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# \* GRIP \*

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THE KIDNAPPERS.

# GRIP

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CARICATURE.

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

THE ONLY "SAFE CURE."—Miss Canada is fiscally a pretty sick young woman at the present time. She has been for years indulging in tariff tight-lacing, and destroying her system with the poisonous stimulants of "Protection-

ism." It is no wonder that she complains of a general faintness and depression. In our cartoon she consults Dr. Cartwright, as the fiscal expert of the Liberal school. This is what she will be obliged to do, as her official physician has nothing better to advise than tighter corsets and double doses of the poison—a prescription which she can plainly see means death. And, also, according to our picture, Dr. Cartwright gives her the eminently sound advice that what she really requires is Free Trade and Direct Taxation. We may be doing Sir Richard more honor than he has fairly earned in making him the medium of this wise and radical sentiment. So far as we know from his public utterances, the hon. gentleman in question is only a theoretical Free Trader. Like all the rest of the Liberal leaders of Canada he respectfully defers to the popular superstition which makes a bogey of Direct Taxation, and is therefore numbered amongst the tariff-for-revenue-only men. Sir Richard, of course, knows quite well that the sentiment against Direct Taxation is only a superstition—and one of the most stupid and costly of modern superstitions. Only he has never told the people so in plain terms, and pointed out to them that, as a tariff is necessarily a clog on trade, what we want is not a low tariff, but no tariff at

all. Let us sweep away the customs houses altogether, so far as Canada is concerned, and raise the money for the public estimates by a direct tax on domestic trade, houses, personal property, etc., if the people *insist* on industry and its fruits being the subject of taxation; or on *something else* which doesn't represent industry as soon as the people get enlightened enough to recognize the folly of the former plan. Meanwhile, the question as between the indirectness and directness of the tax deserves to be discussed. We candidly confess, however, that there is, to our view, only one side to the debate, and we can never cease to wonder why any man not wrong in the head should prefer *not to know* how much he is paying in taxes. The average opponent of Direct Taxation would apparently prefer to be robbed out of his very boots with unjust charges rather than to know exactly what he had to pay, even if it were a much smaller sum. This is simple silliness which should not be encouraged by our statesmen, and Sir Richard Cartwright would be doing a public favor by giving it some attention when next he takes the platform. Indirect taxation is a device for picking the pockets of the taxpayer, and as long as the process is easy we may look for extravagance and corruption in the public administration. When the people of Canada decide to pay their taxes directly, it will be in order to fix upon the fit and proper thing or things upon which taxes ought to be levied. We need not go into that now further than to express our own opinion that *monopoly* is the only thing which should be taxed—the monopoly which is enjoyed by every man who is holding for his own exclusive use a portion of that which by nature belongs to all equally. In other words, land-value is that other *something*.

THE KIDNAPPERS.—This is one of the cases in which "comment is unnecessary" to those who are aware of the historical fact that Mr. Edward Farrer, long known to fame as the Editor of the *Mail*, has been captured and carried off by the *Globe* management, and will hereafter employ his versatile pen in the interests of that journal. The cartoon sets forth with a good deal of realism the business-like hustle which was displayed by the *Globe* people in this matter; but it falls short in depicting the frenzy and wrath of Bunting. That was beyond the scope of any pencil.

THE *World* has had a good deal to say lately in favor of progressive politics and true Democratic ideas, but it is still in bondage to capitalistic teachings and an abject upholder of the divine rights of the usurer and land-grabber. A recent issue has the following:

Speaking of the annual bank meetings, *The Sault Express* refers to the prosperity of the banks as a proof of the poverty of the country. This is a new doctrine in political economy. Most people have been taught to believe that when the banks are doing a good business times are lively all round. If this is a mistake, the whole theory of political economy will have to be revised.

It stands to reason that the more the banks and other usurers and parasites take of the total earnings of productive industry, the less there must be left for the actual worker. It is true that people have been taught to believe otherwise. That is easily accounted for. The teaching upon this class of questions has been mainly in the hands of the literary and scholastic hirelings of capitalism—men dependent for their bread and butter on the favor of the plutocrats—just as the *World* is, for instance.

IF burglars were doing a good business there would be "lively times all round." But it doesn't follow that this liveliness would be profitable to the victims of illegal robbery. Naturally they would have to work extra hard to make up for the losses sustained by theft, just as the farmer, artisan and storekeeper now have to work a good deal "livelier" than they need, to satisfy the legalized plunderers—the money and land monopolists. Certainly "the whole theory of political economy will have to be revised" before justice prevails and the people get their own. But where on earth has the *World* man been living that so obvious a conclusion should strike him with amazement?

IT will be a great pity if Mr. Farrer's accession to the *Globe* staff interferes with the frequent publication in that journal of the "fact" that the *Mail* and *Empire* have an underground connection and are both working for Sir John. We wouldn't like to see this theory deserted by the *Globe*, because the *Empire* is as sure as ever that the *Mail* and *Globe* are both Grit organs, devoted to the one object of destroying Sir John's Government. It regards the transfer of Farrer as being an additional proof of this. Listen:

"What more natural than that there should be a community of soul between the two, and the emissaries of one should lightly and easily become those of the other?"

These cross-theories, as they stand, furnish the comedy element in our local politics. 'Twere a thousand pities to have them smashed!



ALTHOUGH Quebec is scarcely the direction in which we should look for bold political experiments, it would appear that our sister Province is about to try her hand at demonstrating that a Governmental machine can be run without the balance-wheel of a "Loyal Opposition." At all events, the body heretofore performing the functions of an Opposition in the Quebec Assembly has been just about annihilated. Under the circumstances

Quebec is literally at the mercy of Mercier, (fine phrase that, by the way!) and may well echo the prayer of Mr. Mowat's celebrated despatch of 1886 to the Hon. Honoré: "May your Premiership be full of advantage to your Province and the Dominion, and honor to yourself."

THE attempt to get up a fund for the relief of the Light Brigade veterans is going very slowly in London. It was generally supposed that the response would have been so enthusiastic and generous as to atone for the national neglect of the suffering heroes. Under the circumstances an additional verse seems to be needed in the Laureate's poem. We submit the following for the use of reciters who make a specialty of "The Charge of the Light Brigade":

Noble indeed were they,  
Honor them well we may—  
Heroes deserving!  
What's this we hear to-day?  
What's this the papers say—  
Some of 'em starving?  
Penny right of them,  
Poverty left of them,  
Workhouse in front of them,  
All the world wonders!  
Fiercely, with heart aflame,  
Wide as the British name—  
"People of England—'Shame!"  
Humanity thunders!

HERE'S the hot weather upon us again and the town swarming as usual with curs of every degree. To the right-minded citizen—the man who believes that

dogs were made for back yards if made for city use at all—a highly popular feature of the Carnival, had it only been thought of in time, would have been a grand cur-annihilating function, in which the surplus canine population could have been got rid of in some way combining painlessness and expedition. Brass tags are all well enough for revenue, but they are not so good for health as muzzlers. The danger from vagrant dogs is a real and growing one, and disgraces the city.

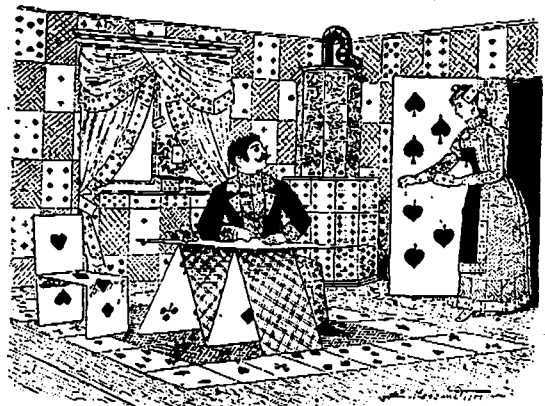
EDITOR CREIGHTON quotes the passage, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," in a late number of the *Empire*. The reference was not to the late contest in Grey as might be surmised.

THE vote on the Street Railway By-law was an agreeable surprise. Thirteen to one of freeholders in favor of the corporation taking over the franchise, and this notwithstanding that most of the electioneering on the matter was done in the interests of the present Street Railway Co! 'Twas a glorious victory, and shows that our citizens are pretty wide awake after all to the fact that in the public streets we have a valuable asset which can be turned to account in the reduction of our taxes.

BUT a unanimous shout goes up, Don't, don't, DON'T let the city try to work the railway! The thing would be a veritable sink of corruption; we can't think of trusting the Council with such a responsibility! This is far from flattering, and, we think, far from just, too. The street railway could be worked as efficiently by the city as the Waterworks Department is now worked. But, even if we deliberately laid aside a goodly sum to represent losses through blundering and plundering, we would still make more profit out of it than any lessee will pay us. It's worth discussing!

#### AN ELECTION NIGHTMARE.

A *Hardy Hunter*, strolling through the *Bush*, keeping a *Sharpe* lookout, *Metcalf* and *Kidd* fleeing from a *Lyon* which had left its *Dryden* in the *Wood* in hot pursuit. He *Fell* back, and *Wylie* gazed, *White* with dread, A big *Bishop*, carrying a *Paton*, and a *Bigear Monk*, who was accompanied by two *Clarkes* and a *Miscampbell*, and also a colored *Freeman*, carrying some pewter *Potts* and a keg of *Porter*, appeared in a *Field* near by. There was also another *Monk*, *Moore* of the *Marter* stamp (though addicted to strong *Waters*) who ceased to *Reid*, and, calling two *Smiths*, they rescued all by using a *Snyder* rifle which was "loaded for *Barr*."



THE WHIST PLAYER AT HOME.

## THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. XI.



HEW—but this is hot!" said  
Ald. Shaw, mopping his ample  
brow with a silk handkerchief.  
"Hotter than the hinges—"  
"What hinges did you say,  
Bro. Shaw?" asked Ald.  
Boustead, reprovingly.  
"What hinges? Why the  
East Hinges, of course."  
"Oh!"

It was really very sultry in  
the Council Chamber and the  
is-it-hot-enough-for-you-fine-d,  
who is found in aldermanic  
circles as well as in all other  
ranks and classes of society,

had ample scope for his exasperating enquiry.

"Is it hot enough for you, Mr. McDougall?" asked  
one of the aldermen as the representative of St. James  
entered looking somewhat languid.

"Yes, too hot. Fan me gently with your ears, there's  
a good fellow."

This crushing retort is recom-  
mended for general adoption as a  
means of squelching the fiend.

## A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.

ALD. LINDSAY rose to a question  
of privilege and indignantly repelled  
the attacks recently made on his  
private character by Police Magis-  
trate Denison. He said that Deni-  
son sought to impute to him some  
animus in prompting an investiga-  
tion into the abuses of his office.  
"The result of your labors," said  
the alderman, "justifies your course and relieves me from  
the imputation of having applied the *lex talionis*."

ALD. MOSES—"I rise to a point of order. Are we to  
have French and them foreign languages sprung on us in  
this fashion? I can stand Ald. Carlyle's Scotch and Ald.  
Frankland's Hinglish, but I kick against French."

THE MAYOR—"I shall have to decide against you,  
Ald. Moses. Ex-Ald. Baxter's frequent references to the  
'*vox populi*' have established a strong precedent in favor  
of classical quotation. To rule them out would be *ultra  
vires*."

ALD. MOSES—"Well, it don't give  
no fair show to them which speaks  
only English."

ALD. LINDSAY—"Among whom  
Ald. Moses can hardly be included.  
However *revenue a nos moutons*,  
as I was saying."

ALD. MOSES—"Just wait till next  
election and we'll knock this French  
business higher than a kite."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The neck of  
this haughty and arrogant magis-  
trate must be bent to his duty."

ALD. SMALL—"That's so. If Ald. Lucas now could  
be got to sit on it for a while it would take some of the  
stiffness out of it."

ALD. LINDSAY—"The suggestion reminds me of the clas-  
sic aphorism '*Lucas a non lucendo*' which, for the benefit of  
Ald. Moses and perhaps some others, may be translated,  
'Lu-cas is not light.'"



Ald. Boustead—

"Oh, this magistrate of ours,  
He doth far transcend his powers,  
He comes and goes when he chooses.  
He keeps the business waiting,  
Naught he cares for our debating,  
While to settle down to duty he refuses.

There's no more use in fussing,  
In appealing or discussing,  
As a snobbish Jack-in-office I denounce  
him,  
Let the City Council go at  
Once and say to Mr. Mowat  
We've got no use for Denison. Please  
bounce him."

## PEDDLERS VS. GROCERS.

THE MAYOR—"Gentlemen, the *piece de resistance* of the  
evening entertainment will be a highly interesting display  
of intellectual gladiatorship, so to speak, between represen-  
tatives of the Peddlers' and Grocers' Associations, which,  
I'm sure, will be fraught with amusement and instruction.  
Two of each side will be heard in reference to the by-law  
increasing peddlers' licenses, which I needn't tell you the  
peddlers don't want and the grocers do. It will be a fair,  
square stand-up jawing match—no French or Latin  
phrases, quotations from Shakespeare or Ned Farrer  
or other foul play allowed. (Hear hear, from Ald. Moses.)  
Mr. Pocock, representing the peddlers, will have the first  
innings."

MR. POCOCK, a very English person, sunburned as to  
complexion and garbed as to his upper section in a striped  
cotton jacket, stepped onto the rostrum and exclaimed in a  
stentorian voice, "Mr. Mayor hand gentlemen, Hi  
appears afore you this hevening has a peddler wich makes  
my livin' with a 'orse and wagon. Step this way ladies hand  
gentlemen, here's your beautiful ripe banana's—only a cent  
apiece. Strorberrees! Strorber-e-es!! all fresh, two boxes  
for a quarter! 'Scuse me, I'm just a doin' this to try my  
voice and give me time to collect my ideas. Lemons!  
Lemons! Twenty cents a dozen! As Hi was a sayin' gents,  
hits a blarsted shame to charge a poor peddler \$40 fur a team  
hand wagon. Call that British fair play? Hi'm a Hinglish-  
man, Hi am, an' hif you goes to London you'll see thou-  
sands of peddlers in the Strand. Wot license do they  
'ave to pay there? Wy, nothink! And Hi comes to this  
'ere bloomin' country where they said they 'ad more liberty  
than in Hold Hingland, an' now they want to raise the  
license fee on hus. It's a bloomin' shame, so it is.  
Strorberries-es! fine strorberrie-e-es!! Ripe bananas!!  
Excuse me again, I hain't no orator, an' I just fill up the  
hintervalls that way. They sprung this thing onto us did  
the big grocery people, gen-  
tlemen, an' we never knowed  
nothink about it. until the  
lor was pawsed. It comes  
'ard on the orphans and the  
widders, the lamed and the  
mained, wots got to go into  
this peddlin' business, which  
is just as honorable and fair  
as many others, because it's  
the honly way us they 'ave  
to make an honest living."  
(Loud applause.)

MR. MILLS, a scholarly  
and thoughtful-looking per-  
sonage, bearing some resemblance  
to the Father of  
Canadian Literature, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, then spoke  
for the grocers. Not having cultivated his elocutionary  
powers by declaiming for several hours at a stretch on





the beauties of ripe bananas and fresh strawberries, he was at a disadvantage as compared with his more fluent and less self-conscious predecessor. "They say that there is a largely signed petition against the increase in fees," said Mr. Mills. "What do the people who signed that petition understand about the matter? They only consider how cheap they can get things." A round of boisterous applause from the peddlers and their adherents here convinced the speaker that he had made a bad break and given his cause away.

Mr. Polton, neatly attired in a black suit, and looking something like a city missionary or the parson of a country church, next took the stand.

"Mr. Mayor," he began, "you behold in me a grocer by profession and by birth. When I come to this country I went to the grocers and asked for a job. Did I get it? No, sir. They thought I was too old. They'd sooner employ young men, so the ability which they might have had (laughter) was directed to the peddlin' business. It's the grocers' own fault." Then Mr. Polton gave a detailed account of his experience in building up a perambulatory coal oil business, and concluded with the remark, that "what we want is FREE TRADE!" Thrill of horror through the Tory portion of his auditors.

"Mr. Thackeray will now occupy the floor and close the discussion," said the Mayor.

ALD. SWAIT—"What name, your worship?"

THE MAYOR—"Thackeray."

ALD. SWAIT—"He should be able to produce some novel arguments."

THE MAYOR—"No; I hope he won't deal in fiction."

Mr. Thackeray disclaimed sentiment, and said he came to talk business, producing an array of figures to show that the license fees in Toronto were considerably lower than in most other cities.

The general feeling was that the peddlers had rather the best of the argument.

Then the Council went into committee on the Report of the Board of Works, referred several clauses back, and passed the report of the City Engineer for the extension of Queen Street to the Indian Road, giving an entrance into High Park.

*Sic transit gloria* Monday evening.

DELIGHTFULLY CONSISTENT.

MR. SNIVEL (returning from church)—"What a lovely sermon on gossip. I am sure it was needed."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Yes, indeed! Did you notice old Miss Spicy? She felt the truth of it, anyhow. She'd have blushed if she'd been capable of it."

MR. SNIVEL—"There's nothing more despicable than gossip."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Quite right, dear! By the way, Henry, did you notice Mrs. Slimson in that old green and red costume? I'm getting tired of sitting behind it."

MR. SNIVEL—"I can't imagine why she persists in wearing it."

MRS. SNIVEL—"Perhaps you could if you had nothing else to wear, dear!"

POINTERS FOR PUBLICANS.

1ST SALOONIST—"Hello, Billy, how's biz?"

2ND SALOONIST—"Kinder slow, Jim, 'cept during Carnival week, of course. Now we've got to hump ourselves. Ef we could only sell Saturday nights now—"

1ST SALOONIST—"Why, what's the matter with selling Saturday nights and Sundays too? Yer don't mean to tell me you's such a chump as to close yer back door at seven, Saturday evenin'? I kin make more, be jiminy, atween Saturday afternoon an' Monday nor all the rest of the week put together."

2ND SALOONIST—"Yer don't tell me! But say, Jim, ain't yer 'fraid the cops 'll drop onto yer?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Cops nothin'! It wouldn't matter a blamed sight ef they did ketch me."

2ND SALOONIST—"Why, you'd lose yer license, sure pop."

1ST SALOONIST—"Oh, come off! Lose my license! Sum fellers is too fresh to live! Don't you know that a man *can't* lose his license these days? All they kin do is to make you sell out ef they git you a good customer, an' three thousand dollars fetches me any time."

2ND SALOONIST—"Is that a fact now? Yer ain't tryin' to stuff me nor nothin', is yer, Jimmy?"

1ST SALOONIST—"No, Billy, I'm a givin' you it straight. Look at Jim Frawley. He pounded the stuffin' outen a bloke into his bar. Did he lose his license? Nawt much! The Commissioners says they can't take it away, but that ef the Arlinton Hotel wants it bad, they's gotter give Jim three thousand."

2ND SALOONIST—"Well—well! Then the best business fur us fellers is jest to keep sellin' right along—Sundays, Saturdays and all the time, an' then ef we git caught, make 'em put up the stuff an' buy us out."

1ST SALOONIST—"That's the racket, Billy."

2ND SALOONIST—"But say, Jimmy, ain't this man Frawley a Grit heeler?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Bet yer life, Billy! He's a regular hustler from the word 'go' at election times."

2ND SALOONIST (thoughtfully)—"Well, that might make some difference, ye know. I ain't so dead sure that the thing would work the same with me and you, eh?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Come to think of it, p'raps you're right. It may be sort o' temptin' Providence fur us to take chances."

2ND SALOONIST—"But say, Jimmy, what's the matter with me and you bein' Grit heelers, if that'll make us solid?"

1ST SALOONIST—"Billy, you have a great head. That's the scheme. Then we kin run the business anyhow we darn please."

SLANG.

LORD SACKVILLE evidently picked up some American slang in Washington. As he gave away his daughter the other day to her cousin at the altar he said: "Go West, young woman, go West."

## HUMORLAND.

OH, I have heard tell of a wonderful land  
Where marvels surround you on every hand,  
Where the plumber revels in wealth untold,  
And the iceman gathers in piles of gold;  
Where barbers incessantly work their jaw,  
And every man fights with his mother-in-law;  
And no fond lover dare press his suit  
For fear he'll be kicked by her father's boot.

In this most remarkable mystic land  
The grocers' sugar is two-thirds sand,  
The goat to grass prefers circus bills,  
The mule his driver with terror fills,  
When tom-cats squall on the back yard fence  
A shower of boot-jacks drives them thence.  
And the poet who ventures of Spring to write  
By an editor always is slain on sight.

The people who live in this wondrous land  
Are a most peculiar and motley band.  
There are Irish, Negroes, Chinese and Dutch,  
But no one here ever heard of such.  
There lanky Yankees and Britons stout,  
And cowboys whose pistols are always out,  
And tramps and toughs in demeanor rude,  
With the howling swell and the vacuous dude.

The customs are strange in this far off land  
So full of surprises on every hand.  
The conversation appears to run  
In the one direction of quip and pun,  
And no observation is too absurd  
If the chance is given to twist a word.  
For frivolous fancy, you understand,  
Is the *raison d'être* of Humorland.

VOL. XXXV., NO. 1.



"WELL, MR. GRIP," said Ald. King Dodds, as he sank with an exhausted and yet triumphant air upon an empty fire-works' box. "It's done; and it's been a glorious success!"

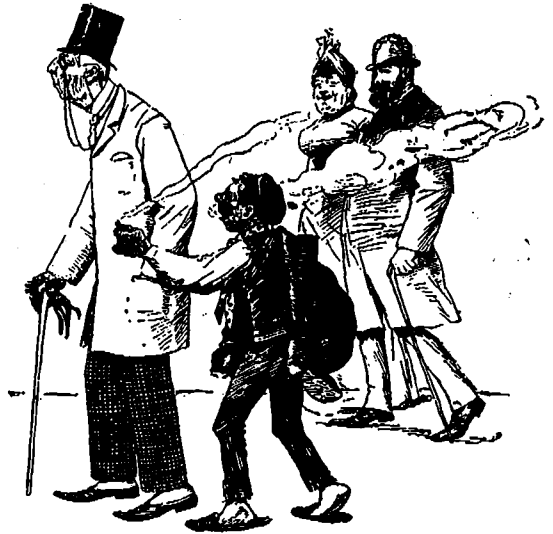
"In saying which," responded MR. GRIP with a gratified bow, "you but echo the universal public opinion."

"It represented a lot of hard work of brain and hand, but the labor was expended to good effect, and the game proved decidedly worth the candle," went on the energetic alderman.

"There's no doubt there was a good deal of work put into it, and I'm glad you feel satisfied with the result; as I before intimated, I think everybody does," assented MR. GRIP.

"I hope you enjoyed it thoroughly yourself," said Mr. Dodds.

"Well," replied GRIP, "perhaps it wouldn't be wrong for me to say that I did; there is a good deal of pleasure, you know, in contributing to such a result."



## A BAD GIVE-AWAY.

Old Boodlebag has thrown away the butt of his cigar, which is picked up and "sampled" by the cobbler's apprentice.

THE C. A. (with disdain)—"Oh, here, I really thought you smoked something better than the two for five sort."

"Yes, there is;" responded the alderman, heartily, "and I may just take this opportunity of remarking that nobody contributed more to the success of the affair in question than yourself, MR. GRIP!"

"I must, as modestly as possible, admit that," answered GRIP.

"The main consideration after all," pursued the alderman, "is that the double object was accomplished. It was, in the first place, *amusement*. I don't think anybody can deny that there was a fair amount of fun in it, hey?"

"Only the most incorrigibly dyspeptic victim could take such a view," replied MR. GRIP.

"And a good proportion of solid instruction as well," went on Mr. Dodds.

"Quite so!" answered GRIP.

"What's more," resumed Mr. Dodds, "it's something one can review with pleasure at any time, as it was, I flatter myself, kept free from everything of an objectionable character."

"That was certainly my purpose in producing it week by week," said MR. GRIP, with another bow.

"Your purpose?" repeated Mr. Dodds, in an astonished tone. *You*, producing it week by week? And where do *I* come in, pray?"

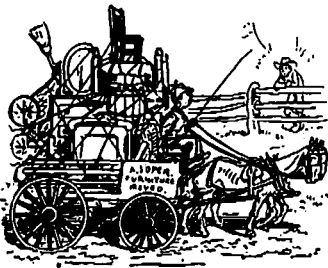
"*You*?" replied MR. GRIP, astonished in turn. "You certainly come in here and there in connection with the 'Civic Circus,' but I'm not aware really that you contributed anything to—"

"What! not to the great Toronto Carnival?" roared the irate alderman, breaking in abruptly.

"Who's talking about the Carnival?" replied GRIP. "I've been referring all along to Volume XXXIV., of GRIP, which has just closed, and I have pleasure, notwithstanding your display of rudeness, in presenting you with a copy of No. 1, of Volume XXXV."

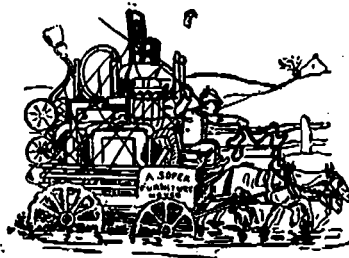


MOVING INTO THE COUNTRY.



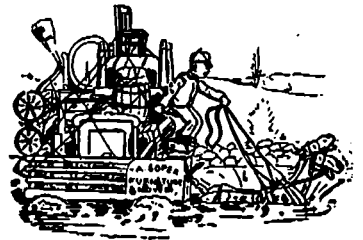
I.

DRIVER—" Say, how are the roads to-day ?"  
NATIVE—" Oh, they're in tip-top condition."



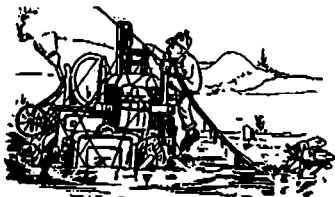
II.

FIRST HOUR—Deep Mud.



III.

SECOND HOUR—" Deeper Mud."



IV.

THIRD HOUR—" More Mud than ever."



V.

FOURTH HOUR—" Nothing but Mud."



VI.

" TIP-TOP CONDITION! Well, I should say so !"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

THE CONSUL FOR MADAGASCAR.

MR. BILDERSNICK, Consul for Madagascar, sat in his elegantly furnished office, on the door of which the national arms of the country he represented were emblazoned in the highest style of art. Bildersnick had been Madagascar Consul at Toronto for over six years. The position, of course, was a purely honorary one, which he had solicited on account of the standing it would give him in society. So far his duties had been strictly confined to attendance at official dinners and other functions of State, where, when occasion offered, he was accustomed to make neat and appropriate speeches, rejoicing over the fact that amicable relations had always existed between the Dominion and Madagascar, and trusting that the *entente cordiale* might always be preserved. He substituted for this phrase sometimes the more novel diplomatic term of "*modus vivendi.*" Altogether he was a model consul and a credit, as the Member for Centre Toronto once observed when proposing his health, "to the *corps diplomatique.*"

It had always been a source of regret to the Consul that, as years rolled on, he never had any actual consular business to attend to. He felt that if he really could have some case requiring his intervention it would conclusively prove that the position was no mere empty honor, but an office of genuine importance and necessity. As he sat at his desk reading GRIP, he was interrupted by the entrance of a ragged and demoralized colored man, who enquired:

"Hab I de honah of addressin' Mistah Bildersnick, de Consul fur Madagascar?"

"Yes, sir, yes, sir," said Bildersnick hastily, "did you wish to see me in my official capacity?"

"Yes, sah. I'se a busted Madagascar, a stranger in a furrin land. I axed sum genlmen fur to gib me a little help, an' dey sez: 'W'y don't yer go to your consul?' Now, ef you is my consul I'd be mightily obleeged fur

sum assistance along froo dis vale ob tears. Tell yer, boss, we poor Madagascars hab mighty hard time in dis yer country."

Oh, joy! Here was at last the long wished-for opportunity! An actual case in which he could do something besides eating dinners and making speeches in his consular capacity. His first impulse was to rush forward and grasp the tattered "Madagascar" by the hand, or possibly fall on his neck and embrace him, but he reflected that such a proceeding would hardly be in accordance with official dignity, and restrained himself in time. Assuming an air of authoritative hauteur he replied:

"Ah, my poor fellow, I'm afraid I can't do very much for you. We have so many applications from those similarly situated, you know, and the funds placed at our disposal by your Government are limited. I can give you ten dollars, however, which may be of some assistance."

"Tank you, sah, tank you," said the delighted darkey, "an' jess you write home to ole Vir— Madagascar, I mean, and tell um dat dar ain't much of a show fur de po' culled pusson hyah."

And he bowed himself out of the consular presence with a broad grin on his features, which, as soon as he was fairly out of hearing, broadened into a loud guffaw.

"Hyah! hyah! If dat ain't jess about de bes' racket dis darkey eber struck. I knowed it would catch um, jess same as it catch de genl'men wat calls deirselves consuls fur Liberia, an' Hayti, an' Hayway an' Pattergoner an' dese odder fur-off places whar dey's darkeys. Guess I try de consul fur Bulgaria nex'."

POETS take in the beauties of nature. Their wives take in washing.—*Ex.* And their readers presumably take in-terest in their books.



HOW WE LOOK FROM A DISTANCE.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER (*on Planet Jupiter*)—"Yes, sir, the earth is inhabited! That barrier across the continent is the work of human intelligence."

SECOND PHILOSOPHER (*looking through glass*)—"Intelligence? That's a wall they've built to impede trade between the tribes. The earth is inhabited sure enough, and evidently by idiots!"

#### AN ELECTION REMINISCENCE.

INDEPENDENT ELECTOR—"What?!! Vote against my conscience and betray my Party? No, sir, I would not do such a thing for untold wealth."

PARTY HEELER—"Just as you say, but I tell you our crowd has the stuff, and you might as well get a \$10 bill for your vote as the next man."

INDEPENDENT ELECTOR—"Ten dollars, eh? W-e-ll, hand her over. I'll go you. One vote won't matter much, anyhow."

PARTY HEELER—"Ah, I thought a cash bid would fetch you. Wouldn't do it for untold wealth, eh? Ha! ha!"

INDEPENDENT ELECTOR—"Why, no, of course I wouldn't do it for untold wealth, but \$10 is a definite, tangible figure. That comes right down to business. Different thing altogether."

#### HE COULD APPRECIATE IT.

BILLINGER—"I have just been reading Carlyle's 'Sartor Resartus.'"

PIGSUFFLE—"Great book, isn't it?"

BILLINGER—"Do you quite understand the purport of that chapter entitled 'The Everlasting No'?"

PIGSUFFLE—"Yes, thoroughly! I didn't when I first read it, but since then I've been a book-agent."

#### AN OFF-HAND TRANSLATION.

JOHN, what does 'Res Angusta Domi' mean?" said Mrs. Bliffkins, looking over last week's GRIP.

"Why 'No place like home,' of course," exclaimed her worser half. "The ignorance of some people is something appalling," and he pompously resumed his pipe and newspaper.





THE ONLY "SAFE CURE."

MISS CANADA—" Oh, Doctor, I feel so Faint and Depressed—just as if I were going into an Industrial Decline ! "

DR. CARTWRIGHT—" Stop your Tariff tight-lacing and throw away your Protection stimulants. Free Trade and Direct Taxation is the only safe cure for you ! "



### NEWFOUNDLAND AROUSED.

JOHN BULL (to French Fisherman)—“Make him lie down? That’s all well enough, but the question is, *how?*”

### GOOD COMBINATION.

THE Bank of Commerce is one of our solid old institutions, wealthy, cautious and safe. And now it has secured the great head of Mr. Geo. A. Cox to guide its affairs as President. He will take good care of the strong box. Box and Cox—a fine financial combination.

### CLARENCE’S DREAM.

THE Duke of Clarence, better known amongst the club chappies as Prince Albert Victor, having learned to roll his own cigarettes, has taken his seat in the House of Lords. No fears need be entertained, however, of his mind giving way under the terrible strain of his Parliamentary duties.

### MARRIAGE BELLS RING OUT A CHESTNUT.

IT is with feelings of gratitude that we record the marriage of Miss Mary Anderson, the actress. At last we are delivered from the wearisome repetition of the

journalistic chestnut: “Miss Anderson is said to be engaged to Lord So-and-So,” “Miss Anderson gives a denial to the rumor of her engagement,” etc., etc.

### SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

JAGGERS—“Wonder why all you artists must go to Paris to complete your studies.”  
 DAUBER—“We find it impossible to secure the requisite tone and finish unless surrounded by an art atmosphere.”  
 JAGGERS—“Art atmosphere, eh? That accounts for the airs so many artists put on, I guess.”

### SOMEWHAT STRAINED.

PEDUNCLE—“Did it ever occur to you that when the Israelites went down to Egypt to buy wheat they were treated sack-cornfully?”  
 BUDGER—“No, and it would never have occurred to you, either, if you didn’t have to ransack all creation for alleged jokes.”



## TOO POPULAR.

Mr. Gladstone last week was walking in the village of Hawarden, when an amateur photographer asked him to pose for a moment. The G. O. M. smilingly shook his head and passed on, but upon his return he saw the gentleman looking so sad that he stood while a 'snap-shot' was taken.—*Fall Mall Gazette*.

Since this act of kindness, the village is crowded with "snap-shottists," and Mr. Gladstone has had to adopt a new collar as his only protection.—*Funny Folks*.

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.

Burdock Blood Bitters will speedily cleanse all impurities from the blood and cure Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Ulcers, Erysipelas and Chronic diseases of the Skin.

## 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.

Cold wet weather is very hard on sufferers from Neuralgia troubles, and to those Dyer's Quinine and Iron Wine is strongly recommended. It is palatable, easily assimilated, and can be safely taken by the weakest invalid. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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

Mrs. Henry Sheldon, of Farmersville, was cured of Canker of the Stomach by Burdock Blood Bitters when her friends had nearly abandoned all hope.

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

Wanted! Boys to sell GRIP Weekly, in every City and Town in Canada. Apply for terms to T. G. Wilson, Manager Grip Co., Toronto.

One great advantage of Burdock Blood Bitters over other medicines, in that it acts at the same time on the Liver, the Bowels, the Secretions and the Kidneys while it imparts strength.

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

"WHY did Cæsar thrice decline the imperial crown?" demanded the Shakespearean student.

"I suppose it was because it was offered to him three times," replied the matter-of-fact man.—*The Jury*.

A. Burns, blacksmith, Cobourg, tried every known remedy during fifteen years suffering with Dyspepsia. Four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

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.

PRICE is no criterion of value. It is humiliating to think that Abe Lincoln got only half the pay that we give to Ben Harrison.—*Puck*.

## A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE.

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

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

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## SOME OF OUR TESTIMONIALS.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., March 27, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I am desirous of expressing to you my gratitude for the beneficial results obtained by the use of your Microbe Killer. A few months ago I was a very sick man, suffering from a complication of diseases due to overwork. I was advised by a friend to try your remedy. I did so, and am now happy to say that I am completely cured. Wishing you every success, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

D. W. N. YOST,

Inventor of the Yost Typewriter.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., March 21, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—Last January my health broke down suddenly with severe cold, which turned out to be the influenza. After using immediately large doses of your medicine, I was able to commence work after the third day.

Yours truly,

RICHARD WERNER.

227 Goffe Street.

EVERETT, Mass., March 25, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I am convinced by practical use that Radam's Microbe Killer is the best remedy I have ever [yet] tried for Dyspepsia. It brings immediate relief from heartburn or waterbrash, and can cheerfully recommend it to all as a safe and permanent remedy. Would not be without it.

Respectfully yours,

A. W. WHITE,

Of the American Mica Fire Proof Roofing Co.

BALTIMORE, Md., March 10, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled with my liver for a number of years, and could find nothing to give me more than temporary relief until I commenced to take the Microbe Killer. I have taken about two jugs, and have been very much benefited. I intend to continue taking it for some time yet, as I have faith in its making a permanent cure in my case.

Yours respectfully,

W. H. TUTTLE,

324 W. Lexington Street.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 20, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

I have found great relief in the use of Microbe Killer for Hay fever, Asthma, and Catarrh. I am convinced that it will cure the diseases I here mentioned. I can also recommend it for Burns and Inflammation of any kind.

Very respectfully,

M. G. SMITH,

527 11th Street, N.W.

HAVERTHILL, MASS., Feb. 12, 1890.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 10th inst. asking for information in regard to Wm. Radam's Microbe Killer has been received, and in reply would say I purchased the medicine first for my wife. She had an attack of La Grippe; it relieved and cured her.

I have been troubled with Rheumatism, especially winters. One year ago I was confined to the house, in fact almost helpless, and I commenced to feel the same trouble again this fall. In the little book given me by Mr. Hooke it was claimed to cure many diseases, amongst which was Rheumatism. I commenced to take it three or four times a day, a wine-glassful an hour before meals and just before retiring at night, and it worked liked magic. I have not been so well for twenty years. I have tried it as a wash on flesh wounds. It takes out the inflammation, kills pain, and in fact works like a charm. I consider it the best medicine ever introduced in this country.

Yours truly, A. H. SALTMARSH.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

GENTLEMEN.—It is with pleasure I can inform you that my health has improved very much since I commenced taking Microbe Killer. I had indigestion, rheumatism in my left shoulder for a year and one-half, so I could not dress myself without much difficulty. I could not sleep on my left side on account of a rheumatic feeling about my heart. Also could not read half as long as I can now. I have taken about one and one-half gallons of your Microbe Killer. The lameness in my shoulder is entirely gone, my digestion is fifty per cent. better, and I can sleep on either side. My brother George had a troublesome cough, so that he thought he should have to go to Florida the coming winter. It troubled him all summer so much so that it would keep the rest of the family awake. About one jug of your Microbe Killer cured him, and we have recommended it to several of our sick neighbours with like good results.

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN PIERCE,

36 Pierce St., Hyde Park, Mass.

Radam's Microbe Killer Co.:

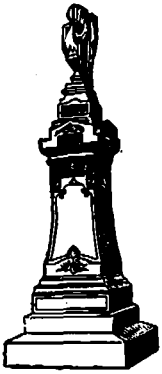
GENTLEMEN,—I have been troubled for the last fifteen years with catarrh and paralysis, and for the last five years have been greatly afflicted with rheumatism, and at times suffered the most intense pain. I have been doctoring without any results, and had no more hopes of ever getting better. I heard of the Microbe Killer through a friend, who gave me one of your circulars, which I read carefully and thought I would give it a trial. I have used five jugs, and am happy to say that I am entirely cured, and most cheerfully recommend it to any person suffering with the same disease. Yours respectfully,

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38 Grand Street, Hoboken, N.J.

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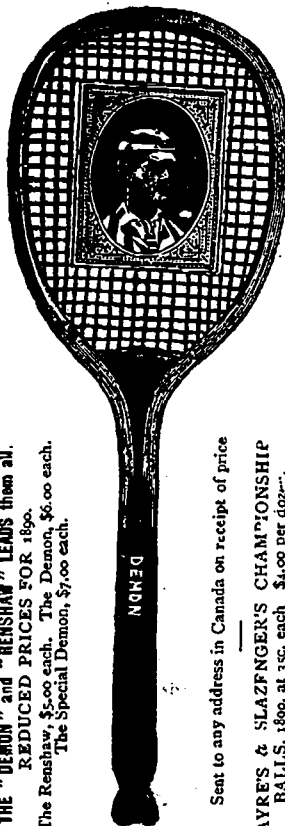
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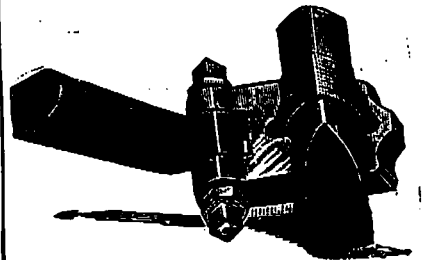
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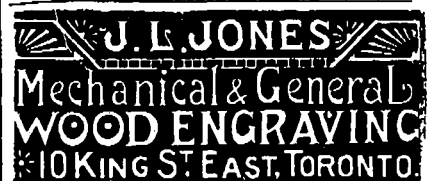
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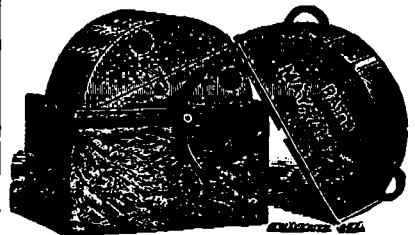
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