed hats that look like bats,  
The girls swear by their toes.

Milwaukee girls swear by their hair,  
An oath of red, red hue,  
And, in swearing, sometimes curl their tongues,  
When they've nothing else to do ;  
While away down in Atlanta,  
Where life's visions are so grand,  
The girls lift up their voice and swear  
By the wealth of corn on every foot—of land.

In Boston every well-bred girl  
Will swear by Ibsen's "Ghosts,"  
And Gotham culture aye condemns  
And with her beans she roasts ;  
But when you reach the Quaker town  
The girls all swear by dad,  
And laugh at Minneapolis,  
That swears by Minnie-Pad.

But in this beauteous city,  
That stretches like a dream,  
With its miles of streets and avenues.  
That glisten, glow and gleam,  
The girls discard all foolish fads  
But make things howl and hum,  
As they turn the quids round in their mouth,  
And always swear by gum.

—Thomas O'Hagan, in *Duluth Tribune*.

### NOT PATENTED, EITHER.

A MAN in Ottawa is applying for a patent on a machine by which he can bring on a shower whenever required. Mrs. Shoptrotter says she can do the same thing any time by simply going down town without her umbrella and waterproof.

### A ROAR FROM JOHN BULL.

A FREE COUNTRY.

COME on, you pauper immigrants,  
You chaps without a sou,  
With patches in your Sunday pants  
And faces pinched and blue.

Old England's shores are ever free  
And all may enter in,  
To swell the ranks of poverty,  
Of misery and sin !

Come in your dirt and rags, for that's  
The way to banish gloom ;  
Come on—and bring your wives and brats—  
There's lots and lots of room !

*Pick-me-up (London.)*

Observe the fine disgust of this—  
Of irony it's full,  
This wholesale pauper exile biz.  
Don't suit old Johnny Bull  
It makes a difference, you know,  
Whose ox (or Bull) you gore—  
John never thought to stop the flow  
Of paupers to our shore !

### THISTLE-DOWN, PUFF-BALLS AND WHIFFETS.

BY ACUS.

IN anticipation of sea-side festivities, the gay and festive are presumably polishing up their patent adjustable affections.

Beyond what is displayed on their shoes, many of our so-called gentlemen manifest little enough polish.

The *Gobble Song* from the *Mascot* would be appropriate music for a banquet.

Time might be said to be punctuated thus : the weeks are commas, the months are semi-colons, the years are periods, the anniversaries are exclamation points, and every crisis is an interrogation mark.

Hearing that I call my dog "Fish," because he does not bite, an intimate party informs me that he calls his dog "Bitters," because he is all bark and w(h)ine.

O, for the wings of a dove to fly away and perch on the north pole till the heat of summer is over.

People who bother us with never-ending anecdotes may be said to be in their anecdotage.

It is no discredit to the best fly-paper to say that there are flies on it.

### SUGGESTIVE.

THE abbot of St. Benedict's Abbey, Acheson, Kansas, is Right Rev. Innocent Wolf. This is highly suggestive as the name of a Jesuit leader.

### HIS ALTERNATIVE.

IF Tallyrand had failed as a diplomatist he might have made as great a hit as Pete McArthur by contributing biting sarcasms to the comic papers of the day.

### A MISLEADING PROVERB.

WHO goes a borrowing  
Goes also a sorrowing,  
Oh does he ? He needn't be fretting.  
It's the man who goes lending  
For other folk's spending  
Who has the most cause for regretting.

GRIP's mission is to teach, amuse Canadians everywhere;

Paine's Celery Compound doth choose to banish suffring care.

It comes the feeble nerves to brace, and clear the clouded brain;

And from the haggard, careworn face, remove the marks of pain.

What a noble mission! Make trial of it.

IN the despatches from Sherbrooke, Quebec, yesterday we are informed that William Wallace Blanchard was hanged and "the ceremony proceeded without an unpleasant incident." It is but just to add that Mr. Blanchard did not express this opinion.—*Anacanda Standard*.

FREE until June 25th. In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment we will cure cases of Catarrh absolutely free of all charge. For free cure call before June 25th Address, Medical Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

BRIGGS—"Poor Salter! Five years ago a girl jilted him, and he has been travelling in Europe ever since. He has just returned, poor fellow, looking as careworn as ever."

GRIGGS—"Hasn't he seen the girl at all?"  
BRIGGS—"Oh, yes. They met abroad a year after he left here, and have seen a great deal of each other since."

GRIGGS—"Then what makes him so unhappy?"

BRIGGS—"He married her."

#### FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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#### A CHARGE TO THE JURY—The prisoner.

"Boo! hoo-hoo!" yelled little Johnny.  
"What is the matter, dear?" said his mother.

"Boo-hoo! Me an' Jimmy Green was playin' like we was cats out on the coal-shed, when someone raised up a window and hit me on the head with a boot-jack."

CHEAP FOOD.—Dyer's Improved Food for Infants is made from pure Pearl Barley, is highly nutritious and costs only twenty-five cents. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

"Do look, Ethel! Did you ever see such a hideously homely man? And yet he must have found some woman to marry him, for that child he is leading evidently belongs to him."

"Why, Maud, love, the child proves nothing. It may be only a grandchild!"—*Puck*.

YOUNG GUSHER (who has been listening to Moore's melodies sung by Miss Sharpe)—  
"Lovely! Exquisite! Don't you love the Irish airs?"

MISS SHARPE—"Oh, I dote on them!"  
YOUNG GUSHER—"Aren't you partial to the Irish airs, Mrs. Sharpe?"

MRS. SHARPE—"Yes, very; excepting when they are put on by the cook."—*America*.

THE fairest creature on earth is woman, yet she sometimes acts awfully unfair.—*Kentucky State Journal*.

THE man who would climb the ladder of Fame, mustn't linger too long on each round of applause.—*Puck*.

#### THE LAST MEETING.

WE met at dinner; I wonder  
If ever we'll meet again,—  
Alas! 'twas a cruel decree of fate  
That brought us together then!

I remember his every feature,  
And the look in his eyes so brown,  
For he was the clumsy creature  
Who upset his soup on my gown.

—*Jury*.

CUMSO—"They say Brown has a very poor memory for faces."

BANKS—"And he has. Why, the other day he looked into a mirror and asked his wife whose reflection it was he saw."—*Busy Bee*.

A CAKE WALK—The dude's promenade.

MRS. YERGER—"What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed."

MRS. PETERBY—"I have good reason to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, treats me as if I were not her equal."—*Siftings*.

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## THE LAST.

AT work upon his proof-sheets  
An editor once sat,  
When at the door a sound was heard,  
A confident RAT—  
TAT!

"Come in!" he cried. The portal yawned,  
And slammed against the wall.  
A form strode in. It was a poet;  
A man with lots of gall.

"What seek you?" spake the editor.  
"I bring a little poem,  
A parody on Riley's verse,  
It may be that you  
know 'em!"

"Ha!—tell me—do the final lines  
Run in some novel way?"  
"They do!" the poetry-man replied,  
ray  
"In cu-ri-ous dis-ar-!"

The editor he groped among  
His deadliest machines—  
A bomb of dynamite reduced

That o s m i h e a s  
o i r e s  
poet

—Puck.

It is the small fish that is responsible for a large share of the lying that is done.—*Dausville Breeze.*

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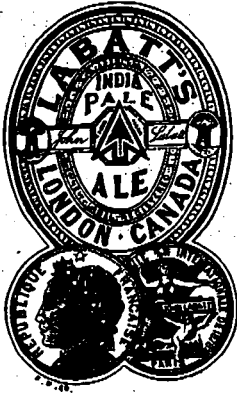
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See next page.

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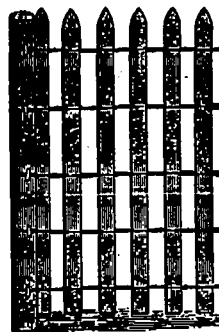
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