

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BERGOUCH

GRIP ENG

LITTERATURE

MUSIC

DRAMA

TERRIS

PERMANENT

WYTABLE

IN

ADVANCE

The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

— Joe Miller

Dad, this is awful Bosh! You're going right back on the N.P., don't you know! If Cleveland stops free transshipment, why, he'll just give Canada the benefit of two Tariffs instead of one. You're the poorest statesman in the family - that's clear!



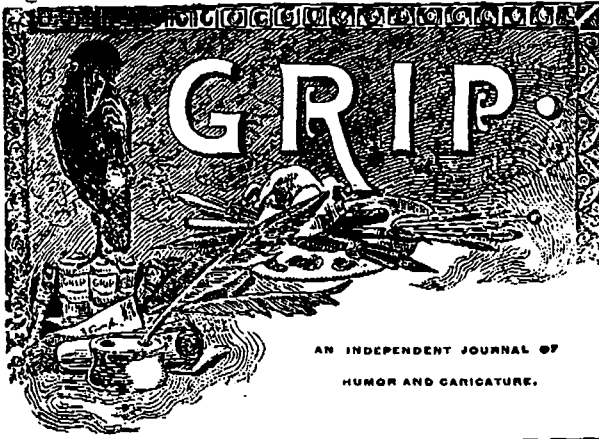
J.W. Bergouch

TUPPER vs. TUPPER.
 OR, THE RISING GENERATION

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY. \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
 By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING Co. 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.





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BY THE

Grip Printing and Publishing Co.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President JAMES L. MORRISON.
 General Manager J. V. WRIGHT.
 Artist and Editor J. W. BENGOUGH.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year \$2.50.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

In remitting stamps, please send one-cent stamps only.

Comments on the Customs.



A DISGRACEFUL DUFL IMMINENT.—This miserable fishery business will end in an open row unless some way of settling it permanently can be hit upon. It is a lamentable reflection upon the nineteenth century, yet it cannot be doubted that the English speaking nations involved in the dispute—the leaders of the world's civilization—are prepared, "if necessary," to spill blood over it. Not the blood of the stupid and wrong-headed diplomats who are responsible for the misunderstanding, of course; but that of the "common people" of their respective countries. The resort to arms will be deemed "necessary" on the part of the United States if Canada continues to treat American fishermen with "cruelty and injustice"—that is to say, if she persists in enforcing the provisions of the Treaty of 1818. On the other hand Canada, or Great Britain, will perhaps find a *casus belli* in the refusal of the United States to abide by that treaty, seeing that they alone are responsible for the

abrogation of the Washington Treaty and the rejection of that of 1887. Should President Cleveland's retaliation measure be put in operation, it will only serve to hasten the catastrophe, or the remedy—the latter let us hope, in the name of common sense. What is the remedy? Reciprocity, complete and unrestricted. This is the only remedy, as it will be manifestly impossible hereafter for us to protect our fisheries and at the same time maintain cordial relations with our neighbors. We have always been willing to share our fishing privileges on fair terms, and Reciprocity will be an

adequate consideration; at the same time it will be mutually beneficial in a commercial sense, apart altogether from the fisheries. This is the remedy which Christianity as well as sound statesmanship suggests, as it would conserve for all time the sentiment of brotherhood which should exist between ourselves and the citizens of the Republic. We present this flag of truce between the representatives of the two countries, now arrayed for a disgraceful duel of retaliation. Why have none of our statesmen at present in office raised their voices in this behalf? It wouldn't suit the selfish and unscrupulous members of Canadian trusts and combines, who see in retaliation and restriction the only salvation for their money-making schemes. Is this why? We know that these gentry have great influence at Ottawa. It is time that the people of Canada, who in reality yet form a respectable majority, should have some influence there.

TUPPER VS. TUPPER.—Sir Chas. Tupper, Bart., is one of those who believe that the suspension of business intercourse with the United States would be a disaster to Canada, both commercially and socially. In a speech in Parliament in April last, he strongly expressed this opinion, and intimated that he had signed the treaty as Canadian Commissioner in the hope and belief that it would end the trouble, seeing that Canada had made liberal concessions. Had he clearly foreseen the present attitude of affairs, he would probably have been more in earnest in suggesting the discussion of Reciprocity as a permanent cure of the difficulty. Sir Charles' hopeful son, however, is a "statesman" of another color altogether, and he happens just now to be Minister of Marine. This venturesome novice has been making trouble for the Cabinet by indulging in a lot of foolish bounce which is only excusable on account of his political immaturity. He goes in for "war to the knife" and all that sort of thing, and declares his belief that an American policy which would cut Canada off altogether would be a splendid thing for this country. The young gentleman is right from the Protectionist standpoint, and in accordance with the profound theory of thriving by consuming your own fat; but the elder Tupper, though a theoretical Protectionist, is not willing to be deemed a donkey by carrying the idea to a logical conclusion in this way. The trouble is that the Yankee papers are all getting the Tupperes mixed, and attributing to the Baronet the rash and preposterous vaporings of his boy.

ADVICE to members of the N.-W. Mounted Police, who would like to be promoted to inspectorships: Desert. P.S.—This may not always work unless you happen to be the sons of influential personages—like the Lord of Chestnut Park, for example.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, Bart., was greeted with prolonged cheers by the assembled Cutlers when he wound up his speech at their banquet the other evening, by declaring that Canada would never, no never! do anything, commercially or otherwise, in the line of discriminating against the grand old mother country. Had his hearers known that the eloquent Bart. himself was the author of the iron duties, which hurt Britain more than any other country, they would have appreciated his statement still more. The Cutlers had no idea of the sort of political blade that was dining with them on the occasion.

THE Militia Department has taken cognizance of the crack-brained letter lately published over the signature of a lieutenant in No. 1 Co. Kent Rangers, in which a plan of capturing Detroit is set forth. It is quite proper that this exhibition of Jingoism on the part of a militia officer at the present juncture should be severely snubbed from headquarters. But isn't it just possible that the breezy utterances of Cabinet Ministers upon the President's message may be responsible for this irregularity? The trouble with some folks is that, in the words of the Chicago young lady, they can't keep their faces shut.

PHILOSOPHICAL reflection by Mr. E. S. Cox: What's the use of having troops of friends, after all, when, for every friend, it is so easy to produce half-a-dozen new informations, each calling for a \$10,000 bail bond?

ON a liberal basis, Mr. Jenks' services to society are worth \$10 per week, which is \$520 per year. Suppose society throws in \$480 as a bonus to encourage poor Jenks, that individual ought to feel that he was treated very decently indeed, as everybody agrees that nobody is entitled to anything he doesn't give value for. Well, at \$1,000 per year, it would take Mr. Jenks about forty-five years to get into what are called comfortable circumstances, provided he were able to save say \$400 per year. Yet this same Mr. Jenks is driving about in his private rig, and living in fine style on one of our fashionable streets.

* * *

DOES burglarizing on the sly, perhaps, guesses the reader. No; he is a very decent and well behaved man, and "makes" his big income by a process which society yet regards as honest. He doesn't work, because he doesn't need to. He allows certain other people to work; and they pay him for the privilege. Hence his big income. He is what you might call a ground-hog; that is, he lives on ground rents.



SHORT-HORNS AT THE FAIR.
(EXHIBITED PRIVATELY).

BENEATH THE MAPLE TREE.

A GENUINE CANADIAN STORY.

PREFACE.

I WRITE this story in order to fill a long felt want. "Dollars?" Go to, Smart Aleck, of a verity thou art too flip. Not so, otherwise would I pander to the unhealthy popular craving for articles on the tariff and ministerial reconstruction through the columns of the *Globe* or *Empire*. But inasmuch as certain sap-head beg pardon, I mean sapient critics assure us that we have no native literature worth shucks, and as shucks are quoted at ridiculously low figures at present, there being better material for the stuffing of mattresses, I have determined to produce a first-class Canadian story. The title alone ought to sell it, being racy of the soil and appealing to national sentiment.

CHAPTER I.

"The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same." —*Ibid.*

'Twas a beauteous summer's morn. Nature was in one of her gladsome moods. The robin sung in the maple tree.

[That's enough description; now I've got to bring in the characters. Wish I knew who they were * * * Thank you, I don't mind if I do. My intellect seems to want stimulating.]

Macdonald Brown Cartier Watson walked reflectively along one of the back streets of Toronto. Born at a period of political excitement, he was burdened with this excessive nomenclature to perpetuate the memories of these giants of the forum. He was a Canadian of Canadian extraction. His ancestors had fought in 1776, 1812 and 1837. One of his second cousins was out in the Fenian raid, and his uncle by marriage was in the Red River Expedition. It may be as well to inform the reader that in 1776—No, I don't think it necessary to go into that affair. The reader can if he likes consult an encyclopedia. [What in thunder is to come next? Best begin a new chapter.]

CHAPTER II.

"He who by his biz would rise,
Must either bust or advertize."

—*W. Caiger.*

At the period of which we write comparative tranquility prevailed. Sir John Macdonald ruled Canada by virtue of [his lofty genius—bribery and corruption]. The reader can take whichever of these phrases he prefers. Ald. Baxter represented St. Patrick's Ward in the City Council. Prof. Goldwin Smith wrote letters on the Irish Question. School Inspector Hughes rode the Protestant horse in the newspapers and Orange processions. Peanuts retailed at about five cents per small pint. Coal was \$6 25 per ton. I mention these details, which to some may appear irrelevant, because it is just *minutiae* like these which give *vraisemblance* to a story. [They also help to pad out when you don't know what else to say.]

Macdonald Brown Carter Watson stopped before a log house on Jarvis Street!! [But it must be a log-house I tell you. It's ever so much more Canadian than brick.] At the door beneath the vine-clad portico a beautiful girl with her golden hair done up in fragments of the *World* was washing clothes. Our hero raised his hat and remarked:

"Good morning, Miss."

"Good morning."

"Allow me to introduce to your notice," he continued, deftly drawing a small parcel from his pocket, "an article indispensable to every well-regulated household. It is a combined fly-catcher, potato-masher, nutmeg-grater and flower vase. Can be used if desired as a cuspador. Push this little spring and it becomes a boot jack. Turn the knob and it reveals a corkscrew attachment. This wonderful invention for the absurdly low price of one-quarter of a dollar. Used by all the crowned heads of Europe. Testimonials as to its efficacy from Dr. Talmage, President Cleveland, Harry Piper, the Duke of Westminster, Hon. Edgar Dewdney, and others too numerous to mention, and only twenty-five cents."

'Twas an impressive scene. The long dark hair of the youth, thrown back, disclosing a massive intellectual forehead, the agitation of his mobile features, his low, thrilling earnest tones, contrasted with the statuesque pose and nonchalance of the maiden as her jewelled hand toyed with a bar of soap, formed a tableau rarely surpassed by the ablest productions of—of—of the Ontario Society of Artists. [If I was to mention any names all the other fellows would be jealous.]

"Only twenty-five cents," he repeated pleadingly.

A shadow flitted athwart her countenance, "Alas," she exclaimed, "financial embarrassments consequent upon the suspension of the Central Bank"—

"Say no more," rejoined the youth, "I too have suf-



HE COULDN'T "STAND" IT.

MR. DEUDE.—"I don't care to use your hack; you're too—aw—careless about your persona appearance. You need a new suit of clothes badly."

PAT—"Thru for you, sor, an' I'd loike to get that same, but there's na'r a tailor in town cud take me measure, sor, I'm that ticklish."

ferred. I blew in all my boodle betting on base-ball matches."

"Enough," she said, "let us mingle our tears."

And they did, while far away in the distant pine forests of the North the merry beaver toiled ceaselessly to build his dam, little recking that he symbolized a nations destiny. [*This may seem irrelevant, but I've got to work in the beaver somewhere, and he may as well come in here as anywhere else.*]

CHAPTER III.

"It is not birth, nor wealth, nor state,
But the git-up-and-git that makes men great."
—Anon.

A space of period elapsed since the events previously detailed. The scene shifts to the great North-West. A band of half-breed hunters are pursuing over the boundless prairie the last surviving herd of buffalo, regardless of the wire fences put up by the land speculators. A solitary traveller is seen approaching. The maddened animals dash furiously towards him. As they near him an enormous bull, the leader of the herd, lowers his head and rushes upon the traveller. By a sudden movement the man dodges the furious onset and leaps on to the buffalo's back!

The whole herd sweeps on in its frantic career. The man keeps his seat with the skill of a practiced horse-man.

After running for fifty miles the buffalo crosses the American frontier and shortly afterwards drops dead with exhaustion.

"Saved!" says the traveller, leaping to the ground.

"Hold on there!" says a U.S. custom's officer, running to the spot. "I arrest you for smuggling."

"Me?" said Macdonald Brown Cartier Watson, for as the discerning reader will doubtless have guessed, it was our hero. "I've smuggled nothing."

"Yes, you have, you've just run in that buffalo. There's fifty per cent. tariff on buffalo. Do you suppose that

the great buffalo industry of these United States is going to be swamped in this fashion by the pauper buffaloes of a blamed British colony?"

So he was yanked off to jail.

[*I flatter myself there is considerable originality in that incident. Who says there's no material for first class native fiction?*]

(To be concluded next time.)

OUR OWN ÆSOP.

I.—THE CAPTAIN'S RE-ENLISTMENT.

A POLITICAL CAPTAIN who had won his first victory by Brave public espousals of Liberty and Progress, was accused of coquetting with leaders of Repression and Backwardness. So sedulous was his court, that nothing short of Union seemed his aim. When his quondam followers found fault he said, "Principle is all Right, but what good is it when it can't hold the Citadel?"

Moral:—This teaches us how Vows may be revised to suit Political exigency in Quebec or elsewhere.

II.—THE TWO DONKEYS.

A Donkey who had just tested his Powers, was urged by his Master to jump a narrow Chasm. "I cannot," said the truthful Donkey, who was accordingly sent to Auction, and ever after drew light loads of mirthful children in a pleasant Park. A younger Donkey, on being bidden to take the same Jump, bravely tried it, but fell into the Chasm, breaking his fore-legs and spoiling an \$8 rug of choice fur.

Moral:—It is well to know how far one can jump.

III.—MOTHER AND SON.

A Young Undergraduate being asked by a Professor to translate a page of Telemaque, said: "Sir, I am not able." And he wasn't.

His fond mother, hearing the circumstances, said: "How modest of Charlie to say that he couldn't translate so easy an Author as Telemaque, when he can read Zola's difficult works at sight."

Moral:—Modesty, and consciousness of being a Dunce, are two things.

IV.—THE TWO MICE.

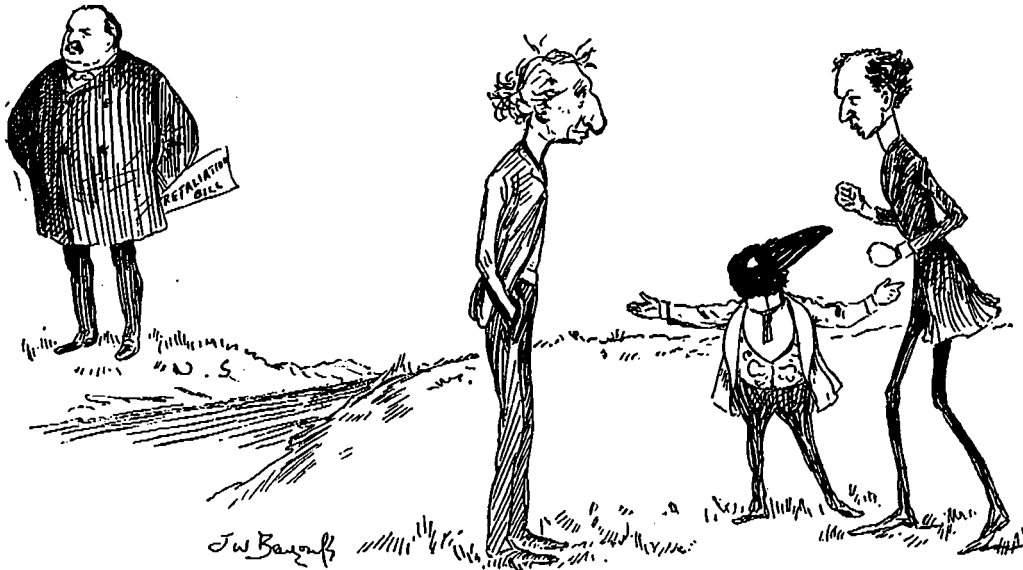
A Young Mouse, who had a strong sense of Submission to Authority, was told by an evil-minded but senior mouse that Sponge was better to eat than Cheese. Although instinct repelled the dictum, the good young Mouse ate sponge until its career was Wound Up, leaving the other, elder, evil mouse, whom it had revered without warrant, to fatten by itself on much dainty Roquefort.

Moral:—Ignorance is never so dangerous as when Conscience is its partner. A.



BASKET DUTY RYKERT.

THE SMALLEST POLITICIAN IN THE WORLD.



UNITED WE STAND, ETC.

GRIP (to the Opposition Leader)—“Never mind hitting Sir John just now. The gentleman across the way needs our undivided attention at present.”

TWO HEADS BETTER THAN ONE.

A LITTLE IRISH DIVERSION PERFORMED IN THE
AMBITION CITY.

CHARACTERS:—ALD. MISTER MARTIN MALOON, of
Muldoon Mansion; ALD. TIM BROCK, of *Corktown Castle*.

SCENE:—A lawyer's office. *Mister Maloon discovered gnawing his moustaches.*

MALOON (*loc.*)—“Be me sowl, I didn't even drame that being an alderman was such foine fun. I'd rather be in the Council blocking resolutions and by-laws than be the mimber for Haldimand. And to kick about the expinses too; and the city being in debt; and the way the Council blows in the money, and then take a hand in meself when I can get a chance. Champagne's a foine drink. Pity it is that Patsy can't share wid me. Now, if—” (*Knock at door. Enter Ald. Tim. Brock.*)

BROCK—(*heartily*)—“An' how are yez to-day, Mr. Maloon? I hear ye have a gran' schame for us to work.”

M.—“So I have, Tim. Sit down and listen.” (*Draws out a brief several inches thick.*)

B.—“Hould on; what I want to know is, are yez goin' to shove all that down me throat at once?”

M.—“Well, I want a—h, to give you a—h, the principal points, anyway.”

B.—“O, no, yez don't, Mr. Maloon, yez can't practice on me. I'm not the City Council. Can't have three readings in one meeting, me boy; rule 22. Do yez tumble, Maloon?”

M.—“All right, Tim. I'll not give ye all, then. To begin, your Worship—excuse me, Ald. Tim., I mane. I have a schame, a—h, for more effectually sitting on the Council, a—h, and benefiting the city at large, a—h.”

B.—“Yer right, Martin, go on.”

M.—“This ring business must be cleaned out—”

B.—“That's so, me boy!”

M.—“And we are the boys to do it!”

B.—“Correct, Maloon. I'll work wid yez through

thick an' thin. What I want to know is, what's yer schame?”

M.—“Well, you know, I've said I will not run for Alderman again, and I won't; but I mane to run for Mayor.”

B.—(*With a whistle loud enough to call a carter from his stand.*) “No bamboozling about this, Martin Maloon, eh?”

M.—“No, I mane it.”

B.—“It's kinder strong, but I'm wid yez, and will back yez wid all Corktown. Shake!” (*They shake.*)

M.—“You back me solid, Tim, and I'll get there O. K., and then wont we make the ringsters quake, and the riotous livers tremble, and the reckless spenders of the city's money mournful?”

B.—“Yer right, Maloon, we'll settle their hash, and get what I've allus wanted—fair play.”

M.—“Now, if I get in, Tim. I'll appoint you to some soft snap—say the Commissioner of Carters, or Superintendent of Soda-water Fountains, wid a big salary; just to see fair play, you know.” (*The curtain falls on a scene of tears and caresses upon which the Damon and Pythias incident was not a patch.*)

“S.”

A GOOD ONE.

I HEARD a good story about Prof. Clark, of Trinity College, the other day, from an English Church clergyman, who enjoys an intimate acquaintance with the able and original divine.

“The Professor,” he said to me, “who, by the way, is a broad Churchman, thus defined the three great divisions of the Church:

“Low Church, Platitudearian.

Broad Church, Latitudearian.

High Church, Attitudearian.”

“This is good—better even than that other epigrammatic distinction: Low Church, lazy; Broad Church, hazy; High Church, crazy.”

T. T.



Q. E. D.

"Our artist tries to illustrate the absurdity of our present costume—indeed the absurdity of concealing the native beauty of our form under any costume whatever, by exhibiting his horse clothed as a modern masher."—*Punch*.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE MOVES HOOSE.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,

I'm no a man that's gien to swearin', but when I luck back on the events o' the past week I've come tae the conclusion that ilka man, hooever quiet an' peacably inclin'd he may be, has a deevil within him that only needs a proper waukenin' up to convince him that his evil tendencies are in the majority, an' a' his supposed gude qualities are a delusion an' a snare, the product o' a diseased fancy fathered by self-conceit. A' this an' a handle mair has been revealed tae me in the bitter experiences o' movin'. An' I've come tae be o' opinion that thae auld ministers wha were aye haudin' forth about the inherent wickedness o' human nature, maun hae flittit pretty often. What we moved for is a mystery tae me yet, but when mistress Airlie begins to find faut wi' this an' that an' the tither thing about a hoose, makin' great mane ower the very things she used tae praise about the hoose when she tuk it first, then I say naething; I ken what's comin', there's naething for't but tae sing sma', let ma jaw drap, an' submit tae fate. Waes me! hoo apt we are tae laugh at an' mak' licht o' ither folks' trials an' sufferin's, till the same trials come tae oor ain door an' then we begin whustlin' laich in till anither tune. Hoo often hae I roared an' laughed at the comic descriptions o' onfortunate paterfamilias pittin' up stove-pipes, an thocht sic idiots they maun hae been tae be incapable o' puttin' up a wheen stove-pipes without gaun stark mad ower the thing—the very simplest thing in the world. So I thocht ance—but sin' that time we dreed ma ain weird wi' stove-pipes. The last three movin's—we move every year' ye ken—Mistress Airlie aye got a man, a tinsmith, an' paid him fifty cents for takin' down the stove an' pittin' it up again, but this time I said I wad be hanged if I wad gie fifty cents to onybody for doin' a sma' five meenits job that I cud dae better masel; fifty cent pieces, I felt her, werna lvin' round on the streets for the shovelin' up, an' if she didna practice a wee mair economy we'd hae the bailiffs in afore we kent whaur we were. Thae fallows that tuk fifty cents for pittin' up stove-pipes were naething but a pack o' robbers gaun roond makin' a fortune off

silly feckless folk. Mistress Airlie just gaed about the hoose wi' a caum smile on her face a' the time I was lecterin' about pittin' up the pipes, but little did I think the airftu' limmer was just bidin' her time.

"Noo," says I, "I'll tak' doon the stove-pipes afore I gang tae work, an' ye can daud them an' hae them a' ready for me gin I come hame tae ma denner."

"Yer denner," says she, "hoo can I cook yer denner if ye tak' the stove-pipes doon?"

"Weel, then," says I, "I'll just tak' ma dinner doon toon, it'll just be a quarter."

"A' richt," says Mistress Airlie, quietly, "the bairn an' me can fend." I thocht there was a wee lair o' sarcasm in her voice, hooever, I nicht be wrang. Weel, hame I came an' brocht a waggon wi' me tae move the things roond the corner tae the new hoose.

"Tea ready?" says I, steppin' in quite briskly.

"Tea?" says Mistress Airlie, "hoo can I mak' tea without a fire. If ye had left the stove-pipes up till the hinner end ye nicht hae haen baith denner and tea, but ye ken it's you that's rinnin' *this* movin', no me."

Josh! but I was mad—but as the carter was standin' there wi' open moo swallowin' every word, I sang dumb. We got the things oot fairly weel, till it cam' tae the stove, an' then, just as I was liftin' it up wi' the carter, I canna tell hoo the thing happened, but it slippit an' doon it cam' richt on ma muckle tae. Man, I thocht I wad hae fainted. I had tae sit doon for twa-ree meenits till I got aff ma boot, an' afore ye cud say Jack Robeson that tae was swelled up like a diseased tatie. I cudna get the boot on again, so I had tae row the tae up in a cloat an' get an auld sock on't an' hirple about the best way I cud.

"I'm thinkin' the wife'll hae tae gae ye a lift wi' the stove," says I tae the carter, "I dinna think in the state my muckle tae's in it wad be safe for ma tae tackle it again for fear o' lock-jaw."

The fallow jist glowered at me. "If *you* canna lift it, I'm sure a woman canna," says he; "I can get a man for a quarter tae gie me a lift wi' the stove an' the heavy things, an' you can tak' it easy then." Weel, he set oot for a man an' got one, but the least he wad come for was fifty cents. Again that caum smile illuminated ma wife's face, an' somehow it made me mad. I thocht I wad get oot o' the road, sae I hirpled awa' ower tae the new hoose an' opened the door an' got ready for the things. A' passed off brawly without onything mair than the ordinar' confusion o' movin', exceptin' when that tobawccy chawin' carter came sailin' in wi' ma best silk hat stuck on top o' his muckle red head, sayin', "here's your Sunday go to meetin' hat, boss." But what cud I expect; he had nae reverence in him. Weel, I thocht I wad try an' get even wi' Mistress Airlie, so I put on a tone o' authority an' says I tae the men we had hired, "Ye'll better pit up the stove noo afore the Mistress comes."

"The stove," says he, "I didn't come here to pit up no stoves, I cam' to help to lift the furniture."

"Yes, but ye should help a' ye can," says I slyly.

"D'ye see ony green in my ee," says the impudent fallow, an' wi' that in steps Mistress Airlie wi' the laddie in her arms.

I'll hae tae leave the rest o' this ower to neist week, I'm that tired wi' the memory o't.

"A MOTTO."

Those who trust us educate us.—*George Elliot*.
Those who trust us we educate.—*The Gentle Stock-broker*.
L. L.

IN A NUTSHELL.

THE New York *Voice* is about the decentest paper in the United States, and yet it sets out to discuss the Fishery trouble in this fashion :

" Since the Washington Treaty expired, several years ago, this left us with no other treaty stipulations than those made in 1818, and on which there had always been disagreement. It was through the action of our Congress that the Washington Treaty terminated. The Canadians, to all appearance, desired its continuance, and, apparently in the endeavor to force the creation of another similar treaty, [they began at once to maltreat American fishermen, seizing their sloops upon the slightest pretence, incarcerating their crews, and in other cases refusing to sell them needed supplies, and forcing them on the voyage home with little or no provisions."]

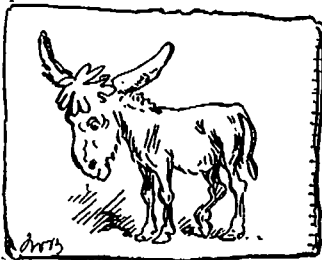
If, for the words we have enclosed in brackets, the editor had simply written, " they began at once to enforce the plain provisions of the treaty of 1818," he would have stated the case precisely. This is the whole head and front of our offending.

HUMOR IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

SUGGESTION TO THE COMPILER OF OUR NEXT SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS.

THE idea has of late years gained ground among educationists that reading-lessons, instead of being prepared solely with the object of teaching the young to read, should be made the means of inculcating sound views on a variety of questions. Thus, we have now readings on temperance, sanitary reform, forestry, etc.—calculated to impregnate the youthful mind with principles which will, as it were, blossom and eventually fructify in accordance with those great—just so—exactly—you get the idea, don't you? Well, now what's the matter with making an equally obvious improvement by working in a few easy lessons of a humorous character interspersed with suitable jokes, with the object of sharpening the perceptive faculties of the pupils and developing their sense of humor? GRIP is perfectly disinterested in making this suggestion. At first sight it might seem as though we had a selfish end in view, but a little reflection will dissipate such an impression. One of the first and most obvious results of a considerable development of the humorous faculty among the rising generation, will be to vastly increase the number of those whose ambition is to run a comic paper. We shall have a host of would-be rivals and captious critics hanging on the ragged edge of humorous journalism, and attempting to "merit a share of public patronage." Nevertheless, unswayed by sordid considerations, let us give a specimen or two of the kind of juvenile literature which might awake latent parano-masiac talent in the adolescent intellect. Let us begin with

THE MULE.



This is a mule. Will he kick? Yes, *he'll* kick.* He is a kicker from way back. The best way to twist a mule's tail is to get some other boy to do it. Mules have long ears. Let us go round to the front of him to get an-ear view. As a Scotchman once said, there is something "awfu' eerie"

about a mule. Is a mule any good to ride? Oh yes, nearly as good as a toboggan or a roller-coaster—but

*The teacher will here explain that the joke is on the *heel*.

the ride don't last quite so long. It is sometimes hard to get on a mule's back, but then it is very easy to get off. The mule is soon tired. But he is not nearly as tired as the man who rides him. The mule is beginning to scratch his north ear with his left foot. Let us go away.

Do not fool
With the mule.
AT A PICNIC



Here is a picnic party by the Lake—*Water* good time they are having. A picnic party is better than a Grit party or a Tory party. The fun is in full swing. If you look close you will see the swing under the trees. There is lots to eat and a vacant lot to eat on. Only the fat man has sat on the custard-pies and spoiled his clothes. Did he say anything? He did—*cussed-hard*. See that young man and his girl going off arm-in-arm—they *seek-westward* for a sequestered spot. Now they are seated on a grassy knoll—why do they rise so suddenly and dance a wild fandango? The grassy knoll is an ant-hill, which accounts for their ant-ics. Some of the boys have gone off along the lake shore for a swim. The dog which ran after the wagon has also gone into the water and divested himself of his pants. Now it is beginning to rain just as another crowd arrive from town. They will find the *bank-wet*, though the grub is mostly gone. Why does that portly person glance about and bend his ear to the ground? He is listening for the boom in real estate and the growth of the unearned increment.

GOLDWIN SMITH.



Who is the wisest man? Solomon? Well, yes, he is a solemn man, but that isn't his name. Goldwin Smith! Right. Mr. Smith knows more than anyone who ever lived. Ask himself if you don't believe it. A few years ago he started in to bust up the British Empire. He could have done it easy if he had kept on, but he changed his mind and determined to save it. He devotes most of his time to saving the Empire by writing letters to the papers and calling the Irish hard names. Contradiction arouses his ire. He is somewhat *ire-ish* himself. He lives at the Grange, but he is not a Granger. Is it not kind of good Mr. Smith to stay here and show us how to run the country.

We have no doubt that the project thus imperfectly sketched out will commend itself to the Educational Department, and that the next series of authorized readers will have a few easy jokes adapted to the youthful mind scattered here and there among their more serious



A "GENT" WHO GOT INTO A LAW-SUIT.

contents. The habit of appreciating humor must be cultivated from the cradle if we are to have a full-orbed manhood. For as Shakespere says:—

The man who hath not humor in his soul,
And is not moved by gizzard-wrenching jests;
Who sees not cause for laughter in the mule,
Or absent oyster in church-social soup;
Who never smiled at antiquated joke,
On plumber fattening on his ill-won gains;
Or hapless swain from love-sick maiden torn,
And outward by paternal boot expelled—
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
Will put lead quarters in collection plates,
Or sneak in tavern-doors for lonesome drinks,
Or work the watch-false at the country fairs.
Let no such man be trusted for a cent,
Make him pay C. O. D.

A THRILLING MOMENT.

MISS FRISKY OLDGIRL was walking briskly down street one afternoon. She was frizzled and freckled and spangled and speckled, according to the latest fashion plate. In one hand she carried a dainty cane. Around the other was wrapped one end of a stout cord, to the other end of which a good-sized terrier was attached. She had just passed a butcher shop, when a cat darted through the door with a piece of meat in its mouth. The terrier saw both. He gave chase. The cat ran around a lamp-post. So did the terrier. The cat kept on eddying around the post. The terrier, with a go-on-I-follow-thee look on its agitated countenance, eddied too. By-and-by the cord gave out. Then Miss Frisky took a hand in. The cord was strong and stood the shock without inconvenience. Miss Frisky didn't. With a smothered "Oh, my!" she sat down suddenly and with much emphasis on the hard, unfeeling pavement. She was cruelly jarred. But just then a runaway team dashed around the corner, which Miss Frisky had been approaching. "Blest be the tie that binds!" she ejaculated, with a pious unction of which you would never have suspected her.

OTMA ORME.

CATCHING GUDGEONS IN PETERBOROUGH.

If Mr. Bob Ingersoll still entertains doubt as to the existence of the D——l, how would he explain the origin of the following "form of words," which the whiskey

traffickers of Peterborough and their agents have committed to memory and are repeating in a sanctimonious manner throughout the town, wherever they can find ears to hear?

"I am a temperance man, have been and still am in hearty sympathy with all measures for the best interests of the community. In fact I voted for the Scott Act, but I with many others have been so discouraged with the lack of enforcement, that we have decided to ask for its repeal. Not that our temperance principles are in any wise changed, but because we think the community will be so much better off under the Crooks Act again. Will you kindly give us your influence towards this much needed reform?"

If not a direct production of Auld Cloutie, this pious little address is at all events "devilish sly," and it astonishes us to hear that in many cases it has caught the signatures of temperance men to the repeal petition.



AN EDITORIAL WAIL.

If you happen while exuberating in your own verbosity,
To write up some snuffy sinner in a style that knows not platitudes,

You can bet your sweet existence he will call you a monstrosity,
And assail you in your sanctum with his pugilistic attitudes,
And your editorial dignity he'll treat with wild hilarity;

And he'll mention that your style of work is not the proper caper,
Adding gravely, "For too long,

my friend you've lived upon my charity,
To punish you is only meet—I'm going to stop my paper."

Or if perchance the fates decree it, and you slate some aged duffer,

Who has scarcely got back-bone enough to cherish animosity,
And who'd fill the bill acceptably as a sort of railroad buffer,

Simply on account of his excessive pulchritudinosity,
You can stake your little pile that he will call around complainingly,
Staring you right out of countenance, like any country gaper,
And when he has finished speaking to his argument, sustainingly,
He will add, "And, by the way, I think you'd better stop my paper."

Or just suppose that in some moment of excessive irritation,

You neglect to say that Brown or Jones is fitted by ability
For a well-paid governmental snap, or to calmly boss the nation,
You will find that Brown or Jones will call to see you with agility.

And Brown or Jones will indicate, that you are surely quite demented,
And that with your predecessor you can't hold a penny taper,
Adding with sarcastic vehemence that his loss is much lamented,
And unless you can do better, "I must really stop my paper."

If a maiden's dress is pretty, and you fail to note it fully;

If her father buys a buggy, or her mother buys a bonnet;

If her brother goes to college, and has passed in manner bully;

If her second cousin's uncle writes his lady-love a sonnet;

If, I say, you fail to note these things in language wrapt and gushing,

The maid will call to see you—neatly garbed, her figure taper—

Quite too angry altogether to give way to idle blushing—
While she says, "You horrid brute you, we are going to stop our paper."

So it goes and so it will go, for it really doesn't matter

What you do, or how you do it—if their woes they can't cog-
nominate—

For they're sure to come and threaten you—nearly craze you with their chatter,

Or else wallop you like thunder in a way you do abominate;

And the editors are dreaming of a land where men won't worry 'em;

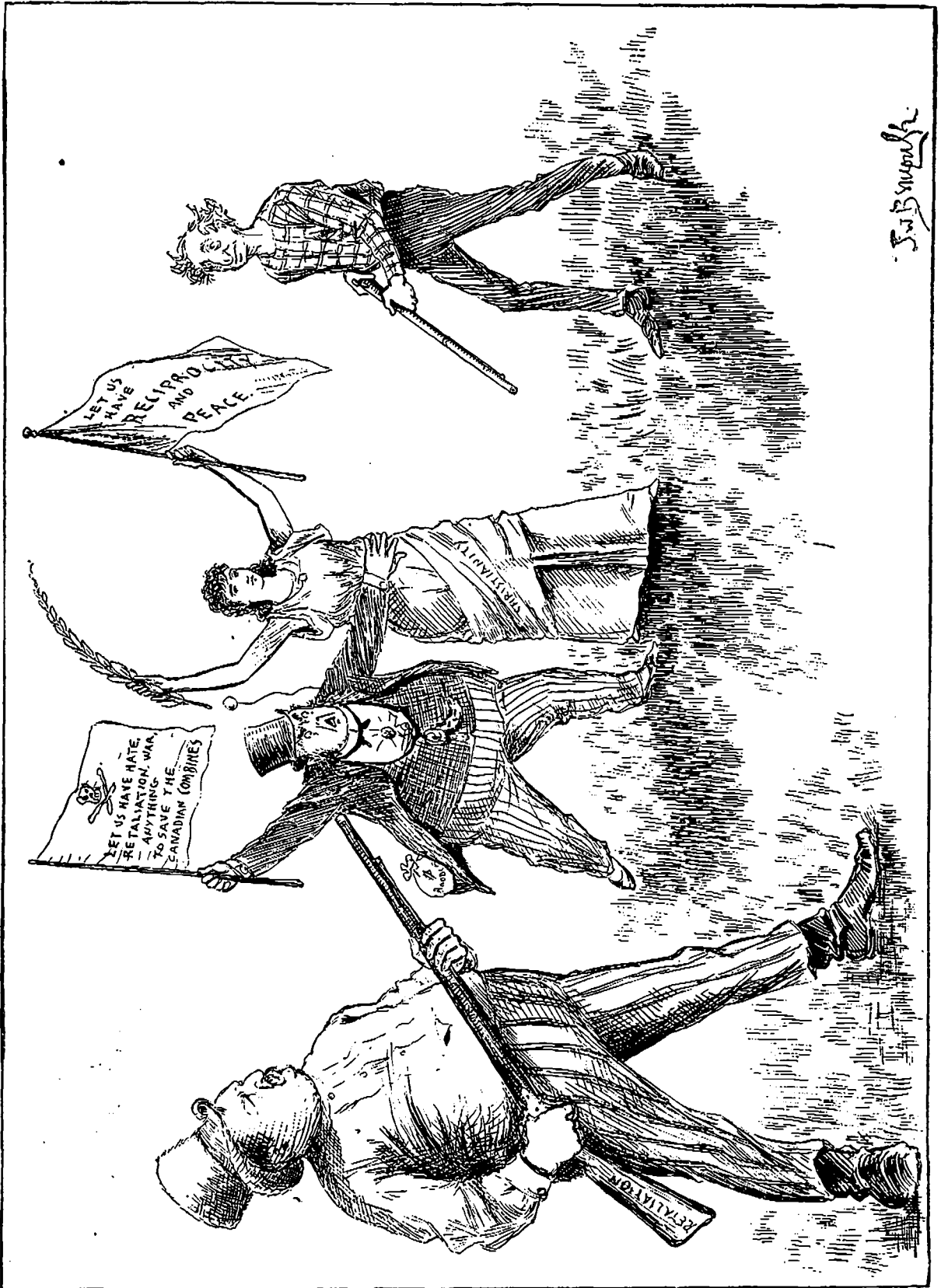
Where angry words and fisticuffs are not the proper caper;

Where creditors and duns, and sich, and other bores won't hurry 'em,

And where it won't be thought correct to say, "I'll stop my paper."

TORONTO, September, 1888.

W. C. N.



A DISGRACEFUL DUEL IMMINENT.



ON TRIAL.

"John, we'll have to be on our good behavior hereafter."

"Why so?"

"Why, its quite evident that our new cook is a superior person."

SCIENTIFIC.

A MEDICAL writer says it is the iron in the blood that accounts for red hair. He goes on to observe that if there was less iron, the hair would probably be brown or chestnut. Don't know, iron or no iron, red hair has for some time been pretty chestnutty amongst the "funny men." But while he was on the subject, why didn't this learned scientist tell us what accounts for the whiteness of the inevitable white horse?

MR. BENSON INTERVIEWED.



OBSERVING that Grimsby Park had been closed for the season, our reporter took an early opportunity to seek an interview with Rev. Manly Benson, the enterprising manager thereof, who had returned to his pastoral duties in the city. The rev. gentleman was found in his study, deeply immersed in the preparation of a sermon on the trials and tribulations of Job. He received our representative with his customary geniality.

"And so you have closed your season at Grimsby, Mr. Benson," said our reporter, placing his hat on the manuscript.

"Yes, thank good——, I mean, yes, sir. We have closed a very pleasant and successful summer programme."

"How have you enjoyed the work of managing director?"

"Oh, it has been a very great delight to me. I am peculiarly constituted, you know."

"Yes? Can you give an idea of some of the delights?"

"Certainly. For example, I greatly relished the bobbery that was kicked up by the press and public at the commencement of the season on account Sir John Macdonald's non-appearance."

"But that was purely Sir John's fault, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was. That's why I so greatly enjoyed being hauled over the coals and called a 'deceiver,' etc. Then, later on, I was immensely pleased at the scorching I caught for fooling the people about Talmage."

"But Talmage publicly acknowledged that it was entirely his error."

"Of course he did; but some of the papers kept up their fire at me and thus prolonged my enjoyment. I tell you, young man, you will never know the real pleasure of life until you become manager of a summer resort like Grimsby. Besides these public outbursts, I enjoyed every day, from morning till night, a series of what I may term mosquito bites,—and you know the delicious sensation they give you when you rub them gently? By this figure of speech I refer to the nag-nagging of cottagers; the pick-picking of visitors; and the infinitude of queries, suggestions, complaints, etc., etc., which furnished me with opportunities to keep on the go, doing half a dozen things at a time, from morn to dewy eve. Yes; of course I had to take a certain amount of praise and encouragement, but I got so hardened I could stand that easily; it would have been a tough summer, though, if it hadn't been for the fault-finding. The good book says, 'if you do ill and suffer for it, what praise have ye?' That's so; and you haven't any fun either. To do your best and then catch it is what makes life really worth living to the Park manager."

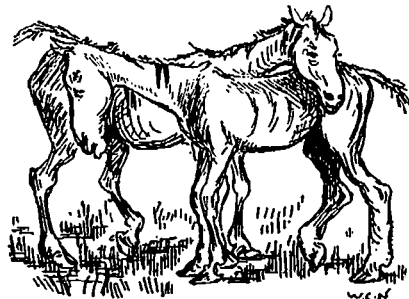
"I observe that you are preparing a discourse on Job," said the reporter as he took his hat to go.

"Yes," replied Mr. Benson, earnestly. "I am in a position to show that Job had a real easy time of it and didn't appreciate his surroundings. Come and hear me."

After promising to do so the reporter withdrew.

VARYING THE MONOTONY.

ONE of the Ottawa civil servants has been varying the monotony of living by saving life. He rescued some persons from drowning the other day. This is a good example to the other fellows in the Departments, and any of them so disposed could spend most of their idle time in office hours in such humane service.



HORSE-CHESTNUTS

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—
Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P.O. address.

Respectfully,
Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 47 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

MISS MAE E. ORR, of New York, won gold medal and championship of world, and Frank E. McGurrin the silver medal, for rapid writing on Business Correspondence and Legal Testimony at the contest in Toronto, August 13. Mr. McGurrin is not satisfied and is getting up phenomenal speed. He is reported as writing in Chicago the other day 116 words per minute for 5 minutes. Both operators use the Remington Type-writer, and say it would be impossible for them to get as high a speed on any other machine.

We call attention to the advertisement in another column of Messrs. Elliott & Son, whose name is a household word throughout Canada for every branch of interior decoration.

"CYCLORAMA."—The Battle of Sedan can be seen from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m. during the Exhibition. Visitors should not fail to see this great war scene.

THE NEW COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

MR. TORRINGTON'S newly organized Toronto College of Music and Orchestral and Organ School opens for its first session on the 17th inst. The solidly established reputation of its Director is a sufficient guarantee of the quality of the instruction to be given. That this may be in the highest degree satisfactory, Mr. Torrington has secured the services of a long list of teachers whose names are as well known as his own and whose work in the musical culture of our city has earned for them very high reputation. The new college fills a hitherto unoccupied sphere in the attention it proposes to give to orchestral work, and we look to it confidently as the future *alma mater* of musicians who will shed lustre on our country.

The Kimball Opera Company commenced their first engagement in Toronto on Monday evening with the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief." The company is composed of some of the foremost artists in comic opera. Manager Jacobs has spared neither pains nor money in producing favorite operas, having engaged the strongest company, a grand chorus, an enlarged orchestra and scenic effects rarely introduced in Toronto before. Mr. Ed. Chapman, the leading comedian, a well-known Toronto favorite, Amy Harvie, Annie Luckie, Blanche Chapman, Hattie Arnold, Harry L. Rattenburg, Arthur Bell, George Carr, and J. R. Murchie, all deserve a word of praise, as they all render their parts most excellently. The last part of the week will see the elaborate production of Strauss' masterpiece, "Prince Methusalem," for the first time in Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE DEAF.—A Person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing, by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

"No, indeed," said the young lady from Boston, adjusting her eyeglasses, "I never ride in those Roberttail cars."—*Ex.*

MR. EDWARD FISHER has just returned from England where he has been upon important business for the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

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.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.


\$85 SOLID GOLD WATCH FREE!

This splendid, solid gold, hunting-case watch, is now sold for \$85; at that price it is the best bargain in America until lately it could not be purchased for less than \$100. We have both ladies' and gents' sizes with works and cases of equal value. **ONE PERSON** in each locality can secure one of these elegant watches absolutely FREE. These watches may be depended on, not only as solid gold, but as standing among the most perfect, correct and reliable timekeepers in the world. You ask how is this wonderful offer possible? We answer—we want one person in each locality to keep in their homes, and show to those who call, a complete line of our valuable and very useful **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES**; these samples, as well as the watch, we send **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months, and shown them to those who may have called, they become **YOUR OWN PROPERTY**; it is possible to make this great offer, sending the **Solid Gold Watch** and large line of valuable samples **FREE**, for the reason that the showing of the samples in any locality, always results in a large trade for us; after our samples have been in a locality for a month or two, we usually get from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in trade from the surrounding country. Those who write to us at once will receive a great benefit for scarcely any work and trouble. This, the most remarkable and liberal offer ever known, is made in order that our valuable Household Samples may be placed at once where they can be seen, all over America; realer, it will be hardly any trouble for you to show them to those who may call at your home, and your reward will be most satisfactory. A postal card, on which to write us, costs but 1 cent, and if, after you know all, you do not care to go further, why no harm is done. But if you do send your address at once, you can secure, **FREE**, a **ELEGANT \$85 SOLID GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCH** and our large, complete line of valuable **HOUSEHOLD SAMPLES**. We pay all express freight, etc. Address, **STINSON & CO., Box 457 Portland, Maine.**



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The above Company is promptly performing its functions in assuaging the woes incident to humanity, as the following letter proves:

PLATTSVILLE, August 27, 1888.
We, the undersigned executors of the will of the late E. Motheral, return our sincere thanks to THE TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. for the prompt manner in which the claim of the late E. Motheral has been settled.
(Signed) ROBERT HEWITT,
WM. ROUSE,
JAMES MOTHERAL.

The sum paid was \$2,000, and the amount of premiums received was only \$30.45—A GOOD INVESTMENT.

- DANCING - \$100 FORFEIT.

I will forfeit ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for charitable purposes, if a Court Minuet was danced at "Ye Arte Fayre," Granite Rink, April last. A like amount to be forfeited by the party undertaking and failing to prove the contrary.—**PROF. DAVIS.**
N.B.—If the ladies and gentlemen of the "Minuet" set feel offended at this assertion, we ask them to blame the presumptuousness of the man who claims to have taught them.
Prof. Davis' Dancing Academy (Established 28 years), 77 Wilton Ave. Circular on application.

Grand Trunk Railway. Industrial Exhibition, 1888.

From Friday, 14th inst., until Friday, 21st inst., inclusive, trains will leave the Union Station every twenty minutes, from 8.30 a.m. to 8.10 p.m., returning from Exhibition Grounds at 8.45 a.m. and every twenty minutes until 8.30 p.m., or later if required.

Fare for the Round Trip, 10c.
JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.



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IN THE PUBLISHER'S OFFICE.

SUBSCRIBER—"I don't approve of your course on the Trade question, sir, and I want my paper stopped—I'm exceedingly angry, sir."

PUBLISHER—"Quite so; do you want your bill made out?"

SUBSCRIBER—"No; I'm not quite so mad as that."



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Business Index.

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The author of the work is the celebrated Dr. Richardson, of England; and, this book, though somewhat less bulky, being printed in smaller type, contains the whole of the matter of the English edition, slightly rearranged, as to some of the chapters to suit the requirements of our Public School work. It is, however, but half the price of the English edition.

The subject is treated in a strictly scientific manner, the celebrated author, than whom there is no better authority on this subject, using the researches of a lifetime in setting forth the facts of which the book discourses. At the same time the style is exceedingly simple; the lessons are short and accompanied by appropriate questions, and the language is adapted to the comprehension of all who may be required to use the book. Price 25 cents, at all bookstores.

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 Those being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that letters for the Conservatory be addressed **EDWARD FISHER, Director,** Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

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 His wife—"Yes; becoming very old and shabby! I'm going to get a new one to-day."

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 Letter of approval in favor of Mr. James Jameson,
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The Evening Telegram, Toronto, March 21st,
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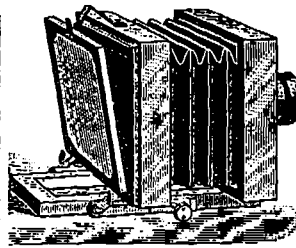


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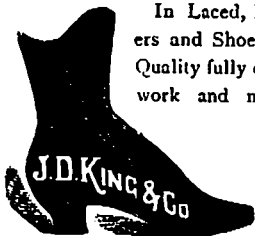
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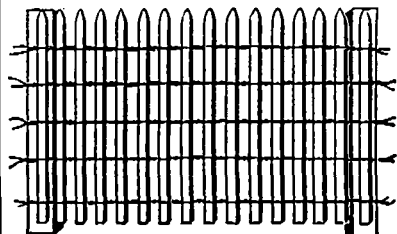
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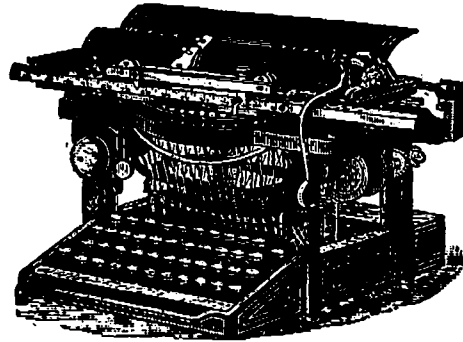
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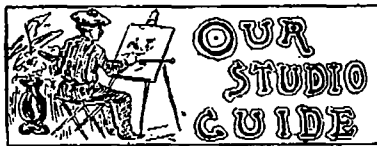
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