

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

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PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.	To Great Britain and Ireland.
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One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00 | One year - \$2.50

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.
MESSRS. JOHN HADDON & Co., Advertising Contractors, Fleet St., London, Eng., are the sole agents for GRIP in Great Britain.

Comments on the Cartoons.



SENSATIONAL SOMERSAULT.—While GRIP is in duty bound to look at the *Globe's* recent change of base on the Jesuit Estates Bill question from the playful point of view, it is in no spirit of ribaldry that we sketch our cartoon. We do not even insist that the old Liberal journal has made an actual "change of base," if that phrase is in any degree offensive to its conductors, though, as our picture implies, Signor Cameroni has distinctly left the back of the Mercier horse, and is in a fair way of landing safely upon the pad now so ably occupied by his brother professional, Signor Farrer. The former attitude of the *Globe* we had described as "however, nevertheless," this happy

phrase of its own coining being an accurate description of its doubtful position. That the description was just seems now to be admitted by the paper itself, as it quotes some commendatory opinions of contemporaries, in one of which, from the *St. Thomas Times*, occurs the phrase, "We are glad to notice that the *Globe* is no longer doubtful." Whatever justification there may have been for it in logic, there can be no question that the attitude of the *Globe* up to Saturday, the 16th, was a source of comfort to the Mercier Government and of discouragement to those who regarded the Estates Bill as a cause of future trouble. That it has now definitely and distinctly ranged itself on the side of sound doctrine and constitutional right, is the occasion of unmixed satisfaction to all excepting the caucus politicians, who know no higher rule than the supposed "good of the party." As to the "somersault," let the *Globe* be heard in its own behalf:—

"The assertion that the *Globe* has been inconsistent in dealing with this question is one that we leave to the judgment of those who have followed our articles from day to day. Our careful and fair-minded readers are aware that there is very slight foundation for the charge. From the beginning we stated the Jesuit Estates Act to be offensive, inasmuch as it appeared to bring his Holiness into the civil domain. We stated six weeks ago our belief that the people would not condemn the Federal Government for disallowing the Act. So soon as we became convinced that the Act really attributes a measure of sovereignty to the Pope, we called for disallowance. A Bourbon may be scandalized by any advance in opinion consequent upon public discussion. We are amenable to the heinous charge of lacking total infallibility. But it is better to consistently press forward toward the truth than to stand immovably against conviction by argument. 'Don't be consistent, but be simply true,' is a good enough rule to conduct an honest journal on."

KEEPING THE BALANCE.—To turn out the Mowat Government and replace it with another not expressly representing a Prohibition party, would in no degree help the matter of temperance law enforcement, so far as we can see. If violators of the law are now dealt with laxly, "political exigencies" are the all-sufficient explanation. In the words of the chief officer of the Department—himself a strict Prohibitionist—"We are in the position of having to please both parties." There is not the slightest ground for hope that a Conservative Government would be guided by any other rule. Neither party is wedded to the principle of Prohibition, and, if it were not for the pressure of temperance public opinion—which simply means votes—neither of them would lift a finger against the liquor traffic. The radical cure for the evil is an absolute Prohibition law, with a party that believes in Prohibition behind it. Short of that, the best plan is to remove the problem from the realm of politics altogether, by replacing the licensing power, and the patronage connected therewith, in the hands of the municipalities.



THE New Party made its formal *entrée* into the political field with a two days' convention last week. Though not as yet great in numbers, the organization is full of enthusiasm, and its platform is one which ought to command a large following. The speech of Ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, was a ringing utterance, and his arguments as to the legitimacy of a Third Party movement were such as it would puzzle a casuist to get over. If Prohibition is really a great question, no apology is needed in Canada for the appearance of the new party, as it is clearer than ever that the anti-saloon element has nothing to hope from either Grit or Tory parties.

THERE is talk of the establishment of an organ in connection with the movement. What's the matter with securing the *Globe*, which seems at present to be out of a situation? There is nothing in the Platform which is not in line with the *Globe's* opinions.

WHERE, oh, where is Sir Boyle Roche? Did that delicious Irishman ever mix metaphors so charmingly as they are mingled in the *Ottawa Journal's* late article, in which we are told, "The *Free Press* brays against the *Globe* . . . it turns savagely . . . and bites the organ"?

WE often hear lectures and sermons on the "Hindrances to the Spread of the Gospel," but somehow the orators generally fail to mention one of the greatest of the obstructions—the system of "Protection.

A high tariff is the devil's masterpiece in politics, but it wouldn't do for the preachers to mention this, as so many good Christians are standing in with his majesty on this line.

* * *

THE Parkdale Council passed away on the evening of the 20th, amid the lamentations of those office-holders for whom there is now no use. Hereafter the rising statesmen of the suburb will get their initial Parliamentary training in the chamber at the City Hall, under the immediate superintendence of Ald. Baxter. This advantage more than compensates for any loss or inconvenience that the extinction of the local council may have involved.

* * *

MR. DAVIES had a fine reception in Toronto, and delivered his address on Reciprocity to a large and enthusiastic audience. He set himself the task of proving that a bird can fly better with its wings unclipped, and, in the opinion of a good many, he succeeded. There are some people with high foreheads in our midst, however, who are not open to conviction on this point. The *Empire* is their official organ.

* * *

IT would be an advantage to all concerned if more frequent opportunities were afforded the people of Ontario of hearing distinguished speakers from other Provinces, and *vice versa*. At present there is but little of a national sentiment; our fellow-citizen of the Maritime Provinces are greater strangers to us than the people of New York State. The platform presents a pleasant medium of mutual exchange of ideas, and ought to be taken advantage of. Cannot the Young Conservatives now give us a chance to hear Hon. John Thompson?

* * *

AN exchange says that "a West Virginia boy, aged seventeen, who was 'simple' from his birth, was sandbagged the other day, and it effected a complete cure in his mental derangement, starting him in, however, on even terms with new-born babes, as far as faculties go." Here is a new and easy method of reforming Parliament. *Vive le sandbag!*

AN INTERRUPTED SPEECH.

BROWN—"Your friend Skinner looks like a skeleton. What ails him?"

JONES—"He works too hard. He has been sick, too. Only yesterday he threw up a whole ton of hay—"

BROWN—"Phew! a whole ton of hay! No wonder the poor wretch looks thin!"

JONES (*sarcastically*)—"You're awfully smart! I was merely going to say he threw the hay into the loft." (*He walks off in high dudgeon.*)

WHICH END OF THE BROOM?

THOUGH always believing in woman's suffrage, we never do anything blindly. Therefore, before we irrevocably give it our support at the ballot-box, we demand, firmly but respectfully, that Dr. Emily Stowe explain this sentence in her speech of the 14th. She says, "Woman always carries her broom with her. . . . Let her enter the political arena, and she will use her broom well and effectually." What we want to know is, *which end?*

SUGAR WEATHER.

SAY, if I could leave this office for about a week or so, I'd go off some sunny morning to a sugar-bush I know, Where I'd help to clean out sap-troughs and to hunt for last year's spiles,

And to carry brush in armfuls from the dry and brittle piles, Where I'd help to hang the kettles from the crotch-supported pole, And the big and heavy back-logs into place I'd help to roll; For I know as well as any just how everything is done When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

How we youngsters used to hustle when the first warm airs of spring

Came a-wandering o'er the snow-drifts! How the old woods used to ring

With our laughter, as we struggled for the first sweet drops of sap, As they slowly swelled and glistened on the spile beneath the tap, How the back-ache used to gripe us, and how tired we used to feel, As we carried sap in pailfuls, and how sweet our mid-day meal Used to taste beside the camp-fire. Oh, there's lots of work and fun,

When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

What great sport we used to think it, and what yarns we used to spin,

When an extra run would keep us rather late "a-boilin' in." How the shadows used to gather while we sat around the fire, Waiting till the syrup thickened, list'ning to our slickest liar, But the "sugaring-off"—By thunder! I'd trade all the city's joys For one good old taffy-party, with the country girls and boys; For I still remember clearly just how everything is done When the winter days grow sunny, and the sap begins to run.

But, in a dingy office, up a narrow, creaking stair, I can but dream of freedom and the joyous country air. Though now, just as I once was, all the boys and girls are gay, For sugar weather's coming, with its hours of work and play; Though I'm longing to be with them, on the dear old maple farm, Where mem'ry finds but beauty, and reveals each simple charm; Yet I can but see in fancy all the things that will be done When the winter days grow sunny and the sap begins to run,

P. KUS.

How to treat Burns—Read him.

THE old apple-woman says that her business is at a standstill.



GRAMMATICAL.

FLOSSIE (*to her elder sister*)—"Say, Gerty, Mr. Smalltawk, who was here last night, doesn't know much grammar, does he?"

GERTY—"Why, Flossie! what do you mean?"

FLOSSIE—"Well, he said, 'Would you like to go and see 'She?''" He should say *her*, 'cause that's after the verb, you know."



A FINE DISTINCTION.

JABBS (*angry*)—"What did you mean by telling me that they kept a good table at your boarding-house? I dined there to-day, and never came across such beastly cookery in my life."

DABBS—"Oh, I didn't say anything about the eatables. Wasn't the table itself pretty nice?"

THE FLY KID.

HIS ASPIRATIONS FOR LITERARY SOCIETY.—A SENSATION STORY OF ENGLISH LIFE.

DEAR GRIP,—I've been thinking that now I've becum a author, Ide oughter get into literary circles as it were and make friends among them which are the principal writers. But I don no just how to work it. I met Professor Golden Smith onto Young Street the other day, says I nows my chance so I stept up to him and said hello!

Beg your pardon, says he politely, did you wish to converse with me?

Yes profesor, I replide. I'm the Fly Kid which you have no doubt heard off.

Ah indeed he remarked in a tone of *sangfrod* which is French.

We literary people I went on to say ought to know each other.

He didnt say nothing for a second. Seemed kind of took aback like. Then he sort of pulled hissself together, put 4th his hand and said, Ah how dye do. Good afternoon and so passed on. He didnt ask me to come and see him, nor even stand the candies or cigarets. It looked a little as if he wanted to give me the shake didnt it. I suppose I ought to have called at the Grange and left my card. By the way you may propose me as a member of the Press Club. I can play yewker pretty good. My story this time is entitled,

REDCLIFFE HALL, OR THE REWARD OF CRIME.

CHAP. I.

There was a old Baronial Hall which stood on one of the most elegant lots to be found in England. It was built in the time of the Tudors but their was more nor 2 doors in it. (joke) I think it adds to the interest to work in a joke sometimes. Into a bedroom of this Hall, Duke Hubert de Redcliffe the last of a long line of noble ances-ters lay dying. He had done many deeds of darkness in his life and ever and anon a shade of remorse flitted athwart his fevered Brow.

Haste haste he cried give me pen and paper while I have yet strength to make my will. Now leave me. And he throwed bottles and things at the domestics till they retired.

* * *

Ha! Ha at last. Vengeance! cride a stalwart voice, as a form disguised in a cloak and slouched hat emerged from the wall by touching a concealed spring. For 40 years I have waited for this moment.

What Percy Maltravers, said the dying man. Can the grave give back its dead.

You bet it's me. Ime now a Outlaw. Ive been in that line of biz for some years.

So saying he drawed a-glittering dagger and plunged it into the duke.

CHAP. 2.

In a low squallid room in the East End of London a female in rags was bending over the cradle where lay a infant. Just to think she said in a mornful voice that the Hare of Redcliffe Hall shoold ever come to this. Its terrible little did I think when I married Eustace de Redcliffe—

Just then a pleeceman entered and says he—Excuse me but you haint seen nothing of Jack the Ripper have you.

No replide Cora de Redcliffe. Not this evening.

Well says the pleeceman if you shoold ever see him let us know wont you. And he was gone.

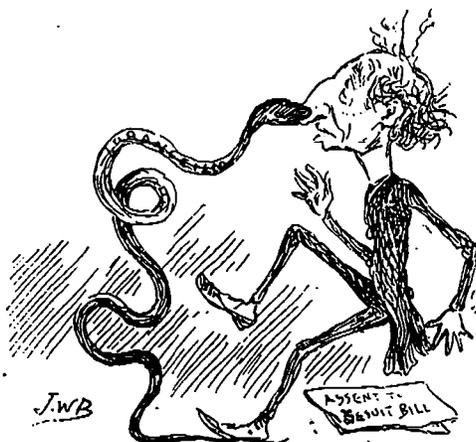
With a wild convulsive shriek of anguish, Cora threwed herself onto the floor and tore her yellow tresses in accents of despair. Truly we live in a strange world.

CHAP. 3

It aint many folks which would have recognized in the fashnubly attired gentleman which was gambling in a 1st class club in Pickerdilly the Outlaw Percy Maltravers. But twas him all the same. He had won several Heaps of glittering gold and still he kept winning till the bank was busted. He filled his pockets and boots and hat with the money. I must be off says he—

Not so fast said a quiet looking gent which had watched the game—Ime a detecktive and Ime onto you. I arrest you—

But ere he could effect his purpose P. Maltravers had jumped through a 2nd storey window and fell onto a woman in the street below and kild her. It was Cora de Redcliffe! Then Maltravers run off. The crowd yelled stop him! But he took handfuls of gold out of his poc-



"THE WORM WILL TURN!"

kets and threw it on the street and while everybody was scrambling for it he was gone.

'Twas ever thus. If 40 years befor the Duke de Redcliffe had not murdered his father and starved his mother to death in the cellar of Redcliffe Hall P. Maltravers might have been a useful member of society instid of gambling and sticking daggers into people.

CHAF. 4.

'Twas a bright sunshiny morn. The relatives of the late Duke had assembled at the Hall to hear the reading of the will. It ran as follows—

APRIL FOOL!
H. DE REDCLIFFE.
April 1st, 18—

The old man had blowed in all the boodle he could raise and morgidged the Hall for more nor it was worth so there was nothing left for the Hare nor nobody else. The Hare was sent to the workhouse and will be apprenticed to a shoemaker as soon as he's old enough. 'This is somewhat different to the way these storys mostly end but I guess the public will be glad of a change.

THE FLY KID.

A STUDY IN HUMOR.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

A FEW weeks ago Editor Macguffin, of the Crosstown *Car*, a daily of some pretensions, and, in some respects, of very conspicuous ability, concluded to establish a humorous department in his paper. Mr. Macguffin was exceedingly matter-of-fact. He had not much sense of the humorous himself, nor did he appreciate it particularly in others, but it appeared to be the correct thing to have in every well-regulated daily paper establishment, and his readers seemed to hanker for it. So, after putting the innovation off until the last possible moment, Mr. Macguffin wrote a note to a gentleman of his acquaintance who had achieved considerable repute as a compiler of humorous matter, and contributed extensively to the funny papers, asking him upon what terms he could be induced to dash off a few *bon mots* daily for the *Car*. Mr. Alonzo B. Gosh, the humorist in question, came to terms with Mr. Macguffin, and went upon the *Car's* staff.

Mr. Gosh's first day passed very pleasantly. He saw Mr. Macguffin in the morning. That gentleman told him to go ahead and get his stuff in shape. "I will," said the editor, as Mr. Gosh was leaving him, "I will drop down after dinner this evening and go over what you have written. I don't suppose that it will be necessary to revise your copy at all, but you can understand, Mr. Gosh, that a man in my position owes a great duty to the public, and consequently I always like to see all editorial, local and telegraph matter of importance before it goes into the paper." Mr. Gosh admitted that this was a necessary part of the duties of a faithful editor, and expressed his perfect willingness to submit his copy to his superior.

Accordingly, that evening, when Mr. Macguffin came down, Mr. Gosh handed him his manuscript. The first paragraph which struck Mr. Macguffin's eye was the following:

"Oh-ho, Mr. Percy G. Alfonzo Jones, so you think that, while the little lambs who gambol on the green have a soft snap, the little lambs who gamble on the green have the wrong end of the stick, do you? Well, Mr. Percy G. Alfonzo Jones, if you will kindly refrain from telling us what you think for the future, we



IN AN ONTARIO SCHOOL.

TEACHER—"James, can you tell me what the head of a Republic is called?"

JAMES—"President."

TEACHER—"Correct. And now, Mary, what is the head of a Kingdom?"

MARY—"King."

TEACHER—"Right. William, what is the head of an Empire called?"

WILLIAM—"Creighton!"

shall be obliged to you; and if you will kindly drop into this office any time before the gas is lit, we will undertake to see that you swap thinking for a permanence of sulphur."

Mr. Macguffin read this over a couple of times, and finally called Mr. Gosh to him. "This first paragraph of yours doesn't seem to me quite the thing, Mr. Gosh," he said.

"In what way?" asked Mr. Gosh.

"In every way," replied the editor. "I don't like to trammel an author, but on a paper which has the standing and reputation of this one, we must observe certain laws—keep, so to speak, within the facts and the bounds of probabilities. Now, you intimate here that a certain Mr. Jones has sent you a statement to the effect that the little lambs who gambol on the green have a soft snap—whatever a soft snap may be—while the little lambs who gamble on the green have the wrong end of the stick—whatever that may be."

"Yes," said Mr. Gosh.

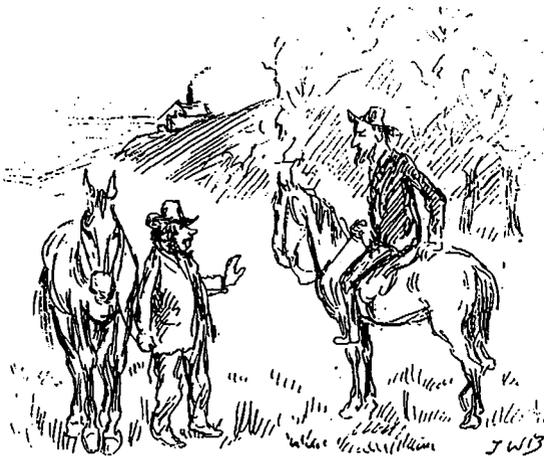
"Very well. Now, in the first place, I have seen all the letters sent to this office to-day. No private letters for you have passed through my hands, and certainly no such intimation as you convey was received in any office letter. I consequently conclude that, in writing as you do, you have drawn upon your imagination?"

"Most certainly," replied Mr. Gosh. "How in the world is one to write funny stuff if he don't?"

"By touching on the humorous aspect of facts. Now, I can readily understand your allusion to the little lambs gamboling on the green, because the little lambs do gambol on the green, but when you refer to the little lambs who gamble on the green, I am utterly at sea."

"I am sorry you don't quite grasp the idea," replied Mr. Gosh. "I intended the reference to apply to those young men whom gamblers call 'lambs'—young men who are generally unsophisticated and guileless, and who are easily fleeced. A gaming table is generally covered with green baize. Hence the allusion. It is merely a play upon words. It can be readily altered, or left out altogether, if you wish."

"Your evident familiarity with gamblers and their habits is most reprehensible," said the editor, "as repre-



THE LOGICAL TORY.

STRANGER—" 'Morning, mister. How'll you trade horses? "
 CANADA FARMER (*Empire brand*)—" You're a Yankee, ain't you? "

STRANGER—" I am, but what of that? "

C. F.—" Everything. I want you to understand I'm a loyal subject, and don't do no tradin' with foreigners—'ceptin' they live a long ways off."

hensible as the fact that the item is purely an imaginary one. You must bear in mind that the readers of this paper—a respectable, representative family paper—do not gamble, and do not desire to be made acquainted with gamblers' methods. But that is not all. You say here, 'If you will kindly refrain from telling us what you think we shall be obliged to you.' Now, why shall we be obliged? The insertion of such a sentence as that would impress people with the idea that we do not desire to receive contributions from them, while that is a feature we always endeavor to encourage. Then you continue, 'And if you will kindly drop into this office any time before the gas is lit, we will undertake to see that you swop thinking for a permanence of sulphur.' Now, passing over the vulgar slang in this, and the wholly inexcusable reference to a place unmentionable in polite society, I take this as meaning that, if Mr. Jones should call at this office, personal violence would be shown him. Is it not so? "

"You have hit it," murmured Mr. Gosh, "plump in the teeth."

[The conclusion of this thrilling narrative of journalism will be given in our next.]

A FAVOR.

THE other day a tall countryman was walking down Yonge street, when he was accosted by a newsboy: "Paper, sir? Paper? "
 " Naw! "
 " Well, say, mister! say! Will you please hand me down a chew of tobaccer? "

EXTENSIVE ENOUGH.

HE.—" What do you think of my photograph? "

SHE.—" That is quite a smile you have on. "

HE.—" If I thought you would have liked it I'd have smiled till my mouth was all over my face. "

SHE.—" Oh, it was quite unnecessary for you to exert yourself. "

KILDOGAN'S KICK.

THE DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE.

(*Letter from P. Heeler, M.P., to William Kildogan, of L.O.L. 10047½, Mudboro.*)

OTTAWA.

" I T'S N. G. I've done my level best for you, Bill, but the Old Man won't hear of it. He says he really daren't appoint any more emigration agents, what with all this outcry that the workingmen (d—'em) are making. Even if it wasn't so, there are hundreds of other applicants. I told him that you'd worked like a beaver for me and for the party at last election, and ought to have something, but he gave the stand-off—you know his way. When I alluded to your influence with the Orange body he smiled, and said the party always had a sure thing on their votes, anyway—especially since he had hanged Riel. Candidly, I don't think you have much show for any kind of a berth just at present."

(*Letter from W. Kildogan, Mudboro, to P. Heeler, M.P., Ottawa.*)

"So the Chieftan is disposed to treat me with ingratitude, after all the sacrifices I have made for the cause. I have ruined my business by devoting myself day and night to politics, and, now I am without means, he wants to throw me aside like a squeezed lemon. It's shameful! Oh, ingratitude, thy name is Party! And he thinks he has a sure thing on the Orange vote, docs he? I can assure you he'll find out before long that he's very much mistaken."

(*From the Mudboro Slanger.*)

"A GRAND PROTESTANT RALLY.—A meeting to condemn the course of the Dominion Government, in refusing to veto the Jesuits' Estates Bill, of Quebec, was held last evening in the town hall. There was a large attendance. Mr. William Kildogan, Master of L.O.L. 10047½, occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings by a vigorous address, in which he said it was the duty of all Protestants, and especially all Orangemen, without distinction of party, to use their political power to oppose Romish aggressions. (Applause.) He cared not whether those who basely truckled to the priesthood called themselves Conservatives or Reformers, Tories or Grits, Home Rulers, Prohibitionists, Loyalists or Annexationists, he was prepared to oppose them to the uttermost. Sir John Macdonald had shown himself to be the tool of the Papists, and should be driven from power. (Loud applause.)

(*Letter from R. Brummagem, Toronto, to W. Kildogan, Mudboro.*)

"I am considerably surprised that one who has in the past done such excellent service in the cause should now be found playing into the hands of traitors and annexationists, by pursuing a course which must tend to weaken, and perhaps overthrow, the Government. You must know that it would have been simply suicidal for Sir John to have vetoed the Jesuits' Estates Bill. I am given to understand that there has been some little ill-feeling on personal grounds, which may, perhaps, have, to some extent, influenced your course. Cannot the matter be arranged? I know that Sir John fully appreciates the important services you have rendered to the party, and have no doubt that, when the matter is fairly brought before him, he will testify that appreciation in a practical

manner, to your entire satisfaction. These details, however, can best be arranged at a personal interview."

(Communication from W. Kildogan to the Empire.)

EDITOR *Empire*,—SIR,—My name having been mentioned in connection with the absurd proposal to found a third party for the purpose of opposing "Romish aggressions," I write to say that such a movement is wholly opposed to my views. A third party is an impossibility, and the only effect of this ill-advised agitation will be to promote discord and ill-feeling amongst those who should live together in harmony, and so pave the way for Annexation. Much as we dislike the Jesuits' Estates Bill, we must remember that the people of Quebec have constitutionally the control of their own affairs, and that the Dominion Government is in no way responsible for the action of the Rouge and Grit majority of that Province. I trust, sir, we shall hear no more of this insidious attempt on the part of the enemy to sow dissension in the Conservative ranks."

(From the *Mudboro Slander*.)

"We understand that our well-known and respected fellow-townsmen, William Kildogan, Esq., has accepted the position of Inspector of Inland Revenue, recently vacated by the superannuation of Mr. Jinkinboomer. We extend our hearty congratulations to Mr. Kildogan, who has assuredly well merited this recognition of his unselfish and zealous devotion to public interests."

MORAL.—Blessed are the kickers, for verily they get what they want.

A PATRIOTIC SUGGESTION.

MR. GRIP—SIR,—Canada for the Canadians is a grand cry, and the principle that underlies it is a magnificent one. I think it would be well for us if we applied it in more ways than we do. Why not, for example, apply it in our Colleges and Universities, and raise the cry, "Our Alma Mater for her sons and daughters? Here are a few resolutions I will submit for passage at the next meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society of the graduates of a certain University:—

Be it resolved—

(1) That no man should get a professorship in our Alma Mater excepting a graduate of the same. By this means we will have more opportunities than we now have of admiring each other.

(2) That each class immediately on its graduation should form itself into a Mutual Admiration Society. This has been done to some extent in the past, but not sufficiently.

(3) That no lady graduate shall wed or be given in marriage to anyone excepting a graduate of our Alma Mater. This will not only give opportunities for mutual admiration, but may be looked upon as a result of it.

(4) That our secretary be instructed to communicate these our opinions to the Senate of University from which we have received our degrees. Yours faithfully,

TORONTOSENSES.

THE Secretary of the Interior—The housekeeper.

THE French Budget for 1889 shows five millions surplus; but Boulanger may budge-it.

THE public cannot honor every bill brought before Parliament, and bad bills should not pass.



"FAIR SPEECHLESS MESSAGES."

SCENE—(In a carriage, after the ball.)

CHAPERONE (to innocent debutante)—"My dear, you stayed a disgracefully long time in the conservatory with that young man. What did you talk about? He never has two ideas about anything."

INNOCENT DEBUTANTE—"Oh, he didn't talk—he just looked."

CHAPERONE—"Good heavens!! and were you talking all that time?"

INNOCENT DEBUTANTE—"Oh, no! I—I just looked, too!"
(Chaperone swoons.)

A TREAT.

WHEN the street cars were on wheels lately, but not on the regular trucks, a man was seen walking leisurely up King street. The expression on his countenance was one of intense enjoyment. Just as he reached the corner of York and King a friend met him, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello, old boy, what makes you look so happy?"

"Well, you see to-day is pay day at our office, and when I got my instalment of cash I resolved to treat myself."

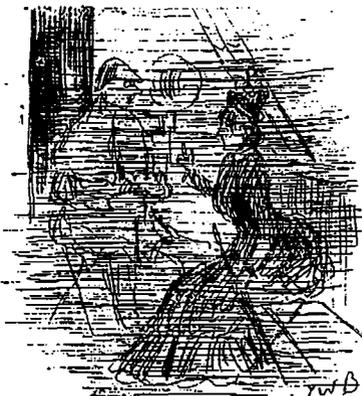
"Is that so? What did you do?"

"I made up my mind to walk home instead of taking a car."

"I can't see where the treat comes in."

"No! Then it is quite evident that you haven't been taking the street cars when going to and from your work for the past few days."

P. Kus.

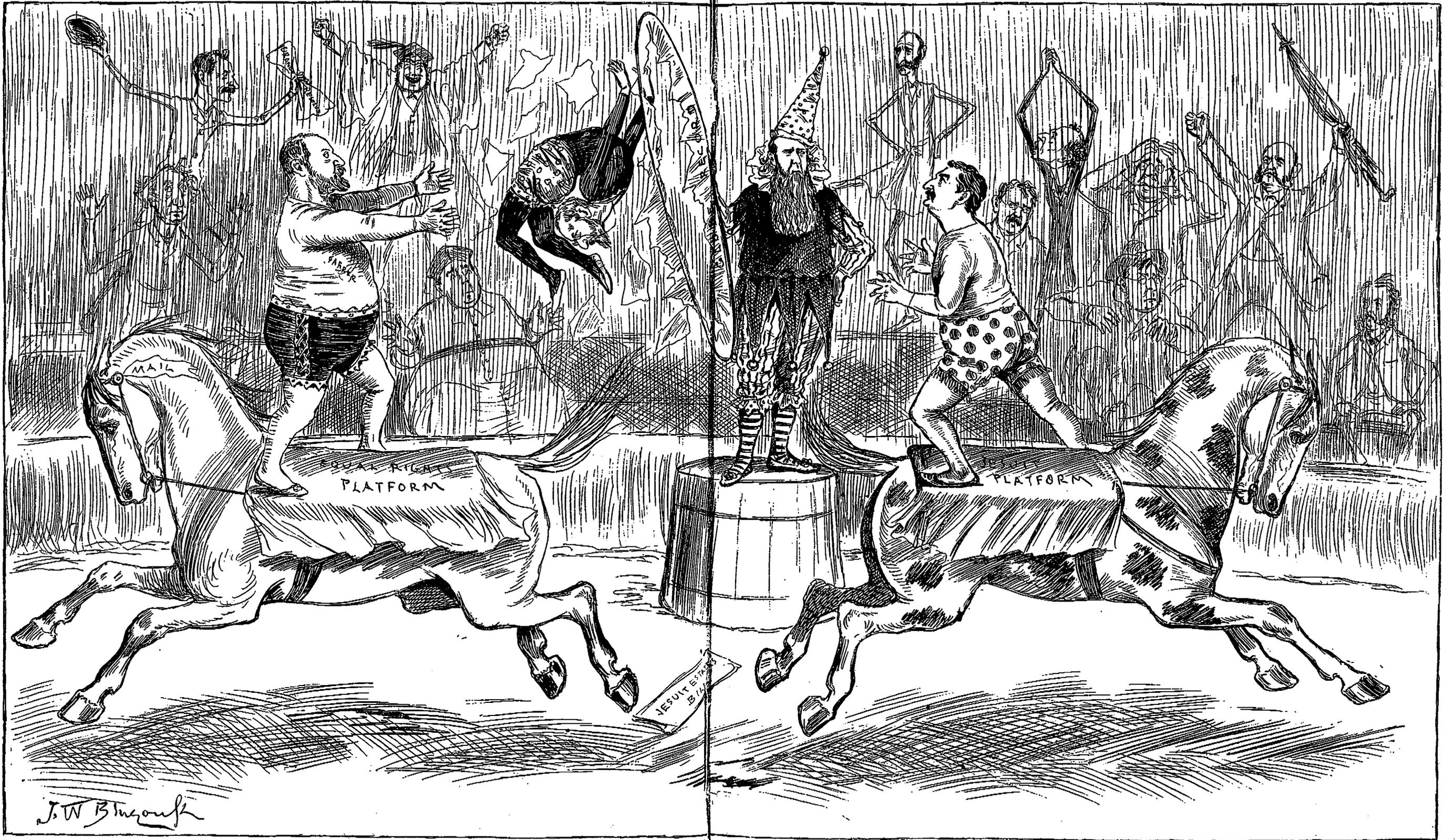


THE FOG-BELLE.

SHE—"What's that bell ringing for?"

HE—"On account of the fog."

SHE—"Why, I should think everybody would know it was foggy without their ringing a bell. Just look at my frizzes!"



J.W. Bruce

SENSATIONAL SOMERSAULT OF SIGNOR CAMERONI.

(See Globe of Saturday, 16th).

THE Dickens Calendar which graces GRIP's sanctum through the kindness of Messrs. Williamson & Co., is a very unique idea. It is a beautifully lithographed card, representing the great novelist seated in his study in a reverie, the upper atmosphere being filled with the well-known creations of his fancy. On the date pad an appropriate quotation from his works is given for every day of the year.

A NICE thing to have in the house—a tube of Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses for the chapped hands; it cures them completely. Druggists keep it. Wm. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

T. GRANGER STEWART, M.D., F. R. S. E., Ordinary Physician to H. M. the Queen in Scotland, Professor of Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh, in an article on Bright's disease, says, "Dyspnoea (difficult breathing) is frequently met with in the inflammatory and cirrhotic forms of the disease and may be independent of any local lesion, being probably a result of uræmic poisoning." And it is well known that uræmic poisoning arises from kidney disease. So much known, it remains to recognize the fact that, to remedy an effect, the cause must be removed, and it is universally acknowledged that Warner's Safe Cure is the only reliable remedy for kidney disease.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

THE "Main Line" opened on Monday at the Toronto Opera House, for a week's run. The company is said to be one of the best troupes that has played at this theatre this season. The "Main Line" played at the Grand last season. This will be its first production at popular prices. There will be the usual matinees.

LONGEVITY.

SCIENTIFIC men see no reason why the span of human life may not be extended to a round hundred years from the present limit of seventy to eighty years.

From Adam's time to that of Methuselah and Noah, men are recorded as attaining to well nigh the age of 1,000 years. The Psalmist David, however, says: "The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

This wide margin of longevity, together with proper observance of mental, moral

and physical laws, leads investigators to believe it is possible that human life might be made to increase in length of days to a full century, at least.

Moderation and regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to longevity, and those who observe proper habits and use pure and efficacious remedies when sick, may accomplish immense labor with no apparent injury to themselves and without foreshortening their lives.

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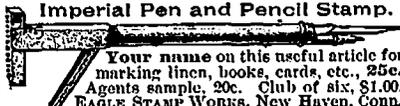
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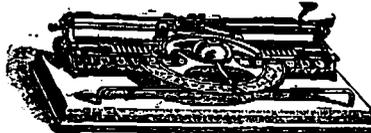


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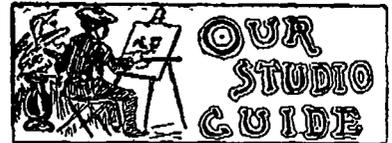
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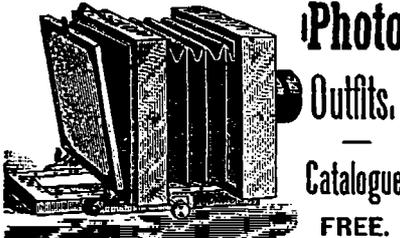


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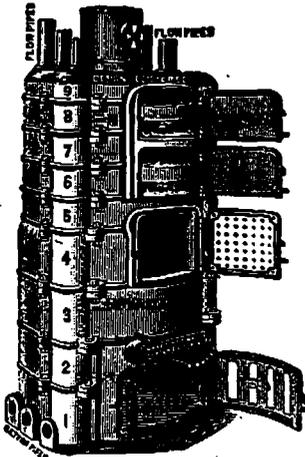
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We have filled an ordinary quart gem jar with common field peas. This jar has been securely sealed so that no person knows the number of peas it contains. It has been deposited in a safety vault and cannot be opened until the expiration of this contest, December 31st, 1889. The following 3,385 presents will be given to the 3,385 persons making the best guesses as to the number of peas the jar contains. To the person guessing the correct number, \$1,000 in Cash. To the person guessing nearest the correct number, \$750 Cash. To the person making the next best guess, \$500. To the two persons making the next best guesses, \$250 each. To the ten persons making the next best guesses, \$100 each. To the twenty making the next best guesses, \$50 each. For the next fifty best guesses, \$25 each. For the next 100 best guesses, \$10 each. For the 400 next best, \$5 each. For the 800 next best, \$2.50 each. For the 2,000 next best, \$1 each. For the 5,000 next best, \$1 each.

Conditions:—No guess will be received and recorded, except from a person who becomes a subscriber to the **FIRESIDE VISITOR**, and sends \$1 for 12 month's subscription. The \$1 is the regular subscription price of the **FIRESIDE VISITOR**, and is in no sense a payment for the guess, but for the **FIRESIDE VISITOR**, which we believe will be so interesting that you will become a permanent reader. The jar will be opened, peas counted, and presents awarded December 31st, 1889. Should no person guess the correct number, then the person guessing nearest will receive the present of \$1,000. Should two or more persons guess the actual number, then the one whose guess is first received will get the present of 1,000, and the next will be entitled to the second, and so on.

To Club Raisers:—To those who desire to form clubs among their friends, we will send six subscriptions for \$5; twelve for \$10 and twenty-five for \$20, and fifty for \$40; each subscription to be accompanied with the guess in plain figures opposite the name and address. This offer is made for the sole purpose of introducing our paper into every family in the United States and Canada. The **FIRESIDE VISITOR** is replete with the choicest literature of the day, and contains articles of value and interest from the most noted authors. Send a \$1 bill every time. Address:

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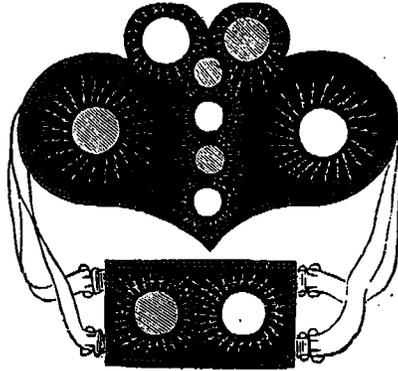
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Every person mentioning this paper and answering this advertisement within 30 days of the date of the paper, will be entitled to an extra guess.

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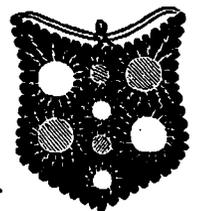
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