

# \* GRIP \*

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## A MUTUAL TAFFY-PULL.

(See Speeches by Sir John on June 19th, and Mr. Mowat June 28th.)

# GRIP

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CARICATURE.

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Artist and Editor  
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.  
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



## Comments ON THE Cartoons.

AN INTERESTING INFANT.— Dominion Day was celebrated this year with great heartiness throughout all our broad land; in this city, the anniversary being included in the Carnival programme, it received a commemoration which sur-

passed any of the preceding twenty-two. A pleasing feature here, which we hope to see widely copied and extended, was the singing of patriotic—that is to say, Canadian—songs, and the making of patriotic speeches. It is noteworthy, moreover, that several of the songs were, as to both words and music, home-made. All this indicates a growing sentiment of nationality, a spirit which has been slow in finding adequate expression in Canada for some reason. That reason certainly is not an absence of love for the country itself on the part of the people; nor is it a lack of proper pride in our institutions. Some find a complete explanation of the puzzle in the fact of our colonial status, but, according to this theory, we should look in vain for a national sentiment in Australia, where, we know, it exists in

robust strength. The latent feeling in Canada must be very strong indeed when it makes so creditable an outward showing under present circumstances. There is nothing, excepting the hope of better and wiser things by-and-by, to inspire patriotic Canadians just now. There are many things to depress and mortify and shame them. No man who, while loving his own land, has a heart capacious enough to hold an earnest belief in the brotherhood of man, can regard the policy of Protection with anything but detestation. It is anti-Christian in spirit and in practice, while, from the lowest selfish view of profit, it is, and always must be to the mass of the people, a delusion and a snare. It is this silly and immoral system which the Canadian patriot sees fastened upon the country he loves, and he may be excused meanwhile if he fails to grow enthusiastic over the statesmen who rule her destinies. All round him he sees the natural results of this restriction policy, and its inevitable brood of monopolies—a decreasing population; an enormous and daily increasing public debt; a farming population so burdened with taxation that life has become a weary grind from morning to night; and all the other ranks and classes whose prosperity depends upon that of "the man who works the land" sharing his deprivations. All this suffering, the patriot knows, is unnecessary and inexcusable; it is the result of a system of legalized robbery, sustained, strange to say, by the people themselves. When we conjure up the typical figure of Canada, she appears to us as a beautiful, wholesome, hopeful maiden, just turned her twenty-third birthday—she is, in fact, a type of the country and its untold possibilities; a land which was designed by nature to literally flow with milk and honey. It is pitiful to turn from this conception to the, alas, more truthful outline of the actual Canada as she appears in our cartoon. She has been thwarted and manacled and made a gaw of by "statesmanship." And still we listen in vain for the commanding voice that is to recall the Canadian people to themselves, and give the policy of nature and common sense a trial!

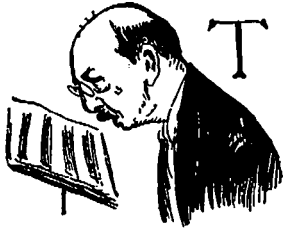
A MUTUAL TAFFY-PULL.—There is an amusing side to the late passages of good-will between the veteran Premiers of Ottawa and Toronto, and it is GRIP's special prerogative to give this prominence. At the same time, the amenities of political life in this country are such, that we ought to be glad to believe that the expressions on both sides were more than mere taffy. That Sir John entertains a profound respect for Mr. Mowat we may easily credit, for so does everybody who knows the excellent Oliver; and it is no harder to understand that Mr. Mowat really likes and admires Sir John, for, once again, who doesn't? The somewhat cynical view of the exchange of compliments taken by the *Mail* seems to us uncalled for. It would be a good thing all round if our public men devoted more attention than they do to finding out, and as opportunity offers, fitly recognizing, the good qualities of their opponents.

THE question of the Liberal leadership periodically crops up for discussion. In reply to sundry articles in the press of both parties foreshadowing the resumption of the leadership by Mr. Blake, the *Globe* publishes a letter from the ex-leader denying that he wishes to resume the post. His denial is probably sincere. Mr. Blake was never fitted for political leadership, though it took him and the Party a long time to find it out. He has none of the qualities, except oratorical ability, essential to leadership. The Party will have to get along as best they can with Mr. Laurier, French-Canadian though he is. There is really no Ontario man now in public life competent to fill the position. And the Tories are just about in as bad a predicament. When Sir John dies or retires he will leave no successor.

HOW is it that both Parties display this "plentiful lack" of men of the requisite brains and calibre for Party leadership? The cause is not far to seek. The methods of Partyism, the rigid inflexibility of political creeds and formulas, the dirty and degrading work of political apprenticeship, have driven the most intelligent, high-spirited and conscientious men out of public life. We have no statesmen in our politics. The methods by which Sir John, Mr. Mowat and Mr. Mercier sustain themselves in power are simply the methods of the ward politician practiced on a larger scale. No wonder the

Grit Party is casting about wildly in search of a competent leader, and the Tories asking themselves despairingly: "After Sir John, what?" During all these years they have been making intellectual servility and blind acceptance of the Party dogmas the main criterion of Party standing. Leaders of men are not developed in this fashion.

\* \* \*



**T**HOSE who are interested in Musical Toronto will be glad to learn that, after mature consideration, it has been decided to organize a new and first-class professional orchestra in this city, under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington. A strong committee

has been formed, and two performances are to be given next season in aid of the University Library Fund. In view of the excellent work done by the present Torrington Orchestra, which is mainly composed of amateurs, we may reasonably hope for great things when the genuine professionals get down to work. It would be entirely superfluous to add that GRIP wishes the new organization a long and successful career.

\* \* \*

**T**HE American census returns show an enormous increase in the growth of the cities as compared with the rural districts. Three of the American cities now boast a population of over a million each, while ten years ago only one could claim that distinction. A number of idiots on the other side are actually making this fact a cause for rejoicing, just as a like number of fools amongst us are pluming themselves over the abnormal growth of Toronto at the expense of the surrounding country—as though it were something to feel proud of. The tendency of the rural and village population to flock to the large cities is not a healthy or desirable movement. The conditions of living for the great mass of the people in the overgrown city communities are much less wholesome than in the country. So far as the interests of the cities themselves are concerned, the influx, instead of being a matter for satisfaction, tends to make the struggle for existence harder for all dependent on their labor by intensifying competition. The only class benefited are the land-owners. They, of course, profit by the increase of population and the consequent rise in value of their land. But to the rest of us the phenomenal growth of Toronto simply means more competitors, less elbow-room and higher rents.

\* \* \*

**S**OME of the truly loyal are raising a great racket over the omission of the toast of "The Queen" at the recent banquet to Mr. Parnell. Just precisely what frightful consequences to Her Majesty are expected to result from this omission no one has as yet condescended to explain. If Queen Victoria wants to get even with Parnell, however, there is a very easy way of doing it. She can give a big dinner party at Windsor Castle and ostentatiously refrain from drinking the health of Mr. Parnell. Then honors will be easy.

\* \* \*

**N**OW that the Carnival is over, it must be admitted that it was on the whole a failure and a disappointment. The main reason is not far to seek. There was no general desire on the part of the citizens for a Carnival, and the enthusiasm was confined to a few men,

headed by the indefatigable Dodds, who saw some personal or business advantage in it. Moral courage in civic affairs is a rare article, and nobody exactly cared to oppose for fear of being set down as pessimists or obstructionists. So the mass of the citizens, including the Council, were practically bulldozed into sanctioning the business by King Dodds and a few other fakirs. Owing to a lack of public confidence and public interest, the money was not forthcoming on a scale sufficient to enable the Committee to carry out the ambitious programme laid down. The consequence is the affair was a ridiculous fiasco, especially as compared with the Carnivals held in American cities where they have ten dollars to spend to our one on splurges of this kind. Our citizens are too heavily burdened by taxation as it is, and we hope it will be many a long day before they allow themselves to be fooled by plausible schemers of the Dodds type into throwing good money away on such nonsense.

**QUITE INADEQUATE.**

**O**NLY a piece of banana peel,  
Only a boot run down at heel,  
Only a dull and sickening thud,  
Only a suit bedaubed with mud,  
Only—but no—best drop it there,  
"Only" won't fit a ten-minute swear!

**WOMAN'S LIMITATION.**

THE really swell young woman can now thoroughly appreciate what it means to have a fellow's back collar button slip down his spine and have his collar and tie commence to climb up the back of his neck.—*New York World.*

But she can never, no, never, realize the misery caused by the breaking of one's only remaining suspender under the stress of having to do double duty.



**AN UNREASONABLE RULE.**

**UNCLE HIRAM**—"Wal, wal; I'm not used to sleepin' in a room with a light burnin' in it; but if that's the rule of the house I'll have to do my best."—*Munsey's Weekly.*



### "PROTECTION."

FIRST AMATEUR PUGILIST—"Better leave off your eye-glass; I may smash it, you know."

SECOND DO.—"That's just why I keep it on; to protect my eye, don't you see?"

### TWO INFLUENTIAL PERSONAGES.

"THE biggest man alive," says Pat,  
 "Barrin' the Pope, av coorse, d'ye mind,  
 Is Terence Powderly, bedad,  
 An' av faix he's not so far behind,  
 An' av yez ax me fwhy he's given  
 So high a place I'll quickly tell—  
 The Pope he houlds the kay av Hiven  
 An' Terry's got the K. av L."

### IMPROVING ITS TONE.

"JOHN," said the venerable editor of the Squiggle-chunk *Indicator*, "we don't seem to keep up with the times in our editorial department. That article of yours on the crops and the setting out you give Mowat last week was good, John. I took a couple of new subscribers from Punkin Holler on the head of it—they'll pay in turnips an' cordwood—but them subjects is kind of old. The public wants sumthin' new. Can't you catch on to some of these fresh ideas that's comin' up?"

"Well, boss," replied his factotum, doubtfully, "I might if you'd give me that dollar a week raise of pay we was talkin' over last winter. But what atween settin' two-thirds of the type, and doin' all the mailin' and hustling Saturdays to git in a few dollars, I don't seem to git much time to do any hefty thinkin' for editorials. What d'yer want me to tackle?"

"Well, I was thinking we might have something to say about 'Obscurantism.' I notice the *Mail* has been rubbing it in on that lately, and the *Mail*, John, is the best newspaper going. I don't think we kin do better than foller its lead. You kin let them horse-bills stand over till to-morrow, and just write a good red-hot lively article on Obscurantism. Come over to McGinnis' and take a bracer just to liven ye up. I'm a-goin' fishin' this afternoon, an' I'll leave you to run the office."

"All right, boss. Ye couldn't let me have half-a-dollar, could ye? Well, a quarter'll do."

And, after a brief interval devoted to liquid refreshment, John, with much wear and tear of the grey matter of the brain, produced an able editorial commencing as follows:

### "OBSCURANTISM.

"We deeply regret to note the growing practice of obscurantism, which, if once it obtains a foothold in any community, invariably entails the most disastrous consequences. No society can permanently prosper where this detestable and pernicious custom is tolerated. As a glaring instance in point we need only call attention to our low-lived and scurrilous contemporary, the *Barnacle*, the obscurity of whose dwindling circulation is only equalled by the nauseating character of the rant which pollutes its pages. Considering these characteristics, the significance of the word obscurantism was never more fully exemplified. We call upon all decent and right-thinking men to frown down, etc., etc."

"Splendid, John! First rate," said the venerable editor on his return. "You was always quick to grasp a new idea. Double-lead the first two sticks, John. Guess we'll let Parson Whanger and Lawyer Flyman an' the rest of these high-toned ducks that's always talkin' about the culture and intelligence of the age and the high tone of the *Toronto Mail* see that the *Indicator* ain't so slow after all, if we do live in the backwoods."

### THE DEAR GIRLS.

ETHEL—"You should honor grey hairs, my dear."  
 MAUD—"So I do, darling, if they are heirs to a sufficient amount."

### ANSWERED.

"WHAT to wear when going to the race course" is the question which seems to agitate a writer for *Saturday Night*. From an offhand consideration of the subject, GRIP has no hesitation in recommending people who go to the race-course to wear a suit of clothes. To go attired in a blanket, a bed-quilt or a flour-bag would render the wearer too conspicuous, and perhaps excite unpleasant remarks. It is always as well to avoid singularity in attire. Headgear, of course, is also essential, and in this connection it may be observed that for racing purposes a handi-cap is better than an inconvenient hat.



### DUDESON'S EXPERIMENT.

1. Dudeson resolves to cultivate an "elastic step."
2. His valet adjusts the elastic apparatus.
3. Triumphant success !!

## NEW VERSION.

"OH, Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
How is your garden doing now?"  
"Potato bugs and tomato grubs  
And weeds all in a row!"

"Why, Mary, Mary! what's the matter?  
You look as though you wanted to cry!  
Why don't you go and dig and hoe  
In your flower-beds?" said I.

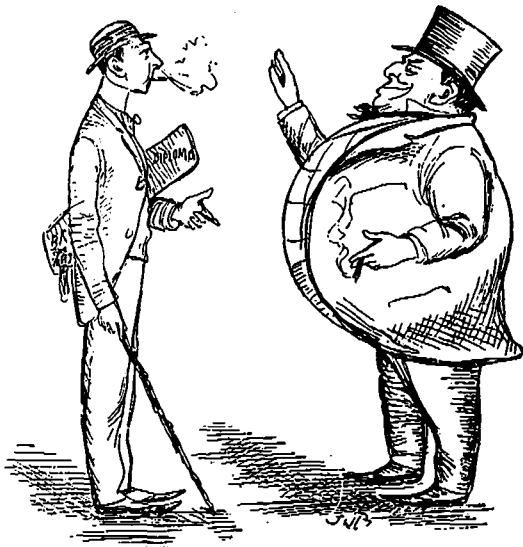
She gave a sob as she told me why,  
Her face was pale as a dusty miller's,  
And an awful shiver quite made her quiver,  
As she said: "I'm scart of the caterpillars!"

L.R.B.

## NEXT.

To say that business runs like clockwork does not necessarily mean that there is a strike every hour.—*Toronto Globe*. Does it mean that everything goes on tick?—*World*.

Probably it refers to the circumstance that so many concerns are being wound up.



## THE FRESHY GRAD.

MR. B. A. DEGREE (just from the classic halls of his alma mater—to the World)—"And now, sir, what can I do for you?"  
THE WORLD—"Nothing, sir, nothing."

## THE LATEST FROM BOSTON.

MISS BEANS—"Have you heard the news?"  
MISS LENTILS—"No. What is it?"

MISS BEANS—"I have just been told that while Stanley was in Africa he discovered a native poet named Wantabatha, and that he has brought home with him the manuscript of one of the dusky bard's epics"

MISS LENTILS—"Oh, how delightful. We must organize a club for the study of it immediately."

This is the season when the study of the weather and astronomy go hand in hand. That is to say, his best girl and the young man sit on the front stoop and study meteor-ology together.—*Terracottaville Times*. And when the old man comes along the young fellow sometimes sees more stars than there are in the sky.



## THE WITNESS WITNESSING.

VEN Jean Baptiste 'e 'ave ze fête  
Late-lay at Mo'realle,  
Ze flag an bannaire vare display,  
And all are look ver' vell;  
But best of all, tres magnifique,  
To make ze Catholic brag,  
Jean Dou-gall on ze Witness house  
In honneur 'oist ze flag!  
Les Huguenots are all ver' mad,  
An 'opping lak ze deuce,  
Zey say Jean "toady to ze Pope,"  
An' call eet "flag of Truce!"

## THE FASHIONABLE COURSE.

MRS. GOTHAM—"We do not hear of so many breach of promise cases now as we used to."  
MRS. LAKEY (from Chicago)—"No. Divorces are considered better form."



## MUCH IN AN AIM.

MRS. DOBBS (severely)—"If I were as drunk as you I'd shoot myself."

MR. DOBBS—"Go on, my dear, (hic) if you were as drunk as I am, you couldn't hit—ter—barn-door."



### RETREATING WITH "EXPEDITION."

"The forthcoming wife of Stanley pledges herself to become an explorer in Africa with her better-half if he goes again."—*Court Journal*.

Mrs. Mantowler has organized "An Exploring Class for Young Ladies." The class started last week to explore Rose-dale Ravine, and all went well until one of the dauntless ladies met a frog! The class then broke up in confusion.

### TCO HASTY.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

**H**OW often one hasty and precipitate action may embitter a lifetime with vain regrets and undying remorse!

Billinger and Judkins were friends—at least, in the usual acceptance of the term. They belonged to the same club, voted the same ticket, said "How do, old man?" when they met, and occasionally stood each other beers, and borrowed small sums of money from each other without any intention of returning it.

It was a hot day—blazing hot. Billinger, who was a man of portly build, hated hot weather. Judkins, a slender person, rather liked it. Billinger was walking down Yonge Street to his office in a hurry, while the perspiration stood in beads on his marble brow. He was not in the best of humor. Money was tight—it generally is—and Mrs. B. and the girls had been bothering about going to Muskoka for the heated term, though they knew the rent was three months in arrear. He had met three idiots in succession who had grinningly put the exasperating query:

"Is this hot enough for you?"

Then, as ill-luck would have it, Judkins loomed in sight, looking aggravatingly cool and placid in a new linen suit—Billinger was still wearing his heavy clothes—and, with a jaunty smile, he approached the panting Billinger with the inquiry:

"Is this hot—"

He got no further. It was the last straw. Billinger raised his heavy cane, and, with righteous indignation, smote him to the sidewalk and jumped upon his prostrate form. Judkins was picked up unconscious and the ambulance tenderly bore him to the hospital.

For weeks he remained in a condition of unconsciousness, hovering between life and death. Medical science pronounced his case hopeless, and all that his friends could do was to await the inevitable end. Finally, just before he passed away, reason re-asserted herself for a brief moment—the light of intelligence lit up for a second his glazing eye, his tongue found utterance, and, resuming the thread of consciousness where it had been so rudely interrupted, he passed away with the sentence on his lips:

"—ter than it was yesterday?"

The jury found a verdict of "Homicide by misadventure"—no other was possible under the circumstances—but Billinger is the prey of poignant remorse.

It would be greatly to be regretted if this story should induce anyone to spare one of the noxious and altogether objectionable people who propound the irritating question which Billinger had in mind. But undue haste may lead to deplorable consequences and the sacrifice of innocent lives. Always wait until the sentence is completed. There will be plenty of time to kill him afterwards.

### PIGSNUFFLE'S FONETIK FILOSOPHI.

**S**UM men hav gawt to ware nu kid gluvz even if thare ar hols in thar sox.

It aint the man that praze th lowdest that duz th bigest amownt ov good, I notis.

If yew ar in need ov a frend, ring yer own dore bel.

If yew go owt on a lark at nite yew may nawt get up with that individule in the morning.

If a felo iz down, it wil be holee unnesesaree fer yew to kik him: thar'l be plentee z doo that, so dont exert yerself.

Its kweer yet troo, that the gentelman whawt kan apropiat 1/2 a milyun is a dazee, and the individul which steels a lofe of bred iz a wrech.

I kind ov beleev that a skware inch ov wind iz abowt the wate ov sum menz patriawtizm. Now doant yew git exsitid, Kurnel. Noboddi sed "Dennisun."

Th persun which sez hee duzent feer nuthing jeneralee whisels pretee awdiblee when pasing a grav-yard.

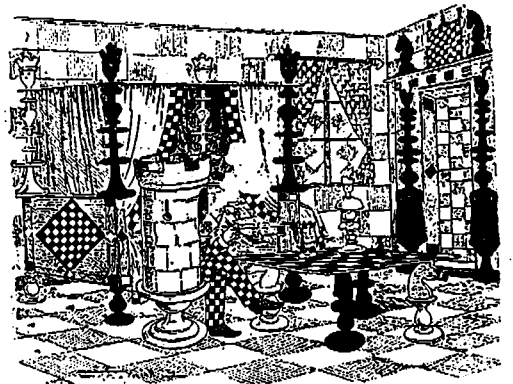
Yew peepel hoo ar so angshus abowt the heethen wood doo wel z take a run throo Sent Ghons Ward with a sicks sent lofe under yer arm.

Th persun what sez "O, if yew want anee help, just cawl onto mee," is usualy nawt at home when you doo drawp arownd.

Please dont turn up yure noze bekaws yew hav "gawt thare." It reely injures yure butce, and mowr-over, the bare-foot boiz wich yew uster run rownd with mite nawt rekognize yew annyhow.

It wood be wel if the parsun wood bring bak sum noo idees with him frum the see-side. But if he did sum uv the mos-baked old snoozers wich pays his salery mite kick.

A modist phemail iz kalled a ornament tew her sect, but a modist man iz jenerly kunsidered a chump.



THE CHESS-PLAYER AT HOME.

**SKELETON POEMS.**

**THE PATERNAL VETO.**

.....lover,  
 ..... gate,  
 ..... hover,  
 ..... late.  
 ..... girl,  
 ..... kiss,  
 ..... curl,  
 ..... bliss.  
 ..... sad,  
 ..... suit,  
 ..... dad,  
 ..... boot.

**A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.**

.....poet,  
 ..... journal,  
 ..... know it,  
 ..... infernal.  
 ..... quick,  
 ..... swears,  
 ..... kick,  
 ..... stairs.

**A SHAMEFUL IMPOSITION.**

"\_\_\_\_\_! \* \* \* ? ? ! ! \_\_\_\_\_ \* \* \_\_\_\_\_ ! !"  
 remarked the young man from Terracottaville, as he stood on the corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets on the last day of the Carnival.

"Hello, Burwash," said a friend who recognized him. "You taking in the fun? When did you come to town?"

"Fun be essentially gosh-jiggered," replied Burwash grumpily. "It's a blamed swindle—the hull lay-out. Nothin' else. These here city people is a set of rogues."

"What's the matter now? Who's been playing you for a sucker?"

"Why, there's a show going on in a building just close here, and, bein' as how I was tired waiting for the Carnival procesh to happen along, I thought I'd take her in, especially as there was a notice into the window saying



**SLIM DIET.**

**CHUNKY**—"Jiminy, Slimson, what do you live on that you keep trained down so?"

**SLIMSON**—"Bananas, taken lengthways."

'Ladies and children not admitted.' Well, you see, I calculated from this and the general style of the outside lay-out that it was something pretty spicy. The admission was twenty-five cents, too. I didn't stay ten minutes. Came away perfectly disgusted!"

"Ah, I suppose the indelicacy and salacious suggestiveness of the exhibition were repulsive to your feelings."

"Pshaw! There actually wasn't anything indelicate about the concern at all! Everything perfectly moral and decorous, and nothing which could bring a blush to the cheek of modesty or offend the taste of the most fastidious. And they actually had the gall to charge a quarter for admission to a show like that! It's a downright swindle, and the police ought to shut the blamed concern up and prevent 'em foolin' the public in that fashion."

**THE COLONEL'S RAGE.**

**COL. DENISON** is, of course, as mad as a trooper about the ridiculous fuss that has been kicked up because he went off to England on a visit and left his police court duties to take care of themselves. He thinks it's a queer thing if a military man whose ancestors bled for the country can't in turn bleed the city treasury a little by putting it to extra expense in this way. Moreover, the gallant soldier declares that this police magistrate question is a dead issue, anyhow. He'll find out about that. It may take a turn suddenly and issue in a dead Denison.

**MEN** who write for a living generally do so because they are inclined that way.—*Washington Hatchet*. And they seldom quit unless they become pen-shunners.—*Terracottaville Times*. Why do they pay-persons to pencilly jokes like that?—*Squigglechunk Indicator*. Ah, that is enveloped in mystery.



**AN IMPEDIMENT TO SPORT.**

**MR. FLY** (who has taken a header)—"Bad luck to that hair-restorer, anyway! It's spoiled our slide."—*Judge*.



AB-ORIGINAL WIT.—A BRANTFORD FACT.

### THE DIGNIFIED SELF-ABNEGATION ACT.

It is said Lord Salisbury declines the honor of a dukedom for his services in bringing about the Anglo-German agreement.—*Cablegram.*

**LORD SALISBURY**—"Your Majesty, in my capacity as your principal adviser, I beg to suggest that you confer upon Lord Salisbury, as a private individual, the honor of a dukedom for his distinguished services in bringing about the Anglo-German agreement."

**QUEEN VICTORIA**—"Yaw, meinheer, dot agreement ist besser as goot. Excuse me, my lord, we are so much in the habit of speaking German among ourselves that I sometimes drop into it inadvertently. Certainly, if you wish to be a duke I have no objection."

**LORD SALISBURY**—"Excuse me, your Majesty, I did not say I wished to be a duke. I have not considered the question at all except in my capacity as your Majesty's adviser—am I to understand that my suggestion is favorably received?"

**QUEEN VICTORIA**—"Yaw wohl! I cannot refuse anything to one who has done so much to preserve friendly relations between us and the English—I mean between England and Germany."

**LORD SALISBURY**—"Then, speaking as Lord Salisbury, in my individual capacity solely and not at present as your adviser, allow me to express my deep and heartfelt gratitude for the honor which your Majesty has graciously proposed to confer upon me but which I must most respectfully beg to decline."

**QUEEN VICTORIA (indignant)**—"You decline it! What then, did you mean by soliciting it if you didn't intend to accept it? Have some respect for your sovereign, sir! This trifling is unworthy of you! I don't understand it."

**LORD SALISBURY**—"I humbly beg your gracious Majesty's pardon, but your Majesty is laboring under a wrong impression in supposing for a moment that I solicited the honor."

**QUEEN VICTORIA**—"This is positively insulting! Why, sir, it is hardly a minute since you urged your services in the matter of Anglo-German agreement as worthy of the reward of a dukedom."

**LORD SALISBURY**—"Let me crave your Majesty's pardon for taking the liberty of reminding you, gracious madame, that I was then speaking as your responsible constitutional adviser, and not as Lord Salisbury. As the head of the Cabinet, I think that Lord Salisbury ought to be made a duke, but as Lord Salisbury I have powerful personal reasons for declining the dignity."

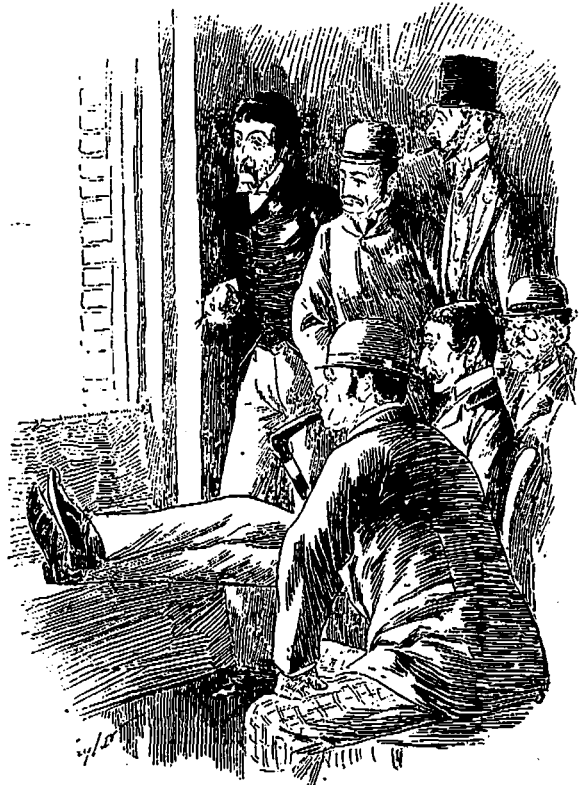
**QUEEN VICTORIA (mollified)**—"Very true, my lord. Perhaps I was over hasty in expressing my disappointment at your refusal. I will not detain you further."

**LORD SALISBURY (outside)**—"These Germans will never be able to understand the niceties of constitutional government. What a state of mind the old lady got into

to be sure! And now to have my secretary send a brief announcement to the newspapers to the effect that 'Lord Salisbury has declined the offer of a dukedom for his distinguished services, etc.' Nothing like the dignified and disinterested renunciation act for catching the British public."

If the Dominion and Ontario Governments keep on making Q.C.'s as they are doing it will not be long before it will be difficult to shy a rock into a crowd of lawyers without hitting a Queen's Counsel.—*World.*

If anybody thinks of shying a rock into a crowd of lawyers don't let him delay till the Q.C.'s get thicker. Throw the rock anyhow—even if you only swat a common practitioner.



### THE PROCESSION.

THIS melancholy, mournful set  
At the club window glumly wait  
To see Dodds' Carnival go by,  
While meantime weary hours fly;  
"Before it comes," growls Charley Booze,  
"We'll owe another quarter's dues!"





AN INTERESTING INFANT.

MR. GRIP—" Don't you think, Foster, that she's about big enough now to wear grown-up clothes, and to enjoy a little freedom of trade ? "

OUR FINANCE MINISTER—" Grown-up clothes ? Nonsense, MR. GRIP ! Why, she's only twenty-three past ! "



#### A LAPUSUS LINGUÆ.

HE (and he really meant all he said).—"I assure you I'll do my best to make you a good husband."

SHE (in the agitation of the moment, perhaps, forgetting that the woman who hesitates is lost).—"Oh!—I've no doubt your intention is excellent; but good husbands are not easily made. If you could assure me—you had—ever before made one—"

#### A CHAUTAUQUA EPISODE.

TO Niagara she went  
On a holiday bent,  
A purpose in which naught could balk her;  
She had heard from her friends  
Of the culture which lends  
A charm to Canadian Chautauqua.

But the weather was hot,  
And the lecture was rot,  
It happens so sometimes—no cork or  
Gag could shorten the flow  
Of speech, so her woe  
Found vent in the words "Oh, pshaw! talker!"

#### AT THE OPERA.

MUSICAL CRANK—"Ah, what a magnificent voice! What power! What flexibility! What exquisite timbre!"

GLAGGERTY—"Timber? I agree wid you there. She's a regular stick."

#### AT THE JARVIS STREET PROMENADE CONCERT.

SUSAN JANE—"Oh, George, this is indeed a magnificent spectacle. But why do those lights over there burn with such a pale blue flame? And how sultry

and sulphurous the atmosphere has suddenly become! Oh, George, what has happened? Is anything going to explode?"

GEORGE—"It's all right, ducky. The worst of the explosion is over. It's only E. King Dodds swearing at the police."

#### MIGHTY PARTICULAR.

SMALL BOY—"Say, dad, just git on to old Budger, the way he takes up the whole sidewalk. Guess he's on a jag."

PRECISE PARENT—"How often have I told you to avoid the use of those incorrect expressions? 'On a jag' is a solecism. Never let me hear you use that phrase again."

SMALL BOY—"Why, what ought I to say then?"

PRECISE PARENT—"The strictly correct expression would be that he has 'a jag on.'"

#### AFTER THE CARNIVAL.

GLAGRUNCH—"Say, Bilderkin, can you let me have that ten dollars you borrowed during Carnival week?"

BILDERKIN—"Can't do it, old man. It wouldn't be the right thing for me to return it just now anyway."

GLAGRUNCH—"Why not?"

BILDERKIN—"Because you know the Carnival ought to be followed by forty days of a Lent season."

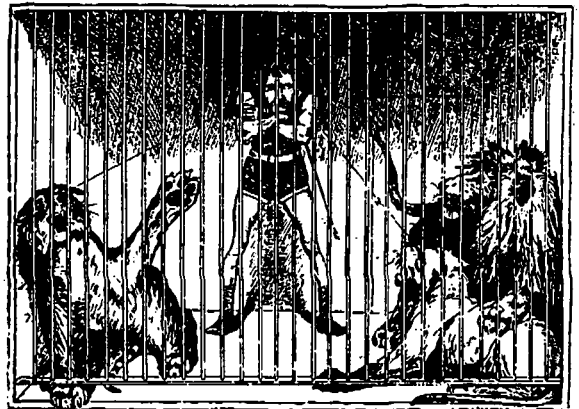
#### LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

BLINKINSOP (*laying down "Progress and Poverty"*)—"Ah, how I wish I had understood these glorious truths thoroughly a dozen years ago!"

JIGGERSNOOT—"Why so? What difference could it have made to you?"

BLINKINSOP—"It would have changed the whole course of my life. I'd have gone in for speculating in real estate if I'd had any idea there was half so much in it."

To squelch a man who's ignorant  
We do him ignoramus;  
But call him an agnostic  
If you wish to make him famous.



THE ADVANTAGES OF CROSS-EYES IN CONTROLLING WILD ANIMALS.

## THE MANITOBA FARMER.

OPPRESSED by laws iniquitous  
By blindfold rulers made,  
Not strange so many loyal hearts  
And eyes have southward strayed.

And some have thought to give the hand—  
Where heart might never be—  
If Annexation with the States  
Would bring true liberty.

They tax the farmer's food, his clothes,  
His implements of trade;  
Whilst manufactures bonused are,  
And Party friends are paid.

If winter be both long and cold,  
And sometimes drought and frost  
Destroy the summer's harvest, still  
Not everything is lost.

The country's good, and other years  
These transient ills amend;  
But 'gainst the stupid laws of man  
'Tis harder to contend.

When will our statesmen at the helm  
Steer right those in the bow—  
The backbone of their country—those  
Who walk behind the plough?

Will ne'er our statesmen close the ear  
When false Protection 'guiles,  
And in Free Trade's pure company  
Forget the siren's wiles?

Our noble Mother Country points  
The trail our steps should wend;  
Not copy aliens' crooked paths,  
Which but to ruin tend.

Up! wake, ye Farmers! Rouse, and cast  
The burden from your backs;  
The power, the votes, the number's yours  
To wreck each wanton tax!

WALLACK SACUL.

## NOTHING PLEASURES HIM.

ETHEL—"Isn't that young man a terrible pessimist?"  
MAUD—"Yes. He has just graduated, you know."



## A USEFUL RECIPE.

HE—"I've been troubled with insomnia of late, but I've discovered a splendid plan for getting to sleep now. It works like a charm."

SHE—"What is it? I'm sometimes troubled that way, and I'd really like very much to know."

HE—"I just go to bed and think of the Summer Carnival, and it makes me so tired I'm in the land of Nod immediately."



## HIS REASONING FACULTIES WERE STILL UNIMPAIRED.

FIRST CONVIVIAL—"Don' wan' ter 'urry y' off, Jack ole boy—but must lock up now."

SECOND CONVIVIAL—"All ri' ole chap, don't 'sturb yerself about me. I'm not goin' home to (hic) missis like thish. Tell y' what—I'll keep y' company."—Pick-me-up.

## AN EXCEPTION.

BANKS—"It is said that nature gives gifts to all her creatures, is it not?"

WRAGG—"Yes."

BANKS—"Well, instead of her giving the crane gifts I fancy she has given it a legacy."

## HE POSSESSED IT.

"I AM told that you sometimes write poetry yourself, remarked the bard to the editor. "Now, are you sure that you possess the true poetic fire?"

"Quite sure," replied the editor, looking towards the office stove. "At present it is consuming the MSS. you sent in last week."

## HE HAD CAUSE TO LOVE IT.

MISS GUSHLY—"Do you like poetry?"

MR. COMPS—"You bet I do! It's the fattest copy we get in the composing room."

## THE WORST YET.

CUMSO—"Townly has a very treacherous memory."

BROWN—"What makes you say so?"

CUMSO—"I lent him ten dollars last spring and he not only forgot about it, but got the idea into his head that I had borrowed ten dollars from him, and yesterday he dunned me."

In buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

SCRIPTOR—"I'm miserable, family sick, rent due, not a dollar in my pocket—and here I'm writing away without a hope of ever being paid for it."

AMICUS—"Not so bad as all that, I hope; what are you writing now?"

SCRIPTOR—"An article on 'Success in Life.'"

#### 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.

As a tonic and relief to sufferers from Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and general debility, Dyers' Quinine and Iron Wine is highly recommended. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

CABINET Photos \$2.00 per dozen at the Perkins' studio, 293 Yonge Street. One extra photo mounted on fancy mount with each dozen. Cloudy weather as well as sunshine. J. J. Millikin, successor to T. E. Perkins, 293 Yonge Street.

A VENERABLE and dignified bishop was recently having his portrait painted by an eminent artist. After sitting steadily for about an hour in silence, his lordship thought he would like to break the monotony with a remark. Accordingly he said to the artist, "How are you getting on?"

To the astonishment of his sitter, the knight of the palette, absorbed in his work, thus replied: "Move your head a little that way, and shut your mouth!"

Not being accustomed to be spoken to in this fashion, the bishop said, "May I ask you why you address me in this manner?"

ARTIST (still absorbed)—"I want to take off a little of your cheek."

*Collapse of the bishop.—The Jury.*

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#### SUMMER TOURS.

THOSE contemplating a summer holiday, involving the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of cost, cannot do better than take a glance through the elegantly illustrated little volume just issued by Mr. Edgar, head of the G.T.R. Passenger Department. In this brochure the trips outlined are truly an embarrassment of riches. Amongst the famous resorts described are Niagara Falls, Parry Sound, Georgian Bay, Muskoka Lakes, Mackinac Island, Midland District Lakes, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence Rapids, White Mountains, Saugenay River, Rangeley Lakes and the Sea Shore. Out of such a list paterfamilias ought to be able, whatever the condition of his purse, to make a satisfactory choice. The book (which is really a work of art) contains full particulars as to steamboat connection, rates of fare, etc. Copies may be obtained from Grand Trunk agencies, or by addressing Mr. Wm. Edgar, at the head office, Montreal.

DOLLY—"Have you ever seen a mistletoe bow?"

CUMSO—"No; but I've seen a peanut stand."

#### A FREE TRIP TO EUROPE.

THE publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well-known magazine, "*The Canadian Queen*." Additional prizes, consisting of Silver Tea Sets, Gold Watches, China Dinner Sets, Portiere Curtains, Silk Dresses, Mantel Clocks and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest.

This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for Illustrated Catalogue of presents and three months' trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address—The Canadian Queen, Toronto, Ont.



### Auction Sale of Timber Berths.

#### DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS

(Woods and Forests Branch),

TORONTO, 2nd July, 1890.

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 Awerec, 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.

No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.

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STANDARD  
**BRUSHES**  
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**BLOOD**  
BITTERS

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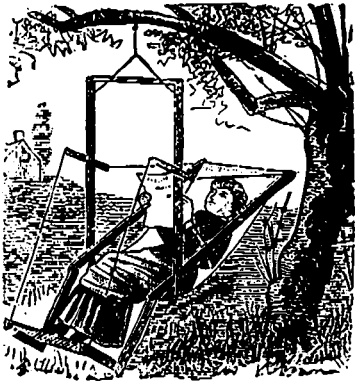
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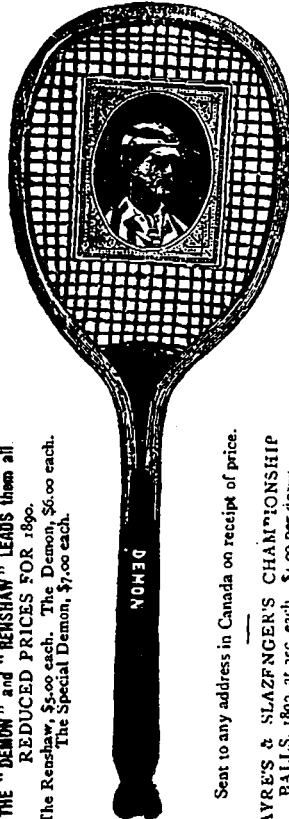
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JUDGE—"Well, Sambo, and what's brought you here this time?"  
SAMBO—"De cop, sah. Same as what brought me de larst time."

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TOMMY—"Well, I don't like to leave you alone with the cake, you see."



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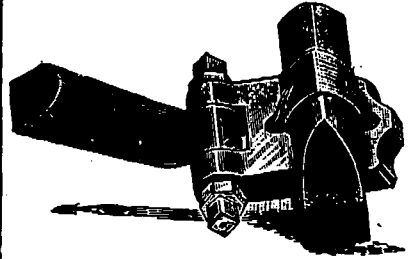
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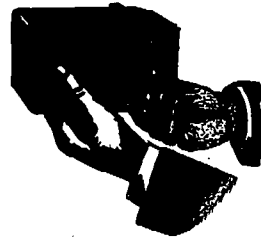
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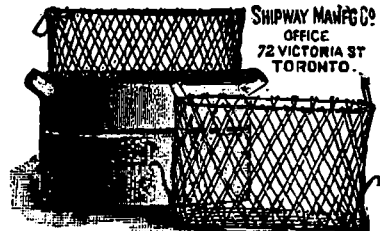
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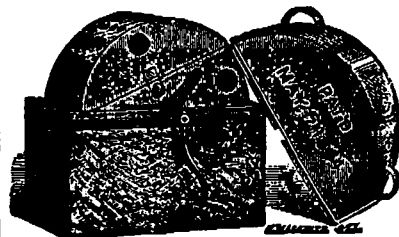
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