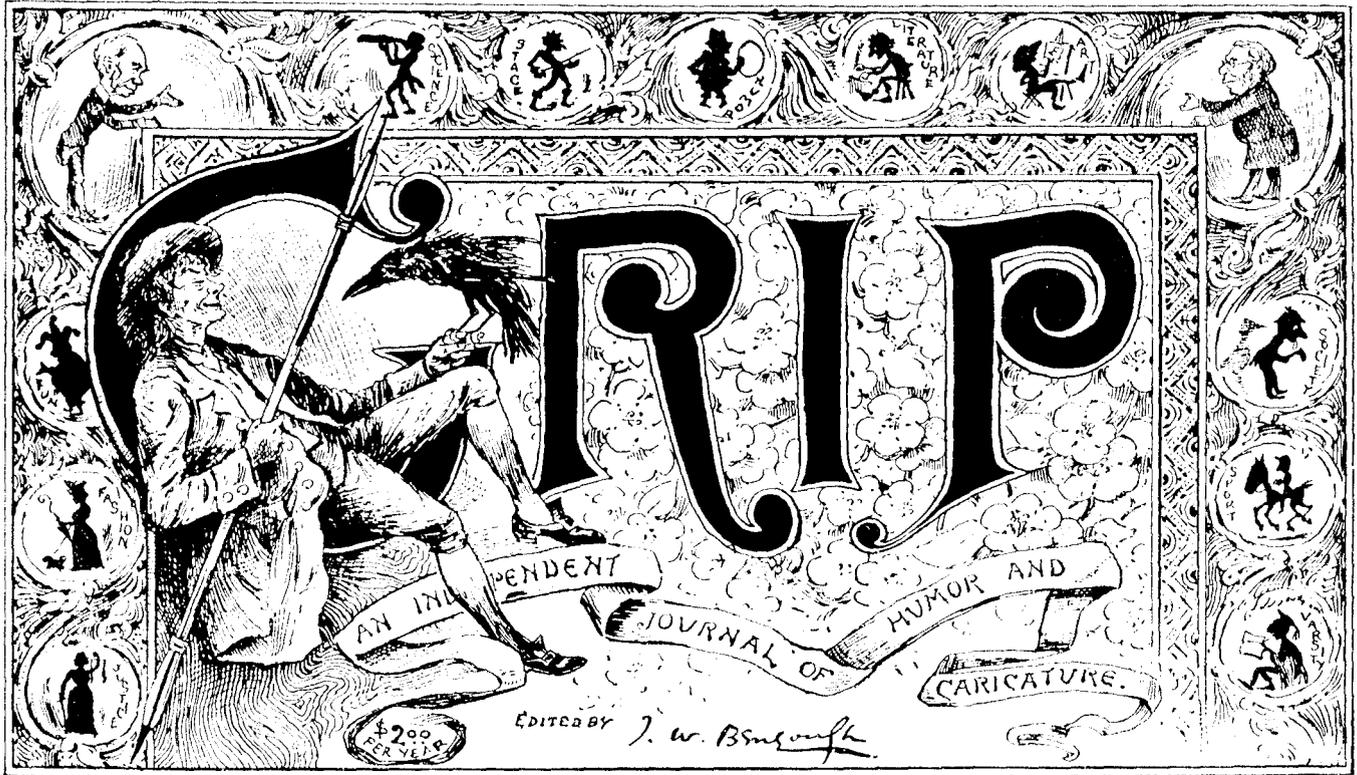


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 5.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

No. 972.

THE GRIPPE

From Irish Canadian Jan. 21st.
Speaks for itself.

LA GRIPPE.

The death roll of the past few weeks is a solemn warning to those who give La Grippe time to take a fast hold on the system. *The Irish Canadian* office has not escaped the insidious ravages of the malady. Several of the staff have been affected—two so badly that the consequences might have been serious were it not for the prompt relief and effectual cure brought about by Radam's Microbe Killer. We consider it our duty to recommend this wonderful remedy to all suffering from disease.

While the grippe seems to be communicated in some instances by personal contact, in the great majority of cases it seems to be carried by the air currents. In this way alone can the fact be accounted for that it jumps over long distances and suddenly makes its appearance in spots remote from where it is raging and where there is no likelihood that it was carried by infected persons. At first it was lightly regarded, but it soon began to manifest dangerous characteristics. It is also remarkable from the fact that it seizes upon the weakest organs, and thus assumes all forms. If the heart be weak it takes the form of heart failure. If the lungs be weak it takes the form of pneumonia. If the system be run down and the digestion feeble it will take the shape of typhoid fever or typhoid-pneumonia. It is thus most critical to treat. In Europe it takes the form of depressed vitality.

so that the medical profession give cognac in quantities sufficient to counteract the tendency. This is simply admitting that all that can be done is to sustain the system until it is able to throw off the malady. Now this is just what **Radam's Microbe Killer** does. It stimulates the system, and, in addition, when the disease manifests the symptoms of pneumonia and attacks the lungs, it stimulates the kidneys, aids the digestion and thus builds up the system. In this work it acts contrary to the general cough remedy, for the others contain opiates, and by paralyzing the digestive organs and the kidneys they are worse than useless, and it is on this account that pneumonia is so generally fatal. Not a single case of failure has been reported where **Radam's Microbe Killer** has been used. In pneumonia its success has been wonderful, and from this reason—because it acts upon the fact that pneumonia is always complicated with kidney disease, and no treatment of the lungs alone will be successful in removing the cause of the malady.

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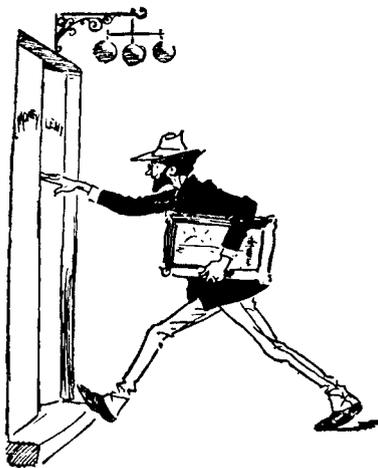
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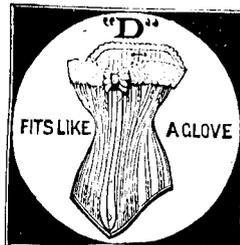
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GRIP



VOL XXXVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

No. 5.
Whole No. 972.



BILL SYKES AND HIS NANCY

OR THE NEW LEADER OF THE ONTARIO CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

["Is it possible," cried Rose, "that for such a man as this, you can resign every future hope? * * It is madness!" "I don't know what it is," answered the girl; "I only know that it is so. * * —Vide "Oliver Twist.""]



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 30, 1892.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

HUMOR COMPETITION.

\$60 in Cash Prizes to be Given.

With a view to encouraging the humorous pens of the Dominion (and there are many of them as yet unknown to Fame), GRIP has decided to offer the following Prizes:

For the best short humorous article, a prize of \$30 cash will be given. For the next best, a prize of \$20 cash, and for the third in order of merit, a prize of \$10 cash.

The conditions of the competition are:

1st. No article to contain more than 750 or less than 300 words.
2nd. None but original articles will be entered in the competition. Articles may be in the form of prose or verse, stories, character sketches, satirical skits, or in any other literary form whatever.

3rd. Articles will be judged not so much for literary merit as for the merit of the humorous idea involved.

4th. All articles submitted to be marked "competition," and to be the property of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company.

5th. Mr. J. W. Bengough, Mr. Phillips Thompson and Mr. J. V. Wright will act as judges in the competition.

6th. It is not necessary for any competitor to subscribe for GRIP, nor to send money for any purpose whatever.

7th. The authors of all articles which are, on a preliminary examination, considered meritorious enough to be placed in competition, will receive a copy of GRIP gratis for four weeks from receipt of article.

8th. All articles to be sent in by March 1, 1892, when the competition will be closed.

9th. There is no limit to the number of articles that may be sent in by any competitor.

The result of the competition and the successful articles will be published in GRIP as soon afterwards as possible. The best of the non-successful ones will also appear.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.



representing the Anti-Reciprocity policy. The organ naively overlooks Mr. Blake's denunciation of the N. P. as a fraud and a failure, which is driving us rapidly to Annexation, while in the meantime it has corrupted and debased our public life. The innocent elector is expected to do the same, and to fasten his attention entirely on what the great lawyer has to say against the Grit policy, viz., that it, too, if carried out, will end in Annexation. There is one point (the *Empire* takes pains to print it in full capitals) which certainly deserves consideration, and upon which a clear deliverance from the

"I PAUSE FOR REPLY."—The *Empire* reprinted Mr. Blake's celebrated letter to the electors of Durham one day last week, and backed it up with an editorial admonishing those about to cast their votes in the by-elections to once more read, mark, learn and inwardly digest its contents, as the utterances of a man of pure mind and patriotic impulses. The result would be, of course, in the organ's opinion, votes for the Conservative candidates, as

Reciprocity leaders would be timely. Mr. Blake says he does not see how it would be possible, in the event of a treaty between Canada and the United States, to avoid the necessity of giving our tariff arrangements into the hands of Congress. We have reason to believe that there are many, even among those who are active workers for Reciprocity, who are equally in the dark on this point. Mr. Laurier and Sir Richard Cartwright may know how the difficulty is to be got over, but if so they treat it as a state secret. We do not see the wisdom of ignoring this important practical point any longer, and bring it forth in the hope that it may receive attention in the next authoritative oration.

BILL SYKES AND HIS NANCY.—We haven't been able to detect any symptoms of a revolt on the part of Ontario Conservatives against the leadership of Mr. John Haggart. The *Globe* has virtuously protested, but the *Globe* is not generally accepted as the mouthpiece of the party in question. The fact seems to be that Mr. Haggart fills the bill as well as any other man would, and nothing in the way of a general bolt of the "respectable" is likely to happen. It is on record in one of Dickens' stories that *Nancy* fully appreciated the shortcomings of *Bill Sykes*—knew he was a very bad man, perhaps the worst of the whole gang—and yet she refused to leave him. Strange as it may seem, she even loved him. But after all, it wasn't really strange, because she had sunk several degrees below the plane of decent womanhood, and found *Sykes* congenial to her. Perhaps some equivalent political lowering of tone will account for the Ontario Conservatives' complacency at the leadership of the Hon. John.



HON HONORE MERCIER seems to be the victim of his wicked partner. First it was Pacaud who did things of a shady nature "unknownst" to him, and now it is his brother Joseph who has been and gone and let him in for this ugly-looking \$25,000 scandal, in *re* the Langlais contract. Mr. Mercier says he gave his brother a lot of blank cheques and—his brother did the rest. The premier was greatly shocked when the new scandal came out, but it remains to be seen whether the people of Quebec regard his explanation as explaining. It looks

as though it might turn out to be the old Scriptural case reversed—by this transaction Joseph has sold his brother into captivity.

* * *

IF anybody is under the impression that Mr. Sol. White has "simmered down" and given up his Annexation "fad," that body is badly informed. Being in the town of Windsor the other day, a representative of GRIP had the pleasure of an interview with Mr. White, who is a man of charming vivacity and courtesy. Nothing delights him more than to expatiate upon his pet theme, which, by the way, is not Annexation, but Political Union—a more dignified thing, from the Canadian standpoint. He has an array of telling arguments ready to hand, and equally telling answers to all possible objections. He holds that the union of Canada and the United States would be a grand thing for Great Britain both morally and financially, while it is the unavoidable



"THE POWER BEHIND THE THRONE."

Or, the Canadian Pacific Route to Anything, via Abbott and Haggart.

destiny of the Dominion. The sentimental objection will survive for a time, but at length the pressure of commercial necessity will overcome every other consideration. Mr. White shares with Mr. Blake the idea that Canada ought to shape her policy with a view to this destiny, as in that case she would be in a position to dictate her own terms to a large extent. Oh, no; Sol. is not dead nor even asleep. He is just taking a little rest, but the country may expect to hear from him again shortly.

* * *

THE managers of the virtuous Reform party in Toronto have been at it again, bleeding the liquor dealers for contributions to the good cause of elevating the standard of public morality. Mr. Mowat, deeply immersed in the study of Christian Evidences, is of course unaware of what is going on or possibly, if aware, he regards it as, in some respects, a good work. There is something to be said for this view. In the first place the practice has been carried on for a long time, and may be defended on the ground of old custom; in the second place, it is a meritorious thing to spoil the Egyptians—to make the evil work of saloon-keeping as difficult and irksome as possible; and to rob it of its profits by levying

upon it for contributions at the point of the pistol. The *Empire* condemns the Grit managers for such "nefarious" doings, but perhaps it doesn't quite understand and appreciate their motives!

* * *
MAYOR FLEMING'S promising start was followed by a serious blunder. He was a consenting party when permission was granted to the butchers to use Bay ice for refrigerator purposes. The city medical officer strongly opposed the application, declaring that the ice is impregnated with sewage, and entirely unfit for table use; and if permitted for cooling purposes it will be impossible to control the general use of it. The mayor was on the wrong side of this question, much to our disappointment. The suggestion of the *World* that some enterprising ice-dealer should import the pure article, and then advertise that he doesn't deal in frozen sewage, is a good one. There is money in it for the man who takes it up.

MUSINGS AT THE MUSEE.

I T was a poor tramp who was out of a job,
And a woe-worn wight was he,
And he stood on the street wanting something to eat
In front of the dime musee.
And he bitterly sighed as the folks passed in,
And a tear dropped on his cheek,
As he said with a curse, "Things couldn't be worse.
Why wasn't I born a freak?"

"Oh, why was I built the average height,
With my members all complete?
If I were a dwarf, or taller by half,
I wouldn't be out on the street.
Or if I was as thin as the rail of a fence,
(I wish I'd been born that way),
I think, you bet, I may get there yet,
I grow nearer it every day.

"If I had three arms, or a couple of heads,
Why, I should be solid for life,
I'd soon engage for the Musee stage,
With a Fat Woman for my wife.
And I'd travel the country all around,
And rake in the dimes like fun,
With nothing to do but stand on view
Till the gaping crowd had gone.

"Why wasn't I born some kind of a freak?
I'd really like to know!
How good it feels to get three square meals,
As they do in the musee show.
But I'm only a common kind of a man,
Just made in the regular way;
Ah, there's the rub, so I've got no grub,
And it's no fair deal, I say."

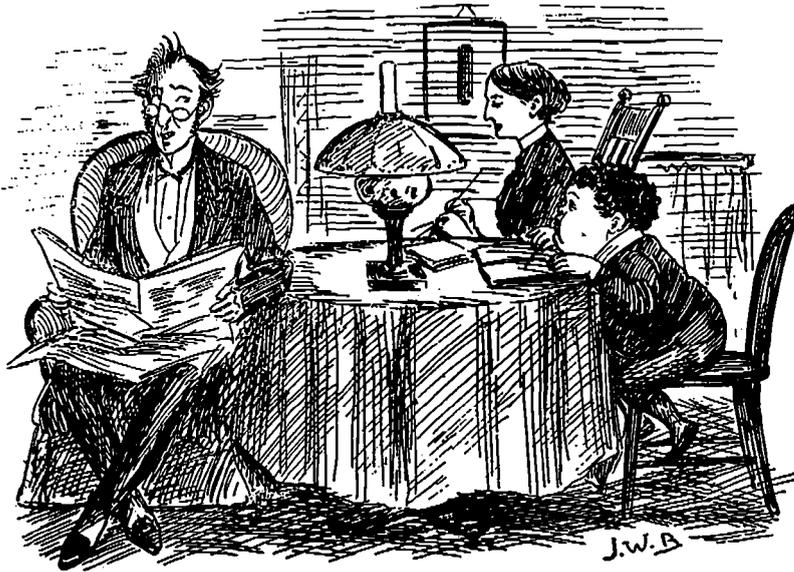
NOT SO VERY SENSATIONAL.

THE Emperor William of Germany, who seems to be as fond as Disraeli of creating sensations and surprises, has appeared in the role of a temperance reformer.—*Globe*.

IF the only motive of the Emperor were to create a sensation that could be much more effectively accomplished by his appearing in the role of a drunkard. There is a great deal more "roll" about the man who habitually consumes intoxicants to excess than is otherwise obtainable. If he should present himself to the public with his crown on one side of his head, wildly flourishing his sceptre, and zigzagging from one side of the sidewalk to the other, then indeed in the words of Gilbert,

The attitude would striking be
And must excite remark.

The temperance reform role is a very mild sensation in comparison.



MEANT PERSONALLY.

BOBBY (*whose intellect is not on a par with his appetite—getting up his spelling lesson*)
 —“Say, poppy, does ‘gluttony’ have two t’s?”
POPPY—“Yes, Bobby—two teas, and as many dinners as it can get.”

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

MAYOR FLEMING has given dire offence to some of the sticklers for conventionalities by dispensing with the tall silk hat and white gloves which heretofore have been regarded as indispensable features of the official costume of the mayor. By so doing he shows his good sense. A mayor ought not to be an ornamental figure-head—neither, by the way, should any other official—but simply the business agent of the citizens, and the less fuss and feathers and ceremonial nonsense about the office the better. Some day, perhaps, when the twentieth century has pretty well advanced, governors and premiers will get rid of their Windsor uniforms, black rods, maces and other antiquated tomfoolery of that sort, and settle down to do the peoples’ business in a plain business-like way. And why not? There would be just as much sense in the manager of the C. P. R. or the boss of a big dry goods store togging himself out in a cocked hat and gold lace and ordering his employees to address him as “Your Resplendent Giblets” as in the equally farcical flummery of Dominion and Provincial Government—which some of our civic officials, with more vanity than common sense, have seen fit to initiate in a small way. In the meantime the reform in costume inaugurated by Mayor Fleming is, we hope, an earnest of his intention to handle all abuses without gloves.

HIS ARTFUL SCHEME.

COMRADES, leave me here awhile, say about five minutes, do. Leave me here, and when you want me, toot upon the wild bazoo.

I would go and talk with Sam Jones, ere to waste his humor runs, For I see him looming hither loaded up with first-class puns. I will go and blandly greet him, gently chew upon his ear, Straightway he will fire at me merry jests I love to hear. Deftly will I grin and chuckle to promote his humor’s flow, And upon my memory’s tablet will record them ere I go. Then at even, at my leisure, will I write them out with care, For the GRIP prize competition, then I’m certain to get there. If a man will scatter broadcast here and there his gems of wit, Seems to me the one who picks ‘em up should reap the benefit.

PADDY REWSKY.

THIS eminent Irishman (who was born in Poland) is coming to capture Toronto, as he has already captured Boston, New York, Buffalo, etc. To this end he will play the piano, and although the piano has been played here so often and so well that it is hard to conceive how any new performer could by any possibility arouse a thrill, yet Paddy will do it. Those who haven’t a soul for music, and are proof against his artistic charms, will succumb to his hair. He might travel on that superb hirsute outfit alone and conquer at least the feminine world, if he couldn’t play any better than a second rate amateur. As it is, with the two batteries at his disposal, and the further charm of a lithe figure and a dreamy, poetic eye—let our girls beware. The music colleges and palatial homes all over town will be full of love-lorn damsels after Paddy appears at the Pavilion on Feb. 12th.

THEY ARE ALWAYS IN TROUBLE.

A RECENT Detroit telegram says that a Chinaman giving the name of Sum Chump was arrested in that city by a customs officer, charged with smuggling himself into the U.S. Some chump is always getting into trouble at the custom house, as well as many others who are by no means chumps.



HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

HE—“Haw, terwible thing about poor Gussy, wasn’t it?”
SHE—“Why, what’s the matter with him, anyhow?”
HE—“Er—you see a button dwopt off his coat, y’ know, and dis-figured his foot in a terwible manna—*but, y’ know, Gussy was always a shocking reckless fellah—he knew it was loose!*”

THE LAMENT.

LOVE is most prized when lost. The jester's dead!
 "Too soon from earth his soul of wit hath fled!
 "To shed a tear upon his lowly bed.
 Would be poor friendship"—So he, dying, said
 And begg'd us not to grieve when he was gone;
 No dismal suits of black to place upon
 Our backs to honor him; to let alone
 His grave of daisy-spangled grass Then on
 He rattled in his merriest, wittiest strain
 Striving to hide from us the fearful pain
 We knew he keenly felt. Each tried in vain
 To quiet him; still would he break again
 Into some splitting jest and once or twice
 He made us loudly laugh—a sad device!
 Yet was his power so great he could entice
 Our laughter 'gainst our will. This was the price
 He made us pay, he said, for his last joke,
 Since money was no use. His gayness broke
 Our bitterness of soul, until we woke
 To truth at last and heard the death-grip choke
 All breath within him. Then indeed our grief
 With pent up force gave way and no relief
 We found for many a day: The bare belief
 Of fact was scarcely possible; as lief
 We had believed ourselves were loosed of life
 So great we felt our loss. His wit, so rife
 With keen-edged truth, that, cutting like a knife
 Killed quickly every form of sin and strife,
 Was gone and with it fled our joy, alas!
 We kept his wish; only a few that pass
 Know that he rests beneath yon mound of grass;
 No mem'ry stone—no monumental brass
 Tells to the listless crowd the resting place
 Of him, who ran so merrily life's race.

A KNOCK-DOWN ARGUMENT.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *World*, has taken seriously to heart Mayor Fleming's sensible course in abandoning official toggery, and is trying hard to work up public opinion in favor of restoring the stove-pipe hat, Q.C. coat and white gloves. It will, no doubt, have the same success in its crusade against common sense and democratic principles as recently crowned its efforts on behalf of Sunday cars. A sympathizing correspondent comes to its aid with the following astonishing letter, which appears in its issue of January 25th:

Editor World—I am pleased to see you desire the dignity of the office, in coat and hat, kept up by the Mayor. You are right in every word of your editorial on the subject, and I trust Mr. Fleming will take a hint and not lower the chair any longer.

I am sorry to see the gentleman named has supported and assisted in breaking down the safest barrier we had for the health of our citizens *re* ice supply. The *Telegram* cannot remain silent, surely, on the subject now when the *News* even has sense enough to condemn his action in an editorial headed "A Dangerous Step."

CITIZEN.

This ought to settle the question. If a plug hat and a Q.C., coat worn by the Mayor, are an effective talisman against typhoid germs and that sort of thing by all means let him resume them forthwith. GRIP is even prepared to support an appropriation for rigging him out in a jewelled coronet and purple robe, or any other insignia of power which the man milliners, who are devoting so much attention to the subject may deem desirable. We are not going to let any crotchets stand in the way if the lives of the citizens can be preserved so easily.

A TROUBLESOME "CHILE."

DEEKIN JOHNSON—"Guess dey am gwinter be wah fo' sartain, Uncle 'Rastus."

UNCLE 'RASTUS—"Yes, deekin. Say, dough, who am dis heah 'Chile' wats makin' all de fuss? 'Pears to me dat mus' be a mighty obstropolous chile ef dey kaint make him behave widout calling out de milingtery."



RURAL PLEASURES.

MR. CHATTERTON—"I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee."

MISS WEATHERBEE—"I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterton."

MR. CHATTERTON—"Yaas, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter, and the grasshoppers making grass, and—and—all that sawt of thing, you know."

A TALE FROM REAL LIFE.

THERE was a Yankee man,
 Who had a "mighty" sum,
 And his daughter's face was plain, her hair was red, red, red,
 And they cross'd th' Atlantic brook,
 And caught a little dook,
 With the dollars which a halo round her shed, shed, shed.

Then they brought him home,
 To Chicago to be shown,
 But pretty soon he sought the crowd to shake, shake, shake
 He couldn't stand their style,
 So sought his mother isle,
 Accompanied by what money he could take, take, take.

VERY FEW LEFT.

YORK PIONEER—"Ah, time makes great changes. There are hardly any of the early settlers left now."
 BUTCHER—"Well, I guess not. There's none of 'em among my customers, that's certain."

AT THE SINGLE TAX MEETING.

JURY—"Man, my friends, is a land animal. He must have access to the soil. If he is driven from the earth he must perish, for he cannot live on the water."
 SAMJONES—"No, not unless he is a surf."



HER QUALIFICATIONS.

MISS DIZZY FOOTLIGHT—"But do you really mean it, that you want me to marry you?"

MR. FITZDOOD—"Yaas, I weally mean it. But permit me to awsk—can you keep house?"

MISS FOOTLIGHT—"Keep house! Why, yes; you know very well I keep it in roars of laughter every time I go on."

THE BEST SIDE TO TAKE.

DIMPS—"I was in a dreadful quandary the other night. You know I was spending the evening with the Tiffys, and they began a heated discussion upon a certain question. I didn't know what to do, for Mrs. Tiffy appealed to me to side with her views, and Tiffy looked as if he felt certain of my support. I was in a dreadful state. Didn't want to offend either. What would you have done? Which side would you have taken, old fellow?"

DUMPS (*who has had experience in meddling in family disputes*)—"Was there a door?"

DIMPS—"Yes. But what has that to do with the question?"

DUMPS—"Everything. I would have at once taken the outside."

CUTTING.

TOM—"Well! Simpkins may not be perfect, but I do like one thing about him—he always keeps his word"

DICK—(*who dislikes Mr. S.*)—"Possibly he can't find any one willing to take it!"

MAYOR FLEMING REBUKED.

It grieves me much, dear friends, to state
That the successful candidate
For mayor, at his inauguration,
Proved most unworthy of his station.

With sorrow I must mention that
He did not wear a stovepipe hat,
Likewise no white kid gloves he wore,
As other mayors have done before.

Now, innovations of this kind
Denote a vulgar, levelling mind.
'Tis vain from Fleming to expect
Much dignity or self-respect.

Who could preside with easy grace
And *savoir faire* in such a place,
Unless in glossy plug arrayed,
To make recalcitrants afraid?

The aldermen who once with awe
Mayor Clarke's resplendent head-gear saw,
Will not obey a hatless mayor
Or show due reverence for the chair.

The public of Toronto loves
To see its mayor in white kid gloves!
Such emblems of superior caste
Should be adhered to till the last.

Most grievous consequences may
Result at no far distant day,
When mayors thus seek to pander to
The low-born democratic crew.

The man who does not feel at home
With stovepipe on his mental dome,
Would like to pull the Empire down
And trample on Victoria's crown.

His mind is set on civic broils,
On treasons, stratagems and spoils.
He naturally deems it right
To blow up folks with dynamite.

How sad to see in this dark hour
Such treason-mongers gaining power.
No omen could be worse than that,
When mayors dispense with gloves and hat!



HUMAN NATURE.

MRS. SQUIDGE (*who has given the small boy an orange*)—"Well, sonny, why don't you eat it? Don't you like oranges?"

SONNY—"Oh, yes, I'm goin' to eat it, but I'm waitin' for Bobby Jones to come. Granges allus tastes better when there's another feller, wot ain't got none, to see you eat 'em."



"I PAUSE FOR REPLY."

E. B. (*soliloquizing*)—"IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR THEM TO BE SOARING IN THE AIR, BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THEM COME DOWN TO SOLID GROUND, AND TELL ME HOW THEY PROPOSE TO SOLVE THIS QUESTION."



REASSURANCE.

HE—"But are you sure, Madeline, that there are not times when you regret our engagement?"

SHE—"Haven't I had proposals from many men—handsome, honorable, cultivated, delightful men—and yet—(tenderly)—didn't I choose you, dear?"—*Funny Folks.*

FOR ONCE SHE WAS WELCOME.

MR. FIRSTUN was minding the baby.

He had nursed that baby before, and it had laughed and crowed when he dandled it, listened when he told it baby stories, and stretched out eager hands, laughing with delight when he showed it his watch. On these former occasions the nurse had been waiting to take it, and Mrs. Firstun had been looking on, filled with all a mother's pride in the amazing intelligence and good humor of the "sweetest baby ever born." Those other times were not this time.

Whether it was that something had disagreed with him, or that he knew the nurse had left, his mother was too sick to attend to him, and now was his chance to make things hum, no one will ever know. The only certain thing is that he was weeping—and refusing consolation as administered by his pa.

"What in thunder do you suppose is wrong with ne young duffer, anyhow?" enquired Mr. Firstun, distractedly. "Does he often cut up like this?"

"Oh, I don't think there's anything the matter with him, he's only a little cross and sleepy. Perhaps if you walked with him a little he might be quieter. Mother is coming up by and by."

Mr. Firstun began prancing up and down the room, even endeavoring to imitate a swaying sideways movement, accompanied by croning musical sounds such as

he had known indulged in with soothing effect by his wife—but the baby cried louder than ever.

"Perhaps he doesn't want to go to sleep," suggested Mrs. Firstun. "If you played with him a little bit he might be better."

And Mr. Firstun, with a ghastly semblance of mirth, struggled to attract the baby's attention by shaking a rattle and hammering a teaspoon against a cup; to minister to his youthful vanity by showing him the "pretty baby in the looking-glass"; to arouse interest in the fate of the "piggy-wiggies," illustrating the story by use of the young gentleman's toes; to awaken his curiosity regarding the "tick in papa's watch," but without success. Then Mr. Firstun desisted, and wiped the perspiration from his brow with a groan. Presently an idea seized him.

"He must be hungry! That's it! Where's his food? The child's starving. Here, dear!" tenderly, "did they starve it?"

And Mr. Firstun attempted to feed his wailing offspring, who shut his mouth tight, and suddenly jerked his head round so as to receive the spoonful in his right ear. This surprised him into silence for a moment, but he gathered himself together in time to splutter the second spoonful all over and pretend to choke, crying louder than ever.

"Oh, Bob! he's not hungry. Do stop that! The food all over the carpet, too! It seems to me I could quiet that poor child if I only had the strength. You don't hold him rightly!"

"Hold him rightly! I've held him every way I can think of except I turn him upside down. I'm mad enough to hold him by the hair of his head if he had any. Stop your noise, you little beast, or I'll shake you!" Mrs. Firstun began so cry.

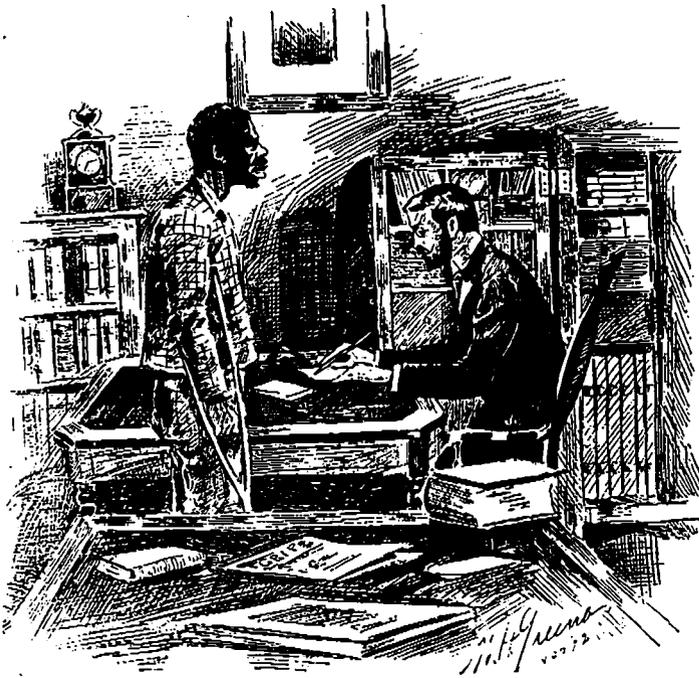
"Oh, Bob!" reproachfully. "To ill-treat a poor little helpless child like that! You don't love him or you would have more patience."

"Not love him! How dare you say such a thing? If I didn't love him I'd have killed the howling little terror half an hour ago!" roared the now thoroughly exasperated man. "Lie there and cry it out!" as he laid his heir in the cradle with no gentle hand. He was sitting watching him with the calmness of despair, and a wide-eyed look of hopelessness, when his mother-in-law arrived. Never was man more glad to welcome that much maligned relation. And Mr. Firstun's whole being was filled with an admiration and respect which time can never erase, as he saw her within five minutes lay that baby,— sleeping soundly, and with a smile on his lips that angels might have envied,—in his crib, and tuck him up for the night.

QUADRUPLE CONUNDRUM.

WHY do (1) a commercial traveller who has mislaid his valise, (2) an invalid who has recovered from the influenza, (3) a broken down and discouraged individual, and (4) a subscriber to this journal who is foolish enough to stop his paper, all resemble each other?

ANSWER—Because he has lost his GRIP.



THE WRONG ADJECTIVE.

DOCTOR—"You've got acute rheumatism, Sam."

SAM—"I knows I'se got rheumatiz—but they ain't nothin' 'cute about it."

THE BANTAM RICKSHAW.

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE.

BY WOODYARD RIPLING.

"**BEGORRA,**" said Private Mulvaney, "things is changed moightily since I intered the sarvice, d'ye mind, in '62. Och, thim was the days. Was I ever tellin' ye how a detachment av the ould 71st captured the Mugwump av Masulipatam an' bate tin thousand av his boodilliwullahs wid divil a man av us kilt barrin' Tom Brady, as got full an' bruk his neck, the hivens be his bed."

"Ow, 'old yer 'orses, Mulvaney, you've told us that a 'undred times," said Private Learoyd. "Blarst this 'ere bloomin' 'ot country, hi say, and hi just wish hi was 'ome."

Private Mulvaney made no response except to throw a beer bottle at the head of Learoyd. Just then Col. Chumley emerged from the bungalow, and his appearance terminated the dispute as the warriors retired to cantonments. Such little episodes are of daily occurrence. They vary the monotony of barrack room life.

Col. Chumley turned to his seraputty. "Chingley howlah piggibad chumwash," he remarked with a frown. He spoke Hindoostanee with the purity of a native. He had been in the service seventeen years, and his liver was growing torpid. When a man's liver once begins to torp his usefulness is at an end. But all things have an end in this world. I don't know how it may be in other worlds.

"Yes, sahib," replied the seraputty, salaaming profoundly and turning his back so that the Colonel could kick him to better advan-

tage. Col. Chumley was not a harsh master. He merely kicked his seraputties and dabwallahs as a matter of form, in compliance with Oriental usage. The first lesson to be learned by a European in India is that the natives will despise you if you do not kick them. But if you kick them too hard or too frequently it may excite a prejudice in their minds, and the seraputty may put shookumberry juice in your chow-chow, which will be bad for your health. There is a medium in kicks as there is in other things.

By this time all Simla was astir, and the scene presented an animated aspect. The Doorahbad Road was gay with equipages as Mrs. Walthrop's rickshaw, with its attendant kalmuddars, approached, its appearance being the signal for significant whisperings and shrugs of the shoulders among a group of subalterns.

"Where's Walthrop now?" asked a sallow complexioned, raw-looking youth, swinging his furlough carelessly in his right hand.

"Why, don't you know? The last that was heard of him he was up in the Pondichoo district in connection with that Nizeribad affair, and it is more than suspected that the Maharajah of Sowjellapoor—you understand."

"Ah, precisely so," replied the first speaker, with that receptivity generated by long seclusion at a remote station in the Whacker-abund presidency. It is rarely that the

mental calibre fails under such conditions to assert itself.

As Col. Chumley's steed drew up before the rickshaw the kalmuddars stopped. They were ryots from the Padrashkar hills, a lithe and active race. A pale, tearful face, betokening strong resolution, looked forth.

"Jacob," she said softly, her speech characterized by a glow of its old-time resilience, "Jacob, there was a time when we hardly might have realized——" and she stopped abruptly, while her glance scanned the ghauts in the distant horizon.

"Walla jing wank chawpitty," said the nearest kal-



NOT TO BE WONDERED AT!

According to the *Spectator*, laughter is an extinct art.

Mr. Littleton Jones is sure that laughter is extinct, for, although he considers himself to be the veritable champion of comic singers, he is bound to admit that he cannot even raise a smile from his audience, even when rendering what he calls his most screamingly comic song, "Get Your Face Washed."—*Funny Folks.*

ILLUSTRATED SONGS.



Air—"Comrades—When we were boys together!" (Hic.)



"But, Oh! what a difference in the morning!"

muddar, making a low salaam, and as the Colonel, being mounted, could not conveniently kick him, he slashed at him with his riding whip in a perfunctory way. But his thoughts were elsewhere, travelling back through the vistas of the past.

"Yes," he answered dreamily, "we do not always merge the semblance of regret into the gulfs which enfold the future. Man's entity is twofold."

"And about the Maharajah? Did you get my telegram?" she anxiously enquired.

"Yes and no. As I foresaw from the first, he might prove a hindrance. But your husband's influence—"

"Speak not of him," she exclaimed, with a despairing gesture, as the fitful breeze swayed the tops of the magnolia trees.

"Then it cannot be," he murmured. "That is, unless in the event of Kershaw's promotion."

And repressing a groan between his clinched teeth he struck the spurs into his steed, and upsetting two of the kalmuddars bounded on—forward—forward—past the frowning ghauts and on towards the fatal Dedniggah pass, the grave of so many heroes.

The rickshaw of Mrs. Walthrop was never seen again. Next week all Sowlla was agog with the news that the Maharajah of Sowjellapoor had been poisoned. But that is another story.

So that perhaps after all Private Mulvaney was right. Every man must be right sometimes.

"HICKORY JIM."

WHAT! *Hickory Jim*? The same old *Hick*—here, Hank, take a look at this, And tell me if you make it *Hickory Jim*, or if I haven't read it amiss?

You make it the same? It's a dead sure fact? Well, I'll be essentially blowed

If that don't beat all the fairy tales that ever I've met on the road!

And he's down to start in the one mile dash—that's what the cold type says—

What? *Know* the horse? Well, I reckon I've known him all my days,

And I'll be right there when he toes the mark and responds to the starter's bell—

Old *Hickory Jim*—good gracious—the same old *Hick*—well! well!

But say, is he owned by Davis—just glance at the print again— Yes? D. D. Davis? I knew it—the fact is straight and plain. Well, boys, if I was betting I'd bet on old *Hickory Jim*; But meantime, perhaps you'd like to hear some facts concerning him.

Old Davis—he's an ancient chap, with grizzled locks of gray, And a raw-boned sort of a figure, who's been through many a fray; He's owned this tough old racer for more than twenty years, And he bought him as a full-grown hoss just as he now appears.

He must be pretty aged, for when I was a kid I used to hear them telling of the wondrous things he did, How out in Arizona, and all the south and west, He raced with Indian flyers and always came off best.

He cleaned out every Greaser's ranch and every mining camp Of every sort of wagers, in goods or current stamp, Until at length they all owned up they couldn't tackle him, And so in all those regions they barred out *Hickory Jim*.

That's why old Davis brought him east—and that's how it occurred That there was sport at Lexington quite lately—as you've heard. Or, if you haven't heard of it, I'll give you here the facts Of how old *Hickory* got away with the swell Kentucky cracks.

When time was called a dandy string of thorough-breds came out, And in the usual stylish way went capering about— A-flouncing round like ball-room belles whose dads are millionaires, And whose blue-blood entitles them to put on extra airs.

And last of all, with clumsy gait, with flopping, weary ears, And dragged tail and mournful eyes, exciting shouts and jeers, Came forth a nag, whose drooping head and general low bred style Caused men to roar with laughter, and ladies fine to smile.

"Who is this apparition?" "What mangy plug is that?" "Oh, cut his hair!" "He's sound asleep." "Give him some anti-fat!"

So flew the chaff, while Davis, unsophisticated child, Went round and took up heavy bets at longish odds—and smiled.

Clang goes the bell! They've got away—old rag-tag in the rear, The favorite is in the lead—a wild tumultuous cheer Greets number two and three and four, as now they spurt and gain, And no one thinks of *Hickory*, who lumbers in their train.

They've passed the quarter gallantly—they're nearing now the half— And sly old Davis' child-like smile is growing to a laugh, For *Jim* is sorter waking up—he's overhauled the crowd, And the backers of those horses don't seem to shout so loud.

Zip! Just a long and limbered leap—as simple as you please, And done with every symptom of mere routine business ease— And *Hickory Jim* goes to the front and makes the pace for home, And Davis stands there smiling, but the knowing ones are dumb.

He's won the race by seven lengths, which might have been fourteen,

And Davis cashes in his bets and looks uncommon green; And as he leads his horse away, he sort of winks at him, And says, "They'll know us after this, I guess, hey, won't they, Jim!"

J. W. B.

DOGMATIC.

JONES says that the difference between his dog and a tree is that the bark of a tree peels from the outside, and his dog's bark peels from the inside.



ADIEU, MERCIER !

HE MUST DEPART FOR THE LIMBO OF ROODLE-STATESMEN.

A TERRIBLE ACCUSATION.

TORY—"What a hypocritical lot you Grits are ! Talking about corruption and thievery all the time, and backing up Mercier, the biggest rascal there is in the country."

GRIT—"Mercier's all right. You can't prove anything against him. It's all Tory lies."

TORY—"Why, here's the *Mail* of last Friday, and that's no Tory paper, and what does it say ? It shows him up."

GRIT—"Well, what does it say ?"

TORY—"Aha ! It says, 'Mercier, in a word, is a *persona grata*.' You can't deny it. That's what he is, and your own friends say so."

GRIT—"I don't believe it. He's nothing of the kind. It's just one of those mean, contemptible campaign lies you Tories are always starting on good Reformers."

TORY—"It's the *Mail* that says it."

GRIT—"That don't prove it true, all the same. The man that circulates a lie of that kind is just as mean as the fellow that starts it. You're a per—personal grater yourself. All you Tories are."

TORY—"You're a liar !"

GRIT—"Take that back, now, or I'll—I'll——"

TORY—"Take nothing back !"

(*Exeunt fighting.*)

NOTHING LOW ABOUT THEM.

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"And how is Mr. Dodsworthy this morning ?"

MRS. DODSWORTH—"Oh, a great deal better, thank you, since we got rid of that hateful Dr. Dosem. The brute was positively insulting."

MRS. PLUGWINCH—"Why, what did he do, Mrs. Dodsworthy ?"

MRS. DODSWORTH—"Why, he was impertinent enough to say that poor Jack was suffering from a low fever ! Just think of it. I soon let him know that there was nothing low about our family."

COULD FILL THE BILL HIMSELF.

HUSBAND—"I think I'll send a carpenter up to-day; this door needs fixing very badly."

WIFE—"Why not do it yourself ? You could do it as badly as any one I know of. No use wasting money on getting a carpenter."

NOT WHOLLY ANGELIC.

BROWN (*enthusiastically*)—"She's a little angel."

JONES—"Yes, she's a little angel—(*aside*)—a very little—and a good deal of something else."

THE DOG IN POETRY

THE *Mail* recently reprinted an article on "The Dog in Poetry," giving numerous Shakespearian quotations showing how frequently this animal is referred to by the great dramatist. As editors have good reason to know, the connection between dog and poetry is closer than it might seem. Much of the current poetry—so called—is dog-gerel, and some that doesn't fairly come under that category is cur-tailed with advantage and a blue pencil.

HE WOULDN'T BE IMPOSED ON.

THE taking up of a collection is a rather unusual feature of a wedding ceremony, but the innovation was introduced the other day on the occasion of the marriage of ex-Ald. Frank Moses, of this city, when the officiating clergyman, at the close of the ceremony, announced that a collection would be taken up for the poor. Among the spectators who were rather taken aback by the approach of the contribution plates was an elderly gentleman, who, happening to be a little deaf, had not heard the preacher's announcement. Turning to his neighbor he said, "Well, this is a new scheme. I never heard of a collection at a wedding before. What's it for?"

"For the poor," was the answer.

"Oh! For the tour! Well, now, I call that cheek! To ask people to come to the wedding and then pass around the hat to pay the expenses of the bridal tour! That don't go with me, by thunder! I hate such meanness. I don't give a cent. If Frank Moses can't go on a bridal tour without asking the public for the cash, he ought to stay at home, and I'll tell him so first chance."

ECHO ANSWERS.

WHAT was intended to be free to all men, as things were by the Creator planned?—land.

What is often added to news as it flies?—lies.

To whose advancement are we apt to lend our greatest powers?—ours.

What would a lion do to a pretty girl if he chanced to meet her?—eat her.

What the dude very often does for his clothes—owes. How he feels when he gets the bill—ill.

ALD. SAUNDERS' VIEW.

I THINK it highly *infra dig* To see Toronto's Mayor In common everyday attire When he is in the chair. He ought to wear a dandy hat 'Twould give him dignity, Also a grand official robe —And have it made by me.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.



FAITH.

MAMMA—"Elsie, dear, you have got into bed without saying your prayers. The Lord will not take care of you if you do not pray."

ELSIE (*very tired*)—"Oh, mamma, let's just try Him to-night."

TO MY MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

THE first was Maude—blue eyes and golden hair. Eighteen she was and I was twenty-one. She said she'd be "my sister." In despair I thought of loading up the family gun. I loaded *thee* instead, my colored friend, And Maude was nowhere when I reached the end.

Her eyes were midnight (so I used to tell), I was their slave (I was a poet then). Whom do I mean, you dolt? Why, pretty Nell! She was my next, you know. She said she'd send My letters back. I hope she is not proud, For letters, Nell, and love all vanished "in a cloud."

They say that men are fickle. I am not. I loved a third—my dear Evangeline. She wore blue glasses; had a corner lot. The *curate* had a "Prison Mission" scheme. He got her. It serves the duffer right, He has a pipe that she won't let him light.

You want to know the *fourth*? Why it was Bess. She caught me fast and sure. Her eyes are brown, And beam with love for me. I do confess I love my wife. Hark! there she comes. Don't frown. You see, she likes a kiss, and *you'll* not pout, When she comes in, that I must put you out.

STRATFORD, Jan. 15, 1892.

H. F. G.

PROMISING.

FATHER (*to writing master*)—"How is my boy getting on?"

WRITING MASTER—"Well, if he goes on as he is doing I think he will make his mark in the world."

PLEASED FATHER—"Yes."

WRITING MASTER (*gloomily*)—"Yes; I don't think anything earthly will ever teach that boy to write his name."

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MRS. YERGER—"As I do my own marketing, I shall expect you to accompany me to the market."

BRIDGET—"Thin, mum, we had better siver our conniction at wanst. I niver allow meself to be seen on the shtrate wid anybody who carries a market-basket."—*Siftings*.

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POLICE MAGISTRATE—"Number of your milk-wagon, Mr. Chockwell?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

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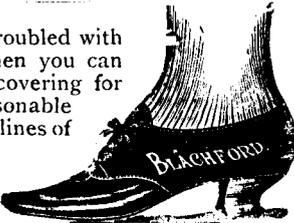


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