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EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

Vol. 42. *Literary and Artistic Contributions are Solicited. Rejected MSS. will be Returned if stamps are enclosed.*

No. 1077

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No. 3.



THE LONG-DISTANCE FISHERMAN,
OR, MACKENZIE BOWELL IN QUEST OF AUSTRALIAN MINNOWS.



THE ENGLISH IDIOM.

FLASHLY (to his French guest)—“Are you a lover of horseflesh, Monsieur?”

MONSIEUR—“Oui, sometimes. Mais, ze frog-leg is to my taste bettaire, eet ees not so tough.”

THE LONG-DISTANCE FISHERMAN.

THE Intercolonial Conference has closed its secret sessions at Ottawa, been dined and wined in Toronto and Montreal, and dispersed its several ways to the ends of the earth. It has been the occasion of a fine display of post prandial eloquence, and something has been done through it, we hope, to increase the sum-total of human happiness, if not to draw closer the bonds of the British Empire.

We are not sanguine enough to suppose, however, that the deliberations of the delegates will really lead to any marked increase in intercolonial trade, for the simple reason that trade has a confirmed habit of obeying its own laws, and pays no heed to such purely metaphysical things as national aspirations and arbitrary Imperial boundary lines. This is why, with the profound respect we cherish for Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, we are obliged to consider him a silly old gentleman when he talks of working up a flourishing commerce with Australia while he persistently ignores or even repudiates the great trade we might have with our Republican neighbors here at our doors; and—notwithstanding his loyalty—with the millions of the mother country a little further away but still much nearer than Australia. We do the good gentleman no injustice in picturing him as a wrong-headed fisherman who insists on angling for minnows far away while shutting his eyes to the shoals of salmon and black bass at his feet.

It is, in short, an hilarious farce for Protectionists to talk about or endeavor after increased trade. Their system means nothing if it does not mean that trade with outsiders is something to be avoided as far as that is possible to rational beings. Free Traders are the only people who may consistently talk about such a thing, and they know that the simple, easy and effective way to increase trade is to remove such barbarous barriers as tariff walls.

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

[The post of Poet Laureate being still vacant, Mr. Grip feels it his loyal duty to perform the duties of the office until Tennyson's successor is appointed. He accordingly proceeds to celebrate the latest interesting event in the royal family—the christening of Georgie's baby.]

AN august company stood around
(Though it was but July,)
To see the formal christening
Of George's little bie.

The Bishop took the youngster up,
And all was still as death,
(His reverence was well fed and fat,
And very scant of breath.)

And having with due pomp of form
Bestowed the holy rite,—
He then pronounced the baby's name,—
A task by no means light.

Because unused to such hard work,
The Bishop was done out,
The day was hot, the crowd was great,
And he was very stout.

Said he, “I do baptize thee Ed-
(Puff, puff,) ward, (puff, puff,) Al-
Bert Christian,”—here he took a rest,
And the Queen said, “So far, well.”

“George, An-” resumed the bishop,—“drew,
Pat- (puff puff) rick, (puff) Da-
(Puff, puff) vid, there I think that's all,
At least I hope and pray!”

“Edward, Albert, Christian, George,
Andrew, Patrick, David!”
Cried the child, “with such a name,
May my life be saved!”

MR. Keir Hardy is answered. In his very shocking speech in the House of Commons a few days ago he wanted to know what the Prince of Wales had ever done to help the British race. And now his royal highness can point with pride to the victory of his yacht, “BRITANNIA” over the American “Vigilant.” If that isn't bringing glory to the British race, what is? Mr. Hardy had better be more Keirful hereafter.



“A MIGHTY SLOW PLACE.”

POLICEMAN KENNEDY—“If you're waiting for the Sunday car, my friend, you might as well move on. It will not be along until 1896 at the very earliest.”



"A CYCLE OF CATHAY."

SUSANNAH AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, July 14th, '94.

WE'VE had a curious lot of things happening here lately. One of 'em is a kind of house-cleaning muss—whitewashing, only this political whitewashing don't make the Parliament any cleaner, which is a pity. It seems this Mr. Turcotte he wiggled around the Act they passed to keep themselves clear of money-grabbing, and he didn't get clear around it. Mr. Edgar was after him, and he got right down to the truth and shewed it to the members, and you'd wonder how they could help doing their plain duty. Seem's ef this Turcotte man was a kind of secondo (as they say in duets) to the Postmaster General, and the duct wouldn't go, if he wasn't let play. Sir John said up and down and crosswise that he'd hev to git out, and Sir Adolphe Caron said he'd got to be whitewashed, (leastways that's what the little birds say) and the funny thing is he got whitewashed, and folks is wondering who's the premier, as they call the head man. Mr. Edgar kinder thought the government ought to be called the Caron-Thompson one, and I guess he knew.

I've heard tell a good deal about solid votes which go all one way, and that was the kind of a one that the Quebec members gave about the French treaty. Some folks seemed dreadful surprised, but I guess they'd kinder forget how the English members are about things concerning England, and how the Irish folks cut up about Oirland forever when Irish doings is brung up. Bein' a good Liberal's a pretty good thing, but bein' a real Liberal 's a sight more fair and accordin' to charity and all that.

Politics don't usually have much feelins. They're supposed to be dreadful practical things, but my sakes, they've got up some plan that's goin' to cost \$750,000 a year and extras, just for nothing but feeling Canada's boats is as fast as the American ones. Mr. Foster said folks would argue as how's they might divide the money up among the farmers, but that wouldn't be done of course. Seems like 's if he never thought o' leavin' it in their pockets, which it would be if it was took off the taxes. He says thinking of the money 's a dreadful narrow way to look at the question, and he takes the broad way. I guess he does—the one that goes clean to destruction.

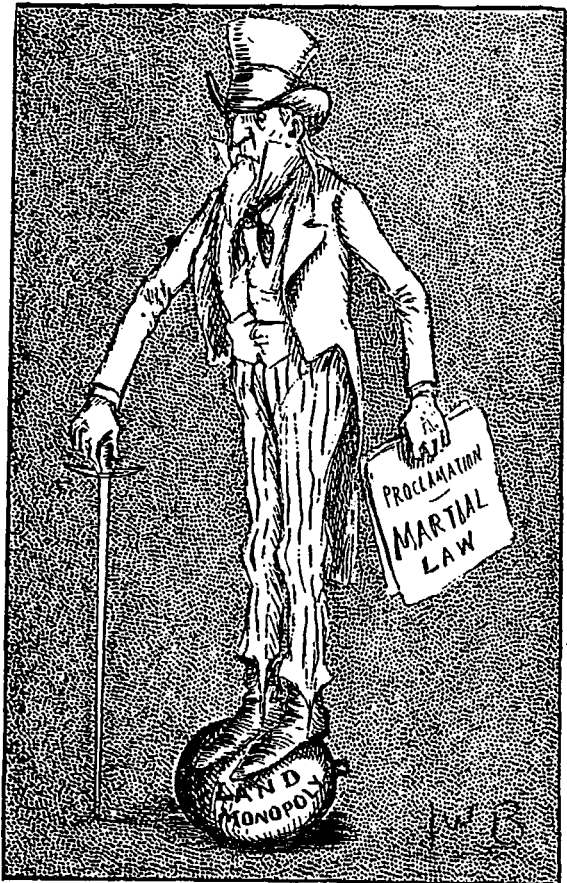
There's a good deal left undone this session what might have made good fighting if it had got took up in the House. Mr. McMullen was going to see about this superannuation business which wants fixing so bad, Mr.

Mulock was for tending to the passes on the cars what got charged up in the members bills like's if they cost money, stead of being for value to be received, which aint let be forgot. Mr. Mulock had other things too, and Mr. Charlton had something to do about the voting, Mr. Dickie was going to see about us women voting, and Mr. Kent had a temperance bill. All of 'em got tramped under for this time anyhow, and it ain't fair. Mr. McCarthy's got a very mischievous way of talking. I like to hear him tell what he thinks right out and answer back when Col. Amyot or Mr. Foster or any one wants to know anything. He don't seem to take his politics to heart somehow, but he's got them in his head dreadful. Mr. Mulock now he's different. He's most awful in earnest, and he's got the aggravatingest way of talking I ever heard. It's real fun if you're on his side, but the folks what he's agin, get red in the face or pale whichever way their tempers acts.

Politics is things that you get a good deal of fun out of, pretty cheap. The stage-fixings of politics is pretty fine, the actors get pay and glory mixed, and the great big mob of tax-paying people pay to keep 'em acting. It don't sound fair, but I guess it's as fair as most other things, which ain't bragging.

SUSANNAH.

MR. ARNOLD HAULTAIN has secured the entree into *Blackwood*, and seems to have taken his place amongst the dainty critics of society. As to the prosaic world of hard fact, it appears to be something like Haultain's monicle—he hardly ever has occasion to look into it.



THE FUNDAMENTAL DANGER.

Uncle Sam hopes that this strike, boycott and tie-up difficulty has been safely set at rest by his energetic measures, but he doesn't seem to be aware that he is standing on a bombshell!



"HONOR BRIGHT!"

HIGH COMMISSIONER TUPPER—"I have the pleasure to deliver the Treaty, duly ratified. My Government instructs me to say that Parliament does not like the Treaty a little bit, and only ratifies it out of regard for the honor of the country."

FRANCE—"Quite so. And as to the line of steamships you promised; that also is ratified?"

HIGH COM. TUPPER—"Er—no; as to that, Parliament says the honor of the country be jiggered!"

A POINTER FOR MR. FOSTER

THE Musee is closed for the summer. When it re-opens, if the enterprising manager could only secure a Consistent Protectionist for his curio hall, he might be assured of drawing crowds beyond all precedent. Such a *rara avis* never has existed, however, and probably never will. The able and energetic proprietor of the *Toronto World* seems to be making an effort to win the distinction for himself, but he will never really succeed, because he has too many lucid intervals. If he could only get rid of his brains, now, he might. But he is certainly a more consistent Protectionist than Mr. Foster, whom he rightly upbraided for treason to the cause in accepting the French Treaty by which there is to be free trade in wine. He might have upbraided him also for granting a subsidy to this new steamship line, as the object of the heavy expenditure is to increase trade—a thought which ought to be rank poison to a Protectionist philosopher. The whole spectacle is silly to a degree. Mr. Foster coaxes the Trade dog with a steamboat subsidy or a French Treaty in one hand, and then wallops it with a tariff club in the other. Is foreign trade a good thing? Every rational creature says, yes! Then let us have it. And if Mr. Foster wants a free

lesson in genuine statesmanship let him move and pass the following amendment to the new Tariff bill: "That all the words after *that* be stricken out and the following substituted: The revenue of Canada shall be raised by a tax on monopoly, to wit, the ownership of land values, and all other taxes, whether direct or indirect, national or municipal, are hereby abolished."

A PUZZLER.

A LEARNED looking gentleman, who might have been a Professor of Mathematics in some of our seats of learning, stood on the corner for over an hour watching the Orange procession go by on the glorious 12th. When the last, final, wind-up, tail-end had passed, the old fellow turned to a stranger at his elbow, and gazing intently through his spectacles said—"Well, and what does that prove?"

THE strike account as rendered now that the affair is over seems to stand about this way:

Creds.—A moral victory for labour.

Debs.—Several lives and some millions worth of property destroyed.



THE FAKIR AND THE JAY.

HUDDART—" Just think of the prestige and glory it will be to own a line of 20-knot steamers, and the millions of profit there will be in it, and I'm offering 'em dirt cheap—yes, gents, ridiculously — "

FOSTER (a greenhorn, eagerly) — " Here you are, Mister, I'll take 'em ! "



METAPHORICALLY.

THIS somewhat savage scene is another illustration of the amenities of Canadian journalism. It represents the Editors of the *Hamilton Times* and *Dundas True Banner* tearing the Editor of the *Hamilton Templar* limb from limb, a thing which they have lately done, in a Pickwickian sense. The punishment was no doubt extreme, but we feel obliged to admit that Buchanan, the victim, deserved his fate, viewing the case from the standpoint of his executioners. He runs an independent Prohibition paper, and it is the duty of an independent paper to view political matters as they are presented in the *Times* and *Banner*. Buchanan flagrantly failed in this duty in the recent Provincial campaign. He refused to give his support to some of Sir Oliver Mowat's colleagues, although Sir Oliver himself had given a satisfactory prohibition pledge. The colleagues in question refused or neglected to endorse said pledge, and for this reason Buchanan tried to defeat them. Further, he supported some Tory candidates who announced themselves favorable to Prohibition. In short, he looked upon Prohibition as being the one great issue, and refused his endorsement to every candidate who disagreed with this view, regardless of party. Now, in the opinion of the *Times* and *Banner* men, this was no sort of way to act. Sir Oliver having given a pledge, it was the *Templar's* plain duty not only to support the gallant Knight himself (which it did) but also to shout and work for all the Government candidates, whatever their individual attitude on the Prohibition question might be. Hence, when the battle was over, he was called out and punished as above, and we think anybody who looks at it through *Times* and *Banner* spectacles will agree that his punishment was extremely mild.

THE BAPTISTS.



THE City of Toronto, *par excellence* the City of Conventions, has never had occasion to extend its hospitality to a worthier lot of delegates than those who are at present honoring us with their presence—the representatives of the Baptist Young People's Union of America. Mr. GRIP feels it a pleasant duty to join in the welcome which has been extended to the visitors by all the organs of local public opinion, whether journalistic or municipal. He lifts his hat to the Baptists as a sturdy people who are the exponents of a manly Christianity, which is generally associated with sound views on political and social questions.

'Tis true, the Baptist wears a hard shell, but like that of the oyster, it always covers a soft heart. Moreover, this shell we take to be generally an encrustation of uncompromising principle, rather than an outward coating of narrowness, and it is something nowadays to have a body of people in the world who have really made up their minds on some points. May every one of our visitors have a good time, and may it be a profit to us as it will certainly be a pleasure to listen to the words of the many grand speakers they bring with them.

SHOOT IT!

I SUBMIT, for the diagnosis of your medical and psychological readers, the following strange case of rhyme running mad during the dog-days:

“GAME SCARCE AT ARARAT.”

“When on the heights at Ararat
At last the ark of Noah sat,
His hungry cat found ne'er a rat
Upon the washed-out Ararat.

Nor could she catch a wary bat
That flitted, like an airy rat,
(If one to such a fairy bat
May venture to compare a rat)
Returning to its habitat,
Skirting the crags of Ararat
Beyond the jump of any cat
Or larger feline acrobat.

Then, when her hope had fallen fat
Of dining on a rodent fat
Or lurching lightly on a gnat,
She peaked and pined, poor balled cat,
Mid peakes and pines of Ararat!

* * *

Felt ever cat such care as that?
Was ever mountain fare as that?
Was ever else so bare a rat
Or ever else so spare a cat
As on those wastes of Ararat?”

F. Blake Crofton.

It will be hard on Toronto to have the expert eye of the Baptist Convention directed to our water system.

The Senate want a Deputy Speaker now. His duty we assume will be to put the motions of adjournment. If so he will be the hardest worked man in the Chamber.



A SUFFRAGE OBJECT LESSON.

A couple of highly cultured ladies, wishing to obtain books from the public library, and being told that they must have their application signed by a *Voter*, call in a poor colored man who, being unable to read or write, makes 'his mark' on their behalf, and the thing is done!



HE WAS IN A BANK.

ROMANTIC ETHEL—"I fear you cannot return the wealth of love I have confided to your care."

PRACTICAL JIM—"Not on demand, but it's all well invested. No occasion for a panic."

ERASTUS WIMAN'S CASE.



OUT ON BAIL.

well founded, there are a good many tolerably law-abiding citizens both in the States and Canada, who will contemplate the "turning down" with complacency. While it is not to be denied that Wiman was at least technically guilty of forgery, nobody seems to think of him as a forger morally, and although his acts made him liable to punishment at the hands of the law, there is a wide spread belief that some punishment very far short of five years and six months in Sing Sing would sufficiently vindicate the majesty of Justice. It was by no means made clear that the forgery of which he was convicted was committed with a criminal intent to deceive; this, in fact, is the point now to be reheard by the Court, as we understand it. But the real basis of the wide sympathy felt for Wiman is the unquestionable excellence of his life and character up to the time of this difficulty. It may be admitted that he had an unusual amount of self-conceit, and that his ambition was so great as to amount almost to madness; but it is equally true that he had a heart as great and as tender as ever beat in a human bosom. Apart from his weaknesses—which were not in themselves odious—he was a good man, and his record of good and disinterested deeds is something which it

THE *Pittsburg Dispatch* says, "Erastus Wiman, having reached a stage where he can be admitted to bail, it looks as though the efforts to turn down justice in his case would eventually meet with a full measure of success." If this prognostication should turn out to be

is right at this time to remember. Added to the punishment he has already endured in the loss of fortune and home and the social humiliation he has suffered, the lightest possible sentence will suffice in the minds even of those who are jealous for the claims of justice.

SUBMITTED TO THE CONVENTION.

MR. GRIP has of course long been a tribune of the people, but hitherto he has regarded his functions as being restricted to the political and social realms. It would appear, however, that there are some who are disposed to magnify his office, and make it include morals and religion as well—some who would exalt him into gigantic Inspector Archabold, as it were. From such a citizen comes the letter quoted in part below. The case mentioned ought certainly to be dealt with, and this alleged man ought in some way to be brought to a sense of his meanness, but GRIP feels that the application of the necessary discipline is rather out of his line. He cannot think of any better plan than to submit the matter, as a detail of practical Christianity, to the Baptist convention. Perhaps some of the speakers may find a useful text in the letter, which without further preface, we print:

TRURO, N.S., July 18th, 1894.

DEAR GRIP,

As your publication is a power for good in this Dominion, I would suggest a subject for a first-class cartoon.

There is a large class of persons who profess to be Christians, who take a showy part in prayer meetings, churches, and all kinds of religious meetings, who make what might be termed a loud-mouthed profession, but who, in every-day life, deny that profession. I believe that you would be doing a good service to real religion, by exposing that class or showing persons who act in that way to themselves.

I know of one person here, (and no doubt there are many others, but this case I know personally) a man who



ONE.

FORWARD CHILD (giving an alms)—"Oh, ma, he's got a reg'lar Charlie on his back, hasn't he?"



TWO.

SUDDEN APPARITION — "Yes; and 'Charlie' would like a little, too!"

has a wife and seven children, who attends religious meetings, revivals, prayer-meetings etc., but almost totally neglects to provide for his family, thus leaving his wife the whole burden of providing them with food and clothing, while he largely squanders his time reading newspapers and story books. This sort of thing has been going on more or less for over twenty years, and is getting worse and worse. Another feature of the case is that he gets as much credit from merchants as possible, and never exerts himself enough to pay his bills, consequently he soon comes to the end of his tether and has to leave. He has been married about twenty two years, and in that period has moved fourteen times. I will add that this man's wife is as good a house-keeper as any man could wish to have, a good cook, kind and economical. I write these things not out of malice (though I have not one particle of respect for this man) but for the sake of suffering female humanity.

Could you represent a lazy-looking, bushy-bearded man, praying for a barrel of flour, while a thin care-worn woman with two of her daughters is laboriously scrubbing out a church to earn money to keep the wolf from the door, and keep a roof over their heads?

Yours sincerely,
D. M.

THE NEW LEGISLATURE.

A *HARDY* fight the Grits put up
And won it for their party, O,
But the country's commendation was
By no means strong and *Hardy*, O.

The Government's majority
Is no whit *Biggar* than before,
Although 'tis true that *Meredith*
Would not object to having *Moore*.

All women from the House are barr'd,
Mis Campbell represents them there,
Though one seat's given to a *Kidd*
(Which we call very far from fair!)

The P.P.A. made much ado
But got a very *Little* score,
Their propaganda seems indeed
Completely to have gone a-*Shore*.

The Patrons made an *Aury'd* breach
In Mowat's ranks, the game they're at
Is, if he will not grant their claims,
To rise and knock his Cabinet *Platt*.

But may the new House live in peace,
And most harmoniously get on;
Love ought to hold a foremost place
Where sits the gentle soul, *St John*.

THE REBELLIOUS SUMMER GIRL.

I WILL bathe in the surf on the sands,
When the white-wing'd yachts are in sight;
And tableau and statue the strands,
Dress'd in blazers both brilliant and tight.

I will tell of our fabulous wealth,
In a lofty and fabulous style;
Until yawning ones leave me by stealth
To dream of the fabulous "pile."

I will dance at the "Hops" till my toes
Are mangled, crush'd, jellied and torn;
And from bolting ice-cream suffer woes,
Until all the best brandy is gone.

Nay more, when to town we return,
To curtail expenses I'll seek;
And promise you never to yearn
For butcher's meat twice in a week.

But, mama, for ten seasons we've been
To one certain summer-resort;
And my age still remaining eighteen
Makes the fact very hard to support.

Ernest E. Leigh.



FIGURATIVE.

COMEDIAN — "I'm going starring as *Falstaff!*"
COMMEDIENNE — "Dear boy, you're quite too little for *Falstaff!*"
COMEDIAN — That makes no difference. Doesn't Shakespeare say 'Throw physique to the dogs'?"

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"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to-day. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.,) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the church yard, and as I was such a sufferer I cared not whether I lived or died; in fact, think I would have preferred the latter. I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes, that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a miraculous transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the wonderful cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brantford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of our family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 15th day of December, 1893.
D. A. DELANEY, Notary Public.
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Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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If it doesn't apply to you, but you had better read on and see if it does. We want to talk to you plainly. You want GRIP and would feel amazed if the publishers were to stop sending it to you but you never think of paying for it when payment is due. Our terms are cash in advance, as with all papers, but we have not felt as if we would be justified these hard times in cutting off those who did not pay promptly. Still, the expense of publishing a paper like GRIP is very great and the printers, engravers, paper makers and others, whose services we employ, will not wait till the end of the year for their money. Why, then, should we? Those who appreciate GRIP should be honest and pay up. Those who don't want it should, in common decency, pay arrears and stop it. Look at the red label on THIS ISSUE and see the date to which you are paid,

and if you are in arrears don't delay a day in sending what you owe us. If you do, you will probably forget it. Don't require us to dun you continually. We don't like doing it. Be honest and pay up.

MR. A. ANDERSON, of this city, who is making a business trip to the towns along the Canadian Pacific Railway between Toronto and Victoria, B.C., is authorized to represent GRIP and to take subscriptions and grant receipts in our name. We trust he will receive a cordial reception from GRIP's friends and be able to add many new names to our list.

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 - No. 6—Ladies' 14kt gold filled fob chains with pendant charm attachment, newest patterns, \$1.50 each.
 - No. 7—Ladies' rolled gold broaches, beautifully designed, 50 cents each.
 - No. 8—Ladies' solid gold front lace pins, 50 cents per pair.
 - No. 9—"Baby" pins with solid gold fronts, 25 cents each.
 - No. 10—"Baby" solid gold pins set with one real diamond, \$1 each.
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