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GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BINGOUGH

GRIP ENG

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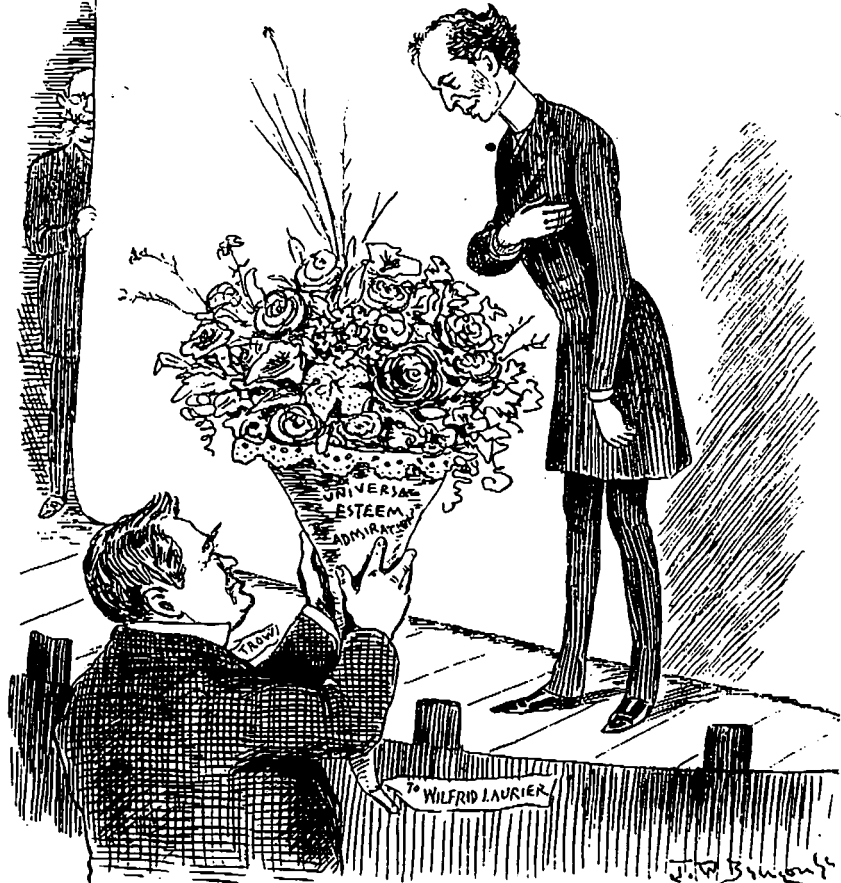
MUSIC

STARS

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the ASS.
 The gravest bird is the OWL.
 The gravest fish is the OYSTER.
 The gravest man is the fool.

— J. W. BINGOUGH



AND YOU DESERVE IT, WILFRID!

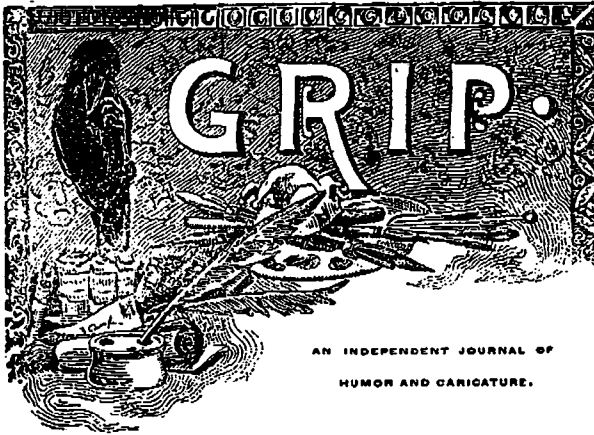
MR. LAURIER, in a letter to MR. JAMES TROW, M.P., says:—"The tone of the papers is very kind. In fact I am overwhelmed by the universal expression of sympathy and good will which I have received from all my friends."—*Globe*.

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
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Comments on the Cartoon.



THEN AND NOW.—It would be extremely interesting to hear what Sir John Macdonald, as Commander-in-Chief of the Restrictionists, has to say in reply to the *Mails*' recent articles on the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854. Sir John is a clever man unquestionably, but it would require something more than human cleverness, surely, to demonstrate that his present attitude on the question of continental trade is consistent with that which he held in 1854 and up to 1874. It is not always necessary that a man should be able to show himself consistent, but this is one of the cases in which a want of consistency argues not an enlarged view and greater light, but a deliberate retrogression from soundness. What are the facts? The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 gave us a large measure of Free Trade with the United States, and in many points it involved discrimination against British goods. John A. Macdonald strenuously supported the treaty, gloried in the claim that the Conservative party had secured it and upheld it against its alleged enemies, the clear Grit Leaders, and boldly avowed the right of Canada to discriminate against any nation whatsoever if she considered it in her own interest to do so, all of which was admitted by the British Government. Nobody in either party to-day dreams of denying that under the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 Canadian trade was enormously benefited. Well, what do we find now? This same Sir John, having, in 1878, desperately announced himself a Protectionist, in the hope of riding into office on a wave of popular ignorance, and having greatly to his surprise succeeded, now finds himself face to face with his own past record. It is the charlatan looking into the face of the statesman; and he meets the fate which every charlatan deserves. He finds himself obliged to live out what

he knows to be an economical falsehood. He believes in Free Trade as strongly now as he did in 1854, but he dare not act on the belief; he has made himself the chattel of the protected manufacturers, and he imagines that he must either do their bidding or get out of office. This latter alternative is, of course, not for a moment to be thought of. Hence we find a man of cleverness and sense acting with stupidity and talking nonsense. Nobody in Canada, we venture to say, is more utterly nauseated with the "loyalty" cry of the Restrictionists than Sir John, for the doctrine he manfully announced in '54 is equally true to-day. Being a man of wit, he is inwardly consumed with laughter over the absurd assertion that while it may be right to exchange natural productions with Yankees it is treason to have free trade with them in manufactured articles, and yet he must keep a straight face and cry hear, hear! to this consummate bosh. Poor old gentleman! Let us all sincerely hope that he finds in the mess of official pottage something that repays him for the loss of his birthright of mental and moral independence.

HON. WILFRID LAURIER.—Mr. Laurier's leadership of his party during the recent session was marked by so high a degree of ability that the Grit organs throughout the country are now playing an overture in his praise. At first there was some doubt felt as to whether, with all his classic eloquence, Mr. Laurier would be a successful leader. That he was a pure-hearted gentleman, profoundly esteemed by all who knew him regardless of party, did not necessarily prove that he possessed the unique gift of leadership. But the record of the session shows that he does possess this gift, and new hope has run through the party ranks. GRIP acknowledges no leader for himself, but deems it his right to pay an independent tribute to merit wherever he finds it. And all Canada may be proud of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier.

VOL. XXXI.

WITH this number, GRIP enters upon his Thirty-First Volume, having completed the fifteenth year of his cheerful reign over the hearts of the Canadian people. In the words of the enterprising shopman, he begs to thank all his customers for their past favors, and hopes, by careful attention to their wants in the line of wit and wisdom to merit a continuation of their patronage. That he can with some assurance count upon this, seems to be indicated by the following expressions from a letter just to hand, and which is typical of many letters he has the pleasure of receiving:—

"I take this opportunity of expressing how delighted I am with GRIP. It is getting better and better all the time. It is strongly on the right side of every moral question, and ought to be the terror of every sham and humbug in politics, religion, etc. Your temperance cartoons, e.g., that of 5th May, on Scott Act, are most telling and most cleverly conceived, and must do incalculable good—more good than any amount of temperance speeches, newspaper articles, lectures or even sermons. I am proud to be a subscriber, and look forward to its weekly arrival with delight. It shows me the right and the wrong side of the most important events of the day at a glance, and your concise comments and severe but just criticisms and off-takes put all in a nut-shell and save time reading, etc. J. G."

POWASSEN 25, 6, '86.

THE heroic conduct of Mrs. Laura Secord in appraising the British of the contemplated attack of Boersler's forces in 1812, is once again made the subject of a poem, and this time the hand of a master has done it justice—the same hand that gave in *Tecumseh*. Vide the *Week* of June 21st. A first rate piece of work by a Canadian author is something uncommon enough to evoke enthusiasm, and the bard of Prince Albert rarely fails to "do us proud." After reading his latest we unanimously shout "Give us Mair, Charles, give us Mair!"

* * *

THERE fluttered to our exchange table last week a gaudy journalistic butterfly yclept *Time*. With the eager interest of a naturalist we caught and examined the handsome stranger, and once more we had before us a demonstration of evolution. *Time*, (10c. per copy) with its broad and highly calendered pages and many-tinted cartoons, proved to be an evolution from *Tid-Bits*, the half-dime comic paper, which in turn had been evolved

from a journalistic grub that originally contained only clippings, and sold for 3c. Wonderful indeed are the ways of nature—and live publishers. We hope, in this case, the enterprise will prove profitable. John W. Lovell & Co., of New York, who publish *Time*, are Canadians, so there is little fear of the future of their now highly creditable journal.

* * *

MR. MOWAT will be glad to observe that the *Mail* has been converted from the error of its ways—which were particularly dark toward him—into a straight-out defender of the Ontario Government. On the question of the Niagara Falls Park the able journal sustains the Government in charging certain fees wherewith to pay interest charges amounting annually to \$35,000, alleging that these fees are only charged for the use of artificial appliances, and on the ground that the expense involved in making the park free should be defrayed by visitors who enjoy it, and not by the general public.

* * *

MR. HAYTER REED has just been appointed Indian Commissioner in the N.-W. Territories at a salary of over \$3,000. Reed—Hayter Reed—haven't we heard that name before, somewhere? Why, of course, but no—surely this is not the Hayter Reed, Assistant Indian Commissioner, who was charged with "appropriating to his own use" certain valuable furs left in charge of the mounted police by one Brymner at Battleford, on the outbreak of the Rebellion, which charge the Minister of Justice promised to investigate when it was formally brought up in Parliament last session? We fear it is the very same Reed, and if so, how remarkably scarce Conservatives with clear records must be, when the Government is obliged to give lucrative appointments like this to persons lying under such grave charges!

* * *

THEY dress the little six-year-old Crown Prince in a military uniform, so as to accustom his mind to the peace programme so "earnestly advocated by the new German Emperor."

* * *

THERE is going to be a funeral in the States on November 4th., and the Republican Convention at Chicago has prepared the corpse. Lest there should be any chance of the election of Harrison after the platform-makers had declared for increased taxation and the further protection of monopoly, they deliberately cut out the time-honored temperance plank, so as to give the Prohibitionist candidate, Fisk, nearly double the votes he would otherwise have obtained. It is time for a party to die when it has neither principle nor sense left.

* * *

BEFORE this number of GRIP reaches its more distant readers, the Dominion Prohibition Convention will have met, resolved and adjourned. The Grit and Tory managers will read the resolutions and smile, especially if they are particularly strongly worded. There is nothing tickles a party manager more than a strong temperance resolution. It exhilarates him just as a horn of whisky does, and he enjoys it because he knows it will not hurt anybody. The things they count after an election are votes, not resolutions. Prohibitionists should remember this, and vote as they resolute.

* * *

MR. FOSTER is going around the country trying to find a safe place to deposit \$20,000,000 of money which he has borrowed but doesn't need for any purpose



TOO "FRIENDLY" BY HALF!

LANGEVIN—"Am I not truly the workingman's friend? Do I not give him plenty of work—seven days of the week?"

as yet known to him. Meanwhile, the people are paying the interest on it—and it's very lucky for them that through the operation of the Restriction Policy they are flush of money and don't feel the burden. This is called Finance when done by a Minister of the Crown; in an ordinary business man it would be called aberration of mind.

THE BISHOP'S HOSES.



RIGHT REV. BISHOP CLEARY has returned from his visit to Rome, and the faithful of the Kingston diocese have given him a royal welcome home, and made him a present of a handsome carriage and pair. We trust due regard has been had to the worthy prelate's feelings in the selection of the animals, and that they are not young females who will switch their tails and kick up their heels in his face; and, above all, that they are free from the "roaring" habit which afflicts some horses as well as all Protestant school girls.

AN ALARM BELL.

MR. GRAHAM BELL's evidence before the British Parliament has startled the public. He says the tendency of deaf-mutes to intermarry is likely to produce a distinct race thus afflicted. We agree that it ought to be stopped. It is downright mean for deaf men to monopolise all the women who can't scold!

PROF. LOISETTE had a class of over 300 in this city learning his "Art of Never Forgetting." What's-his-name took the course, but he hasn't as yet "revived" that little debt he contracted a few years ago at this office

A FAIR AND WESTERN CITY.

ALONE I wandered in a city strange,
 A pilgrim I from distant lands and fair,
 Still wishing to extend my thought's broad range
 And ever willing both to do and dare.
 'Twas in the summer, and the sun's hot glare
 Fell full upon the wooden-paved street,
 Where crowds crush past and loafers stop and stare,
 And friends salute and speak about the heat,
 And perambulators crowd one's slowly moving feet.

Advancing from this crowded *foule* of fools,
 I quickly hurried on, for I was late;
 And, though the day was hot, I crossed o'er pools
 Which drip down gently from some roof's steep slate;
 For here no cab is sought at moderate rate.
 Since one is ruined by a single drive,
 But, when it is to Government House gate,
 Be sure upon a double fare they thrive,
 And 'tis not easy for that fare himself to thrive.

And thus to Aleck's gate I footsore came
 And quickly entering in, I was the first!
 Ah me! It was a slow and weary game,
 But when upon my 'stonished gaze did burst
 Full three times fifty clergy, then, I curst;
 For none more rough and clumsy could well be,
 Lay delegates and others country nursed;
 One rushed in straight; presented? No, not he.
 Another bowed so low, he could not see.

So jostled was I that at length I fled,
 And hurried through into the greenhouse near,
 When lo! as if by me inspired and led
 Some eight fell into rank and tramped out there.
 Once more was I in haste obliged to veer,
 Shaping my course around the greenhouse plants,
 I quickly gained the drawing-room now more clear,
 And there acquaintances at one quick glance
 Took in; then later took some in to have a dance.

Aweared of the scene at length I left,
 And after dinner in St. Charles's room
 Once more I paced the pave with greater deft
 And then I picked my way 'neath lamplit gloom,
 Up darksome streets, wood-paved and full of doom
 To him who steps unwary in a hole,
 And nearly finds his journey to the tomb!
 O, Baxter, god of gold, seek some new role,
 The back stair-case way out alone can save thy soul.

Thus, 'twas I wandered in a New World town,
 And pondering over all I'd heard and seen,
 I sadly thought like this, while lying down:
 So fair a city yet so truly green
 In being ruled by men so very mean;
 So new, and yet quite old before thy time,
 By spendthrifts left alone and now quite lean,
 Cracked by the heat and winter's icy rime;
 Alas, its citizens don't seem to care a dime.

HAROUN-AL-RASCHID.

MUSTER MACCRUISHCAN

VENTILATES HIS VIEWS ON DR. WILD AND ON THEOLOGY
 IN GENERAL.

SHE'LL gone ta hard Doctor Wild last Sabbath, Tonull.
 She'll neffer gone before an' she'll no want ta gone her
 nainsel but her prusser Sandy wiss up from Glengarra
 an' she'll had ta gone weess her. So we'll gone tagesser,
 an' we'll start fine an' airly so ass we'll got ta goot places.
 But when we'll got to ta keerk, Tonull, she'll neffer pe so
 much surprised in her tays. Tere'll pe a pollisman at ta
 toor an' when we'll try ta gone in, one of ta mans 'ull
 stuck out ta hant for ta tickets. Ta tickets, Tonull!
 Did ye effer hard ta like? She'll neffer haf so much sur-
 price before. Ta tickets for ta keerk! But ta pollisman'
 'ull no let her in weessout ta tickets an' she'll had ta stan
 at ta toor weess Sandy till all ta goot place's 'ull pe gone.

An' when ta toors wiss opened, she'll pe so pushed weess
 all the peoples tryin' ta got in pefore ta usser peoples tat
 tey'll no leaf her ta preath whateffer. An' she'll had ta
 keep holt ta Sandy by ta coat-tails, Tonull, or she'll no
 find him neffer more. But she'll got in by an' 'bye, an' it
 'ull pe ta 'gran' place, Tonull, surely! But ta meenister!
 Her'll haf ta hair long like ta weemens, an, ta whusker
 'ull pe as long as ta hair, moreofer. My, Tonull! if
 she'll saw her in ta push, she'll no could tolt her from a
 pear. An' she'll gif a prayer an' it no wuss like a prayer
 at all, not more ass half an hour! An' ta letterss! Did
 ye effer hard of a meenister tat'll profane ta Sabbath
 weess writin' ta letterss, Tonull, an' no ta spoke of
 readin' them in ta keerk whateffer?

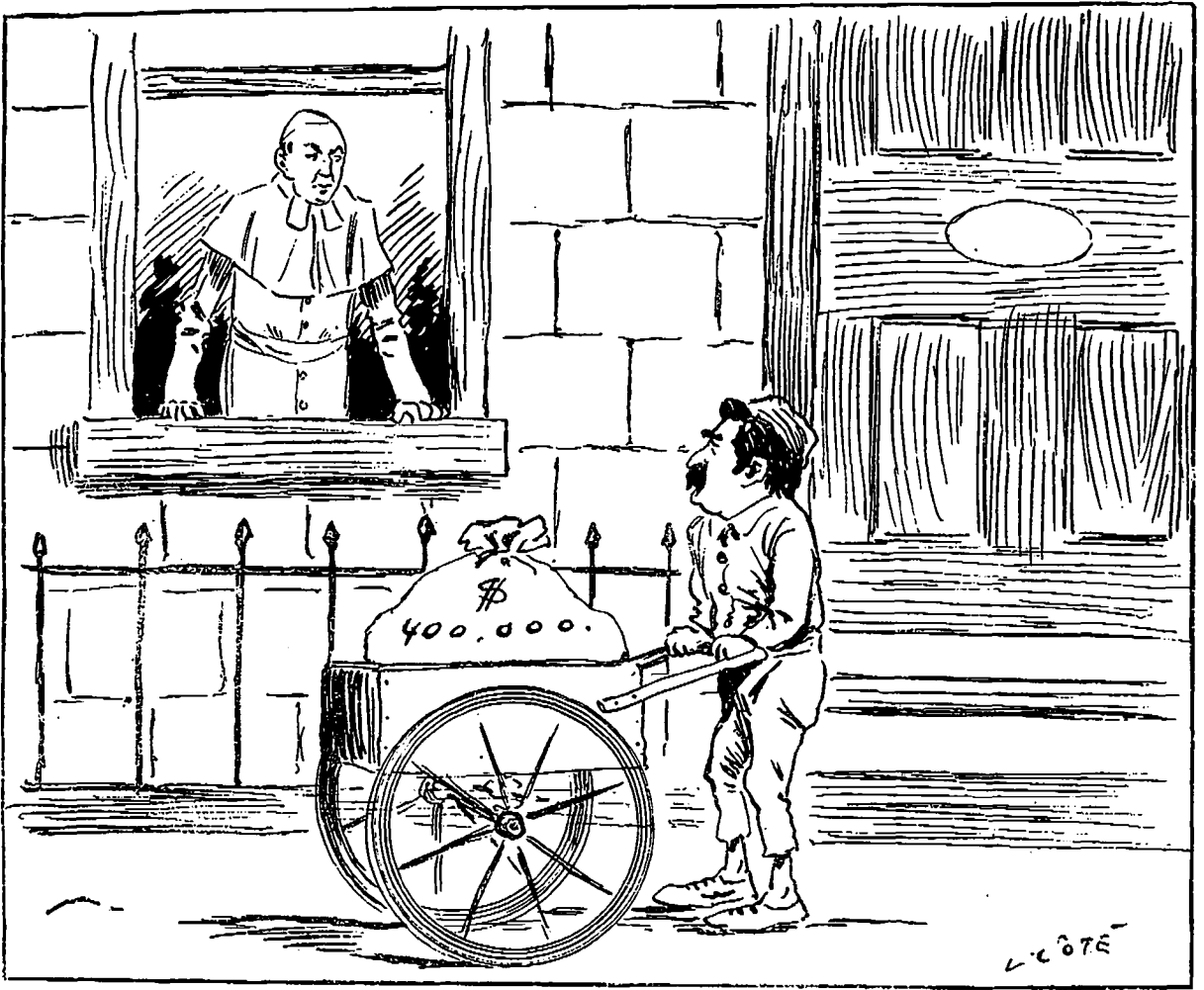
An' ta sherman! Her'll spoke apout ta Peeramuds
 an ta Pope an' ta Ten Tribes till her nainsel 'ull pe sick
 off it, so she wull. An' Sandy wuss angered ta hard her
 say tat ta Enklisch wus ta Ten Tribes, but her nainsel
 she'll no pe carin'. Sandy 'ull think tat ta Heilanmans
 was ta Ten Tribes sooner tan ta Enklisch, but her nainsel
 'ull rasser pe a Heilanman ass a Jew, whateffer! So
 she'll pull Sandy by ta sleef an' she'll gone oot of ta keerk
 an' Sandy she'll gone, too. She'll no stop in any keerk,
 Tonull, where ta peoples 'ull slap ta hants an' kick ta
 feets on ta floor like ta ungodly peoples at ta seercuss.

Ay, Tonull, ta keerks is teferent from ta olt timsess.
 She'll mind when she'll gone to ta keerk in ta mornin'
 an' no get up till ta efenin' neffer once, an' when ta one
 meenister 'ull got tired ta usser meenister 'ull peg in.
 Ay, Tonull, an' tey'll pe ta gran shermans! An' ta
 prayers! Ta prayers 'ull pe ass long ass ta shermans in
 Canata. An' ta meenister 'ull spoke an' spoke an'
 he'll shake ta fust, and ta face 'ull pe coffert weess ta
 sweet, Tonull, he'll got so airnest. Ta meenisters in
 Canata 'ull pe lacy, Tonull. Tere'll no pe a meenister
 in Thoronto like Muster MacTaigart off Inferness.
 She'll no can go to ta keerk in Thoronto weessout she'll
 hard ta meenister spoke apout ta temperance. Tey'll no
 let ta peoples take a trunk o' whuska, whateffer! Ta
 Temperance! Hoot, Tonull! Murther MacTaigart
 'ull took a trunk off goot whuska ass goot ass ta pest off
 peoples an' twice ass more!

An' ta whistles! It 'ull gone to her heart, Tonull,
 to see ta orkens in all ta keerks. Tere'll no pe a keerk
 in Thoronto weessout tere'll pe ta squeakin' ungodly
 thung at ta pack an' she'll no hard ta psaims whateffer
 weess ta popish noice. It 'ull no pe seemly, Tonull,
 not ta gone to ta keerk at all, but she'll no can tell
 where ta gone whateffer. She'll think tat she'll gone ta
 Muster MacTonull's if tey'll haf ta whistles or no.
 Muster MacTonull 'ull pe soond on ta Temperance, no
 matter. Her'll spoke out for ta leeberta, an' if her nain-
 sel 'll no haf ta leeberta ta trunk ta Ela whuska, she'll
 leaf ta keerk!

But, my, Tonull! wuss ye at ta Gaelic surfiss?
 Tat'll pe ta place to hard a goot spokin'! Murther
 MacMeelan 'ull pe as like Murther MacTaigart ass
 neffer. He'll no pe so airnest but he'll spoke ta Gaelic,
 Tonull, an' she'll neffer hard an' ortodox sherman in ta
 Enklisch moreofer. An' ta Gaelic psaims, Tonull! Ta
 precentor wiss a godly young Hielanman from Inferness,
 an' when he'll chunt, ye'll no could tell but it was ta
 bag pipes, Tonull, it 'ull pe so goot. Ay, it 'ull pe ta
 gran' serfiss! Ta psaims 'ull no soond ta same, Tonull,
 in ta Enklisch ass in ta Gealic. An' if ta Enklisch hard ta
 spokin' in ta Gaelic, tey'll no had ta serfiss in ta English
 neffer more.

CEILDH.



THE WRONG ADDRESS,

LE JEUNE MERCIER—"I have a parcel for the Jesuites."
 THE CARDINAL—"They don't lodge here now; they were turned out, as you know, long ago; and have no corporate existence anywhere."
 LE JEUNE MERCIER.—"Oh, I don't care whether they exist or not, I'm going to give 'em this parcel, anyhow!"

PEELERS AND PARSONS.

SIR, I never read the papers,
 But I've somewhat here to say
 Of the recent Conference capers
 Which have happened down your way.

A spiritual healer
 It seems, if talk be true,
 Undertook to teach a peeler
 More than heretofore he knew;

But his well-meant intrusion
 Was received with copy frown,
 And, much to his confusion
 T' the cells he was sent down!

The matter might have ended
 (Not much harm had been done),
 But the Conf'ence meeting tended
 To agitate the fun.

And the feeling has crept out, sir,
 That things have reached a pass,
 When if Bottom was in Conf'ence
 He'd say "Write us down an ass;"

Which I hold is an expression
 That I wouldn't like to use—
 If the parties of the Conf'ence
 And I held similar views.

Still, I never read the papers,
 But its just what people say
Re police and parson's capers.
 I'm yours truly,

UNKY CHAY.

ON THE WHARF.

BROWN—"Going to take the *Cibola* to Niagara, Aleck?"
 ALEC. SMART—"No; I'm going to have the *Cibola* take me."

QUESTIONABLE CHRISTIANITY.

ELM ST. CHOIR COMMITTEE-MAN (*beaming with triumph*)—"Yes, sir! Our moonlight excursion on the lake was a *perfect* success! Standing room only for about 300 people, who were nearly tired to death on their feet so long! It was splendid!"

DOWN THE RIVER.



"CAST off ze line. Let her go, Monsieur Gallagher!" So spake the gallant Captain Roy (in elegant French), and our stately steamer—(deserving of the adjective, because the obliging purser can accommodate you with no end of neat, tidy, and attractive state-rooms)—moved away from her dock at Montreal and started down the river on her regular evening trip to the ancient capital. The usual assortment of freight, animate and inanimate, was on board, and it always contains, in the former category, a lot of our Gallic compatriots vocally endowed and equipped with an assortment of French folk-songs warranted to last in the rendering from dinner-time to daylight. They sing capitably, too, these jolly, impromptu choirs of *Canadiens*, and those of us who are fond of music but hanker for sleep can easily forgive them for making a night of it. We don't go to our bunks, however, until we are simply weary of the succession of beauties revealed on either bank of the noble river as we glide along hour after hour, stopping occasionally at the landing stations *en route* to exchange a study of landscape for an equally interesting study of Quebec life. It is a pretty little programme each time: the pushing out of the gang-plank; the rapid rumble of truck wheels as fresh baggage is hustled aboard; the touching dramas of parting, with "all the original effects" of handshaking, kissing and hugging; the salutes of *au revoir, bon voyage* and so forth, from our fellow-beings on the wharf; the whole concluding with a transformation scene, when gradually increasing distance melts the landing place and its lively multitude into a mere memory. Well; we have gone to bed, and we *have* had a refreshing slumber somehow, and we are on deck this morning bright and early, and here is the citadel looking down upon us with its historic memories of Wolfe and Montcalm. "All ashore!" and here stands the old skipper at the gangway, to take our tickets. Wonder what he would do if we refused to deliver up the pasteboard? Take us back, free, to Montreal, no doubt. May be worth trying some time. But not at present. We hand him the document and merely say,

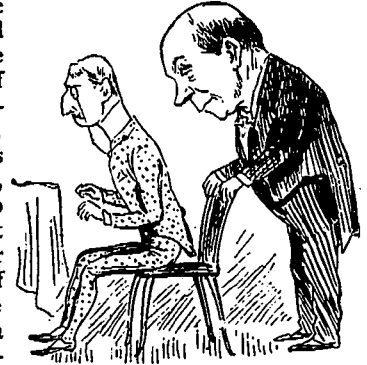


Here you are, Captain Roy,
You're a bully old Boy.

Now if you happen to be a newspaper man and Quebec knows you are coming by boat, the hospitable old city is very likely to be on the wharf waiting for you in the person of P'caud,

Stuart or Le Vasseur. The gallant captain of the

Volligeurs is not now in active journalism, having joined himself unto the cognate profession of gas inspecting, but he is as indomitable as ever in his efforts to see that visiting press men, and especially those from the English-speaking provinces, are made comfortable and happy while they are under the shelter of the Quebec City Council, which, by the way, at present contains three newspaper men, and is, according to Mr. Carroll, the best Council they have ever had. Carroll is one of the three. "Sain 'wee Ho-tel?" shouts a hackman, with the accent on the *tel*, and we say, "Merci, m'sieu, drivez vous a la Sain 'wee ho-tel." Thus do we talk French like a native, and the natives stare with astonishment, not having supposed us so highly educated. He drives us there, and we find out that what he calls Sain 'wee is really Saint Louis. But it's all right. We have heard of it before, with its famous clerk Joe, who is more popular, they say, than any Premier Quebec has ever had. The average hotel clerk is a starchy fellow, but there is no starch about Joseph—not even in his enormous collar. Then they have a capital table here, according to report, and in due time we put ourselves under the care of the



Generalissimo of the dining-room, a large gentleman in full dress, who looks suspiciously like a distinguished statesman. French, of course, we mentally conclude, and we address him in our pure Parisian. "G'long out o' that, wid ye," he responds, "sure, ye can spake no more Frinck nor my ould shoe." Thus rebuked, we subside into the chair he considerably pushes beneath us—

just in time—and the *menu* disposed of in English. Some day soon the Sain' wee people are going to build a new hotel worthy of the city and of Joseph. The present building is behind the age. But you see everybody here if you just take up your position in the office. Watch this little farce, for example. See, that gentleman with the rosy face and snow-white felt hat, is American Consul Downs, and he is arguing Yankee politics with a gentleman pretty well known to fame—Mr. John C. Eno. The discussion grows warm. A tall Quebecer strolls in and takes a hand, just as a chuckle-headed gentleman who looks as if he might be a Blaine Republican goes up to the register at the counter. "Why, of course," says the Quebecer, "the Democrats will elect their man. I don't care who is nominated at Chicago!" "Hear, hear!" cries the Consul. "Bet you a hundred dollars they don't," roars the man at the register, turning around and beginning to talk with his mouth, an operation which sends a spray over everybody within reach. "I'll take that," says the Quebec man, and the money is put up in the



form of cheques payable to the Consul, who agrees to hold the stakes. It was a Blaine Republican, sure enough. He declared himself such with terrific emphasis, and he proved it. How?

Why, next morning he sent word to the Consul that he had stopped payment of the cheque, and would like to have the same returned to him. * * * Here's a gentleman from the Civil Service. Emigration Department, if I'm not mistaken, and he is just going to tackle that man over there and



tell him that dog story. I know it by the glare of his eye-glass; yes! he's got him; and, see, the man is doing his best to follow the thread of the narrative—hopeless effort! See, he is giving it up; his mind is wandering; now he is uncomfortable; his discomfort increases; it is pain; it is agony; nature is overtaxed, he swoons away, and the great raconteur goes forth to seek another victim. * * * And yonder's a political knot. Hon. Jimmy McShane is shaking hands with everybody, and looking as if his re-entry into the Cabinet was a "dead sure thing." Everybody in Quebec who doesn't love Owen Murphy loves Jimmy McShane; some, perhaps, love them both alike, but it wouldn't do to let either of them know this. But the Hon. James is happy, and his countenance shines even as his wide-brimmed silk hat. See, he greets Fochard, the handsome gentleman who would like to see all the Mercier cabinet seats vacated even as McShane's has been. Politically they are foes, but both are good fellows; and here comes another—Langelier, to tell again the story of that memorable campaign in which he and Fochard were the opposing candidates. It was in a Scott Act county, and when he got thirsty Fochard would refer him to certain "documents" to be found in his (F's) valise. Then, sometimes he would accommodate his rival in the same way. Great mystery attaches to these "documents." It is not known what their contents were, but the "documents" were made of glass, and had corks in them.

BONESET'S BICYCLE.

MR. BONESET had been practising on a wooden bicycle during the early part of the summer, and as a result Mr. Blow, the druggist, had reaped a rich harvest by selling unlimited quantities of sticking-plaster and sundry bottles of arnica, and he stroked his double-chin with complacent satisfaction when Mr. Bonaset informed him that he intended investing in a bran new "bike," of the latest pattern. Unfortunately, heavy reverses in his business speculations compelled Mr. B. to make an assignment, and out of the wreck of his once princely fortune he barely saved enough to build a palatial residence with a brown stone front, embellished with an iron railing to keep the mortgage from falling off the roof.

However, he scraped enough together to buy a bicycle worth \$100.

One beautiful evening he brought out his glittering wheel, and, after sundry furtive glances up and down the street, he boldly mounted. Mr. Bonaset found to his exquisite delight that he could glide along serenely without falling off much, and golden dreams flitted through his mind of winning costly cups at the club races. A crowded race-track flashed before his vision, and in fancy he could hear the plaudits of the excited spectators as he swept proudly past the judge's stand twenty yards ahead of his discomfited rivals. Flushed and elated with these luscious thoughts, he pursued the even tenor of his somewhat erratic way, until he found himself in the suburbs and rapidly nearing a sharp decline in the road. Did he dismount? Oh, no, indeed! He decided to ride down the hill, and in the graphic language of the street, he "got there with both feet." But to his horror and amazement he found the depraved wheel would not stop, but "whooped 'er up" faster at every revolution. His hat flew off, his feet flopped off the pedals and stabbed large holes in the air. And then there was a mighty crash, a "dull sickening thud," and the gas was turned down, while the plot rapidly thickened. A couple of strangers pensively picked up the shattered wheel and mournfully looked over the inanimate rider to see if he had any loose change on his person, when all at once the supposed corpse sat up and said, "What does this interference mean? I always get off that way!" and the strangers departed. Mr. Bonaset was for some time under the weather, and although he loved his bike, he found he had little time for practice; so the physician took it in part payment of his bill, and Mr. Blow, the druggist, was filled with grief and much depressed in spirits, for had he not lost a good customer?

E. A. C.

THE FUNNY MAN'S LAMENT.



WHEN the weather's hot and sultry, and the sun is beating down, On the writhing, roasting wretches of a teeming toasting town, When we seek in vain for shelter in the most sequestered spot, And find no place of pleasure where heat penetrath not,— Then, to laugh or long or lightly in the midst of misery, What a very funny funny-man a funny-man must be!

If from the seething city to the Island cool he hies, The mosquitoes masticate him and he's tortured by the flies;

If he seeks the heavenly Humber for an afternoon's repose, He returns with all the cuticle burnt off his noble nose;— To give vent to funny fancies in the midst of misery, What a very funny funny-man a funny-man must be!

This is not a time for jesting, and his task he'd gladly shirk, For the persecuted plumber now has left his winter's work; "Spring poet" jokes are out of date; the bad banana peel Has lost its former freshness as each funny-man must feel. So to laugh or long or lightly when all funny fancies flee, What a very funny funny-man a funny-man must be!

So he sits him down in sadness in his chamber next the sky; In vain he seeks his vanished ink—the sun has drunk it dry! His wits are likewise dessicate—his collar weak and wet Is the only thing the arid sun appeareth to forget. While marks the meek thermometer, in shadow, 93, What a very funny funny-man a funny-man must be!



A. J. Clapp
APRIL 1888

"PROTECTION."

MISS GLADYS (in response to an invitation).—"Thanks, but Ma objects to my going without a chaperone."

MR. FRESHMAN.—"That's all right, aint I a chap-your-own?" (She went.)

MIXED MEMS.

THE following notes, apparently in the handwriting of Sir John A. Macdonald, were found in the vicinity of the Queen's hotel just after the departure of the Premier the other day. The finder, supposing them to be fragments of state papers, naturally handed them to GRIP for publication. On a minute inspection, however, we are inclined to think they consist partly of notes for Sir John's intended speech at Wesley Park, and partly of memoranda connected with the business which brought him to Toronto. But the reader can judge for himself:—

Begin by reference to Wesley . . . Great man . . . Conservative parentage . . . Where born . . . My own early life . . . How reform'd.

* * *

See G-rny . . . Must shake down more acorns for hogs . . . Show why Dewd-y must be fixed . . . See Cr-gh-n and find out what's matter with *Emp-re* . . . Must fix kickers somehow . . . See B-ng-m as to ways and means of raising wind . . .

* * *

Crossley-Hunter . . . glowing tribute . . . Relig. and pol.

not antag . . . Give own experience . . . Temperance ques . . . Saloon in Parl't Bdg . . . Explain why . . . Christian office h'ldrs . . . Refer to Dewd.—Reed—Smith—etc. . . . Lo Poor Indian . . . Squaw story . . . Influence of dev. on contractors . . . Rusty pork . . . Boodlers . . . Railway jobbers . . . Story of the Boy . . .

* * *

See Sm-ll and make things solid in East . . . Taffy for W. . . . Calm down saloon fellows . . . *important* . . . See mgr. workingman vote . . . See about contribs from inf'r's . . . Fix M-1 if poss. . . .

(Here the MS. becomes illegible.)

FACTS THAT ARE FUNNIER THAN FICTION.

FREDDY (to whom his father has been telling the story of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden)—"Pa: how did He drive them out? Did he drive them out with a whip?"

PA—"No, Freddy, of course not!"

FREDDY: "Well, but, Pa, how *did* he drive them out then? Did he drive them out in a buggy?"

TOMMY, (who like Freddy, has been trying to comprehend the mysteries of early chapters in Genesis)—"Well, Pa, if Dod made evrasin' out of nussin', an' there was nussin' till he made somethin' *what did he stand on when He made it?*"

TOUGALL, (who wishes to cross a bridge in his wagon, to TONULL on foot)—"Ho, Tonull, is ta prudge safe?"

TONULL—"Ta prudge safe? Ta prudge's no safe Terr'll pe a man gone ofer it yisterta weess a harse on her pack

an' she'll proke it town!"

MRS. BORGER—"John, dear, I wish you would run in next door and ask Mrs. Smith for the loan of her wringer."

MR. BORGER—"Really, my dear, I don't care to. I hardly like to put myself under any obligation to the Smiths."

MRS. BORGER—"Why, John! and they so kind, too! They've been very attentive indeed. I'm sure the very least we can do is to borrow something from them!"

IN the days when Phrenology was the popular fad, a "professor" of the pseudo-science visited a certain Ontario town on a lecturing tour. At one of his meetings a prominent citizen and churchman, of the loudest professions, but with an unenviable reputation for hard-dealing and close-fistedness, stepped upon the platform and pompously asked to have his head "read." The professor hesitated, knowing his character, and not wishing to offend. At last, however, he yielded to the request, felt the bumps, and turning to the audience said with true Yankee caution: "Ladies and gentlemen, I know nothing of the character of this subject, but if he is an honest man, *he deserves great credit for it!*"

Sir John, permit me to introduce
an able Champion of Unrestricted Reciprocity
whom you ought to know!



“THEN AND NOW”

“SIR JOHN MACDONALD did not utter a syllable in condemnation of this discrimination (against Britain in Reciprocity Treaty of 1854) or of that practised in 1856 and subsequent years. On the contrary, as we have before shown, he made haste to assert that the Conservative party had had a hand in perfecting an instrument which in its practical working gave American exporters these very substantial advantages over British exporters. He is scarcely warranted, therefore, in warning us at this time of day, when the process of political evolution has carried us ever so much further in the direction of self-government, that discrimination against the Mother Country would be treason.”—*The Mail*.

"Do you want a receipt for that money?"
"No; the fact that I got the goods at all is evidence that I must have paid for them."—*Dansville Breeze.*

A FARMER who finds it impossible to get his boys to chop the wood for the family says that he is actually ashamed of their ax shuns.—*Boston Post.*

A ST. LOUIS grain speculator "failed" recently for a half million. What worries him most is that nearly \$50 of it was cash.—*Exchange.*

THERE was a young man in Japan
Who wrote verses after this plan;
But the populace rose,
As you may suppose,
And they wiped out that wretched young
man.—*Louisville Journal.*

ANATOLE (to de Jones, who has been trying to make himself understood in bill-of-fare French)—"If ze gentleman will talk ze language vot he was born in, I will very mooch better understand."

MR. DE JONES (to friend)—"Queer, ain't it, how soon these Frenchmen forget their own lingo when they get over here?"—*Puck.*

WAGLEY (of New York)—"Ya-as, death boy, it is quite true, as the papahs say, that there ah only foah hundred weal society people in this city."

PORKER (of Chicago)—"The deuce you say! Why, from all I've heard of Comstock, and Gerry, and McGlynn, and the A.S.P.C.A., I thought pretty nearly all of you were Society people."—*Puck.*

YOUNG HYSON.—"I see that Mrs. Scrymge adheres to the English fashion at her receptions, and doesn't introduce people to one another."

TOM BIGBEE.—"I should say not, with the crowd she has there. Why, if any of those people suspected who the others were, he'd never go near the house again."—*Puck.*

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.—"Is the army in barracks, Duke?"

DUKE.—"Yes, sire."

"The ammunition obtained?"

"Plenty, sire."

"The artillery?"

"All tested, sire."

"Are the fortresses manned?"

"Fully garrisoned, sire."

"Then everything is on a war footing?"

"Quite so, sire."

"God be praised! Now I am prepared for peace."—*Puck.*

GRIP has a pointer to give those who find themselves unable to go abroad for holidays this summer. It is this—get one of Daniel & Co.'s lawn outfits (see illustration on page 16), and enjoy solid comfort at home! To those who can go camping or seasing we would say take an outfit along. Modern mechanical art has given us nothing which combines luxury and beauty more perfectly than these lawn furnishings, and we are glad to know that the ingenuity and enterprise of the manufacturers is being rewarded by a lively demand for their goods. The "man of to-day" goes in for comfort, and he duly appreciates those who provide it for him at a minimum of cost.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—
A NEW TREATMENT.

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

ADVERTISEMENT.

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

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.

It is now an established fact that the Hammond typewriter is the best machine on the market. The alignment far surpasses that of any other typewriter. Call at the office, 67 Yonge Street, and see for yourself.

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

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,

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

THE London papers are making a great many jokes at the expense of Mr. Donnelly and his cipher. As soon as a cryptogram is discovered by which those jokes may be deciphered, the entire world will burst into a fit of laughter.—*Chicago Journal.*

\$93 Sewing Machine Free!

We want one person in every village, town and township, to keep in their homes a line of our ART SAMPLES; to those who will keep and simply show these samples to those who call, we will send, free, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured in the world, with all the attachments. This machine is made after the SINGER patents, which have expired. Before the patents run out, this style machine, with the attachments, was sold for \$93. However, for \$20. Reader, if my name to you the most WONDERFUL THING ON EARTH, but you can secure one of these machines ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided your application comes in first, from your locality, and if you will keep in your home and show to those who call, a set of our elegant and unequalled art samples. We do not ask you to show these samples for more than two months, and then they become your own property. The art samples are sent to you ABSOLUTELY FREE of cost. How can we do all this so easily enough? We often get as much as \$1,000 in trade from even a small place, after our art samples have remained where they could be seen for a month or two. We need one person in each locality, all over the country, and take this means of securing them at once. Those who write to us at once, will secure, FREE, the very best Sewing Machine manufactured, and the finest general assortment of works of high art ever shown together in America. All particulars FREE by return mail. Write at once; a postal card on which to write to us will cost you but one cent, and after you know all, should you contact us, we will be glad to refer, why no term is done. Wonderful as it seems, you need no capital—all is free. Address at once, TRUE & CO., ACUTSA, MAINE.

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

Letter of Thanks and Endorsement of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, by Wilmot D. Matthews, Esq., President of the Toronto Board of Trade, and Director of the Dominion Bank, and Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

PACIFIC BUILDINGS, 26 Front St. East.
MESSRS. WELLS & MCMURTRY,
General Managers,
Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,
Toronto.

DEAR SIRS,—

In behalf of my mother I beg to express her thanks to the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association for receipt of cheque (\$15,000) Fifteen Thousand Dollars in full payment of claim under policies of life insurance held by my late father, W. D. Matthews. Although the claim does not mature for several weeks, the same has been promptly paid without the slightest trouble.

My father always held the Mutual Reserve in the highest estimation, and from his intimate acquaintance with President Harper and the chief executive officers of the Association, never hesitated to recommend it to all who applied to him for information. I, as well as other members of our family, hold large policies in the Association, and believe it to be one of the best managed institutions represented in the country. The small cost of insurance, together with the precaution taken to protect the trust funds of the Association, in the appointment of a Separate Corporation as trustee for the policy holders, and the simplicity and success of its system, cannot fail to make the Association deservedly popular with the insuring public.

Yours truly,

WILMOT D. MATTHEWS.

The large number of members of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association resident in Canada will read with satisfaction the above letter from Wilmot D. Matthews, Esq., in reference to the prompt payment of the large amount of life insurance held by his late father, W. D. Matthews, Esq.








There is probably no name in Canada more widely known than that of Mr. Matthews, and occupying as he does so many important positions of trust, such as President of the Toronto Board of Trade; Director of the Dominion Bank, and also of the Canadian Pacific Railway; his letter to the Canadian Managers of the Mutual Reserve carries with it more than ordinary weight.

The Mutual Reserve, a few years since, started out with the determination of demonstrating to the world that life insurance could be afforded, with perfect security, for less than half the cost charged by Old Line or high rate companies. While meeting with the most unscrupulous opposition, it has pluckily pushed forward, overcoming all obstacles placed in its way, and to-day is pronounced a marvel of success, its system and financial position being endorsed by the best actuaries on this continent. It has paid for death claims over Five Millions of Dollars and at the same time accumulated nearly Two Millions of Dollars in its Reserve Fund.








Mr. Matthews' insurance is an illustration of the small cost under the Mutual Reserve system as compared with other companies. The sum total of payments by him on \$15,000 insurance has only been \$1,665. The same amount under the old line system would have cost him \$4,657. It will be seen therefore, that the actual saving in cost amounts to nearly \$3,000.

WHAT

Warner's SAFE CURE CURES

- Back Ache, 
- Bladder Troubles, 
- Rheumatism, 
- Neuralgia, 
- Head Ache, 
- Nervousness, 
- Indigestion. 

There is NO DOUBT of this great remedy's potency. It is NO NEW DISCOVERY UNKNOWN and mayhap WORTHLESS, but is familiar to the public for years as the only reliable remedy for diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Stomach. TO BE WELL, YOUR BLOOD MUST BE PURE, and it never can be pure if the Kidneys (the only blood purifying organs), are diseased.

- Dizziness, 
- Ague, 
- Dyspepsia, 
- Female Troubles, 
- Bad Eyes, 
- Impotency, 
- Dropsy. 

CURED WITH Warner's Safe Cure.

Ask your friends and neighbors what WARNER'S SAFE CURE has done for them. Its RECORD is BEYOND the RANGE of DOUBT. It has CURED MILLIONS and we have millions of testimonials to prove our assertion. WARNER'S SAFE CURE will CURE YOU if you will give it A CHANCE.

WHY SHOULD Total Abstainers

Pay for the Larger Death Rate necessarily entailed on them by being classed with Moderate Drinkers in Life Insurance?

THEY SHOULD NOT! BUT THEY DO!

Avoid this error in the future by insuring in

The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company.

This Company places TOTAL ABSTAINERS in a SEPARATE CLASS, thus guaranteeing to them

The Larger Profits produced by their Superior Longevity.

"ECONOMY AND SAFETY" is its motto.

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OFFICE: Premises lately occupied by the Federal Bank, on Wellington street.

A general Banking Business will be done, collections made in all parts of the Dominion and United States, drafts on New York and Sterling exchange bought and sold. Interest allowed on deposits.

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Run daily between Toronto, Niagara and Lewiston in connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways. The popular summer route to the Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston, etc. Tickets at all principal ticket offices.

JOHN FOY, Manager.

ONE never grumbles if he finds a hare among the viands while eating a game supper.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE cat is versatile, and if you give her a chance she'll become a lap-a-diary.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

SHE—"You can't eat cake and keep it."
HE—"Oh, yes you can—the kind you make."—*Town Topics.*

SOME temperance men are so punctilious that they will never permit themselves to appear in good spirits.—*Boston Post.*

THE statesman that wants to fether his nest has got to take keer of the geese that furnishes the fethers.—*Washington Critic.*

(In the West)—SHE—"Do you ever see a finer sunset than that in the East?"
HE—"No. The sun never sets in the East."
—*Life.*

SOME follies, designated vain,
Have a delightful moral;
That they may reconcile again
Is why these lovers quarrel.
—*Philadelphia Times.*

REJOICE, good friend, you're not Roman,
And count your privilege as great;
For well we know in these days no man
Would have patience to write MDCCC-
LXXXVIII.
—*Puck.*

MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

THE BALL-POINTED PENS
Never scratch or spurt. They hold more ink and last longer.
Seven Sorts for Ledger, Rapid, or Professional Writing.
Price \$1.20 to \$1.50 per gross.
Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand.
The "Federation" Holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip.
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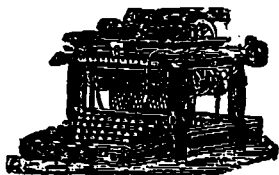
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Geo. Bengough, 36 King Street East.



A LITERARY DISCUSSION.

HUSBAND (*quite late*).—"M'dear, I've been to (hic) little literary gathering, an' we been discussin' key to Donnelly's (hic) cript'gram."

WIFE.—"Yes; and you evidently discovered the key to be whiskey."

PURE GOLD FLAVORING EXTRACTS

BAKING POWDER

BAKING POWDER IS MADE FROM ABSOLUTELY PURE CREAM TARTAR & SODA & IS FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE THE STRONGEST, PUREST AND BEST.

10000 PRESENTS

TO FIRST APPLYING WHILE THEY LAST.

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Hard and Soft Wood, Coke and Coal.

OFFICES AND YARDS:
 Cor. Adelaide and Bay Streets, Toronto; and
 12 Queen Street, Parkdale.

No. 1 Wood, delivered, \$5.50 per cord. Best No. 4 Chestnut Stove, \$6.00 per ton. Pine Wood, \$4.00 per cord. Pine Slabs, \$3.00 per cord. Terms Cash.

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CURES
 Impure Blood,
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CYLINDER OIL,
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LARDINE
 — IS UNEQUALLED. —

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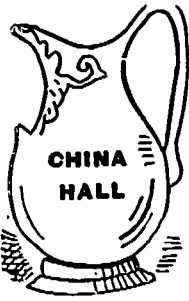
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TENNIS SHOES
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WIGWAM SHOES for Picnics. Spring Heeled Boots for Children and Misses, and an Endless Variety of

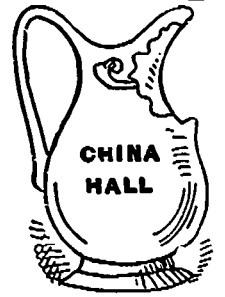
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IMPORTER

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WALL PAPER
SUPERIOR DESIGNS
AT ALL PRICES
MCCAUSLAND & SON.
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ALL KINDS OF JOBBING CARPENTER WORK.

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429 Yonge St., cor. Anne St., TORONTO.

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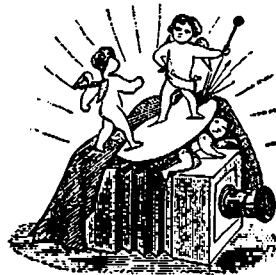
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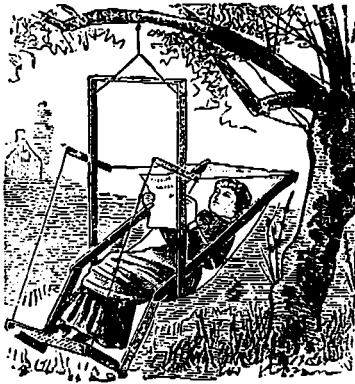
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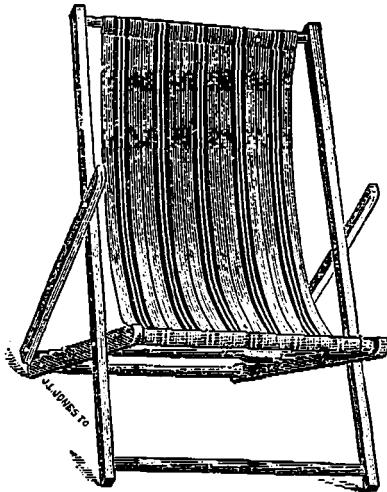
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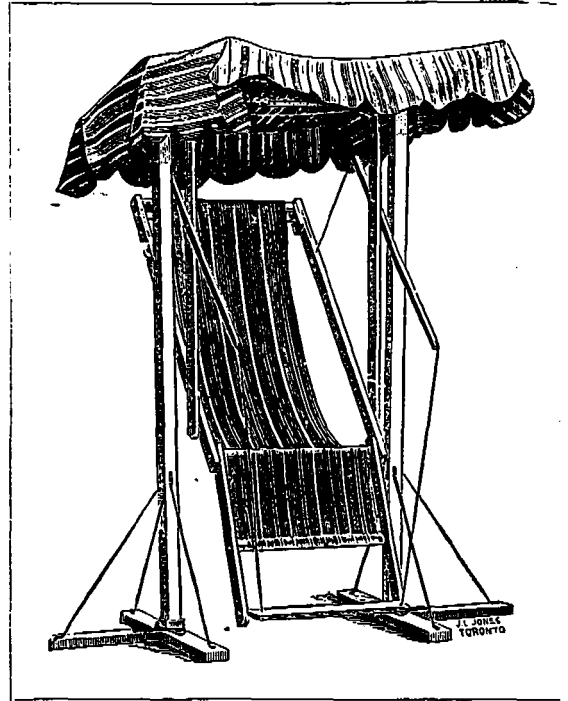
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