

# GRIP

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"HAVE YOU SEEN ANYTHING OF M'CARTHY?"

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH.  
 Associate Editor . . . . . PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE 'Cartoons.'

THE FARMERS IN THE RED PARLOR.—Mr. Longley's suggestion to the farmers of this country to meet Sir John in the Red Parlor, *a la* the manufacturers, was regarded by the audience at Chautauqua as a witty in-

spiration, and evoked a roar of laughter. Why should the idea seem funny, when red-parloring by the protected classes is looked upon as good business on their part and good politics on the part of the Conservative leader? Why? Because the farmer is such a notorious chump, where his own political interests are concerned, that to conceive of him looking after them is the height of the ludicrous. As was pointed out by the same speaker, farmers are the only class of the community that will not combine to defend themselves, or to promote their mutual well-being, although their prosperity really means the prosperity of everybody. The most they can begot to do in the co-operation line is here and there to go into the Grange order, by which they are able to save a trifle on the purchase price of certain commodities. Meanwhile they patiently and passively submit to legislation which artificially

raises the prices of nearly all the articles they have to buy, while, on the other hand, it diminishes the market for what they have to sell. The spectacle of manufacturers in the Red Parlor is a piece of brazen effrontery which could not be witnessed outside of the Dominion of Canada; it is morally on a par with the meeting of a gang of burglars to "put up a job." No such stigma could attach to a similar meeting of farmers with Sir John or any other party leader, for—as our yeomen have found out by this time—it is not possible to "protect" the farmer at the expense of other people. They couldn't get plundering privileges, however willing any party might be to grant them in exchange for the vote. But they might go and demand their rights—the removal of burdens placed upon them for the benefit of others, and it's a thousand pities that the idea of their doing so is justly regarded as a joke.

MR. MCCARTHY.—The inaugural meeting of the Equal Rights Union was a notable gathering, and excellent speeches were made by Rev. Principal Caven and Prof. Goldwin Smith. The list of "those present" was searched in vain, however, for the name of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, the distinguished erstwhile leader of the movement. There were good reasons for his absence, no doubt, and it is perhaps premature for anybody to go far to hint that his enthusiasm is beginning to wane, now that the guns are pointed towards Ottawa. Nevertheless, there are a good many who shrewdly wag their heads and opine that Dalton will never do anything that is calculated to hurt Sir John in the slightest degree, and, now that Mowat is safe for another term, he has probably discovered that after all there isn't so very much practical use in agitating the question. Of course the sippant utterers of this sort of thing are Grits, who would be well pleased to have McCarthy discredited as a mere henchman of the Ottawa leader. But if they are not to be gratified in this respect, Mac will have to do something, and that before long. He has been singularly silent since the local elections. What does it mean? We draw no rash conclusions. We merely enquire, in a tone of hope and confidence,—Where's McCarthy?



SUPERINTENDENT HAMILTON and other municipal authorities declare that the city water is once more fit to use, but the careful citizen goes on boiling his supply as before. He has, of course, "every confidence in the City Engineer"—as they say in the Council—but still he likes to feel perfectly safe, you know. When people are compelled to fill up private wells from which they used to get a supply of first-class water, and to pay for the city brand, they have a right to demand that accidents shall not occur quite so often to the intake pipe.

\* \* \*  
 "MOTHER, I'm off to Mimico."  
 "For what? my darling daughter."  
 "To get—all free from typhus germs—  
 A decent drink of water."  
 \* \* \*

THE London *Advertiser* says: "There is something in a name. Compulsory voting does not exactly express the idea. Can any reader suggest the right term?" The *Tiser* has a reputation for enterprise and all that, though it throws away this golden opportunity. It ought to know that the gentle reader of the present day is not going to puzzle his head on such a question without inducements. The paragraph should have gone on to say—"For the best term we will give \$1,000 cash; for the next best, \$500; for the next twenty-five, a dozen silver teaspoons, warranted. Prizes awarded in the order of arrival. Each guesser must enclose \$1," etc., etc. The *Tiser* is behind the times.

OUR Finance Minister informs the world that he has a surplus for the present year of \$4,400,238. It will not surprise us if some of the journalistic magpies, who roost in Government cages and feed on departmental

tid-bits, begin jabbering the praises of Mr. Foster over this achievement. The reflective powers of these birds are hardly worth mentioning. Yet, even they ought to know that if this surplus is not merely the result of certain book-keeping hocus-pocus, it is worse—an evidence that more than four millions of money have been squeezed out of the people over and above the legitimate requirements of the Government. When our rulers can earn a surplus by selling Ottawa river sawdust in a foreign market, or in some equally business-like way, we will think it just to praise them for their cleverness. But, as Sir Chas. Tupper once remarked, no Government has any business to have a surplus secured by taxation.

\* \* \*



HE pros and cons or the important question of how best to dispose of the Street Railway franchise are being debated on every hand. The feeling in favor of running the cars for the benefit of the city treasury is decidedly growing. The arguments against the city taking over the road, and managing it through a commission, are found to be very flimsy when investigated. One point is plain to the dullest reasoner—the city could make nearly twice as much money per annum out of the franchise worked as a corporation department as any lessee will pay in the shape of rent. We are glad to note that the aldermen

who take this view of the matter are receiving accessions to their ranks in the Council.

\* \* \*

IF the Labor Congress which lately sat at Ottawa may be regarded as fairly representing the views of the workmen of Canada, Sir John is going to have a time of it in the next campaign, if he expects to make the labor vote dance to N.P. music. "Protection" is emphatically played out with the horny-handed son of toil in this country. It was roundly denounced as a fraud by several speakers in the Congress, and there were none so poor to do it reverence. The old proverb—a lie has no legs—is thus once more vindicated.

\* \* \*

THE hypocrisy and shilly-shallying of the Grits on this question will, and should, prevent their receiving much benefit as a party from the popular awakening to the absurdities of Protection. The *Globe* and other organs of Gritism habitually assail the N.P. by arguments which, if they mean anything at all, imply that they are out-and-out Free Traders. But when we come to enquire what they really propose, we find that it all simmers down to mere tariff-tinkering, cutting down the duty a little here and there, so as to give "incidental protection," a "revenue tariff," or some other compromise. Between them and the Tories there is no question of principle. The Grits are just as much under the control of capitalism and landlordism as their opponents, and judging from the do-nothing policy of the Mowat Government, which seems to use its power mainly to put

its friends in fat offices while rank abuses flourish unchecked, neither Labor Reformers nor other progressive elements have much to hope from Sir John's overthrow.

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

HOGABOOM—"Here is my picture by Bugletoot, the leading photographer. What do you think of it?"

CANDID FRIEND—"I don't think the likeness is very good—and the execution is faulty. It looks blurred and indistinct."

HOGABOOM—"Why, I think its a triumph of photographic art."

CANDID FRIEND—"And I should say that the perpetrator was a foe-to-graphic art."

He worked off his little joke successfully, but he lost an invitation to drink, which Hogaboom had intended to offer him.

A BAD CASE.

JAGGERS—"Hello! Moseley. How's things? Have you seen our old friend, 'Fairplay Radical' lately?"

MOSELEY—"No; poor fellow. I guess he's in a pretty bad way—not likely to recover, I fancy."

JAGGERS—"You don't tell me! I'd no idea he was sick. What's the matter with him?"

MOSELEY—"Why, Dr. Goslingbury was telling me, not long since, that he never knew a man so badly afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi* in his life. I tell you when one of these here new Latin diseases ketches holt of a feller's system, he don't have much of a show."



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PROPOSAL.

HE—"Shall we marry, darling, or shall we not?"  
SHE—"I shall not! You can do as you please."



**WONDERFUL INTELLIGENCE.**

FOND YOUNG MOTHER (to baby)—" Say papa."  
 BABY—" Baba!"  
 F. Y. M.—" Oh, the darling! Now say mamma."  
 BABY—" Baba!"  
 F. Y. M.—" Oh, what a tootsie-ootsie, mamma's darling!"  
 (Convulsive hugs from F.Y.M.)

**LOVE GROWS BY WHAT IT FEEDS ON.**

NOT in sudden gust of passion, not in maiden's fickle whim,  
 Said Cecilia to her sister, from beneath her nightcap's  
 brim:  
 "Oh! I hate him—hate him—hate him—hate his name and  
 hate his self,  
 Yet I know I've got to wed him for his nasty dirty pelf."

Not without a spice of passion swore Augustus Morland Snivels:  
 " Sacre—dem—potz tausend—bacco—snakes—carambo—thou-  
 sand devils!  
 Here must I, a rich young *parti*, like an ass give in to gender,  
 And, for 'blue blood,' wed a scraggy high-nosed guy like Cecile  
 Endor."

A rev. canon said amen, and knit the loveless twain  
 together,  
 On which, of course, they both began to pull their own ends of  
 the tether,  
 But found the bond so very binding, unelastic, strong and  
 supple,  
 They ceased to haul and soon became a very Model Married  
 Couple.

Children came in great profusion; girls with noses for their  
 feature,  
 Whom 'Gustus vowed would one day be as pretty as their ma,  
 sweet creature,  
 And when small boys, with bandy legs, ripped out in oaths of  
 extra daring,  
 Cis said, " Those dears have every one dear Gus's darling way  
 of swearing."

**BEAUTIFULLY BLUE.**

FRIEND GRIP,—When pottering about the other day, as far away as in a city of the Maritime, taking my usual constitutional, without which (you will be sorry to hear) I cannot enjoy my luncheon, I strolled into a candy shop to buy some maple sugar and molasses balls for the children of my sister—the one, you know, that married the barber. The obliging young shop-lady with the ribbons handed me the packages neatly done up in leaves torn from a Parliamentary Report in the French language. Being somewhat addicted to sage reflections, any time after eleven o'clock forenoon—the hour at which custom permits one to take his "morning"—I fell into a train of thought. Does Parliamentary specially translate its Reports into the French tongue merely to supply candy-shops with wrapping paper? Does anybody read the public documents in French that could not do it quite as well in English? Of course nobody does read Blue Books. Certainly not in French. Then why dual? Duplicate (or is it duplicity?) is professedly for the common people, but who ever saw a habitant poring over a Federal Report in French? Is it therefore worth while to have large official volumes translated, at vast expense, into grammatical Parisian not understood by the Canadian-French people, and only useful to sell to candy peddlers at a cent a pound as waste paper? To these questions echo answers *not much*, Monsieur.

GRUFFY.

**SKELETON POEM.**

..... boy  
 ..... grapple,  
 ..... joy  
 ..... apple.  
 ..... anguish,  
 ..... inside  
 ..... languish  
 ..... died.



"THE subject for discussion this evening," said the President, "will be the tariff question—or does Protection protect? Let your remarks be brief and pungent. I take it you are all familiar with this theme, and possibly in this, as in other cases, familiarity breeds contempt. The wrestle with the dictionary will now commence."

"Now—does Protection protect?" said Popenjoy, thoughtfully. "If not, whine not?"

"The tariff," said Binkerton, "is a deliberate onslaught upon our prosperity—because it is a tax (attacks) on industry."

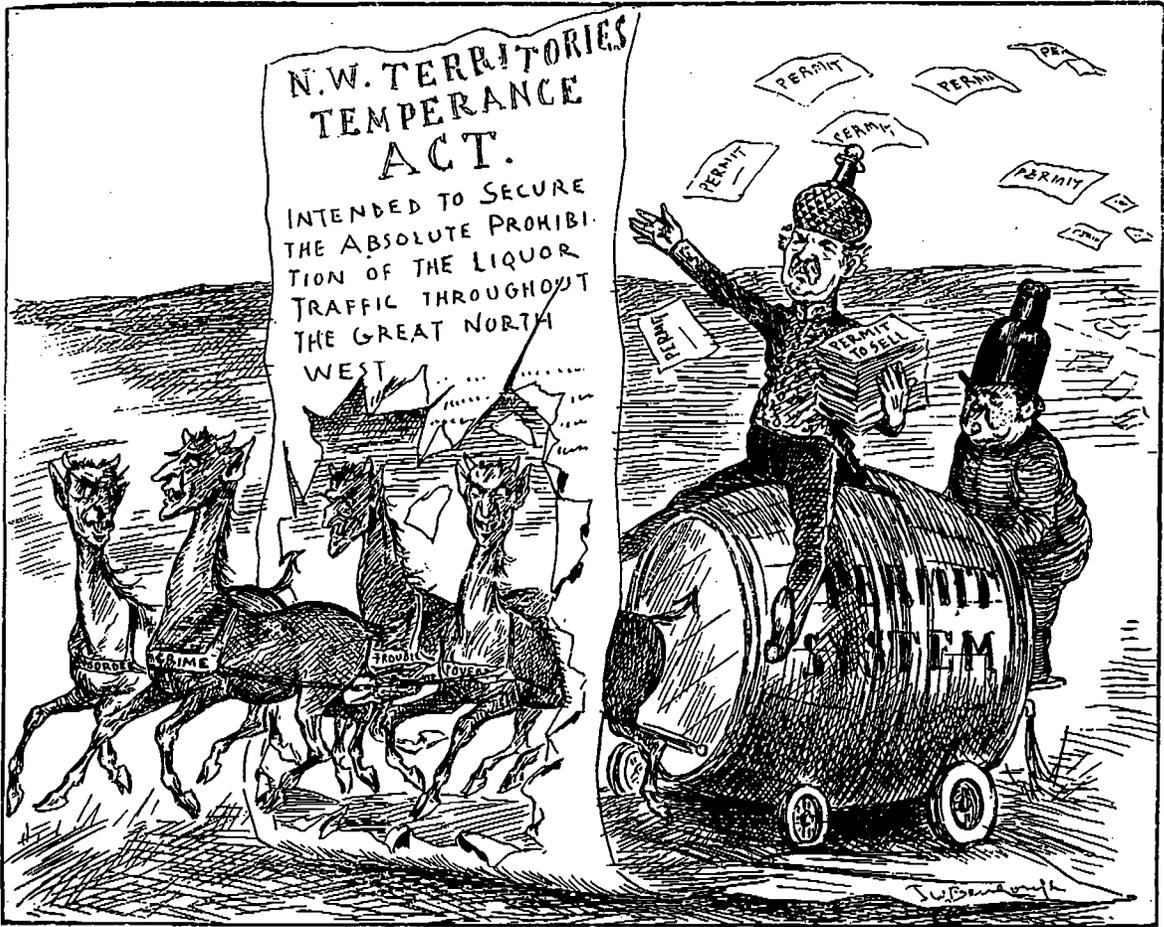
"But," said McGuffy, "without some protection we should become a slaughter-house—mark-it." (Applause.)

"We should be exposed to the competition of our neighbors. Come-petition in favor of the N.P.," said Borax. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, etc. I grieve to say there does. The Nova Scotia fisherman, for instance."

"I fail to see the point of the latter observation," said the President.

"Don't you see? His soles are dead before he can get them to market."

"Oh! keep it up, brethren. Does it not strike you



THE "ROYAL" COACH-AND-FOUR,

AND HOW IT IS DRIVEN THROUGH THE PROHIBITION ACT OF THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

that the time for a closer union between Canada and the U.S. is rapidly approaching? They think so down East—in the Marry-time Provinces."

Then a long spell of silence fell over the conclave, and the corrugated brows of the members showed how intense was the concentration of thought upon the knotty problem before them. Finally Samjones said "seems to me that the abolition of custom houses would be a good measure. It would facilitate trade. It would—would—why now I was sure I had a joke there, but, upon my life, I can't recall it."

"The usual forfeit, Bro. Samjones," said the President briskly. "Give the waiter your orders, gents. Why, it's a new waiter; where's John gone?"

"I'm varra sorry tae tell ye," said the new waiter in a strong Scotch accent, "that Jone's in the Lunatic Asylum. Puir fellow—ever sin' ye began hauldin' ye're meetin's here he seemed wrang in his heid. He wad aye be makin' feckless like remarks which he ca'd puns. Gin a gentleman speered for a glass o' ale he wad gie a laugh an' say 'that's what ails ye' an sic fule talk. After listenin' tae Mr. Samjones lecture last week he had a varra bad attack o' the mania an' wiz ravin' a' nicht. The doakter said there wiz naething tae be done but to pit him in the asylum, whaur, wi' carefu' attention he may recover."

"How sad," said the Pre-ident. "I think as a precautionary measure we must see to it that our exercises are

suspended in future as long as the waiters remain in the room. We don't want to be responsible for your sanity."

"Dinna fash about me, sir," replied the Scotch waiter. "I'm no as susceptible as puir Jone, I assure ye. I'm quite impairvious to jokes, an' furthermore, I hae read the Gaelic column o' the *Mail* regularly wi'oot ony evil effects."

"Oh, in that case," said the President much relieved, "there's absolutely no danger. Your mental organization can stand any strain. Now to business."

A few more jokes, principally of a very crude character, having been got out of the tariff, the subject was declared exhausted.

Messrs. Borax and Samjones were appointed a deputation to interview the Ministerial Association and point out the advisability of introducing jokes into their sermons as a means of stimulating the interest of the public.

The President and Bro. Snorkey were constituted a deputation to wait on the Ontario Government and suggest that the infusion of a little more humor into the Government reports would greatly enhance their usefulness.

Votes of thanks were passed to Prof. Goldwin Smith for his thoughtful consideration for the public welfare in discontinuing the publication of the *Bystander*, and to GRIP, "whose accurate reports of the meetings of the Club indicate his zeal in the *caus*."



## EXPLAINED.

DISTRICT VISITOR—"I heard that your little Johnnie has been ill again; what is the matter with him this time?"

MRS. PRODGERS (*whose son and heir is subject to fits, unconcernedly*)—"Oh, a rush o' mind to the brain, marm, I reckon."—*Pick-me-up*

## THE YOUNG LAWYER'S RUSE.

## CHAP. I.

FRED. J. FITZSIMMONS was a young and briefless lawyer. He had been a diligent student, and was considered to possess fair abilities, but, doubtless because the profession was overcrowded, had been unable to earn his salt by his legal attainments, and for some years had been almost entirely dependent on an allowance made him by his father. His habits were regular; he had no vices of any kind, and was scrupulously select in his associations. But somehow he didn't catch on. Having never been able to make a beginning, or show his capacities, the public unanimously voted him a chump and a failure.

Fred was walking down street one day with a friend, when another young lawyer, who had commenced practice about the same time, passed them. He was drunk—very drunk—and his features bore the marks of habitual dissipation. He hiccupped an incoherent salutation and then disappeared into an adjacent dive.

"Ah!" sighed Fred's companion, "there's a brilliant fellow going to the dogs. To think of his throwing away his chances like that! If he had only kept steady, he might have had the finest practice in town by this time. But it's always the way with these bright, clever fellows."

"Yes," said Fred, abstractedly. He was thinking. He had known Boosey at college and at Osgoode Hall, and he had generally been considered a rather dull, ordinary fellow of no particular ability. How had he, within a comparatively short time, acquired a reputation for extraordinary capacity?

"I'll try it!" said he, suddenly.

"Try what?"

"Oh, excuse me! I was thinking aloud. Good evening."

## CHAP. II.

A week or two afterwards the friends of Mr. Fitzsimmons were deeply pained to hear it reported that he had taken to drinking. He had been frequently seen at all hours of the day entering saloons and bar-rooms, and more than once had made a public spectacle of himself by appearing in the street in a condition of advanced inebriety.

He associated, too, with a class of men about town and bar-room frequenters, whom he had previously shunned. The Y.M.C.A. and kindred organizations, in which he had once taken a mild interest, attracted him no longer. He was "one of the boys," and apparently in a fair way to emulate Boosey in a wild and headlong career of dissipation.

"How sad!" said everybody, "a young man of such great promise too, so talented and brilliant. If he had only kept sober, in a few years he might have been at the top of his profession."

One day, after he had attained a widespread reputation as a chronic drunkard and a remarkably capable and clever lawyer, a leading merchant, and an old friend of his father's, spoke to him seriously and urged him to reform.

"To think," said he, "that a young man of your remarkable talents and splendid prospects, who might rise to a foremost position, should throw himself away in this fashion. Give up liquor before the insidious habit masters you completely. If you will make an effort to reform I'll do all I can to help you. I'll give you all my law business."

"You will!" said Fitzsimmons, eagerly. "Then I swear I'll never touch another drop!"

## CHAP. III.

Fitzsimmons was as good as his word. From that day forth he completely mastered the drinking habit. The old merchant entrusted him with some important cases, and spoke to his friends, several of whom, now that Fitzsimmons had become a sober man, were glad to employ such a clever and capable practitioner. He managed the business entrusted to him successfully, and soon found himself with a rapidly increasing practice.

A year or two afterwards the old merchant being in his office, congratulated Fitzsimmons on his complete reformation. The lawyer looked somewhat confused, and finally said—

"My dear sir, I have a confession to make to you. I fear you will consider me a fraud and an impostor, but as a matter of fact I never was intoxicated in my life."

"Why, how can you tell me that. I've seen you the worse of liquor a dozen times."

"It was all assumed. I never drank to excess. I hung around bar-rooms a good deal, but what I drank was mostly soft stuff, or, in some cases, cold tea, when I had an understanding with the bar-keeper. I was obliged sometimes to drink whiskey for the sake of appearances, but I took as little as possible, for I hated the taste of the stuff. I'm a pretty good amateur actor, and can simulate intoxication very naturally."

"But—but—I don't understand. What could possibly be your motive?"

"Simply to get a reputation for cleverness and ability. For years I struggled along in a plodding, steady way, but nobody gave me credit for any brains. I got no practice and was set down as a failure. I saw that every drunkard was considered a genius, and so abjured sobriety and posed as an inebriate. You know the result, and I hope you will forgive the deception."



The farmer don't weigh as much as he used to.



The Summer Holiday Visit Returned

Detective: "You look like a crook, I'll look you up."



"Crook? No Sir. I'm a Politician from Wayback."

As fully Welcome, I assure you!



A Hill of Business

That nice little Street. Can Franchise



Speeding on the Road



In honor o' Aberdeen



He would go through the main Building!



High Art



Wonder who shakes down the clanking 'for him'!

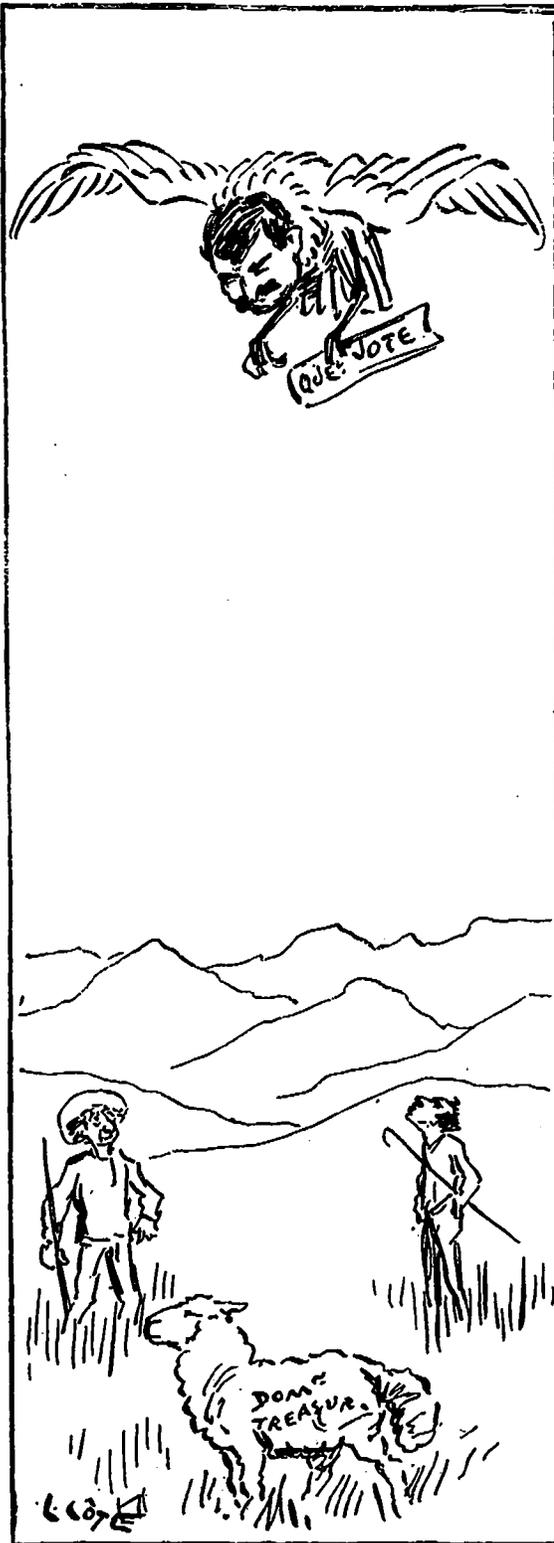


Scene from the Wild West.



View of the Races.

J.W. Berg



SWOOPING FOR THE LAMB.

(And party exigencies will prevent both the shepherds from interfering very much.)

FIRST impressions are the most vivid, especially if the object which strikes you happens to be freshly painted.

### THE WORKINGMAN'S VIEW OF IT.

SAYS Jack to Bill "I've been a-readin'  
About that fuss in Montreal,  
When with Prince George the swells was feedin';  
I guess the people paid for all.  
Of course the parsons was invited;  
There was one feller wouldn't go  
Because he reckoned he'd been slighted,  
His name I think 'vas Taschereau.

"This here French Cardinal he reckoned  
He'd ought to have the highest seat,  
He warn't a-goin' to come in second,  
He'd sooner miss the chance to eat.  
No Protestant, he said, should flout him  
And take his place beside Prince George;  
I guess they got along without him  
And had a good, square, solid gorge.

"But what's this fuss the press are raising  
About the thing? I cannot see  
The need of any more fine phrasing,  
To stay or go the cuss was free,  
And if he chose to lose a dinner,  
All on account of beastly pride,  
There's many a ragged, hungry sinner  
Would gladly take his place inside."

"Just so," said Bill. "These high-toned preachers  
Papist and Protestant alike,  
Despise their humbler fellow-creatures,  
'Tis for themselves alone they strike.  
These followers of the 'meek and lowly'  
Are struggling for reward and place,  
While claiming to be pure and holy  
And bring salvation to the race.

"On rank and precedence still harping,  
And joining in the senseless brawl,  
The press keeps quibbling and carping,  
Nor touches the real point at all.  
Who cares if this or that Church leads off  
On state occasions, functions, feeds?  
The people whom the whole gang feeds off  
Gain nothing from their windy screeds.

"Prince, premier, knight, M.P. and bishop,  
D.D., Q.C.—I can't begin  
To give the whole lay-out they dish'up,  
*But where do you and I come in?*  
The cross and garter, crown and sabre,  
Black bag and cheque book there you'll find,  
But where's the place for honest labor,  
That feeds and clothes and saves mankind?"

"While churchmen, loaded to the muzzle  
With spite, their bigotry evince,  
Fight for their 'rights' to gorge and guzzle  
And toady round a fledgling prince.  
Class, power and privilege may trample  
The hapless toiler in the dirt,  
By neither precept nor example  
The clergy mitigate the hurt.

"So it is precious little matter  
Just how the argument may end,  
Who will may heed the senseless chatter;  
Among the lot we have no friend.  
Let priest and parson, knave and zealot,  
In journals write, from pulpits roar,  
How'er it goes the modern Helot  
Toils on a wage-slave as before."

### WILLING TO OBLIGE.

JACK—"Do come out on the beach for a stroll, won't you?"

ETHEL—"Well, if you press me ——"

JACK (*flinging his arms around her*)—"Why, of course, I'll press you, my darling."

ETHEL (*struggling blushing*)—"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was going to say if you press me I suppose I must."



## THE FARMERS IN THE RED PARLOR.

(A SCENE OF THE DISTANT FUTURE.)

I have heard tell, perhaps I have been misinformed, about a great statesman who assembled in a large hotel room a body of manufacturers, and they went away from there his party devotees, ready to promote interests which he and they had in common; they to prey upon the people of Canada, he to hold power. (Cheers.) When I see the farmers assemble to meet the Prime Minister in the same way and going forth on similar conditions to promote their own interests, I shall have more expectation than I have now of seeing the farmers listened to by the Government.—Hon. J. W. Longley's Speech.

## A COMPROMISING FRIEND.



SCENE I.

"Sir, I am a poor man, without work, with a widow and five orphans; can you —"

## WHAT SHE SAW AT THE INDUSTRIAL.

"OH, I am so tired," said Mrs. Bildersnick to her friend, Mrs. Duxter. "I thought I should never get home. Such a day as I've had! I've been to the Exhibition. This sight-seeing is very tiring."

"Well, what did you see?"

"Oh, such a crowd of people. I met pretty nearly everybody, I think. There were the Wildershaws, and the McKimbers, and Miss Addipose, with such a hideous old-fashioned dress on as you never saw, and Mr. Chumley—I'm sure he has been dyeing his moustache, it was quite grey last time I met him—and I don't know how many more. Oh, and I forgot, Mrs. Bagshaw has the nicest little pug—such a cunning little fellow—she said Bagshaw only paid ten dollars for him. And she was telling me about the perfectly shameful way that her neighbors, the Frogmores, have been going on. She's perfectly sure the woman drinks—just think of it!"

"I suppose there was a fine show in the Main Building?"

"Oh, there was a great crowd there. By the way, just as I was going in I ran across old Mrs. Beetlewacker, of Aurora, looking as lively as a cricket, and she began telling me all about her trip to Montreal to see her eldest daughter. She married young Radley, of Boodlegrabber's Bank, you know, last fall, and since the bank failed he's been in a stock broker's office, and she says that his father is quite wealthy, only he was dead set against the match, and is likely to leave most of his property to his daughter, who, they say, is engaged to an English lord. I think it's a real shame. And then, when we were talking, who should we see but young Randolph Burchell and Miss Peevick. We heard that they had quarrelled and the match was off, but really, he seemed perfectly devoted to her, and he may well be, for she is far too good for him. And the Jennifers passed us, and, would you believe it, that woman actually gave me the cut direct—pretended to be looking at something, and took no more notice than if I'd been a brazen image, though what they have to be proud over I really don't see. I'm sure it isn't her looks, at any rate. And just as I was in the thick of the crowd somebody tapped me with a parasol, and who d'you suppose it was but Mrs. Tonker, from Hamilton—used to be a Miss Piddicombe—father kept a grocery store on Spadina Avenue, and I've known her ever since we went to the same class in Sunday

school. She'd grown so stout I would hardly have known her again. So we had a good long talk, and went to get a cup of tea and some ice cream—which wasn't so bad—but the tea was horrid. Why is it they never can make you a cup of decent tea in such places?"

"And then did you go and see the horses and cattle?"

"Oh, no, I didn't want to go poking round the nasty sheds, and the grand stand is extra, you know, so I didn't care to pay for that. But as we were standing near the ring, we were surprised to see the Wilkersons drive up in their new carriage. Such style as those people do put on—coachman in livery, and all. Just think of it! And I remember when Wilkerson was clerking for eight or ten dollars a week, not so long since, either. Of course that sort of thing can't last. Bildersnick says he wouldn't be surprised to hear of his assigning at any time. And then old Mr. Prendergast and his sister-in-law—the one with the blonde hair—drove up. The old man is looking quite spruce since his wife's death, and, if all's true, he's not likely to remain a widower very long. I hear he's proposed to two widows already, and is making up to his daughter's governess, and the family are in a great way about it."

"But what did you see?" asked Mrs. Duxter.

"See! Why, Mary Ann Duxter, haven't I been telling you for the last ten minutes, talking without stopping, and me almost fit to drop, I'm so tired out? I won't say another word till I've had a cup of tea, but as it is I think I've told you every mortal thing. Some people are never satisfied."

## SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

FARMER RUGGLES (*reading his Globe*)—"The Governor General has telegraphed that he will pay a flying visit to Toronto. My gosh! Say Sary, that'd be worth seein'."

SARY—"What? The Guvner? Oh, pshaw! them big bugs is on'y jest like other folks—nothin' outer the way about 'em."

RUGGLES—"But yer don't seem to ketch on. The paper here sez he's goin' to pay a flyin' visit. Goin' to show off some of these new inventions of Edison's, I guess. I always thought they'd be inventin' some kind of machine so's a man could fly, an' here they've done it. Ef the Governor sets the fashion, everybody'll git 'em. Tell ye what, we'll go over to Toronto and take it in."

## A COMPROMISING FRIEND.



SCENE II.

"Arrest me! Why? Can't I talk to a friend?"



### THAT EFFECTED A CHANGE.

FANGLE—"I thought Smyth used to spell his name with an 'i.'"

MRS. FANGLE—"He did, but his rich uncle died since then and left him \$500,000."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

VISITORS to our city during Exhibition should not fail to take advantage of the opportunity to inspect, among other places of interest, the well-known and popular business house of Messrs. H. & C. Blachford, whose fine boots and shoes are the envy of all those who are unfortunate enough not to possess a pair. Toronto certainly may well be proud of her retail as well as her wholesale merchants, for they are popular all over the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Messrs. H. & C. Blachford are always glad to welcome guests to our city, and will treat them in the handsomest manner possible should they favor them with a call at 87 and 89 King Street East.

FOR removing Tan, Sunburn and Freckles nothing is equal to Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

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JACOBS AND SPARROW'S Opera House for week commencing September 22nd, also at the popular Jacobs and Sparrow's Matinees Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, Messrs. Williams and Our Meteors, America's Greatest Specialty Show, composed of the brightest specialty stars: Zenora and Foden, the two American Macs, Kaye and Henry, Lawlor and Thornton, the famous Japanese wonder Katchawana and his pretty wife Oume, Annie Wilmuth. The wonderful musical genius Latona. The English acrobats the famous Bos Wems, the Sisters Coyne, James Thompson, Kitty Smith and many other noted artists. This should prove a great drawing attraction.

### THE "QUEEN" PAYS ALL EXPENSES.

THE *Queen's* last "Free Trip to Europe" having excited such universal interest, the publishers of that popular magazine offer another and \$200.00 extra for expenses, to the person sending them the largest list of English words constructed from letters contained in the three words "British North America." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, China Dinner Sets, Gold Watches, French Music Boxes, Portière Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks, and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. A special prize of a Seal Skin Jacket to the lady, and a handsome Shetland Pony to the girl or boy (delivered free in Canada or United States), sending the largest lists. Everyone sending a list of not less than twenty words will receive a present. Send four 3c. stamps for complete rules, illustrated catalogue of prizes, and sample number of the *Queen*.

Address, *The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Canada.

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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"Well, mamma, will laughing?"

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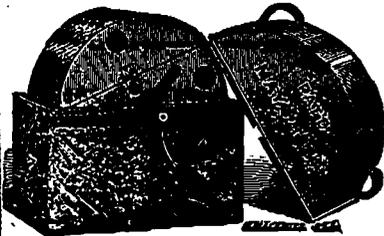
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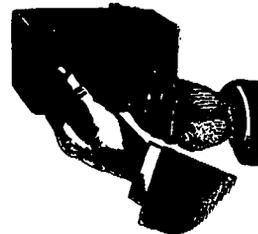
Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Aweres, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto

ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

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