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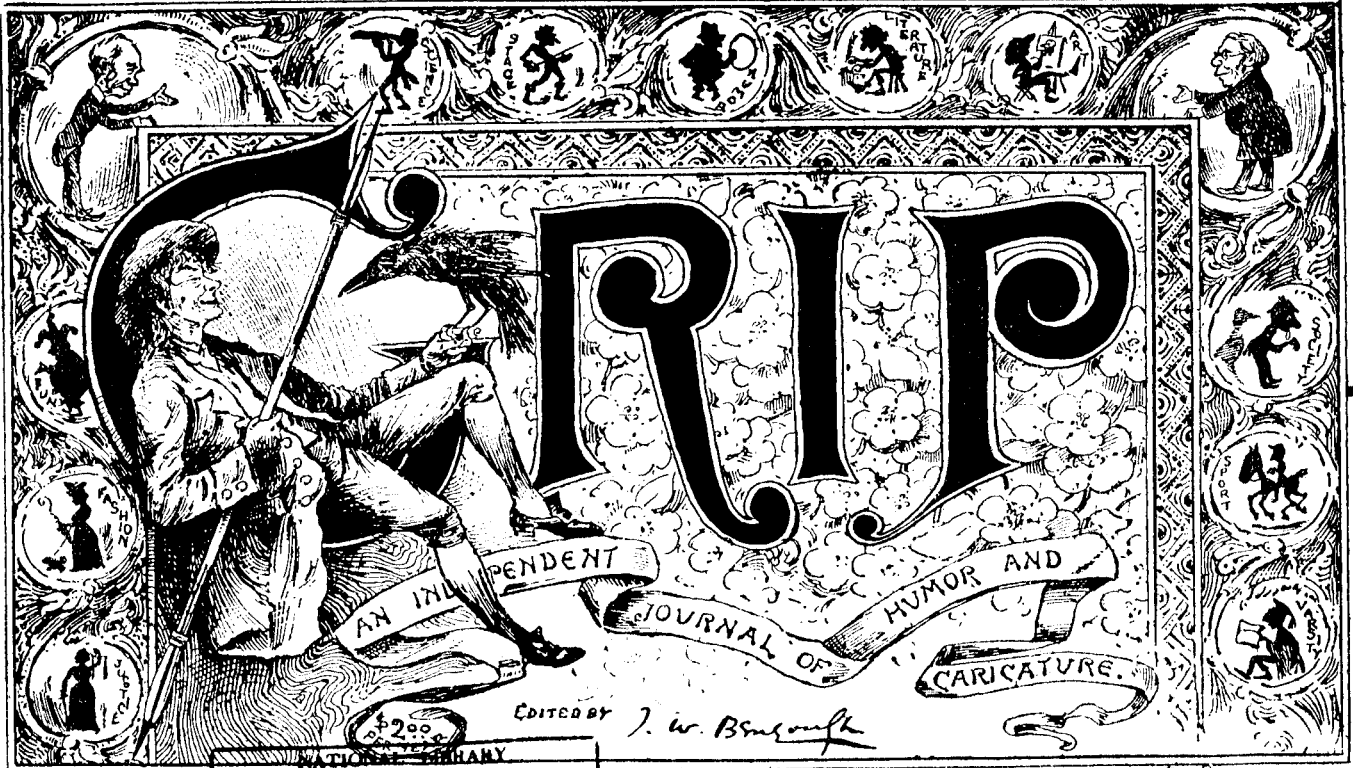
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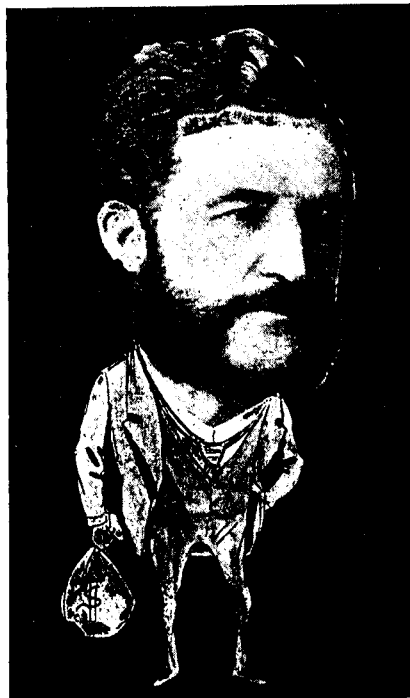
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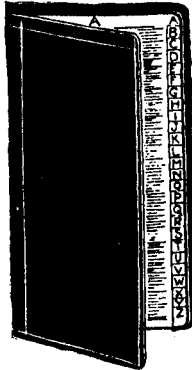
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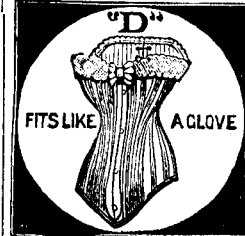
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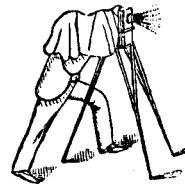
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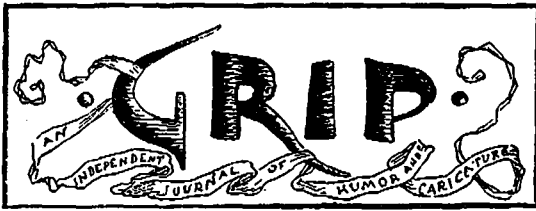
TORONTO, JULY 30, 1892.

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SIR O. M.—“I’M DETERMINED TO DESTROY THIS NOXIOUS GROWTH, OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!”



The gravest beast is the Oss; the gravest bird is the Owl;
The gravest fish is the Oyster; the gravest man is the Oof.

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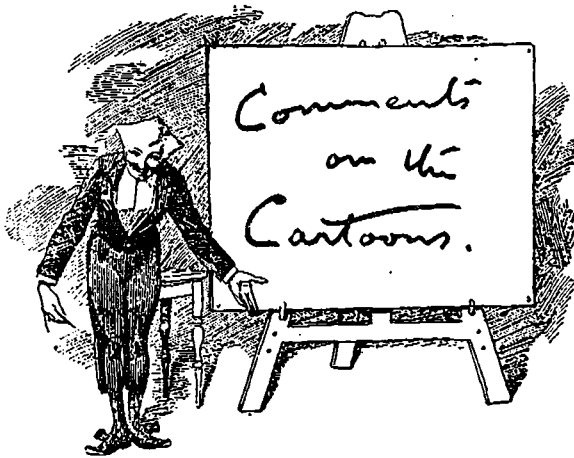
BY THE

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T. G. WILSON, *General Manager.*

J. W. BENGOUGH *Editor.*
PHILLIPS THOMPSON *Associate Editor.*

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1892.



AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER.—Now that Gladstone is again at the head of affairs in Great Britain, a general clamor is raised for the immediate realization of a long list of radical reforms. The Grand Old Man is, however, a sufficiently Wise Old Man to know that the span of years yet remaining to him cannot possibly suffice for the accomplishment of more than one or two of these great measures, and that the Home Rule question must first be carried safely over the turbulent river before he can think of undertaking anything else. He has already plainly said this in reply to the babel of voices. And he is fully aware that the Home Rule job is one which will require all his skill and strength. The Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists announce in advance that they intend greasing the pole upon which the old statesman must cross the stream, and he quite understands that after he has safely crossed, the precious bantling will go right into the jaws of the House of Lords lion. Mr. Gladstone intimates to their Lordships that he will not regard the rejection of his Bill by the Upper House as necessarily calling for another appeal to the country. He

will simply re-enact the measure and send it up again, to be in all probability once more rejected. When this operation has been repeated often enough to arouse the dander of the country, he will then dissolve Parliament, and go to the people on the issue of "mending or ending" the hereditary chamber. Before it comes to that pass, it is likely the Lords will come to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor. The days of privilege in the old land are about numbered, and not only Home Rule, but all the other "crying issues" now in agitation are destined to pass into law before very long.

THE PRESIDENTIAL THREE LEGGED RACE. — The British elections being over, and Dominion affairs having gone for the nonce to the sea-side, our attention will naturally be centred on the Presidential campaign now being waged across the line. For the information of Canadian readers who may not be within range of the ruction, we submit portraits of the candidates of the four parties now in the field. The tickets are: Democratic Party, Cleveland and Stephenson; Republican Party, Harrison and Reid; Prohibition Party, Bidwell and Cranfill; and People's Party, Weaver and Field.

DESTROYING THE WEED.—At the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of Responsible Government in Ontario, held at old historic Niagara last week, Sir Oliver Mowat was one of the principal speakers. He deemed the occasion suitable for another airing of his opinions on the future of Canada, which involved another energetic attack on the "Annexationists." There are, Sir Oliver trusts, very few of these misguided beings in Canada, but that did not prevent him from devoting a lot of attention to the subject. In the name of loyalty to the Crown and devotion to things as they are, Sir Oliver has done and is doing more than any other man in the country to make annexation an issue and to give it a respectable standing as such. He might as well try to destroy a weed by drowning it with fresh water, as to end the Annexation movement—in so far as such a thing really exists—by discussing it. *Apropos* of this latest speech, we observe that Sir Oliver declared for Canadian Independence as his choice of an ultimate destiny, and since this involves as much of a separation from Great Britain as the Continental Union plan would, he has placed himself alongside of Mr. Elgin Myers as guilty of a violation of his oath of allegiance to the Queen. The delicate question arises, is it not his duty as a loyal Attorney-General to ask himself for his resignation?



O there is to be a Convention of the Liberal Party shortly. It is a good idea. It would be a great relief to the members of that party to find out, if possible, where they are at present, and how they came to get there. Having settled this question, it would then be an excellent thing for them to formulate a new trade policy to take the place of the discredited Unrestricted Reciprocity idea.

We do not think they can do better than listen to Senator Boulton on this point, even though he is an outsider, and come out squarely for free trade with

Great Britain, if not with the world. The Grit party has gained nothing so far by its timidity.

THE Prohibition Commissioners seem to attach a good deal of weight to the question whether the Scott Act or the Dunkin Act proved a success, or the contrary, in localities where either was in force. It is to be hoped the Commission will not base its finding as to the feasibility of a general Prohibition measure on the answers given to this question, for they must be mainly in the negative. It must be plain that such an Act operating throughout the Dominion, and outlawing the manufacture and importation of liquor for beverage purposes, would be much more easily enforced than in a county or township surrounded by "wet" territory. A great deal would depend, however, upon having a Government in sympathy with the law.

IT is said that Lord Stanley intends resigning the Governor-Generalship, now that the Salisbury Government has been defeated. The announcement will cause widespread regret throughout Canada. It will hardly be possible for Mr. Gladstone to send us a nobleman who will perform the high duties of the office with as great devotion and solicitude for the honor of the Crown and the good of the people as Lord Stanley has displayed. And what a crack hand at fishing he has been, too!

THE editor of *Puck* is a bright young literary man, and the paper he edits professes to be *par excellence* a Liberal journal, but upon the great live issue known as the Labor Question, Mr. Bunner is thoroughly muddled. He seems to see quite clearly that Protection is a mere system of robbery, and that Free Trade would be more in accordance with the genius of the American people. But this is as far as his eyesight reaches. As he long since dismissed Henry George as a mere faddist (without, we feel certain, having read that economist's works), this limited range of vision is not to be wondered at.

THE trouble at Homestead furnished a text from which the true gospel of Freedom might have been preached, but it is safe to say that the able young editor of *Puck* has no idea that the land question is at the bottom of this difficulty, and of every similar disturbance. Looking at it with his confused notions, he can only see (what one of the artists on the staff has pictured) Labor and Capital confronting one another with revolvers, while the Labor Agitator dances in glee as the "only gainer." *Puck* lost a fine opportunity for want of knowledge.

WE say the land question is at the bottom of this trouble. Why do workingmen struggle with one another to get a job from Carnegie & Co. at almost any wages the latter like to offer? Because they are not free to employ themselves. Why? Because they can't get access to land by which they might live. Why? Because the land is now owned by monopolists who hold it at a premium beyond the reach of poor men. The single tax would destroy this monopoly, and by doing so would render such scenes as those lately enacted at Homestead impossible. Moreover, the Labor Agitator's occupation would be gone, under a system which revealed Labor and Capital to be what they really are, allies instead of enemies.



THAT BOY AGAIN.

HIS GIRL'S LITTLE BROTHER—"Say, Mr. Dudey, what are they goin' to kill you for?"

MR. DUDEY—"Kill me? What do you mean, Bobby?"

LITTLE BROTHER—"Why, I heard Emily tell ma that you were dressed up to kill."

CHARLIE'S PICNIC.

"THE picnic's a fizzle," said I.

"Eh? What's the matter?" asked Charlie.

"Well, Miss Summerly refused point-blank to go—said when she wanted to do penance she did it comfortably and decidedly, and in a way that the Church recognized as a penance, and gave her some credit for. In fact, she talked strong against it, and as we were getting it up in honor of her—"

"Harry," exclaimed Charlie, "introduce me to that girl. I love her!"

"Why, you've never seen her. Are you crazy?"

"No, sir, I am *not*. But if I do not marry Miss Summerly, it's because she won't have me. She's the first girl I ever met with who has my own sentiments, and what's more, she (unlike me) has the courage to say 'no.' Say, be my groomsman, will you, Harry?"

I remonstrated with him, but he kept on:—

"Picnics! Talk of picnics, and you bring up the most painful memory of my life. I came near to losing my freedom all through a picnic.

"Years ago, when I was a young fellow, in a bank at R—, a girl came to the place for a visit, and, as I was a gallant young fellow (and bound to spend my last cent, as all bank clerks are), I thought it my duty to be particularly nice to the young lady, so I figured around until she said she liked picnics; and in a little while it was made up that a load of us would go to the 'Eric' (beastly place!)

"Well, I wouldn't let Miss Blank go in the load—no, I must make a confounded ass of myself, and take her



EPICUREAN.

WAITER (seeing dissatisfaction on guest's face)—“Wasn't the fowl cooked to suit you, sir?”

GUEST—“Yes, all but the bill; just take that back, and tell them to boil it down a little.”—*Harper's Weekly.*

alone. So I hired a team and carriage, and off we started. I wasn't much of a driver, and these horses would have been too much for me even if I had been; one of 'em wanted to gallop all the way, and the other bawled about every half mile, and I had to get out and coax him, and thump him with a whip, until he'd start off suddenly amidst the screams of Miss Blank and the undignified scrambling into the carriage of myself. Then we missed the main road some way, and got into one of the worst paths I ever felt. I really thought we'd be jolted to death, and Miss Blank's hair came down, and part of it *came off*, which made it rather embarrassing for both of us.

“I thought we should never get there—what with the bad road and the horses acting so, there was a danger; but we did manage it at last—that is, we got into a big sand-bank, which the horses refused to go through, so I knew we had reached a picnicing spot.

“The rest have not come yet,” said I, cheerfully, ‘but they'll probably be here before long. Are you hungry, Miss Blank?’

“Miss Blank was not hungry (did you ever meet a girl except your sister, who ever was?) but she took a dainty little basket from the carriage, and said that our luncheon was in that.

“But we cannot eat in this sand and among these mosquitoes,” she said, fighting the latter as she spoke.

“No, we'll go to the beach, and, on the banks of beautiful Lake Eric, enjoy our repast.”

“I turned my attention to tying the horses then, and Miss Blank fixed up her hair as best she could. Then we started toward the beach, I suffering intensely, as I had put on my new shoes, and they were rather small (young fellows will always wear shoes a size too small for them). It was a tiresome walk through the hot sand, and doubly tiresome to me, as I had to be entertaining my companion, while all the time my mind ran toward taking off my shoes and walking barefoot in the water.

“The beach was not beautiful; it was not even comfortable, but we were too tired to seek another spot, so I

got a stick of wood, and Miss B. and I sat upon it, and she opened her basket—angel cake and that stuff they call ‘trifle!’ Upon my word, I never felt so hungry and miserable in my life! It seemed to me that I never so really needed a substantial meal.

“To add to our discomfort there was an odor—a most pungent, unpleasant odor permeating the air. The perfume arose, as I afterward learned, from fish, defunct fish, which should have been quietly resting in their graves instead of lying all over that beach.

“We had enough of the lake, so we tried to get back to the horses, and, in doing so, got completely lost in the ‘scrub oak,’ which abounds in that region. Then my greatest difficulty arose: Miss Blank sat down and began to cry—not a good out-and-out *loud* cry, but a low, monotonous, flesh creeping one—the sort that always drives a man to distraction.

“O,” she cried, ‘we are lost—we—we will here be found, and my reputation—reputation—’

“Say not so—please, please, my *dear* Miss Blank, be calm’—and I took her hand and tried to make her feel more comfortable.

“Charlie,” said she, and if she didn't lay her head against my shoulder! I tell you the situation was painful, especially as I saw the powder being washed off her face by her tears, and remembered that the hair was not her own—it took the romance so out of everything.

“Just as I began to despair, I heard a voice—a manly voice—how sweet it sounded—call out:—

“Charlie, where on earth are you and Miss Blank? and I arose and shouted, ‘Here!’

“We were found. The load made a great fuss over Miss B—, and called her some pretty severe names, I believe; but I was so glad to be safe once more, and so more than glad to find that the horses had broken away and started for home, that I only laughed, and sat with the driver all the way home, and sang gay songs about Liberty, etc.”

“What about Miss Blank, Charlie?” I asked.

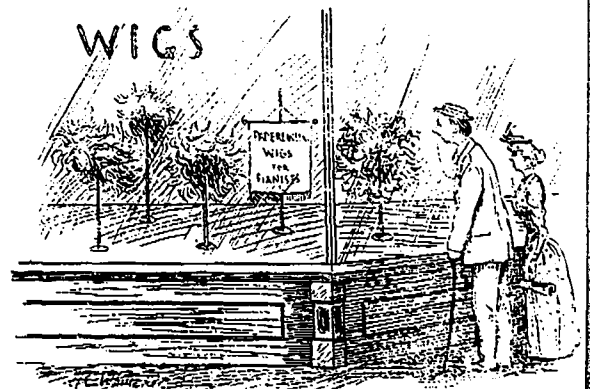
“She started for home next morning, and I never saw or heard of her again. By the way, Harry, don't forget to introduce me to Miss Summery.”

ROLY ROWAN.

HE STOOD THE ICE CREAM.

HE—“I will if you say so, of course, but you must have read in the papers that Cream has proved fatal to a number of girls.”

SHE—“Oh, but he wasn't a nice Cream.”

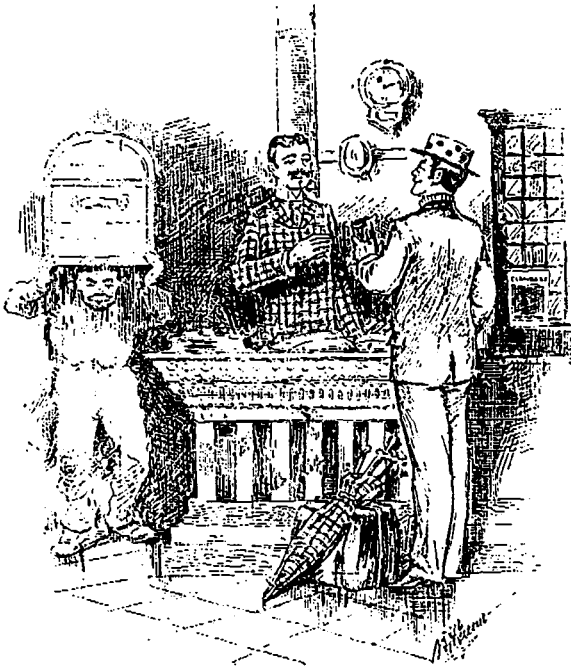


LATEST IN THE MUSICAL LINE.



AT THE CROSSING OF THE RIVER;

OR, THE PEOPLE'S WILLIAM AND THE CLAMOROUS BILLS.



A MISCALCULATION.

KETCHAM (*who has been spending a week at a swell summer hotel*) "What is my bill, please?"

CLERK (*sizing him up*)—"Ninety-five dollars, sir."

KETCHAM (*handing over pocket-book*)—"Oh, no! You mean a hundred dollars. I've got a hundred."

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

IT was a beautiful warm spring day, and the Deacon was standing out on the portico of one of the best hotels in town, when O'Mulligan, an Irish American, came up and accosted him.

"It's a foine day, sor, to be out sun-shinin' yerself on the front piazza. After the manner of yer country, sor, would it be a brache of conduct for one gentleman to ax another gentleman what the name of this town moight be?"

"No, I don't see as it would," answered the Deacon.

"Well, thin, sor, will you plaze tell me its name, for it's the most bambuzzlesome town Oi ever got into in all me loife, sor. There's only one street in the town that runs strate east an' west, an' it's as crooked as a ram's horn, an' (accordin' to my compass) it's contracted the habit of running very much to the north-west and terbably to the south-east. Sor, I perceive it's a double geared sort of an arrangement, an' runs two different ways both at the same toime, sor, viz., N.W. and S.E."

"Yer seem to be a stranger here," observed the Deacon, and then continued to answer his interrogation. "The week-day name of this town is Dundas, but they call it Valley City for a Sunday name."

"Bedad, that's loike meself. They call me Pat all the week, when Oi'm workin' in the shop, but when Oi git me boots blacked, an' am inside av me tother clothes, they call me Patrick O'Mulligan, sor."

"Whar d'ye come frum?" queried the Deacon.

"From Michigan, sor," answered Patrick, "but I wasn't born there, howsomever."

"No, it don't take much to guess whar you wuz born," said the Deacon.

"Av you guess I'll trate," said Pat, "an' av ye miss, you put up the dhrinks. Is it a go?"

"Ireland, of course," guessed the Deacon, promptly.

"You're shtuck for the refreshment," responded Pat. "I was born at sea, in an English ship, on German wather. Me father was an Irishman, an' me mother was a Dutchman. I landed at Dublin, where I lived wid me grandfather till he died. Then of course we dissolved partnership, and I came to America, where Oi've lived the rest of my loife. So you see I'm a sea-gull be birth, a Hibernian be virtue of naturalization, an American be oath, and a Dutchman be nature, so now you have it, and you're welcome to it. It's the full pedigree of Sur Patrick O'Mulligan."

"Well, by George!" said the Deacon, "if that don't beat all the pedigrees of all the pigs I ever owned."

Just then the hostler drove out with the Deacon's rig, and that good gentleman climbed in without delay, took up the reins, and nodding pleasantly to Mr. O'Mulligan, said, "Well, good-bye, friend."

"But fwat about that trate?" shouted the latter.

The only answer was the gentle crack of the whip, as Deacon Stout drove away.

WILLARD E. DERBY.

THE "TIMES" OUT OF JOINT.

The *Times* says that as Lord Salisbury has no business to bring up before Parliament it is not clear why a speech from the throne should be produced at all.—*Cable despatch.*

WE have long thought that the London *Times* was weakening in its intellectual grasp and this proves it conclusively. No business to bring up! As if that had anything to do with the time-honored institution of the Speech from the Throne (capital letters, please). What business have our Parliament and Local Legislatures half the time anyway, except to indulge in slangwhanging, vote the estimates and draw their pay. And yet who ever heard in this so-called democratic country of such an insidiously subversive proposal?

The *Times* man is getting a good deal too fresh, and we trust that the *Empire* or Castell Hopkins or some other truly loyal authority, whose words will carry weight with right-minded people, will call him down. Or else next thing he'll be proposing to dispense with the macc, the usher of Black Rod, or some other bulwark of the constitution, and then the dark shadows of anarchy and revolution will loom ominously in the background.

TOO THICK.

BEESWAX—"They tell me girls are very thick at the summer resorts this year."

FLIPJACK—"Some of them are. The one I mashed at Niagara can't weigh much short of two hundred pounds."

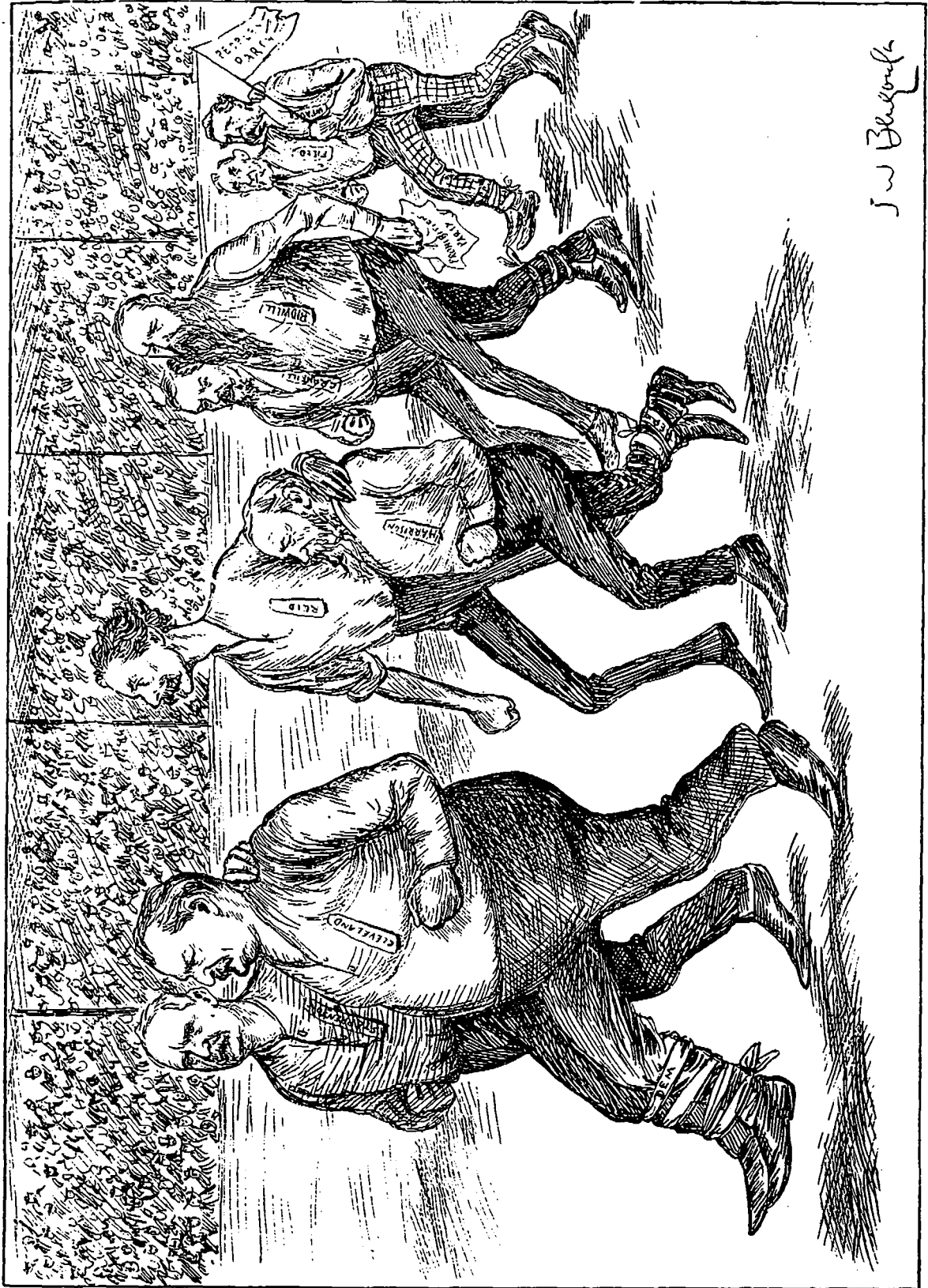
A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

BRADBURY—"Hello, Pignuffle, you ain't going to spoil the look of the street by building a fence round your lot, are you? Fences are out of date now."

PIGNSUFFLE—"I know they are, but I've got four un-married daughters you must remember."

BRADBURY—"What has that to do with it?"

PIGNSUFFLE—"Well, don't you see. I can't very well put up a front gate without a fence, can I?"



THE PRESIDENTIAL THREE-LEGGED RACE.



MR. POWETT.

MR. POWETT had written a volume of verse,
His rhymes were all bad, and his metres were worse ;
But he valued the twaddle that flowed from the space
In his head, where in other men brains have a place,
And he called it "The Strains of a Lyrical Pen,"
And he sent it around to the newspaper men.

Then he rubbed his hands and he smiled in glee,
"Oh," he cried, "what a fortune is coming to me !"
And he called himself Byron and Milton and Moore,
And a velveteen coat of gay color he wore ;
And he grew his hair long from the back of his head,
(Great poets all wear it like that, it is said.)

Then he looked for reviews—and he saw them too soon,
For they called him a brain-lacking child of the moon,
And his verse—well, they didn't say much for his verse,
But they quoted some lines, and they couldn't do worse.
And the author himself, if the truth must be told,
Was all of the volume that ever was sold.



Mr. Powett lay down with intention to die,
But the shades of those editors darkened his eye,
And for many long days they would give him no peace,
Though he earnestly tried to effect his decease.
Then a sudden thought lighted the space in his head
Where his brain should have been, and he rose from his bed.

He discarded his jacket of bright velveteen,
And he cut off his locks in a moment of spleen.
Then he went forth in search of an editor's den,
And he found there the "Strains of a Lyrical Pen,"
And the editor sat there preparing to smoke,
And he lighted his pipe with a Strain as he spoke :

"Mr. Powett, I think ; we have seen you before,
And your verses are weak—" But he uttered no more
For the poet stepped forth with his hat on one side,
And his knuckles that editor's features descried.
Introductions were made, salutations began,
And but little was left of that newspaper man.

Then the poet went forth, and he hunted around
Till the trail of another reviewer was found ;
And he followed it up, never seeking repose,
Till his fist was at home on the editor's nose.
Then he stripped off his coat, and he started again,
And he vanquished his foe in a second campaign.



On he went, to the next and the next and the next,
And he preached to them all from a similar text.
And he said, as he stood at his own garret door,
"If they mention the measures I wrote any more,
They will speak of my Strains in a different strain,
Or the strain of my arm must be measured again."

And he saw in the papers, the following day,
His verses reviewed in a different way.
They compared him to Byron and Milton and Moore,
They proclaimed the success of his poems as sure ;
And the public believed all the newspapers said,
So the Strains were all sold and his fortune was made.

WILFRED S. SKEATS.

QUESTIONS FOR THE "TRADE."

WE suggest that the Prohibition Commission send the following set of questions to all the liquor dealers of the Dominion :

1. What is your opinion of the cranks and fanatics who would do away with your business? This may be answered by blanks and dashes if you cannot find suitable words.
2. Will you explain how it is that you are opposed to prohibition laws when you know so well that prohibition does not prohibit?
3. If twice as much liquor is sold in prohibition countries as in license countries, why do you not move to Maine or Kansas?
4. State any useful purposes which the saloons of a community serve. It will be sufficient to name one such purpose.
5. How do you account for the conspiracy entered into by judges, statesmen, clergymen, and the respectable classes generally, to denounce your business as an unmitigated nuisance ; the source of poverty and crime?
6. Please explain the course of reasoning by which you expand Paul's advice to Timothy, "Take a little wine," etc., into an apostolic benediction on the modern saloon.

CONCERNING ANNEXATION.

FROM the recent writings and speeches of the truly loyal office-holders and monopolists of Canada, GRIP gathers the following facts in regard to the alleged annexation movement:—

That the question of annexation has become the leading political issue.

That the advocates of annexation are a large and influential body, determined to leave no stone unturned to accomplish their fiendish purpose.

That the Grit party, with a few trifling exceptions—including, of course, Sir O. Mowat and Col. Denison—are annexationists.

That the Tory policy is specially calculated to promote annexation.

That the crisis is now upon us, and it behoves every true Canadian to rally in his might, etc., etc.

That as, unfortunately, owing to the mawkish sentimentality of the age, annexationists cannot be hanged to the nearest tree, they should be denounced, vilified and ostracized.

That all this fuss over annexation is not only needless but verges upon actual disloyalty, as it tends to give the movement undue importance.

That the proper way to treat it is with silent contempt.

That there is no annexation movement anyhow.

A PRECOCIOUS CONVERSATIONALIST.

REV. DR. GRONER, of St. Athanasius church, is an enthusiastic temperance worker, and when making pastoral calls seldom fails to introduce the subject, and set forth to his constituents the evils of drinking and smoking.

One day recently he called on the Flummerfelts, who had just taken a pew in his church, and after a few commonplace remarks about the weather and the quarrel among the members of the choir, began to lament the prevalence of intemperance.

"I'm afraid there is great deal of drinking in this neighborhood, Mrs. Flummerfelt," said the doctor.

"Yes," she said, "it's a bad thing, doctor. A man which drinks is seldom a good provider. It's awful the way Mr. Dusenbury across the street neglects his wife and family. And he used to be such a fine-looking man and now he's a perfect wreck."

Mary Jane, the eldest daughter, aged about eleven, who had been listening intently, struck in with—

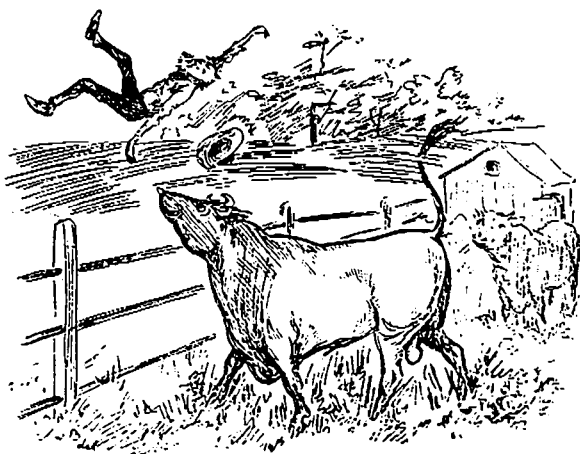
"Yes, alcohol acts injuriously on the corpuscles and the fibrine, making the blood thin and weak. Confirmed drinkers are sensitive to cold and liable to diseases of the lungs, liver, kidney and brain."

The doctor smiled approvingly and said, "Yes, very true."

"In drinking," continued Mary Jane, "the heart becomes wearied on account of the extra work it has to perform."

The doctor patted Mary Jane approvingly on the head. "What a bright, intellectual child this is," he remarked. "I am glad to see that she has formed sound views upon this important question. The drink habit, as I was saying, is fearfully prevalent in our midst, and the insidious vice of smoking is also making fearful inroads upon the community."

"Tobacco," observed Mary Jane, "injures the brain, deranges the entire nervous system, spoils the appetite



HIS ANCESTRY.

"He sprung from good stock."

for wholesome food, lowers the life-forces, injures the lungs and the heart, and depresses the spirits."

"Yes indeed, little one," said the admiring pastor: "it is a terrible evil, and I am sorry to see so many boys learning to smoke."

"When indulged in by young persons," resumed Mary Jane. "it saps the foundations of health."

"You've got altogether too much to say, Mary Jane," interposed Mrs. Flummerfelt.

"Oh, don't interrupt her, I beg of you," said Dr. Groner. "Her conversation is most interesting, and she displays an intelligence far beyond her years."

"Saps the foundation of health," continued Mary Jane, "and dwarfs the body and mind. Tobacco leads to the use of alcohol—the use of tobacco causing nervousness which results in a craving for stimulants. Nicotine is the poisonous element in tobacco."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Flummerfelt," said the doctor, as he rose to go—"I have been charmed and delighted with the instructive conversation of your little daughter, who is evidently a child of brilliant talents and remarkable knowledge for one so young."

Little Tommy, who had been a silent and open-mouthed listener, now approached, and said, "Mister, afore you go, won't you hear my geography lesson?"

"Why, my little man?"

"Well, 'cause you heard sis goin' over her hygiene, and you think she's pretty smart, but I can say my geography and 'rithmetic off just as slick as she done—if you'll wait."

But the doctor didn't seem to take much further interest in the Flummerfelt kids.

A NATURAL CONCLUSION.

PROFESSOR—"What does Prof. Hume mean when he defines induction in the narrower sense of the term as 'empirical generalization?'"

STUDENT—"Why—ah—the kind of generalization you find in the *Empire*."

OBVIOUSLY A CANARD.

There are said to be a good many queer things in Chicago drinking water.—*N. Y. Herald*.

THIS is too absurd. Nobody in Chicago ever drinks water.

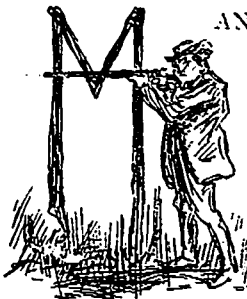


HER USUAL WAY.

MISS SUMMERSGIRL—"Why, Mr. Sissy, I'm so glad you've come. I haven't seen you since we had such a pleasant time here last summer."

MR. SISSY—"Oh! yes, you have. You've passed me on the street hundreds of times. What you mean is, you haven't *known* me!"

HOW BOB CRAIG GOT HIS GUN.



ANY a laughable story I have heard of poachers, but none more so, I think, than what I can tell you of Bob Craig, and how he became the possessor of a fine double-barrelled gun. Bob one night called upon Bill Stewart to have a chat. They were discussing the state of the weather and prospects of an early fall, when a shuffling noise was heard outside.

"What on earth's that?" said Bob.

"What's that! Some rogues at my apples again," and Bill ran to the door just in time to see a dark figure getting over the fence.

"You villain,"—turning to Bob—"I believe you're in company with them and here to keep me talking, while your blackguard companions plunder."

Bob protested his innocence, and as a proof proceeded to advise William in the matter.

"Why don't you use that gun hanging up there and protect your property?"

"The gun! Lord preserve me, you wouldn't advise me to shoot the de—the knaves."

"Why not, they have no business here, and you can surely fire at your own apples."

"There's something in that," mused William, "and if you keep me company on Saturday night, I'll have a bang at the rascals, if they turn up."

"I'll promise," said Bob, who saw some sport in prospect. "Just give them a shower of sparrow hail about the legs, so that you'll find out who they are; when you can tell them you'll aim higher next time."

After some preliminary arrangements, Bob left, promising to be there on Saturday night, to prove that William only fired at his own apples, on his own ground.

Bob went home whistling gaily, when a bright idea struck him. "I'll get Tom Brown to act the robber, and by some means must get firing the gun. Tom must scheme he's dead, and—oh Christmas, somebody hold me or I'll bust—bust—bust."

On Saturday night, Bob kept his appointment, and after sampling the bottle, both set out with the gun well charged. They had not waited long, when they heard a noise, and peering cautiously from their hiding place, saw the form of a man warily creeping towards a big tree. Arriving he began to climb and throw down the apples. William levelled his gun, when Bob, taking hold of his arm, whispered,

"Give it to me, William; the excitement is too much for you, you're shaking, and you may make a mistake."

This last argument, settled the matter, and Bill resigned the gun to Bob. The latter carefully levelled the gun at the foot of the tree—and fired. Scarcely had he pulled the trigger, than a most blood-curdling yell came from the tree, and crash through the branches fell the robber, who with a convulsive struggle and a deep groan, lay to all appearance dead.

"That's the way to settle him," said Bob.

"Settle him! Good heavens, you've killed the man."

"Go and see if you recognize him, William."

"God forbid that I should touch a murdered man," said William with a shudder.

"Will they call it murder, William?"

"Murder! You'll hang as sure as my name is William Stewart."

"But they cannot hang me, it was you that told me. There's your gun to prove it!"

"It's—it's—not my gun," stammered William. "I just ran out when I heard the shot! No, no, the gun is yours, Bob, and fine you know you bought it last Wednesday night."

"Now, now, William, take your gun and I'll bury the body."

"I tell you it's not mine. You can bury the body and take home your gun, but you won't get me mixed up in the affair," and with that he ran into the house, locked the door, and shaking like a leaf got into bed. Bob with a quiet chuckle, walked over to Brown, and said: "It's all right, Tom, gather up your fruit and let's be off; I thought to have a laugh but have got something more."

William couldn't understand how none of the neighbors were amissing, and arrived at the conclusion that the man was a stranger, but often when he meets Bob he asks in a whisper: "Have you ever heard who he was," to which Bob's invariable answer has been, "Not yet, but I fear it will come out some day."

AN ANCIENT TORTURE REVIVED.

PUPIL (*reading*)—"And the assassin was condemned to be broken on the wheel."

TEACHER—"What do you understand by that?"

PUPIL—"They made him ride a bicycle."

A FULL EXPIATION.

PASTOR—"Mr. Blenkinsop, you have been somewhat neglectful of your religious duties. I haven't seen you at church for the last three months."

BLENKINSOP—"No, doctor—but then I've been to two Sunday school picnics lately."

PASTOR (*solemnly*)—"My friend, I ask your pardon. Your fault has been fully atoned for."



WHILE the hot dip takes the starch out of the collars of our benevolently-disposed readers, it ought to have the effect of inspiring them with more energy in connection with this Fund. We are glad to report an upward tendency in the subscriptions this week—

Previously acknowledged	\$ 1 00
Henry A. C. Kelly, 194 Middle St., Ottawa....	50
McD., G.N.W. Tel. Co.....	1 00
A Friend, Danville, Que.....	10 00
A Friend, Plattsville	1 00

"I DON'T WANT ANNEXATION."

"No, I don't want annexation. I prefer the ills I suffer to the ills annexation would involve."—*O. Morat's Niagara speech.*

AS a truly loyal patriot I don't want annexation, Although the course of public life is fraught with tribulation: Though great have been my sufferings, to bear them's my resolve, In preference to the evils annexation would involve.

And when you learn what I have borne with Christian resignation, You'll all admit that I'm sincere in fighting annexation. For oh! the burdens of my lot are such as few could bear, And yet I strive to do so—in by the aid of faith and prayer.

For instance, not so many years their troubled course have run Since I was called upon to make a sheriff of my son; I begged and I entreated that they'd make some other choice, But no—alas! I had to yield unto the party's voice.

It was a grievous sacrifice, yet cheerfully 'twas borne, And martyr-like I braved the shafts of Tory hate and scorn. I knew my country willed it—so resignedly I gave My boy—excuse a father's tears—to fill a sheriff's grave—

—A sheriff's berth I mean. Was this the measure of my woe? Ah no, for me the bitter cup was doomed to overflow. Against my anguished pleadings and my protest loud and clear, They raised my salary—I draw seven thousand now a year.

Scarce was my poignant grief assuaged when sorer trouble came, And I was forced alas! to add a title to my name. 'Twas very much against my will—in vain did I protest, This was the most unkindest cut, far worse than all the rest.

Yet all these sufferings combined—this heavy weight of woe I'll bear, yea even tenfold more, nor murmur 'neath the blow, So long as Canada remains beneath the Union Jack And rallies her devoted sons to hurl invaders back.

I know, indeed, that if annexed whate'er befel the State, Such sorrows as I have detailed would never be my fate. But what, oh! what are private ills compared with public weal, And, spite of all, to England yet I'll be as true as steel.

AN APT ANSWER.

TEACHER—"Who was Cataline?"
PUPIL—"Cataline, sir, was—he was—a kind of—
(struck by a brilliant idea) Cataline was the E. A. Macdonald of Rome."

PAINFUL LACK OF ENTERPRISE.

ENGLISHMAN (to American visitor in London)—
"This, Col., is St. Paul's Cathedral."

AMERICAN—"Pretty old, I guess."

ENGLISHMAN—"It was built in the latter-end of the seventeenth century."

AMERICAN—"Great Scott! Well, you are a slow people! If that was located in the business centre of New York we'd have it pulled down and build a finer one up-town in no time."

TO GRIP'S BOYS.



WILLIE A. PROSSER, KEMPTVILLE.

THE winner of the baseball outfit offered to the smallest boy who sold GRIP during the week ending July 16, 1892, is at present nameless, but he is only 3 ft. 4 in. high and his age is ten years. He left his age and height at the office and stated he lived in Toronto, but did not give his name. This will appear next week. He's not very big nor very old, but he sold forty copies, and knocks out lots of bigger boys.

The prize for the week ending July 30, 1892, will be another watch, and this will be given to the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS in a county town during the week. (A town must be the seat of the municipal government of the county in which it is situated to rank in this competition.) The picture that appears this week is that of Willie A. Prosser,

Kemptville, who won the prize offered for the week ending July 2, '92. Others will appear later. The winner *must* in all cases send his photo or tintype before he can receive the prize awarded: from it we will make a cut for this column. C. R. Fletcher, Dunnville, Ont., got the Rogers jack-knife, as his letter with remittance was opened first.

Another knife will be given to the boy whose letter with money and orders is opened first on Tuesday morning.

We shall continue the following offer until further notice: To every boy who sells 100 copies of GRIP in two weeks we will give a handsome open face, stem winding, silver watch, on these conditions: He is to remit with his order **five cents per copy** for all papers ordered, and if he sells one hundred in two weeks we will send him the watch free of all charge. Should he not sell one hundred in the time we will send him the usual profit in cash, crediting him with all unsold copies. This is a grand chance for every boy to get a watch for nothing which he could not by any possibility buy for less than five dollars at the very lowest estimate. Besides this, every boy can compete for the three big prizes mentioned below, and the 100 papers he sells to get the watch will be counted for him in that competition.

In addition to this and the regular weekly prizes, the following will be given:—

1st.—To the boy who sells the largest number of GRIPS during the six months ending October 15, 1892, a twenty-four inch Safety Bicycle with rubber tires, ball bearings, black enamel finish, with highly nickel plated trimmings.

2nd.—To the boy who returns the smallest number of papers during the same time, a handsome open face, screw bevel GOLD WATCH, stem wind and set, warranted to keep good time.

3rd.—To the boy making the best general record for promptness in remitting cash, number of GRIPS sold, smallest proportion of returns, etc., (the size of the town or village where he is selling being taken into consideration), a breech-loading SHOT GUN with laminated barrels, back action locks, rebounding hammer, pistol grip, horn butt plate, ten or twelve gauge, weight seven to nine and a half pounds.

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

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,

ESPECIALLY infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

SUDDENLY PROSTRATED.

GENTLEMEN,—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation about every forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which saved my life.

MRS. J. N. VAN NATTER, Mount Brydges, Ont.

WE understand that R. H. Lear & Co., of the well known gas and electric fixture emporium, are holding a special discount sale to clear a purchase of over \$9,000 bought at a low figure. Get their quotations. They are still at the old stand, 19 and 21 Richmond St. West.

DR. ENDEE—"Have you any vices?"

DUDELY—"I smoke cigarettes."

DR. ENDEE—"You have softening of the brain."

DUDELY—"Would cigarettes give me that?"

DR. ENDEE—"You wouldn't smoke cigarettes, unless you had it."

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.—A gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of fourteen years' standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London, S.E., Eng.

IT IS THE BEST.

DEAR SIR,—I have used your B.B.B. for the past five or six years and find it the best cure for sour stomach and biliousness. I have also used Burdock Pills and can recommend them highly.

AMANDA FORTUNE, Huntingdon, Que.

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE makes a Delicious Cooling Beverage, especially Cleanses the Throat, preventing disease. It imparts Freshness and Vigour, and is a quick relief for Biliousness, Sea-Sickness, etc.

BY ALL CHEMISTS

WHAT this warm weather suggests is something that will boil the kettle, cook an egg, or fry a beefsteak in a hurry. Harvie's kindling wood is just the thing. Try 6 crates a dollar, delivered. Harvie & Co., 20 Sheppard St. Tel. 1570.

THE tobacco of Martinico was once the favorite with the smoking world, and when old Father Hennepin descended the Mississippi about 1680 the Indians were much surprised to see a European with such an excellent sample of their native plant. But the smokers of the "Myrtle Navy" would give but a poor account of the once celebrated Martinico. Their favorite brand is as much superior to it as it was to the raw and uncured leaf which the Indians of that day smoked.

LIVE men wanted on salary who won't lose their heads while making big money. For full particulars address Brown Brothers Company, Toronto.

STRONGER EVERY DAY.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been ill for a long time with lame back and weak kidneys, and at times could not get up without help. I tried B.B.B. and with two bottles am almost well. I find my back is stronger every day. Yours truly. MRS. L. THOMPSON, Oakville, Ont.

TEETHING.

DURING the period of dentition the suffering of infants is something terrible and mothers are put to their wits end to devise some means of alleviating the agony of their children. Dyer's Improved Food for infants is eagerly taken by sick or healthy children. 25 cents per package. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

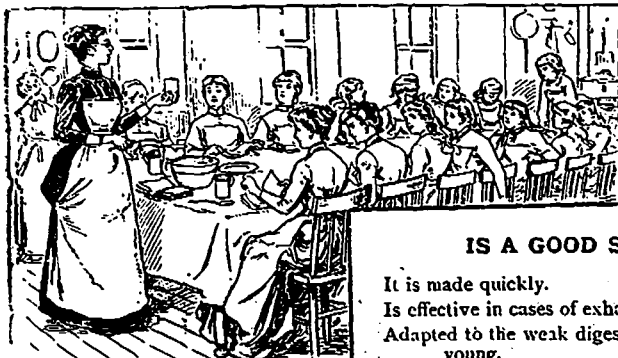
HAVE YOU TRIED

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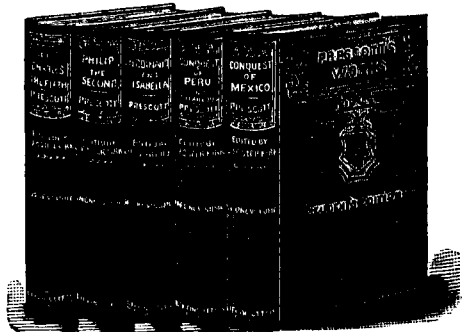
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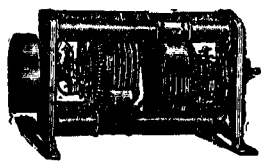
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