

# GRIP

EDITED BY J.W. BINGOCH

GRIP ENG

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA



STERNS

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

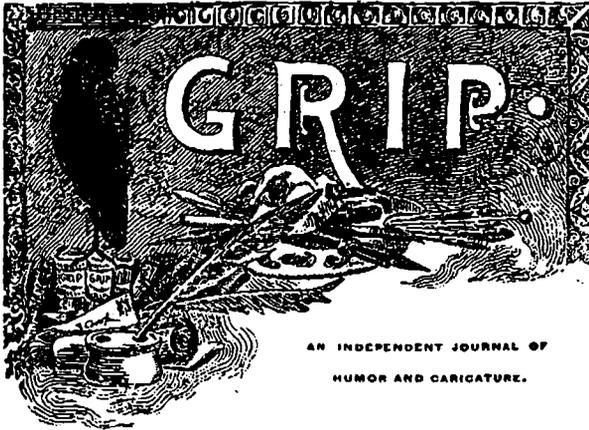


IT LOOKS LIKE BACKSLIDING.

EVANGELIST HUNTER—"Dear Brother Macdonald, this sort of thing won't do at all, you know!"

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### Comments on the Nations.



**PICNIC PRACTICE.**—It is with the highest satisfaction that GRIP hails the advent of the political picnic. Something was needed to break the weary monotony that has been reigning since the close of the session, and the series of outings at which the party leaders are to mix speeches with sandwiches will effect the purpose very well. It shows an amount of sympathy and consideration on the part of these gentlemen greater than they usually get the credit for, that they should go into active work of this kind in the dog-days just for the benefit of perspiring editors and cartoonists who are sitting around in their shirt sleeves and struggling after subjects for pen and pencil. To be sure, as yet, the Liberals have the field to themselves, and Messrs. Laurier and Cartwright have made only a couple of appointments, but we have confidence that the ruction, having once begun, will go on long enough to serve every purpose. Presently, Sir John

will leave his cool retreat by the seaside and betake himself, with his lieutenants, to the picnic stump to answer as best they can the indictments made against them. Meantime, as our picture indicates, the Grit leaders have an excellent opportunity of developing their muscle on the well-known lay figure, greatly to the diversion of their followers. This figure passes amongst Liberal picnickers as a truthful embodiment of the Government, and every blow it receives is regarded as a stinger for corruption, or monopoly, or

extravagance, or incompetency, and applauded accordingly. It is for Sir John to show that all this is a delusion, that the figure is in all respects a libel on his administration. In order to do so he will of course have to prove that the N.P. is a direct and positive benefit to the farmers, that the public business is being ably, honestly and economically transacted at Ottawa, and that a change from the Tory to the Grit policy would be a dreadful calamity for the country. The sooner Sir John gets to work on this contract the better it will be for his chances, as the arguments now being addressed to the farmers by the Liberal stumbers are mighty plausible, to say the least of them.

**IT LOOKS LIKE BACKSLIDING.**—The new Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories, Royal, is evidently determined to outdewd Dewdney in the matter of removing restrictions from the liquor traffic. The Territories have always been under Prohibition, but a discretionary power to grant "permits" is lodged with the Lieut.-Governor, and this power Dewdney abused to such an extent as to practically annul the constitutional law. It was not supposed that any Lieut.-Governor could possibly do more mischief in this line than the gentleman who has been rewarded for his ill-deeds by being made Minister of the Interior, but Royal has shown that this supposition was premature. About his first act in office was to grant a "beer license" (under which, of course, all kinds of drunk-producing concoctions will be sold), to the Banff hotel—the property of the C.P.R. The liquor was imported and stored in the vaults, and then the license was issued—which would seem to indicate that there was a pretty clear understanding between the C.P.R. and the representative of Royal-ty. It is now stated by the Regina Leader that "beer-licenses" are to be issued to all the hotels in the N.-W. Territories, and thus the law is to be practically repealed, very much against the wishes of all the decent settlers in the country. The Dominion Government must bear the direct responsibility for all this, as the Lieut.-Governor of the Territories carries out his nefarious schemes through orders-in-uncil passed at Ottawa. It would seem highly fitting that Sir John should be interviewed just now by Mr. Hunter, the evangelist, under whose ministrations he recently professed a change of heart. Mr. Hunter sincerely believes in the genuineness of the Premier's conversion, and loses no opportunity of expressing himself to that effect. We would all like to share that belief, but every tree must be judged by its fruits—and beer-licenses do not grow on any Christian tree. If it is replied that this matter is in the domain of politics, and must not be regarded as having a bearing on Sir John's private character as a Christian, we have only to reply once more that the religion which fails to make a man clean throughout—politically as well as personally—is a fraud and a sham.



### TO THE "ARIZONA KICKER" MAN.

DEAR BRO.—

The above portrait has been painted especially to let you and the general public see the kind of hairpin who is running this paper during these holidays. Our editor-in-chief, accompanied by the cartoonist and the man who explains the jokes, are off for their holidays, and I'm boss while they're away. Your trials and sufferings have been a holy affliction to my mind, but I didn't see how it was in my power to do anything for you till I got into office. But now, old boy, here's your chance! You come right on here and I'll guarantee you five dollars a week and pickings. You say you are "neither a bigamist, an eeloper, embezzler, horse-thief, jail-bird or gambler." Moreover, you state that "we have reduced tony

society one-half since we came here by giving the sheriff pointers." Look here, youngster, I want no better certificate of character than that. You are the individual the Torontonians have been looking for with a lantern this long time. Our field is as wide as your style of laborer is far between. Come right on and we'll call it six dollars. You remark that you "can run the other half of society out of town in a week." Not another word, but just consider yourself called to work in this here vineyard. You are wanted here now, and all the time. Don't hesitate, and we'll make it seven dollars and the balance of a season ticket to Lorne Park. I don't feel plural enough to use the editorial We, because I'm only the printer's devil, and he ain't married yet. Tra-la-la. Telegraph what train you'll come by.

Fraternally yours,  
P. D., INTERIM ED.

SIR GEORGE STEPHEN has resigned the presidency of the C.P.R. By this action our Horne is exalted.

\* \* \*

THE Ottawains are declaring that the milk combine must be broken. Right they are. The combination of *lac* and *aqua* must be discontinued. We prefer our milk to *lack* water.

\* \* \*

DOES the Padrone system include monkeys as well as children in the production of scudi? GRIP thinks it bad enough to have the juvenile decendants of monkeys thus utilized, but when it comes to our venerable and agile ancestors themselves suffering from a like tyranny, positively the line ought to be drawn tight round the larynx of the hurdy-gurdy man.

\* \* \*

AT the Lord Mayor's banquet on the 8th, Lord Salisbury said, "The great curse of Ireland was poverty." Apparently chestnut bells are not *au fait* at Lord Mayors' banquets, otherwise they would have rung long and loud at this original remark. "The Government," he continued, "was not able to diminish poverty or to enrich men, but they could enable men, without interference, to enrich themselves." Ah, yes! here is the whole trouble in a chestnut shell. For centuries, "without interference," landlords have been enabled to enrich themselves. Human poplars, they have held their heads high in the landscape, idly fluttering their leaves in the upper air, while their greedy roots have spread and drawn all the sap and nutrition out of the soil to the detriment of more important life. Root out the suckers, and Ireland's fertile soil will soon recuperate.

\* \* \*

WE have had a real *bona fide* eviction right here in Toronto. A woman and four children have been thrown into the street; illegally, wrongfully, it is asserted. All the particulars of the case, with names and dates, are given, all but the name of the evictor. One paper darkly hinted at one of our Toronto lawyers, but that's no clue; their name is Legion, and now we want to know what is the name of this cruel evictor who has not, it is said, even the excuse of being a landlord. And we also want to know how it is his name has been withheld. What is he sneaking and hiding under the bailiff's coat-tails for—eh?

P. D., INTERIM ED.

NOTHING less than a Royal Commission will be required to settle the rumpus between the commander-in-chief of the Ottawa Footguards and his officers.



THE MENDICANT OF THE DAY.

(SCENE—a front door in Toronto—A FACT.)

ABLE BODIED YOUNG MAN—"Missus, could you give me a pair of boots, a pair of pant's, a hat, and a necktie, 'cause the shoes I'm wearin' is wore out."

JOHN SMITH ON THE INEBRIATE ASYLUM PROPOSITION.

ABOUT this here consarn they're talking of now—  
I don't see—I don't quite understand;  
Seems to me this inebriate business o' theirs  
Is begun kinder at the wrong end.

There's hospitals here, an' there's refuges there  
Fer sick folks—that's all right I say;  
Fer sickness *will* come let you do as you will,  
So fer all sich I'm willin' to pay.

But I find when there's typhoid fever about,  
Or diphtery comes with a big scare,  
Straightway there's an order-in-council comes out  
For a great cleanin' out then an' there.

Ef typhoid's in the water, the water's condemned;  
Ef it's rubbish or rottin' refuse  
That's causin' the trouble—away with it straight;  
It's a nuisance, a shame, an abuse.

Or ef smallpox comes round; hurry up, here's the lymph,  
Bare yer arm to the lance, says the law;  
For the law holds prevention is better than cure.  
Object?—well, we don't care a straw.

Vaccinated you *must* be. The good of the whole  
Is the aim of good government here  
As elsewhere—so the rule is to stamp out the *cause*,  
And the evil will soon disappear.

So I don't see the sense of a-gettin' up this,—  
What-d'ye-call it? Dipzomaniac cure;  
While all them pizen-holes you keep open the same  
So's the trouble is bound to endure.

What a set of blame fools we must be, to be sure,  
To let folks keep pizenin' all round,  
While we keep on beggin' fer money to build  
Extry wards to bring patients around.

No—what I says is—do away with the "dips,"  
An' the "mania" we'll hear of no more;  
But don't talk to me of asylums or sich,  
While one blessed saloon's to the fore.

JOHN SMITH.

Rural Town, Ont.

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**Cheat, or Ye'll be Cheated.**

ALAS, alas!  
'Tis come to pass—  
That knowledge, meant for healing,  
Has sorrow brought  
For it has taught  
The legal art of stealing—  
Nor does he pass  
For but an ass  
Ordained to be defeated,  
That can believe  
He must deceive  
And cheat or he'll be cheated.

We vainly wink  
And try to blink  
And dodge the moral laws,  
Howe'er immense,  
Our want of sense  
Effect shall follow cause—  
"But Love and Truth  
In endless youth"  
Upon earth's throne are seated;  
While fear and doubt  
Come only out  
Of cheat or ye'll be cheated.

Not in the night,  
But in the light  
Of Freedom's lovely ray!  
How soon we guess  
That righteousness  
Will never, never pay:  
But for the land  
Howe'er so grand,  
There's many a sorrow meted,  
That builds its faith  
On what self saith  
In cheat or ye'll be cheated.

And let their crime  
Be killing time,  
Or pill'ring of the poor,  
On it depend,  
That in the end  
Their punishment is sure—  
Nor man nor state  
Can e'er be great,  
Already they're defeated!  
That put their trust  
In aught unjust—  
In cheat or ye'll be cheated,

And if we would  
Prefer the good,  
And rather bless than ban,  
Of all things strive  
To keep alive  
Your faith in God and Man.  
Words never came  
From souls aflame  
That ev'ry heart has greeted,  
No heroes bled,  
No hearts' blood shed  
For cheat or ye'll be cheated.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

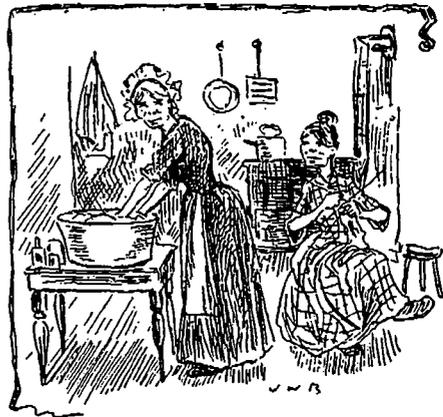
**LATEST FROM ROME.**

TRULY the ways of some newspaper men are past finding out! A recent item, speaking of the Pope's probable disposition of his jubilee gifts, says that he has managed to get rid of all except some hundreds of pairs of slippers *which are likely to remain on His Holiness' hands*, as they are such as only a Pope can wear. His Holiness is evidently ingenious. How clever to call his hands into requisition when the work of wearing them out was too arduous for his feet!

"THE Pope on Human Liberty" is it? enquired Mr. O' Rafferty, looking up from the *Empire* on Wednesday last. "Faix it's roight yes are! The old varmint has been on human liberty from the noight he was borrun,—sittin roight a-top av it, d'ye moind!"

**THE O'FLANNIGAN FEUD.**

FOR many years there has been a bitter feud between the O'Flannigan and the McMahan families. When Mrs. O'F. was interrogated concerning it, she laughed, but Mrs. McMahan, when spoken to on the subject, waxed unusually profane. Mrs. O'Flannigan baked her own bread. She always did. She didn't believe in baker's bread. It was sour, fushionless stuff, with nary a bit o' taste or substance in it. The only thing in the world Mrs. O'Flannigan was always in trouble about was—yeast. She had tried brewers' 'aste, hop 'aste, and salt rising; lately she had been using the Vienna pressed 'aste, but all were more or less faulty. So she told Mrs. McMahan one morning. Mrs. McMahan had dropped in just after the two husbands had gone to work, and found Mrs. O'Flannigan as usual up to the elbows in dough.



"Did yez iver thry the silf-raisin' flour, Misthress O'Flannigan," said her neighbor, folding her arms majestically across her ample chest, and looking wise.

"Silf-raisin' flour? No, ma'am. D'yez mane flour that'll roise widout 'aste?"

"Oi do thin, Sure oi read all about it in the papers. All yez have to do is to wet it wid wather, an' sure it'll rise up like to walk away out av the very house."

"D'ye moind now!" said Mrs. O'F., her eyes wide with admiration.

"Yis, ma'am, its meself nivir bakes me own bread, or its the silf-raisin' flour I'd use all the time."

"Bedad! I belave thin o'll be afther thrying it."

With Mrs. O'Flannigan, resolve meant action, and that instant. That evening a bag of self-raising flour was deposited on the lid of the chest that stood below her kitchen window, and she retired to sleep and dream of creamy white loaves rising up puff on puff without ary a bit o' 'aste. But the night was one of the hottest, Mr. O'Flannigan snored, if anything louder than usual, and at day dawn Mrs. O'F. was feign to take a bed-quilt, and folding it under her, lie down in the sweet rest and silence of the cool kitchen floor. It was not yet dawn, but in the atmosphere there lingered the light which illumes the land of dreams, a light which soothed Mrs. O'Flannigan's

irritated nerves, and suggested a strange dream about the bag of self-raising flour, which lay dimly before her on the lid of the chest below the window. The soft cool silence of the kitchen was delicious, and as Mrs. O'F. lay opening and shutting her eyes, lo! the window-sash raised up softly and slowly—so slowly, that by the time it was wide open, she had closed her eyes and drowsed off again. Then a soft muffled sound partially awoke her, and opening one eye she saw what made the other fly open on short notice—to wit—the flour bag slowly raising itself up off the chest lid up onto the window ledge, and finally glide slowly but surely out of the open window. In her half somnolent state Mrs. O'Flannigan laughed aloud and muttered as she turned over and went to sleep. "Faix then, and its mesilf will be afther makin' Misthress McMahan laugh to-narrow marnin', whin oi tell her about me quare ould dhrame. Silf-raisin' flour indade!" Exactly three hours after this Mr. O'F. had rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and entered the kitchen with the intention of lighting the fire. His movements awoke his wife, who exclaimed: "Och, Dinnis! sure an' I'm just afther dhramin' the quarest ould dhrame about that bag av silf-raisin' flour over there."

"Over where, Mrs. O'Flannigan?" said he, curtly, looking round the kitchen.

"On the chest be the window," said she, sitting up and pointing to the chest, whereon, however, no longer rested the flour. "Howly mother av Moses!" she exclaimed, and with the wail of a Banshee she leapt onto the floor, and strode to the open window and looked out. On the window sill, under it, and down the garden walk to the gate was a milkyway of flour, the contemplation of which plunged Mrs. O'F. into profound meditation. "The thafe av the wuruld," she muttered, as half dressed she followed with her eye the track of the flour clear up to the door of her friend, Mrs. McMahan, "an' mesilf to think it was a dhrame! Silf-raisin' flour indade!"

That afternoon, Mrs. O'Flannigan and four of her neighbors, the champion gossips of the village, walked into Mrs. McMahan's kitchen, each leisurely knitting a stocking the while. Mrs. McMahan said she had a bad headache, and was a-feared she would have to go to bed. Mrs. O'F. offered to make her a cup of tea, but Mrs. McMahan couldn't look at tea. "What have yez got in the big crock all kivered up so nicely?" asked one of the gossips. The crock was close to the stove covered up by a clean towel. "Nothing at all at all, Misthress O'Whist, only a bit av saft soap mesilf ud be afther tryin' to make."

"D'ye moind now! sure an' the loikes av Misthress McMahan oi never saw fur thrift," said another gossip, with effusion.

"Wad yez moind mesilf havin' a luck at the soap whin its a-makin'?" said Mistress O'Flannigan, reaching over to the crock.

"Don't sthir the towel for the life of yez! sure yez'll spile all me good saft soap," screamed Mrs. McMahan, nervously.

"Its beggin' yer pardin I'll be afther," she continued, "but I must be lyin' down fur me headache."

"Do, ma'am, an' sure we'll moind the house fur yez, and kape the hins out," said Mrs. O'F., winking to the gossips.

"Musha, luck at the towel! sure the saft soap is risin' like dough," cried Mistress O'Hara.

"The saints presarve us! its up out av the crock intoirely; its risin', Misthress McMahan—is it quicksilver

or the divil that's in the soap," screamed Mrs. O'Flannigan.

"Maybe, Mrs. McMahan, its the way the cat wint to shlope on tap av the soap; sure its like a cat's back whin she'll be a stretchin' hersilf afther a nap," said another, gravely.

"Be jabers, thin! maybe its the grate say sarpint she's afther kiverin' up in the crock," cried Mrs. O'Hara, winding up her stocking in mock alarm.



"Me opinon, Mrs. McMahan, is that you're afther settin' a foime batch av me silf-raisin' flour ye shtole this marnin'," said Mrs. O'F., sternly, "an' now, if yez plase, ye'll just carry over that crock wid the bread in it to me own kitchen where it belongs, an' thin yez'll cum straight back fur the resht av the flour, or get sint down fur turty days."

Mrs. McMahan quietly lifted the crock and walked over the street to Mrs. O'F.'s house, followed by the gossips and their urchins jeering and hooting—"Say, how are yez off fur silf-raisin' flour?" And that's the true inwardness of the feud between the O'Flannigans and the McMahons.



THE PRAYER QUESTION.

[Home of a certain able editor where articles are often left about in manuscript so that the children can see them. Enter bright little son, who petitions his ma for some favor.]

MA—"Oh, I don't know, dear; you had better ask papa."

BRIGHT LITTLE SON—"No; it wouldn't be any use; he might think it was the same as a prayer, and of course Pa wouldn't answer a prayer, 'cause he says God doesn't."



### AMBIGUOUS.

MR. COPAL VARNISH—"There! I call that sublime! What do you think?"

MR. PLAIN-TALK—"Well, I can't say its exactly sublime, but its only one step from it!"

### OLD FRIENDS.

THERE is another hoary-headed old falsehood that comes dancing around in its Sunday clothes every once in a while, looking so much like truth that people have at last come to consider it with a good deal of respect.

I always thought old friends were the best, probably because I had heard people say so so often. I frequently remembered my school chums and fancied if the whips and cords of time ever chased me into a hole, the old, old boys would come around with smiling faces and outstretched hands to pull me out again. But I've changed my mind. The other day a middle-aged man blew into my office, sat down beside the table, grasped my nervous palm with a fat and flabby hand and smiled at me with such warm affection that I had to lean up against his breath for support.

"I hope you are glad to see me Hennery," he at last with some emotion.

I said I was.

"It's a good many years now, since we were young and frisky together."

"Yes," I replied thoughtfully, "a good many years."

Then he launched out. He carried me through my school-days when we stole apples and water-melons together, and quarrelled about Mary Jones. Sweet little Mary—how the memory of thy pale child-face comes back to me now, bright, and pure, and tender as the wayside violet that blows in peace and happiness!

Tears came to my eyes with the thought of her. But my alleged old friend went on. He recounted anecdotes of my older days, many of which I had forgotten and many of which I would have gladly left at rest. With pitiless pertinacity he wrestled with them all. Well I bore them because—strange egotism of man—he talked about myself. Presently he left that engrossing subject and commenced telling me of people that I had known and people I didn't know. I tried hard to keep up the enthuse but it was no go. The foreman was howling around for copy and while this irrepressible, red-nosed, loud-voiced talker wandered on I could not write a line. I had lost all interest in the people he spoke of, some of them I had forgotten. What did I care about the reminiscences of his humdrum village life? I had made new friends and many. I lived in the present; I hated like thunder to be dragged back to a stuffy, stupid, uninteresting past.

When the evening came he got ready to start back to his excursion train. I was glad to see it. He leaned over to me and told me that he had been so glad to see me. He hadn't had such good time for years. He would come again and

come often, and would come prepared to linger, and speculate on the price of arsenic. As I speculated he said, half apologetically, half confidentially: "By the way Hennery, do you remember that \$25 you borrowed from me, before you left home thirteen years ago, old man—thirteen years, but I didn't forget it. Could you—?"

I could and I did. He went away. I felt sore. If any old friends of mine call again, they will find me armed—old friends are not the best. There is no friendship in them. They are the most barefaced, brazened, out-and-out frauds that this world of shams, and hypocrisies, and unwholesome creations of shallow sentimentality can boast of.

HENNERY SPIFF.

A SWALLOW TAIL—"Ten Nights in a Bar-room."

I love you not, my lass, you see,  
That fact is very plain,  
If you should give me one sweet kiss,  
I'll give it back again.



THE SERVANT GIRL'S GYMNASIUM.

ARRAH, Biddy, shtep in till I tell yez the latest,  
The greatest note iver yez heard in yer life;  
Faith its Paddy McFadden 'ill be left the natest,  
If he think he'll get *me* for a poor teamster's wife.

Sure its illigant gintry they're makin' us all here,  
Wid lovely tay-meetins an' music an' sich;  
An' a lovely jimnaisyun right in the hall here,  
Where all sorts of capers they're going to tache.

Sure, thim ladies the shoes off their feet are just wearin'  
A trapesin' the city from cock-shout till night,  
A beggin' for cappers an' rippin' an' tarin',  
Till they get every wan to come down wid their mite,

To the *Tiligram* boss sure we're mighty behowldin';  
He lep off his chair wid the dint of surprise;  
To think of us poor sarvint gurrils blue-mouldin',  
For want of the manes of some good exercise.

Sure out of his oyes the big tears they came rowlin',  
An' (savin' yer prisince) he nivir once swore!  
"Here's sivinty-foive dollars towards it, and Howlan'  
An' plinty of others," sez he, "moight give more."

All fur a jimnaisyun fur poor sarvint gurrils,  
As haven't no chance fur to take exercise;  
Sure the way round that big pole we capers and whurrils  
'Ud make iviry quill av a porky-pine rise.

There's Sarah-Ann Snooks, her who cooks for Miss Midgin,  
Now (savin' yer prisince), widout ary a lie,  
She'll rowl heels over head like a big tumbler pigeon,  
An' hang be her toes, an' wink straight in yer oye.

An' after the fun an' the big binidiction,  
There's Paddy McFadden, av coorse, at the dure,  
I couldn't go home widout dacent protiction,  
I knows what is due to me, Biddy, ashore!

An' sure, if it wasn't for that same jimnaisyun,  
The divil an exercise I'd get at all  
From the toime I get up iviry minute I saize on  
To wash thim front steps off an' clane up the hall.

An' the way I musht fly round a dustin' an' swapin',  
An' makin' the breakfast an' doin' up chores,  
An' doin' the bedrooms, an' all the time kapin'  
Me oye on the childer whin scrubbin' the floors.

On Monday there's washin', an' sich a big ironin';  
On Tuesdays, all day long I shtand on me fate;  
An' Win'sday, whin Missis photography's larnin',  
It's thin I take baby out into the shtrate.

Thin Thursday's resavin' day, I musht be dreshed  
To open the dure whin the bell rings, an' sure  
It goes all the toime, till I wish it was smashed,  
Or that Missis herself 'ud just mind her own dure.

I declare when I'm out for an hour in the avenin',  
I'm so tired I can scarcely luck out av me oyes,  
An' I feel its jimnastics so badly I'm wantin',  
An' what I need most is some good exercise.

Ye see, Biddy, health's the furshst *con*-sideration,  
An' health I can't have widout some exercise,  
So this avenin' I'll take yez up to the jimnaisyun,  
An' show yez me heels soarin' up to the skies.

BARNEY O'HEA.

AN ENQUIRY DEMANDED.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—The Ontario Government has just filled the chair of Political Science in the Provincial University, by the appointment of Mr. W. J. Ashley, M.A., of Oxford. I do not know this gentleman personally, but have no doubt that he is a very respectable person, as his certificates of character represent. I very much doubt his fitness for the position, however, as I understand that his views on political economy are opposed in many respects to those of Sir John A. Macdonald, and must therefore be erroneous. I am told that Prof. Ashley holds the following National Policy Doctrines to be false:—

1. That the producer and not the consumer pays the duty.
2. That a high tariff, which puts extra profits in the pockets of the protected manufacturer, thereby increases wages.
3. That an increase in the cost of living, caused by tariff taxes, does not decrease the purchasing power of wages.
4. That combines are good for the country.
5. That the consumer has no rights which a Government is bound to respect.

In short, sir, I am informed that Prof. Ashley is a believer in the unspeakable heresy of Free Trade. This is a grave charge, and I think, in the interests of the university and the public, an investigation should be demanded, before the Professor is allowed to begin his work. Yours truly,  
N. P. BOODLE.



THE REV. GENTLEMAN (*in conversation with his rural parish-ioner*)—"Yes, I am strongly in favor of the movement now on foot to increase the influence of the laity."  
THE PARISHONER'S WIFE (*who has just come up*)—"But, preacher, they are gumblin' at the price of eggs as it is!"

## ON THE BAY.

THE mellow moonlight falling o'er the bay,  
A lugger trim, propelled by gentle wind,  
The rippling sound of sportive waves at play,  
The shadow of the sail cast far behind.

A dreamy silence o'er the waters wide,  
A song that even in its singing dies,  
A dainty, white-robed figure by my side,  
The love-light beaming from her dear, sweet eyes.

Far overhead some circling, silent bird  
My cheek brushed with one wind-stirred, truant tress,  
A question low, that scarcely could be heard,  
A blush, confusion, and a whispered "Yes!"

The mellow moonlight falling o'er the land,  
The love-blush mantling still o'er dream-eyed faces,  
Her lips pressed close to mine, hand clasped in hand,  
And I—Great Heavens!—I have bust my braces!

W. C. N.

Toronto, Aug., 1888.

## SCOTTIE CAMPS OUT.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—Just imagine ye see yer humble servant makin' his lodgin' on the cauld ground, in a tent wi' a lame side till't, an' twa muckle holes in the tap o't through which he can lie an' survey the stars, while hunders o' speedirs, an' ants, an' a' ither kind o' field vermin are overhaulin' ma helpless body an' makin' a comfortable an' sappy supper aff ma sonsy carcass. Eh, but the next time ye hear o' me gaun campin' oot jist let me ken about it. Ma first exploit was tae gang in an' hae a soom, for the day was het an' I thoct a gude caller plouter in the water wad dae me nae ill. Sae I strippit, but afore I could get intae the water I had tae wade through twa-rae acre o' reeds an' rashes, for ye see I had pitched ma tent in a spot that wad remind me o' that auld sang, "Green grow the rashes O!" Inded I began singing it the minute I set ma fit intae them, but gade kens afore I was weel in amang them, I was singing wi' the ither side o' ma moo. I felt first ane sting an' then anither in ma legs as they sank in the mud, but gudesake! when I liftit up ma leg, tae luck an' see what was wrang, it was black wi' leeches! Leeches—an' ilka ane sookin' like a youngster six months auld. Horrifeed, I strippit them off an' then tuk up the tither leg an' there was a snake twisted roond and roond it! Wi' ae jerk I grabbit the wretch by the neck an' flung him half a mile frae me an' hurried in tae-wards the water as fast as I could wade. But the farther in I gaed the deeper I sank, till the first think I kent I gaed plout intae the waist in a mud hole an' there I stuck like puir Christian in the Slough o' Despond. It was nae use strugglin', for the mair I tried tae get oot the deeper I sank, till, seein' there was naething for it but tae wait till somebody cam tae the rescue, I jist stayed still, hangin' on tae the roots o' the reeds. What I suffered nae tongue can tell, the sun cam poorin' doon like liquid fire on ma puir head; ma nose, an' ma shouthers began tae blister; the miskeetys got up a grand concert wi' refreshments in honor o' the occasion, an' there were horse flees an' a' ither kind o' flees o' every color cam samplin' ma bluid till I was a' red lumps frae ma head tae ma waist. At last a bit boatie wi' a lad an' a lass cam rowin' near by, an' I implored them tae help me oot o' my awfu' predicament. The young fellow said it wadna be very pleasant tae hae a mudlark like me in the boat wi' a young leddy, but wi' great gude sense

she insisted on ma bein' rescued then an' there, an' wi' great difficulty I was landed in the boat wi' twa inches o' mud stickin' tae ma bathin' breeks. He very kindly rowed me intae clear water whaur I jump in an' sune made masel luck something human again. I tuk care tae get ashore at a mair handy spot than I gaed in at; but when I cam tae luck for ma claes, deil a dud was tae be seen, an' I had tae walk up tae the tent wi' the sun broilin' ma bare shoothers waur than puir St. Lawrence. Practical jokes are a' vera weel, but I didna thank the fellow that made aff wi' ma claes an' deposited them in the tent. That night I was fit for naething—ma skin was like a boiled labster, an' ma head was jist splittin'. Sae I laid doon early; but waes ma, ye wad think a' the creepin' vermin o' creation had entered intill a conspiracy tae pyke the very flesh aff my banes. However, clean worn oot wi' scartin' an' fechtin', at last I fell asleep. Then in a meenit I was wakened by the most awfu' through the muir ye ever heard, nae less than twa muckle dowgs fechtin' on tap o' me. It seems a bull dowg had been intill the tent an' had ta'en up his quarters there, an' later on anither ane had come snoopin' along, and waukened him, an' they at it tooth an' nail. Up I flew an' seizin' haud o' ma gun I jist laid it aboot the beasts promiscuously i' the dark, whack here or whack there, wi' only a fearfu' yelp noo an' again tae tell whaur I had hit ane o' them. As soon as silence was restored doon I lay again an' had jist gotten weel on tae the land o' dreams, when, crack! I thoct the day o' doom had come, an' up I sprang in great terror. A blindin' flash o' licht filled the tent, that began tae flap an' belly oot an' rock like a ship at sea, an' then sic a doonpoor o' rain cam on as gart me think o' the deluge. Crack gaed the thunder, peal after peal—till wi' a great blow an' a snappin' o' strings an' gude kens a' what, doon cam the tent, buryin' me in the ruins. In twa rea meenits baith me an' the tent were soomin'; an' when at last day brak I stud up in that sodden field an' I made a solemn vow afore the assembled campers that never while I keepit ma seven senses wad I ever again leave ma gude comfortable hoose tae gae oot campin'. Yours drookitly

HUGH AIRLIE.



AT NIAGARA LANDING—A FACT.

LIBEL-SUIT SHEPPARD (accosting Rev. Move-on Wilson)—"Ah I greet thee, Brother convict!"



J.W. Bengough

PIC-NIC PRACTICE!



OH, so you think a young and enthusiastic lover resembles the star twirler of the Toronto base-ball team because he is always Atkisson, do you, Henry? Yes, well if you will kindly refrain from telling us what you think we shall be obliged to you.

The fact that "The letter that he longed for never came" is accounted for by the theory that she gave it to her husband to post for her.

The dew dropped on the gentle flowers, and the dude dropped when his washer-woman requested him, in front of his best girl, to please call and settle. This is a new styl of joke. A tank of laughing gas goes with each package.

It is a singular fact that the restaurant that advertises "Game in Season" never has it in the season for games.

Apropos of the recently published lists of "Books that have helped me," no one seems to have reflected that a properly conducted bank-book is the finest of them all.

Some popular novels: "The Legacy of Cain"—Sugar; "A Modern Magician"—Herrmann; "Sundered Hearts"—A bobtail flush in them

One's a busy bee, and the other's a boot-black, but they both improve each shining hour.

#### A LEAP YEAR FANTASY.

One evening o'er at Hanlan's isle  
 My love and I went straying,  
 We watched the people pass awhile,  
 And music sweet was playing,  
 And though I knew her free from guile  
 Methought she was delaying,  
 My tender words which might beguile  
 Her to my love, repaying;  
 That evening o'er at Hanlan's isle  
 When love and I went straying.

And still we go to Hanlan's isle,  
 And still we go astraying,  
 And watch the people pass awhile  
 While music sweet is playing,  
 But now *she* woos with look and smile,  
 And now *I* am delaying,  
 For though her heart be free from guile  
 Her love-words I am saying;  
 For leap-year, love, at Hanlan's isle,  
 Has set my heart a-straying.

[NOTE—We understood from the gifted author of this that it is from the German. The gifted author is now dead. He died editorially and suddenly. The German can have the poem back again by proving property and paying expenses. ED. GRIP.]

#### THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH A MASKINONGE.

It was getting tiresome. Luck seemed to be dead against me. Jones and Brown seemed to have nothing to do but to throw in and the fish would come swarming about the bait, each more eager than the next to have

the honor of being caught by such doughty fishermen While I, John Smith,—I might fish all day unnoticed by bass or sunfish or by any living thing save and accept the humming hordes of mosquitoes that deserted Jones and Brown to fatten on my swelling flesh.

And so it was with trolling. I might drag the shining bait through sun and shadow with my nerves on a terrible strain of eager expectancy and all in vain, but let me give up my post and take an oar, and as I did so, as sure as fate would come a jerk or tug, a plunge, and some monster of the deep would flap in the boat and be set down to the growing credit of Jones or Brown.

I could stand it no longer. And so, on that eventful Friday, I resolved to be no longer the subject of my comrades' jests. Was fate against me? I would defy fate! I let out my trolling line with fire in my heart and a determination in my eye. No maskinonge could withstand my settled resolution. I would catch one or break the line in a wild endeavour.

Out, still out it went for I had made up my mind to spare no length of line. Hold, what was that? There it is again. Aha, the old chap is tasting the bait. Hello, a tug!—strong and full this time. "Pull, boys, pull," I shouted, my cheeks hot and my eyes flushing. "How the beggar pulls!"

I hauled in the line, hand over hand, forgetting in my haste what little science I ever knew. For my day of misfortune was past,—my luck had turned. Still on he came, pulling as I had never felt fish pull before. What a monster he must be! The others caught my excitement and were all alive with expectation. Brown saw his head and swore he weighed fifty pounds at least. In still he came, closer yet closer! Now he is almost alongside and, with one last effort, I give the final jerk and land the monster in the boat.

\* \* \* \*

Exhausted by my terrific efforts, I could not at first understand why Jones and Brown first stared, then burst into roars of laughter.

\* \* \* \*

Gentle reader, pity me. You have been there yourself and will permit me to draw a veil over the scene that followed. My first maskinonge was—a log!



T.W.B.

"WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LADI!"

**FORCE OF HABIT.**

"Does the razor hurt you?"  
No reply.  
"Is the draft too strong?"  
No reply.  
"Shall I shut the door?"  
No reply.  
"Think Cleveland will be re-elected?"  
No reply.  
"Awful fire in New York last night?"  
No reply.  
"Shave you pretty close?"  
No reply.  
"Getting very warm now?"  
No reply.  
"That was a heavy thunder-storm last night?"  
No reply.  
"Shampoo?"  
No reply.  
"Trim your hair up a little?"  
No reply.  
"Brilliantine on the moustache?"  
No reply.  
"Bay rum?"  
No reply.  
Then the country barber, who was all alone in his breezy shop, sat down greatly refreshed. He had been shaving himself.—*R.K.M., in Puck.*

EVERY one who would like to know something about *Montreal*, should secure a copy of *Murray's New Guide*. Price, 15 cents. For sale by the booksellers, also by the author, N. Murray, 498 St. James Street, *Montreal*, agent for Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

"GOING to take any vacation this summer, old man?" asked Briggs of Diggs.  
"You bet!" said Diggs, cheerfully.  
"Two weeks of solid fun!"  
"Good," said Briggs. "And where do you think you'll go to spend it?"  
"Oh!" responded Diggs. "I'm not going anywhere. My wife's mother is going to spend a fortnight with my Cousin Jim."—*Somerville Journal.*

**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.

**TO AVOID MISTAKES.**

TRAMP—"I'm starving."  
LADY—"What do you want?"  
TRAMP—"Here is a printed menu I carry:

- POTAGE.  
Bean.
- ENTREE.  
Croquettes a la Harlem.
- ROAST.  
Goat.
- WIGITABLES.  
Onions.
- WINE.  
Chateau Bourbon."

—*Time.*

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

**TO THE DEAF.**—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

"LOOKING at the eclipse, are you, my friend?" said the night policeman, as he jerked the prostrate figure to its feet and started to lead it out of the lake park.

"Yesh," replied the figure, in an awestruck yet rather thick whisper, "lookin' at the clipse. I c'n see half dozen of 'em! Shay, wish 's th' p'tick'ler one adv'ised f'r t'night—shay?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THERE will be a total eclipse of the moon to-morrow night," remarked the Horse Editor.

"No; it will be a partial eclipse," replied the Snake Editor.

"Well, the almanac says it will be a total eclipse, visible to the larger part of the world, except Eastern Europe and Asia."

"Doesn't that show it's partial? If it were impartial it would exhibit to all sections."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE minister sought to improve the time by giving Bobby a lesson in morality.

"My boy," he said, "I have lived forty-five years, and have never used tobacco in any form, nor told a lie, nor swore, nor played hooky, nor—"

"Have you got any little boys?" interrupted Bobby.

"No, I have never had any little boys."  
"Well, they are mighty lucky," said Bobby.—*San Francisco Wasp.*

**Consumption Surely Cured.**

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 P.O. address.

Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**UNHAPPY PAPA!**

WHEN Kate was very young and small,  
The song she used to sing was this:  
"I do so badly want a doll." Ah!  
Now that Kate is large and tall,  
The song has changed to wheedling kiss.  
"I do so sadly need a dollar."—*Time.*

**CORKED.**

A FOREIGNER man—Emanuel Stork—  
Arrived one day at the port of New York;  
But he couldn't get in,  
'Cause he hadn't the tin  
For the tax on his leg, which was cork.

**CATARRH.**

**CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—  
A NEW TREATMENT.**

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

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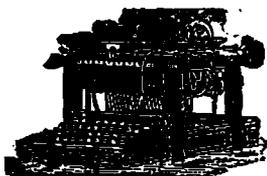
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 GUEST—"Ah! oui! oui! zee vin ees so goot, Je now no more drink, Merci." (He had just swallowed some white wine vinegar, which had been placed on the table by mistake.)

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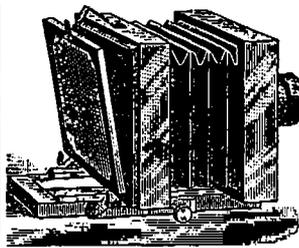


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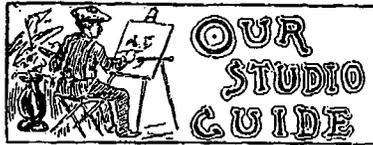
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