

* GRIP *

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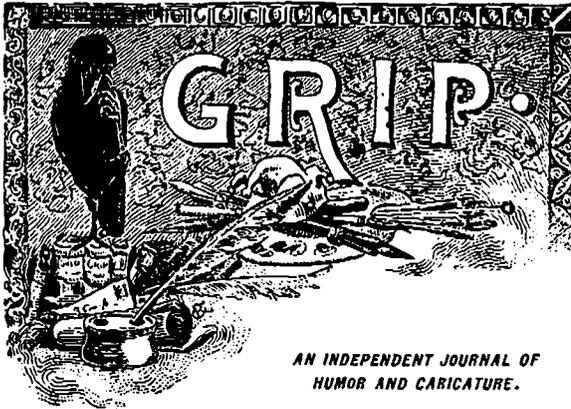
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THE GREAT VIADUCT FIGHT.

TORONTO—"STAND UP TO THEM, EDWARD, I'M AT YOUR BACK!"



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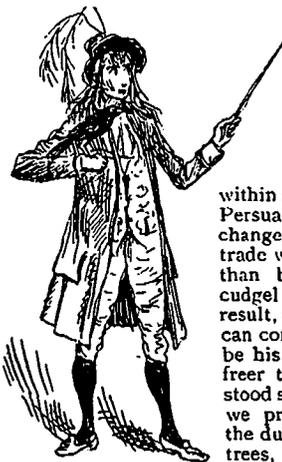
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Comments on the Cartoons.



**PERSUASION AND COM-
PULSION.**—Uncle Sam seems to be determined to make the Canadian Governmental Animals go somehow. The Hitt resolution, which is quite likely to pass Congress, is a bunch of succulent carrots held out before the quadruped's nose, easily within smelling distance, and represents Persuasion; while some of the recent changes in the tariff by which Canadian trade will be more annoyingly hampered than before, represent a considerable cudgel applied in the rear quarter. The result, as yet, is not such as our Uncle can congratulate himself upon, if it really be his object to coax or force us into freer trade. The Donkey has simply stood still—and kicked. In other words, we propose to retaliate by increasing the duties on clothing, hats, umbrellas, trees, shrubs, fruits, vegetables, flour, etc. This is Donkey-policy precisely,

for in all this we simply punish ourselves by making the articles in question dearer. Now that the cartoon is before us for review we see just one glaring defect in it. Uncle Sam should have been pictured with an Ass' head *à la Bottom*. Donkeyism rules in the councils of both countries. Both are wedded to the pitiable idiocy of "Protection." It ought to make the Nineteenth Century blush to know that such a thing is possible, especially on a continent in the forefront of which stands "Liberty Enlightening the World." If poor humanity wasn't so easily bamboozled

with words this thing never would have existed long enough to find a record in history. "Protection" is the magic word that accounts for it all, for the *thing* meant by that word is a thing which universal man wants and prizes. But the Tariff which robs one section of the people to enrich another, and piles artificial obstacles in the path of honest and God-ordained traffic between man and man is not that thing. There is not protection but spoliation for the masses and unfair bolstering of the classes in *that*. In fact, Protection (politically speaking) is just the opposite of Protection in its plain meaning as an English word. True political Protection is Free Trade, for that policy protects every man in his natural right to buy and sell as he sees fit. This right the people of the United States and Canada have permitted to be filched from them by specious sophists in the lobbies of Parliament, until it has come to pass that on a continent specially consecrated to Freedom it is thought a heresy to assert man's right to trade freely as well as to speak and think freely. The necessity for raising a national revenue opened the way for the entrance of that enemy of Christian civilization, the "Protective" Tariff. It seems to have been assumed that the needed revenue could only be got in one way, namely, by taking in taxation a portion of the products of labor. Hence the custom houses and all the paraphernalia of the inquisitorial system we see to-day. That assumption was an error. Public revenue is produced in accordance with a natural law, as might have been anticipated by those who believe that the Creator of man intended him to live in society and therefore knew that public revenue would be needed. What is that natural revenue? It is the values created in land by the very fact of the coming together of men in society—land values—ground rent. This belongs to all. Let it, therefore, be put in the public till, and we can afford to let man work and trade and develop freely, even as do the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea.

THE GREAT VIADUCT FIGHT.—One of the resolutions carried with unanimity at the citizens' meeting in St. Paul's Hall, last week, declared that the time had come for the City Council to put itself on record as in favor of the Viaduct, and to formally throw aside the bridge scheme. There is a halting hesitancy about most of the aldermen which we don't at all like, considering that the bridge idea seems to strike the citizens universally as a crazy project not worthy of a moment's consideration. His Worship, the Mayor, may, perhaps, be excused for not fervently embracing the Viaduct plan, seeing that he had a hand in the Montreal agreement which involved the bridges, but he has always declared himself to be ready to perform the behests of the citizens with all his energy, laying aside his personal views. He has every reason to feel assured that he cannot now take too firm a stand for the Viaduct. There is no manner of doubt that that is the solution of the question of Free Access to the Waterfront which Toronto believes in and is bound to have.



FELLOW-CITIZENS, although the laws of this city recognize the right of the great sex to which I belong to a voice in the management of civic affairs through the votes of property-holding widows and spinsters, no female voice that I know of has yet been heard on this great Esplanade problem. As one who has the charge of youngsters and makes constant use of the glorious picnic places on the Island, and elsewhere, throughout the summer, it is my duty to somehow or other get across those beastly tracks a good many dozen times every season, and safely pilot a perambulator and a small cavalcade of toddlers at the same time. It is a task I have always trembled at, but my trembling will be increased at least twofold when the half-dozen additional tracks of the C.P.R. are put down and opened for use. Now, fellow-citizens, I want to raise my voice to its shrillest note and shriek for the Viaduct. The bridge idea is almost worse than nothing for if we wouldn't be killed with passing trains, we would



BELATED.

MR. GRIP, conductor of the Queen City Journalistic Orchestra, regrets to say that the distinguished representative of the *Empire* was inadvertently omitted from the portrait group of the artists given in the issue for March 22nd. The omission is now compensated for. The *Empire* is sound on the Viaduct.

be squeezed to death with the jam every fine afternoon, or killed by the slower process of fatigue in climbing the flights of steps and those abominable "ramps" we hear about. Unquestionably the Viaduct is the thing, and if the men of Toronto don't demand it and get it, the women will know the reason why. Why is this called the Queen City? Because it is ruled, as every city ought to be, by the higher element, the wishes of its Women!

THE Salisbury party in the Old Land are greatly elated over the triumph of their candidate in the recent election in Ayr. It is spoken of as a substantial victory, but surely this is a contradiction in terms. The Gladstonians, at all events, are not allowing themselves to feel discouraged over it. The riding in question is proverbially of no account in politics, as may be seen from the old saying, "trifles light as Ayr."

FROM Ayr to Land is a natural transition, and this reminds us to devote just a word to Balfour's Land Purchase Bill, which is now before the Imperial House. It is proposed to allay the discontent of Ireland by creating a larger class of landlords ruling over smaller estates. To effect this the plan is to buy out the present landlords and sell the land to the new ones. As landlordism (by which phrase is meant the system of land ownership as opposed to land usership) is the real root of the Irish trouble, Mr. Balfour's scheme will only aggravate the disease. Sir William Vernon Harcourt put it in a nutshell the other day when he described the measure as a Bill to buy out the loyal garrison (according

to Tory ideas) and replace it by a larger garrison of rebels. The principle of land purchase is too monstrously unjust ever to be accepted by the level-headed people of England and Scotland, and we venture to predict that the Bill will be torn to shreds and tatters before the discussion is over.

IF it is true that the Czar of Russia has sent to America a select delegation of male and female spies whose mission is to counteract the feeling which is growing up against the Siberian exile system, His Imperial Nibs ought in some way to stop the papers from publishing nearly every day bits of Russian news of the most inconvenient kind, such as the following despatch:

"A Siberian letter announces the arrest of three men and one woman for writing an appeal to the Russian people protesting against the conduct of Ostashkin in the Yakutsk affair. The trial of the prisoners will probably result in their sentence to death."

Surely it will require a lot of honey on the tongues of these Russian emissaries to reconcile the American people to this sort of thing, though, no doubt, being accomplished diplomatic liars, their cue will be to deny the truth of such despatches.

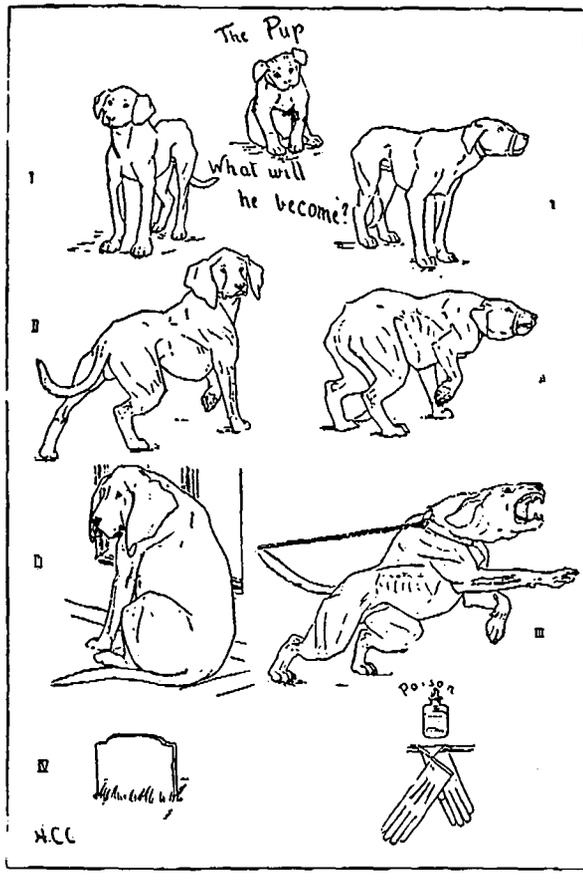
MR. GRIP has always felt an interest in that brilliant but rather erratic genius of Regina, Mr. N. F. Davin, and our advice to him has always been to stand up independently in the House and give to the country and not to any party the benefit of his fine talents. Mr. Davin has not always "done us proud" by following this sound advice, but we forgive him a good deal in view of the refreshing little episode which took place the other day in the Emigration debate. Here it is:

MR. DAVIN said that this emigration was the vital question of Canada, and yet there was not a single Minister who understood it. We have never had, he said, at the head of the affairs of this Government men who knew this question. Even the head of the Government lacked certain elements of the statesman. (Cries of "Order.") They ought, at least, to have one man of genius at the head of one Department. (Applause from the Opposition.) They had had a Cabinet of antiquities. (Laughter.) That was a fact, and there was no use further hiding it. Sir John Macdonald was all right, but he lacked a good deal of what he considered the ideal statesman. He again



TU QUOQUE

ISAACSTEIN—"Hello, Polly."
THE PARROT—"Hello, Polly."—Light.



repeated that he did not want a Cabinet comprised of animal magnetism in the head without any brain. He could show them how they could save the people of Canada two millions of money, but he was not a Minister, and, therefore, it did not devolve upon him to disclose his scheme. He could not filter brains into the heads of the Ministers. Let them give him capable Ministers and then he could show them what he could do for this country. He believed two millions could be saved.

MR. MULLOCK—"With capable men."

MR. DAVIN—"Yes, I say with capable men. The departments were governed by deputy Ministers, not by the Ministers. When they were 'bossed' in this way how did they expect to be governed? This thing must be stopped. There was no doubt about it, no matter how the Ministers might laugh. If the people of Canada did not wish to stop it, well, that was an end of it, but there must be some close to this system."

MR. TAYLOR—"Carried."

MR. DAVIN—"Certainly not until I am finished. Tha. sort of thing won't do with me, even if you are a whip."

THE WAY IT WORKS.

YOUNG ENGLISHMAN (who has been three days in Canada)—

"Sir John, I'm from Hingland. I've been sent To get a place under Government. Thanks. I will sit. Pray do not stir." (sits.)

* SIR JOHN—"What are your qualifications, sir?"

Y. E.—"Squarely, to tell the truth, Sir John, Come to think of it, I have none. Sir Chawles, who now is one of us, Told me you'd do it without fuss, For my (left hand) sire is a blue-blood fell'; And my (half) cousin's a howling swell; Nay, I've higher claims than these are, for My aunt came in with the conqueror."

SIR JOHN—"Enough. So 'long. I'll do the jerk. Go, be sworn in as first-class clerk."

RECIPT FOR A CABINET PUDDING.

TAKE one grandmaster of the bath's skullful of reynard slippancy. Of three knights' fees, one part of dogmatic hair-splitting with a bias; one of Napoleongism, and one of nothing particular. Then take \$7,000 worth each of pretentious bumptiousness and ignorance of arithmetic—but don't mention brandy (it is a sore subject). You may use one part of bear. The mixture would be flat without one very large cupful of youthful rashness and hereditary inaccuracy; also another part of unnecessary protestations of loyalty to (ahem!) England. You may throw in a polished cowboy from the West. For goodness gracious sake do not omit to mix, in the interest of distillers, a 25,000 bushels job lot of asses-eared barley. The other five ingredients might be omitted with advantage, being of dense mediocrity, and only serve to make the mixture heavy. Form the whole into a batter of dullness, pervaded with a pungent flavor of hierarchy. Stir up thoroughly with a press ladle. Bake in the fire of public opinion, and the mess will turn the strongest stomach.

LINES TO MY NURSE.

GOOD old Gammer, let me kiss thee,
Didst thou really, Nursey, miss me!
Childhood's hours that we have seen
Linger in my memory green.

I remember how the shingle
Made my person oft to tingle;
Also how thou locked me in
Whilst thou took thy drop of gin.

For I think that thou had'st spasms,
And I know that there were chasms
In the spirit-case of brandy
On the sideboard placed so handy.

I remember, I remember,
It was in the dark December
That poor I, scarce grown a lad,
Left thee—and was very glad.

Now thou'rt thin, but then wert stout,
For thou hast been knocked about.
Your poor wits are so dull and few,
The Senate is the place for you.

MASTER TEDDY.

RUS IN URBE—OR VICE VERSA.



ETOBICOKE FARMER (to hired man)—"Say, Jim, did you find the brindle cow?"

JIM—"Yes, she'd strayed 'way off to Oxford Avenue, 'bout half a mile in the bush."

FARMER—"An' what's Jake doin'?"

JIM—"He's ploughin' down at the corner of Central Avenue and Occidental Place."

FARMER—"Well, s'posin' you go an' mend the fence along St. James Street. After dinner I guess we'll seed down the Park to wheat."

FLORIDA is about the right place for Orange corporations. Lemme see—if the Orange ruction in Parliament has anything to do with the glorious, pious and immortal William of Orange, is it quite respectful to call him Orange Bill?

AND THE PROCESS IS NOT YET PATENTED.

LITTLE JOHN BLANK is a peculiar specimen of humanity, all wrinkled and ancient-looking, although in disposition and actions quite lively enough.

Further, his furrowed face is and always has been as bare as a babe's.

"I say, John," remarked a jocular chum to his diminutive friend the other day, "it's a good thing nature never grew hair on your face. How on earth would a barber ever have given you a clean scrape with all those wrinkles to worry him?"

And John, who is as fond of a joke on his facial peculiarity as anybody else could be to get one off, soberly replied:

"I guess I could have got shaved all right enough, Jim!"

"How?"

"With a fluting-iron!"

IN THE STREET.

SHADES of twilight, falling, falling,
Slow and sweet;
Muffin men have ceased their calling,
Boys have stopped their caterwauling,
In the street.

See the ragged newsboys yelling,
"Here y' are."

See the cig'rette smoke dispelling
From the dudelet it's propelling,
To the car.

See that little courtship nipping,
In the bud;
Throwing arms about and tripping,
As they go down slipping, slipping
With a thud.

See the bright and dainty misses,
As they fall;
Never mind, they'll get new dresses,
Scatter free their sweet caresses,
At the ball.

As I make this brief suggestion,
"Grub" they cry,
And I leave this weighty question
Soon to lose my good digestion
In the pie.

SNAGS



THE COMING YOUTHFUL CENSOR.

(Frances, aged seven, has been absorbed in a book for nearly two hours.)

GRANDMAMMA—"Your book seems very interesting; when you've done with it will you lend it to me?"

FRANCES—"No, Grandma, it's not a proper book for you to read, it's intended for girls."



HE'D PROVED IT.

ANGELINA—"But, Harold, are you quite sure you can support me?"

HAROLD—"Sure? Why, haven't I supported you for hours nearly every evening for months past?"

WE ARE TWELVE.

FECUNDITY is the factor now relied on to establish supremacy. M. Mercier's policy solves the question, "is marriage a failure?" Not when it produces a family of twelve.

By the way, was not something said in Federation times about the Unity, one and indivisible, of Canada? Mercier gives a farm to a faithful father who generates twelve little Jean Baptistes. Sir John Thompson sends to the Penitentiary the Mormon father who takes the shortest way to produce a dozen of little Brigham's. This is not Equal Rights, you know. There is something wrong somewhere. From the astounding discoveries made by Science within a few years, it would not astonish if, ere long, Quebecers were hatched in an egg oven.

NOT A BOOTLESS ERRAND.

A SHABBY-GENTEEL lean-visaged man,
Whose coat for winter seemed too thin,
Knocked at my door a rat-a-plan,
So I arose and let him in.

He oped his horrent jaws and smiled,
Showing his breath was peppermint,
And from his aspect weird and wild
I thought at first he was McGinty.

McCarthy crossed my mind. Said he
"Sign this petition, 'tis a crammer!
To send to Parliament, d'ye see?
To make the French speak English grammar."

I usually wear cowhide boots
With copper toes and heavy upper,
Thus, sudden, lo! my foot outshoots,
And smote him fair upon the crupper.

Out through the window shot that man
Until, a lessening speck in distance,
He lit in Beersheba or Dan—
And served him right for his insistence



A COMATOSE EXISTENCE.

"My dear sir, you need exercise—work! A little mental and physical activity will bring you around."

"Well, doctor, I am afraid I am a doomed man. You see, I have a life tenure in the Civil Service."

CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY P. MCARTHUR.

MUTUAL RECRIMINATIONS.

FOOT—"Why do you persist in getting tight whenever I put you on?"

BOOT—"Because you fill me up, of course; but haven't I as good a right to get tight as you have to get corned?"

FOOT—"Well, I suppose you have, for you are better heeled than I am."

RIVAL STARS.

FIRST STAR (*rehearsing a new play*)—"In this scene I am supposed to leave the stage at the rear while you stand in the front facing the audience. What will be your cue to resume your lines?"

SECOND STAR—"The look of satisfaction on the faces in the audience."

AT THE BOARDING SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

FIRST GIRL (*seeing a stranger enter*)—"Is it a man?"

SECOND GIRL—"No. It is only a reporter."

HE WOULD HAVE A HOWLING TIME.

HOUND—"That is a very pretty little bark you have. Why don't you go out sailing in it sometimes?"

TERRIER—"I'd be delighted to go just now if you wouldn't mind my going on your bay."

WHY, OH, NYE?

PENNER—"They say Nye did his very best to keep Riley from taking to drink."

SPACER—"Then why in thunder did he submit the poor fellow to such an infliction of old chestnuts night after night?"

ONE CONSOLATION LEFT.

JOHNNY—"It must have been nice when the woods were full of deers and bears and wolves, and you could hunt them when you liked. You could make your living by hunting then."

GRANDPA—"Yes, dear, but they are all gone. You couldn't make much of a living by hunting now."

JOHNNY—"No. It's too bad they're gone, but we have something else to make a living out of. You didn't use to have summer boarders."

THE SLOWEST YET.

DETRON—"Hang it, you have cut my hair too short."

BARBER—"Very sorry, sir."

DETRON—"Well, never mind. I'll have a shave and I guess if you take as long at it as you usually do, my hair will have grown to a decent length before you are done."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

CHOFFY—"How is it that you allow yourself to be seen on the streets unshaven?"

HOFFY—"I haven't had a chance to go to a barber shop for ever so long."

CHOFFY—"Where have you been?"

HOFFY—"I've been in a restaurant waiting for a stew."

A SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

MRS. JONES—"What a melancholy woman Mrs Rounder is."

MR. JONES—"Yes, she is mourning for her late husband."

MRS. JONES—"Is she a widow?"

MR. JONES—"No, but her husband is a clubman."

A TRAMP'S TROUBLES.

RAGGLES—"I hear that you were almost drowned the other day."

SWIZZY—"Yep!"

RAGGLES—"How did yeh feel?"

SWIZZY—"I don't know which was the worst, swallerin' the water or havin' the bath."

CRUEL BUT PERHAPS CORRECT.

MISS FORTYTUE—"It was very kind of you to send me your portrait. It was just lovely; but where did you get it lithographed?"

MISS OLDGIRL—"Lithographed! I never had my portraits lithographed and I never sent you my portrait."

MISS FORTYTUE—"You didn't. Then it must have been a valentine that someone sent to me. Who could have been so mean?"

RATCLIFFE—"I want a Motto, for to show

My family's awistocwatic,

And awe the vulgaw, don't you know,"—

HERALD—"I would suggest 'Rats in the attic.'"



A WARNING TO BABY.

MOTHER (*to baby*)—"It's muzzer's little ootsy tootsy; muzzer loves her little darling baby."

FANNY (*who has just been spanked*)—"Don't you believe her Baby. When you (*sob*) grow up she'll spank you, t-t-too!"

THE HUMORIST AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.



WHEN I sat down to table the other day, the boarders were occupied by a political discussion which had sprung up between the Heeler and the Scotchman.

"Mowat must go, I tell you," said the Heeler emphatically, with the air of one who utters a profoundly original and weighty remark.

"I wad e'en like to bet ye a hunner' dollars that he winna gang," responded the Caledonian.

"Win a gang?" I interrupted, seeing my chance. "What gang is he going to win this time? If he can win a gang, why, he will probably stay where he is."

The Scotchman said I was a "glakit gommeril," or words to that effect, and continued:

"Hech, mon, but it's a far cry tae Loch Awe, as ye an' yer pairty might hae foun' oot afore the noo. Ye hae nae chance ava wi' Oliver Mowat, an' he will e'en bide as lang's he wants tae."

"If he does," replied the heeler, warmly, "it is simply because he has purchased the support of the Jesuits and other disloyal elements."

"Do not call the Jesuits disloyal," I remarked. "On the contrary, even their enemies must admit that there is no Loyola body of men to be found."

"Eh?" said the Scotchman.

"What's that?" asked the Heeler.

I had to explain, and even then I don't believe half of them saw the point.

"Talking about politics and religion," I continued, "let me read to you a choice little epigram which I lately penned. Gladstone, you know, often conducts the church service at Hawarden. It runs as follows:

"They say that Mr Gladstone fills the pulpit now and then
In the absence of the pastor at the church of Hawarden.
No doubt he fills the bill quite well, at least so you'd expect
From his style of elocution and his gifts of intellect;
But with what especial emphasis the G.O.M. must read
The damn-a-tory clauses of the Athanasian creed!"

No, I shall not explain! You fellows have got into the way of calling out 'Explain!' every time I spring a joke on you, and pretending you can't see it. It's pure affectation of stupidity which I shall not encourage. I think it altogether likely that the moulders will win their fight with Gurney."

"Why?" asked the law student.

"Because they are the most persistent of any class of workingmen. Even death itself does not put a stop to their activity."

"How so?—what do you mean?"

"Why, after they are dead they keep on mouldering in the tomb."

I made my escape amid a tempest of hollow groans and a shower of crusts and other missiles.

THE WAY OUT.

NOTHING easier than to settle the question of dual language. Why not try Volapuk? Nobody could object to that. Make it the official tongue, and you do away with Separate schools, McCarthy, Nicholas Flood Davin, Metis, Montagnards, Cavens, and much disturbing element beside. Let us all study Volapuk. The suggestion ought to commend itself to Sir John as being another wriggle out of a hole.

O PESCATOR DEL ONDA.

THERE was one giant figure missing in the conclave of plenipotentiaries lately fish-hatching at Washington. Need we say Capt. Sol. Jacobs? The defunct treaty of Washington was specially framed for his use, and under that inane document his was the one figure that filled the eye. He was the embodiment of the American Idea. No marine vista but the form of Capt. Sol., heroic size, loomed at the end of it. He was the Flying Dutchman, the Three Cutters, the Sea Skimmer, the Snarleyyow of his era in Canadian fishery waters. Always "high line," he was always the first "filled up" with the split mackerel of the North Bay. How many or how few miles off the Canadian shore he got them Neptune and himself know. Gloucester and the U.S. approved of Capt. Sol. He was the Treaty.

When our cruisers in the Laurentian Gulf became too inquisitive Sol. took his schooner round Cape Horn and turned up in Alaskan waters. There he did some seal-fishing and sold the skins to a darned Britisher, but delivered them to somebody else. The darned Britisher sued him, and Sol.—still as an embodiment of the American Idea—put in defence that Alaskan waters are a U.S. *mare clausum* where seal-fishing is forbidden, consequently the skins were stolen goods and as such not deliverable. The purblind British J.P. could not see the *mare clausum*, and has given decision against Captain Sol. Another instance of Canadian injustice. Really the United States stood in their own light in not having the Captain present as one of the plenipos in the recent fateful negotiations at Washington. They wanted him there to give them a fair show against the masterly intellect of our young Canadian delegate.



HER REASONABLE REQUEST.

"PLEAS'M, might I harsk you somethin'?"

"Certainly, Jane, what is it?"

"Pleas'm—my young man's just dropped in, and as I'm a-scourin' o' the kitchen floor, p'r'aps you'd kindly hentertain'im for ten minutes, while I finish hup."



ONG CONTINONG.

CHOLLY.—"How do you like my new top-coat?"

FWED.—"Bad fit; hangs like a perfect sack."

CHOLLY.—"Had it made that way on purpose, out of compliment to this hospitable town—Toulouse, you know."

LYRICAL LEGISLATION.

POET COCKIN, who evidently aspires to be the Tyræus of the Equal Rights Movement, has published a poem the refrain of which consists of this somewhat remarkable aspiration:

"One God! One Language! and one Law!
Loud sound the slogan cry:
Our laws be sung in the English tongue,
Or the bayonet by-and-bye."

The idea that laws, like some portions of the Episcopal Church service, may be "said or sung," has certainly the merit of novelty. If it is really necessary to prevent a resort to "the bayonet by-and-bye," let us by all means have a metrical version of the Consolidated Statutes forthwith. One advantage of the scheme in the eyes of editors would be that it would keep the poets busy for some time and considerably relieve the pressure on editorial wastebaskets. Suppose Poet Cockin sets the example by dashing off in his free, rollicking metre a lyric embracing the principal provisions of the Assessment Act with the view of having it set to music. What a wide field, too, would be afforded for the genius of our musical composers in the adaptation of airs to the various subjects treated of. Naturally the criminal code will be sung to slow and

solemn tunes, while such measures as the Franchise, the C.P.R. and the Act respecting Line Fences with its various amendments should be rendered to brisk and cheerful strains.

Just to give an idea of how our laws can be sung in the English tongue GRIP ventures to paraphrase the Snow By-Law, which can be warbled to the well-known air of the "Little Brown Jug."

Every man must clean his snow
From opposite his house, you know,
So that the sidewalk shall be clear
And naught impede the passengere.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!
In case you fail to clean your snow.

If the snow's not cleared away
A fine you will be called to pay,
Not more than \$20 and cost,
Which you'll be sorry to have lost.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!
In case you fail to clean your snow.

But if the snow and ice should stick
Don't spoil the sidewalk with a pick;
Ashes and sawdust you must throw
So folks won't slip upon the snow.

CHORUS—The Beak will fine you Ho! Ho! Ho!
In case you fail to clean your snow.

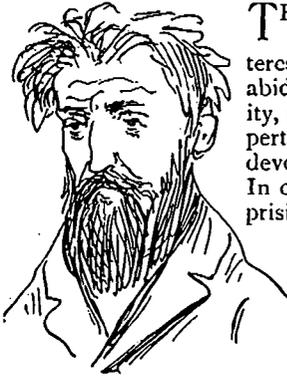


PERSUASION AND COMPULSION;

OR, PRESSURE FORE AND AFT.

(And yet the Canadian Anamile doesn't budge.)

JOURNALISM A LA MODE.



JOHN BROWN.

THE recent horrible murder is a topic of profound interest to the respectable and law-abiding section of the community, and we are sure that anything pertaining thereto will be greedily devoured by our cultured readers. In order to be abreast of our enterprising contemporaries, we have at great expense secured from the distinguished artist who does the portrait work for the Toronto dailies, a few special illustrations which we are sure will be appreciated. Cut 1 is a portrait of John Brown, whose name has been made prominent in connection with the murder, from the fact that the victim, when so cruelly butchered, was wearing a waistcoat that had originally been made at Mr. Brown's tailor shop. Mr. Brown was born in Caven County, Ireland, in 1834, and came to America in the S.S. *Polynesian* twelve years ago. He possesses a fair education, and is highly respected by all who know him. We give also a portrait of Mrs. Brown, whose maiden name was Maloney. She was married to Mr. Brown in 1858, and has proved in every respect a true and loving helpmate. Mrs. Brown happened to be in the shop and handed the parcel containing the waistcoat to the purchaser some eight months before the latter was so cruelly murdered in a foreign land. By way of completing this interesting family group we give next a portrait of James A. Brown, the eighteen-year-old son of the above respectable couple. James was once a pupil at one of our city schools, and was always a good boy. He was more noted for the pies he brought regularly for his lunch than for any great intellectual powers he possessed. He left school some years ago to learn his father's trade, and is supposed to have put in some stitches on the ill-fated waistcoat.



MRS. BROWN.



JAMES A. BROWN.

Knowing the deep interest felt by our readers in every detail of the horrible murder in question, we present here a faithful picture of the knife with which James A. Brown used to cut—and, we are sorry to add, convey to his mouth—the aforementioned pies. It is true that none of the persons pictured above are in any way concerned in the atrocious crime with which we are dealing in this enterprising way, but surely the fact of their respectability should be no bar to their receiving biographical mention in these columns. Criminality should not be the only title to these favors.



THE KNIFE.

DISPARITY.

"WE shall now proceed," said the President of the Universal Knowledge and Mystery-Minimizing Association, "to decide the prize-award for the best living and modern illustration of 'Disparity.' Let every member pay strict attention and be ready at the conclusion of my verbal presentation of the competition to vote honestly and thoughtfully. I shall read the answers in unstudied order:"—

FROM AN OFFICIAL STANDPOINT.

HAMILTON, *March 20th.*

"Unquestionably the most striking instance is the inequality between a sheriff's work and the fees of the office. I discovered the thing years ago and have been laboriously combatting it ever since, even to the extent of making services myself in preference to paying greedy lawyers for it. "ARCHIE MCK——."

FROM A NEWSPAPER READER.

CAYUGA, *March 20th.*

"If it be a question involving ability, sense, consistency, manliness and decency, I unhesitatingly and regretfully point to the difference between George Brown's *Globe* and the *Globe* of to day. Yours, "ONE OF MONTAGUE'S NEW RECRUITS."

FROM A PRAIRIE POLICEMAN.

N.W.T. BARRACKS, *March 20th.*

"The whole force have resolved that you ought to consult Herchmer's record of convictions and compare or rather contrast them with the men's offences. "A PINER FOR SIBERIAN LIBERTY."

FROM A POLITICAL PROMISEE.

PARIS, *March 19th.*

"I can conceive of but one answer: The gulf between Sir John Macdonald's smiling pledges and his actual performances. "ONE OF A DEPUTATION *re* A NEW P.O."

FROM THE NEW PARTY POINT OF VIEW.

SHANTY BAY, *March 20th.*

"Mr. Mowat's chances four years ago and at the coming elections occur to me as showing up the biggest kind of a disparity, with the defection rallying around the banner of "EQUAL RIGHTS."

FROM A PERSONAL ASPECT.

"I wanted to be a Cabinet Minister and only got a Senatorship. D'ye see any disparity about that? "J. O'D——."

FROM A NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENT'S PLANE.

PER *Telegram.*

"How do the dispassionate deliverances of Meredith and the terrible termagencies of His Grace of Kingston strike you in this connection? I don't want the prize, but I want to see Meredith get full credit. "NOT CUT ON THE BIAS."

MUD ALLEY, TORONTO, *March 20th.*

"If it's Disparity you want to grasp, just try to measure up the chasm between the taxes we pay in Toronto, and the sort of streets we get for the money. "FURIOUS CITIZEN."

"Hold! That settles it!" Voices yelled this from every part of the vast hall.

The prize was unanimously voted at this point without reference to the balance of the letters unread.



A MODIFIED VIEW.

MR. SOLIDCIT (*an enthusiast for the Viaduct*)—"Yes, sir, what we must and will have is free and easy access to the water. Don't you agree to that?"

MR. BOOZE (*a trifle muddled*)—"That's all right, if there's something worth while mixed with the water."

BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN AND THE UBIQUITOUS BABY.

HOW was I to till f'what thricks that baby wud be doin'? Didn't he crawl intil the cowl-bin lasht wake whin the misthriss hersilf was lookin' after him? Didn't the Captin ixthrikate him from undher a hape av winther vijytibles in the cellar? Wasn't he narely smothered whin he crept intil Miss Jessie's bureau, to suck the starch out av her clane shkirts, and she locked him up in the same?

But the worst av all happened whin the masher an' misthriss an' Miss Jessie wint to a party, an' left mesilf in charge av the house an' the baby. Moike kem over to divart me lonelinnis, an' I shpread him a noice little supper wid some cowlid toorkey an' chirry poy, an' other aytibles; but whoile we were in the hoight av enjoymint, the party onixshpiktidly returned, an' I hastily throost Moike an' the vittles intil a closhit. As bad luck wud have it, the misthriss shtaid so long givin' me ordhers about the hash fur breakfasht, that the aytibles an' Moike wint complately out av me moind, an' I retoired fur the noight wid an aisy konshunns.

But the soilince av me dhrames was broken intil on a suddint be piercin' shkrames. Thin me harrt almosht shtud shtill wid batin' so fasht that I cud fairly hear it, fur I rikognished the vice av me faithful Moike, an' trimbled fur dread that he was already spachless fur want av breath.

I hurried on some clothin', an' was prosadin' down the shtairs, whin I met a quare-lookin' party loikewise prosadin' down. There was the Captin an' the misthriss, Miss Jessie an' Masher Bobby, an' owld Miss Tweazle, all loike mesilf with clothin' put on in a hurry, an' arrumed wid broomshticks, boot-jacks, and murderin' wepins av all sorts. In me moind's oi, I saw Moike stretched a bleedin' carps on the closhit floor, me an'

onmarried an' weepin' widda, an' him a kickin' an' shoutin' fur mercy, ishpishally from the Captin's pishtol, fwich, forthinately, is not in shootin' condishun.

The misthriss wos ringin' her hands an' croyin' that her baby wos not in his little bed, an' I remimbered that I had not set ois on the choild sins I had put him to shlap by way of kapin' him absint from me tate-e-tay wid Moike. I had left him wid his ois wide open, but towld him not to croy or I wud be aafter him, an' I imfasized me remarrks wid a shakc av the fisht. Sthrange to say, it had nivir crassed me moind that the choild was remarkabilly qwoiet.

Whin we got intil the kitchen we hard the greathest bedlam of sounds; Moike was shoutin' from the closhit that he was shut up wid a ghosht, an' bctune all kem a baby's croy.

As bad luck wud have it, Miss Tweazle was forninst the dure whin it was opened, an' Moike run out an' trun his arrums round her, ixklaimin': "Arrah, me darlint, an' have yiz kem to let me out at lasht?" Ixthrame was the poor felly's bewilthermint whin he dishcovered that she was not his own faithful Bidy, an' I thot it was blushes on his chakes, but aafterwards dishcovered that it was chirry-juce, fur prisintly the misthriss lifted out the baby lickin' the sirup av the poy from his noight-dhress. He wos a soight, to be shure, wid a toorkey-bone in wan hand an' dhrrippin' all over wid pikkels an' chirry-juce. The misthress insishted that he was bladin' to death, but the Captin ixamined him thro' his oi-glassh an' towld her that it was not his voital floodid but chirry poy.

But think av the onraysonibleness av human natur; inshtid av bein' thankful that the burgulars hadn't murdered the choild—inshtid av komplimentin' Moike (fur who knows f'what moight hev happened if he hadn't been in the closhit to arouse the house wid his shkrames?) the misthriss turned round on me poor felly an' demanded an explanashun!

"I was passin' on the strate," sez Moike, "an' hearin' the choild shkrame, I intired be the windy an' found him in the closhit."

"Thin will yiz ixplane," sez the Captin, "how the dure av the closhit kem to be bouted on the outside?"

"That," sez Moike, "is wan av the mikshterys av loife, an' bates me own comprheinshun."

Av coorse I declared me own innocence, fur how cud I tell how that baby kem to be there? For raisons av her own, the misthress was bloind to the soight av the aytibles. Faithful maids av all worrk is hard to get at anny proice, so I marely got a sthrong hint that in fuchure Moike must be out av the kitchen befor tin o'clock, or I cud foind another place.

Moike aafterwarruds ixplained that, deshpairin' av bein' let out, he had fallen ashlap, but had been wakened be somethin' crawlin' over him, an' a cowlid, shticky hand pullin' him be the nose. Naturally he belaved it wos a ghosht, an' shkramed fur all he was worth. The mercy is that he didn't put his fut on the choild an' squaze the breth out av him. But all's well that ends well, an' hereafter I'll inthertain Moike Rafferty wid moor dishkreshun.

M. BOURCHIER.

CONUNDRUM.

WHY does a portion of the fines they inflict go to Customs officers, thus offering a direct temptation to harass business men, while Fishery officers have to hand full amount of penalties to young Mr. Tupper? Do you give it up? *We* do. Muddle as usual. Custom of the country.



Our Critical Column.

ALL the theatres have fine attractions this week.

At the Grand the ever welcome Joseph Murphy is sustaining his reputation as the finest Irish comedian on the stage to-day.

JACOBS & SPARROW's audiences are bursting their buttons off over the antics of the two 300lbs. comedians in the "Two Johns."

AND at the Academy Mr. Frank Mayo, a sterling actor of old standing, is producing his successful play, "Nordeck."

THE *Musical Herald*, edited by Mr. W. Elliot Haslam, is a bright and beautifully printed monthly now published in this city. It should find its way to the hands of all who take an interest in the divine art, whether as professionals or amateurs.

HOBBS—"How will you trade horses?"
KNOWNS—"Even—"
"I'll do it."

"Even hundred to boot. Haven't you politeness enough not to interrupt a man before he's done talking?"

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

WHEN you see a girl pasting a scrap-book full of cooking recipes out of the weekly papers you know pretty well that some young man is in a position to be congratulated; and yet, when you think of the recipes, you feel rather sorry for him too.

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.

FIT FOR A POOR MAN'S WIFE.—ANXIOUS MOTHER—"I am greatly surprised, my son, to find that while you were away you became engaged. I hope you have not acted hastily. Has the young lady you have selected the proper qualifications for a poor man's wife?"

ADULT SON—"Yes, indeed, mother. She's got £10,000 in her own right."

MRS. OLDBOY—"I can't account for the disappearance of so many pencils. It does seem as if I could not keep a leadpencil."

MR. OLDBOY—"I know what becomes of them."

MRS. OLDBOY—"Well, I wish you would tell me."

MR. OLDBOY—"You sharpen them."

HE—"Dora, your rejection of my suit is a blow from which I shall never recover. From this day henceforth no female creature exists for me in the whole wide world!" (*buries his face despairingly in the sofa-cushion.*)

SHE—"Pray be calm; there are plenty of young ladies left to make you happy. In fact, I know a nice girl who would just suit; she belongs to a very respectable family—"

HE (*starting up*)—"Has she money?"

A VERY effective and cheap system of dentistry has been discovered by a man, who tied one end of a string round a painful tooth, and the other end to the rear of a train that was about to leave the station. When the train started he ran behind until it acquired headway, when he dropped on his hands and knees. The train carried the tooth upwards of a hundred miles.

ACTOR—"Lend me five shillings, Watkins."

WATKINS—"I would lend it to you willingly, dear boy, if I thought you would ever be able to pay it back, but—"

ACTOR—"Able to pay it back! Why, man, in the third act I have to steal forty thousand sovereigns!"

A GREAT WANT SUPPLIED.—Mr. P. C. Goldinham and Mr. J. K. Pauw have established a Sporting Goods establishment at the corner of Leader Lane and Colborne St. They have the finest line of athletic goods in the city. Catalogue sent free to any address.

THE wife of a politician, who has an eye for the main chance, keeps a scrap-book of all the uncomplimentary things printed about her husband, which is an index for ready reference in seasons of domestic unpleasantness.

MAN (*at telephone, trying to find out who has rung the bell*)—"Hello, there; are you 37?"

YOUNG LADY (*at the other end, indignantly*)—"No, you horrid thing; I'm only 17."

STRANGER—"Here, where are you running to in such a hurry?"

CITIZEN—"Don't stop me. I'm the coroner and I must attend to some very important business. There's going to be an inquest in a few minutes."

STRANGER—"Anybody killed?"

CITIZEN—"Not yet, but Yaller Bill has been tellin' some o' the boys that Three-Fingered Mike was no gent, and some one run and told Mike. Come along and I'll get you a job on the jury."

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.

At the ball, Monistrol has just conducted his partner back to her place. But, instead of retiring after the usual compliments, he plants himself in front of her with an air of considerable embarrassment.

"Is there anything that you desire, monsieur?" asked the lady, noticing his uneasiness.

"No, mademoiselle—that is—I mean—my crush hat, which has the honor of finding itself actually upon the same chair as yourself."

A MAN had committed suicide by drowning in the river.

The intelligent foreman remarked that they all agreed that the man had committed suicide "on purpose."

"Then it is a verdict of *felo-de-se*," said the coroner.

"No, no, fell in the river," said the foreman.

"HERE, you! Smoking in court! I'll fine you, sir!"

"Light, please, your honor."—*Time*.

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.

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

MISS TINY (*an agile coryphée*)—"I will bet a bottle of champagne that I can kick higher than that chandelier."

JACK—"I'll take the bet."
"You've lost. That chandelier can't kick at all."

(*Bet paid.*)—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

TEACHER—"Now, children, I want you to remember the meaning of this word, 'transparent'—anything you can see through; that's what it means. Now can any of you give me an example of something transparent?"

TOMMY—"I can, teacher!"

"Good boy, Tommy. What is it?"

"A hole, teacher."—*Pick-Me-Up*.



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"How can you recognize him so far away?"
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MR. WRIDLEY—"Did you hear that, Minerva? That horrid monkey said 'Shoot the dude' as plain as day! I think we'd better go."
(See page 241.)



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The above superb engraving is a magnificent companion picture to "The Horse Fair," by the same artist. It is the same size and produced by the same process. We will give a choice between "A Scottish Raid" and "The Horse Fair" to every new subscriber to GRIP for a year at \$2.00 cash. Further, we will give a copy of either picture, post-paid, to any of our present subscribers who send us a new subscriber with the cash, \$2.00, a copy being also given to the subscriber; or, we will send either picture to any present subscriber who, before July 1, pays in full to December 31, 1890. Non-Subscribers may obtain a copy of this engraving, post-paid, for \$1.00 cash.

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THE MONKEY (in the sign language)—"Much obliged Polly. You get half my dinner for that good turn."

- 1890 -

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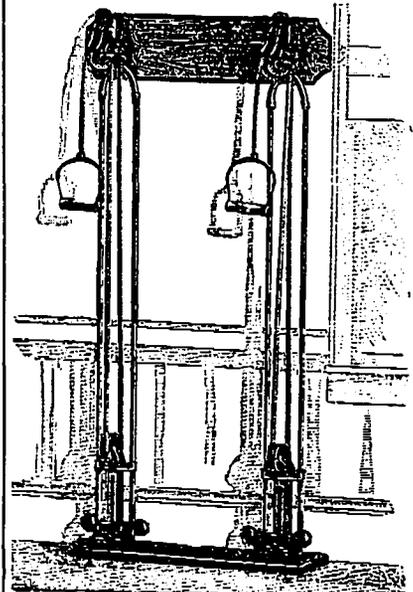


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