

# \* GRIP \*

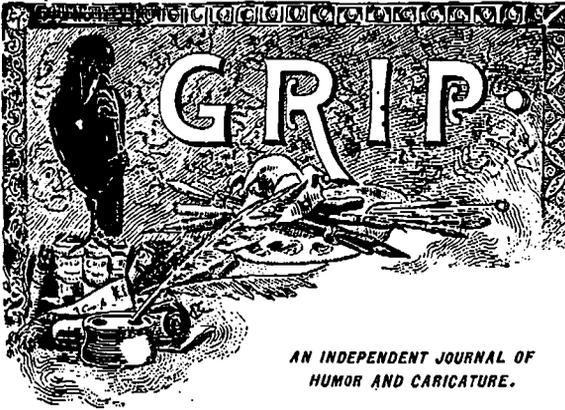
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HANDICAPPED!



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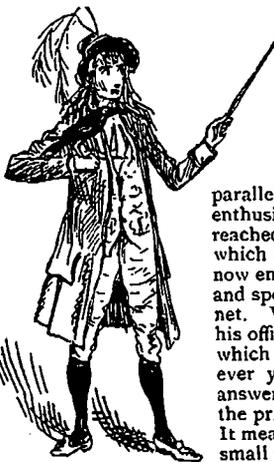
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Comments on the Cartoons.



**THE GREAT ONTARIO FOX-HUNT.**—In casting about for something whereunto to liken the eagerness with which the Conservative leaders are going into the Provincial campaign, the fox-hunt, as practised at 'ome, you know, presented itself as a reasonable parallel; though we doubt if the most enthusiastic 'cross-country riders ever reached quite the pitch of earnestness which is felt by the politicians who are now endeavoring to run down the cute and speedy Reynard of the Local Cabinet. Will they catch him, and cut off his official brush? That is the question which is being hotly discussed wherever you go. It is too early yet to answer it, but there is no doubt that the prize is worth a long and rough run. It means easy billets and high pay for a small army of the faithful, who are in a proper mood to enjoy such a bit of

fortune, besides a vast amount of glory not computable in dollars and cents. We may be sure there will be no "let up" on the race until five o'clock in the afternoon of June 5th. Meanwhile the friends of the "chase" are expressing calm confidence in the goodness of his legs, which have more than once got him safely away from the same riders. While, as already stated, it would be hazardous to predict the result of the election at this moment, we have no hesitation in endorsing the dictum of the *World* that on the date above named Mowat's "hour is come." It seems tolerably safe to bet on that.

**HANDICAPPED.**—The efforts of the Government orators will be chiefly directed to combatting the charge that there has been a culpable want of vigilance on the part of the Cabinet in respect of the designs of the Romish hierarchy in educational matters. The defence offered, in so far as the school law amendments are concerned is, that these amendments were one and all concurred in by the Opposition without a dissenting voice. No such defence can be made in the matter of the refusal to grant the Separate school ballot, however. And over and above all particular questions, there is the manifest and aggressive support of Archbishop Cleary, which must be very embarrassing at this juncture. The philippics of that prelate against Mr. Meredith, who is falsely charged with endeavoring to curtail the just rights of Catholics, are sure to tell powerfully in that gentleman's favor. The surprising vote polled by Mr. Hay in the recent contest in Ottawa city also indicates that the Equal Righters form an element that will heighten the uncertainty of the result in the calculations of both parties. Whatever the outcome may be, so far as the Ministry is concerned, we earnestly hope that there will be enough independent Equal Righters elected to hold the balance of power in the House. And, by the way, we cannot understand why the Equal Rights platform should not secure the support of Catholics as much as Protestants. We observe that the phrase "Equal Rights" is always used in Catholic journals in a way betokening hostility on the part of the writers. Are we to understand that our fellow-citizens of the Romish faith demand more than equality of civil rights? If not, why do they object?

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

TO CONCLUDE MAY 24TH.



**ELSEWHERE** in this number will be found a printed ballot. It will appear in the six issues following, that is, up to May 24th. During these seven weeks we hope to have a lively voting competition on the question:

"Is the Mowat Government worthy of a Renewal of Public Confidence?"

The ballots are to be cut out and forwarded to the personal care of Mr. J. W. Bengough, who will keep them safely until the 27th of May, when they will be delivered to a committee representing both political parties to be officially counted, the result to be published in the number of *GRIP* for May 31st.

The date of the election having been fixed for June 5th, we have shortened this contest by one week, so that the result of the voting will be made known, as above stated, in the issue of *GRIP* dated May 31st.

Ballots may be sent in open envelopes under 1 cent postage.

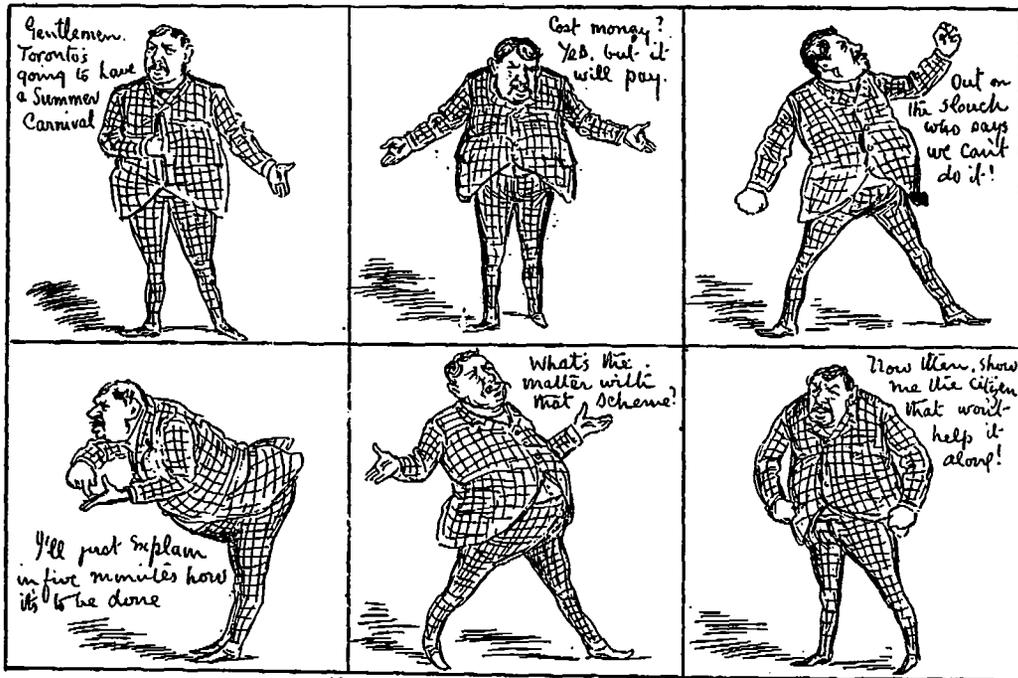
\$50 IN CASH

will be awarded to the person who most nearly guesses the total number of ballots that will be sent in before May 24th.



**FINALLY**, brethren, Mr. John Charles Rykert has handed in his resignation and walked out of the House. Thus endeth the Cypress Hills Timber Limit transaction. In his valedictory address, which was pitched in a minor key, the ex-Member expressed the hope that his constituency would be fortunate enough to secure a Member who would represent it as well as he has done for the past thirty years. We can only say, if it doesn't it will be a very unfortunate constituency. Mr. Rykert says a final farewell to the dream of a Senatorship or a Deputy-Speakership, and to all the other dignities which were once

within his possible reach, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has made provision for his old age by what he regards as a legitimate use of his legal talents.



ALDERMAN KING DODDS MAKES A PATRIOTIC ORATION.

IT wouldn't very greatly astonish us to find Mr. Edward Blake holding an office without portfolio, or a portfolio without salary, in Sir John's Government before all is done. The eminent and able gentleman has been manifestly growing kindly towards the people on the Treasury benches, and, during the present session, has left Sir Richard Cartwright and others to say all the nasty things that needed to be said against them. In the resolution suggesting the reference of disallowance questions to a Court for argument and "the information of the Cabinet," Mr. Blake did Sir John a service which was fully appreciated, as the honied reply of that right hon. gentleman indicated. The resolution passed unanimously, and Sir John promised to bring in a Bill next session to carry it into effect, at the same time congratulating Parliament that it possessed a Member so able, so upright, so eloquent and so long-headed as the honorable gentleman from Durham.

THE *New York Times*, one of the ablest and most widely read papers in the United States, lately printed a series of articles written by "A Canadian" and dated from Ottawa, under the startling heading of "Government by Corruption." The writer displays a profound and accurate knowledge of all that has taken place in political circles in Canada from ante-Confederation days down to the present, and he tells the tale in straightforward and unvarnished fashion. It is not pleasant reading to any lover of the Dominion. It is a story of bribery and corruption which might almost justify the Tammany braves themselves in posing as purists by comparison. And the worst of it is it is all too true.

A LITTLE passage at arms in the House between Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, a few days ago, forms the basis of some scathing remarks by the editor of the *New York Standard*. We have not observed that any of our own journals have commented upon the

episode, which was certainly deserving of notice. Sir Richard denounced the Protective system as simple robbery, and charged that the Government subsidized certain manufacturers who, in turn, subsidized the managers of the Campaign fund of the N.P. Party. Mr. Bowell indignantly denied that he or any other Member of the Cabinet got any money from manufacturers to put in their own pockets, but he took care not to deny that Sir Richard's real charge was true. It would have been folly to deny what everybody knows to be a fact.

MR. JOHN LEYS has publicly announced that, as a Member of the Ontario Assembly, it is his intention to support the Mowat Government right or wrong. This ought to bring Mr Leys' political career to a sudden and violent end, for in the first place a moral constituency ought to reject a candidate who openly declares that he will vote for what is wrong; and in the second place the Grit electors ought to slay a Grit who thus admits the possibility of Oliver the All-Right going astray under any possible circumstances.

QUESTION FOR OPINION OF COUNSEL.

IF a plug hat, or a spavined mare, or a timber limit, or anything were obtained by fraud, must the article so obtained be returned or the full value of it be refunded? Common honesty would say yes. Were such a case to come before the Government would their uncommon honesty insist on full restitution being made? or permit the offender to thrust his tongue in his cheek and get off with the "swag"?

THE *Brantford Telegram* has a daily column of paragraphs it calls "Ticks." But the author of them is evidently no sheep-head. And yet he indulges in awful butts.

## THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. V.



OFTEN wonder, said Banks, of the *Mail*, to Ald. Brandon, "what attraction the proceedings of the Council has to the occupants of the gallery, who come here every night as eager spectators. Notice, for instance, that elderly gentleman with grey side-whiskers, who has just taken his accustomed seat in the front row. He will sit there absorbed in the Council's deliberations until eleven o'clock. Now, what interest can he have in the doings of the civic magnates?"

"It's hard to say," replied Ald. Brandon, "but you know magnets always attract."

"Just so," replied the gentleman familiarly known among his associates as 'the Crofter,' as he passed to his seat and relapsed into a reflective mood. Five minutes afterwards he waltzed up to the alderman with a radiant smile and remarked: "And they also turn towards the Pole."

"Who do?" asked Brandon, who was deeply engaged in a discussion with Aldermen Lucas and Hill about the Don agreement.

"Why, the magnates we were speaking of."

"Oh, yes, I see. Not bad at all for a Scotchman. Glad you didn't mention anything about steel in this connection. I don't like reflections on our honesty, even in irony. Next!"

But the Mayor entered, and the interchange of badinage ceased.

## ALD. FRANKLAND'S ENGLISH TOUR.

Ald. Frankland—

There's a land that bears a well-known name,

Though it be but a little spot,

'Tis the brightest gem on the scroll of fame—

The rest I have quite forgot;

But I'd like to go 'ome three months or so,

If you'll kindly give me leave,

Though my absence very much I know

Will my faithful colleagues grieve.

Chorus—

May I go 'ome to England? please say I can.

'Tis the right of a true-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the Pole or the Zone,

And meet with but slight relief,

For the truck that's in those there sections grown

Don't nourish like Hinglish beef.

But the cattle I send 'em fills the bill,

We've built up a trade o'er sea;

There is nothing like beef will the stomach fill,

If you doubt it look at me.

Chorus—

May I go 'ome to England? Please say I can,

For beef is the food of an Englishman.

As a man of weight and substantial build,

I'll do credit to you abroad;

There are few who a chair have better filled,

Or a prouder record scored.

Should the haughty stranger seek to know

Why I make the ocean trip,

A flush will flow from my cheek to my brow

As I tell of the beasts I ship.



Frankland, it appears,

We mourn o'er thy departure—hence these steers.

Well, when your numerous friends at home you see,

Ask them what folks in England think of me;

If you see Gladstone tell him without fail

I hope to see his policy prevail.

Mention to Balfour that I should not dream

Of sanctioning his new Land Purchase Scheme.

There is a duke or two I used to know,

I'll give you letters to 'em when you go.

Of Windsor Castle if you'd have a view,

Just mention Hallam and they'll show you through;

Tell Tennyson I think he's playing out,

That his last work's inferior there's no doubt;

I'm sorry that my old friend Browning's dead,

His poems should be much more widely read;

You might have called on him had you been near,

He never failed to stand cigars and beer;

When you're in London call on Swinburne, do,

He'll go round town with you and put you through.

## ALD. MACDONALD'S MALFEASANCE NOTICE

came up again. The Laird of Chester, not satisfied with having scared his opponents into reinstating him on the Street Railway Committee, insisted on renewing the notice charging somebody with having done something.

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"Is this Council meeting to be a feast of Damocles? You doubtless are familiar with the classic legend, in which the reveller beheld above the banquet table a sword suspended by a single hair, which at any moment might impinge upon his pericranium. Is the shadow of suspicion to overwhelm us like a summer-cloud, and point the finger of scorn at names which are imperishably emblazoned onto the tablets of memory? Is the foul fiend of calumny to revel in unformulated and indefinite lucubrations founded in malignity? It is *ultra vires*."

THE MAYOR—"Ald. Macdonald should prefer a specific charge."

ALD. GRAHAM—"Charge, Chester, charge!"

ALD. E. A. MACDONALD—"I want to be sure of my ground."

THE MAYOR—"Formulate the accusations and we'll discuss them."

As Ald. Macdonald didn't, the matter was dropped.

## ELECTRIC LIGHT DEPUTATION.

Ald. Bell—

Now I hope you'll all agree  
To send Ritchie, Shaw and me  
On a pleasant little trip to Chicago;

Chorus—  
May I go 'ome to England? Please say I can.  
For what without beef is an Englishman?

Ald. Boustead—  
While greatly I regret  
That us you're quitting,  
To grant you leave would only be beejitting.

The Mayor—  
We wish you bon voyage  
and favoring gales,  
May prosperous breezes  
still expand your sails.

Ald. Hallam—  
Thou'rt going to leave us,



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.



To see electric lights  
And take in the other sights  
We can nicely in a Pullman palace car go.

They'll be sure to treat us well,  
For in Ritchie, Shaw and Bell  
They'll be honoring the people of Toronto;  
And the system it requires  
For to work electric wires  
I'm sure that we shall speedily get onto.

The citizens must feel  
A glow of civic zeal,  
Nor deem that they're unduly being plundered,  
Though it sounds a trifle steep,  
Yet it's really very cheap  
To be dined and wined and feted for five hundred.

When abroad we feast and  
drink,  
The proper view, I think,  
According to true civic ortho-  
doxy,  
Is that those we represent,  
When we're on their busi-  
ness sent,  
Are he ones who thus are re-  
velling by proxy.

ALD. GILLESPIE—"I'm  
down on this thing of  
junketing abroad at the  
city's expense."

ALD. RITCHIE—"Oh,  
we sha'n't do any junk-eat-  
ing, don't you be alarmed.  
We'll have the best that's  
going."

Finally the eminently  
aldermanic view of Ald.  
Bell prevailed by a large  
majority, and the expendi-  
ture was sanctioned.

*Pick-me-up*, of London,  
Eng., from whose columns  
we have of late made some  
pictorial selections, is one  
of the brightest publications  
of the day, and in the  
matter of good drawing and  
snappy jokes, leads the  
British comic Press by a  
whole length. Though  
belonging to the class of  
penny journals, it is beauti-  
fully printed on dainty pink  
paper. The office of pub-  
lication is 11 Southampton  
Buildings, Chancery Lane,  
W.C.

MR. GRIP,—In view of your cartoon representing Sir John bidding the farmer folks be warmed and fed, and then raising the tariff to prevent them from being so, there is a passage in Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* that neatly describes the situation. It says: "I do not know whether it is worth while to tell what followed, for it was very ridiculous, but I shall venture at it, for as it is not foreign to the matter, so some good use may be made of it. There was a jester standing by, that counterfeited the fool so naturally that he seemed to be really one. There remained nothing but that some public provision might be made for the poor, [farmers.] 'Leave that to me,' said the fool, 'and I shall take care of them; for there is no sort of people whose sight I abhor more, having been so often vexed with them and with their sad complaints; but as dolefully soever as they have told their tale they could never prevail so far as to draw one penny from me; for either I had no mind to give them anything, or when I had a mind to do it, I had nothing to give them; and they now know me so well that they will not lose their labor, but let me pass without giving me any trouble, because they hope for nothing.'" A MERE FARMER.

A BARRIE man, who has been in gaol, is alluded to by one of the papers as "The dependant." Barrie editors are scrupulously particular in personal reference. A sub-  
scriber is a subscriber, they say!



EVADING THE ORDER.

["I have been ordered by my doctor to take horseback exercise."—Don, in *Saturday Night*.]  
DON'S DOCTOR (in background)—"Hi, there, Shep! I ordered you to ride, not to walk!"



### GIVEN AWAY.

PROUD MOTHER—"My son does not take tea, thank you. (*Aside*) The doctor has recommended him to avoid stimulants. For what with his seeing blue monkeys and maroon skeletons sitting in his chair, and lizards running over everything when he was going in for his last— What are those two letters that mean what you were going in for, John?"

JOHN—"D.T.; I mean—er—B.A., of course."—*Fun.*

### A WARNING TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

**L**O! I am Foster. Mark my martial mien,  
My spectacles, my scanty goatskin beard,  
My body coat, my legs so long and lean,  
Look at all these, and if you're not afraid,  
I don't know what you're made of.

How dare you, Johnathan? Dare you impose  
And threat on me tricks of retaliation?  
You try it! and you'll find me tweak Blaine's nose,  
And ruin the egg traffic of your nation—  
You're not the kind of hairpin I'm afraid of.

Am I from century to century's years  
To frame a moderate policy to suit you?  
No! I'll tax pork and beans and bank cashiers,  
And with my N.P. tariff boots will boot you,  
Low Yank, beware!—(*Here F. G. Blaine, in  
his capacity of the American Eagle, let off a  
scream, and the crowing cockerel crept under  
the hen roost.*)



### VIGOROUS CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PROPRIETRESS—"Why, Miss Multon, what in the world broke the instrument so?"

MISS MULTON—"Colonel Roaster of Kentucky was just in to dictate a letter to his political opponent, and I had to typewrite it literally."—*Judge.*

### TAKING THE CENSUS.

(*Inquiringly*) "What is your age?" he asked with a sigh,  
(*Mellifluously*) "A common noun," was the sweet reply.  
(*Blushingly*) "I mean," he stammered, "how old may you be?"  
(*Pertly*) "I am not old at all," replied she.  
(*Impatiently*) "Well, well," he exclaimed, "What year were you born?"  
(*Truthfully*) "I'm a girl, not a year," she replied with scorn.  
(*Dubiously*) "Can you remember the Civil War?"  
(*Indignantly*) "I'd like to know what you take me for!"  
(*Hopfully*) "How long have you dwelt in this vale of tears?"  
(*Doubtfully*) "Let me see; I can't—tell—how many years."  
(*Despairingly*) "If you died now, what would be put on your stone?"  
(*Flatly*) "A request that people should leave me alone."  
(*Compromisingly*) "Well, I'll put you down as thirty-five."  
(*Angrily*) "You're the biggest—fibber—there is alive!"  
(*Politely*) "I'll make it forty, if you wish;"  
(*Witheringly*) "Oh, yes; you'd tell the truth about fish!"

"PARTIAL evil, universal (not impartial) good." The North-West Rebellion can no longer be regarded as a public calamity. What with Parliamentary appropriations and official perquisites, it has proved a General benefit.



### REPUDIATION.

EVA—"Oh, Maud dear, you are going to Europe, aren't you? How I wish I could go. I suppose you are counting on—?"

MAUD (*indignantly breaking in*)—"No, I am not. I wouldn't marry one of those Counts on any consideration!"

### NOT QUITE UNKNOWN.

A GROUP of journalists were talking over recent changes in the *Globe* office. Of course nobody was satisfied that the sensible thing had been done, and the new appointments were very freely criticized.

"Who on earth is this man St. John that they've made editor? He don't amount to much, I guess," said one.

"Well, they say he did pretty good work on the Montreal *Herald*," replied another.

"But," persisted the first, "who is he? Who knows St. John? Who ever knew St. John?"

There was silence for half a minute, and then a voice replied in very grave and deliberate tones:

"I am informed on excellent authority that Molly knew (Molyneux) St. John."

And then they sadly and thoughtfully went their several ways.

ARE "the breaches of cannons" and "the canon's breeches" one and the same thing?

## RES ANGUSTA DOMI.

THE Governor General of a great Dominion, such as Canada, is certainly entitled to have a residence that shall be wind-and-water-tight, but don't you think twenty or thirty thousand dollars a year rather too much for repairs, in addition to the heavy rent represented by the interest on the money that the edifice has cost? It would take even a plumber some time to run up a bill to that amount. True, in the royal Halls of Rideau there are somewhere about 250 windows always wanting putty—and it is astonishing how much putty a window takes—also, an unlimited number of doors with the doorknobs always coming off, besides bars falling out of balustrades and bottoms out of hall chairs, with other misadventures but too, too well-known to housekeepers. Still it is a considerable sum of money for a landlord to expend annually on a rent-free house. Economy being the order of the day, it is well to consider what can be done in the premises. A massive edifice with fewer windows, such as the new Departmental brown stone building, that would remain a habitable thing of beauty and a joy for a hundred years, might have been built for the outlay expended since Confederation in repairing the existing vice-regal rookery. From speeches in the House of Commons it would



## INJURED INNOCENCE.

"Are you really running after that widow at the coal office, dad?" "Don't be ridiculous. Do I look as though I could run after anything?"



## HOW HE WORKED IT.

SHE—"You don't seem to be dancing to-night, Captain Quash-head; how is that?"

HE—"Well, the fact is, I promised my wife faithfully not to dance to-night; but at 12 o'clock, you know, my promise will have been fulfilled, and I can once more join the giddy throng."

appear, too, that the glassware does not pan out correctly at each year's end. It would be a suitable occupation for some of the army of imported English clerks now in the Canadian Civil Service, to make an inventory of the bouilli pots, dust-pans, warming-pans, cuspadors and other articles of *vertu* kept for use of the viceroy. Such duty would be a pleasing change for these young men from yawning over the *Empire* from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an hour's vacation for ham sandwiches. Something might be done towards economical maintenance by drilling the household forces into greater efficiency. The Minister of War, with his spurs on, might hold periodical broom parades of the housemaids in the grand kitchen, and really it would be a very pretty sight to see. All these domestic details, however, seem more within the purview of a jury of matrons—or of the Senate, which is quite the same thing—than of rude Commons, some of whom represent back lot constituencies, where the shanty

is the prevailing style of architecture. Here a serious question arises—if it takes \$30,000 per annum to keep Rideau Hall in habitable repair, what is to be done if Parliament only votes \$10,000? Governor General's warrants would scarcely meet the contingency. Nor in an æsthetic country like Canada would it be dignified to have the windows of the Gubernatorial mansion stuffed with wisps of straw and old hats. The whole thing is a puzzle. *Tirez le Rideau.*

"Your sight has been suddenly, as well as woefully impaired," remarked the oculist, as he examined the patient's eyes. "What have you been doing to strain it?" "I am a subscriber to the Brantford *Courier*," explained the unfortunate man. That settled it!



## "HERCULES AND THE SERPENT."

Jobbins was practising for the tableaux-vivants when somebody monkeyed with the tap.



### BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

BROWN—"Hello, Jones; what foolishness brought you down town on such a day as this?"

JONES—"Oh, I thought I'd just come down and see if I couldn't meet as big a fool as myself."

### WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

"MEASURES, not men!"—The tailors.  
 "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls!"—The Governor-General.  
 "On, Stanley, On!"—Henry M.'s publishers.  
 "Did I ever read 'The Fur Traders of the Far West'? No, and I don't want to!"—Gen. Middleton.  
 "No, don't husband your resources! Wife them!"—John Charles Rykert.  
 "Abandon hoops all ye who enter here!"—The President of the Dress Reform Socie y.  
 "There is no such word as cant."—John Charlton, M.P.  
 "The Senator is worthy of his ire."—Mr. Kaulbach.  
 "I do not term this the Nineteenth Century. I call it the Mile Age."—Gen. Lauric.  
 "'Canadian Pacific Railway' is much too long. I prefer 'C.P.R.'—in brief."—Solicitor Blake.  
 "My seat may be in danger, but my sessional allowance is in hand."—Montague.  
 "If you're waking call me early!"—The trout fisher.  
 "Do I approve of tea? Yes—Bronte?"—Rev. Dr. Wild.

### THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM.

ONE question all my being irks,  
 And haunts me through the nights and days;  
 What is the reason Shakespeare's works  
 Are just the same as Shakespeare's plays? L.B.

### EQUITABLE APPORTIONMENT.

MRS. BLANK'S visitor, one afternoon, was Mrs. Hiatus.  
 Dr. Blank was getting ready to pay a professional call.  
 "Will you take us with you, George?" asks Mrs. Blank. "I know of a place on the way where we can gather some lovely violets."  
 The Doctor hesitates.

"Do, dear!" pleads the wife. "I'll—I'll—yes, I'll give you a kiss if you do!"

"Ah, you will? And what will Mrs. Hiatus do?" And the Doctor glances mischievously at the fair visitor.

"I, Doctor?" exclaims the lady, with a smile of seraphic innocence. "Oh, I'll just run up home and give my husband a kiss, too!"

It was a take down for the Doctor but a take-out for the ladies.

### CRUSHED!

MR. SHUCKS (*trying to make love to Miss Avenue*)—"Oh, Miss Avenue, you are the lovely bein'—"

MISS AVENUE—"I beg your pardon."

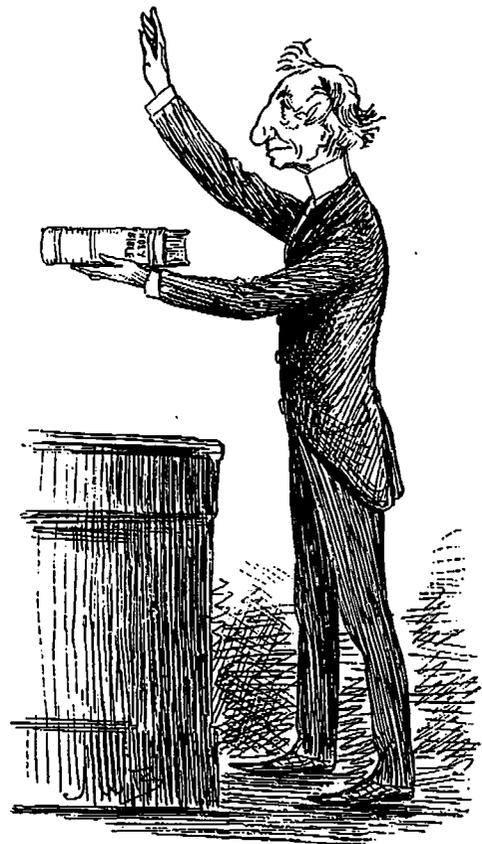
MR. S. (*blushing*)—"You are the lovely bein'—"

MISS A.—"Sir!"

MR. S. (*stammering*)—"You are the lovely bein' that my heart hungers for."

MISS A. (*discouragingly*)—"If you are hungry for beans, Mr. Shucks, I would recommend you to go home and make a good meal of them." L.B.

LIQUOR laws are made "Pro bono publicans," not publico.



### BRAVO, SIR JOHN!

[DURING the debate on the Walker Divorce Bill, Sir John A. Macdonald opposed the measure. He said it would be a great misfortune to this country and promote demoralization if Parliament did not adhere to the principle of the law of the land and the law of God that divorce could only be granted for adultery. There was a great deal to be said in favor of the attitude of the Catholic Church against divorce altogether, but he took the Scriptural view of the case that divorce should be granted for only one reason.]



THE GREAT ONTARIO FOX-HUNT.



### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

[According to the *Court Journal* numerous scions of the aristocracy are working as laborers in the United States.]

MR. BURKE, THE FOREMAN—"Look here, Count; jest you take them two Barons and that Duke, and build up that smoke-stack, mighty smart."—*Funny Folks.*

### THE FRAUDFUL DRUGGIST AND THE HONEST FARMER.

IT happened in a Queen Street drug store. The proprietor was busy fixing up his soda-water machine for the summer campaign, when a farmer stopped his team at the door and entered. "Say, mister," he began, "I notice you advertise into the papers that you've got some kind of mixtur as will remove moles."

"Yes, sir," said the druggist; "here you are. One dollar a bottle. It is an admirable pharmaceutical preparation—never fails to destroy moles after two or three applications."

"Jehoshaphat! A whole dollar fur that little bottle! But if it's as good on moles as you say it ought to suit the farmers, fur out our way the critters are a blamed nuisance. Couldn't take no less, I suppose?"

"Well, I'll say eighty five cents. Thank you. I'm sure you'll find it effective."

"But say, how does it work? Where do you put it?"

"You will find full directions on the wrapper. All you have to do is to rub a little of the mixture on the mole, and repeat at intervals of two or three days until the unseemly excrescence has disappeared."

"What yer givin' us now? Rub it onto the mole! Why, blame it all, if I had a holt of the pesky vermin couldn't I scrunch him with my bootheel or pound him with an axe 'thout foolin' with your mixtur? Rub it onto the mole! Heavens an' earth, man what yer take me for? It's a durned swindle! It's wuss'n the hay-fork fake or the hul-less oat fraud. But yer don't fool me. Give me back my money right away, or I'll go after a policeman."

"Now, really, my friend there's no need to get excited. Of course I'll give you your money back if you wish. You are evidently laboring under a mistake. The kind of moles this mixture is intended to eradicate is different altogether from those which trouble you—such as that little mark on your cheek."

"That! Now d'yer take me for a dude to s'pose I'd give up good money to have that took off? Oh, yes—

that's a durned fine way to turn it off now I've got onto you, but yer meant to swindle me all the same. I've a notion to punch your head."

He got his money back and remarked, as he climbed into his wagon, "These here city folks is always puttin' up some scheme to rob us farmers, but they didn't ketch me that time; I'm a leetle bit too smart to git fooled that way."

### THE ASSESSOR.

THERE comes a yearly visitor to everybody's door,  
Like Poe's Raven, rapping, tapping, sure as fate,  
By his side a swinging satchel holds a broad book brimming o'er  
With figures relative to man's estate.  
He quizzes you about your occupation, name and age,  
Your buildings, crops, improvements, to enrich his learned page,  
And if you've built a pig-pen since the last time he came by,  
His slip will show that sty was in his eye.

Now if you would find favor in municipal accounts,  
And meet this dread official with good grace,  
Be chary of repairing and use paint in small amounts,  
Let time and weather riot on your place.  
Instead of spending surplus cash improving things around,  
Invest it in a mortgage on some thriftless neighbor's ground;  
And profit by the wisdom of our Legislators' mind,  
Whose motto is that labor should be fined.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### AN AIR-LOOM.

FOND MOTHER (to her eight-year-old son)—"Rex, dear, why are you taking such care of the colored rubber ball your father filled with air for you this morning?"

REX—"Well, mother, I thought perhaps some day when father was dead I might be married and have a little boy of my own. I could then tell him the ball was filled with his grandfather's wind."

THE first place in Legislative *hauls*—the lobby.

THE blue blood Briton, when in the "swim" of Ottawa circles, easily discovers its shoddy air. (Chaudiere.)



### IT MIGHT BE USEFUL.

"Hullo, old man! What on earth have you your gamp up for?"

"Thatsh all ri' (*hic*); goin' to use it (*hic*) as—er para- (*hic*)—chute if I (*hic*) fall down."—*Pick-me-up.*

"I LOVE this old horse," said the colonel, I feel that he saved my life at Gettysburg."

"How?"

"He kicked me in the stomach before the battle so I couldn't go on the field, and my substitute got shot in the neck."—*Chatter.*

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

MAN (*to friend*).—"Well, sir, I never saw a woman who can do as much work as my wife. By George, she is a regular machine."

FRIEND—"Oh, I see. You married a typewriter."—*Arkansas Travler.*

"WE have never sold a medicine that has given such general satisfaction as Burdock Blood Bitters," says Joseph Coad, of Frankville, Ont.

PRINCIPAL—"Miss Kate, how do we classify poesy?"

KATE (*slowly*).—"There is the lyric, the dramatic and—"

PRINCIPAL—"Well? And the—the ep—"

MOLLY (*triumphantly putting in*).—"The epidemic poesy."

#### 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.

SCROGGS—"You look rather downcast, old man; anything of note happened today?"

GROGGS—"Yes, mine for a thousand fell due, and I didn't have a cent with which to pay it."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

WHAT lovely teeth. Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste is the best thing in the world to keep them so. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

BALLET GIRL—"Mr. Barnstormer, you will have to release me from my contract. I am going to marry an Italian count."

MANAGER—"My dear child, if that's the case, you don't need a release. Two months leave of absence will certainly do you."

It restores the bloom of health to the palid cheek. Burdock Blood Bitters acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin, Stomach and Bowels, purifies, regulates and strengthens.

WE are a very democratic people, of course; but a titled American has only to come to her own home to be "Your Grace'd" to the limit of weariness.—*Puck.*

MR. FERVENT—"Yes, dear Lucy, I love you beyond measure. And you? Do you love me?"

LUCY—"No, dear James."

MR. FERVENT—"How is that? You call me "Dear James" and nevertheless you don't love me. Why not?"

LUCY—"Because ma forbid me to love a young man before he had married me."

"THE demand is good and it is giving satisfaction to our customers," writes N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, Kingston, regarding the great Blood and Liver medicine, Burdock Blood Bitters,

MRS. WELLOFF—"Did I tell you that my little Mary lost a five-dollar gold piece going to the grocery?"

MRS. HARDUP—"You don't say so! Such a thing has never happened my little girl. Ain't it so, Susan, dear?"

LITTLE SUSAN—"No, ma'am; because we buy everything on tick."

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

LADY (*intending to rent a new house*).—"But I don't see any water-pipes."

LANDLORD—"You won't need any, madam. The water runs down from the walls."

BROWN—"This rage for organizing clubs seems to be epidemic. I see even the married ladies are forming one."

WHITE—"Married ladies organizing clubs! Why, my dear man, my wife has belonged to one ever since I married her, and she knows how to use it, too."

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TRAVIS—"I hear that De Smith is going to Bagdad."

BLOODGOOD (*eagerly*).—"Has he already bagged the girl."—*Burlington Free Press.*



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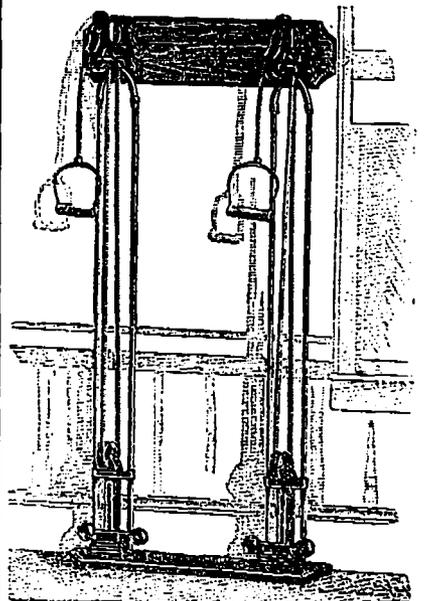
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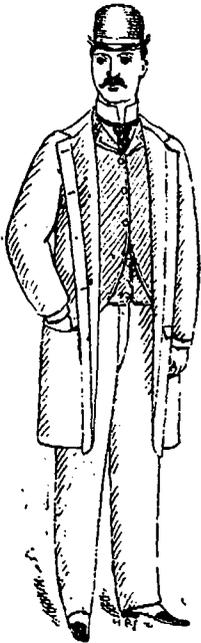
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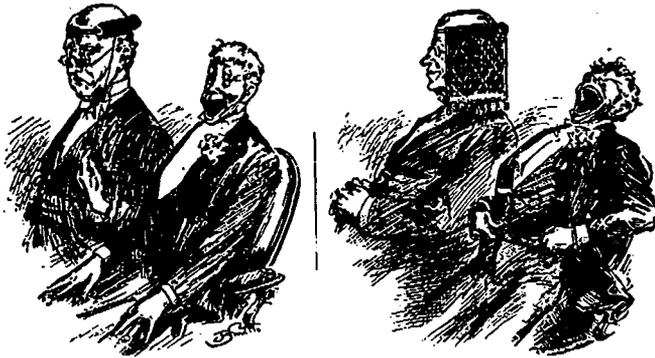


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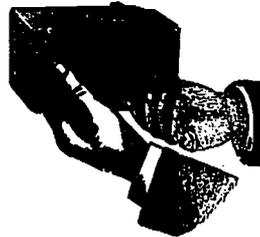


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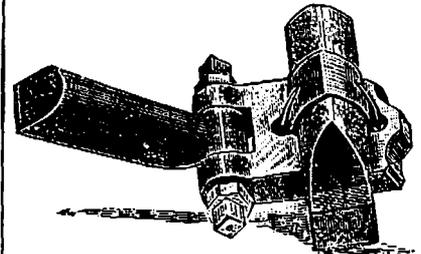
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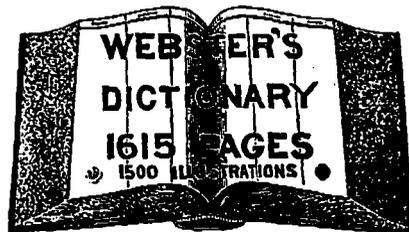
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