

# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BURGESS

GRIP ENG.

SOCIETY

LITERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

THEY SAY THE PEOPLE ARE FULLY

TERMS

PAYABLE IN 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.  
 — Joe Miller



Mr. Norway has wired from New York that he has failed to raise the money.  
 — Globe, 19 Sep.

Mr. Norway is on his road home.. There is no doubt that his success has equalled the most sanguine expectations — Mail, 19 Sep.

SLIGHTLY CONTRADICTORY.

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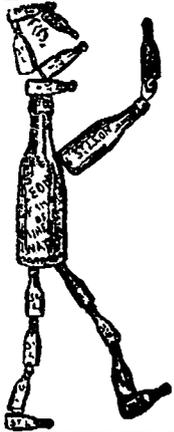
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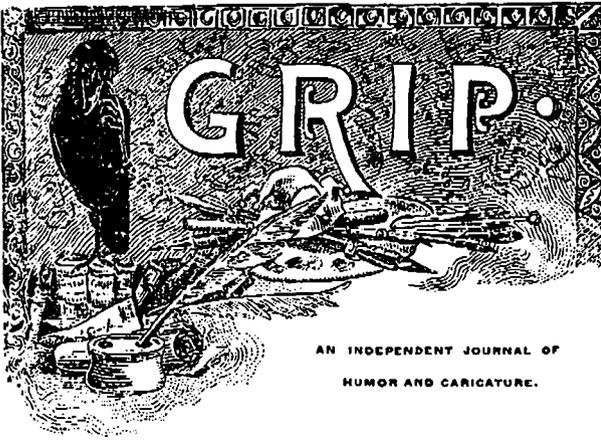
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**Comments on the Customs.**



**AR-SQUAT-ULATE.**—The move so kindly and considerably made by the Government in the interest of the C.P.R., in applying for an injunction to restrain the Red River Valley Railway from crossing certain Crown lands, has been rendered abortive by the timely discovery that the lands in question belong not to the Crown but to certain squatters who have occupied them for the full period required by law, and are in a position to demand their title deeds. There seems to be no doubt upon the point, and of course in the face of such a fact no injunction can be granted. What the Dominion Government's next move will be is a matter for curious speculation. If Sir John and his colleagues were really free agents they would no doubt be very glad to wash their hands of the whole affair at this point, but as they are mere marionettes in the hands of the Syndicate they will of course be set at some other trick to circumvent the will of the Province. That it will prove equally futile we have no doubt.

**SLIGHTLY CONTRADICTORY.**—Mr. Norquay's visit to New York to sell the R.R.V. bonds was an event of interest throughout the Dominion, and his progress in the business was the subject of despatches in the papers every morning. These despatches were good reading for the man who is fond of getting muddled as to facts. On the 19th, for instance, (the day upon which it was necessary for our artist to depict the condition of affairs for this number) the *Globe* announced that the mission had proved a failure, while the *Mail's* telegram asserted that there was no doubt Mr. Norquay had succeeded

beyond his most sanguine expectations. The *Globe's* news proved unfortunately correct, though the New York set-back has by no means disheartened the Provincial authorities. Simultaneously with Mr. Norquay's departure from the American money market it is said an offer was made by a Toronto financier to place \$1,000,000 of the bonds at par.

**HE'S ALL RIGHT.**—Now that Mr. Mowat is back from the Old Country in renewed health and vigor, the conference of Provincial Premiers is in order. Some of our contemporaries think it their duty to warn the Hon. Oliver not to commit himself to any schemes that may be suggested that would be against the interests of Ontario. If this is the same Mr. Mowat that we have known for some time as Attorney-General up in the old ram-shackle red brick building on Front street, the warnings and cautions of our well meaning contemporaries are "a work of supererogation." They have perhaps forgotten that Mr. Mowat always takes his "consideration" with him when he goes among the bad boys, and into that ample receptacle every proposition goes. And this reminds us, by the way, that there are heaps of valuable suggestions lying in the abyssal depths of that "consideration" that were dropped there long, long ago, and might be the better for an airing now.

**THE ORIGIN OF LANDLORDISM.**—The statement made long ago by John Stuart Mill and other thinkers of acknowledged weight, that private ownership of land is wrong, is beginning to command general attention. It has got into politics, and in the State of New York is at this moment the principal issue of the "fall campaign." This has come about chiefly through the influence of Mr. Henry George's writings, in which the evils and injustice of private ownership of land are amply set forth in popular language, and what is better, a simple and practical plan of removing them is suggested. The fact that nobody has refuted Mr. George's arguments, and that most of his opponents find it necessary to misrepresent him, has naturally led a great many to conclude that his conclusions are sound. That land is a natural element, essential to the existence of the human race, is a self evident fact, and it follows irresistibly that it must have been created for the equal use of all the race. No individual can therefore fairly appropriate any of it to his own exclusive enjoyment, unless either he can show an absolute title, which, to be absolute, he must hold from the Maker of the land; or he is prepared to render up to society an equivalent for the advantage he has acquired over his fellow men in appropriating a portion of the common heritage to his own use. This equivalent is the rental value, which is created by society, and in all justice ought to go into the public coffer in the shape of a tax. While this tax would in all respects accord with strict justice, it would be easily and cheaply collected, and in every country would furnish a revenue sufficient to permit of the abolition of all the taxes now levied upon production.

**GRAMMATICAL.**

"THE adverb may be distinguished from other parts of speech by the fact that it may be transferred from one part of the sentence to another without altering the meaning."

Example :

"The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy."— *Scott.*

1. Often was carried by a boy.
2. Was often carried by a boy.
3. Was carried often by a boy.
4. Was carried by an orphan boy.
5. Was carried by a boy of ten.

**STREET CAR DRIVERS FOR SALE!**

It has often been asserted that the employees of the Street Railway Company, in this city, are treated like slaves, but we had no idea the expression was meant literally. That the car-drivers at least are looked upon as chattels by Mr. Smith seems clear from the following announcement in an advertisement in connection with an auction sale at Grand's:—

"Those having horses to dispose of will find this an unparalleled opportunity, this sale being extensively advertised throughout Canada, Manitoba and the United States. Several lumber men will be present, also buyers for useful street car horses and drivers."

### ODE TO THE MOON.

BRIGHT headlight of the train of clouds  
That hustles o'er yon blue expanse,  
Loud praise hast thou, but not so loud  
As Glasgieson's \$3 50 pants.

We marvel not that pagans old  
Should look to thee to cure their ills ;  
When *we* are sick we're not so bold,  
We take some Drayman's liver pills.

Long hast thou shone the heavens in,  
The great man's wisdom still to foil ;  
And when the great man barks his shin  
He rubs it with St. Junebug's oil.

Poets have raised considerable row,  
And puffed thy silver radiance cold ;  
But silver's at a discount now,  
For any dude can puff Pure Gold.

Lantern ! 'tis well thy scantlings bright  
Are shed upon the treacherous road ;  
For otherwise the traveller might  
Be in the ditch before he knowed.

J.J.F.

### RAMBLEWAG'S DISCOURSES.

(With Thumbnail Illustrations.)

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: The Rev. Mr. Whaty-call has got back from the old country looking almost as well as when he left his sorrowing congregation. One of the marines tells me—some body may have told it to the marine—that when the genial gentleman went aboard the ship he was greeted heartily by the captain, to whom he was well known as a passenger. "Hello,



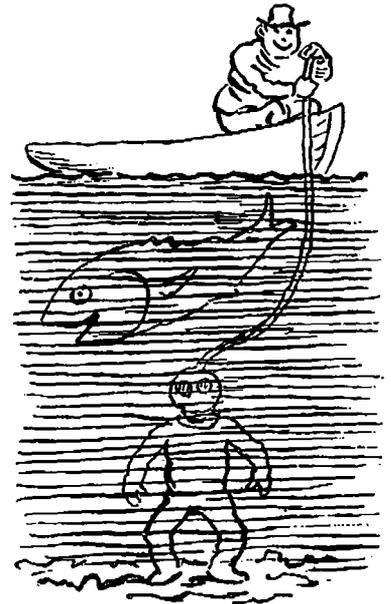
old fellow," cried the bluff officer, "going over with us again, hey?" "yes," responded his reverence, shaking the captain's hand furiously, "health completely broken down this summer, as usual!"

It's a great pity that the ministerial profession is so awfully unhealthy. Many a young man now at college is restrained from giving himself to the service of the church by this consideration. "No" he says, "I can't think of it. I would like to preach the gospel, indeed I would, but I could not afford the time and expense of a voyage to Europe every summer, for the restoration of my shattered nerves—so that I would inevitably be a confirmed invalid in two years at the most." Can't something be done to obviate this tremendous difficulty? I have given the matter a good deal of consideration of late and have hit upon a simple plan which I believe would meet the case. Let the ministers work less. It's the work that uses them up, I am told. Well, then, let them go a little gently. Instead of preaching three times every Sunday and once every week night and devoting the hours of the day to missionary work amongst the poor and needy of their congregations, let them have but two preaching services on Sundays, and one in the middle of the week. As for the hand-to-hand labor—that might safely be left to the Salvation Army people,

who, somehow or other, never seem to break down. I should think the programme I have outlined would be quite within the powers of an ordinary mortal.

Quite likely I am all wrong about this, as I confess to being cranky. For instance, the other day, a queer idea occurred to me.

Here's a picture I made of it. I was wondering what the members of the Diver's profession would do if the fellows who have charge of the air pipe up on the surface should take a notion to charge so much per mouthful for the air. I thought over it for a long time, and my conclusion was that the Divers would have to pay whatever the landlords—I mean the air lords—liked to ask, or quit work.



Such a state of affairs would be bad for the Diving business, wouldn't it? Every cent the Diver made (beyond just enough to keep him in condition for diving) would go to the air owner, if I know anything of human nature. You say the whole thing is absurd, as mankind would rise in revolt against the very idea of certain individuals "owning" the air, which, being a natural element, made by God and not man, must necessarily be intended for the equal use of all. Yes? Well, how is it that you get so wild when anybody suggests that the private ownership of land—which is also a natural element and just as essential to human life as air—is wrong? Don't the landlords act precisely as I have supposed the air-owner to do? Doesn't rent eat up nearly all the wealth that capital and labor produce by virtue of this private ownership? I say let land be made free as the air is, and this can be done very simply by putting a tax upon the fair rental value of all land in use, and putting the money so collected into the public till. If this were done, all other taxes could be



abolished to-morrow. Now, don't get up and go out of the meeting in a rage because I have touched upon the "Henry George theory." I know I'm a crank, but if you want to cure me of my complaint, so far as the land question is concerned, you can only do it by showing me

wherein Henry George is wrong. If you do that you will do a great service for hundreds of able and anxious editors in the United States, who would like very much to squelch

the growing Labor Party before November. Meantime, I will continue to wear my badge—a little gold pin in the form a crank. This is the latest device of the Prohibition Party across the lines, and it has taken the wind right of the Republican argument, which consisted in calling bad names. The "Third Party" in question is likely to be the First Party before many years.

The author of the historic phrase "all men are born free and equal" wasn't posted on Canadian society or he would have put "men" in italics. If women are all equal there are some ladies in this community who are not aware of the fact. I saw one of them the other day. She had occasion to go down in the street car with her washerwoman who had charge of a bundle. So she sent the humbler individual around the block while she took the car, and when the w.w. got aboard on the next crossing (the driver having been duly requested to stop for "that woman on the corner") she sat as far as possible from the grand dame, and betrayed little sign

of ever having seen her before. Having reached the debarking point, the missus firmly kept her place until the humble one got out with the bundle and had moved a considerable distance along the street, when she followed with the stately step of a true Canadian patrician. Now all this was through craven fear of Mrs. Grundy, a traditional ruler of society who is wrong in nearly all her rulings. But don't let me drift on to the topic of society, or my discourse will never end. And yet, what is the practical good of girding at the snobs and dudes and toadies and the rest? I wonder if a single snob was ever converted from the error of his or her way by reading Thackeray's Book? And has a solitary Dude or Dudine been reformed by the sarcasms of the satirists on either side of the Atlantic? I doubt it. It must be discouraging to the would-be reformer of contemporary manners to witness something of this sort now and again: "O, I say, deah boy, here's something deucidly funny, doncherknow about a Dude. Shall I wead it to you?"

"Yaas, wead it, old chappie, I always enjoy a joke on those silly dudes, doncher know!"



**AFTER THE REVIEW.**

LIEUT. SUCKLING—(Saluting)—Well, Colonel, the Podunk Life Huzzars merit their reputation I think.

Colonel—Very creditable corps, indeed! Men who can manoeuver under *your* orders, sir are a credit to any regiment.

**A RISING PROTECTIONIST.**

ROBBIE—What is Protection, pa?

Pa—Why you see, Robbie, Protection is to make the people of Canada buy goods from their own countrymen. If I buy a chair worth one dollar from anyone outside of Canada I have to pay thirty-five cents to the Government, which is the same as paying one dollar and thirty-five cents for the chair, and if I don't want to do that I must buy the chair on this side of the border, or go without it.

Robbie (next day)—I protected Jimmy Jones this morning, pa.

Pa—Ah, how did you do that, Robbie?

Robbie—Why you know, pa, Tom Smith wanted to sell Jimmy his knife for a quarter, and Jimmy was going to buy it, so I told him I wanted him to buy mine and I'd take thirty cents for it, and Jimmy, he said Tom Smith's knife was the cheapest, and he liked it best anyhow, and so I told him if he bought Tom's knife he'd have to pay me five cents, and I'm bigger than him, and he's scared of me, so he bought Tom's knife and gave me the five cents. Wasn't that right, pa?

Pa—Hm—m.

Robbie—I guess it was all right, only perhaps I didn't protect Jimmy quite enough. I'll charge him ten cents next time.

Pa—Hm—m—m. By the bye, I believe I've got to go up town again. Julia, don't let Robbie stay up late his evening. (Exit.)

**JOHNNY BAPTISTE.**

FROM fair Quebec Province to Ottawa I came,  
To make lots of boodle, and likewise one name;  
I make me to go in ze Civil Service,  
And to come one great minister daily practice,  
For of all my great race I am far from the least.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

In my office all day I smoke numerous pipes;  
At my tailor's run up a bill long as one snipe's;  
After four make my promenade on ze Sparkes Street,  
And ogle ze ladies I chance for to meet;  
Then go to my restaurant where finely I feast.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

When I am chezmoi, down at Rivere de Loup,  
Six days out of seven I live on pea soup;  
Here I live like a Prince, meals three times a day,  
And I change my hotel when the time comes to pay.  
Ah! I knows all ze ropes, tho' I came from the east.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

In ze old days at home I nevere haf much cash,  
But here zey gif credit, so I cut one dash;  
When ze duns zey come round, I hide me quite sly,  
And when zey are gone I wink so \_\_\_\_\_ wiz my eye.  
Some day perhaps I pay when my salary's increased.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

My minister make me one second-class clerk,  
I do for him many things kept in ze dark.  
How ze people would talk, and ze Grits zey would squall,  
Did zey know of my errands down in Montreal,  
But not even one word do I tell to my priest.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste.

Now I've got my reward, having slaved like one poodle,  
I am given a place where I make lots of boodle;  
When ze people ask *where* my cash comes from, zen I  
Shrugs, comme ca, wiz my shoulders, wink so—wiz my eye,  
Wiz my riches I'll now win ma chamaute celeste.  
Sing hey, sing ho, sing Johnny Baptiste. "LENS."

WE have never yet seen a person who could play tennis without raising a racket.

### TOO FECKLESS FOR HER.

MRS. MCHAFFIE—"Losh, but its het! I've ta' keep the fan gaen' a' the time."

Mrs. McSnuffie (suing the action to the word)—"A fan! Haith, I just tak the bellowses. There's far mair wind in them, than in thae feckless bits o' fans. Try a blaw."

### POLLY'S PERPLEXITIES.

The puzzles or rather problems that perplexed Miss Polly Bluestocking had not been laid before her by the University Dons, nor did they involve a fear of being plucked at the examinations. Her success at the "finals" was already a matter of history, she had left the boys behind and in despair, though she had done her best to smooth over matters by explaining to them that she, was an exceptionally brilliant woman pitted against the very moderately gifted masculine grads of her year. One of her troubles was, that having got her education, she didn't know what on earth to do with it. If this difficulty may be thought something of a poser to answer, her next one was very simple and such as is often presented to young ladies who "finish" at the usual boarding-schools, that of deciding between two lovers, one handsome and poor, the other rich, and ready to make her mistress of his possessions and himself. Naturally she sighed for the wealthy man's money without himself, equally naturally he wouldn't part with his greatest attraction, or hand it over to his impecunious rival, the every-day-to-be-met-with Charley. A properly brought up young lady would either have seized the golden-opportunity, or romantically repented at leisure. Miss Polly didn't do either, and was such a long time making up her mind which of them was worth having, they eventually consoled themselves with some other girls, the heroic conduct on their part which disgusted her very much, and when her friends and all her relations said she would die an old maid, she didn't like it a bit, for with all her education, poor thing, she hadn't got over a feminine aspiration, and hoped to reign a queen in a woman's legitimate kingdom a man's affections. Of course she felt superior to the butterflies of her sex, but though she knew that superfluous women exist in the world, she couldn't make up her mind to be one, and howl for Women's Rights, despising the ordinary young man of her acquaintance, she had a being in her mind's eye clever, noble, and rich, and with the inconsequence of her sex, despite the difficulties encountered by an ancient philosopher, who went o'er a similar quest, she is kept quietly on the outlook for a man (though I beg to mention it with all respect). Nature in endowing Miss Bluestocking with a large share of brains, and also good looks, had not kept in mind the even balance of gifts modern sages tell us so much about, but though this lavishness doubtless was the cause of many of her perplexities the young lady forgave her. The want of knowledge she had of domestic matters being the cause of sneers from outsiders Miss Polly resolved to prove that a woman who could go to a University could solve the common difficulties of housekeeping too, expecting to know all about those trivial affairs in a few weeks. She accordingly set to, wrestling with might and main with the mysteries of cooking, and calling all her philosophy to her aid plunged her pretty hands into dish-water, amazed to discover that the heat of the stove made greater havoc of her complexion than burning the mi-<sup>n</sup>ight oil had in old days over her Greek and Latin.

The comprehensiveness of her mind, after a few days, convinced her that a domestic education is nearly as lengthy, as a University course. Studying Euclid and Algebra has so strengthened her judgment she sees these matters are essential to a woman, and she means to learn that to the end, but she hates the work, and wonders if there wouldn't be a middle training that would include mental and household knowledge for a woman. After mastering collegiate difficulties she finds she is a baby in the hands of her Irish servant, she doesn't intend to succumb to the worries of female existence, but too often she asks herself the favorite question of the day—Is life worth living?

Living in a world where dinners wont cook themselves, where stocks sometimes rise but mostly fall, where lovers don't come up to the Bachelor of Arts standard, learned young ladies require, and where we all can't be millionaires in the first flush of youth when we know how to enjoy ourselves, it requires quite a brave heart for Miss Pollies to answer yes—and there are getting to be quite a number of Miss Pollies who having proved they can learn as fast as their brothers still cry after all, "*Cui bono*"?

J. M. LOES.



### THE RACE FOR THE PENNANT.

TWO TO ONE ON TORONTO FOR FIRST PLACE!

ALLAN DOLLARMAIN.

BY A HAGGARD WRITER, AUTHOR OF "HE, SHE, IT," ETC.

### CHAPTER III.

THE LAW-SHEEN RAPID AND THE CITY OF MON-TRO-SIS.

SAVING good bye to McFlimsey and taking an affectionate farewell of Sarah Jane, we pursued our way down the river. Towards evening we came to a rapid which the phat boy said was called Law-Sheen, and that we must here take on an Indian pilot named Joseph. Sir 'Arry Curty was violently opposed to this and sung out "Not for Joseph, not for Joe." As he persisted in his objection, we had to let the canoe slide. It was caught in the violent current of the rapid and swept in towards the mouth of a tubular bridge. We just ducked our heads in time as we entered at a terrific pace under the arch-

way. On, on, through the darkness, with the gurgling waters bearing us swiftly on, and only an occasional glimpse of light from a stray window. The phat boy said this was the Victoria Bridge, but how it got so mixed up with the rapid he could not tell. On, on, we went, and swept out into Lake Sham-plain. We were evidently in the very heart of Africa, where no European had ever been before. An hour afterwards we came to a city with steps of Vermont marble leading up to a palace. The people were all white but cadaverous, long, lank, and with lean faces. They wore swallow-tail coats with brass buttons, and striped trowsers. I asked a venerable looking man the name of the city and he replied "haow"? When I repeated he said, "I presume to calculate that its called Mon-tro-sis." At the palace we found two queens, the queen of hearts and the queen of spades, a blonde and a brunette playing poker. They were both beautiful. The blonde, Sallonis, fell in love with Sir 'Arry at first sight, and throwing her arms round his neck said, "I guess, sir, you'll be my young man." The brunette, Beconnis, ran up and said "No you don't, Sally, I guess that's my fellow." "Go away Beccy," retorted Sally, "you just shan't have him anyhow." They spoke with a strong nasal twang, but were very beautiful. At supper we saw there was a deadly feud between them, though they both were as agreeable to us as possible. We were eating bacon and beans the favorite dish of the country, and the young ladies performed the most astonishing feats with their knives. They shovelled up beans by the dozen, and stuck the knives down their throats till only the handles were visible.

Next morning we learned that Beccy, discovering Sir 'Arry's preference for her sister, had run away with an officer of the palace, a graduate of West Point, and that they were collecting a large army to storm the city. Accordingly Sir 'Arry married Sally and took command of the forces. We met the enemy at Shen-an-do-ah a few miles out, and killed them all, about 700,000. The phat boy and Bully boy with the glass eye performed prodigies of valor. This victory left Sir 'Arry monarch of all he surveyed, so he determined to remain king of the people he loved so well. We having discovered the aboriginal tribe we were in search of, found that they would not negotiate a treaty. They were afraid their peculiar language and customs would be ruined by an inroad of barbarians. They declared they must always say "haow" and eat with their knives, if they died for it. Sir 'Arry accordingly sent a manifesto by us to England declaring that he would allow no one to enter the country. He would not allow his people to be corrupted by English civilization. Above all he did not want any novels by that Haggard Rider, such as "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quartermain," the greatest nonsense and bosh on the face of the earth, to ruin his unsophisticated subjects.

THE END.

#### IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN WORSE.

NELLIE—Well, Charley is off for Europe at last. Oh, dear, won't it be horrid lonesome here this winter without him!

Maud—Yes; I really don't know what *you'll* do, Nell, with no one to take you driving, and to the opera and concerts. I don't wonder you feel badly, dear.

Nellie—Yes, its awful, but it might be a good deal worse—he didn't ask me to write.

#### SONG FOR NORQUAY.

(AIR—*My Maryland.*)

I'm coming back without the cash,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land,  
 But things have not yet gone to smash,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land;  
 That railway we are bound to get;  
 We'll raise the hoodle, never fret,  
 We've started and we'll win, you bet,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land.

We're bound to break monopoly's neck,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land;  
 Sir John will find he cannot check  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land,  
 Van Horne may bluster, swear and howl,  
 And all the magnates fume and scowl,  
 And Tupper and John A. may growl  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land!

They want to keep us in their clutch,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land;  
 With thunder-tones we say, not much!  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land!  
 We won't bow down as slaves, they'll see,  
 We know our rights and will be free—  
 So never fear, but stand by me,  
 Prairie land, my Prairie land.

#### WIGGINS AND HIS STORM.

WE have kept the forms open till the last moment in expectation of a letter from Prof. E. Stone Wiggins anent his great storm of the 19th. The epistle (like the storm) having failed to come to hand, we feel it our duty to write it ourselves rather than have our readers disappointed. We know just what the learned scientist wants to say, so the writing of the letter gives us no trouble at all, thank you.

*To the Storm Signal Editor of Grip:*

SIR:—Having observed statements in some of the papers to the effect that the great storm predicted by me for the 19th inst. had failed to show up (this vulgar expression, I need hardly remark, is from the papers in question), I deem it owing to myself to offer a brief explanation. My reply to the critics is simply that they are incorrect as to facts. The storm *did* come just as I foretold it. If you will consult the daily papers of the 20th, you will read of the event and the havoc it created around Newfoundland. It is true that these despatches represent that the storm took place on the 17th, and was not half so big as the affair I promised; but I need hardly point out that this is a typographical error. Besides this, I happen to know that the agents of the associated press in Newfoundland purposely set back the date to injure me through contemptible motives of jealousy. Any lingering doubt you may have about the date of the storm will be dispelled when I mention that the parallax of Jupiter crossed the orbit of Uranus at 6.15 mean time—equal to 6.24 p.m. Farenheit—and consequently no disturbance of a cyclo-hurricane description could have taken place before the 19th. This also accounts for the smoke in the atmosphere in the vicinity of Peterborough. It is alleged that in my prediction I said the great storm of the 19th would be severely felt on the Atlantic coast, whereas there was no storm at all in that vicinity. There was a storm, in all respects answering to the description of my storm on that coast. I positively identify it. I had warned the authorities to prohibit the fishing boats, etc., to leave port, but my warning was disregarded—another instance of professional jealousy. I owe something

to my own dignity, and in the face of such treatment it is not to be wondered at that I confined the storm to Newfoundland. I am not small-minded enough to avenge myself upon the innocent fishermen, and that there was no storm on the Atlantic coast is something for which they owe no thanks to the authorities in question. I have got past being annoyed by flippant newspaper criticism, which is generally—indeed I may say always—the work of ignorant would-be wits. This is all the reply I will make to the comments of the press, and I know it will be satisfactory to all who believe in me. In conclusion I may notify you that a terrific anti-cyclonic hail storm will set in on Wednesday, 32nd December, at 4.12 ½ in the afternoon, standard time, and I would earnestly caution the authorities of Toronto to see that no sail boats leave the harbor at that hour.

OTTAWA, 22nd Sept.

E. STUN WIGGINGS.



"POLLED ANGUS."

(A SKETCH AT THE WESTERN FAIR, BY OUR OWN LUNATIC.)

### LATEST BURDETTEISMS.

CLASS IN CIVIL SERVICE.

"WHAT are the people of Germany called?" asked the new teacher. "When?" asked the smart bad boy. "Any time," said the teacher, "all the time." "Depends," replied the s. b. b., "They're called Germans before election and Dutch after it, in this country." And as that boy's father is a member of the Legislature, his word has much greater weight with the pupils than the teacher's.

HOW SHE MUST LOOK.

A London correspondent says the "latter part of the day Queen Victoria devotes to walking and sketching in water colors." If her Majesty has a weakness for walking in her bathing costume, it's just as well that she takes the "latter part of the day" for it. As late as a couple of hours after dark would be as good a time as any.

RED HOT.

"How are they going to heat railway cars without stoves, I'd like to know?" said Mrs. Shrewsbury, throw-

ing down the newspaper. "Men get to be bigger fools every year, I think." And then Mr. Shrewsbury meekly suggested that if the conductor had a second wife she'd make it hot for every one on the train. As he closed the mercury went spinning up the thermometer like a skyrocket climbing to the sky.

ONE CRANK DIFFERETH FROM ANOTHER IN GLORY.

My son, it is true that Galileo was a crank, and Robert Fulton was a crank, and Columbus was a crank. Noble, far-seeing glorious cranks they were. But all cranks are not Galileos. The world waited thousands of years for such a crank as Columbus, and yet there had never been a time when the cranks did not comprise about 7 per cent. of the population of the globe. All the martyrs went to prison; but every jail bird is not a martyr, not by a long chalk. That will do for this morning; if this sermon is too short, you can hear one in an hour or two that may be too long. Go to church, and bear in mind that it requires something more than long hair and a wild look, and a tireless tongue that runs without a safety valve, to make a successful crank.

"SILKEN REST TIES ALL MY CARES UP."

"I tell you now, I'm a tired man to-night. I got up this morning at 5 o'clock, had breakfast and was down town by 6, worked on the banners till 9; and stood in the sun till half-past ten; and since then I have walked 22 miles carrying a banner that weighs 11 pounds. I've been on my feet and hard at work 16 hours." "What was the job?" "Oh, it ain't no job; this is a holiday, and the eight-hour leagues paraded. What was the job, hey? You're one of those fellows that think the laboring man never wants any rest like other people, hey?" Grumbles for an hour about people who want the laboring man to work all the time.

### NOTES FROM A COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT.

THE principal crop this year is smoke. Of this the yield is large in quantity though light in quality. What has given rise to it is a mystery. Some say fires, others that it arises from the numerous cigarettes consumed by the bank clerks who are spending their fortnight's holiday in the country. Both theories then are plausible; for (1) where there is smoke there is fire, and (2) the smell of this smoke differs very little from that which is gracefully exhaled through the moustache-less lips, or the delicately curved nostrils of the cigarette-smoker. The third cause assigned, viz.: that it is due to the unwonted energy of the farmer in burning heaps of Canada thistles is utterly untenable.

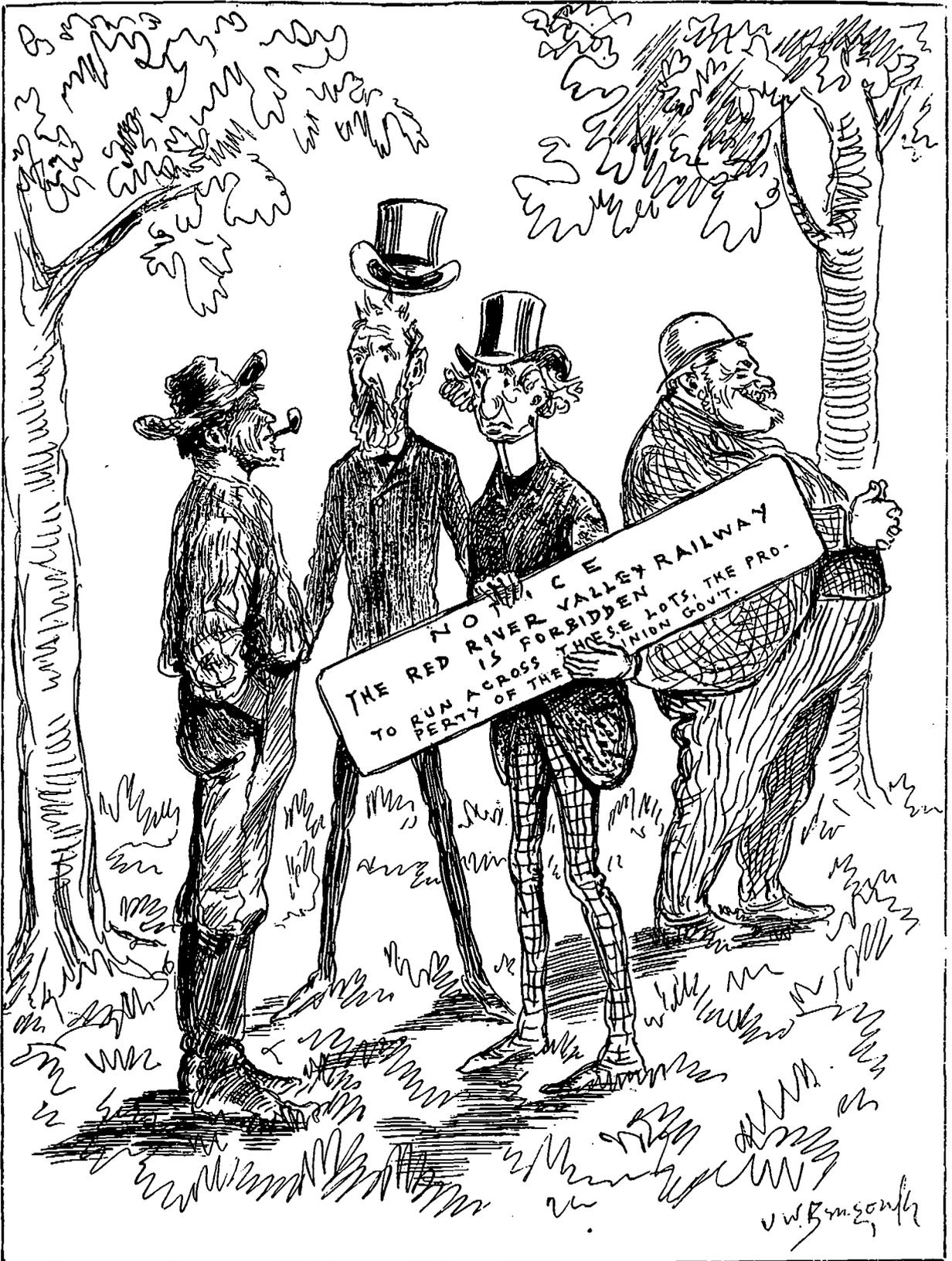
The root crops this year have no roots. The roots have all gone to seed—literally. Whether turnips and carrots will taste the same when they are eaten as seed it is difficult to determine, but as there is no other way of making use of these crops, the experiments will have to be made.

There will be no after-math this year—at all events what there is will vanish in smoke—or fog(g)!

### SAD RESULT.

"CAPITAL articles those of yours on Commercial Union, Mr. Young," said our Young Man to the hon. gentleman from Galt. "But why do you look so ashamed? You ought to be proud of your work."

"Proud? Perhaps you haven't noticed that I'm being praised by the Toronto *World*," was all he said.



AB-SQUAT-ULATE !

Squatter—HOLD ON, MISTER. DON'T BE QUITE SO FAST WITH THAT SIGN-BOARD. THIS PROPERTY HAPPENS TO BELONG TO ME !

## TOO FAIR.

"O HANG the Exhibition!" said a London man wrathfully as he opened the *Free Press* on Thursday, and found it full of "special entries" to the exclusion of everything else.

"Well, pa," said his smart little boy, "you can't deny but what it's a very Fair number, after all."

"Well, yes I must say it is a good deal fairer than usual," replied pa, who of course is a Grit.

## VOTES ALONE TELL.

SAM SMALL says "the true tribunal of the laboring man is to stand forth in the integrity of his character and demand justice, and he'll get it." Well, if he is numerous enough, and has a ballot in his hand, and knows just how to cast it, he has a fair show for justice, but standing forth and demanding things in any other way is lost time, no matter how picturesque the attitude the laboring man may strike. The "practical politicians" and oppressors of the poor have no eye at all for æsthetics.



## FLATTERY.

*Ethel*—Mr. Barnstormer—dear Brutus—pa objects to our union!

*Mr. B.*—On what grounds does he object?

*Ethel*—He says that you're an actor.

*Mr. B.*—Well, he is at least kinder than the newspaper critics.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT.

"HERE's a good thing," said Dumley, who was reading the paper in the bosom of his family. "Listen: The coal barons of Pennsylvania have called a meeting to decide upon the out-put of coal for the month of December. Isn't it about time that the people held a meeting to decide upon the out-put of the coal monopolists?"

"I don't see anything funny about that," said Mrs. Dumley, "and I think it is real good and kind of the coal barons to regulate the quantity of coal that the public shall have. I'm sure if they left it free Sarah Jane would waste twice as much as she does now. She's the most extravagant creature I've ever had in the house!"

## WARNING TO YOUNG LADIES.

NEVER marry a iacrosse club young man under the impression that he can get up in time to light the fire just because he now regularly attends the practice at 6 a.m.

## THEATRICAL CRITICISM.

HE was reading the Toronto morning paper and she was looking over his shoulder.

"I see the Bunch of Chestnuts Comedy Company had a poor house last night," he remarked.

"Why, no; it says they had a splendid house," she replied, putting her pretty finger on the item.

"That's how I know it was slim," said he.

## AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

EDDIE—Ma, are you an angel in disguise?

Ma—Why, child, what put such a silly notion into your head?

Eddie—'Cause I heard pa tell a man that you might be one, but if you was you could hide your identity betterin' any fraud he ever saw.

## REASSURING.

RUSSIA says that Ayoub Khan not make any disturbance between her and England by his actions in Afghanistan.

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

SHE—I thought you said that Mr. Spiffkins never uses tobacco?

He—Yes, dear!

She—Why, I saw him smoking a cigar when he passed just now; I could not be mistaken.

He—(languidly)—Oh, yes; but I smelt it.

## A NAVAL ITEM.

WHEN the sexton stirs up a nest of hornets in the spire, may it not be described as Blue Jackets parading for Divine Service?

## SOUND!

"Do you believe in Commercial Union?" said young Popinjay to his girl the other evening, just to keep up the conversation.

"Commercial union? Certainly not, Archibald," she replied, blushing. "I think marrying for money is mean and low!"

THE cable informs us that Mr. F. C. Burnand, Editor of *Punch*, caught a cold lately while standing with Mr. J. S. Forbes at his villa on the Lake of Geneva. This will probably account for the unusual wheeziness of the great English comic journal of late.

(SARCASTIC woman to letter-carrier whom she has been watching for the last few minutes on his way to the house)—"Ahem! late this morning, ain't you?" "Yes, a little." "Too bad! Some people have no consideration for public servants; why can't they write the message on the card just as plainly as the address. You could get through so much faster, couldn't you?"

**PURCHASING AGENCY.**

McNair's Toronto Purchasing Agency, 352 Huron Street, Toronto. Music, books, jewelry, and merchandise of every description supplied at lowest rates. If there is anything you want in Toronto, I can supply it promptly. Special attention to supplies for ladies. Circulars mailed free.

PAPA is sometimes asked to contribute to his daughter's happiness and won't give assent.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE thermometer, though crushed to earth, will rise again. Its occasional fall is due merely to exhaustion from the heat.—*Life.*

"No," said an old maid, "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

**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.

MRS. MULVANEY—Arrah, Jamesy, phuy do yez put two thermoneyturs forinst the shitore? Shaunessy—Be gobs, Missus Mulvaney, wan av them is to tell how hot it is, an' the other is to tell how cold it is.

EARLY CITIZEN—Horrible murder across the street during the night, wasn't it? Police (who is supposed to have been on duty all night)—Don't know anything about it; I haven't seen the morning papers yet.

In summer's hot meridian hour—  
Just like "birds of a feather"—  
The picnic and the thunder shower  
Are always found together.  
—*Boston Courier.*

"You say you stumped Texas for the Prohibition ticket; what peculiarity of your audiences struck you most forcibly?" "Well," said the missionary, "the chunks of clay and pieces of brick struck me most forcibly, but the eggs stayed by me the longest."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**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 St. West, Toronto, Can.

I DON'T see," observed Boggs, as he leaned back in his chair, "how any man of sense can be led to embezzle \$50,000 or \$100,000 and skip the country! He is disgraced, his future ruined, and what good can the money do him?" "You don't take the right view of it," replied Stebbins. "Why?" "The idea, my dear sir, is to settle for half the sum stolen and return home to be looked upon as a smart man and re-elected president of a rival institution."—*Wall Street News.*

**NEW MUSIC**

"On the Rolling Wave," G. Marks, soc.  
A splendid lyric song, and not difficult.

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A tender and graceful contralto song.

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A fine bold composition. Sung by Signor Foli.

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The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Ass'n, Ltd.  
38 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

A GENTLEMAN at a recent matinee at a theatre was seated behind a lady wearing one of the fashionable tall hats. "Excuse me, madam, but if you do not remove your hat I shall not be able to see anything." The lady ignored him. "Excuse me, madam, but if you do not remove your hat something unpleasant will happen." The lady ignored him again. The gentleman put on his own hat. Loud cries of "Take off that hat!" "Take off that hat!" arose from the audience behind. The lady thought the cries referred to her hat, and quickly removed it. "Thank you, madam!"—*Ex.*



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SHE—"I don't see why women should not make as good swimmers as men." He—"Yes, but you see a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut."—*Life.*

A NEW ENGLAND man has just had a patent granted to him for "an electric switch." The future of the small boy is discouraging.

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE—What miserable little eggs again! You really must tell them, Jane, to let the hens sit on them a little longer.

THE elevator boy is fond of novels; and this is not to be wondered at when we consider that his business takes him from story to story.

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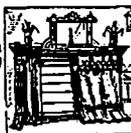
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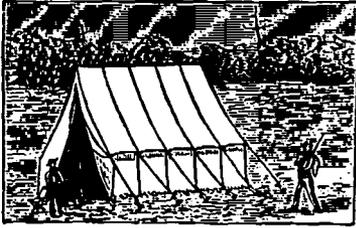
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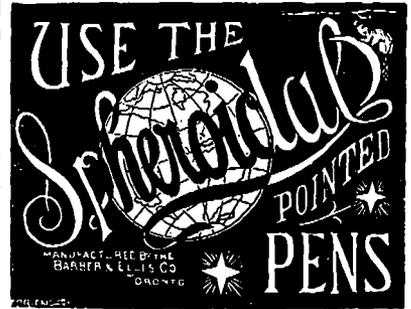
We have decided in future to put Dr. Jug's Medicine in a brown jug, instead of a glass bottle as hitherto. The jugs that we will use for this purpose are made of the finest imported Rockingham, of a mottled brown color, with "Dr. Jug's Medicine for Lungs, Liver and Blood" in raised letters on the side. Our reasons for making this change are: 1st.—Its wonderful curative qualities will be better preserved by the medicine being kept entirely in the dark and.—As the jug will be registered it will be impossible to counterfeit it. 3rd.—The name, "Dr. Jug's Medicine," will be more easily remembered by association. 4th.—Our friends will be able to recognize at once that they are getting the genuine article, as there is no other medicine put up in a jug.

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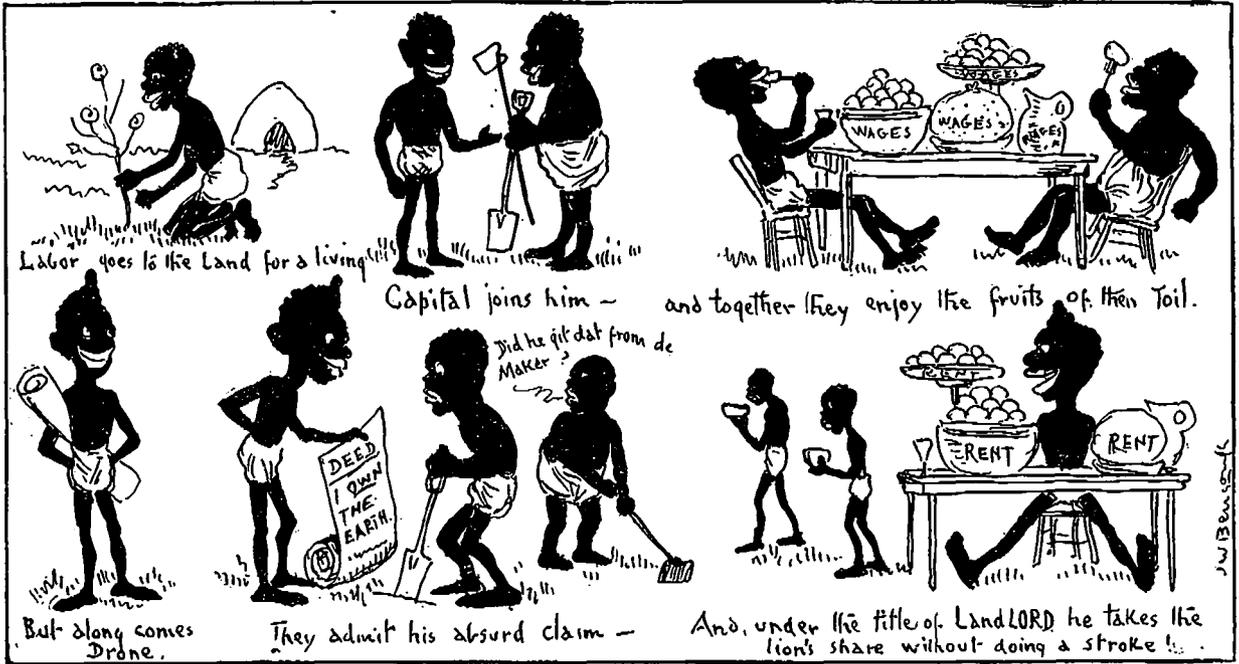
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LACE boots of this style in men's, our own make, from \$2.50 up; in boys' and youths' from \$1.40 up. We know these to be the best wearing boots to be had in the city for the money, away below dry goods prices. W. WEST & CO.

NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF DRESS-CUTTING (by Prof. Moody) simplified, drafts direct on the material, no book of instructions required. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated circular sent free. AGENTS WANTED.

J. & A. CARTER,

372 YONGE ST., COR. WALTON ST., TORONTO. Practical Dressmakers and Milliners. ESTABLISHED 1860.

**Business Index.**

GRIP endorses the following houses as worthy of the patronage of parties visiting the city or wishing to transact business by mail.

**CLAXTON'S** Jubilee Bb Cornet reduced from \$22 to \$15, and other Band Instruments 20 per cent. off. Catalogues free. Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**GENTLEMEN** requiring nobby stylish good-fitting, well-made clothing to order will find all the newest materials for the Spring Season, and two first-class cutters at **PETLEYS'**, 128 to 132 King St. East.

**J. W. CHEESEWORTH,**  
106 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.  
Fine Art Tailoring a Specialty.

**JAS. COX & SON,**  
83 YONGE STREET,  
Pastry Cooks and Confectioners. Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors.

**PORTRAITS** in Oil or Crayon at reasonable prices. Good work and satisfaction given. Photographs enlarged in Oil or Crayon, for size 8x10, \$1.50. Send order to **JAMES DANDIE,** Artist, 274 YONGE ST.

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The most simple and perfect tailor system of cutting. Also the best Folding Wire Dress Form for draping, etc., at lowest prices. **MISS CHUBB,** 179 King St. West.

**CUT STONE! CUT STONE!**  
You can get all kinds of Cut Stone work promptly on time by applying to **LIONEL YORKE,** Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis St., Toronto.

**WILSONIA MAGNETIC** Insoles, Belts and Appliances for all parts of the body. To cure all kinds of Chronic diseases without medicines. Call at the office or send and get circulars. **REV. S. TUCKER,** 122 Yonge Street up-stairs.

**G. W. E. FIELD,**  
**Architect,**  
YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO, ONT.

 **LAWSON'S** CONCENTRATED Fluid Beef—this preparation is a real beef food, not like Liebig's and other fluid beefs, mere stimulants and meat flavors, but having all the necessary elements of the beef, viz.:—Extract fibrine and albumen, which embodies all to make a perfect food.

 **W. Stahlschmidt & Co.**  
PRESTON, ONT.,  
Manufacturers of  
**OFFICE, SCHOOL, CHURCH AND LODGE FURNITURE.**  
Toronto Representative:  
**GEO. F. BOSTWICK,** 56 King St. West.

**NOVELTY.**  
RUBBER BOOTS, CLOTHING AND SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS REPAIRED.  
Fine Boot Making a Specialty.  
**H. J. LAFORCE,** Cor. Church & Queen Sts., Toronto.

**W. H. BANFIELD,**  
MACHINIST AND DIE MAKER,  
Combination and Cutting Dies, Feet and Power Presses, Finishes Tools, Knitting Machines, Etc., Etc.  
UTTING AND STAMPING TO ORDER FOR THE TRADE.  
REPAIRING FACTORY MACHINERY A SPECIALTY.  
80 Wellington St. W., Toronto.

**CUT STONE.**  
**PELEE ISLAND** Stone, the cheapest and best stone ever introduced in this market. Sills 35 cents per foot, other work in proportion. Toronto Stone Company, Esplanade St., between Scott and Church Sts.

**Legal Cards.**

**EDGAR, MALONE & GARVIN,** BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, Conveyancers, &c. J. D. Edgar, E. T. Malone, J. S. Garvin. Solicitors for the Toronto General Trusts Company, and the Toronto Real Estate Investment Company.

**Dentists.**

**REMOVAL.**

**F. H. SEFTON,** DENTIST, has removed his office to 172½ Yonge Street, next to R. Simpson's, where he is prepared to attend to his former and new patrons in all branches of Dentistry.

**TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE**  
BEST teeth on Rubber Plate, \$8. Vitalized air. Telephone 1476. **C. H. RIGGS, L.D.S.,** Cor. King and Yonge Sts., TORONTO.

**G. P. LENNOX,** - Dentist.  
YONGE ST. ARCADE, ROOMS A AND B.  
Vitalized Air used in Extracting. All operations skillfully done. Best sets of teeth, \$8. upper or lower, on rubber; \$10 on celluloid.

**ARTIFICIAL TEETH WITHOUT A PLATE**

Latest improvement. **DR. STOWE'S** Dental Surgery, 111 Church Street. Telephone 934. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**R. HASLITT, L.D.S.**  
**DENTIST,**  
429 Yonge St., cor. Anne St., TORONTO.

**HENRY T. WOOD,**  
DENTIST,  
SPECIALTY—Preservation of the natural teeth.  
114 Carlton St. - Toronto.  
Telephone No. 3,311

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**DR. KEANE, SURGEON,**  
**Diseases of the Skin,**  
1-2, 6-10 P.M. 184 CARLTON ST.

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**BETTS' RESTAURANT,**  
51 King St. East, TORONTO.

The only first-class Dining Hall conducted on temperance principles in the city. Best dinner in Toronto for 25 cents.

— TRY IT. —

**THE BRITISH CANADIAN Loan and Investment Co. (Limited),**  
HEAD OFFICE: 30 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

Capital Authorized.....	\$2,000,000
" Subscribed.....	1,620,000
" Paid-up.....	322,412
Reserve Fund.....	47,000
Total Assets.....	1,568,681

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The attention of Depositors in Savings Banks, and others seeking a safe and convenient investment and a liberal rate of interest, is invited to the Debentures issued by this Company. The Company's last annual statement and any further information required may be furnished on application to

**R. H. TOMLINSON, Manager.**

**PURE GOLD GOODS ARE THE BEST MADE.**

ASK FOR THEM IN CANS, BOTTLES OR PACKAGES

**THE LEADING LINES ARE BAKING POWDER FLAVORING EXTRACTS SHOE BLACKING STOVE POLISH COFFEE SPICES BORAX CURRY POWDER CELERY SALT MUSTARD POWDERED HERBS &c.**

2 GOLD MEDALS  
1 SILVER MEDAL  
8 BRONZE MEDALS  
1886

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED GENUINE  
**PURE GOLD MANFG. CO.**  
31 FRONT ST. EAST TORONTO.

**GEORGE GALL,**  
Wholesale and Retail  
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DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF  
**HARDWOOD AND PINE LUMBER.**

**YARD:**  
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Factory: Cor.oho & Phoebe Sts. Office: Soho Street.  
**TORONTO, ONT.**

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**Toronto Opera House.**

WEEK SEPT. 26th,  
Matinees every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

**LAUGH!!—You Can't Help But Laugh.**

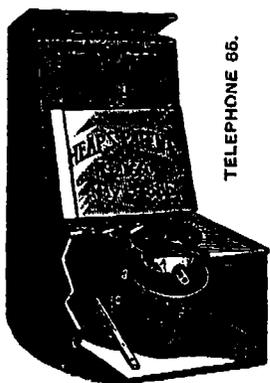
**MISS FRANCES BISHOP,**  
The prettiest and brightest star on the American stage, in the funniest of all funny plays,

**THE NEW MUGGS' LANDING**

Everything New—New Music, New Singing, Dancing, and Special New Scenery.

**10 Cts. ADMISSION 20 Cts.**  
Reserved Seats, 30, 50 and 75 cts.  
Next Week—ZITKA.

# "Heap's Patent" Dry Earth Closets



TELEPHONE 85.

Portable Bedroom Commode

CAMERON'S PATENT  
AUTOMATIC

## - Cinder Sifter -

"HEAP'S PATENT" MFG. CO.  
57 ADELAIDE STREET WEST,  
and 2 Pearl St.  
TORONTO.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF

The Surprise Washing and Wringing Machines  
WALTON'S PATENT.

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AHEAD.



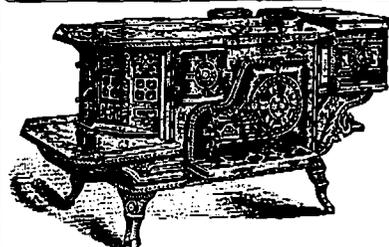
Stoves and Ranges.

# FURNACES.

Persons wanting furnaces put in satisfactory and properly should get our prices and specification before closing contract.

Furnaces, Stoves and Stove Ware  
is our exclusive business.

**DIAMOND STOVE CO.,**  
8 Queen St. West, TORONTO.  
Late Wanless & Sons, Parkdale.



## "COMBINATION" COOK

For Coal or Wood.

Has a Round Fire Pot and Shaker Grate.  
Warranted to retain fire over night and to work well.  
The leading stove in the market.

**McCLARY'S FAMOUS STOVES,**  
all varieties.

CRYSTAL and ZINC STOVE BOARDS,  
COAL HODS, FIRE SHOVELS and ACME FRY  
PANS a specialty.

**McCLARY M'FG CO.**  
London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg and London  
England.

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# Heliotrope & Magnolia

TOILET SOAPS.

Lasting and Delicate in Perfume. Soft-  
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22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.

(Incorporated by Special Act of Dominion  
Parliament.)

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*Ex. Prime Minister of Canada.*  
Vice Presidents, HON. A. MORRIS AND J. L. BLAIR.

Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.  
Apply with references to

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Managing Director.

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VISITORS TO THE FAIR DON'T  
MISS SEEING THE GREAT  
**CYCLORAMA**  
THE BATTLE OF SEDAN.

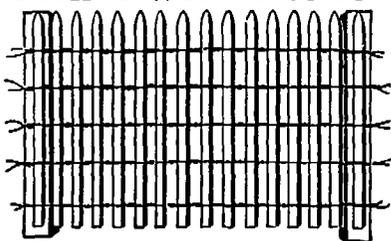
The most realistic Battle Scene in the  
world, erected at a cost of  
over \$75,000.

The most notable work of art in the  
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Located on Front St., just west of the  
Walker House.

Open FORENOON, AFTERNOON and EVENING.

# Picket Wire Fence.



The great question of the day with the farmer and  
every owner of an acre of land is *What shall we do  
for fencing?* We say buy our new Combination  
Fence and save valuable time, land and money.

We carry in stock, or make to order, all kinds of  
Farm, Field, Orchard or Vineyard, Market Garden,  
Poultry Yard, Town or City, plain or ornamental  
fence from 50 cents to \$1.50 per rod. Send for price  
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THE TORONTO  
**Picket Wire Fence Co'y.**

151 RIVER ST., TORONTO, ONT.

**E. W. POWERS,**  
53 RICHMOND ST. E., TORONTO.  
**Excelsior Packing Case Works**

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING CARPENTER WORK.  
Estimates Given on Application. Orders Promptly  
Executed.

## WHAT'S UP? WHY



In the estimation of the people.  
WHOLESALE, 34 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.

## A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred  
habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee  
without the knowledge of the person taking it if so  
desired. Send 6c. in stamps, for book and testi-  
monials from those who have been cured. Address  
M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont.  
Cut this out for future reference. When writing  
mention this paper.



## Notice Respecting Passports.

Persons requiring passports from the Canadian  
Government should make application to this depart-  
ment for the same, such application to be accompa-  
nied by the sum of four dollars in payment of the  
official fee upon passports as fixed by the Governor  
in Council.

G. POWELL,  
Under Secretary of State.

OTTAWA, 19th Feb., 1886

## NOTICE.

YOUNG, middle-aged, or old men who find  
themselves nervous and exhausted, who are  
broken down from the effects of abuse or over-  
work, and in advanced life feel the consequence of  
youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's  
Treatise on Disease of Men. Sealed, 6c. in stamps;  
unsealed, free. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Well-  
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# I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a  
time and then have them return again. I mean a radical  
cure. I have made the citizens of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALL-  
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