



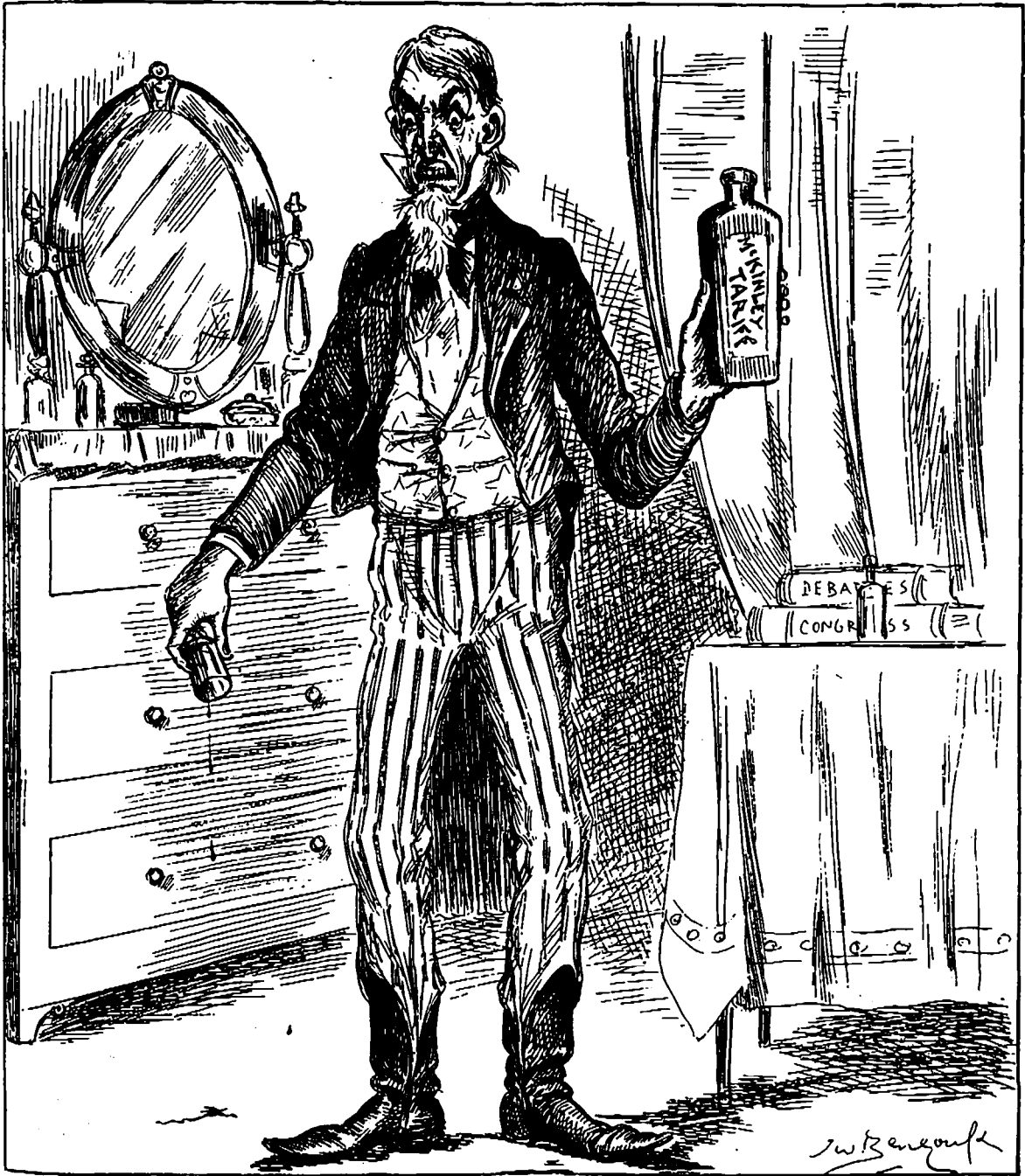
# GRIP



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**AFTER THE EMETIC.**

Wait till it works and Uncle Sam will throw up the Protective System!

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments

ON THE

Cartoons.

THE OBLIGING CALL-BOY.—In a recent speech in Nova Scotia Sir John Macdonald, "to relieve the suspense of his Grit friends and to ease his own conscience," announced that there would certainly be no general

election this year and probably not next year. This, of course, ends all controversy, and the signs of life which were beginning to manifest themselves in the Liberal camp in view of the possibility of a sudden call to arms will at once disappear. Or, to use a figure more in accordance with the suggestion of our cartoon, the Liberal leaders, on this reassurance, will go in for "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," with the probable result of getting most effectually left when at last the bell does ring.

AFTER THE EMETIC.—Uncle Sam has swallowed the McKinley emetic, and the nausea is already depicted upon his features. Presently he will throw up the whole Protective system, which is an irritation to the internal economy of any nation. This we believe, notwithstanding the *ex cathedra* deliverance of the N.Y. Tribune that really nobody in the United States besides Sherman, Hitt, Butterworth and Wiman, ever think of Reciprocity with Canada. The new tariff is likely to be a pretty general aid to thought throughout the Republic, even where little has been

done heretofore. But about the least reliable source of intelligence on such a subject is the N.Y. Tribune which, whatever it may have been in the hands of Horace Greeley, is now among the most narrow and inconsistent of the organs of a party which has itself dropped from Lincoln to Matt Quay. It is worthy of mention in this connection that while the Tribune is, as per usual, singing the praises of high Protection as a boon to the workman in America, its editor, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who happens to be American Minister at Paris, has been urging upon the French authorities the removal of the tax on American hogs on the ground that high taxation "benefits nobody but a small class of middle men, who are able to get higher prices than they could command in the face of fair competition." If Mr. Reid comes home with a stock of common sense like this, and acts accordingly, we may hope to find the Tribune itself amongst the advocates of Reciprocity before long.



S A HEN a bird? This ornithological question is worthy of the attention of our ripest scholars, and we would suggest to Mr. Goldwin Smith that it furnishes a worthy subject for his facile pen, because it has a direct and important bearing on the great question of our Trade Relations with the United States. An argument for the affirmative which could not be upset by pettifogging tariff lawyers across the line would be worth some \$2,000,000 to our farmers, for it would do away with the duty of five cents per dozen on eggs now imposed by the Americans. It appears that when Bill McKinley was making the McKinley Bill, he wrote down, "Eggs of birds, fish and insects, free," and this still stands in the law. Now, if a hen is a bird, how can the Yanks avoid letting in hens' eggs free under this clause?

\* \* \*

THIS is as nice a question as that concerning the whale—whether a fish or an animal? Apropos of which, there is a good thing told of a Scottish schoolmaster up Wingham way. The conversation happening to turn on Mark Twain and his humor, somebody quoted Mark's witty reply to the correspondent who asked him whether it was true that fish was good as brain food. "I believe it is," said Mark, "but I don't know precisely just how much fish is necessary in any given case. I should suppose, however, that a couple of whales would be about right for you to begin on." The dominie enjoyed this hugely, laughing both long and loud. When the fit of merriment had passed off sufficiently to allow of comment, said he: "To think that Mark Twain should suppose a whale is a fish, when it's an animal!" And yet they say Scotchmen can't appreciate jokes!

\* \* \*

OUR Scottish frien', John Imrie, has started a wee bit paper o' his ain, whilk he ca's the *Scottish Canadian*. It is a neatly printed twelve-page-sheet, with a highly artistic heading, into which is deftly wrought, "A man's a man for a' that," "Scots wha hae," "Nemo me impune lacesset," "We're a' John Tamson's Bairns," and "For Auld Lang Syne." John himself only kens why the remaining twa dizzen o' Scottish mottoes were ignored. To make up for this omission, however, he contributes a new and original song (music by E. Corlett), of which the following is the tooth watering chorus:

"Brose, parritch, haggis an' bannocks,  
Are dainties abune a' compare,  
Nae English, French, Yankees or Canucks  
Could mak' such a gran' bill o' fare!"

THE patriotic papers of this Province, as in duty bound, are pointing with pride to the speed and certainty with which justice is meted out to murderers by our Canadian courts. The self-paid compliment is deserved. Given a murder, an arrest, and a chain of evidence leaving no reasonable doubt of guilt, and our judges and juries certainly get in their work with neatness and despatch. But it humbles our pride a little to contemplate the formidable list of cases in which we have nothing to show but the murder. Where, for example, is the "party or parties unknown" who butchered the old lady at the Humber a few years ago? Where is the murderer of Mrs. Spears in St. John's Ward? Where the rayer of Mr. Morse? And where a great many other red-handed wretches who are as yet unwhipt of justice?

\* \* \*

IT is no joke to play a church organ when you don't understand the stops, and we should suppose the experience is much the same in the matter of a Party organ. Take the *Empire*, for example, and consider the feelings of the editor, when he reads in his own columns, almost alongside of his severe comments on the extravagance of the Mowat Government timber policy, the following dispatch from Port Arthur, which has somehow slipped in:

"A number of Rat Portage and Port Arthur lumbermen, who have been attending the big pine sale in Toronto, have arrived back. The prices which the Government realized for the timber berths in Port Arthur district are considered excessive."



UNNNY thing, isn't it, that the Government of the Province of Ontario, which does not itself possess the constitutional power of prohibiting the liquor traffic, can still confer that power upon the municipalities, as it has done in the Act just passed? Nobody seems to question the validity of the new Act, however, and meanwhile prohibitionists ought to go ahead with thankful hearts. Nothing is more certain than Provincial

Prohibition, if each municipality will in turn follow the example of Lanark township and squelch the drink traffic. The law will also have a better chance of fair enforcement when it is deliberately adopted by small communities, each acting for itself. Mr. Mowat has certainly squared accounts with the temperance men in giving them this Act.

\* \* \*

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 1st.—The Secretary of the Navy yesterday decided to let the Cramps build two of the battle ships and the triple screw cruiser, the former at \$3,020,000 each and the latter at \$2,725,000. The Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, will construct the other battle ship, according to the Cramp plan.

IF a well-disposed neighbor may be permitted to comment on this in a friendly way, we would indicate to Uncle Sam that he is making a world-renowned ass of himself with his "new navy." If the rascally politicians at Washington *must* squander the money they wring from the people through a robber-tariff, they ought at least to be able to find some harmless way of doing it. In building war-ships - which will be of no use for fighting purposes when finished—the American Republic is countenancing the barbarous example of the "effete monarchies" of the Old World, and altogether going back upon the lofty ideal set up by the fathers of the nation. Against whom does Uncle Sam suppose he is preparing to defend his country? The Canadians? He

need give himself no alarm on that score. Canada is the only power on this continent which is able to whip him—*Vide* History of 1812, etc.—and assurances of pacific intentions in this quarter ought to put him at his ease.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.



THE forthcoming (it is in reality the twelfth coming) issue of this popular annual will appear about Nov. 1st. It will consist of thirty-two pages and an illustrated cover, and will be packed full of good things, the offspring of pen and pencil. The calendar pages will be new in design, each being surmounted by an amusing sketch introducing twenty well-known politicians of Canada. This same comical score will appear in seven different scenes. The table of remarkable events will fix the dates of some very remarkable events indeed. Mr. Phillips Thompson will contribute some capital things in prose and verse, and the double-page cartoon by Mr. Bengough, a burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting of "Napoleon in the Height of his Glory," will be alone worth more than the price of the *Almanac*, which will remain at the old established figure of 10 cents. Our readers who wish to obtain copies are advised to remit order accompanied by the price as early as possible.

SAM HAYSEED, who is in attending the University, puts his watch under his spring mattress every night, because he says he has always been used to sleeping on a tick.



A DEMURRER.

JUDGE SNUFFY—"Erasmus Lightfoot, you are charged with chicken stealing. Have you a lawyer?"  
 ERASMUS—"No, sah."  
 JUDGE SNUFFY—"Do you wish the court to assign you a lawyer?"  
 ERASMUS—"No, sah; no sah!"  
 JUDGE SNUFFY—"What do you wish to do about it?"  
 ERASMUS—"Well, Jedge, if it's all de same to you, I'd jess as leave dismiss de case."

## HOW TO TEACH LOYALTY.

LASTING impressions oft we find  
 Implanted in the childish mind,  
 And, take it as a general rule,  
 There's something to be learned at school.

'Tis obvious that never yet  
 A child was taught the alphabet  
 Without acquiring in degree  
 Some knowledge of his A. B. C.

And so with other things than this,  
 Instruction comes not much amiss,  
 For education is designed  
 To store and elevate the mind.

I might devote more space to show  
 That 'tis advisable to know,  
 As information well acquired  
 Is very much to be desired.

'Tis also proper to infuse  
 Loyal and patriotic views,  
 Which in the future may ensure  
 Snug office or fat sinecure.

No man not truly loyal gets  
 The Government to pay his debts,  
 And patriotic aspiration  
 Is oft rewarded by the nation.

And so our school-children are taught  
 True loyalty in deed and thought,  
 By flag-hoisting and other rites  
 In memory of Queenston Heights.

Now all this thing is very well,  
 But if you want to make it tell,  
 And rub it in so it will stay,  
 Methinks I know a better way.

If loyalty you'd inculcate,  
 The matter thusly you might state:  
 "Dear children, you before you see  
 The grand results of loyalty.

"Here's your inspector, Mr. Hughes,  
 All know his patriotic views;  
 With a three thousand dollar berth  
 Well may he love his native hearth.

"And here's another favored one—  
 Lieut.-Col. Denison.  
 He works about two hours a day,  
 Four thousand dollars is his pay.

"A warrior bold of martial mien,  
 Well may he shout 'God save the Queen.  
 To him it means 'God save myself,  
 My office, perquisites and pelf."

"Sir Adolphe Caron—useless dude—  
 But with true loyalty imbued,  
 Draws seven thousand dollars clear  
 For mighty little work each year.

"So from these specimens you see  
 The value of true loyalty,  
 So to the dear old flag be true,  
 Perhaps some day they'll pension you."

## AN UNFORTUNATE BARBER.

CUSTOMER (to barber at Regina)—"That was a great scheme of Cardinal Newman's barber to save the Cardinal's hair and then dispose of it to his admirers. I suppose you never thought of that."

BARBER (sadly)—"Oh, yes, I have. But, unfortunately, the only great man among my patrons has no hair visible to the naked eye. Just my luck!"



## FISHED FOR A COMPLIMENT AND GOT IT.

ALICE (looking at her portrait)—"Don't you think that Van Brush has managed to make rather a pretty picture of me?"

EDITH—"Yes, he really has—what a remarkably clever artist he is!"—*Munsey's Weekly.*

## PAUL PEEL.

THE London *Advertiser* honors Paul Peel by making him the subject of one of its well-written "Pen-and-ink Portraits." The young artist deserves the compliment, for he has fairly won his spurs, though he doesn't go around wearing them on his every-day boots. He is a modest, hard-working young fellow, and although the writer of the "portrait" mentions the "thick black lock falling over the brow," and the cravat which "oversteps the strict bounds of conventionality by presuming to be picturesque," the youthful reader with artistic aspirations is notified that these do not constitute Paul Peel. The trouble with some of our painters is that they go in more for thick black locks and picturesque cravats than for paint. Mr. Peel got where he is by hard study and faithful work, and we are glad to learn that he thinks there is a wide and attractive field for native artists in Canada, for it is probably his intention to settle down here for the future. He is now giving an exhibition of his works in this city.

**PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOFI.**

**T**IS singler how sum men wich make a outkri ef the preacher talks moar than 1/2 an our wil set quitey an lissen tew a politickle speaker fur 2 or 3 ours an maik no kik.

It wood never dew too allow wimmen to voat, espeshalli now that kneegrows an Injuns hav the suffraje. We shoold then hav noboddy tew look down on.

The man wich sez that Shaikspeer dident rite his own plase is a skoundril an a idjot. We litterery men must stand together, bi thunder!

Wat does Prof. Goldwin Smith know about "Loialti," anyway? He has never tride too git anny offis or hav tarif changed fur his benefit. He ain't in it.

Sum ov theze dase when I've maid mi pile an kin afford it, I shal taik holt an tri develop Canadean litteratoor. Meanwhile I must just hustell an rite stuff that wil sell.

Birchel has a klaim onto the simpathy ov the relijous world. He has tride mitey hard tew live up to the dock-trine uv total depravity.

The poit rites admirinly ov sum feller wich—

Looks the hole world in the face,  
Fer he oze not anny man.

That's nothin tew the gall. ov sum people wich I cood name hoo look the world in the face wile they can't walk a blok without meetin a creditter.

**TO ENCOURAGE THE OTHERS.**

**P**OLICEMAN QUINN has of course been discharged from the force For using his club with some freedom,  
When next we've a riot  
Let peelers keep quiet,  
A lesson this case ought to read 'em.

When Orange toughs meet  
For a row on the street,  
Stirred up by fanatical heelers,  
They can freely throw stones  
To break Catholic bones,  
Without any fear of the peelers.

Ere to strike they begin  
Let the police think of Quinn,  
Nor venture on drawing a baton,  
They should gently and low  
Say "please boys do go,"  
If they do any more they'll be sat on.

They may thump if they like  
Paddy, Dennis or Mike  
And persons of neutral complexion,  
But the "loyalist" crew,  
Who wear orange and blue,  
Are under official protection.

**PERSONAL.**

**M**R. CHAS. J. WINTERS, of Woodstock, passed yesterday morning reading and in conversation. His breakfast consisted of lamb chops, sausage, fried potatoes, buttered toast and coffee, and he seemed to thoroughly enjoy the meal. For dinner he ate roast duck, potatoes, Queen's pudding and pumpkin pie. In answer to a query as to his health he replied, "Oh, first rate, thank you." It is true Mr. Winters has not been convicted of murder, nor is he in jail, but surely that is no reason why an intelligent and discriminating public should not take an interest in his little private affairs, as noted above.



**AT AN OCTOBER PARTY.**

**WHIFFLES**—"Pleasad evedig, Biss Bodtague?"

**MISS MONTAGUE**—"Charming; but I wish we could have some music. Isn't there somebody here who can 'touch the light guitar'?"

**WHIFFLES** (*sadly literal*)—"Yes; I have a slight touch of id byself!"

**MUTUAL CONGRATULATIONS.**

**S**AYS Harcourt to Dryden,  
"Your sphere seems to widen—  
An omen of good for the nation.  
When your chances you tried  
It was all cut-and-dried  
In returning you by acclamation."

Says Dryden to Harcourt,  
"Our ordeals are short;  
It didn't surprise me a bit,  
For the verdict I waited  
In hope when they stated,  
'Hark! Court is commencing to sit!'"

**SLICK SPEECHES.**

**T**HE Ministerial speeches were well received at Halifax the other day. The two Sir Johns had done the Haligonians the compliment to study *Sam Slick* before going East, and the speeches illustrated *Sam's* method of "soft sawder and human natur" most admirably.

**IT ALL DEPENDS.**

**P**ROFESSOR OF POLITICAL ECONOMY—"When a protective tariff is imposed upon imports, who pays the duty? Come, gentlemen, that is a question which the merest tyro ought to be able to answer conclusively. What do you say, Judkins?"

**STUDENT**—"It all depends, sir."

**PROFESSOR**—"Depends on what?"

**STUDENT**—"Why, on your politics. If you're a Grit, the consumer pays 'em; if you're a Tory, it's the producer."



### GUARDING OUR MORALS.

POLICE CONSTABLE HASTY (who is noted in the Force for his culture and moral vigilance)—“Come along wid me, you blasphemious foreign vagrant; how dar' yez play that indacent Krootzer Sonater on the public strate!”

### THE HOME MARKET.

“SIR JOHN is a humbug!” roared farmer Heighmow—“he promised us a home market and said it would keep us busy supplying it—but there's no such thing in existence!”

“Isn't, hey?” replied his neighbor. “Well, I know it keeps *me* putty busy s'plyin' 'em up to *my* home!”



### A POLITICIAN'S AID SOCIETY.

SOME of the earnest and practical philanthropists of Toronto are promoting the establishment here of a Children's Aid Society, whose object will be to rescue and save young children who have been thrown upon their own resources, and are in danger of coming to moral ruin. The sound principle upon which the proposed society is to work, is that “it is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals.” GRIP need scarcely say that he has every sympathy with the movement, and will take it as an honor to be permitted to aid it in any way in his power. While glancing over the circular sent out by the preliminary committee, it struck him that there is a place in the political world for a similar institution for the rescue of neglected politicians. With but a slight change in the wording of this address, it may truly be said “He is a hard man who does not pity the poor politician, face to face with the world and without a hand to guide him, a heart to love him, or any one to care when he turns into the broad road of corruption and timber-limiting, and follows the worthless and heartless

crowd hurrying along to a common doom of public execration.” As in the case of vagrant children, it is time that we turned our attention to the eradication of the causes which produce crooked politicians rather than to the vain attempts to remedy the effects of their existence. Heretofore we have sought to reform such characters by “going for them” in the public prints, by striving to defeat them at the polls, and, in extreme cases, by putting them in prison. In this way we have driven them into herds, in which evil communications have still further corrupted bad manners. What is needed is remedial not punitive measures. We ought to have some institution which would take these political waifs and train them in the rudiments of honesty and patriotism, rooting out the perverse love of boodle and office which now monopolizes their hearts, and replacing it with the noble ideal of public usefulness.

### FOREWARNED AND FOREARMED.

TODGERS—“Did you ever see such fools as some of these young English fellows who come out here to learn farming? Met one of them the other day and he had a rifle, a shot-gun, a bowie knife and a revolver as his outfit. Ha, ha! What do you think of that?”

BEESWAX—“Well, I should say he was a mighty sensible young fellow. That's just the kind of an outfit a man wants when he's going among robbers.”

### WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER BE?

BOBBLES—“I tell you it's magnificent, sir. The best novel I've read for a dog's age. I solemnly declare to you that I'd sooner be the author of ‘Geoffery Hampstead’ than of ‘David Copperfield.’”

CAVERHILL—“Oh, come now, that's going too far altogether! Stinson Jarvis is a clever fellow and has given us a good enough book, but to compare him with Dickens—”

BOBBLES—“It's just as I say. I'd rather be him than Dickens by a long way—(indignant cries of protest)—because you see Dickens is dead.”

### THE CONGRESS OF WOMEN.

TORONTO is honored this week as the scene of the annual convention of the Association for the Advancement of Women—an organization which, though far removed from amatory impulses, “embraces” a lot of handsome and clever ladies. Indeed, if the average society man could be induced to speak out candidly for once, he would confess that the evident braininess of the meeting is its greatest drawback. It would better accord with his notions of the sphere and endowments of the gentle sex if the programme, instead of announcing the deucedly learned papers and discussions which it did announce, had set forth something like this:—

- Woman in the Ballroom, by Miss Tissie Lightfoot.
- Practical Value of Puff Powder, by Mrs. Haresfoot Rouge.
- Five o'Clock Teas, by Miss Kate Gadabout.
- More Men at Watering-places, by Mrs. Ketchem.
- The Gain and Loss of Coronet Hunting Abroad, by Miss Ten Eyck Million.
- The Influence of Saturday Night, by Miss Flossie Gigglemore.
- Woman and the Drawing Room, by Mrs. J. Hevy Swellton.
- Scientific Treatment for Complexions, by Madame Recamier Creme.
- Study of the Peerage, by Mrs. Unclesam.
- The Tinted Women of Society, by Miss Pearl Whyte.
- A Paper on Society Plays, by Miss Marjory Footlite.



## THE P. S. SEX.

SHE—"You didn't stay with her long?"

HE—"Hardly. I asked her to marry me, and she said no."

SHE—"Still you should have remained. There's generally a postscript to what a girl says."—*fury.*

## A CENTURY HENCE.

A FORECAST OF FRENCH ASCENDENCY IN THE NOT  
DISTANT FUTURE.

MR. BELLAMY'S clever and suggestive "Looking Backward" has set a new fashion in literature. Books and sketches anticipating the course of events and depicting the condition of society a century or so ahead are becoming common. It is for the time being the most popular way of expounding social and political theories not yet within the scope of practical politics. By the courtesy of the author, GRIP has been favored with a glance at the advance sheets of a work shortly to be published entitled "Canada One Hundred Years Hence," the hero of which, after the perusal of an article in the *Mail*, falls asleep, and on waking finds himself in King Street in the year 1990. What he saw and heard is best told in his own words as follows:

Where was I? I looked around me with a strange, dazed sensation. I put my finger in my mouth and bit it sharply to assure myself that I was not dreaming. No, I was certainly awake—but where and how did I get there? The street seemed strangely familiar—except for the height of the buildings and the French signs over the stores. I could have sworn I was on King Street. The thoroughfare was thronged by a busy, chattering crowd all speaking French with the shrugs and gesticulations peculiar to that excitable nation, and attired in a different

style of costume to that which I wore. They stared at me in amazement.

"Say, friend, will you tell me where I am, if you please?" I enquired of a passer-by.

He shook his head as though he did not understand me and passed on.

I felt dizzy. The horrible thought came over me that I must be insane—or perhaps dead. Was it all the phantasy of a lunatic? Or had I been transported into another country or another world? Surely that was the blue water of the Bay within a short distance? Then this street must be Yonge Street? But how changed. Where Dineen's store stood towered a twelve story block—with a magnificent store on the ground floor with the name "Le Grenouille et Frere" on the window.

"Please sir, will you have the kindness to tell me where I am?" I asked again of a stoutish middle-aged gentleman who was standing in the doorway.

He looked up in surprise. "Je ne comprends pas," he replied.

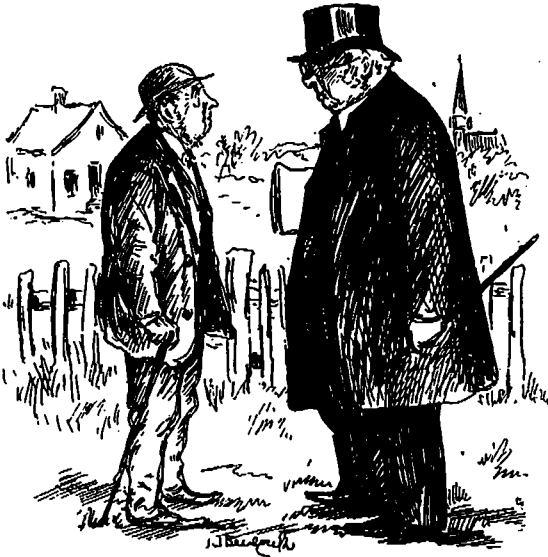
I knew but little French, but managed to stammer out—

"Cette ville ici—comment appelez vous—Est il Toronto?"

"Oui—Toronto certainment."

"Merci monsieur—et s'il vous plait—quel siecle? quel an?"

"Ma foi! Voici un drole!"



### UNACCOUNTABLE.

REV. GENTLEMAN (reproachfully, to drowsy member of his flock)—“How can you sleep in church every Sunday, Mr. Jenkins?”

MR. JENKINS—“Well, sir, that’s what puzzles me, too, for you do talk powerful loud at times, to be sure, sir.”

“Pardon—je suis serieux; je ne sais rien. Dites moi donc.”

“Ah que vous etes bete! C’est l’an mille, neuf cent quatre vingt dix.”

Merciful heavens! I had slept for a century and awakened to see my worst fears for my unhappy country realized and the French supreme! Had it come to this? The interest of my interlocutor was aroused.

“Et vous?” he asked, “un etranger, assurement?”

“Helas oui! un etranger dans ma propre ville,” I replied.

As I said before my knowledge of French is very imperfect, which must be my excuse for any grammatical errors in the brief conversation I have reported.

“Mais,” I resumed, “ou sont les Anglais? Je ne leur vois pas.”

M. Le Grenouille, for it was he whom I had addressed, shrugged his shoulders.

“Il n’y a pas des Anglais—Toronto est tout Francais pour vingt-cinq ans.”

My mind reverted to the stalwart Equal Righters who but yesterday so nobly championed the cause of civil and religious liberty.

“Et McCarthy, et O’Brien, et Caven, et Prof. Goldwin Smith,” I cried forgetful for the moment of the lapse of time.

“Oh—Les hommes de la revolte de 1901? Ah—pendus—tous pendus!”

Could it be possible? My brain reeled, and I would have fallen fainting to the ground had not Mons. Le Grenouille, seeing my condition, drawn me inside and assisted me to a seat. After he had administered restoratives he conducted me to an inner apartment to escape the curiosity of the crowd who were thronging the store, and began to question me as to the strange circumstances of my appearance clothed in the antiquated garb of the nineteenth century. I explained as well as my unfamiliarity with the language would permit, the singular plight in which I found myself. The recital, of course, excited his unbounded amazement and curiosity—not unmixed

with superstitious fear. He hastily sent one of his clerks to the Church of St. Jacques—formerly St. James’ cathedral—to summon a priest in order to sprinkle me with holy water in case my singular experience should prove to be due to demonic possession. On finding that a thorough sprinkling did not result in my sudden disappearance in a glare of red fire leaving an odor of brimstone behind, he was re-assured and we resumed our conversation. He told me that after the retirement of Sir John Macdonald parties were a good deal broken up—but that the French, by their astute political strategy, managed to retain the ascendancy and shape legislation in their own favor. Finally in 1901 the Equal Righters, finding all constitutional efforts in vain and alarmed by the steady increase of the French influence in Ontario—where at that date they had a dozen members in the Legislature and a cabinet representative, Pacaud by name—resorted to arms. The revolt was quickly suppressed and the leaders executed. From that time the French power rapidly increased. Many English speaking Canadians went West and to the States, and their places were quickly filled by Frenchmen from Quebec. Others were absorbed owing to the Frenchification of the schools. Early in the century the dual language was introduced into Ontario—and about fifty years later English had practically ceased to be used in most parts of the Province. In 1963 its official use was abolished by Act of the Legislature, and about the same time the Catholic religion was constituted that of the State and the institution of tithes established. Then the triumph of the French was complete, and the English element which remained was speedily absorbed into the French-speaking mass.

I need not say how painfully the recital affected me. I felt utterly overcome and prostrated.

“And now you had better rest,” said my host. “I will tell you more to-morrow, and if you feel well enough we will go to the Parc National—once the Queen’s Park—and see the unveiling of the statue of Mercier which occupies the pedestal where formerly stood that of George Brown. Abbe Lafontaine, President of Toronto University, will make a grand oration. *Au revoir.*”



### A FAIR WARNING.

TAILOR (to shop-boy)—“Well, did the editor of the *Blowgun* pay you the account for his suit?”

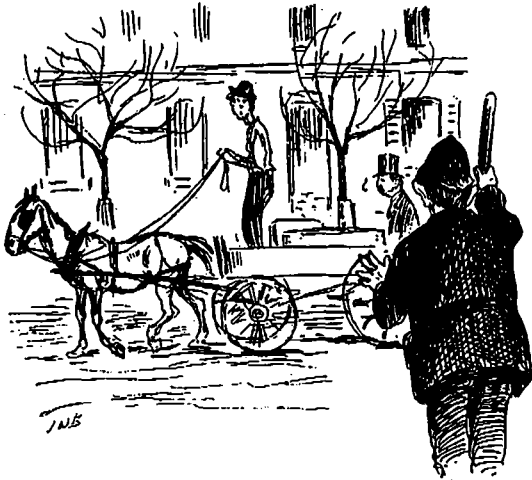
Boy—“No, sir. He says you will find it in plain letters over his editorial column that he does not bind himself either to pay for or return any articles sent to him!”





THE OBLIGING CALL-BOY.

Yo' needn't to wake up dis long time yit, gem'men, 'cos I ain't agwine fo' to ring de bell fo' mo'n a year or so!



### "MUSICAL TORONTO."

(Under Ald. Verral's new By-law.)

POLICEMAN X. (to peddler)—"Hi, there, you! The by-law says yez may only call out yer goods in a moderate voice!"

PEDDLER—"Well, ain't I doin' it? I'm shoutin' *moderato con espressione*."

POLICEMAN—"No, sir; it was *forte*, or even *fortissimo*, I'd take me oath."

PEDDLER—"I say it was *piano*, and very near *pianissimo*, but I'll leave it to Professor Torrington here!"

(Prof. Torrington being appealed to, testifies that the vendor was, to the best of his belief, using the *soft peddle*, so no arrest is made.)

### EXPLAINED.

MRS. NUERICH—"I don't understand why it is that Emma doesn't get any offers of marriage. I take her out everywhere with me."

MR. NUERICH—"Yes; that's just it, you know."



"I VERY much regret," said Baskerville, "that I have to tender my resignation, but I'm leaving town—going to Assiniboia. My wife left for our new home yesterday."

"And I suppose," said Samjones, "that you are going to rejine-her (Regina)."

"You will doubtless meet my old friend, Nicholas Flood Davin," said the President. "He is, I understand, the presiding genius of that section to such an extent that the citizens of that thriving village are wont to quote Shakespeare as follows:

There's a Davin-ity that shapes our ends.

Kindly convey my regards to him. We shall always remember you when far hence."

"And should I return and desire again to become a member of the club, I hope you'll re-member me," retorted Baskerville.

The following communications were then read:

From the Association for the Advancement of Women, asking that females should be rendered eligible for membership in the club.

From Rev. Pilgrim J. Bates, of Memphramagog, asking the club to kindly forward a few jokes suitable for church socials. Bros. Snodgrass and Hellebore volunteered to furnish him a few mild and innocuous witticisms, including the perennial oyster and cheese jokes.

From Librarian Lancefield, of the Hamilton Public Library, asking for a copy of the annual report of the club, to assist a worthy and struggling institution in refining the taste of the Hamiltonians.

From Sir Richard Cartwright, inclosing a donation of \$5 and requesting some good jokes on the McKinley Bill and Reciprocity for political use.

"Ha! a thought strikes me," said Borax. "Silence, a minute, I would pen an epigram."

He lapsed into deep thought, and in a few minutes succeeded in evolving the following:

"The cumbrous vehicle of State  
Along the road is lumbering,  
With little luck, for tariff truck  
Our onward way is cumbering.  
If customs we aside could throw,  
We then could make a start right,  
And naught would check our country's weal (wheel)  
If once we had our Cartwright."

"Good," said the President. "And now suppose that we liquidate that bill."

"What bill?" said the Secretary. "This club owes no unpaid accounts."

There was a general shout of laughter at the Secretary's want of perception, as the President handed Sir Cartwright's donation to the waiter and requested him to take the orders of the brethren.

"As you know," said the President, "the famous American humorist, Bob Burdette, is in town. I took an early opportunity of paying my respects to him and extending him an invitation to look in on us. He replied that if possible he would do so. Ha! methinks I hear voices on the stair."

Just then the door opened, and the eminent American humorist entered, in company with a couple of Toronto journalists, who were showing him round.

"Gentlemen," resumed the President, "Mr. Robert J. Burdette, whose writings are household words. How sold? would you enquire? Why, for the highest figures ever attained by similar productions. Proud to see you here, Mr. Burdette."

"And how do you see I hear?" replied Burdette. "For anything you can see I might be deaf. Not that I would carp at the terms of so gracious a reception. Let no carp-enter into our jocund gathering. I always like to visit Toronto. It is the most wide-awake and progressive city on the continent. (Applause.) I knew you would appreciate that sentiment. It always catches 'em. Between ourselves, you know, I give them that everywhere I lecture. But really I do feel at home here. Fellow who heard my lecture said I talked like a book. That would account for it. See? I feel a-tome." (Applause.)

"What will you take?" asked the President.

"Give me a mild cigar and a lemonade, thank you."

"As for me, I'll take whiskey," said Popenjoy. "I love a little pleasant-rye."

Half an hour was then passed in social converse, when the guest withdrew.

"And now," said the President, "let us adjourn. I must rush home."

"Why so?" asked Binkerton.

"Because," responded the President, "you see, I live on Rusholme Road."

**ONE MORE VICTIM.**

CANADIAN (*just arrived in Paris*)—"At last! at last can I breathe freely! Surely it will no longer pursue me like a hideous nightmare. It has followed me in my devious wanderings from my native land. In New York and Chicago, San Francisco and Melbourne, amid the splendor of the *salons* of Belgravia and the squalor of the mud cabins of Connemara have I been brought under the blightful spell of its influence. But here—ha! ha! among an alien race, I may avoid its malign presence and regain my wonted peace of mind."

(*Enter gamin, singing*):

"Elle est ma belle, je suis son beau,  
Elle est m' Annie, je suis son Joe,  
Toujours ensemble, plein de joie,  
Petite Annie Rhuné est la fille pour moi."

CANADIAN—"Ah, horror! it pursues me even hither. Madness! Despair! I am indeed undone!"  
(*Rushes wildly toward the Seine.*)



**TRUE TO ITS NAME.**

"NOW, gentlemen," said the watch fakir to a crowd of farmers in a Grit constituency, "I am about to offer you the opportunity of your lives. Owing to the passage of the McKinley Bill I have had thrown on my hands a large assortment of gold watches, which I now offer at the extror'nary-low-price-of-five-dollars. The Mowat watch, gentlemen, so named after the Premier of Ontario, Oliver Mowat, the greatest statesman of any age or country—patent, unbreakable main-spring, jewelled escapement, and detached reversible, anti-friction regulator with bevelled edges—solid gold case—and-all-for-five-dollars. Every gentleman present wants the Mowat watch. Here you are. Thank you. Don't miss the chance, for you'll never have such another."

He did a lively business taking in five dollar bills and handing over watches for some minutes when one of the earlier purchasers called out:

"Look here, mister, this is a fraud."

"What's the matter with you?"

"Well, I've wound her up and shook her, but she don't go. Give me back my money!"

"Guess not," said the fakir, as he whipped up his horse. "Course she *don't go*. Ain't built that way. You don't expect a Mowat watch to go, do yer?"

**THE WILD GALOOT.**

AN ENGLISH TOURIST IN AMERICA MAKES IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[*SCENE.—A railroad car in the West. English tourist in conversation with native.*]

WESTERNER—"Tell ye what, stranger, thar was a lively time in our town last night. Hank the Terror shot a galoot jest in front of the Howlin' Wilderness saloon. He'd been a-layin' fur him some time."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Beg pawdon. *What* did you say was shot?"

WESTERNER—"A galoot. Ye know what that means, I reckon."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Oh—ah—a species of game, I presume. But I don't remembah having heard of it befoah."

WESTERNER (*catching on*)—"Ye're right stranger, they are a species of game. 'Bout all the game that's left sence

**EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.**

HE—"To succeed in society requires a little tact and ability, after all."

SHE—"Oh, I don't know—you always seem to get along pretty well."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

the railroad struck Snorter's Gulch, 'ceptin', uv course, poker an' faro an' sich."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Ah, and are there many of them remaining?"

WESTERNER—"The woods are full uv 'em, stranger."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"And the railroad doesn't drive them away? They don't disapeah like the buffalo and deer befoah the progress of civilization?"

WESTERNER—"Why, no, they's thicker now nor they ever was."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Most extraordinary! How singular that no writer on America should have mentioned this! And this—aw—galoot, you say, was killed right in the town. Do they often approach so near to the busy haunts of men?"

WESTERNER—"Well, yes, there's ben a right smart heap uv 'em killed in the streets this summer."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"But how remarkable that they should continue so tame. What is it that attracts them from their native haunts to the dwellings of man?"

WESTERNER—"Well, ez er general thing, most on 'em 'll come anywhere there's whiskey."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Bless my soul, you don't say so! Really, this is most interesting. And what is their size and appearance?"

WESTERNER—"Oh, mostly 'bout five 'n halt to six foot high—sorter ornary lookin'. But hyar's my station. I must leave ye. Good-bye, stranger."

ENGLISH TOURIST—"Good day, sir. I am very greatly obliged to you. I must pursue this interesting field of inquiry. 'The Galoots of the West' will afford splendid material for a chapter in my book."

**DOCTORS DIFFER.**

"STILL in the doctor's hands, Dusenbury?"

"Yes, Glagrunch, my hip is not better."

"Hip not better? Why not try hypnotism?"

PROFESSOR—"Is the force of gravity greater at the North Pole or at the South Pole?"

PUPIL—"Yes, sir."

PROFESSOR—"Which?"

PUPIL—"It's greater."

YOUNG WIFE—"Then you won't fulfil this request of mine?"

HUSBAND—"No."

[The wife brings out a phonograph which pronounces the following words]:

"Dearest Agnes, when once we are married, I will do my utmost to carry out every wish I can read in your eyes."

To make home attractive patronize the Golden Easel Fine Art Store, 316 Yonge Street. Novelties in picture frames. Choice studies to rent. Artists' materials, etc., etc.

EDITOR—"I've brought this vest back. It's too small."

TAILOR—"Well, I can fix that easily enough by letting in a V. Where would you prefer to have it put in?"

EDITOR—"What, the V?"

TAILOR—"Yes."

EDITOR—"For heaven's sake put it in the pocket. That's where I need it most."

#### "A SOCIAL DEPARTURE."

So much has been said of the cleverness of Miss Sara Jeannette Duncan's book, in which were recounted the adventures of herself and "Miss Orthodocia Love" in their tour around the world, that it was with some misgivings our senile critic took it up. But his misgivings quickly vanished, for here was a Miss-giving something fresh, chirpy, witty, deucedly clever, in fact, on a theme he had thought worn threadbare. In the first place, the volume *per se* is a dainty affair, with an embossed picture on the cover representing two pretty girls riding on donkey back—symbolical, presumably, of the ease with which women folks can get over the men. Then a peep inside revealed scores and scores of illustrations, drawn by a masterly artist whose name is F. H. Townsend—albeit he occasionally sacrifices clearness in his devotion to the creed of the Impressionist. Everything looks so tempting, however,—the bright pictures, shiny paper and clear type, that the wayfaring man is a fool if he doesn't dip into the narrative just a little. And it is pretty safe to promise that a slip will do the business for him. He will finish the book before he lets it out of his clutches. It is simply great, and our senile critic heartily endorses the warmest praises it has received here and elsewhere. We cannot express profound astonishment at this clever performance, however, because Miss Duncan has occasionally written for GRIP in days gone by, and any person capable of doing that is liable at any time to become author of a noteworthy book. We only trust that our fair friend has made arrangements with the husband she is shortly to join herself unto (*vide Saturday Night*) to permit her to go on inking her fingers, for there ought to be more readable works where this one came from.

OLD MILLION—"Dear Miss Youngthing, if you would only marry me I could die happy."

MISS YOUNGTHING—"Why, Mr. Million, if you were dying I'd marry you in a minute."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

THE Toronto College of Music is in full swing—meaning, of course, (musical course) the swing of the baton as it beats time for the exercises in singing and playing. The incorporation of the College and its affiliation with Toronto University have still further increased a popularity which was remarkable from the first. Mr. Torrington is to be congratulated on the success of the College.

MINISTER—"Well, Richard, I haven't seen you at the kirk for some time back, and would like to know the reason?"

RICHARD—"Weel, you'll see, I have three decided objections to gawn. Firstly, I dinna believe in bein' whaur yin daes a' the talkin'; secondly, I dinna believe in sae muckle singing; an' thirdly, and in conclusion, 'twas there I got the wife." (*Minister moves on.*)

ROBINSON—"That was a scandalous affair that Jones tried to mix you up in, Smith."

SMITH—"Yes; but I got even with him Saturday night."

ROBINSON—"How?"

SMITH—"He was in the barber shop, and his turn came after mine. I had a hair-cut, shave and a shampoo."

#### 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.

MISS MAIN CHANCE—"I understand you are engaged to Mr. Archibald Yates. Is that so?"

MISS GAY—"Yes."

MISS MAIN CHANCE—"A good catch, isn't he?"

MISS GAY—"I should say so. He gets \$5,000 a season catching in one of the Brotherhood teams."

MRS. UPTON—"Yes, that is my daughter's piano; but she has hardly touched it since she was married."

MRS. DOWNTON—"Jest the same 'ith my darter and 'er typewriter."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR—"Here's a fellow who wants to know how he can acquire a flow of language. What shall I say to him?"

SNAKE EDITOR—"Ask him if he ever tried stepping on a tack with his bare feet."—*Light*.

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

"How long has your daughter been practising on the piano?"

"To be exact, she began one month before our neighbor went crazy, and he's been in the asylum a year."

"Were you in the White Mountains last summer?"

"Yes. Had a good time."

"Is there any game in the mountains now?"

"Oh, yes; we played tennis and bean-bags all the time."—*Harper's Basar*.

CAPTAIN—"How is that fellow I cut down?"

DOCTOR—"Dead, sir."

CAPTAIN—"Well, don't bury him until he has apologized."

"That must be a Boston girl."

"Why do you think so?"

"She is all freckled."

"How does that make her a Boston girl?"

"Well, you see she has her specks on."—*Boston Courier*.

The latest and best waltzes are Miriam Waltz, by Gibert Byass; Eldorado Waltz, by T. P. Royle; La Cröle Waltz, by Florence Fare; price 60 cents each. Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers, 13 Richmond Street West, Toronto. New catalogue of latest vocal music post free.

A—"How is the attendance of students this year at the University of Texas?"

B—"There is one student less than there was last year."

A—"What is his name?"

FRIEND—"I say, Pat, that's the worst-looking horse I ever saw. Why don't you fatten him up?"

PAT—"Fatten him, is it. Shure, the pore baste can hardly carry what little flesh he's got now!"

JACOBS & SPARROW'S Opera House, matinees every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, week of Oct. 20, is given an unusually strong spectacular melodrama, "Fabio Romani," presented by the Aiden Benedict Company, and judging from the audiences that greeted the play yesterday afternoon and evening, it will have an excellent week's run. The scene of the plot is Naples, about the year 1690, and the story of a vendetta, in which a woman's duplicity plays a prominent part, is well interpreted by a competent company. The wife of Fabio Romani loves and is loved by his treacherous friend, Guido Ferrari, and the two conspire to put the husband out of the way. The latter is supposedly murdered, but escapes from the tomb. Disguised as Conte Casare Oliva, he returns to the home of his wife and her paramour, now married. In the guise of Oliva he manages again to win the affections of the fickle Nina, his wife. True to the vendetta he has sworn against all in the conspiracy, he takes the lives of Ferrari, Gaspario Pontremolo, the thug hired to murder him, and also that of his perfidious wife.—*Pittsburg Press*.

MOTHER—"Nellie, where is your little brother?"

NELLIE—"He's in the other room."

MOTHER—"Go see what he is doing, and tell him to stop it at once!"

JAY—"Well, by Jove, Jones, how are you? How you have changed!"

STRANGER—"But my name isn't Jones!"

JAY—"What, your name changed, too!"

SHE—"Did you hear of Kitty Benham's elopement? Very sad, wasn't it?"

HE—"I heard it mentioned, I believe. Ran away with a count, didn't she?"

SHE—"Yes; bank account and coachman both. Her papa's about ruined."

WAITER—"What's your order, sir?"

GENTLEMAN—"One patent-leather lunch."

WAITER (*calling*)—"Piece of apple pie and two lemon cookies."

"WHAT are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another.  
 "Oh, I write for a living."  
 "On the daily press?"  
 "No; I write to father about twice a month for a cheque."

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.

A COUNTRY doctor being out for a day's shooting, took his errand-boy to carry the game bag. Entering a field of turnips, the dog pointed, and the boy, overjoyed at the prospect of his master's success, exclaimed, "Oh! master, there's a covey; if you get near 'em, won't you *physic 'em!*"  
 "Physic them! you young rascal. What do you mean?" said the doctor.  
 "Why, kill 'em, to be sure," replied the lad.

"AH," he said, as the postman handed him a letter. "An epistle."  
 "No," said his wife, as she opened the envelope and a bill fluttered to the floor. "Not an epistle. A collect."

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

SICK MAN (in Maine)—"I want something for this cough."  
 DRUGGIST—"All right; I'll give you some syrup."  
 SICK MAN—"Yes, but I don't want syrup—  
 I want whisky."

MRS. DORIAN—"I wonder how people got the idea that porous plasters would be beneficial?"  
 MR. DORIAN—"From the fact that they are holesome."

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.

TED—"I guess you remember that young fellow who has just passed. He used to black shoes at the hotel. I wonder if he's still in the business."  
 NED—"Hardly. You see his own shoes are polished."

OLD GENTLEMAN—"I suppose you get tired going up so many times in a day, boy?"

ELEVATOR BOY—"Yes, sir; but then you know I rest coming down."

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.

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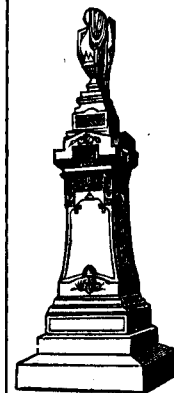
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**A STICKLER FOR COURAGE.**

EDITH—"Cora Hatton has very strong likes and dislikes, and if there is anything she especially abominates, it is cowardice in men."

ETHEL—"Yes. You know everybody says that the only reason she had for not marrying Willy Jackson was that he didn't have the courage to propose to her."

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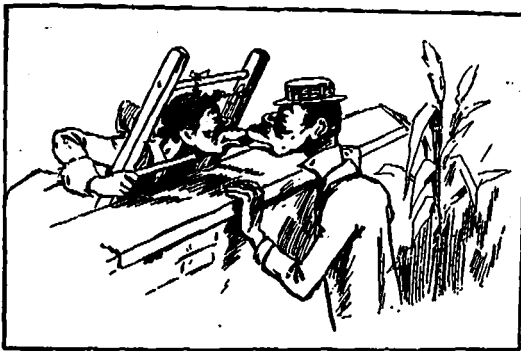
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