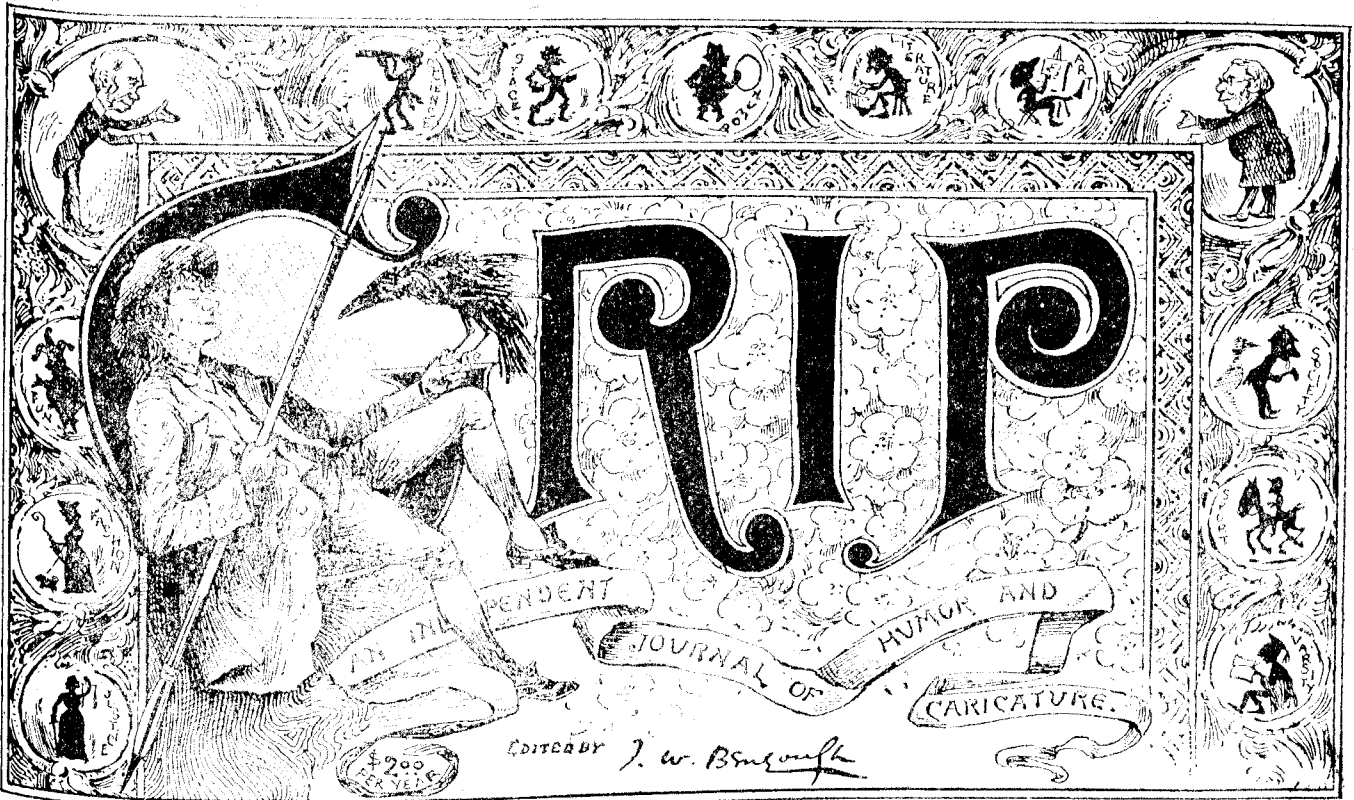


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 18.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

No. 985.

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THIS Notable is the Plumed Knight of Prohibition in Canada. He did not buy the cocked hat originally to indicate that office, but in obedience to the rules and regulations of the Royal Templars of Temperance, in which admirable Order he has long been one of the leaders. Besides filling the post of chief officer—Chancellor, we think it is called—he has all along edited the organ of the Order, a monthly called the *Royal Templar*. It is not a copy of this journal he has in hand in the picture, however, but *The Templar*, a new weekly advocate of prohibition and general reform, which is in no way connected with the Royal Templars, except so far as those gentlemen may see fit to subscribe. Mr. Buchanan is a man of great energy and fine journalistic ability. GRIP wishes him a prosperous career in his new venture, for which Canada ought to present an excellent field. *The Templar*, we may add, is published at a city called Hamilton.

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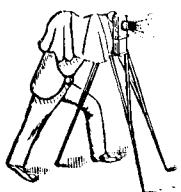
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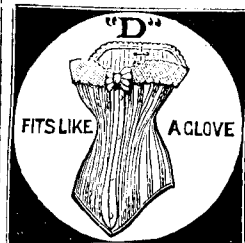
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# GRIP

VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1892.

No. 18.  
Whole No. 985.



## WE HONOR THE HONORABLE.

"His amplest service to the land was this—  
Beyond, above the toils he undertook,  
And those he finished—be not one forgot!  
He gave the world an answer in his life  
To that smug lie of this degenerate age—  
'An honest Politician cannot be.'"



The greatest beast is the Ass; the greatest bird is the Owl;  
The greatest fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the Fool.

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T. G. WILSON, *General Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH *Editor.*  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON *Associate Editor.*

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1892.

**COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.**

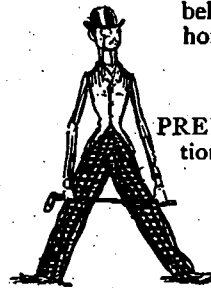


**A DISTANT PROSPECT.** — In the absence of any explanation from the Finance Minister as to the policy foreshadowed in his budget speech, we are obliged to turn to the *Empire* for the desired enlightenment. That dutiful organ is not in the best of tune, and does not play its runs with perfect smoothness, but the air can be tolerably well made out, notwithstanding. It is the old "Imperial Federation" air, with variations. To drop metaphor, the *Empire* appears to indicate

that the Governmental idea is to stick to the N.P. until the Imperial authorities announce their willingness to take up the Howard Vincent policy of discriminating in favor of the colonies. If this is really what the Canadian Ministry are waiting for, we may as well make up our minds to enjoy the blessings of protection for the next few centuries. Mr. MacIntosh, late of the *Ottawa Citizen*—in whose trustworthiness the Government ought to have unlimited confidence—has just returned from a visit to the old land, and reports that he could find not the slightest indication there of a public sentiment favorable to differential trade. Nor is any such folly likely to take possession of John Bull's practical mind while the memory of the Corn Laws remains.

**WE HONOR THE HONORABLE.**—The mortal remains of Hon. Alex. Mackenzie were followed to their last resting place at Sarnia on Thursday, 21st, by an enormous concourse of citizens, representing all political parties, and in their reverent deportment expressing the profound respect in which the departed statesman was held throughout the Dominion. The universal feeling is that Mackenzie's life was a glorious success, notwithstanding

that his career in office was brief, and that the great principles he fought for have thus far failed of triumphant vindication. It seems plain to everybody for the moment that success does not depend upon succeeding, a thing which is too apt to be forgotten. To have fought manfully for the Right as he saw it is enough. That constitutes the victory. To have gained the highest object of his ambition by wrong or questionable means, — that would have been abject failure. The departure of Mackenzie was a grateful thing for himself, poor man; and the event may be the means of bringing a blessing to the country if the lesson of his life is earnestly laid to heart by the rising generation. That lesson in brief is, that it is better to be good than great; and that notwithstanding the cynics of the day, political honesty not only exists, but is marked and prized by the people above all the brilliant gifts of mind. Mackenzie will ever be a noble pattern for our Canadian youth, but it is good to remember that he has left behind him many public men equally honest and sincere.

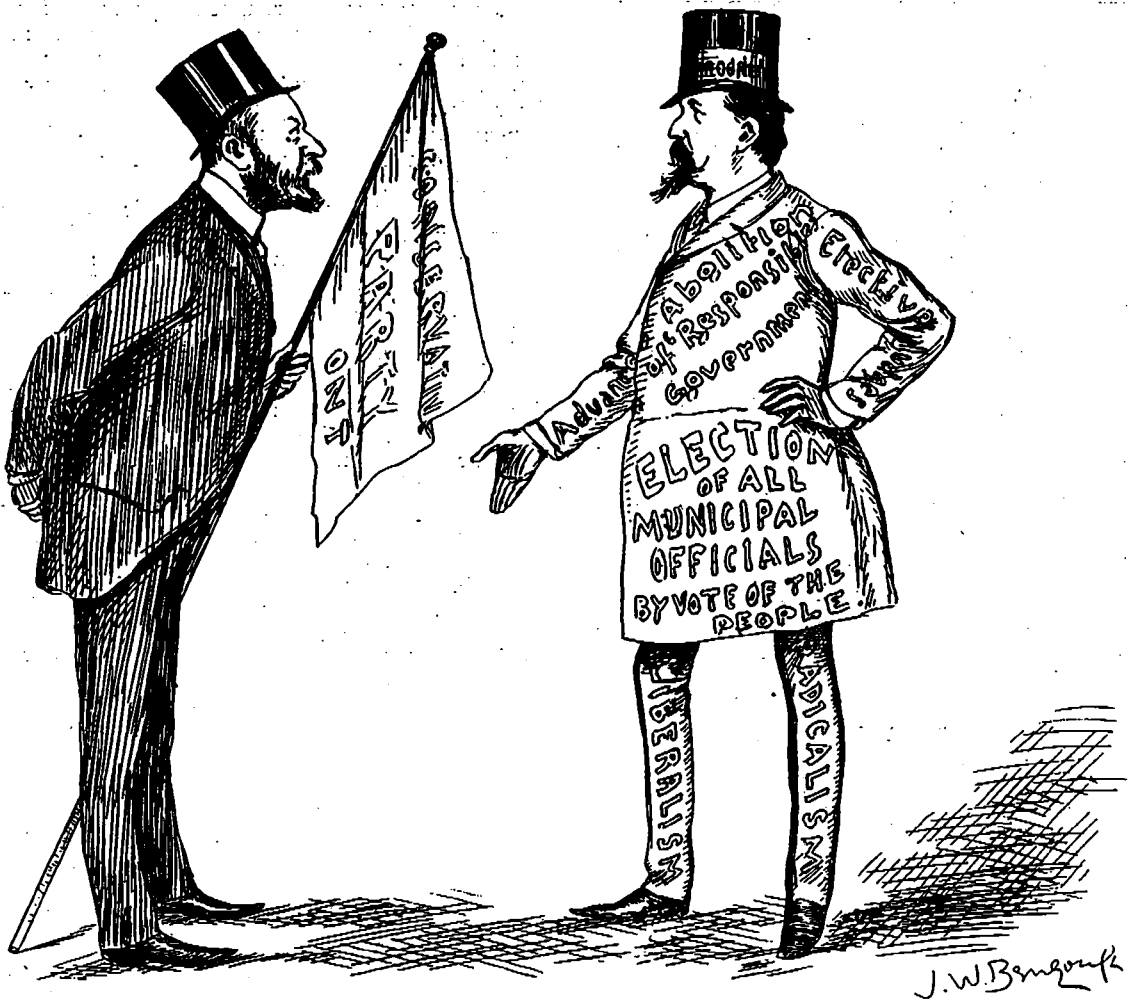


**PRELIMINARY** meeting of the Prohibition Commission was held at Montreal the other day. After duly organizing in ship-shape, it was solemnly resolved to visit the cities of the United States and the cities and towns of Canada, for the purpose of enquiring into the administration of laws pertaining to the liquor traffic. So far as we are informed, the commissioners came to this decision without undue snickering in their sleeves or otherwise. Perhaps they are not able to catch the full absurdity of the farce from the inside, but it is quite apparent from the taxpayers' standpoint, although it excites indignation as well as mirth. The commissioners are not to be blamed, of course, for accepting a pleasant outing at good pay, but no words are too strong to characterize the action of the Government in taking this dishonest and expensive method of shelving the Prohibition question for a couple of years. The commission and its contemplated labors are entirely unnecessary. All needed information is at hand, if the Government really wants it—which it doesn't. If the temperance people of Canada (who control enough votes to defeat any Government) had half as much spunk as the liquor dealers, they would resent this piece of humbug as it deserves.

**ANOTHER** hollow mockery of the same sort was the junketting tour so recently enjoyed by Alderman Shaw and a few of his pals under the pretence of investigating the electrical systems of street railways in the American cities. Everybody knows that these gentlemen were practically pledged in advance to the "trolley," and that the duty they were engaged in was undertaken more with a view of getting rid of some of the superabundant cash in the city treasury than anything else. Certainly nothing they could have discovered was likely to change the opinion with which they set out.

**A WELL-INFORMED** writer in the *Chicago Age of Labor* states that there are at present between 30,000 and 50,000 unemployed men in that city. Most of these unfortunates are not merely willing but anxious





"HE'S NO TORY!"

MEREDITH—"I'd like to have you fight under my banner, Shep., and I'm downright sorry they bowled you out; but really, you know, those clothes are louder than our folks can stand!"

[Mr. Boswell came forward and moved, seconded by Mr. Cumberland, that Mr. E. E. Sheppard be the nominee of the convention. Then the Sheppard delegation had their turn cheering, but the men from the wards responded in a different manner. Several excited men stood up and began shouting, "He's no Tory," and several similar remarks.—*Mail report of Conservative Convention.*

to work. There is nothing to be done, however, and so the great idle army is drifting along, some of its members plunging into crime, others leaping despairingly into the dark beyond by suicide, others again dying by starvation, and all suffering a punishment worse than that awarded to prisoners in the penitentiaries. What a spectacle for the nineteenth century!

\* \* \*

IT is a pity that the great Columbian Exhibition could not have a building in which the world might see in concrete form the logical results of the current political economy. It would prove that in this science at least we have made no advance beyond the days of Columbus. The situation could be forcibly illustrated in a *tableau*. An enormous *papier maché* ball, filled with bread, meat, clothing, books, etc.—everything, in short, that civilized man needs for his comfort and enjoyment in this life, might occupy the central space. This would represent the World. Upon this ball, lounging in comfortable seats at a well provided table, should sit a

favoured few, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously. These would represent the land-owners, the franchise owners and the protected-manufacture-owners. Around the base of the ball might be a cordon of police representing the Law as it is to day. Outside of this cordon the starving multitude of from thirty to fifty thousand unemployed might be stationed, pleading vainly for access to the necessities of life which God their Father had stored in the planet for their use, and not for the private ownership of the gorging millionaires on top. This would make plain to the comprehension of the spectator the explanation of the Chicago paradox.

\* \* \*

THEN as a climax to the *tableau*, some lovely western maiden, got up as an angel, might hover over the whole affair, having upon her head the crown of Mercy and in her right hand the sword of Justice. In her left hand she might extend a copy of Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, while she spoke in silvery accents the words, "The Single Tax would do it!"



### OBVIOUS.

DISINTERESTED FRIEND—"Well, Chappie, how are you getting on?"

EQUESTRIAN—"Use your blessed eyes!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

### A SEASONABLE SIGN.

THE winter's ruthless rage is spent,  
With joy I hail each vernal sign,  
Though close within the city pent  
Few pleasures of the spring are mine.

And yet methinks yestreen I scanned  
A forerunner of blithesome days,  
I culled it with a careful hand,  
Quick as it met my raptured gaze.

For to my draperies there clung  
A tiny, tender feeble thing,  
A callow bed-bug pink and young,  
Hail, gentle harbinger of spring!

### DISILLUSIONIZED.

MISS ISABELLA PEAVICK was one of the numerous Toronto ladies who rejoiced at the prospect of the formation of a genuine Highland Regiment. Naturally of a romantic turn of mind, she had derived from the reading of Scott's novels and similar works of fiction an exalted idea of the Highland character and an enthusiasm for the Celtic garb and all its associations. She was disposed to see in every wearer of the kilts a Roderick Dhu or a Lochiel, and mentally invested the average Highlandman with all the

semi-barbaric virtues and chivalric graces so ably portrayed by the wizard of the North.

Naturally, therefore, Isabella was all enthusiasm when it was proposed to organize a corps of *bona fide* Highlanders with all the fascinating accompaniments of tartans, claymores, philabegs, sporrans and the rest of the historic outfit. As she told her dearest chum and confidant, Dora Milbank, it was "just too lovely for anything." When the Highlanders paraded in all the fantastic glory of their attire she was completely captivated, and prepared to fall in love with any one of the noble fellows at a moment's notice. She stole out at evenings

and watched them as they returned from their exercises in the hope that by some chance or other she might make the acquaintance of one of the objects of her admiration. Isabella was by no means of a flirtatious disposition and would have indignantly repelled the informal advances of any ordinary male. But the chivalrous, heroic sons of the heather were of course in an entirely different category.

She did not have long to wait. Soldiers in any uniform are never slow in catching on when lovely woman evinces evident admiration and manifests a desire for closer acquaintance. One evening as Miss Peavick was walking along Queen St. West she was overtaken by a fine looking Highlander, whose brisk and martial mien at once aroused all her enthusiasm. Involuntarily she slackened her pace as he passed. He stopped, gave a quick glance and remarked:—

"Ah, there, Birdie!"

Miss Peavick was rather staggered by this novel and familiar style of address, but not being up in the colloquialisms of the street she supposed it to be some peculiar Gaelic expression, and merely gave a smile of encouragement in reply.

"Begob, ye're a daisy," continued the soldier. "F'what's the matter wid us takin' a bit av a walk down Yorruck street, I dunno. I gev me last mash the dead shake, so I did, fur she thried to touch me for a V., but nixey! Och, come an," he continued, as she stared at him in amazement. "We'll go into One-eyed Lummux's place and I'll stand the eysters"—and to emphasize the cordiality of his invitation he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Go away," cried Isabella, now thoroughly disillusionized. "You're not a Highlander at all! You nasty, low, common Irishman! I never was so insulted in my life!"

The Highlander, equally staggered by this unexpected repulse, desisted from further advances and went off muttering "Sure it's crazy as a loon that she is. First she will an' thin she won't, bad cess to the likes of her!"

Isabella made the best of her way home and has quite recovered from her pro-Gaelic mania. She says it's a downright shame to deceive the public by dressing up a lot of Irishmen and common Canadians in kilts and calling them Highlanders.

### THE LIE IS ENDED!

ENOUGH! the lie is ended. God only owns the land;  
No parchment deed hath virtue unsigned by His own hand;  
Out on the bold blasphemers who would eject the Lord,  
And pauperize His children, and trample on His word!

Behold this glorious temple, with dome of starry sky,  
And floor of greensward scented, and trees for pillars high;  
And song of birds for music, and bleat of lambs for prayer,  
And incense of sweet vapors uprising everywhere.

Behold His table bounteous spread over land and sea,  
The sure reward of labor, to every mortal free;  
And hark! through Nature's anthem rises the refrain,  
"God owns the world, but giveth it unto the sons of men."

But see, within the temple, as in Solomon's of old,  
The money-changers haggle, and souls are bought and sold,  
And that is called an *owner's* which can only be the Lord's,  
And Christ is not remembered, nor His whip of knotted cords.

But Christ has not forgotten, and wolfish human greed  
Shall be driven from our heritage; God's bounties shall be freed;  
And from out our hoary statutes shall be torn the crime-stained  
leaves.

Which have turned the world, God's temple, into a den of thieves!  
J. W. B.



## EASY TO WRITE ON.

RITER—"I'm in luck. I've struck a first-rate new subject to write about."

PENMAN—"What is that?"

RITER—"Theosophy. It affords such splendid scope for the imagination."

PENMAN—"Do you know anything about it?"

RITER—"Mighty little. But that's not at all necessary. There are so few that do, that you can say anything you like without much fear of contradiction."

## MILITARY ITEM.

OUR brow Highlanders of the 48th paraded to St. Andrew's kirk on the Sabbath, where Rev. D. J. Macdonnell preached to them an appropriate sermon. It is not true that the subject thereof was Pharaoh's tyranny in compelling the children of Israel to make brecks without straw.

## A POPULAR PROFESSOR.



HE had been to College for nearly a year, and had caught on to city ways in great shape, using cuss words with a fluency and a nonchalance which secured him the admiration and respect of his former rural associates, who hadn't got beyond the "begosh" stage of development. One day when he was airing his accomplishments during a visit to his native village he was overheard by

Deacon Peavey, who, as in duty bound, remonstrated.

"That's the kind of talk what ye learn down to Toronty, is it? Yer dad ought jest ter take and larn ye with a bar'l stave. Nice kind uv teachers ye must hev at that College. Which pufessor is it that larns ye to swear?"

"Which Professor? Why, Prof. Anity, of course," replied the graceless youth.

## CASTELS IN THE AIR.

"THE Maple Leaf and the Union Jack." This is the title of a brightly written pamphlet by that bright young Canadian, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. It is a plea in support of British connection, and so far meets GRIP's hearty approval. It is disappointing, however, to find this able and well-meaning writer pinning his faith to the phantom of Differential Trade—if the figure of speech may be allowed. The dream will never be realized until Great Britain loses her common sense. Meanwhile, the only thing that will endanger British connection is the discontent of the Canadian people, not with British rule, but with the fiscal policy of their own Government. Mr. Hopkins quotes from Emerson, "The misery of man appears like childish petulance when we explore the steady and prodigal provision that has been made for his support and delight on this green ball which floats him through the heavens,"—which is all very well for the fellows who happen to own the ball. But for those who cannot get access to land, there doesn't seem to be very prodigal provision made, and the "national policy" now in vogue only adds to their distress. It is to escape the consequences of this policy that Canadians fly to the States, whatever their views of British connection may be, and if Mr. Hopkins does not wish to see



## HE HAD THE SYMPTOMS.

HEAVY FATHER—"Back on my hands again, eh? Well, upon my word, Bill, if you ain't the most useless—hang it, I've tried you in everything from bus-drivin' to a clerkship in the House, and you don't seem to have brains enough to keep any billet; I am completely discouraged and disgusted, and I'm blest if I know what avenue there is open to a man of your capacity—you must be a genius!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

annexation accomplished, he should turn his talents in the direction of destroying the system which is producing "the misery of man" in this country. Instead of doing that he is devoting all his ability to the bolstering up of the Protection fraud.

## NOT ON ANY ACCOUNT.

SEEK not to thrall the poet's flight,  
For like the lark is he;  
He sings more sweetly out of sight—  
He, therefore, should be free.

His haunts are in the green wood's aisle,  
Or nigh some purling stream,  
Where sylvan songs his soul beguile—  
There let him muse and dream.

—*William T. James.*

WELL now, who is seeking to thrall the poet's flight? Mr. James can't say that anything of the kind ever happened around this office, where we are only too happy to accelerate such departures. We would not thrall him for anything. 'Tis a truly wise provision of Nature that he sings more sweetly out of sight. It is to be hoped that he will be permitted without delay to get where he can warble his prettiest—and the quicker he goes the more everybody will be pleased.

## VERY SICK INDEED.

SAMJONES—"You're not looking well to-day, Mac. What's the matter?"

MACORQUODALE—"I'm feeling pretty sick, Bro. Samjones."

SAMJONES—"Too bad. I thought you didn't seem in your usual spirits. Feel weak, do you?"

MACORQUODALE—"Weak? I should say so. I'm too weak to raise an objection."



## SOUR-CASM.

HUSBAND—"Toothache, my dear?"

WIFE—"Oh no, chilblains."

## A QUESTION OF DRINKS.

PERHAPS the country  
Will be less forlorn  
If you plant less cotton  
And drink less corn.

—*Montezuma Weekly.*

And the country at large  
Would heave a great sigh  
If the editor of the *Weekly*  
Would drink less rye.

—*Dublin Post.*

And the *Dublin Post*  
Would be better within  
If its long-legged editor  
Would tackle less gin.

—*Sunday World.*

And the *Sunday World*,  
From which this we call,  
With its patent inside  
Can keep always full.

## PLAIN TALK.

LOOK at a map of our Province and see the shape of some of the constituencies. They look as if their boundaries had been marked by chain lightning. We all know why they are so irregular; and still professedly Christian men chuckle over it and say "it's so clever," and many of our young people are taught to believe that it is an evidence of great ability, and are encouraged to imitate the conduct of men so devoid of moral principle as to resort to such base methods to keep themselves in power, and also to deprive their fellow-citizens of their just rights.

This reads like the ribald utterance of a fanatical Grit editor or stump-speaker, doesn't it? And yet it is the deliberate deliverance of a committee of the Synod of Hamilton and London. Shocking, isn't it, Mr. *Empire*, for clergymen to interfere in "politics" this way?

## HE WAS A GRIP SUBSCRIBER.

"AND did the farmer apologize when the cattle made a break at you and chased you down the lane?"  
"Oh, yes. He said, 'Excuse these tears.'"



A DISTANT PROSPECT.

SALISBURY (*the footman*)—"Were you waiting to see Mr. Bull, sir?"

MR. FOSTER (*from Canada*)—"Yes; I'm waiting till he gets ready to discuss Discriminating Duties in favor of the Colonies."

SALISBURY—"In that case, sir, you had better be seated. You will probably have to wait a couple of Centuries."

## MCGINTY'S CAT.



YOU may talk about the yellow dog, the trouble that it makes,

And read a dissertation on the various kinds of snakes,  
And tell of lions, tigers, and the pantry-haunting rat,

But for pure and simple cussedness, give me McGinty's cat.

When old McGinty first bobbed up serenely from the sea,  
His wife she got by way of treat some beefsteak for his tea.  
She put the meat upon a dish; but while she cut some bread,  
The cat jumped up and grabbed the meat and sneaked beneath the bed.

McGinty tore his hair with rage to think he'd lost his treat,  
And swore he'd kill the "dirty baste" that robbed him of his mate.  
He told his wife to jump around and shut the bedroom door,  
And get things ready to begin the skirmish round the floor.

His wife she took a toasting fork, McGinty took a spade;  
McGinty's boy made haste to join his parents in the raid.  
He grabbed the poker from the stove and swore he'd make it hot  
And interesting for the cat, the first chance that he got.

Down went old McGinty on the floor upon his knees,  
And he muttered something awful, as the cat he tried to seize.  
Then he hit it with the shovel, just to drive it out from there,  
And it flew into the cupboard, like a badly frightened hare.

Then old McGinty's wife ran in with toasting fork in hand,  
And things were getting lively when the kitten made a stand.  
Then it scratched her on the stocking, just above her buttoned boot,  
Which made her blush with anger—"the bold indacent brute."

The boy ran to the rescue with the poker in his fist,  
And every time he hit the cat bedad the poker missed,  
Till getting quite excited then, he fought with might and main,  
And raising high the poker, faith he hit it there again.

Without a moment's warning just to tell what it was at,  
The cupboard door flies open wide, and then out leaps the cat;  
They hadn't time to think or act, in fact they didn't see,  
Before it landed right into the middle of the three.

They struck and floundered round about and madly beat the air,  
The cat and old McGinty taking turn about to swear;  
They pulverize each other, for they know not what they're at,  
And every one gets roughly used except the blessed cat.

McGinty's boy let out a blow, and this I will declare  
The cat had surely met its death, had it been only there;  
But the only harm the poker did, 'tis terrible to note,  
Was to send his mother's new false teeth a-flying down her throat.

Then down came old McGinty's fist and hit his son a crack;  
His son then lost his temper, and he hit his father back;  
The mother took a hand in, too, and helped to pile it on,  
And when they all got quieted down, bedad the cat was gone.

The cat, from all appearance, had the best part of the fight,  
For it gave McGinty's wife a most excruciating bite,  
It scratched his son upon the nose, and tore McGinty's shirt;  
So every one within the room, except the cat, got hurt.

And now the fight is over, and the blood no longer flows,  
But old McGinty's son wears sticking plaster on his nose.  
McGinty's wife sewed up his shirt, and banded up her knee,  
And taking pattern from the cat they all sat down to tea.

MALCOLM J. MCCARTHY.

## A QUEER DICTUM.

THE *Mail*, which is now regarded as the monitor of political morality in Canada, lays down the law as follows:—

A politician is useful to his friends so long only as his conduct is above suspicion and reproach. When he resorts to improper practices it rests with the party either to protect him and thus assume his sins before the public, or to give him a fair trial and, if guilty, to let him go.

This is by no means sound, though the *Mail's* intention is good. The principle of giving an accused politician a fair trial, and when proved guilty "letting him go," has been too long in vogue in this country. We altogether dissent from the doctrine—unless the *Mail* means "let him go" to quod.

## THE SQUARE FIGHT.

THE oncoming battle for the vacant Toronto seat in the Local House is square in shape, and we hope will be equally square otherwise.

For the information of city voters we append a brief summary of the candidates and the ideas they represent.

H. A. E. KENT.—Barrister. Conservative party nominee. Represents the views of William of Orange as opposed to James II. This issue is somewhat dead. Also the Great Idea that voters should vote as their fathers voted. General platform—Mowat must go.

N. G. BIGELOW, Q.C.—Barrister. Liberal party nominee. Represents the unnecessary majority in Local House. Also, that Toronto should, if possible, be redeemed from Toryism. General platform—"Reform," a word signifying nothing.

E. A. MACDONALD.—Gentleman at large. Nominee of Himself. Represents the idea that Canada's best interests would be served by political union with the United States.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.—Journalist. Nominee of the People Who Think. Represents living issues and believes in something definite. The only candidate of the four who stands for anything worth talking about. General platform—Extinction of the drones, and securing to those who work the full results of their labor.



## LED OUT TO BE SHOT.

The summary fate that would await Jim Somerville, M.P., if this country had a proper regard for the feelings of Col. Dehison.



SIR JOHN WILL NOW ACCOMPLISH THE TASK OF SWALLOWING HIMSELF.

**THE ALDERMANIC PILGRIMS.**

(AIR—"I'm a Pilgrim and I'm a Stranger.")

I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
 I can tarry, I can tarry but a night,  
 Do not detain me, for I am going  
 Where street-cars run and the booze is flowing.  
 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
 I can carry, I can carry till I'm tight.  
 Talk of junkets! you bet we're in it.  
 I was never in more comfortable plight.  
 Afar we roam, and we find it jolly  
 To try the storage and then the trolley.  
 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
 I can carry like Old Harry till I'm tight.  
 First they dine us and then they wine us,  
 Thus we cull the gentle flow'rets blooming bright.  
 Let heelers rave, let the party war rage,  
 We'll see how trolley compares with storage.  
 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
 'Tis less trouble, to see double, day or night.  
 If promoters will gently woo us,  
 And with blandishments and boodle vex our sight,  
 Can we rudely repulse each favor,  
 And shock our hosts by such coarse behavior?  
 I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger,  
 Put it there, old man! We think your scheme is right!

**A CHILD'S MISTAKE.**

ELSIE was once walking with her parents through a cemetery. She looked at the headstones with great interest and frequently stopped to read over the epitaphs. After pondering deeply a while she turned to her mother with the remark:—

"Lots of folks are afraid to die, ain't they?"

"What makes you think so, Elsie?" asked her parent.

"'Cause it says 'Scared' on so many of these tomb-stones."

She had mistaken the work "sacred" cut in Old English lettering for the more familiar term.

This is a solemn fact—at least, so the fellow from whom we had it avers. But then they all say that when they try to work a bigger lie than usual off on us.

**A HINT.**

THE readers of the *Globe* would feel obliged to the Managing Editor if he would kindly permit "Uncle Thomas" to give them his Impressions of the Single Tax. Wood he mind doing so?



### IF GLASGOW, WHY NOT TORONTO?

MR. GRIP (*handing his Worship the newspaper*)—"Be so good as to read out that paragraph."

HIS WORSHIP (*reads*)—"In Glasgow," says Sir George Trevelyan, "the water has paid off the debt of purchase, and the price of gas has been reduced one-half, while the public streets are lighted for nothing! So much for municipal co-operation!"

MR. GRIP—"Well, sir, and what do you say to that?"

HIS WORSHIP—"Er—well, I can only say that, in my opinion, the people of Glasgow evidently possess common sense!"

### BOOK NOTICES.

"A MEMBER OF THE Third House," by Hamlin Garland, Messrs. F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago, Publishers, is in the best vein of that popular and successful author. Like his other stories, it is strongly realistic and reformatory in its tendencies, and deals with the practical problems of modern society. The present work is a scathing exposure of political corruption as displayed in the purchase of legislative votes when valuable franchises are sought for by corporations. The characters are powerfully drawn and true to life, especially that of Brennan, the typical corruptionist. It is a book that should be read by all who are interested in the purification of politics and the restoration to the people of the franchises which corrupt rulers have so freely bartered away for personal profit. There are passages in the work which will remind the Toronto reader strongly of the shameful manner in which the interests of the public were sacrificed in the street railway deal—though unfortunately that rascally business had a different conclusion. It is ever so much easier to secure the triumph of right and justice in a novel than in actual life. For sale by Grip Printing and Publishing Company. Price, 50 cents.

"RHYMES Afloat and Afield," by William T. James. This is the title of a neatly printed volume of verse by a young Englishman now resident in this city. The modest title forbids us to expect anything in the way of downright poetry in the volume, and we are therefore not disappointed upon reading it. While it lays claim to no lofty inspiration, the versifying is skilfully done, and there is a wholesome, breezy air about the work. This no doubt arises from the subjects treated, which

are for the most part of a cheerful, out-door character. The author appears to be particularly fond of the water—though he discriminates against the Toronto article by leaving it unsung.

MR. JIMMIE FAX thinks it best on the whole to write his own songs, as he knows just what his public likes. He has favored us with copies of his latest efforts in this line—"Wouldn't It Be Nice?" and "There's Not Another Like It." Both have, it appears, been "sung with immense success" by the author, so further criticism is unnecessary. The music is by Prof. Bohner.

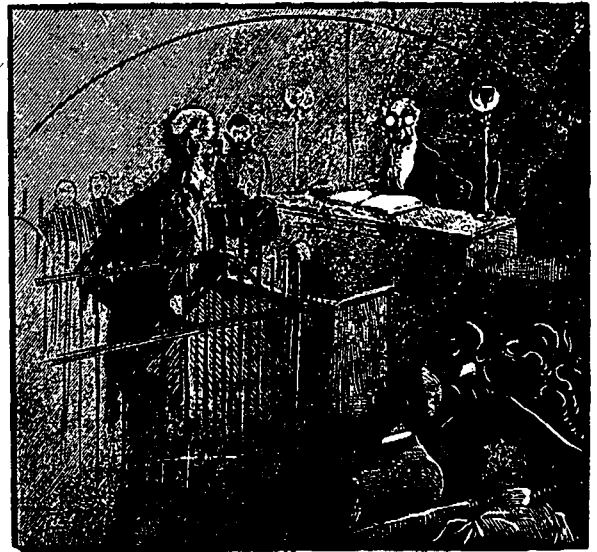
### NOTES FROM THE DEHORNING COMMISSION.

CONSIDERABLE comment has been caused by the fact that none of the labor bodies are represented on the Commission. It is felt that if a horny-handed son of toil had been appointed, a practical exemplification of the dehorning process resulting from a soft job would have been secured.

The Commission are anxious to secure a full-grown and able-bodied dilemma. Many politicians who have been at one time or other impaled upon the horns of a dilemma are anxious to have its researches extended in that direction.

The Commission is likely to hold joint sittings with the Prohibition Commission lately appointed by the Ottawa Government, the object of which is largely identical.

A number of people living in a neighborhood infested



### SCIENCE IN COURT.

STIPENDIARY—"Prisoner, where do you live?"

PRISONER (*a reduced geologist*)—"At present I am a troglodyte."

STIPENDIARY—"A—a—a—be careful, sir, a what?"

PRISONER—"I said a troglodyte."

STIPENDIARY—"Sargent Muldoon, what does this lunatic mean?"

SARJINT MULDOON—"Faix Oi dunno, yer Warship, but from infirmation resavaid Oi belave he lives in a hole in the rock beyant there at Laidy Mequarie's Chair."

PRISONER—"Precisely what I said; I am a troglodyte, or cave-dweller. In the Paleolithic Period—"

STIPENDIARY—"Six months hard!"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

by players on the French horn are anxious to testify. They are enthusiastically in favor of dehorning.

Several sheriffs and registrars whose stipends have been recently reduced to a mere pittance of three or four thousand dollars are to be called to give evidence as to the inhumanity of docking.

The result of the labors of the Commission is expected to be extremely valuable—in a horn.

### AT THE HOSS SHOW.

(On King St., opposite the gate.)

IMPULSIVE SMALL BOY—"Oh, cricky, what a whopping big tent! Say, is it a circus, pa?"

HIS PA—"No; it's a horse show."

I. S. B.—"Well, it must be a Grand one!"

HIS PA—"Yes, it is. And Mr. Grand seems to have gone to no end of expense."

(In the Arcade tent.)

TIMID YOUNG LADY—"O, dear, have we to go all that distance between those rows of horses' heads? I'm afraid the savage things will bite us!"

HER ESCORT—"Never fear. Keep close by me."

TIMID YOUNG LADY (relieved)—"Oh, I see; their heads are fastened so they can't reach us, anyway."

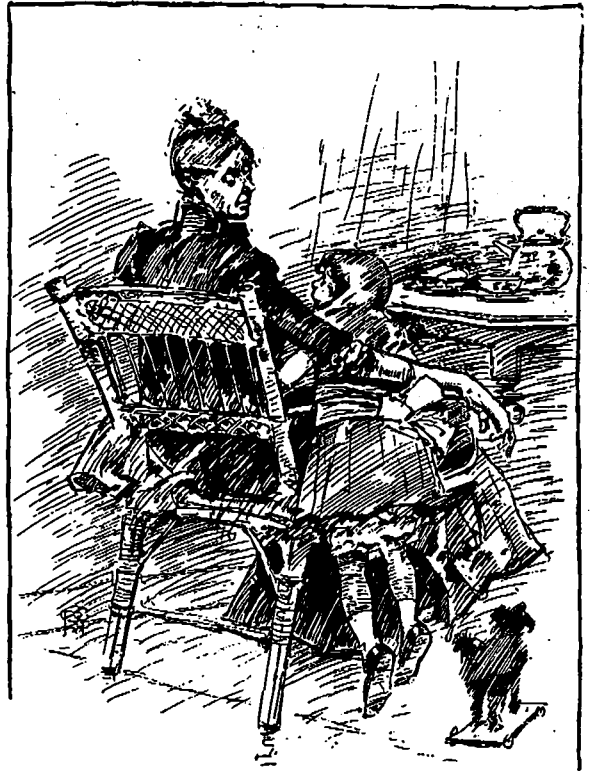
WAGGISH PARTY (to his chum)—"I say, this ought to be called the 'Grand' promenade."

HIS CHUM (also a wit)—"Good deal like finishing a medical course, ain't it?"

WAGGISH PARTY—"I don't quite catch —"

HIS CHUM—"Walking the horse-pital, you know."

GENTLEMANLY ATTENDANT—"Take the first turn to the left for the large tent."



### PRACTICAL.

GRANDCHILD—"G'ma, me loves 'oo."

GRANDMA—"My love, my pet."

GRANDCHILD—"G'ma, has 'oo got any beenanas?"—*Sydney Bulletin.*

(Under the mammoth canvas)

FIRST DUDE—"Bai Jove, if I haven't come without my widing twowsers and boots."

SECOND DO.—"Are you going to wide?"

FIRST DO.—"Oh, no; but it would be the cowwect sawt of thing, doncherknow."

(In the reserved seats.)

MRS. DE PODGKINS—"Now, this is what I call comfortable. What a pity we couldn't keep such a splendidly fitted up place all summer."

TOMMY DE PODGKINS—"Ma, do they have a clown and mules and el'phants?"

MRS. DE P.—"No, my dear. This is *not* a circus, though it looks like one."

[Trumpet call. Enter a score of gentlemen riders on park hacks.]

ENTHUSIASTIC GAMIN—"Golly, now you'll see arace!"

BETTER INFORMED GAMIN—"No, you won't. They're jest showin' the horses, till they see which will git the prize"

(At the end of the performance. Coming out.)

FIRST SPORT—"Magnificent show of horseflesh, hey?"

SECOND DO.—"Immense. Grand deserves a medal for doing this thing up so slick."

FIRST DO.—"If he had only put a few races on the programme, and a few gymnastic events, he would have come out better financially."

SECOND DO.—"Yes; he ought to make a note of that for next year."



### INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

ETHEL—"I cannot understand why my brother Tom is so fond of girls' society. I much prefer being with the little boys."



## A CIVILIZED AGE.

## CHAPTER I.



SIMON OLDCASTLE was rich. Tom Jackson was poor. Both harbored the spirit of discontent.

The one had surfeited upon the sweets of life. The other had tired of the husks of poverty.

They had both dabbled in the literature of the industrial controversy. The one was

fond of enlarging upon this popular sentiment, "Humanity is not fit for any condition of affairs which would make improvement possible." The other's mind was filled with bitterness and his pockets with dynamite.

They were both interested in Somnolentia, that potent drug announced to give prolonged sleep, with testimonials from Edw—d B—ll—my and numerous others.

"Will you try it?" asked the plutocrat.

"I will try it," responded the toiler.

Oldcastle disposed of his wealth, and they betook themselves to a far away obscure cave.

## CHAPTER II.

When they awoke it was August, A.D. 2183. They immediately set out for Toronto.

"The banks won't take this money," said the conductor. Their only cash was old Government currency.

"Don't the Government compel them to take it?"

"The Great Mammon Trust is stronger than any government." And they had to tramp it from Hamilton.

Bewildered and curious, they welcomed the companionship of a fellow tramp, an intelligent, hustling farmer, who was too poor to go by train.

The resurrected pair began to ask questions.

"Why are there no small boats on the bay?"

"The Association won't permit it."

"What Association?"

"The Canadian Navigation Association. They own the lake."

"Own the lake?"

"Certainly. Why not? Grant from Government."

"And what are those objects yonder?"

"Sky Owning Company's rain machines and wind directors."

"Who pays them?"

"The farmers."

"Suppose you don't pay?"

"Clouds and fog cover your land."

"What right have they to shut out the sun?"

"Government grants the privilege."

"That's barbarous."

"It's civilization, sir."

"The sky should be free to all."

"That's rank communism, sir."

"What makes you talk so abruptly, in such curt phrases?"

"Habit."

"How came the habit?"

"By evolution. Pursued by mortgages for generations—no time to waste."

"And what makes your ears so long?"

"Evolution."

"Ain't they in the way when you work?"

"They're mighty handy."

"What for?"

"To keep the flies off."

"Why don't you brush them off?"

"Haven't time."

In due course they reached Toronto.

"What a ragged woman!" remarked Oldcastle.

"Sewing girl. The good looking ones go to the harems."

"Harems?"

"Of course. Government grants privileges."

Here the street rose by an incline to the top of the business blocks, or rather what seemed like one solid building.

"Saves space under the roadway," explained their guide. "Lighter and airier business places."

"And what are the lower flats used for?"

"Tenements for the poor, of course. They are too dismal and unhealthy for anything else. Good-bye!"

Jackson and Oldcastle sat down to rest themselves on the coping of a light well. From several windows away down the wall, distressed children were suspended in rude seats to enjoy the luxury of light and air, such as it was. For it was malodorous air that came from the dwellings below. You could cut it in slices were it not for the hardened curses intermixed.

They stopped a passing politician to ask about an imposing pile of handsome buildings half encircling the city.

"They are the poorhouses, gentlemen," he replied, "the pride of this philanthropic age."

"Behold your future home, Jackson," said Oldcastle, "for we are dead broke."

"I have an idea," said Jackson.

"Can you cash it?"

"Maybe. I once had five dollars, and I deposited it in that bank."

And with Oldcastle to identify him, and their farmer friend of the morning to vouch for Oldcastle, (for a consideration.) he withdrew his five dollars and accumulated interest, in all \$122,356.88

"A pretty good world, after all," he soliloquized. "The doctrines of unrest are for the needy and distressed. For me, stability, the security of my wealth." And to adorn his home he bought this motto beautifully wrought, "Humanity is not fit for any condition of affairs which would make improvement possible."

But he is not parsimonious. From his purse he helps Oldcastle to eke out an unsatisfied existence. For to the plutocrat of old, resurrected as a toiler, it is a world of sham and injustice. Gloomy conceptions are the sole product of his brain. He is a propagator of revolutionary ideas, and his pockets and his hand-satchel are stuffed with dynamite cartridges of various makes and sizes.

EDWIN F. MOORE.

DR. THOMAS' eulogy of Alexander Mackenzie was a splendid piece of eloquence. There's nothing like having a good subject, if you want to talk well, and have the necessary gift.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

## SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

ESPECIALLY infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

FULL many a hero who the battle's might Hath faced without a tremor or a dread, Nor quailed supinely at the direful sight, Before Love's fierce artillery hath fled.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

## DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Tightness of the Chest. Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

## A LITERARY TYPE.

He sat in a garret and chewed on his pen;  
He looked at the ceiling and eyed it again;  
And he wailed in a voice that was piteous,  
"What  
In the name of my muse will I do for a plot?"

"Must I sit here and starve? No; my bread shall be earned,  
I'll write on without—if I don't I'll be durned!"  
So, plotless, he plodded: the words scattered rife,  
And straightway he made the great hit of his life. —*Philander C. Johnson, in Judge.*

## WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYERS IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

A RELIABLE firm in Halifax says: "Several of our customers speak very highly of it (Dyer's Improved Food for Infants), and you have evidently got a splendid food."

## FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

WHAT a commodity! is the exclamation of everybody who uses our kindling wood. Sent to any address, six crates for a dollar. Pay on delivery. Send post card. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard street, or telephone 1570.

D'AUBIQUE—"Miss Daggett was in to see my color studies yesterday, and said she liked them immensely. What an artless little creature she is!"

SINNICK—"That's what makes her like your painting."—*Boston Post.*

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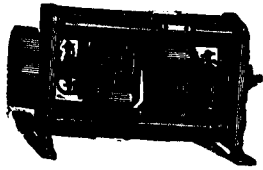
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