



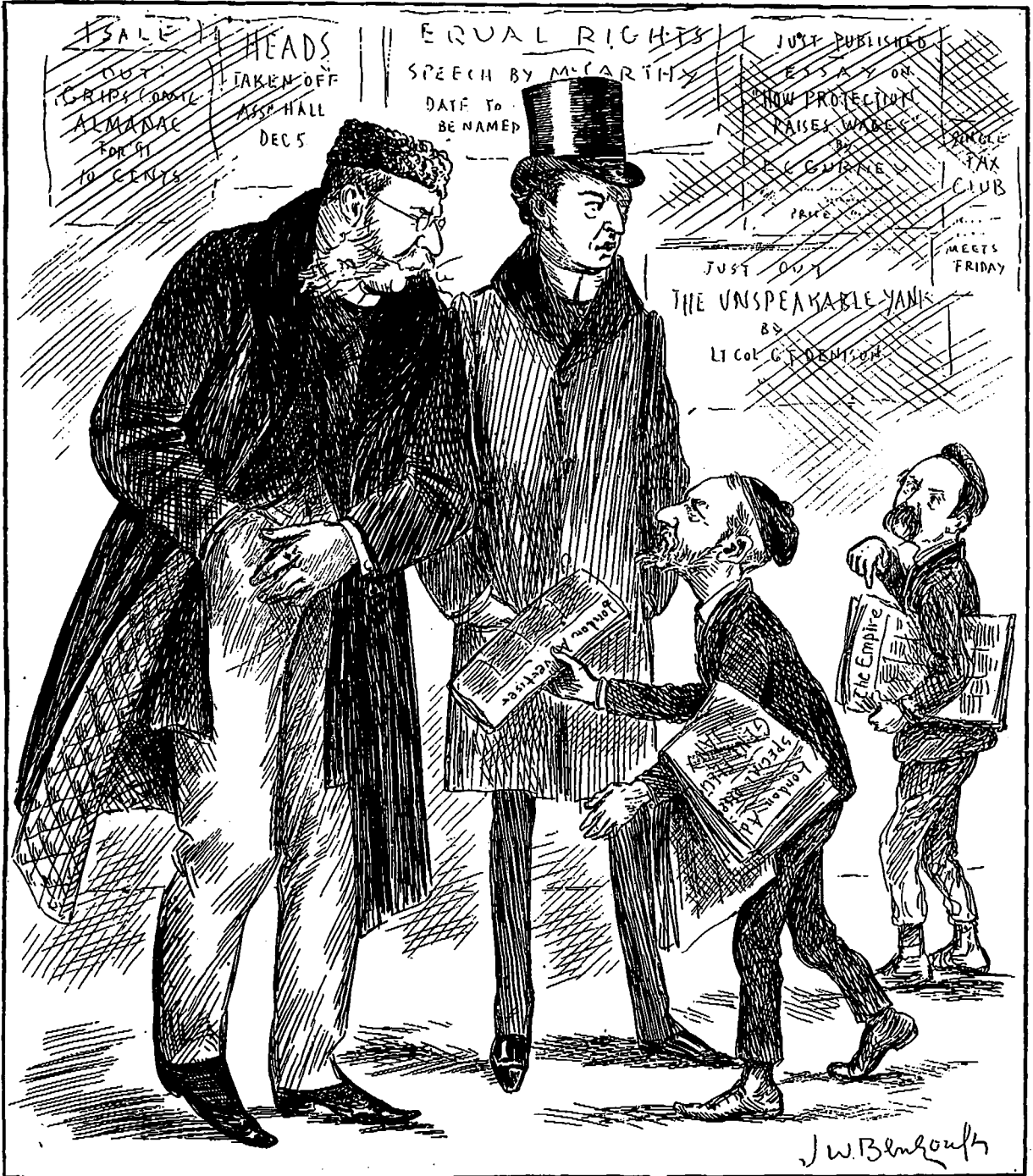
GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

No. 22.
Whole No. 912.



SENSATIONAL!

NEWSBOY CAMERON—"London 'Tiser! 'Tiser! Here you are, sir! Special dispatch! All about the General Elections to come off in January!"

SIR R. C.—"Laurier, can this possibly be authentic?"

NEWSBOY CREIGHTON—"Yah! it's all a hoax, Mister! The ain't a word about it in the Empire!"

GRIP

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE MCGREEVEY CYCLONE. — A disagreement amongst the French-Canadian followers of the Conservative banner has led to the partial exposure of a scandal which appears to be of an extensive and serious character. Mr. Tarte, editor of

Le Canadien, is the child of Destiny to whose trenchant pen has been committed the task of emblazoning the disgraceable matter to an interested world, and he appears to be in possession of enough information of an apparently authentic sort to make a very thrilling story. So far as we can gather from what has already appeared in *Le Canadien*, the charge is that Mr. Thos. McGreevey, a member of the Dominion Parliament, has been guilty of trafficking in Cabinet secrets, with the connivance of Sir Hector Langevin, head of the Department of Public Works. To particularize, he has been permitted to obtain figures and other details from tenders sent in to the Department by public contractors, and these valuable pieces of information he has sold to a favored firm, Larkin, Connolly & Co., for good round sums, which have gone partly into his private pocket and partly into the Conservative election fund. The circumstantial statement made by Mr. Tarte, strengthened by the highly spiced correspondence which he has spread upon the docket, present a strong *prima facie* case, and unless the eminent persons implicated wish to be understood as pleading guilty, there is nothing for it but a thorough investigation by a Parliamentary Committee when the House meets. It is openly alleged in Opposition quarters that it is Sir John's exceeding anxiety to avoid the coming exposure of his col-

league and supporter—and incidentally of his Government—that has determined him to bring on the general election in January. The scandal is not a particularly new one. The cloud has in fact been above the horizon for a couple of years. It is only now that it has assumed the portentous shape of a cyclone, and seems to be bearing down with fatal sweep upon the Government.

SENSATIONAL.—There are other reasons than the one above alluded to which would make it prudent for the Government to spring the general election early in the New Year, although as yet there is no whisper of such an intention outside of the columns of Opposition papers, whose special business it is to keep the Reform party in a state of wholesome alacrity. For example, there is the great trade question. Since the passage of the McKinley Bill, and especially since the emphatic repudiation of that measure by the people of the United States, this is more of an issue than ever. The Government may well dread the consequences of delay on this question, for the campaign of education is going on here almost as briskly as across the line, which means that the settled policy of the Administration—the N.P.—is bound to grow in unpopularity. Another powerful argument in favor of an early appeal to the country is Sir John's naturally increasing infirmity. At the present moment he has vigor enough to give his party the full benefit of his ability as a leader, but there is no knowing how long that happy condition of things may last. If the sincere wishes of friend and foe alike could avail, he would never be less "fit" than now, but nature's mandate must take precedence of all else. Taking these and other considerations which might be mentioned into account, it is by no means impossible that the general election is at our door, notwithstanding the Sphinx-like silence of the *Empire* and other organs.



OR the information of those who do not know—and we have discovered that there are some of our esteemed readers who have picked up a wrong impression on the point—we wish to say distinctly that GRIP is in favor of Free Trade, otherwise called Unrestricted Reciprocity, with the United States, if that devoutly to be wished for consummation can by any honorable means be achieved. This has no reference to that form of Commercial Union which presupposes a joint committee to regulate the tariff of the two countries

against the world at large, for such a plan involves a diminution of our national autonomy. It simply means free, unfettered intercourse between the two countries in all matters of trade and commerce. We frankly admit that the prospect of getting this is slight so long as Protective ideas rule the respective governments, as there would be no means of shutting out foreign imports passing through the free territory on either side.

BUT we are living in hopes of seeing the dawn of a day of better sense before long. It will not be many years before the United States is as much of a Free Trade country as England. Canada ought to be so now. It would be millions in her pocket to cease worshipping the graven image she has borrowed from Yankeeedom, and reduce her boasted loyalty to British traditions and the Old Flag to practise by adopting the trade policy which has done so much for the mother country.

WE are by no means alone in this opinion. The Montreal *Witness* puts the same idea tersely in the following sentences:

There is a tide in the affairs of men and nations which taken at the flood leads on to fortune. The present is, in view of every Englishman who looks at the question from a distance sufficient to see it in its proper perspective, the hour of Canada's opportunity. By the immediate adoption of a Free Trade policy a large proportion of the

great commerce of the world would commence to flow through her channels. But Canada is joined to her American idols, and will cling to them until the United States herself knocks them down and takes the lead of Canada in Free Trade. The great start that we might get by being by some years the first in this field will be lost to us.

* * *

WILL some one tell us why
Men should willing be to die
For the right to freely think and speak, speak, speak,
While, for the right to trade
Freely, as by nature made,
The masses do not even dare to squeak, squeak, squeak?

* * *

It is true that the advocates of Equal Rights are not making a very great stir just now, but the *Globe* is a little premature in assuming that the movement has completely frizzled out. It is decidedly—and we fear deliberately—astray when it says, "The order 'as you were' has gone forth from the Tory headquarters and the erstwhile Equal Righters have promptly obeyed it. They are now shouting themselves hoarse in the interest of the men who ratified the Jesuit bill, over which such a hypocritical outcry was made." We don't hear any particular shouting just now either for or against the men who ratified the Jesuit bill; but, of course, we don't enjoy the advantage of owning a tall tower from which to do our listening.

* * *

DON'T rashly call 'em ugly names
And "erstwhile Equal Righters,"
And say they bow to party claims
And never will be fighters—
They harried Mowat it is true,
And made things hot and humming,
So wait and see what they will do,
For John A.'s hour is coming!

* * *

CARDINAL TASCHEREAU in a recent pastoral expressed the opinion that none but Christian men should be allowed to sell liquor. His Eminence is right. The transforming of pure wholesome boys into bloated useless wrecks is, as all must admit, one of the most serious industries in which men can be employed under the auspices of a civilized government, and it is meet that such solemn work should only be committed to the hands of earnest Christians who have a deep sense of their responsibility. If an amendment could be made to the law in accordance with the Cardinal's suggestion we would, no doubt, have an immediate and widespread revival of religion amongst our liquor dealers.

* * *

NONE but Christian men," says Grogan,
"Yes, begorra, that's the plan;
Isn't it a purty business
For a truly pious man?
Look at me; I say two *paters*
Every time I sell a drink,
While each time I bounce a bumper
I cross meself as quick as wink!"

* * *

An intelligent correspondent in the *Globe* suggests the formation of a Workingmen's club in this city, modelled after the institutions in the old country which have proved so great a success. GRIP hopes the suggestion will not be allowed to pass unimproved. What our workingmen need most of all is the educating influence of social intercourse with their fellows. This they are tempted to look for at present in the saloons. These clubs in Great Britain have been a great factor in the production of the powerful, independent public opinion which is the glory of that land, and which is so noticeably absent here. Let the experiment be tried by all means.

By Jove, did you hear of it, Cholly?
A club for the working classes,
The fellows who actually labor
And we present the mausses!
Where they can wead and gossip
And have their gwog and their pipe,
By Jove, don't you know it's cheeky,
For fellows of such a stwipe!

* * *

To the Editor of GRIP:

SIR,—In GRIP of November the first, I see in Comments on the Cartoons, that the *Times*, of London, advises Canada to declare frankly for Free Trade, and you go on to say that it cannot be doubted that straight-out Free Trade would be money in the pockets of the consumers, *i.e.*, the workmen of Canada, and that we should of course have to resort to direct taxation. May I ask what you would tax, and also if it would not be better to tax the "value of land," in lieu of anything that labor produces? Hoping to receive an answer in your wide-read paper,

I remain, yours, etc.,
A LABORER.

Victoria, B. C.

Certainly, sir, that's the very thing we would tax, and nothing else. A man has a sacred right to all that he produces, and, by the same token, a community which produces the rental value of land has a sacred right to it. Let it go into the public till, and we can enjoy a perpetual surplus without being really "taxed" at all.



THE MODEL LACQUEY.

JEAMES—"The doctor can't be here, sir, 'e says, for 'arf an hour, sir."

IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN (*sotto voce*)—"Curse him!"

JEAMES—"Yes, sir. Dod gast his blanketty blank blank—"

IRASCIBLE OLD GENTLEMAN (*in a violent rage*)—"What do you mean, you rascal, speaking in that way about my old friend before my very face?"

JEAMES—"You ordered me to curse 'im, sir, didn't you?"

LINES FOR THE TIMES.

NOW that Canadian barley can't go in,
We fancy Uncle Sam may think it queer
That he with meaner stuff must fill his skin,
While Brother Bull enjoys the better beer!

The Bird of Freedom stretched his mighty legs,
And eyed the duty on Canadian eggs.
"Children," he shrieked in ire, "it makes me ill!
What addled egg has hatched this monstrous Bill?"

Dear to the pampered tooth of Uncle Sam
Were savory baked-meats of Canadian lamb,
Till one McKinley, thinking to make clearer
The old man's duty, made his mutton dearer.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

"KINGSCROFT," Windsor, N.S.



THE WORD CONTEST MANIA.

IT WAS eventide. Without darkness had fallen upon the scene which was consequently unseen, save where an electric lamp at intervals dispelled the gloom. But within all was brightness and comfort as the family of Mr. Johnson Puslinch gathered around the cheerful hearth—this is purely metaphorical, as the house was heated by hot air.

"Ah," said Mr. Puslinch cheerily, "now for a quiet comfortable evening. I've had so many engagements down town lately that I haven't had an evening at home for a long time. It's pleasant to be able to have rest in the bosom of one's family."

"Yes, Johnson," said Mrs. Puslinch abstractedly turning over the leaves of a large volume—"cat."

"What?" asked Puslinch.

"'Cat fish'—no that won't do. There's no 'h'—'Cat's paw?'—no. 'Cat-tail.'—yes, that makes 550."

"What in the name of goodness are you talking about cat fish and cat tails?"

"I wish you wouldn't bother, Johnson. I'm trying to see how many words I can make out of the letters in 'Ottawa capital of Canada' for a prize of \$500 offered by the *Hebdomadal Hornblower*—and I've only about a week longer to work—'catacomb'—no—'catalepsy'—'catalogue'—'catalpa'—ah, that goes"

"No it don't, ma," said Miss Eugenie Puslinch. "It's not English."

"It's in the dictionary anyhow, Eugenie."

"But it's Latin."

"Anyhow, ma," said Freddy, "it's a proper name, and proper names don't count."

"Nonsense, Freddy. It's the name of a tree."

"Well, isn't the name of a tree a proper name, pa?"

"Why no, my son," replied Mr. Puslinch.

"Well now that's too bad. I'll have to go all over my list again. I'd left out all them kind of names. Johnny Higginbotham said I was doing it wrong. He's worked it as fur's 'm' on the *Terracottaville Times* word contest and got 962 words and all I could scare up was 641."

And Freddy began turning over the leaves of the dictionary. Presently he looked up.

"Say, pap."

"What's prefixes and suffixes, pap?"

"Prefixes? Oh—ah—prefixes—well they're parts of a word."

"Yes, but how do you tell 'em? The rule is that prefixes and suffixes don't count."

"Well, then, don't count 'em, that's all."

"Yes, but fi' instance—'cot,' that counts a word all right, but will 'cotter' do—'Er' is a prefix, ain't it?"

"Why, you ought to know better than that, Fred," said his sister, "'er' is a suffix."

"It's all the same, neither prefixes nor suffixes count."
"I know that—but what I want to know is if the words which has prefixes and suffixes into them goes."

"Why, no," said Mrs. Puslinch.

"Certainly they do, mother," replied Eugenie. "It's the prefixes and suffixes themselves that don't count—the words are all right."

"Then I must have missed a lot," replied Mrs. Puslinch. "But I think you're wrong."

"Why, mother, you put down 'cat-tail,' just now, and that isn't allowable."

"Why not? There's no prefixes or suffixes there."

"No, but it's a compound word—'cat' and 'tail' you know. Do they allow compound words, pa? I didn't put any in the list of 2,349 words I sent to the *Monthly Grab-Bag*."

"How do I know if they allow compound words or not?"

"Well, pa, I think you'd ought to know a thing like that," said Eugenie, looking at Mr. P. reproachfully.

"Look here," said the head of the family getting up and making for the door, "I thought we were going to have a nice quiet evening, but I'm heartily sick and tired of this nonsense about prefixes and suffixes and compound words and Latin words. What in thunder do I care whether 'cat-tail' is a suffix or not? If you don't know why don't you write out the whole blamed dictionary when you're about it? I won't be bothered out of my life with your fool questions."

And he jerked on his overcoat and went off down town as usual.

A NEW VIEW OF IT.

WEEDLETRAP—"Are you in favor of compulsory education, Mrs. Jennifer?"

MRS. JENNIFER—"Why certainly, Mr. Weedletrap. I think it perfectly disgraceful the way things are now. Here I've been trying to get Johnny and Emmie into school for the last six weeks, and they won't admit them. They ought to be compelled to—of course they should."



IS COL. DENISON LISTENING?

Burdette, having returned from a lecturing tour in Canada, was asked "What about the Annexation sentiment?" and answered as follows:

"I find the Liberal party very friendly to their neighbors, but I do not think there is a tendency toward annexation, as it is popularly supposed. The Canadians have a great deal of local pride in their Government, and I do not think they could be induced to exchange it for that of the United States. Among the Conservative faction there even remains some of the old feeling against the Vankees."



POLITE BUT FIRM.

MERCIER—"Most charming Mad'moiselle, accept the assurance of my most profound respect and veneration, but I have quite made up my mind to trouble your Order no longer with the medical control of the asylums; that shall be in the hands of the Government. We will dismiss the subject from further discussion, if you please."

THE PLUNKTOWN ANNALS.

(Number Four.)

THE INITIATION OF TORRID PICKLES, ESQ.

PLUNKTOWN society was good-natured, but there was one man whom Plunktown detested, and that man was Torrid Pickles, Esq. He was certainly rich and undeniably stingy. His money was reputed to have been made in many shady ways; nevertheless, he succeeded, as such men do, in pushing himself into almost every office of trust and emolument within reach, and was altogether one of the very biggest of the Plunktown big-wigs.



But Torrid Pickles had a grief which declined being assuaged. It was no secret sorrow either; all Plunktown knew of it. He had been black-balled by every secret society whose mystic circle he had tried to enter. Repeated defeats had not daunted him, however, and he was still clamorously anxious to sustain his public

character by joining any society that could be induced to accept him, but for a long time no call came. There was one man, however, who decided that if Torrid Pickles' ambition lay in that direction it should be gratified, and that if none of the existing organizations would take Pickles with its diet, then a society must be formed especially for Pickles.

A report was circulated that a new society, very *haut ton*, called the Royal Tumbly Bugs, had been organized, and that Brownson was secretary. Torrid Pickles heard—promptly applied to Brownson, was duly notified by the secretary that he had been accepted, and that on the following Tuesday at 8 p.m. a cab would call for him at his residence to convey him blind-folded to the place of initiation, in accordance with the custom of this very secret society. The unsuspecting Pickles was feverish with delighted anxiety.

On Tuesday, Brownson and about a dozen friends arranged the paraphernalia for initiation in a deserted warehouse secured for the purpose in the slums. The properties consisted of one immense block of ice, one large pitcher of ice water, one pan of sulphur, one can of luminous paint, six large Chinese gongs, one large sheet of zinc (for artificial thunder), six deep-throated hounds (chosen for their voices). The hounds were smeared with paint, which made them visible in the dark.

At precisely 8.30 a cab drove up, and the candidate was led blind-folded to the extemporized temple of mys-



AT NORDHEIMER'S.

CHARMING VOCALIST—"I wish to get a copy of 'Thy Consecrated Cross I'd Bear.'"

MR. H—RST—"Er—'Consecrated Cross-eyed Bear'—comic song, I presume? But I'm afraid we haven't got it. Sold the last copy yesterday!"

tery. His escort whispered in his ear that it would be necessary to disrobe and don a garment appropriate to the ordeal he was about to pass through. At this suggestion all his dignity, and he had an immense stock of it, took alarm. He was assured by his escort that no one else was present in the disrobing chamber, but, being blind-folded, he could not be sure of that. Amidst mutterings of "Well, by thunder! This is too much!" etc., he, however, managed to worry through the job, and finally stood up, clad only in a red cotton undershirt and unmentionables, and with these and his long whiskers he was led, still blind-folded, with his hands tied behind his back, into the lodge room. His appearance as he stumbled in, grasping Todkins firmly by the hand, was so ludicrous, that an outburst of wild laughter was only prevented by Sethanas shaking his glittering trident at the assembled Tumbly Bugs. "Torrid Pickles! Are you willing to join this our Order of the Royal Tumbly Bugs?" "I am," answered Pickles, wondering what was in front of him, and doing his best to speak with such dignity as became his social standing. "Do you solemnly swear never to divulge the secrets which may be opened to your wondering knowledge to night?" "I do." "Then prepare to initiate the candidate into the mysteries of the first degree! Friend, immediately behind you is placed the Seat of Resignation and Faith. The watchword of this degree is 'Arise! be seated!'" He promptly sat down. Bear in mind the fact that his only clothing was one thickness of cotton. The seat was the large square block of ice already mentioned. For the first second he was not quite sure whether he was sitting on a red-hot stove or a lump of ice, but the next moment he decided that it was ice, cold ice, and with a yell he leaped three feet into the air, only to descend with his bare feet on the hard yellow peas with which the floor was strewn. His antics as he vainly tried to avoid the peas and free his hands and eyes from their bandages were

enough to make a mummy yell. He called down imprecations on his tormentors, and never stopped till his sufferings were ended by sweeping away the peas. Then he calmed down and tried to smile. After a pause of a few minutes, the voice again asked, "Does the candidate still wish to proceed?" The answer was in the affirmative. "You will please stand erect in order to learn this new mystery." A Royal Tumbly Bug now approached the quaking victim from behind with the quart pitcher of ice-water, and, gently drawing back the top of Pickles' undershirt, poured the icy contents down his back. He promptly shrivelled up, as you may have seen an old kid glove do when thrown on a bed of glowing coal. He spoke not, he was too full for speech. Another pause of two minutes, which seemed an age to Pickles, and he was led, with arms still pinioned, to the Cave of Sethanas. "Torrid Pickles, you now stand at the final approach of the dread abode of our liege lord! Minions! loosen the bonds that secure the candidate's hands! Pickles, advance boldly five paces. Then remove the bandage from your eyes and gaze reverently upon the Awful Presence!" At this moment the six Chinese gongs placed in the various parts of the room were beaten furiously; peals of mimic thunder were rolled from the sheet of zinc; the lights were extinguished; savage yells and whoops rent the air. The terrified hounds now gave tongue to the most fearful and blood-curdling howls. The terror-stricken Pickles, more dead than alive, dashed forward, and, tripping, fell amongst the writhing, struggling mass of dog's-flesh. Frantically tearing the bandage from his eyes, he struggled to his feet, his terror changing to almost absolute insanity as he took in his only visible surroundings. Shining through the gloom, and not three paces from him, stood the gigantic figure of Sethanas, his whole form emitting phosphorescent sparks, a sardonic smile on his hideous countenance, the glittering trident in his right hand and his tail firmly grasped in his left. To Pickles' over-wrought imagination the whole place seemed full of hell-hounds, breathing fire and smoke and struggling to devour him, whilst the forces of Babel, Bedlam and Pandemonium combined to destroy all



EXIT PARNELL.

GLADSTONE—"Retire, sir, and send me a clean man to represent a Righteous Cause."

THE BRITISH INVESTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

I'M a busted-up community, of wild-cat schemes the dupe,
Instead of being in the swim I find I'm in the soup.
My stocks and bonds and foreign loans are half of them N.G.,
Oh, was there ever such a most unlucky man as me?

The bears, are on the rampage, but the Barings have gone under,
Oh, tell us how can such things be without our special wonder?
Oh Uruguay! Oh, you're-a-gay deceiver, that is plain!
I would I had my ducats in my pocket back again.

The Argentine Republic I'm afraid is all a fake,
(Where *is* the country anyhow?) I made a big mistake
When I planked the solid rhino down without a single groan,
On the pledge of heavy interest upon the latest loan.

The Patagonian to per cents.—the Micronesian mines—
The Punjab and Beloochistan projected railroad lines,
The Grand United Oriental Exploitation Co.,
Go down in this wild flurry just like nine pins in a row.

There is just this consolation—that the capital we send
To every one-horse country that has schemes on which to spend,
Isn't really genuine money, for our great "gold basis" plan
Is the most elastic system that's been yet devised by man.

Why, we merely lend our *credit*, for our gold would not go round
To give our simple borrowers one farthing in the pound.
Our millions by the hundred which our foreign clients drain
Exist alone on paper—they are figments of the brain.

'Tis the cunning of the financiers by which a little gold
Is beaten thin and multiplies itself a thousand-fold—
One little grain of specie to a bushel of pure wind.
Thus the poor deluded borrower by usury is skinned.

And so we levy tribute from the peoples near and far,
Who never seem to realize what idiots they are,
To pay for credit-money loans each worker toils and delves,
But they never think of making credit-money for themselves.

No wonder that sometimes a smash at one fell swoop should take
The profits which have taken us full many years to make,
But on the whole we can't complain—our credit still remains,
We'll soon forget the present loss in counting future gains.

DOUBTLESS.

SHE—"Why are you looking so sad?"

HE—"I am trying to think."

SHE—"Ah, and the disappointment saddens you, eh?"



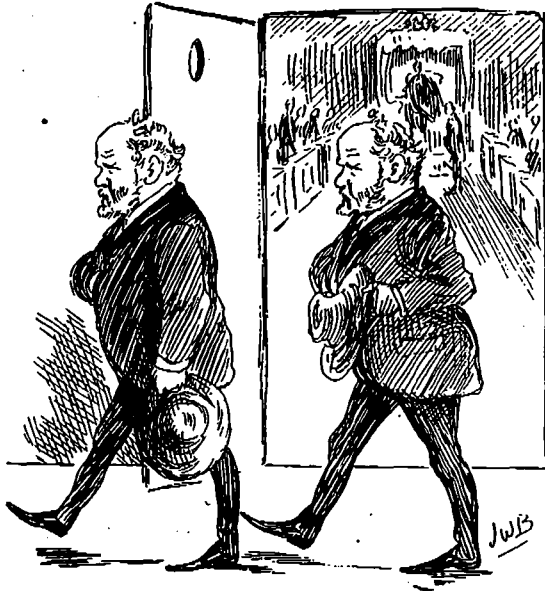
HANDY ANDY, OF THE REGINA LEADER.

SIR JOHN—"Davie, Davie, I never expected this cruel stab from you!"

DAVIE—"But, sir, it's not you, sir, it's McKinley, the Yankee, I've been showin' up!"

SIR JOHN—"True, Davie; but if McKinley is an ass for believing in a high tariff, what am I—and what are you?"

DAVIE—"Begorra, sir, I never thought av that!"



THE THIRD PARTY WITHDRAWS EN MASSE.

[Hon. Peter Mitchell will not be a candidate for re-election to the House of Commons.—*News item.*]

LEADER OF THE THIRD PARTY (to his only follower)—"Come on, Pete, I'm sick of this!"

HIS FOLLOWER—"Lead on, Sir Peter, where thou goest I will go; where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried!"

sense of hearing. He could stand no more, and, with a cry of anguish, fell forward in a swoon. * * When he recovered consciousness, he found himself sitting in a chair with his eyes again bandaged. He was immediately assisted to his feet, a heavy bundle tied to a shawl strap was placed in his right hand, a slate in his left, and he was addressed as follows: "Brother Pickles, you have bravely stood the trying ordeal of our Ancient Order, of which you are now an honored member. The bundle which has been placed in your right hand contains that which will prove indispensable to you through life. You are now to be conducted to the Court of Freedom, where you will stand and slowly count one hundred, then remove the bandage from your eyes, and read what is written on the tablet in your left hand. It gives the true explanation of the ceremonies through which you have passed this evening. Brother, we salute you." Amid three deafening cheers the now rapidly-recovering brother was led out of the building and the door closed and locked upon him. The brethren then rapidly decamped. After painfully counting the proscribed one hundred, he dropped his burden (which was afterwards discovered to contain his clothes), and once more removed his eye-bandage. He found himself in the open air, in a drizzling rain, immediately beneath a flickering gas lamp. Hastily looking at the fateful slate, he read with straining eyeballs these five words: "Did you ever get left?"

Then did Torrid Pickles, Esq., realize that he, the Dignified, the Important, the Altogether Great, had been deceived, fooled and shamefully bamboozled; but, like the cautious man he was, he uttered no sound that might give him away, and to this day the initiation of Torrid Pickles is a secret known only to the members of that short lived society—"The Royal Tumbly Bugs."



OUR DEAR LITTLE INFANT INDUSTRIES.

WINTRY WOES.

SIR WINTAH is heah,
He's awfly seveah,
His mannavs aw bold and so swee,
He fweezes my toes,
And weddens my nose,
As tho' I'd been out on the spwee.

'Tis howid, you know,
To make one look so;
For weally, well, weally, I think
The girls will suppose,
When wed is my nose,
That Cholly has taken to dwink.

Why cawn't some fellow
With bwain wipe and mellow,
Bwing out a new sort of a pin?
A tiny coal-stove—
Yes, that's it, by Jove!
A stovc-pin to weah 'neath the chin.

NORA LAUGHER.

POINTERS FOR CANDIDATES.

(BY OUR OWN COACH.)

LITERATURE.—1. Who was Bacon? *Ans.*—He was a pig of inordinate selfishness which could not be cured. He took all his patron, Essex, so generously gave him, and then grunted most eloquently against him when he was arraigned for high treason. He wrote *Novum Organum*, which does not mean the new instrument of the Dominion Organ Company.

2. Give an account of the rise of the English Drama. *Ans.*—It rose in the sixteenth century, out of the mud in the Globe Theatre, on the banks of the Thames. It flourished for three centuries, when it was killed by

Ignatius Donnelly, who slaughtered Will Shakespeare with a cryptogram.

3. What was the purpose with which Coleridge wrote the "Ancient Mariner"? *Ans.*—It was to teach people that sea water is too salt and bitter to drink, as is evident from the lines:

Water, water everywhere,
But not a drop to drink.

It was an anti-temperance poem, as is evident from the lines:

Water, water everywhere,—
But not a drop to drink.

4. What is your estimate of Mark Twain? *Ans.*—The best estimate of Mark Twain is to be found in the fact that Darwin was very fond of reading his books, but the "Life of Darwin" states that the celebrated scientist suffered from atrophy of the brain, and, for some years, could not read any decent literature.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE, ETC.

HANGMAN RATLEY or Rasley or whatever his name is, having been promptly bounced from his position as steward of the Sunnyside Boating Club of this city so soon as his connection with Birchall's taking off was generally known—with the approval of all right-minded people—GRIP is in daily expectation of hearing that others equally responsible for the tragedy have fallen victims to social ostracism. There is no reason why public odium should specially attach to the hangman, while the other officials whose acts are equally necessary in order to bring a murderer to the gallows go free of censure. It would not be surprising therefore to learn that others who were prominently instrumental in carrying the law into effect, have received such intimations as the following:—

OTTAWA, Nov. 25, '90.

To Sir John Thompson, Minister of Justice:

DEAR SIR,—As Secretary of the Jovialist Club I am instructed by the directors to inform you that your resignation of your membership therein will be accepted. Your refusal to commute the sentence of the late Reginald Birchall renders this course necessary, as it is exceedingly unpleasant for the members to have the painful reflection forced upon them that should any of them be sufficiently unfortunate to be sentenced to death you would inflexibly allow the sentence to be carried out.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PICKERSGILL.

TORONTO, Nov. 20th.

To Judge McMahon, Toronto:

DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to inform you that at the last meeting of the Amateur Goat Raisers Association it was decided by a large and influential majority to request you to sever your connection with the same. We feel that the presence of a person in our midst who, in the case of a murder being perpetrated by a fellow-member, would calmly consign him to a felon's doom regardless of the ties of social intercourse, is not calculated to promote that *abandon* and *esprit de corps* so necessary for the aims we have in view.

I remain yours truly,

SIMON BUNTER,
Sec. A.G.B.A.

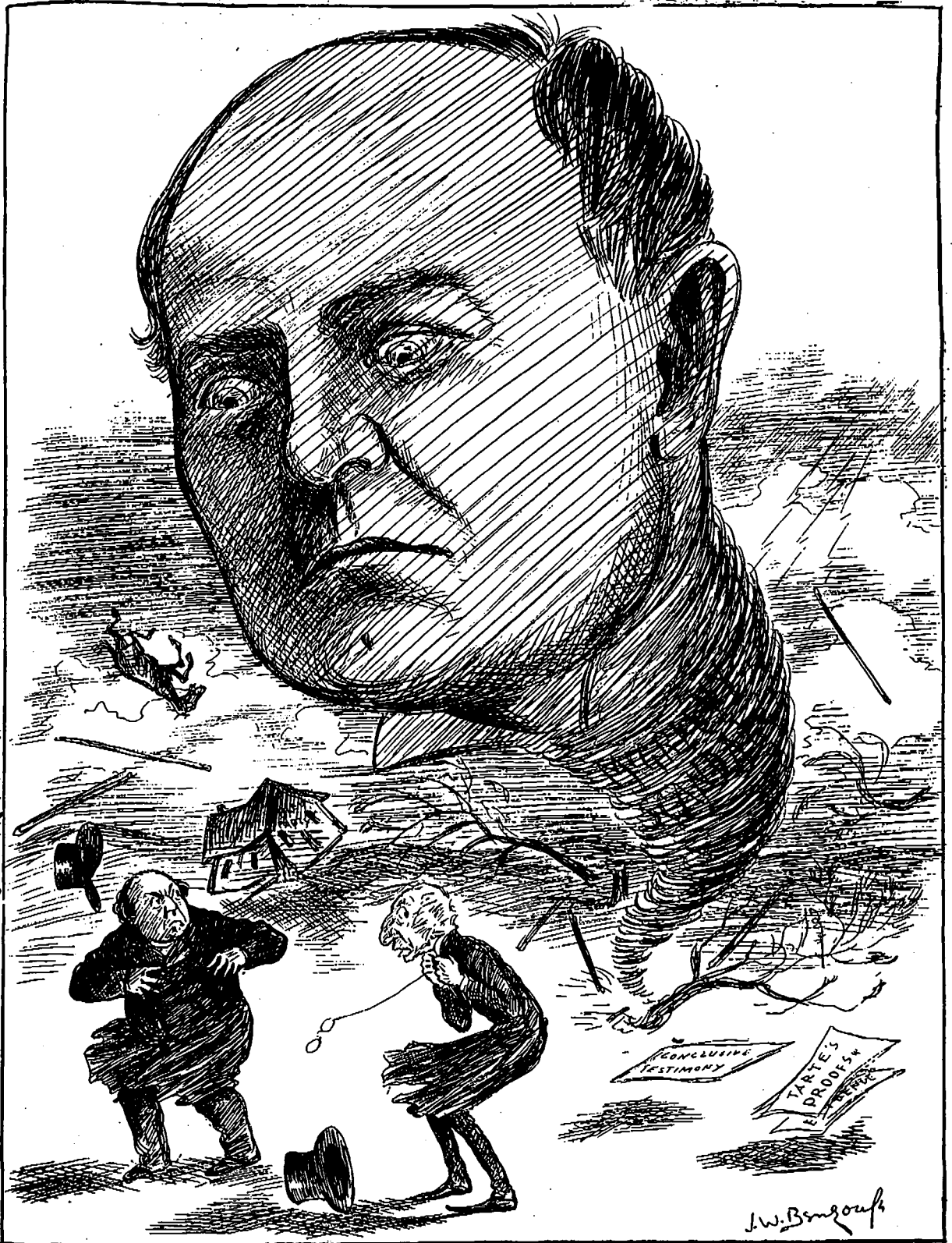
P.S.—I enclose order on the treasurer for \$1.32, being the proportion of your dues paid in advance for the balance of the term.—S.B.

WOODSTOCK, Nov. 22, '90.

Sheriff Perry, Woodstock:

SIR,—I beg to notify you that your application for membership in the Hallowed Order of Esoteric Chumps has been refused. Your conduct as sheriff in the Birchall case would render your admission a disgrace to the order. We have no use for people who help to carry out the law of capital punishment. Yours, etc.,

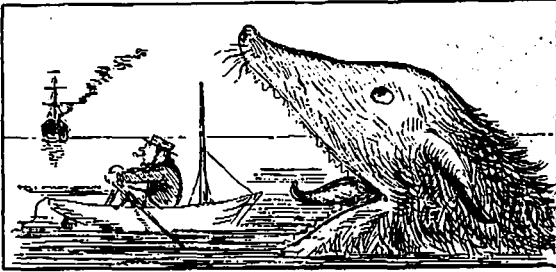
P. PEEVICK,
Grand Immortal Ink-Slinger H.O. of E.C.



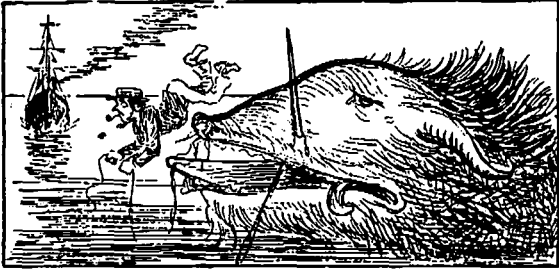
THE IM'GREEVY CYCLONE.

SIR HECTOR—"It's coming this way, Sir John, but if we can manage to reach the General Election before it strikes—that's our only hope!"

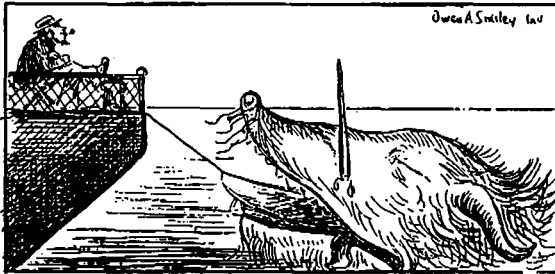
THE LAST OF THE SEA SERPENT.



I.



II.



III.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

THE somewhat bumptious person who inflicts upon the readers of the *Mail* frequent letters over the signature of "Fairplay Radical" moralizes in the following strain over Birchall:

"Here is a man who evidently would have excelled as a New York reporter, or been head and shoulders above the average of the editors of so-called comic journals, yet who has traveled the road to the gallows. In what so called comic journal do we see anything like his dry humor?"

Well, the writer can fairly claim to know something about humor. A genius who could conceive and carry out the stupendous joke of giving utterance to the meanest and most narrow-minded prejudices of fossilized Toryism over the signature that he adopts is evidently no novice in the funny business.

ARTISTIC.

BAGSHOT—"And just as he was going to sit down a fellow pulled the chair away and down he came on the floor. Of course everybody laughed. How can I depict his indignation?"

DINGLEBAT—"I should think rose madder would be the most appropriate color to use."

A MODERN PROPOSAL.

THE pretty head was lowered,
Her heart was beating fast;
He was going to propose, she knew,
The time had come at last!
But instead of the words expected—
"Will you be my little bride?"
He asked her another question—
At which her hopes all died.
"Will you be a sister to me?"
She proudly lifts her head,
"No, I won't," she scornfully answers.
"Angel name the day!" he said.

THE CAUSE OF THE CHANGE.

MRS. OLDGIRL—"The coffee we get nowadays cannot be compared with what we used to get."

MRS. LOVETEA—"No. The pea-crop has been poor of late years, and they have to adulterate it with something else."

TALK OF THE STREET.

AND to think that I've been on friendly terms with the hangman all the time and never known it!"—"What new sensation will the *Mail* strike now, I wonder?"—"The idea of Bessey thinking he'd have any show. Why, the whole thing's cut and dried."—"Such a lovely Turkish rug as I have got for the front parlor."—"See Peter Ryan—he's the man to fix it if it can be done at all."—"Boustead's a back number."—"Oh, Bella, do you know what George was saying about you last night?"—"By the holy smoke if them fellers give it back to Frank Smith they ought to be shot."—"Yes indeed, Brother Hunter, some insolent scoffer advertises in the *News* for missionaries to convert us."—"These Single Taxers have no respect for the cloth."—"Have you read 'Cæsar's Column'?"—"I don't think much of GRIP'S ALMANAC. If they'd have published the piece I sent 'em—" "Yes, Jessie Finkle has got over 2,000 words already, and Miranda Dusenbury has over 1,800."—"And the boys all chipped in and gave Dave a good send off."—"Claims 30,000 of a circulation, does it? Oh, that's all guff."—"Oh, yes, it was a swell affair as far as the crowd went, but the champagne was awfully poor stuff."—"Says he used to know Birchall, but I guess he's givin' us a stiff."—"And the Mulrooneys were there and a lot more snobs."—"Keeps a horse and buggy, eh? Better pay his debts."—"Let's go in here—they have a free lunch lay out."—"Say, Susan, I believe my back hair's coming down."—"Lit out yesterday owing the wholesale men five thousand."—"Can't possibly do it to-day. You see the failure of the Barings has put me in a tight place."—"Comment ca va? Il fait froid.—Beg pardon but since I joined the *Cercle Parisien* French comes so natural to me."—"Notice how Jennie always looks at herself in the store windows as she passes? She's a conceited thing."—"Resign is it? Fwhat the devil wud he resign fur? Sure isn't the aristocracy at the same game all the fwhile?"—"Of course the Col. wouldn't patronize Stanley. He's only a civilian and Bartelot was an army man you know."

LETTING HER DOWN EASY.

THEY say I boss my husband," exclaimed an indignant lady.

"Then all I can say is that he has a charming boss," replied the diplomat.

A GROWING NEIGHBORHOOD.

"YES, sir," said the real estate man, "it's a splendid investment, I assure you. You'll double your money in a year."

"But I'm afraid it's rather far out," said the victim dubiously.

"Far out! Why, it's not six miles from the corner of Queen and Yonge!—that's nothing nowadays. Might almost call it central property, in fact. It's a growing neighborhood."

"Well, I guess I'll take a couple of lots."

"See here, you infernal, lying, rascally swindler, I'll have my money back or prosecute you for false pretences. I went out to see those lots you sold me. Why, it's a wilderness, sir—a perfect wilderness. Actually a crop of hay is growing on the street!"

"Ah—just so. Very fine, luxuriant hay, too. I told you it was a good growing neighborhood, didn't I? What you kickin' about?"

FRATERNAL.



SWEET laughing face, a figure divine,
Dressed in the latest—a mannish design.
A costume enchanting, style *neglige*
The *shirt* was the principal part, by the way.
As we chatted so gaily there came up the street
A man cross and frowning, as red as a beet.
He called her aside—she clutched at her dress,
With face full of sorrow and eyes of distress.
'Twas all explained later—the dear little flirt—
Why, he was her brother, and that was his shirt.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"PETER" thinks of entering the Church, and wants to know if it is necessary for a herald of the Gospel to be a man of religious zeal.

No, not now. About things moral and religious a pastor need not bother his head; he can take things easy, and sleep fifteen hours out of the twenty four if he has a mind to. He need not go into the hedges and highways and poverty-stricken places of the world to reform such as hear not and know not the Gospel. To do so was enjoined upon the first preachers of Christianity, but things have changed since then. In those days a preacher had to work and preach his own sermons, but in these days a preacher is not obliged to do either. He can feast on sirloin and other luxuries every day in the week, and on Sunday pass for his own the productions of a divine who quit preaching and went to his reward fifty years ago. What a young pastor should be most particular about is his moustache and dignity. The former, if duly fostered and attended to, may improve his appearance; the latter may keep people who are prone to make free with their superiors from asking him if he ever chopped cordwood or went bare-footed when a kid. Then in case he should make up his mind to preach his own sermons, he will do well to avoid the Sam Jones style of composition and to approach the Sam Johnson style as nearly as possible. The Sam Jones style is too plain and brusque for refined ears. The other Sam's style is much more florid, stylish and euphonious. He should also use all the long uncommon words that he can. Instead of saying "peculiarity," he should say



A FLYING VISIT.

MR. GRIP:

DEAR SIR,—The British Farmer Delegates visited the Niagara peninsula after the fruit crop was all gathered and sold. If they had visited it at the time of their one-day's trip to Hamilton, before they went to the North-West, they would have seen the vineyards around Winona and Grimsby laden with the choicest grapes, and fruit orchards, ditto. Or, if they had stopped over one morning in Hamilton they would have seen on the market a sample of what is produced around there of fruit and vegetables of the very best quality.

I think an excellent caricature could be made of this—listening to the accounts of what *had been grown*, and it might shame some one who, I think, has been very remiss in the arrangement of their programme. I remain yours truly,

Mrs. McG. S.

HAMILTON, November 15, '90.

"idiosyncrasy"; instead of saying "a meeting for conversation" he should say "conversazione," for "talkative" he should say "colloquial," and so on *ad infinitum*. By observing these rules his hearers, failing to understand him, may come to think him learned and profound, and respect him accordingly. He will also find it expedient to ingratiate himself with the *elite* and respectable, and all such as have shanties of their own and don't have to take in washing for a living. But with such as are poor and hard up, and have to work, he needn't bother his head, for if they do happen to go to sheel when called upon to quit this vale of tears, mirth and melancholy, luxury and squalor, Jay Goulds and houseless paupers, mole hills and Egyptian monuments, they won't be likely to mind it, anyhow, after being injured to heat and cold, hardship and indifference, ceaseless toil and poor pay. But the other class couldn't stand it. So let him save them if he can.

CHOLLY—"It is the unexpected that happens."
CHAPPIE—"Is that so? Did she accept you?"
CHOLLY—"No; but she didn't say she'd be a sister to me."

"ONWARD."

THIS is the title of a new monthly illustrated paper published by the Methodist Book Concern and edited by Rev. Dr. Withrow. Under the management of that progressive gentleman (who is a lineal descendent of the fellow who carried that banner with the strange device up the Rocky Mountains), the new journal will, we have no doubt, deserve its name. It is only 60 cents per year. GRIP wishes it success.

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

WHEN a girl is in love she always thinks the young man is perfect, and he agrees with her. *Somerville Journal.*

PRIMUS—"How that little Miss Fitch has improved since she went off to school!" Secundus—"Yes; she has the manners of a shop-girl now."—*Judge.*

THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE Queen's last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the Queen.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

"WOULD you want to marry a man with a title?" asked Mildred of Ethel. "O, I don't know; if he had a title to several good blocks of business property, I shouldn't mind."—*Washington Post.*

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

"ROSE DE MASCUS has trained her poodle to follow her at a few paces distant." "What was her object?" "So that she can look round at the gentlemen without being suspected of flirting."—*St. Joseph News.*

"WHAT is a woman's sphere?" is asked of us by a reader dear,
We are not sure; but isn't a mouse
The best known woman's fear?
—*Boston Traveller.*

EDITOR (to Reporter)—"Mr. Pennibs, I must caution you to avoid tautology." Reporter—"Have I used a tautological expression, sir?" "Yes; in this article you speak of 'female shoppers.'"—*Life.*

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church St., Toronto.

"MARIE, I have come to-night to ask you for your hand—I—" "You ask for a great deal, Mr. Smithers." "On the contrary, it is such a very little one that—" It is yours, George, dear."—*New York Sun.*

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

"DELIGHTED to meet you in Italy, Miss Benedict." "Miss?—eh! You have not heard of my marriage. I am on my honeymoon." "Indeed! Where is your husband?" "O, I left him in New York; he was too busy to come along."—*Racket.*

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

"What! Only married a year and yet you are so downcast!" "Ah, my dear fellow, I never imagined that a wife would prove such a costly article!" "Yes, a wife is a costly article, that's true, but then you must remember that she lasts a man for a precious long time."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

SHE said that she could read the mind
Of any man alive—she'd bet it!
And when he asked the maid unkind
To read his own, the maid opined
She would if he'd go home and get it.
—*New York Herald.*

BENGOUGH at Association Hall, Friday evening, December 5th. An imitation of Stanley on the Pigmies is to be one of the items of the programme.

"GEORGE," she cried, "aren't you ashamed of yourself? The idea! Kissing me without my permission! Don't you know that I could have you punished for the theft?" "All right," said he, kissing her once more. "Now I have returned the kiss. If you have me arrested for larceny of a kiss I can prosecute you for receiving stolen property!" Both complaints were *nolle pressed.*—*Boston Traveller.*

DRAMATIC.

JACOB & SPARROW'S.—The Vaidis Sisters' Specialty Company furnished the patrons of this house with a fine programme last week, and a great business was done.

LATEST ISSUES.

PRISCILLA, a Rustic Dance, suitable for Military Schottische, by Carl Martens, 40 cents. See me dance, Polka, on Grossmith's popular song, by Edward Solomon, 50 cents. Sing about Jack, Bb and C, by E. Chesham, composer of Longshoreman, 50 cents. Our Dear Old Home, Bb C and D, by Michael Watson, 50 cents. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers Association, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

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

"Now, hark to me," the mother said,
"The young men are too wild,
So, lest your heart be broken,
You must steel it well, my child!"

"No need to steal it," cried the maid,
Her eyes in rapture rolling,
"Your kind advice has come too late—
My heart's already stolen."
—*Boston Traveller.*

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

A PRISONER in a County Jail one day sent for the jailor and Made Bitter complaint as to the Treatment, Saying that his bed was Poor, his fare Bad, and that he was Obligated to Associate with Thieves and Robbers.

"Well! well!" replied the jailor, "but who are you?"

"Name's Johnson."

"And What are you in here for?"

"Stealing \$10,000."

"Then by What Right do you complain?"

"Because I Stole Enough to make it an Object for the Victims to Compound and let me out, which they soon will do. These other Chaps just Enough to Make it an object to Prosecute them to the Full extent of the Law."

MORAL.

He settled for \$8,000, and the victims of his Theft begged his Pardon and hoped they had not put him to too much Trouble.

"SIBERIA" at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House, week of Dec. 1st. "Siberia" is brim full of action, the characters are well drawn, and the story itself is full of human interest, and the comedy and pathos are so closely interwoven as to bring smiles and tears almost at the same time. The incidents are exciting and absorbing enough to give ample opportunity for fine picturesque and mechanical effects, and they are taken advantage of. As to mounting, the scenery used in this production will be the most elaborate ever used in this play in Chicago, the entire setting for each act being absolutely new, and very gorgeous. Always strong, the company this season is stronger than ever before since the original production, and comprises Miss Adelaide Fitz-Allen as Sara, Maurice Drew as Nicolai, Lizzie May Ulmer, Carrie Radcliffe, Mildred Meredith, Charles B. Waite, Frank Drew, J. Hay Cossar, Charles F. Gott-hold, Arthur Howard and J. H. Ferris.

IMPORTANT ART SALE.

All the Paintings in Oil and Water Colors of W. F. M. BELL-SMITH, will be

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, **T. P. SLOGUM, M.D., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

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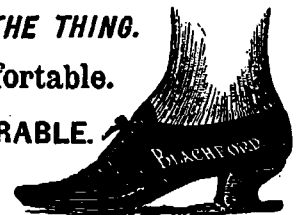
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It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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WILLIAM JONES, Managing Director.



CARBY—"It's gettin' orful cold, Mike."

MIKE—"Oh, it's nawthin'; why, I've seen six weeks of frost in the month of November."

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

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



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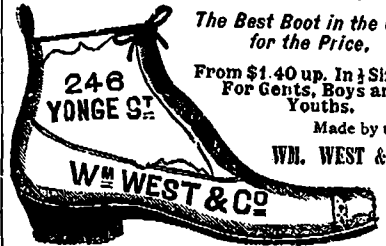
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TO THE PUBLIC.



The latest invention in chemistry is Armand's Hair Restorer. Sensational discovery. It differs entirely from any hair restorer existing. It will restore gray hair to its original color, beauty and softness. It is not a dye, and will not soil or injure the skin. Free of grease or any injurious drugs. Most of other hair restorers are more or less injurious to the brains and health, oily and sticky compositions, and are flavored with a very unpleasant odor. Armand's Hair Restorer is free of all these unpleasant drugs. Price \$ a bottle or 6 bottles \$5. Agents wanted for the country.

Laboratory, 407 Yonge St., Toronto. J. Trancelle Armand, Proprietor.



"Aix, it's little Oi'll iver git into them boots till Oi've had them on a day or two."



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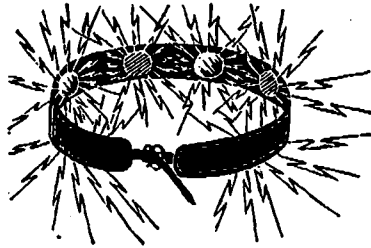
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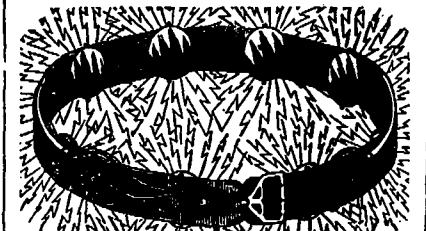
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