

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LITTERATURE

MUSIC

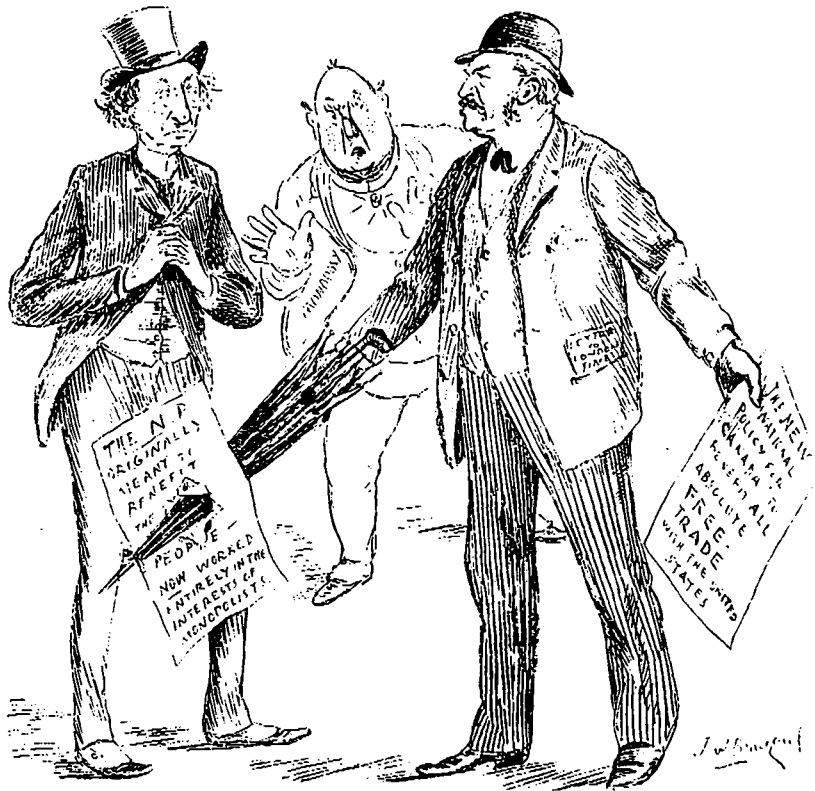
DRAMA

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.

— W. M. Miller



THE NEW N. P. FOR CANADA.

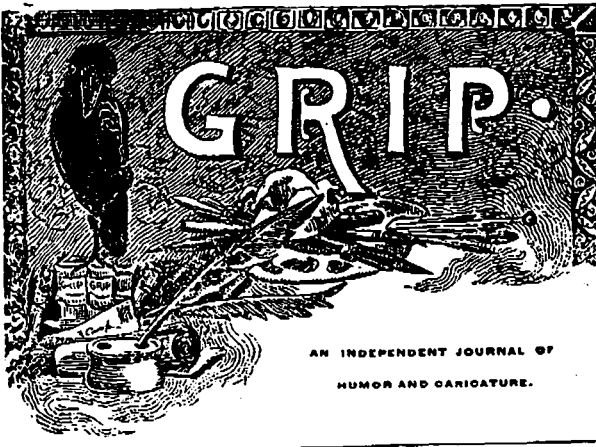
R. W. PHIPPS.—“This might have done good had you known how to use it, but the time is now past. Canada's future safety and success lie in the direction of Freedom, not in that of Restriction.”

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Comments on the Customs.



A QUEER IDEA OUT OF CLEVELAND'S HEAD.—In his letter of acceptance Mr. Cleveland says, "Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation," and it is not likely he will say anything truer during the present campaign. But how funnily this idea must strike our own rulers, who regard unnecessary taxation as the source of the country's prosperity. If the unnecessary taxes were eliminated from the N.P., that hollow mockery would collapse and come to the ground quicker than Professor Williams' smoke-balloon ever did. It must also puzzle the Canadian Ministry to observe that Cleveland, in this and all his other utterances, is speaking as the champion of the people. The notion that the people have any particular rights in connection with taxation is one which must be new to Minister Foster and his colleagues, to judge by their fiscal performances. Injustice to the masses is altogether a secondary consideration at Ottawa. The

chief end of statesmanship down there is to make and keep things pleasant for the rings and combines, in the steadfast hope and expectation that they will reciprocate by "coming down handsomely" when election funds are wanted. To the people at large, including a decided majority of our legitimate manufacturers, "Protection" is robbery. To say that the system makes wages high or keeps them up is to lie, either wilfully or ignorantly. All it does is to make a few favored individuals richer by making all the rest of the people poorer. When a Government takes from the people

one dollar more than is necessary for the economical management of public affairs, it has ceased from its functions as a Government and gone into the business of highway robbery. This plain truth is finding its way to the brain of the people with great rapidity on the other side of the line just now, thanks to Cleveland's message, which turned the country into a debating society. Canadians are partaking of the benefit of the discussion, and we confidently await the day, soon to dawn, when Intelligence will reject the astounding superstition under which monopoly is now battering upon honest labor.

THE NEW N.P. FOR CANADA.—Mr. R. W. Phipps is one of those who have already seen a ray of light on this subject. The complications likely to arise out of the Fishery Question set him a-thinking, and in a letter to the London *Times* he recently suggested that free trade between Canada and the United States would not only avert future evils, but would prove a highly beneficial thing in every way to both countries. It is something when a Protectionist of Mr. Phipps' standing so plainly discerns the truth that prosperity is to be found in the direction of freedom—not in restriction. Common sense emphatically endorses this dictum, but common sense and Protectionism have nothing in common. Mr. Phipps still clings to the fetich so far as trade with the world beyond this continent is concerned, though it would overtax his admitted powers, we opine, to show why free trade with the world would be evil if free trade with the United States would be good.

VERSE for a ballad for young lady vocalist, suggested by some of the selections rendered at the Agremonte concert:

Oh, kissie, kissie, sweetie sweet,
 Oh, moonlight love, oh, turtle dove.
 Oh, love loves love when lovers meet,
 Oh, yum, yum, kisses—heavens above!

* * *



OR some days past we have been awaiting with breathless anxiety the deliverance of the *Empire* on the case of Mr. Sol White, ex-M.P.P. for Essex, but "he cometh not, she said." Mr. White is a true-blue Conservative, who has for a long time been a shining light of the party in the Western Peninsula, and now that he has declared flatly, squarely and roundly for Political Union with the United States, it seems to us that a few words of comment in the way of gently lifting his scalp from his devoted head would be in order, if the *Empire* and other Conserva-

tive organs wish to keep up their reputation for loyalty. They have never had a fairer chance, and a few black dabs of ink would show up well on a White subject. Perhaps, however, when the ex-member delivers the lecture he proposes to give on Annexation something scathing can be run into the local notice. Meantime the silence of the organs must be attributed to the fact that they are dumb with amazement that Mr. White has never been a Grit.

* * *

IT would appear that one of our Canadian judges has for more than half a century been carrying on the Jekyll and Hyde scheme. While he posed before the public as a respectable member of the bar and bench, he has in reality all this time been—a poet! The fact has leaked out in the preface to a poem which the learned author has just published anonymously and for private distribution only—a little thing he wrote about fifty years ago, and a decidedly good and brilliant thing, too, to judge by the extracts printed in last Friday's *Mail*. The reviewer of that journal attributes the eccentric conduct

of this newly-discovered author to the modesty of genius, but this is probably a mistake. This poem, and all the others he has written, have been kept secret because the poet did not want to be overwhelmed with the fame and wealth which is the usual lot of the Canadian literary man. But the truth is out at last. Canada has a literature, but it is locked up in writing desks throughout the country!

ACCORDING to the *Mail*, which knows all there is to be known about Quebec, and more, John A. has received "notice to quit" that Province. The days of Toryism down there are numbered, and likewise the days of Liberalism—the Ultramontanes having gobbled up both. Hereafter, the only man who need face the electors with any hope in his bosom, is the straight out clerical candidate, panoplied in all the trappings of the Regina scaffold. Thus runs on our learned contemporary. But we notice that Sir John's nominees continue to "get there all the same." Theory and fact don't seem to jibe neatly. We are inclined to suspect that our very erudite contemporary knows a great many things that aren't so.



REMARKABLE beyond all description is this latest wonder of the Wizard of Menlo Park—the Phonograph. A number of us gathered at the Canadian Institute a few evenings ago, and there we listened to a programme of songs, instrumental selections and oratory, delivered by the little "machine," in a "voice" loud enough to be heard distinctly all over the room. It was one of the best concerts of the season, aside from the element of the marvellous that was in it.

The cylinder which contained the solo by Mrs. Caldwell reproduced that brilliant singer perfectly, and Mr. Thomas Cowan's address against Commercial Union was so entirely natural that the audience burst into uproarious laughter.

IN a healthy country like Canada, and so near the base of supplies, the veterans could be relied upon at a few days' notice to muster into service, and they would literally swarm over the frontier from New Brunswick to the Pacific coast, and seize everything before them.

This is the *Chicago Tribune's* idea of it, in the event of war with us over the kettle of fish. The reasoning is perfectly sound, as it is based not on theory but practice. For a long time the Yankee Napoleons of Finance have proved the feasibility of "swarming over the frontier," but as a general thing they have reversed the above programme by seizing everything *behind* them.

TALKING about the possibility of war over the fishery treaty, a Toronto business man tells an amusing thing. When in Buffalo lately he dropped into a shaving parlor, and while he was "occupying the chair" an old Union veteran came in. The Fishery question having been alluded to by the barber, a discussion arose, and the military man signified, with considerable em-

phasis, that they could count him out of the new war. "I fit agin the Saouth," said he, "and I wa'n't ashamed of it—see? I was in seventeen skirmishes and fourteen pitched battles, and I'm ready to do it ag'in if ne'ssary—see? but I want you to und'stand I don't fight for no fish—see?"

VAIN REGRETS.

When we go to a neighbor's house to tea,
To spend the evening pleasantly,
Where talk is merry and pastry good,
And gossip forms the mental food;
A single word we oft let fall
Which after thoughts would fain recall,
And we feel quite sure our wits had fled
When this was said, or that unsaid.

Remorse comes with the morning light
And dwells on the preceding night,
O'er worse than wasted time we grieve
And long for chances to retrieve;
For then we mourn the sad mistake,
No second slice of jelly cake,
And we ask ourselves with many a sigh,
"Why did I pass that pumpkin pie."

And memory thus for many days
Is haunted by the ghosts of trays,
Which pointing, jeer us as they glide
To the shadowy realm of sweets untried.
From the gastric centre we fetch a groan,
But nothing can the past atone,
O nothing can allay the smart
Which springs from a deserted tart.

O, the pluperfect is a carping tense,
And always sneers at our lack of sense,
With its 'might have had' and 'might have been,'
It follows us from our early teens,
But it shows the most relentless spite,
Avenging slighted appetite.
What pang so keen as our vain regret
When we think on what we might have eat!—W. McG.



"LADIES, HALF-PRICE."

SCENE.—*Paris, Ont., Park.* OCCASION.—*A ball game.*
A FACT.

BUCOLIC YOUTH.—"Two tickets, please,—one male and one female."

AN UNEXPECTED ALLY.

Ho, ye commercial unionists! why downcast and dismayed?
 Why languishes the cause of international Free Trade?
 No need to be disheartened—a better day draws nigh,
 Though dark the night, a gleam of light flushes the eastern sky.
 The movement yet is onward, the boom has just begun;
 The enemy are weakening, and presently they'll run.
 Retaliation talk perchance may cast a slight eclipse,
 But what is that since now we've got the vigorous aid of Phipps?

Say, did you see his letter? It's in the London *Times*,
 'Twould do you good to see the way he o'er the Tories climbs.
 'Tis straight and clear, and to the point, with figures and with fac's.
 It's worth a hundred twaddling screeds of brainless party hacks.
 And when he says its got to come, whether we like or no,
 The Tories may throw up the sponge, because they've got no show.
 It's not what he exactly likes—but whoseover trips
 In logical deductions, why, it isn't often Phipps.

I tell you it's a corker, and what is sure to make
 The pill a mighty bitter one for "loyalists" to take,
 Is the fact that one who's always been a stiff Protectionist,
 Has seen the truth so clearly that he could no more resist.
 It's only one man here and there that's free to use his brains,
 For the herd are led like cattle when they're bound in party chains.
 There must be many thousands with a padlock on their lips,
 Who, if they dared to own their souls, would say the same as Phipps.

We'll beat 'em now quite easy—for Phipps, as you well know,
 Is a sort of party mascot, so the country's annals show.
 Somehow, the side on which he fights is always bound to win.
 Who else than he kept Blake outside and Premier Mowat in?
 Commercial union advocates have lots of steady pluck,
 And now, with Phipps to help us, we are certain to have luck.
 The battle surely is half won—no more defeats or slips
 When in the van with pen and tongue we hail the champion Phipps!

P. T.



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.

To every Canadian who has the interests of his country at heart, it must be cause of rejoicing to see how partyism has been entirely forgotten in the presence of the national trouble which threatens from the other side of the boundary line. Grit and Tory, forgetting their quondam squabbles, stand shoulder to shoulder. Our great journals wear no longer the livery of faction, but stand forth adorned in the uniform of their country's defenders. The tone which they adopt may be judged from the following paraphrases, which are, let us explain, while not all fact, still less all fiction:—

The Globe (say, of Monday).

"We cannot wholly agree with Mr. Laurier's utterances. We believe that the Canadian position (which Mr.

Laurier assails) is really unassailable. Had Mr. Laurier been Premier, he would have followed the identical course which Sir John Macdonald's Government has pursued."

The Empire (say, of Tuesday).

"We were much pleased with the *Globe's* unexpected display yesterday of patriotism and magnanimity. One good turn deserves another. Accordingly we beg to remark, as magnanimously as in us lies, that

"(1) The *Globe* has proved itself, for once, in its long record of meanness and treachery, strangely open and candid.

"(2) The rascal Laurier is, by his own organ's confession, a traitor, unfit to lead his party."

The Globe (say, of Wednesday).

"In reply to the *Empire* of yesterday we have to say:

"(1) The Liberal press, as a whole, is showing a remarkable spirit of forbearance and patriotism. It has rallied to the support of the government and of the country with truly noble self-sacrifice.

"(2) For ourselves we shall endeavor to maintain our present dignified attitude. We shall defend Canada's just rights. We shall support the Conservative Government in its maintenance of those rights. We shall abstain entirely from using harsh language towards our opponents even while we cannot conceal from ourselves the following plain facts:—

"The Tory press, born and bred in meanness, cannot forget its meanness and its partyism even now. (N.B.—Contrast with our patriotic stand!)

"Mr. Montague is an oratorical mud-turtle.

"The attempt of the Tory ministers to make party capital at Hagersville was low and despicable in extreme.

"Sir John Thompson (the clearest intellect in Canada) talked inexcusable rot!

"Sir Hector Langevin is less to be blamed for his non-sense, inasmuch as he can't help it.

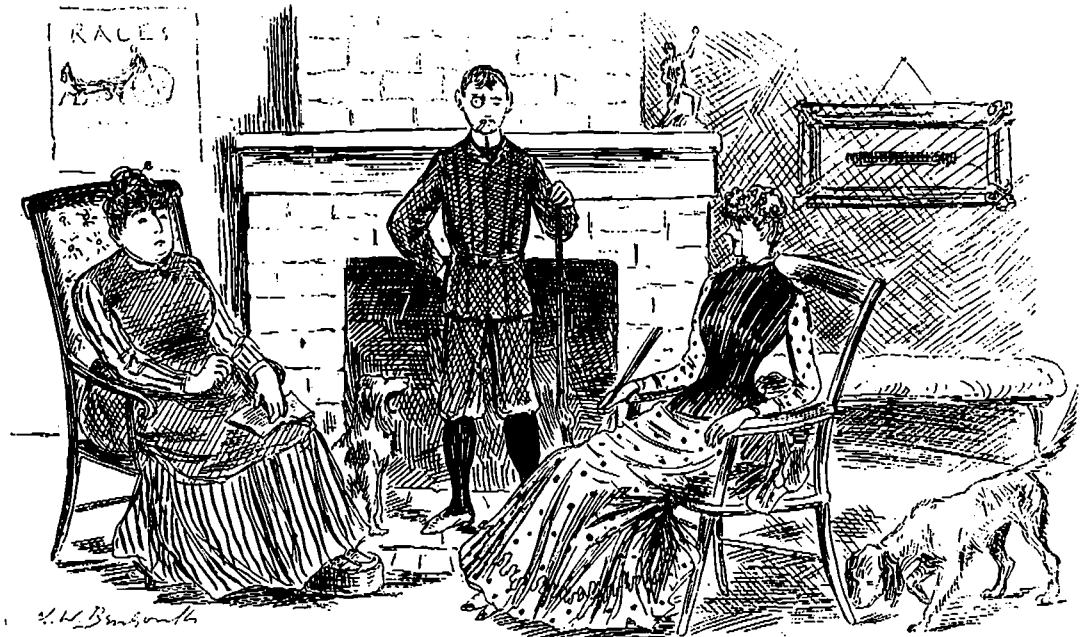
"Though the Government's position is unassailable, as before stated, we must admit that the whole trouble is attributable to its action.

"The *Empire's* attack on Mr. Laurier was low, mean, despicable, abominable, false, cruel, slanderous, untrue, disingenuous, sneaking, paltry, vile in its insinuations, and dictated by the lowest motives of the low heart that fathered it. We are obliged to place great restraint on ourselves, under the circumstances, to keep our promise of gentle speech and to confine ourselves within the bounds of gentlemanly language. Suffice it to say that while we disagree slightly with Mr. Laurier, we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Laurier is entirely in the right."

GRIP cannot venture to soil his columns with the strong language of the *Empire's* friendly reply. He would like (if he might by chance find his two journalistic friends calm enough to hear him) to whisper in their ears: "Friends *Globe* and *Empire*: Do you know that the people are tiring of your eternal squabbles? Do you know that you degrade yourselves and disgust your readers by such exhibitions of ill-temper? Can you not draw, from the past history of journalism in this city, the lessons: (1) That strong language loses its force by continual use, and (2) that a gentlemanly presentment of a case is the surest to win regard from the general public?"

ZERO.

QUEEN NATALIE desires a reconciliation. The King will probably decline with thanks and the remark, "Serbia right."



A PROMISING NIMROD.

SCENE.—*A Summer Resort near Montreal. A FACT.*

MRS. OLDE.—“And this Montreal Hunt Club, is it really a nice club?”

MISS DORCHESTER.—“Yes; it is considered the finest on the Continent.”

MRS. OLDE.—“Then I must have my son join it. He is very fond of hunting, and is really *an excellent shot.*”

DETECTED.

We two in the parlor together,
Together alone while I knelt;
She allowed me one kiss, ah! the bliss
That I felt.

Next morning her father called on me,
Said from kissing I'd have to desist;
For proof of my guilt he'd produce (the deuce!)
The kiss that I'd kissed.

I couldn't deny it at all,
The kiss was my own, that was plain;
'Twas the phonograph did it, that effective detective—
I won't do it again.

SMIFF.

PRECEDENCE

“Now let us have an understanding about this business,” said the Premier to the Minister of Justice, when the Cabinet met the other day. “We are both ‘Sir John’ now, and it will lead to confusion unless we can arrange to distinguish the names in some way.”

“I have already distinguished mine,” said the junior minister.

“True; by doing nothing in particular and doing it very well,” retorted his chief; “but I'm serious about this; we can't both be called Sir John, you know. What do you suggest?”

“Well,” said Thompson, thoughtfully, “how would it answer to use your middle name, as Tilley does his, and call you Sir Aleck—or Sir Smart Aleck, if you prefer?” “I don't know how *it* would answer, but *I* wouldn't answer at all. No, you are flippant, Sir Thompson, and this is really a serious matter. I think I'm entitled to keep the Sir John by right of prior occupation. You

will have to give way, as my junior. Gentlemen of the Cabinet,” he added, turning to the assembled Ministers, “hereafter this fresh young person is Sir Johnny, and don't you forget it. We shall have an order-in-council to that effect before we rise.”

THE FAMILY BUCK-SAW.

O dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
And fondly doth memory such vistas recall,
The shed with its small store of cut, split and piled wood,
And its chaos of cordsticks with knots in them all.

Its chip floor, its rafters, whence scythes, rakes and hoes hung,
The old axe and sawhorse and huge splitting block,
Recipient of hard blows out-rivalling those sung
By bards who have lauded the tournament's shock.

Such 'painfully pleasing and fond recollections
Are joined to an article potent to thrill
My spirit with obsolete youthful affections
As the soul of the scene which I gaze upon still

Ah! what a vain blank were this canvass of memory
If the object so blanked in the past were withdrawn
But engraven it stands uneffaced by Time's emery,
The buck-saw by which all our wood was bucksawn!

How oft while I day-dreamed on some foolish matter,
That saw foundered fast in the cleft it had made,
And wrecked by a blow that made all my teeth chatter,
My visions have vanished and left my chin flayed.

O now I confess, though then cursing my luck, saw
My youth no such other vain folly to flog,
As that wise ancient buck-saw (though dull for a buck-saw),
That ill-tempered buck-saw that hung in the log.—W. MCG.

OWING to English capitalists joining the Vienna maize ring, maize went up amazingly.



DO YOU SEE THE CAT?

SCIENTIFIC DIETING.

"Why, how do you do, Jones?" said a gaunt, cadaverous looking individual to me as I passed down Yonge street the other day. I stood and stared at the individual. He was thin and ill colored, and his clothes hung loosely upon his person. Instead of a hat he wore a black silk cap much too big for him, and his eyes had a starved, hunted look in them.

"Excuse me," said I, "I am at a loss—I think you must be mistaken." He smiled, and as he did so a memory of a likeness flashed upon me. "Is it possible you don't know me?" he said.

"I really do not sir, but—when I look at you again there is something familiar about your countenance—I—ah—"

"Well now," said he, "I did not think you would have forgotten Smith—I'm Smith."

"You Smith!" I shouted, and I laughed aloud in derision, for Smith was the stoutest, jolliest fellow it was ever my luck to meet; and the idea of this caricature of a man calling himself Smith was too good a joke; and yet—yes—certainly that was Smith's smile—and the intonation of the voice—good heavens! if this was Smith, what had befallen him to change him so—what had he been doing to himself anyway? He read the question in my eyes, for he answered, "I know I'm changed, but it's for the better—for the better, Jones."

"I beg to differ with you there—why, you used to be so robust, so jolly, so handsome—and—"

"Ah, but that meant danger—rush of blood to the head you know—might cause apoplexy," said he, solemnly.

"And what do you live on?"

"Ahem! I am very sparing in my diet."

"You are, eh? well you certainly look like it. But come and lunch with me—I am just on my way there now."

"Thank you, I don't know if I *can* lunch with you, but for the sake of a talk about old times I'll go in."

And in we went into the restaurant. "What'll you have? Roast beef?"

"Oh Lord, no!" he said with a shudder.

"Mutton, then?" said I, wondering.

"Worse! The fact is, Jack, meat is such a medium for the introduction of baccilli into the system that I have renounced the use of it altogether."

"Bless my soul! have some tea or coffee then."

"Well, excuse me. I—ah—I confess I am surprised to see you, Jack, so far behind the age. Surely you must know that the insidious deadly poison contained in tea is ruinous to the constitution—and—"

"Humbug! Well, excuse me, Smith—but really I think you go too far. We must eat something, you know; have a glass of milk at least."

He turned ghastly white at the suggestion.

"Milk!" he gasped, laying his hand on my arm solemnly. "Do you not know that milk means—germs! it means scarlet fever, typhoid—DEATH!!!"

"Well what *will* you take? eat something, man," I cried, fearing I had got a lunatic to deal with.

"Certainly I will to please you, indulge in a slice of bread and a glass of water—distilled water."

"Ah, waiter," said I, "bring me roast beef, mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and for dessert anything sweet and toothsome; also a cup of tea; and—ah—for this gentleman, bread and water." The waiter stared, vanished and reappeared with the order. As soon as Smith got the bread in his hands he began scraping the crust carefully with his knife, after which he began to eat, chewing solemnly and thoughtfully.



A PARA-SHOOTING STAR.

REMARKABLE DESCENT OF A LIBERAL STATESMAN.

"Fine weather," I remarked; "the fair was a splendid success."

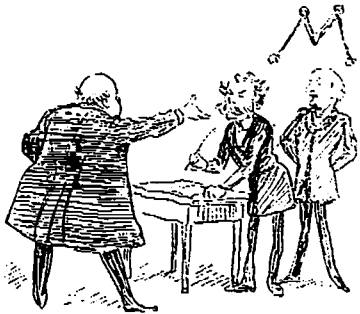
"Twenty-two, twenty-three—yes," replied Smith.

"Been up to the Exhibition?"

"Thirty, thirty-two, thirty-three—no! Would you mind, Jack, if I didn't reply until I have finished eating. I have to chew each piece thirty-five times before swallowing, and I am so apt to lose count when my attention is diverted from my meals." So saying, he took out a microscope and began peering into the glass of water. "I'm sorry, Jack, but really I could not think of gobbling all these organisms—look at that," he said, handing me the microscope. "No thank you, Smith—I remember you as a hale, hearty gentleman, a useful citizen, able to enjoy a good meal, and crack a good joke; science, as you interpret it, has made you a wreck—a—yes, excuse me if I speak the truth—a fool." Much offended, he got up and said: "'Twas ever thus—when ever did appreciation wait on the lover and follower of truth?" The last I saw of him he was dying of inanition in one of the city hospitals.

P-RL-Y TO THE RESCUE!

WOLSELEY, Sept. 1st, 1888.



Y DEAR SIR JOHN,
WHEN George Washington said "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he told the truth. Ever since you crowned me Senator, I've had more trouble than a little. I'd just let my hotel, when Royal licensed four per cent. beer. Then

losing that letter nearly threw me into brain fever. The Dr. said if I had a pound more of brains I would have died. Dewdney has had his worries too, and he told me that he had had the worst spell of cholera moribus he ever had, since you appointed him into the cabinet. I do not mention this in a spirit of reproach, but merely to show how history repeats itself.

Now, I've got something to tell you that will prove to the Canadian world that you knew your men when you appointed Dewdney and me to a higher spear. I sot in my studdy the other night, when the following telegram was brought in: "Grover Cleveland has threatened to retaliate." I at once sent a dispatch to Dewdney and Davin at Regina: "Cleveland is on the rampage—meet me at station." When I bounded from the cars at Regina, I was seized by Edgar, and whirled away to the *Leader* office, where N. F. was busy plugging the key-holes, and putting curtains to the winders. "Town is full of spies," said he. "Now, gentlemen," said I, "what's to be done? The eyes of the whole civilized world are bulging out of their sockets, looking at us. In the words of one of Watts's best hymns, 'Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime.' Shall we do so, or tumble into ignoble graves?" "Never!" shouted Davin. "My voice and pen is for war." (I felt proud of him.) "I think we better temporize," said Dewdney. "Let us not be rash—just as I'm made Min. of Int. I don't care to invite a war that may take my interior away. Then I am tired. It is only a



HIBERNIAN.

FAIR CANVASSER (selling tickets for the Bazaar)—"You will require three tickets, Mr. Mulhaffy. You will have a party of ladies with you, of course?"

MR. MULHAFFY.—"Divil a wan, Miss, except mesilf."

matter of two or three years since I quelled one rebellion." "You!" shrieked Davin, "you raised one, you mean; the *Leader* quelled it, and—"

"Now, now, gentlemen," said I, soothingly, "remember what our great Captain, Sir John, said a few years ago, 'United we stand, divided we fall.'" After considerable talk, I drew up the following:

"MR. CLEVELAND, Washington, D. C.

"SIR,—Retract your retaliation message, or take the consequences."

Both Davin and myself signed it without a shiver, but Dewdney positively refused. I used every flour of rhetoric I could, even went so far as to refuse to let my friends honor him with the position I had held in East Assiniboia. He said he would be put in by a long-suffering people, *not* my influence. Then I towered over him like a Roman Senator. Said I, raising my right hand aloft, and elevating my left leg in a tragic way:—"Do you remember how King John was made to sign the magnum chartum?" "Never knew he signed it—he was a fool to do so, if he lost money by it," said Dewdney. Here Davin thought he'd touch D.'s vanity. "The age calls, and the hero comes. I came a little before the age, but *you* are just in the nick of time.

"Now's the day and now's the hour
See advance proud Dewdney's power."

"Sign your name to this message, and shine with us in history, bright as the stars at noonday." Dewdney at once put his name directly *over* Davin's. We sent it to Cleveland, and I came home to prepare for war, if he is fool enough to come on. Davin told me to have my will made and deposit it with Atkinson of the *Regina Journal* for safe keeping, which I did. Don't you worry one bit. You just go on making Senators and Ministers. *We will look after Grover.* Your affectionate friend,

P.—

P. S.—Could you possibly advance me a quarter's salary? I want to settle a few bills, in case I have to file.

P.—

Don't worry about old Cleveland.



"HONORS TO HEIRS MALE."

CRITICAL GOLDWIN.—"This sort of thing on Canadian soil is simply bosh."

CURRENT CHIT CHAT.

BEING A LITTLE GOSSIP ABOUT SUNDRY PERSONS, PLACES AND THINGS, BY OUR OUT-OF-TOWN MAN.

THE TWO SIR JOHNS.

THERE are now two Sir Johns—or, more grammatically speaking, two Sirs John. The trouble is going to be how to give them brief distinguishing designations so as not to mix them up. I would hate to mix up the new Sir John with the old Sir John anyway,—and I guess he would hate to have me do it, too. On the other hand, it might not be agreeable to the old Sir John to get taken for the new Sir John, on the grounds of mentality and political sagacity. To still call the old Sir John "The Old Man," might do well enough for him, but how would the other Knight fancy the alternative, "The Old Boy." He would say we were giving him a devil of a title! and, besides, part of the designation is already copyrighted by—but, no matter! He is not in the arena now. Some one will have to solve this problem soon.

THE FAITHFUL COMPOSITOR.

EVERYBODY has heard of the intelligent compositor. Most of us will remember the case of one who was setting up a story in which the King was ordering one of his slaves to "Hence, base minion!" and the compositor, recollecting that minion type was not invented until a later period than the date of the thrilling tale, made the command read, "Hence, base brevier!" That compositor was signally faithful to the interests of his employers, and his name will ever be held in kindly remembrance. But not a whit more faithful was he than the modern typo whose work appears in *The Empire's* Orange Grand Lodge Report, last Wednesday. Here is the paragraph:—

"Celebrations of the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the bicentenary of the glorious revolution and accession of William III. to the throne of Great Britain, restoring our Protestant religion and our civil and religious liberties, were the occasion of special and enthusiastic gatherings in all parts of Canada and THE EMPIRE on the last 12th of July."

The loyal comp. set the name of his paper in small caps, and never even smiled!

PHYSICS VS. PHYSIQUES.

READING so much about the progress of higher education, recalls to me the true story of a certain High school teacher in this fair province. The local School

Board were discussing the introduction of physical apparatus, in accordance with Departmental requirements (as laid down by an Inspector), when the head master remarked that it was all bosh,—“the children had lots of exercise romping about the grounds, to say nothing of the toil of climbing up the big school bill!” I wondered at the time how it would be, in the progress of higher education, to investigate whether it was the teachers or the scholars were making the most.

NOTHING PROUD ABOUT HIM.

THERE is nothing proud about his new nibs, Sir John Thompson, and the *Empire* wants it so known:

Last night he greeted old friends with his old-time urbanity and heartiness, and talked just as openly and freely over the affairs of the nation with those with whom he came in contact as though her Majesty had not just a day before conferred upon him one of the highest honors that can be given to a subject.

It is a good thing we all understand we have no need to approach the new Knight in a sedan chair or walking on stilts. For one not to the title born, he his more condescending and obliging than the man who owns a corner grocery. If I had wanted to approach Sir John Tamson I would have gone in first with the police and then addressed him from underneath the sofa, in a muffled, supplicating voice. But now, here goes: John, my boy, howdy? shake! what'll y' take?

CALL IT A STUBBORN FACT.

WHEN it is said that a person named Muley is at the bottom of this Morocco massacre, one can readily believe that there really is a kicking up over there. No man can truthfully declare the report is "all in a horn," at any rate. Personally I would prefer to call it a stubborn fact.

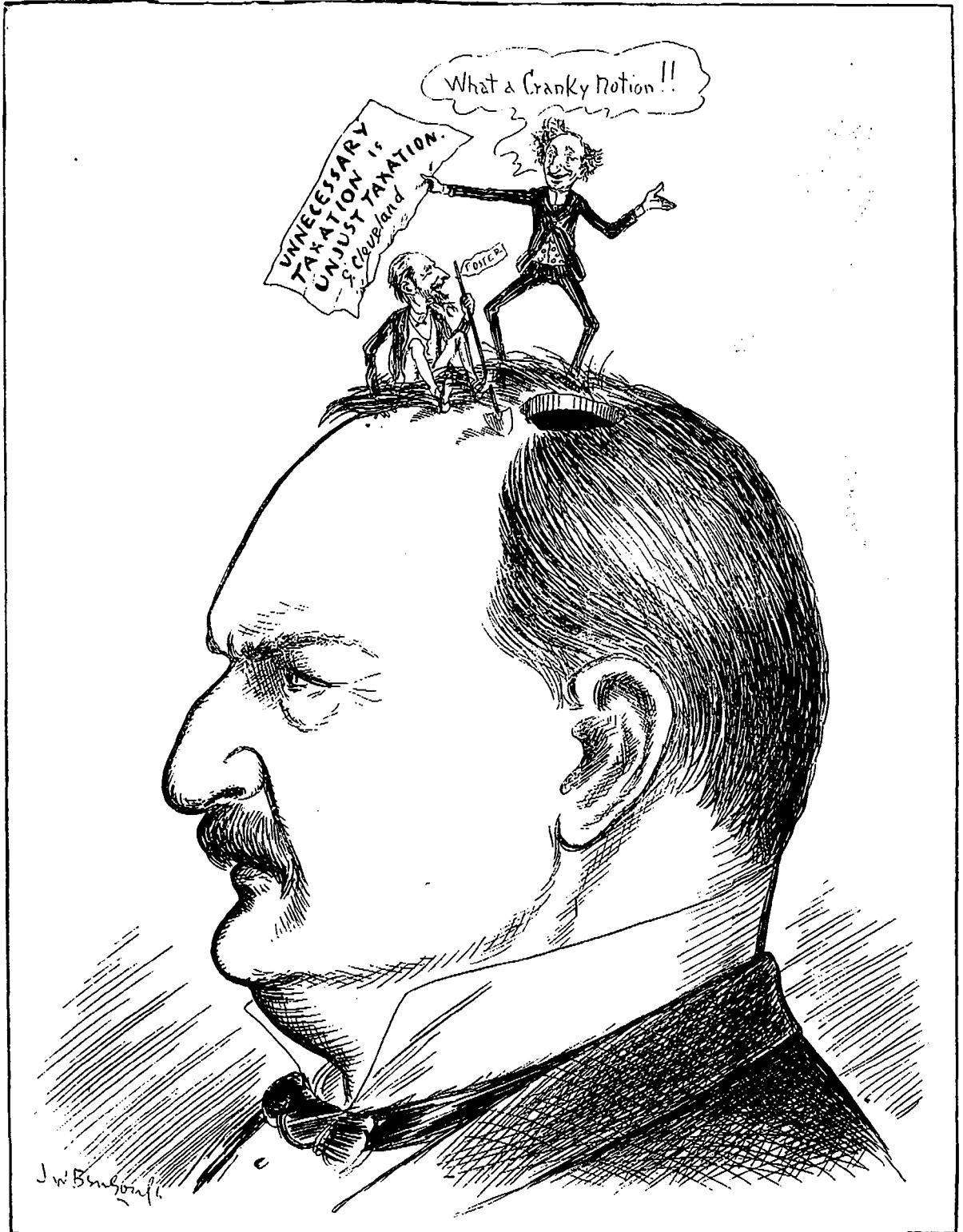
A REAL ONE FROM IRELAND.

As I passed by an old fellow who was engaged in sawing up a big tree, which had to succumb to the axe in the interest of corporation improvement, I stopped and turned to have a look at the fallen monarch, whose wood hadn't a sign of decay on it. "D'ye know what I was thinkin' about, lookin' at this three?" queried the old man. I immediately guessed that he was wishing he had finished his hard job. "Troth, an' I wasn't though bedads I'd be mighty glad to be shut av it," was his reply. "I was just sayin' to meself what an illigant coffin it would make. The wood's as clane an' sound as a dollar. Why, a coffin out o' that would lasht a man—his life time. Begob, it would!"

HE GOES A-FISHING.

ONE would think the President of the United States had enough of the fishing business, as it is, without grabbing a rod and basket and heing himself off as he did the other day, to the Blue Ridge Mountains. But when you come to think of it, "Blue" Ridge is suggestive. Grover probably has gone there to add to the blueness, as much as for fishing. He must be feeling that way—for a fact. It's a question of Blue-noses, anyway, this fishing scrape. But, stop! I have an idea. Let Sir John recall him from the Blue Ridge by telegraph. And when he has arrived back don't worry him with any new treaty offer. Simply say to him: "Grover, there is nothing mean about us Canadians. Take your canoe, paddle out into our waters, and fish there—without any license!" Such a proceeding might knock the "strained relations" higher than seventeen kites.

MRS. GULLY wonders whether the bucket-shops are the places where the brokers water the stock.



A QUEER IDEA OUT OF CLEVELAND'S HEAD.

PHIPPS HAS LEFT.



HERE'S grieving down in Ottawa,
there's groaning and dismay,
For Phipps from their Protection
camp defected quite away;
And writing to the London *Times* a
column—think of that!—
Which knocked their expectations
all into a small cocked hat.

Ten years he's warned them—very
true, we all can witness be,
That they would play the very deuce
with his complete N.P.,
Instead of his great Policy, of Na-

tional intent,
To fill their pockets and their friends' was all the new plan meant.

And now the job's burst up, he thinks; but one hope now awaits,
While yet the chance remains, let's make a compact with the States;
Throw wide the flood gates; capital and thought will inward pour,
And let the rushing tide sweep clean our Ottawa once more.

Sweep out the worthless hangers-on in every office crammed,
Sweep out the caucuses and rings in every lobby jammed;
Take down the custom houses all along the border line,
In Yankee phrase, let's with our friends commercially "jine."

Then smoothly unto Johnny Bull discourseth Phipps the wise,
And says, "Your traffic then with us infallibly will rise
To many times its present bulk," and figures then he quotes,
Extremely likely, one would think, to collar British votes.

"Besides," he says, "these fish disputes will trouble you no more,
While from the fisheries you draw more money than before;
This indefensible frontier no more will break your rest,
Both sides of it you'll then have friends—defences far the best.

"Tail-twisting, too, shall be a thing in coming days unknown,
And every Irish sympathist quite out of work be thrown,
And that great friendly junction of the English-speaking race—
So often prophesied and hoped—advance with rapid pace."

Now this is hewing to the line, and striking off the chips,
And GRIP he patteth on the head the philanthropic Phipps;
And seeth that he readeth GRIP, which weekly doth appear,
And draweth all the wisdom thence on which we comment here.

But each ringsterian countenance shows traces of despair,
And Johnny A. is weeping in his Premier's best arm chair,
And Tupper great is losing flesh in distant London town,
For he who helped them highest up is like to help them down.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF!"

"MISTER," he said in a hoarse, mournful voice, as he limped up to my desk with his basket. He took a couple of bottles from his stock, and went on with his yarn, which frequent repetition had made mechanical. "I have here the greatest remedy on which the eyes of suffering humanity have ever rested. I have here the great cure-all, the glorious panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Only one dollar a bottle! Here you are, sir! The great unequalled Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic Oil of Rejuvenation, the new and wonderful medicine for coughs, colds in the head, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, liver complaint, smallpox, lumbago, boils, palpitation of the heart, headache, Bright's disease, corns, bunions, hives, warts, ingrowing toe-nail, toothache, weak and sore eyes, deafness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, hay-fever, paralysis, sore throat, scarlatina, and general debility! Sure cure when doctors fail! Take a bottle, sir! Only one dollar!"

He had been somewhat roused by his own recital of the virtues of his nostrum, but with the last sentence the old whining drawl returned. I looked up at him for a moment with much compassion.

"Do you guarantee your remedy?" I enquired with a hypocritical appearance of interest.

"Yes, sir. Of course, sir. Never fails in the worst cases, sir!"

"You seem hoarse, my friend. You have to talk too much in making sales, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, a good deal, and then I have a wretched cold. Catarrh, I think, sir. Had it bad for years."

"I noticed you to be a little lame as you came in the door. Were you through the rebellion?"

"Rebellion, sir? No, sir Rheumatism, sir. Hardly walk at all some days, sir!"

"Well, well. That's very hard for a man in your profession. You would be glad to be rid of it, I dare say?"

"Glad, sir?" he cried, "I would give thousands, sir, if I had them!"

I looked him over from head to foot. He was bent and crooked, lame in one leg, his skin was yellow and shrunken, his hair scanty, and his eyes weak and watery. A scheme struck me.

"You guarantee a sure cure for all these diseases?" I enquired, eagerly.

"Sure cure, sir, where doctors fail," he repeated.

"And how many bottles have you there?"

"Just six bottles left, sir. Give you the lot for five dollars. Last great chance to get the great and marvellous Fiji Island Remedy. Sure cure for —"

I stopped him. "Very good. I will take the lot. Five dollars, you said."

A gleam of sly pleasure came into his sickly eyes. He knew the stuff was not worth five cents. He grasped eagerly at the bill, took out the six bottles and laid them carefully on my desk.

"Hold on," I shouted, as he limped towards the door. He stopped, and turned about in surprise.

"You said, I think, that you wished to be rid of your rheumatism?" I queried. "Now, sir, I guarantee a cure. The great Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic Oil of Rejuvenation will free you from all pain. It will straighten the back, cure neuralgia, restore the healthy condition of the liver, and strengthen your weak and watery eyes. It will make you young and active again. It will make you a new man. Here you are, six bottles for five dollars, sold on your own recommendation. Five dollars! What is that? You have said you would give thousands. I need it not. But you —! Let me confer a boon, sir, on suffering humanity by recommending it to you."

He was dumfounded; hesitated, stammered something about poverty, wife and children, great Fiji remedy, whereupon I retaliated with "police" and "false pretences." That decided him—he handed me the bill. I gave him a dollar for sweet charity's sake, as he gathered up his useless truck, and have not seen him since. I have no doubt, however—for the above story is based on fact—that he is still engaged in the beneficent sale of the great and marvellous Fiji Island Electro-Magnetic Oil of Rejuvenation.

HON. EDWARD BLAKE has given \$2,500 for Political Science Scholarships in Toronto University. A Liberal gift, truly.

Inasmuch as all boodlers (or mostly all) are "Skippers," are they not fully entitled to the appellation of "Captain?"

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MR. GRANT STEWART. English Elocutionist, began his American record by an entertainment at the Granite Rink, on Wednesday evening, 26th. Mr. Stewart is a young gentleman of culture and fine stage presence, but he is not quite at home on the platform, and is rather lacking in dramatic force. The quiet and serio-comic selections were given with more than average ability, but in the heroic pieces he failed to make a marked impression. The musical sketch was also a failure, owing not so much to Mr. Stewart's rendering, as to its inherent stupidity. It might profitably be omitted on future occasions.

TORONTO OPERA HOUSE.

Those who patronize the Toronto next week will find a treat in the performance as "Casper, the Yodler," by Charles V. Ellis. The play is a well-known one, written by Will Carleton, and according to the American papers, is as popular as the prime actor. Besides the entertainments every evening, matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon.

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The Ontario Government offer for sale by tender the Easterly and Westerly portions of that very valuable property forming the enclosed grounds of the Toronto Asylum.

The property offered on the west may be generally indicated as having a frontage on Queen Street of about 645 feet, and formed into blocks by the southward extension of Lisgar Street and Dovercourt Road to about the southern wall of the enclosed grounds. On the east, a frontage on Queen Street of about 636 feet, and formed into blocks by the southward extension of Shaw and Crawford Streets to an extension of Delce Street westward.

The Westward portion comprising about eight acres, the Eastward portion about seven and three-quarters acres.

For dimension and locations of blocks, designated by letters of the alphabet, see lithographed plans.

Tenders are asked for the separate blocks as shown on plan at a price per foot frontage on the street on which they front. The blocks fronting on Queen Street on a per foot frontage on that street. Block "M," between Abell and Lisgar Streets, on one frontage on either street.

A marked cheque for \$1,000 must accompany the tender for each block. The cheque will be returned in the event of the tender being declined, or applied upon the purchase money if the offer is accepted.

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted. The Government reserve the right up to the 1st May next to remove the brick walls that may be on any of the blocks sold. The deeds will contain a stipulation providing that all buildings erected by the purchaser or his assigns fronting on any of the streets must be of stone or brick or brick veneered, and not less than two stories in height.

TERMS OF PAYMENT.

One-fourth of the purchase money must be paid in cash within twenty days of notification of the acceptance of offer; the balance to be secured by a first mortgage on the property for a term of five (5) years, with interest payable half-yearly at the rate of five per cent. per annum. The mortgage to contain releasing clause, and payments thereon can be made at any time in sums of not less than \$2,000. The purchaser may pay all in cash if he so desire.

Sealed tenders, marked "Tenders for Asylum Property," and addressed to the Hon. the Provincial Treasurer, will be received up to 12 o'clock noon of

Tuesday, 30th Oct. Next.

For further particulars and plans of the property, apply to the Provincial Treasurer's Department, Toronto.

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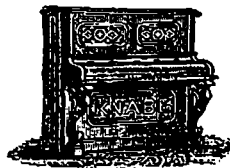
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GROCER—“ We don't sell whiskey, friend.”

COUNTRYMAN—“ Wha-at! why down to the corners the grocery sells more liquor nor anythin' else. Toronto seems to be a slow kind of a place.”—*Texas Siftings, adapted.*



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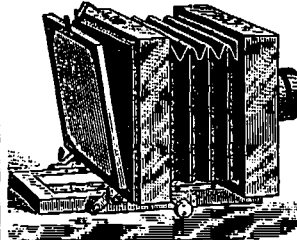


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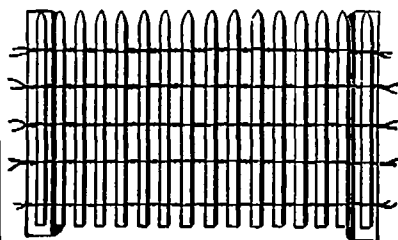
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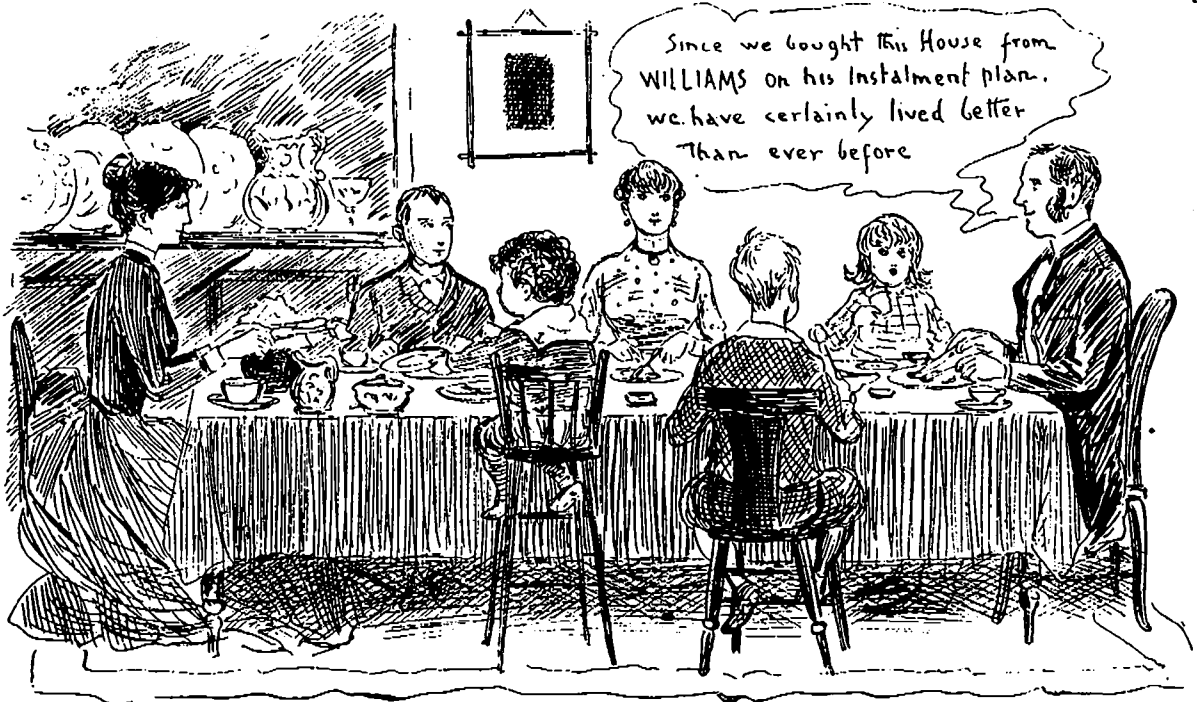
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