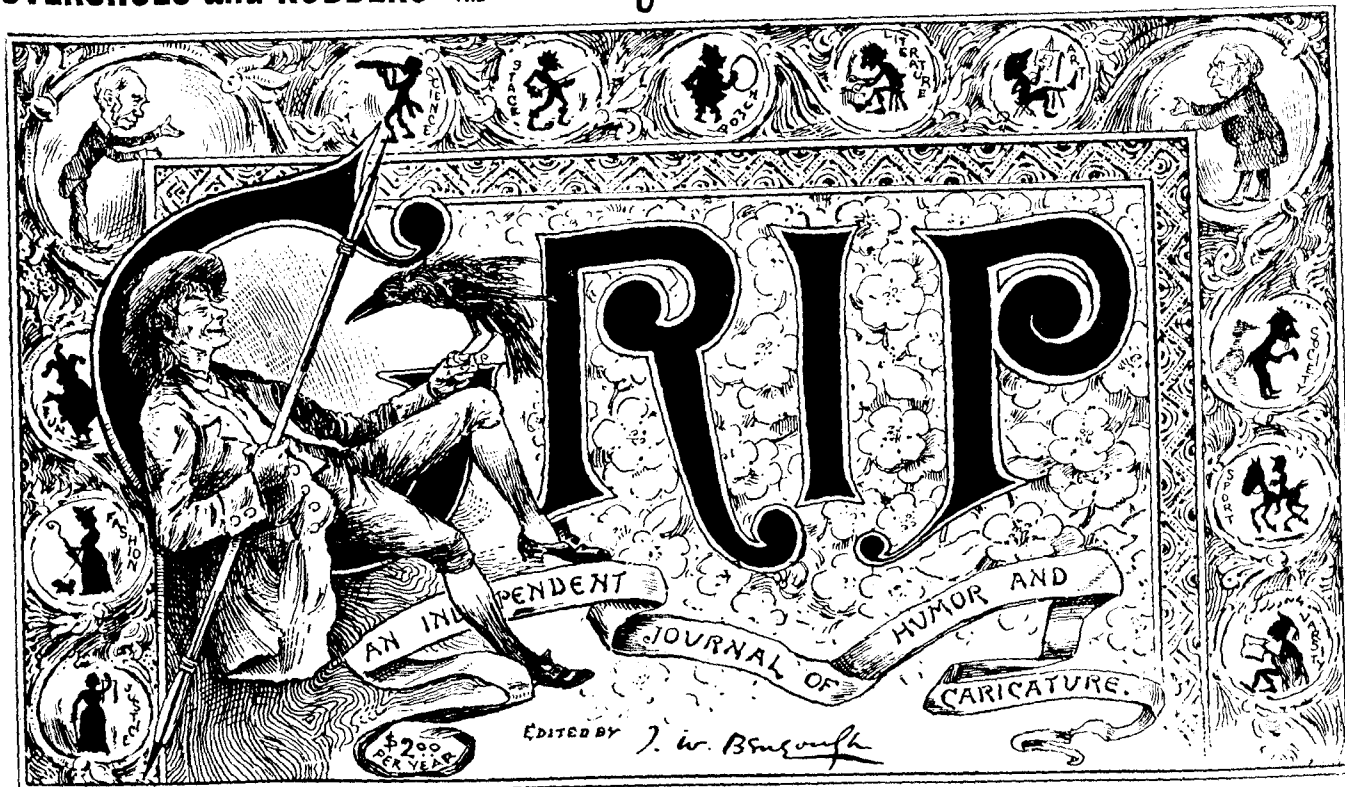


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VOL. XXXVIII.—No. 2.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

No. 969.

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MR. MEREDITH stands in the front ranks of the Conservative party of Canada. It is doubtful if there is an abler man in that party, and it is certain that there is not a more popular one. He is at present leader of the Loyal Opposition in the Ontario Assembly, and rumor has it that he will shortly be asked to accept a seat in the Dominion Cabinet. The wider sphere at Ottawa would afford scope, we believe, for a display of ability even greater than Mr. Meredith's admirers credit him with.

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(See page 16)

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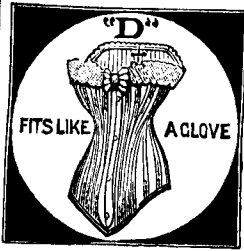
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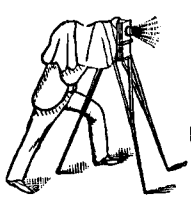
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GRIP

VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, JANUARY 9, 1892.

No. 2.
Whole No. 969.



THE POLITICAL TWO-HEADED BOY.

A REMARKABLE CURIOSITY NOW ON VIEW IN THE DOMINION MUSEE.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 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. No one who is a paid humorous writer for any paper or publication will be allowed to compete under any circumstances.
- 9th. All articles to be sent in by March 1, 1892, when the competition will be closed.
- 10th. 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.



HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.—If Mr. Edward Blake's ear is at all keen, he must be aware that his country is calling him at the present time. The suggestion of his name for the vacant Lincoln seat was, we may safely say, received with lively interest all over the country. It does not matter particularly what constituency elects him, so long as he has a place in the House, where he is greatly needed at the present juncture. It is not proposed that

he should go to Parliament as a party man, though his sympathies would naturally be with his old colleagues, but as a Free-lance, at liberty to speak his mind fully and frankly on all questions. Mr. Blake was not a brilliant success as a leader, but he is a model critic, and as a guide, philosopher and friend of well-disposed legislators he could render invaluable service. There is no doubt this sort of a position would suit his tastes much better than party work. We do not see, indeed, why he

should not be positively happy in it. And why shouldn't Mr. Blake return to public life? He is now in good health, so far as we know, and, compared with the still active and energetic Gladstone, he is a young man. Moreover—and this ought to be conclusive with a man of patriotic impulses, such as we know Mr. Blake to be—he is *needed* now. He is admittedly our ablest man, and possesses the entire confidence of Canadians of all parties. Will he respond to the call? Weighty indeed must be the reasons which will justify him to his own conscience in refusing the duty and the honor to which he is summoned.

THE POLITICAL TWO-HEADED BOY.—The Tocci boys (or boy), who were (or was) on exhibition at the Musee here last week, may be the only physical freak of the kind on earth, but we have their (or his) counterpart in the political world of Canada. It happens that there is a similar prodigy now attracting the attention of Canadians. Premier Abbott and Lt.-Gov. Angers are certainly two distinct political heads, but, since the promulgation of the doctrine that Provincial Governors are only the servants of the Federal Government, it is clear that they are really one person, so far as responsibility for any extraordinary exercise of power on the part of the former is concerned, unless that responsibility is declined by the dismissal of his local Excellency—as in the Letellier case. In the present instance the twinship appears to be acknowledged. The Premier and the Governor have only the one pair of constitutional legs, and must stand or fall together.



THE people of British Columbia don't want, and won't have Dewdney as Lieut.-Governor, and so the Premier has thought better of offering him the position. The *Hamilton Spectator* cruelly remarks that what is the gain of the Westerners will be our loss, and in this estimate of the usefulness of Dewdney to the Conservative party or to the country at large, there will be a general agreement. Which

once more incites us to ask, by what compulsion must we provide soft-snaps for such nonentities? Now that Baroness Macdonald no longer leads the Conservative party, why should her unaccountable whim of elevating this mediocre person to positions for which he has no fitness be any longer respected, to the detriment of the public service?

* * *
A S head of a Department,
 He's not a bit of good;
 Cut off his final syllable,
 And that's his size—a Dewd.
 * * *

THERE'S another utterly useless piece of lumber in the present Cabinet known as Sir Adolphe Caron. To the new-comer to Canada it may be explained that this gentleman got his title because he happened to be Minister of Militia when a rebellion (brought about chiefly by his own incompetence) was suppressed with very little of his assistance. We do not dwell on this point, however, as most knighthoods bestowed in Canada have been about as richly deserved, and Caron is a fine



THE CANADIAN MAZEPPA.

SIR JOHN THOMPSON DECLARES THAT IT IS THE INTENTION OF THE GOVERNMENT TO CLING TO THE OLD POLICY.

living illustration of the value of these decorations. Beyond that, he does not appear to be of any use at all. Mr. Tarte claims to be in a position to prove that the Minister of Militia is not merely useless but harmful—that he is a boodler and corruptionist. We are promised this evidence when Parliament meets, and if it sends Caron after Langevin, nobody will mourn.

* * *

AND oh, Mr. Abbott, you long ago promised
To fix up that Cabinet and make it all new,
We've waited and waited and waited and waited
To admire what you said you were going to do,

And yet at this minute there's Caron still in it,
And Dewdney and Carling and other small fry;
Have you no men of standing in the ranks you're commanding,
If so, why don't you give them positions, oh why?

It looks very much as though you were aspiring
The weak points alone of the Chieftain to borrow,
Tho' you never may gain such a wide-spread admiring,
You may claim even now to be called "Old To-morrow."

* * *

Lord George Hamilton is mentioned as the probable successor of Lord Stanley as Governor-General. Can he fish?—*Hamilton Times.*

IT is to be hoped that the Imperial Government will make full enquiry into the piscatorial accomplish-

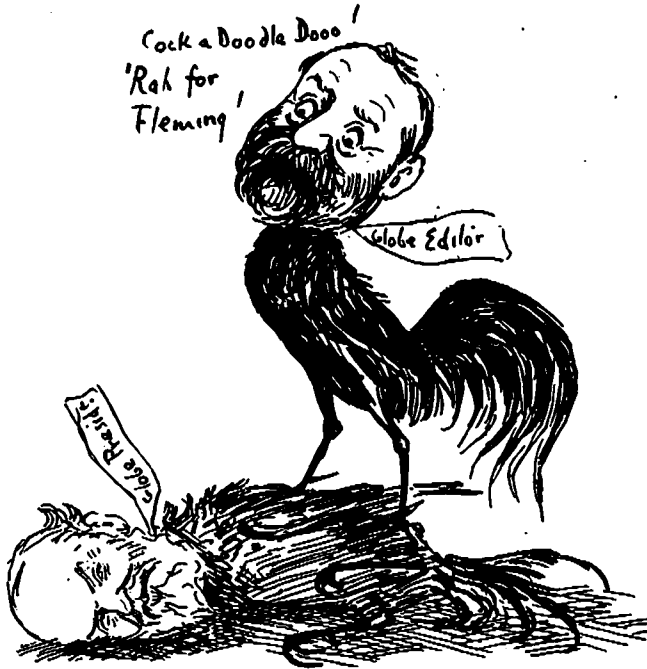
ments of the proposed appointee, and be able to assure us that he *can* fish. But he will suffer by comparison with Lord Stanley if he is not also endowed with a sublime *laissez faire* which will incline him to go fishing at those particular periods when his presence is required at Ottawa.

* * *

IT must pain our good friend Col. Denison to observe that treason is rampant in the press of England, right at the foot of Her Majesty's throne! The same spirit of infernal disloyalty has evidently honeycombed the Salisbury Government, or they would ere this have ordered out the Horse Guards to put down the *Daily Chronicle*, which advises Canada to go in for free trade with the States, though of course it must know, as well as Col. Denison, that free trade means annexation.

* * *

LISTEN to the traitorous print:
What Canada needs now more than anything else is industrial and commercial freedom. Her perennial difficulties with the United States and Newfoundland arise from her absurd protective system. Mr. Laurier struck the true note when he declared Canadians should approach the Americans on economic, not on political lines. Continental free trade, but no political annexation, should be the watchword of every Canadian who wishes to live on friendly terms with the neighboring States and takes an interest in the economic future of his country.



"A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF."

THE *Globe* Editor jubilates over the *Globe* President, *apropos* of the Mayoralty.

GRIP would like to hear what Canadian Professors of Political Economy have to say to the following platform:

1. The most direct taxation is the best, because it gives to the real payers of taxes a conscious and direct pecuniary interest in honest and economical government.
2. Mortgages and capital engaged in production or trade should be exempt from taxation: because taxes on such capital tend to drive it away, to put a premium on dishonesty and to discourage industry.
3. Real estate should bear the main burden of taxation: because such taxes can be most easily, cheaply and certainly collected, and because they bear least heavily on the farmer and on the worker.
4. Our present system of levying and collecting state and municipal taxes is extremely bad, and spasmodic and unreflecting tinkering with it is unlikely to result in substantial improvement.
5. No legislature will venture to enact a good system of local taxation until the people, especially the farmers, perceive the correct principles of taxation and see the folly of taxing personal property.

* * *

WE regard these paragraphs as five chunks of solid truth. They are the principles advocated by the N.Y. Tax Reform Association, and eighty-one occupants of University Chairs of Political Economy, including representatives of Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Harvard, New York, Union and Williams, have subscribed to them. We ought to have an Association in Canada to spread the light on this important subject.

THE CRYING NEED.

IF there is one thing more than another that our literature wants just now, it is wise and just critics.—*Canada*.

It strikes **GRIP** that if there is one thing more than another that our critics want just now, it is literature.

THE SUPERSENSITIVE EYE.

A WELL-TRAINED eye and a critical taste
Are very good things, no doubt,
But they sometimes turn into curses, too,
As poor M. Quad found out.

M. Quad was a fellow who read the proofs
For a printing shop in town,
A serious, sober, steady man,
As all who knew him will own.

All day he sat with watchful eye
As his pen o'er the proof-sheets crawled,
And marked each error, however small,
While the copy-holder drawled.

In course of time his critical eye
So very critical grew,
That ne'er a proof-sheet left his desk
Until it was perfectly true.

But, tho' he liked this irksome job,
It began to wear on his nerves,
And his eye was constantly pained by slips
That no other eye observes.

If he picked up a book to pass an hour
Mid fiction's joys and his eagers,
He forgot the tale in his eager search
For typographical errors.

When he walked down street his optic sharp
Each bill and sign detected,
And if an error it chanced to mark
He longed to have it corrected.

He'd go into a stranger's shop
With a pained look on his face,
To tell him that his window sign
Had a letter out of place.

And if the shopman wouldn't go
And fix it right away,
M. Quad would lose his appetite
And mope about all day.

He read the papers carefully,
Tho' news ne'er met his eyes,
He did it as a painful task—
A final proof revise.

In short, he grew to be a crank
Upon this wretched fad,
And in an erring world he lived
A life extremely sad.

Like *Hamlet* in his frenzied way,
He'd cry, "Oh, wretched spite,
That ever I was born to set
These endless blunders right!"

At last, that typographic flaws
No more his soul should vex,
He took to wearing ultra-blue,
Dark, double-opaque specs.

A WORK OF SUPEREROGATION.

"Osler is forging ahead."—*World* December 30th.

NOW, why should Osler forge a head
It has been clearly shown
By what his platform friends have said
He's got one of his own.

ONE BETTER.

OUR new drawing-room suite is antique! Cost an awful lot!"

"Oh, that's nothing much! I heard father and mother talking about the whole furniture of our house being on tick."



A COLD DAY FOR BILLY MACLEAN.

WAITING FOR THE SUNDAY CARS.

EVELYN.

A NOVEL OF THE DAY.

THE air was filled with the subtle perfume of orchids and century plants in full bloom. Athwart the paintings (by Michael Angelo, Rubens, etc.) and oriental hangings of the room, shot the sun, throwing a rainbow of light in its path across heavily embroidered portieres, Japanese easels and Venetian bric-a-brac. It hesitated a moment, then flung its whole wealth of rose-colored light upon the form of a maiden of seventeen summers, who reclined upon a divan weeping bitterly.

Her beauty was of such radiance as to be indescribable—but here is an idea of it: Her hair—which waved to her feet over a robe of richest damask, embroidered with pearls and turquoise—was of the purest gold; her eyes were of the softest brown, with a shade of the amethyst in their depths; her mouth was red as the ruby, shaped like the bow of Cupid, and as mobile as a spring day; her face was oval, her broad, low forehead as smooth and polished as marble, her nose pure Greek, her chin ditto,

and her cheeks the color of white roses with the blush of morn upon them; her hands and feet were shaped exactly like those of Venus (only not nearly so large); and her figure was slender and graceful and willowy—most weepingly willow. This is a faint portrayal of her charms.

Her eyes were filled with large moonstone tears. "Oh, my love," she murmured; "are we to part thus?" And she tore a hundred and fifty dollar lace handkerchief to pieces, in her woe.

"Horrid maid. Horrid, horrid Marie! Last year you gave me away about the coachman, and this year you will perhaps separate me from the footman. Mon Dieu! did ever maiden have such hard luck?"

Just then the door opened and a manly form, in livery, entered. He flung himself at her feet and madly kissed the pearls and turquoise of her embroidered gown. (Tableau.)

"Is this true, Marie?"

"Oui, every word ezz true, monsieur."

"And he is a lord, you say. How did you find that out?"

"By *lettre*, monsieur. His *père* wrote. I found the *lettre*. He ezz Anglaise milord. Browne. Great, high, noble Brownes."

"Well, here is fifty cents. Don't say anything about it. You may go now."

(She left the room. On the outside, strange to say, was *milord*, who gave her fifty cents more and smiled most sweetly.)

"Good gracious, isn't this splendid! My daughter marries a lord in disguise, become a great lady, and I live easy ever after. Well, Evelyn, the sooner the better, as my creditors will be down on me next month sure."

The moon rose in splendor, cast a smiling glance upon the sleeping world, then disappeared behind a cloud and waited patiently for the lovers to leave the Smith mansion. They were eloping. The lord (in disguise) held the beautiful Evelyn by the hand and led her to the carriage. They got in and were quickly whirled toward love, happiness and the depot. The moon came out and grinned—Smith's face appeared at the window. He grinned, too. "Ah, ha! Good bye, my children."

TEN YEARS LATER.

They are somewhere in the States. Evelyn is taking in washing for a living; the "lord" is living on the washing, too—so are the little lords and ladies.

P.S.—Smith makes a luxurious living by breaking stones for some monopoly. ROLY ROWAN.

WORDSWORTHIAN SONNET.

PLEASANT it is to watch the starry sky
While smoothly gliding o'er the ice-clad plain
With steel-shod feet, to mark the moon's bright train
Accompany their queen's proud march on high.
To see the leafless trees sweep softly by,
Responsive to the skates' charmed Orphic strain,
Which, like the music of that fabled swain,
Makes rooted dryads foot it merrily.

The thin ice bends beneath our rushing feet,
Faster we fly, for safety lies in flight.
An unseen twig, or bunch of grass is met.
Heels up, our eyes more constellations greet,
While the rayed hole, reflecting orbs of night,
Seems like a spot where shooting stars had set.

WILLIAM MCGILL



EGOISM.

MISS A.—“I wouldn't marry the best man on earth.”
MR. B.—“Then there is no hope even for me!”

A WASTE OF WIND.

CANVASSER (*calling at house in suburbs*)—“Is Mr. Beeswax in?”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Yes that's me.”

CANVASSER—“I called, sir, to solicit your vote for Ald. Bolliver. Here is one of his cards. His record in the Council speaks for itself. He has always voted in favor of economy so far as consistent with efficiency in the public service, etc., etc.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Yes, that's all right. How's he on Sunday street cars?”

CANVASSER—“While he would not for the world do anything to impair the sanctity of the Sabbath, Ald. Bolliver has always recognized the right of people to decide the matter for themselves.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Just so. How is he on the temperance question?”

CANVASSER—“Oh, he is a staunch temperance man; never touches liquor himself—but not a fanatic, not a fanatic by any means. A temperance man in the broad liberal sense of the word—doesn't want to dictate to other people because his views happen to differ from theirs, you know.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Good enough. And what does he think about this Ashbridge's Bay scheme?”

CANVASSER—“Ah, Ashbridge's Bay scheme. Mr. Bolliver is heartily in favor of any improvement by which the sanitary condition of the city will be benefited—without, of course, entailing undue expense or putting too much power in the hands of any monopoly. He is disposed to favor the reclamation of Ashbridge's Bay under proper conditions, while objecting to many of the details in the scheme hitherto propounded.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Well, I guess he seems to be a pretty good sort of a man. He ain't one of these fellers

with the big head, is he, that'll be as nice as pie before election an' give yer the cold shake after they git yer vote?”

CANVASSER—“Not in the least, my dear sir. He is a man of the people—affable, genial and approachable all year round. Anybody'll tell you that knows Bill Bolliver.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Ah, glad to hear it—that's the kind of a man I like.”

CANVASSER—“Ah, then I trust my dear sir, we may count upon your vote and influence for Mr. Bolliver in the contest.”

HOUSEHOLDER—“W-e-ll no, I guess not.”

CANVASSER—“Why not, my dear sir? What objection have you either to him or his policy?”

HOUSEHOLDER—“Oh, I ain't any objection—not the least—but ye see I ain't got no vote and don't know a soul in the neighborhood. Only come to town last week.”

CANVASSER—“—!! — * * *? ——— (*Walks off rapidly.*)

HOUSEHOLDER—“Hold on, I forgot to ask you something. Is this man Bolliver in favor of—”

But the canvasser was out of hearing.

NEW YEAH WESOLUTION.

ALGY—“I am not going in society at all this yeah.”

HAWWY—“Deah me, Algy, why?”

ALGY—“I am weally afwaid. It is leap yeah, you know, and some howwid giwl might pwopose to me. I am suah that would shattaw my newves so howwibly that I should nevah wecovah.”

HAWWY—“Deah me, it would be wather embawwas-ing.”

R. R.



BANKING NEWS.

MR. SEEDY—“Here, pard, I've picked up a bit of a financial journal, an' it says times is so hard that the banks will soon be seekin' borrowers.”

MR. TROLLOP—“So? Then, I'll tell you what; we'd better drop 'round and leave them our address, so they'll know where to find us when they start out.”



HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.

SPIRIT OF CANADA—"Come, Edward, drop these musty law books and enter Parliament again as a Free-lance. You can serve me right royally in this, my time of need!"



JACK AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER.

(Our minister is a bachelor and has a housekeeper and a gardener. Name of latter, Jem Smith.)

SMALL BOY (*overtaking rev. gentleman near his residence*)—"Say, mister, be you the man wot lives with Jem Smith?"

A NEW PHILANTHROPIC SCHEME.

THE very painful accident which has deprived Prince Christian of one of his eyes will, I am sure, elicit the sympathy of all classes of the community, of democrats as well as of aristocrats; of republicans as well as of monarchists. When one considers the numberless accidents, fatal and otherwise, which attend all the sports of which Englishmen are so fond, one sometimes wonders at the prevalence of such dangerous amusements. It would be absurd of course to advocate the abolition of such sport just because so many hundred human lives are sacrificed to it every year; after all it is only through the sacrifice of human life that the world moves at all. But it is highly probable that this accident, happening to a prince, may be the means of more care being exercised in the future than would the deaths of several keepers. Men of rank may flatter themselves that in this respect at least they are valuable to the public at large. An accident to one of them has more effect on the future security of many of the most humble classes than any amount of loss of life suffered by those of a different and presumably inferior clay. Since philanthropy seems to be the rage just now, to some extent among the more highly placed as well as among those of lower degree, I would suggest that a society be formed among those who feel the claims of a common humanity pressing upon them,—and who are of sufficiently high estate to be of any service,—for the purpose of doing away with many causes of loss of life and other accident which now exists. Prince Christian having gone through his novitiate already might be made president of such an association, without being expected to render any further service in any way. The duties of the members would be on every occasion to throw themselves in the way of accidents which as a rule happen

only to those in a lower station in life. Thus, one noble lord might make a practice of walking on railway lines, and might contrive to get his foot fast in the "frog." He would probably lose his life or his foot, but he would have fulfilled a noble destiny, since at once a storm would go up to heaven against these mantraps which the maiming or killing of ten ordinary persons would not produce. Other gentlemen could amuse themselves in coupling trains; the first one caught and crushed through a defective coupling-link would die a glorious martyr to the cause, but would not die in vain. Others again might take to operating with the electric wires which kill so many men through insufficient insulation, etc.; the first noble who touched a "live" wire would probably be a dead noble, but in this condition he might be more useful than in life. Let me urge the formation of such a society upon the notice of those who sigh for philanthropic plans; this one has the immense advantage over the ordinary work of that kind, that none but those of the very highest position could possibly undertake it successfully, thus rendering it the most exclusive scheme on record.

FERA.

THE SOWER.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

HE stalks across the furrowed plain,
And scatters wide the golden grain.
On each land's edge his steps advance,
Then down the middle like a dance.

Yet are his motions not of mirth,
But quicksteps from the jaws of death,
A strife with nature, wind and weather,
And other men, and altogether

A Samson, blind and chained, I see,
In treadmill of monopoly,
Who strives to pay his rent and taxes
By pounding Earth's revolving axis.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

ANOMALIES.

THE weaker sex! What nonsense! We poor men it is who are the weaker sex, the defenceless sex. Night and day the unfair sex are preparing or putting in array against us the unfightagainstable forces of their charms, and they have been doing this so long they now have heredity on their side, and little misses are born to coquetry as the sparks fly upward. Not to say anything about nature, who always did and always will fight on the side of the women,—so much so, and so effectually so that spontaneously we men personify her femininely and call her She. But not satisfied with Nature, Art too must be impressed into their service; as if men, poor fools, were not easily and utterly routed at the first sight of artlessness. But artlessness, to such a pitch of anomaly have matters arrived, is now the most consummate of arts.

In what pitiable plight is the masculine heart. If left to itself it would surrender unconditionally at the first feint. Youth and beauty have but to appear at its gates to gain entrance. And yet to youth and beauty our already all too ravishing enemies persist in joining all that the cunningest craftsmen in the domain of Fashion can devise. But this very fact of the needlessness—so far as man as a masculine animal is concerned—of bringing all this great array to bear against him, is it not just a little suspicious? Can it be, ahem! that the strife after all is not between fair women and brave men, but is between the former only, is internecine?

HANK GARDNER HEARS THE PHONOGRAPH.

I TOOK some wood down yisterday to Cedarville, an' put up at Simmon's tavern. Thar was a big crowd around, jawin' about same durned thing they called a phonergraft.

"I'll be essentially gosh jiggered ef it don't beat all," says Jim Weedlesnick, which lives onto the Sixt' concession, "I've read about them things, but I allowed it was just some of the guff them newspaper fellers is always a-gittin' off. I never would have b'leaved it ef I hadn't heard it—an' durned ef I don't think they's some fake about it now."

"Bout what?" says I.

"Why, this here phonergraft. Ain't yer heard it yit?"

"No; what is it anyway?"

"Why, it's jest a talkin' machine. It'll sing an' holler and preach, an' dear knows what all. They've got machines fur most everythin' these days, but a talkin' machine just knocks me cold."

"Oh, go'way," says I, "it's just some of Simmons' games. He's always up to some monkey-shine or other. He's foolin' ye. Got a feller hid down cellar or some-where that does it all. He'll git the laugh on ye bime-by, an' then you'll have to set 'em up for the crowd an' you won't never hear the last of it. It don't stand to common sense."

"Well, you go into the settin' room and see fur yourself. It'll on'y cost ye ten cents. Ef ye're so mighty smart ye kin praps find out where the trick comes in."

I went into the settin' room, an' had hard work to get through the crowd aroun' the machine. Some of em' was standin' an' some settin' around the table with rubber tubes stickin' in their ears, runnin' from a box in the centre of the table. Some of 'em says, "Well, now, ain't that great"—"Sounds just as natural don't it?" "Never heard nothin' like it," and soon.

I listened an' listened, an' couldn't hear a durned thing.

Finally the fellers at the table got up an' a new lot sot down an' anted up ten cents apiece. A smart lookin' feller with a tall hat and a black mustache which seemed to boss the show, says to me, 'Would ye like to hear the wonderful phonergraft, Mister?'

"You bet," says I, "that's just what I've been a-tryin' to do, but she don't seem to talk loud enough."

He laughed and said that the machine couldn't afford to talk for nothin'. So I put up my ten cents and sot down and stuffed the tubes into my ears.

"Now," says he, "we have speeches by the ablest of livin' orators, and music by the most talented artistes. Which would you like?"

"Give us 'Little Annie Rooney' says I, and the crowd laughed, an' some one says, 'Git onto the hayseed, fire him out!' etc. If it hadn't been that I thought I'd lose my ten cents I'd have got right up an' kicked the stuffin' outen him."

"No," says he, "that song ain't on our report-war"—whatever he meant by that—"But I'll now give you a grand an' touchin' extract from one of Mozart's Ontarios."

Geewhillaunks! I never heard sech music. I swear you could hear the sound of all the musical weapons sech as fiddles, flutes, drums, pianos an' the like just as natural an' a blamed sight better than anythin' was ever played by the fife and drum band at the Corners, an' it ain't no slouch of a band either, let me tell you! I could have sot and listened all day—Tootle-tootle-toot-zip-bang-rattle-thumpety-thumpety-boom-boom-BOOM!

"For gracious sake," says I, when the music let up.



EQUIVOCAL.

HE—"My dear friend, have you read my last novel?"

SHE—"Yes."

HE—"How did you like it?"

SHE—"I laid down the volume with intense pleasure."

"It would take about two dozen men to make all that racket. How on earth do you git it all outen that little concern?"

The feller in the tall hat smiled, an' said somethin' about the wonders of modern science, an' I went out. People said it was fine classical music, but I'd sooner have heard a regular tune. I don't see as how there can be any fake about it, but there's no knowin'.

AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE.

RABBI ADLER in his reply to Professor Goldwin Smith on the Jewish question in a recent number of the *North American Review* says:

The sovereign remedy for all the ills from which the Jews of Russia have suffered so long is to be found in the one word "Freizügigkeit" * * * When will the Czar pronounce that word so that happier days may dawn?

Now this explains the whole trouble. Why didn't somebody tell us so before? We are afraid if the unfortunate Hebrews are waiting for anybody to pronounce that word—excuse us for not writing it again—it will be a long time before they are relieved of their disabilities. But the Czar ought to make an effort to get his tongue round it. By diligent practice for a few hours every day for a year he might get away with it.

If "Frei" etc. means "freedom" or anything of that sort, which appears probable from the context, it is easy to understand how not only the Jews but the other natives of those parts are hopelessly enslaved. What else can be expected when liberty is not only a name but a name that nobody can pronounce without danger of dislocation of the jaw!

WHY NOT HUNT SOMETHING EATABLE?

NOTABLE specimens of game continue to be taken in Maine. W. K. Mayo, jr., of New York city, recently shot a moose at Moosehead Lake, the head and antlers of which weighed 188 pounds.—*N. Y. Sun*.

People who shoot no-table specimens of game evidently kill them for mere amusement.



ON GUARD.

COLLECTOR—"Is your boss in?"

OFFICE BOY—"My boss! I 'ain't got no boss. If you mean the cully wot pays me to look after his office, no he 'ain't in; an' he won't be till after you git out!"—*N. Y. Truth.*

IN PREPARATION.

THERE is naturally a good deal of interest felt throughout the Dominion in the battle now raging in the Province of Quebec, and everything pertaining to the leaders on both sides, calculated to give outsiders a better knowledge of them, is sure of appreciation. It has occurred to GRIP that his readers would like to know something of the *personnel* of the new DeBoucherville Cabinet, and so in an early issue it is his intention to publish a page of caricature portraits, embracing Messrs. DeBoucherville, Nantel, Pellitier, Flynn, Casgrain, Beaubien, Hall, Masson, Taillon, (and the creator of these cabinet celebrities) Lt.-Gov. Angers. Although given in caricature form, the portraits will be direct from recent photographs, and therefore correct and life-like. Look out for this special feature. It will possibly be ready for next issue; if not, it will appear in the following number for certain.

A NEW YEAR'S VIGIL.

NEW YEAR'S EVE! the sands of the Old Year were rapidly running out. Eighteen Hundred and Ninety One was dying, mourned by the requiem of the wind which moaned along the deserted streets, drifting the snow before it. The night was bleak and starless, and no sound was audible but the voice of an occasional belated reveller, mingled with the faint reverberations of the Osler boom. In the parlor of a suburban residence a careworn and anxious-looking man was seated before the expiring embers in the grate, his head resting on his hand in an attitude of meditation. Ever and anon he glanced with an expression of impatience at the time-piece on the wall, the hands of which indicated that in a few minutes 1891 with all its joys and sorrows, its pleasures

and sins and follies—its memories for good or evil, would soon be numbered among the things that were.

What were his thoughts at that solemn moment? Doubtless he was reflecting on the errors of a mis-spent career, and resolving that with the advent of a new year he would amend his course and mar with no dark stain the fair unblemished page of a new life which opened before him. The old year in its flight was bearing away into the past those mistakes and follies which had been bitterly repented, and he was eager to hail a new and radiant milestone on his life's pathway which should be the beginning of a brighter career. Let the old year die. It cannot go too quickly. Welcome the New, with its fair promise and hope for a future undimmed by the vain regrets and self-reproach for what might have been which threw a gloom over his retrospect of the mis-used Past!

The hands on the dial pointed to five minutes before midnight. The dying embers flickered fitfully. He rose and paced the apartment, passing his hand thoughtfully across his brow. "Not yet! Not yet!" he exclaimed, in low thrilling tones, as he threw himself into an arm chair.

Midnight struck at length. The Old year was dead. The joy bells pealed across the snow. He rose and opened the door and listened intently. And as the sound died away he closed the door with a gesture of despair, as of one who sees his last hope departing and exclaimed.

"Confound that fellow. He hasn't sent the beer, and we shan't have a drop in the house for to-morrow. Well, I guess there's no use sitting up any longer!"

TRIED AND FOUND WANTING.

AN item is going the rounds of the newspapers to the effect that a girl in Shelbyville, Indiana, has been cured of consumption by eating dog-flesh, having consumed seven dogs in as many weeks. In view of the fact that people who eat sausages are no more exempt from consumption than other folks it is difficult to take any stock in the alleged remedy. Seven dogs wouldn't be in it with the general run of sausage-eaters.



QUEBEC MOUSE; OTTAWA ELEPHANT.

BLEU PRESS—"Look, Baptiste, here's the animal that's eating up your substance."—*Passepartout.*

WITH REFERENCE TO SARAH.

"WHAT are you writing?" said Jones to his wife, noticing what little progress she was evidently making, "you don't seem to know what you want to say, that's the third sheet you've torn up." "That's just what's the matter, I *don't* know what to write!" Sarah is leaving, you know, and she asked me to give her a 'character.' Now as I think I never had a more unsatisfactory servant, I don't know what to say! I hate to refuse her. In fact I daren't; she'd give me a fearful character if I refused to give her a good reference."

"Oh well! don't bother about it! Just say that she's honest, clean, attentive, and a good cook."

"Oh, Tom! How can I? why she—"

"Oh, that's all right! Put down honest—I'm sure she never even took a 'telling' from you—clean—*she's* clean enough—the house was awful dirty, no doubt—attentive—you needn't say who she was attentive to, it happened to be the policeman and looking-glass while she was here, but her taste might change. As for the cooking, you perhaps might alter that. Let me see! Put it, while she was with us we never had a badly cooked meal, that will fill the bill. I—"

"Why, you know I had to cook everything myself."

"Possibly. But they were well cooked, weren't they? Just you write the ordinary reference. It will probably turn out about as near the truth as the most they bring you. We never yet hired a girl who lived up to her 'character,' no one expects it!" *

COMMUNICATION WITH MARS.

MME. GUZMAN, an old lady who died lately in France, left a legacy of 100,000 francs to the Academy of Science to be given as a prize to the individual, of whatever nationality, "who shall discover, within ten years, a means of communication with a star (planet or otherwise), and of receiving a reply." This munificent offer has, of course, set the astronomers on the *qui vive*, and it is safe to assume that not a few individuals who know nothing of astronomy are hard at work on the problem. Up to this writing, however, the discovery has not been made. We mention this for the encouragement of any of our readers who may feel like going into the contest. We are too busy ourselves to devote any time to the matter—and, besides, we do not particularly care for the 100,000 francs, as it would be a lot of trouble getting them changed into Canadian currency—but, for the benefit of those who may care to go into the competition, we throw out one or two casual suggestions:

Take the planet Mars as one of our nearest, probably inhabited, neighbors. (There doesn't seem to be any use in experimenting on uninhabited planets. Let experimenters make a note of this). Now, the problem is, how to open up communication with Mars. Here are our pointers:

(1.) Signal them with a large bonfire, using for the purpose of the conflagration all the bad and useless novels that now cumber the earth, and all the treatises that have been written in support of Protection and other political humbugs. If this wouldn't make a blaze big enough to be seen across the blue empyrean, it may be concluded that the bonfire scheme is no good.

Other plans may be thought out in the shape of appeals to the eyes of the Mars people, such as flash-light signals, etc. If these all fail let us make an appeal to their ears, and to that end



BEHIND HIS USUAL RECORD.

MR. HOGG—"I'm losing my appetite somehow."

MRS. H.—"Too bad; I'm very sorry; and you've only eaten enough for three!"

(2.) Send Col. Denison up in a balloon to the highest possible point, and let him from that coign of vantage deliver one of his stentorian speeches on the old flag. There is reason to believe that the Marsians are not imbued as they should be with sentiments of profound attachment to the British Empire, and this would lend power to the Colonel's lungs. The rarity of the atmosphere between our upper regions and the planet Mars is so great—if, indeed, there is any intervening element at all—that every word would be distinctly heard, in all probability.

(3.) Another plan, slightly more expensive, however, would be to have some selections from Wagner played by a full orchestra upon the peak of Mount Stephen, N.W.T. This ought to fetch the Mars' people if they can hear anything.

(4.) The expensiveness of the project just suggested may render it impracticable. In that case, perhaps the same general effect could be produced simply by having Mr. Lem Felcher, attired in his holiday clothes, stand in that exalted attitude. We cannot think of anything that would be louder than this, and, in fact, we are inclined to think that the inhabitants of Mars would find some means of imploring us to stop the awful racket. But, as already stated, we are really too busy to go into this scientific business, fascinating as it unquestionably is. Our active sympathies are with the earnest experimenters, however, and we will be glad to chronicle the name and address of the winner of the prize. We have a premonition that he will turn out to be the same distinguished party who solves the problem of perpetual motion.

IT WASN'T BINDING.

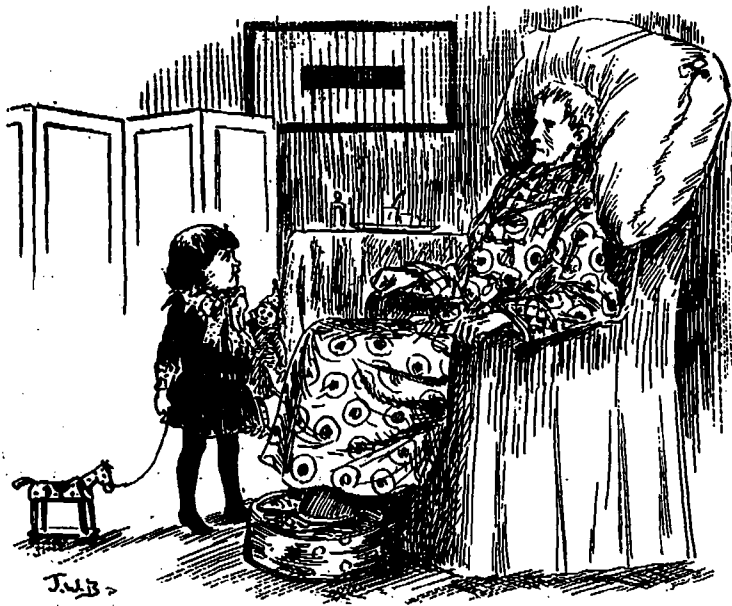
FLIPJACK—"Ah there, Boozer, off again? Thought you made a resolution New Year's that you weren't going to drink any more."

BOOZER—"Sho I did, but itsh no good. I moved reshlution but it wasn't seconded, sho it fell through, Shee? Comelongantakesumthin'."

COULDN'T GO THE PACE.

FIRST BOARDER—"Can you pass the cheese, Flipjack?"

SECOND BOARDER—"I doubt it. I think it could get ahead of me."



NOT MUCH OF A LAPsus.

LITTLE JOHNNY (after the medical man's departure)—“Pa, did the doctor feel your purse?”

JOHNNY'S PA—“Yes, my child, you've just about struck it.”

SATAN'S CANADIAN TOUR.

IN Pandemonium's spacious senate hall
Hell's lords assembled to deliberate,
And after many speeches, one and all
Agreed their kingdom was in prosperous state.
The famines, war-clouds, riots on this ball
Could hardly fail to make them feel elate,
And seemed to promise Eighteen ninety-two
Would bring them profitable work to do.

So all the devils were in merry pin
At such a prospect for the coming year,
When suddenly a wandering imp dropped in
With news that damped the ardor of their cheer.
This late comer to Canada had been
And brought account of all the doings here,
How courts were sitting villany to probe,
And Vice no longer wore official robe.

Such tidings raised a tumult, quickly quelled
By Satan's call to order from his throne,
And by the signal of his arm upheld,
Hell hushed until its prince's mind was known,
He spake—“If Canada has now rebelled,
Her mood may spread to a more populous zone,
I'll take a trip at once per C.P.R.
To nick this business ere it goes too far.

“Let Mammon and the rest their hosts prepare,
And wait me on the border till I spy
The land, and see the whole of this affair,
If trivial it is best to let it die
From its own fury as a harmless scare;
But if a grave disturbance, then will I
Devise some plan, although it seems to me
No land need give us fear with an N.P.”

He ceased, and straight with eager, bustling zeal
The fiends prepare their master for his trip,
And bring, lest change of climate he might feel,
The furs that caused a Middleton to slip
On virtue's path as on an orange peel,
These having donned, and with a well-packed grip,
Bulging with bribes of purse, power and position,
Old Satan started on his expedition.

Through space he rose until he reached the earth
At some way-station on the C.P.R.
Though it was night he took no sleeping-berth,
But passed at once into the smoking-car,
He revelled in the fumes the pipes gave forth,
And graciously accepted a cigar
From a commercial, who turned pale to see
It light in the fiend's lips spontaneously.

Triumphant was his progress through our land,
But time and space both fail me to relate
How in red parlors many a welcoming hand
He pressed, hobnobbing with the rich and great,
How St. Kitt's Tories begged that he would stand
In place of Rykert as their candidate,
Though such an honor he must needs refuse
Lest he should soil his hoofs in Charlie's shoes.

So to and fro he went as in Job's days,
Inspecting everything as he had planned,
He saw the boodle tricks and crooked ways
Wrought by our crafty politician band,
Marked how men would in their own party praise
What in the other they would reprimand,
How actions *venal* in their foes espied,
Became but *venial* on their own side eyed.

The Devil having gained this information
Through press report and private interview,
And having scattered bribes of wealth and station
Near hand to those who best his work could do,
Returned to outer space in great elation,
Where meeting Mammon with his vampire crew,
“O friends,” he cried, “we need not be in haste
Upon this realm our batteries to waste.

“Let us to England, where are foes to fight,
Home Rule for Ireland and the Land Reform,
But the Dominion is in no such plight
As I had feared, and all this furious storm
Against corruption is but party spite,
Vain frothings, that can never do us harm,
Rebukes of sin, such as I often make
In working up the hypocritic fake.

“This tempest in a teacup soon will die
And everything be as it was before,
'Tis best that we let well alone and fly
To other climes that need our presence more.”
So Satan spake, and with no battle cry
His legions passed from this beleaguered shore.
And though their going was no compliment
To Canada, it's just as well they went.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

EVIDENTLY THE PLAIN TRUTH.

HUSBAND—“I overheard Smith say to-day that I was the ugliest man in Toronto. I know I'm plain, but I didn't think I was as bad as that! Now, dear, tell me the honest truth! Am I really downright ugly?”

TENDER WIFE—“Oh, John! To ask me that! when you know I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world!”

THE THREE G'S.

I HIGHLY value your paper and believe its main planks are sound, and that it will help the Church to put down *fraud*, and to strengthen honest men in public positions. Toronto sadly needs GRIP and godliness and good men.

(REV.) GEO. WASHINGTON,
Cooksville.

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

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Those who use it Live. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

MISTRESS—"Fanchette, why don't you sweep with the new broom?"

FANCHETTE—"But, madam, the room was so dirty I thought I'd use the old one a little yet and save the new one."

"I HAD a rash all over my body, arising from bad blood," says Mr. Reuben Knight, of Morris, Man., and was entirely cured by less than one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters.

A DANCING man may, if he likes, use his chair for his partner, but he must on no account use his partner for a chair.

WHAT IS SAID IN FAVOR OF DYER'S IMPROVED FOOD FOR INFANTS.

THE Matron of the Protestant Infants' Home, 508 Guy Street, Montreal, says: "We have used Dyer's Improved Infants' Food for the babies and have found it to agree with them, and have much pleasure in recommending it." W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

A CLEAN white skin may be secured, and Rashes, Pimples, Blisters, Eruptions, etc., cured by the use of nature's remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters.

"COULD not do without GRIP; it has kept me from the dyspepsia for a good many years."—G. S. WHITE, Prescott.

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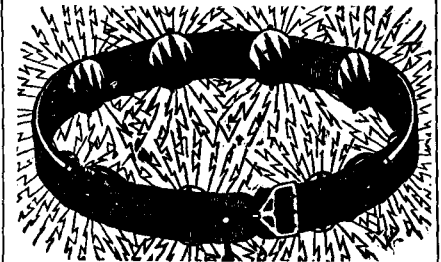
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