

* GRIP *

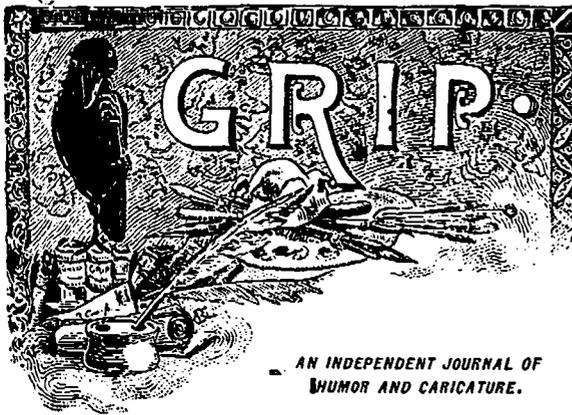
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THE FARMER ASKED FOR FREE CORN AND GOT—JOHN A.'S BLESSING.



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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE QUEEN CITY JOURNALISTIC ORCHESTRA.—The newspapers of Toronto are one and all honestly and earnestly devoted to the city's interests. Not one of them has ever been charged with selling out its influence against those interests. This is more than can be said for the Press of many large cities, and is one reason why our citizens are so proud of their journalists. Now, in the great Esplanade question that is up for settlement, there is no doubt at all that the Viaduct scheme is the solution most in the interests of the city, and of the railways as well. For selfish reasons it is being opposed by the corporations

in question, and other projects, utterly wild and ridiculous, suggested in its stead. It is important at this juncture that the Press should stand firmly by the city, and play the tune of the Viaduct without any discords. With perhaps the exception of the *World*, which has given some encouragement to the bridge idea, the

papers are all in favor of the Viaduct, but occasionally expressions not calculated to keep up the public enthusiasm creep in. This has been the case particularly since the conference with the railway managers, as a result, not of any weighty arguments made by Messrs. Hickson and Van Horne, but of an error of judgment in excluding reporters on the occasion. That error was unfortunate, but the Viaduct scheme must not be allowed to suffer on account of it, or any other side issue, however important in itself. With the latest report of the eminent engineer, Mr. Wellington, in hand, we may redouble our confidence in the perfect practicability and comparative cheapness of the Viaduct, together with the vast advantages it possesses over the bridge scheme in enhancing instead of destroying the value of property on the water front, and the Press of Toronto ought to be more earnest and persistent than ever in pressing its claims upon the public.

JOHN A.'S BLESSING.—The farmer has John A.'s blessing in lieu of free corn. He may find some difficulty in feeding his cattle on it, as cattle are not quite so gullible as some of their owners. Sir John seems to have gone a step out of his way this session to convey to the horny-handed son of agricultural toil a realization that the N.P. election is over, and that there is no immediate necessity for cultivating the farming vote. First it was the peremptory refusal of the rebate of duty on corn exported in the shape of fat cattle, and now it is an equally decisive negative to the request for the removal of the duty itself. After a while it will be impressed upon the rural mind that the farmer has no show under the N.P. whenever the interests of the protected monopolist come in, for the latter is the fellow who contributes to the election fund. When this idea is once grasped, we hope and trust that the farmers of Canada will also begin to realize that they constitute a majority, and that they will use their ballots to rid the country of the childish delusion of protectionism, a system of sneaking robbery of the masses for the benefit of the classes, under which the farmer must invariably be plundered, and that without the opportunity of doing any plundering himself by way of compensation.

MR. MOWAT'S PORTRAIT.—The classic features of the Attorney-General of Ontario, deftly placed on canvas by the brush of Mr. John Forbes, are to adorn the walls of the local Parliament buildings. The portrait was presented to Mr. Mowat a few days ago as a testimonial of the attachment of his followers and friends. The Provincial Premier is highly popular with everybody, for there is no question that he is a nice little man, both able and good. Indeed, GRIP thinks so much of him that he comes forward to present him with still another portrait of himself. It is the intention of this life-like portrait to enable Mr. Mowat to see himself as he is seen by Mr. John Hallam and other tax reformers—as a statesman who is at present adding the weight of his influence to the already heavy load borne by the poor man in this fair Province, inasmuch as he is not coming to the poor man's relief as he might. The Exemption Bill just brought in by the Government is altogether too mild, and cannot be regarded as worthy of a really Liberal administration. In order to be so, it ought to abolish all exemptions straight, for there is not a reasonable argument to be found in support of the present system. Of course some of the most unrighteous features of that system—such as the exemption on incomes of Judges and Dominion officials are beyond Mr. Mowat's control, but he can do far more than he has yet attempted.



IT is a disgrace to humanity that Mr. Adam Brown should have so much difficulty in getting his Bird Bill through Parliament. The object of the measure is to prevent practices in connection with pigeon shooting which are enough to sicken the heart of any real man, and are worthy only of debased savages. And yet we find a majority of the members against it. Why? Because some of them are such weaklings that they are afraid of the jeers of the "sports"; and because others belong to the class so called, whose barbarous instincts enable them to take delight in the shedding of the innocent blood of the lower creatures. One would think that an

alleged soldier like Tisdale would be ashamed to shoot a pigeon from a trap, but this valiant warrior is about the fiercest opponent Mr. Brown has. It is very curious what ideas of "manliness" prevail in the Assembly at Ottawa. It is weak and womanish, according to some members, to support a bill against cruelty to animals; but there is nothing derogatory to manhood in voting that black is white at the crack of the party whip!

THE readers of newspapers hereabouts have "supped on murder" for the past fortnight. The terrible Benwell tragedy has afforded material for columns of absorbingly interesting matter, illustrated in some cases by cuts only a few degrees less terrible than the murder itself. The evidence points strongly against Burchell, who has been formally committed for trial at the Woodstock Assizes next fall. Meanwhile, if the tragedy results in the complete destruction of the "farm-pupil" nets, spread in every corner of England by wily scamps, great good will be done. It has been found impossible to enlighten the British mind upon the true condition of things in Canada by ordinary process; this highly dramatic presentation of the subject may be more effectual, and if so poor Benwell will have been the last English gentleman to come to Canada as a farm-partner without first having assured himself that the alleged farm had an existence.

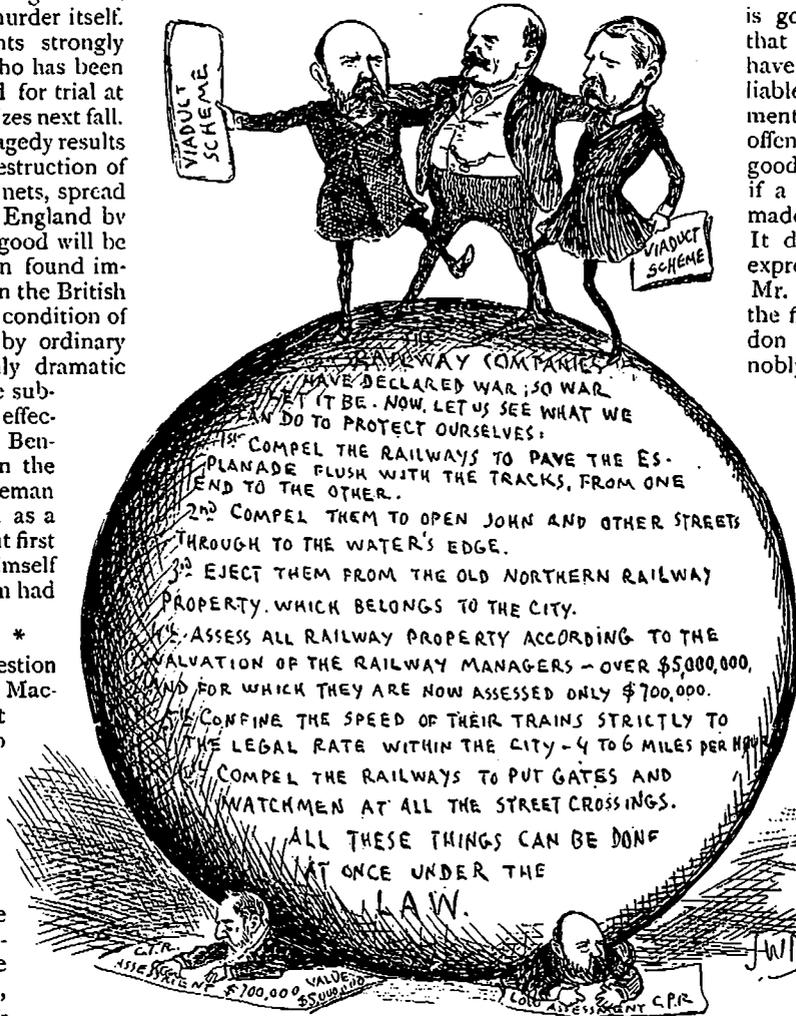
THERE is no question that Ald. E. A. Macdonald was done out of the chairmanship of the special committee on Street Railway Franchise by sharp practise on the part of other aldermen. As the author of the motion for the appointment of the committee he was, under the then existing rule, its chairman as a matter of course, but he never got the chair. The reason given for keeping him out is that he is personally interested in a new street railway company—a statement which he has contradicted under oath. Whether he has not practically shut himself out of all claims to the chairmanship by moving a motion at a committee meeting, with Ald. Gillespie presiding, and thus formally recognizing that officer, may be open to debate, but that he has been finally excluded by the new rule requiring all chairman to be elected is beyond dispute. This rule was to have come into operation after the appointment of this committee, but by special

action of the council it was made retroactive so that it governs this case. Mac. alleges that this was another crooked move against his rights, and it certainly looks that way.

AT this writing the Rykert case is taking a little rest. Its resumption and final disposal will be watched with the keenest interest throughout the country. If no better defence can be made against the charges than that offered by the member for Lincoln himself, the case can have but one ending—if common sense has anything to do with deciding it. Mr. Rykert must withdraw from Parliament, either by voluntary resignation or with assistance from the rear. There is good reason to believe that there are others who have rendered themselves liable to the same punishment by the same sort of offence, and it would be a good thing for the country if a clean sweep could be made of the whole gang. It does us good to hear expressions like those of Mr. Weldon, of Albert, in the first debate. Mr. Weldon is a gentleman who nobly illustrates the truth that Toryism and corruption are not necessarily synonymous. In this he differs from a good many members of his party who seem to feel bound to defend any rascality committed within the ranks either by leaders or followers. The eloquent words of Mr. Weldon deserve a paragraph to themselves. Here they are:

"IT seems to me that it is a crime of crimes in politics for a member of this House to go to his people on the hustings as we all go, and ask for their votes and promise them his best efforts, and afterwards to take advantage of his position to make money for himself. I cannot but expect that

indignant people—and we may fairly hope an indignant House—will scathe and blast one who has so prostituted his position. I feel the more keenly this, because I hope in this young country of ours that the reputation of our public men, which is the best and most precious property they can possess, will be kept clean and pure. We know what has followed from the opening of campaigns of calumny and slander in the great Republic to the South. We know that in these latter days that Republic is not distinguished by the splendid names in the Congress which shone there thirty or forty years ago. We know that high-minded and proud men, who are careful of their good name, are unwilling to be forced into public life and be borne down by that pitiless storm of calumny and slander which assails them in that country, and in



THE ESPLANADE QUESTION.

HA! WHO'S ON TOP, NOW?

We want a system of Taxation that will encourage theft; and that will bear on all classes equally, according to their ability to pay. This system I believe to be the Single Tax on Land Values.
John Hallam, Open Letter to Hon. O. Mowat



MR. MOWAT PRESENTED WITH ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

THE Liberal Party in the Ontario Assembly having recently presented the Attorney-General with a life-like portrait of himself, painted from the purely personal standpoint, MR. GRIP, assisted by his energetic and public-spirited friend, Ald. John Hallam, has the honor of presenting Mr. Mowat with an equally life-like portrait of himself done from the politico-economic point of view.

voting in a straight-forward way for the motion of the honorable member for South Oxford (Sir Richard Cartwright) we will be doing in this country what we can to preserve the dignity of Parliament and the purity and good name of the people's representatives."

IT appears that our beloved Queen is opposing the promotion of Canon Liddon to a bishopric, and giving poor Salisbury a lot of trouble. The unfortunate clergyman in question so far forgot himself as to address a personal exhortation to Her Most Gracious when preaching at the Royal Chapel one day. She didn't object to the exhortation itself, but to the fact that it was addressed to her as "Madam." This was too much. The account says:

She was in such a towering rage at this that the attendants feared she would fall in an apoplectic fit. After the service she demanded the presence of Dean Wellesley, and, with a flaming face, screamed at him, "Never must that man preach here again."

Now, any mere "madam" would have flung a footstool at the head of this preacher, and the true majesty and forbearance of our beloved Sovereign under the circumstances is what makes us gush so much over loyal addresses like the one Mr. Mulock lately got up.

A CABITAL SUGGESTION.

IN view of Mr. Charlton's heartless jibes about cab hire GRIP wonders it has not occurred to the fine brain of the Minister of Finance to economise the public money by making his chief start a cab of his own. It could be done thus:

| | |
|---|---------|
| To one horse for Minister of Railways. A thoroughbred, somewhat up in years and not too spry, so as not to endanger his precious life, say | \$15 00 |
| " Harness | 12 00 |
| " Fourwheeler (second-hand) | 23 00 |
| " One jarvey at 75 cents per diem. (This large item might be saved by entering said jarvey as a third-class clerk.) | 00 00 |
| " Forage—perhaps the Department of Agriculture might give the clippings of the lawn on Parliament Hill free of charge (as the proceeds do not appear in the public accounts.) | 00 00 |
| Grand total for outlay | \$50 00 |

deducted from \$500, here is a clear gain of \$450 for Sir John to begin with. On off nights he could ply for hire and thus earn the \$266 now chargeable to the public. There would be a rush to be driven to Mr. Foster's fashionable Wednesday evening salon. The Premier would be sure to get handsome tips, too.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

LITTLE NEICE (in a jealous and audible voice)—“ Kiss me, too, auntie.”

AUNTY—“ That is bad grammar, dear. You should say ‘ Kiss me twice,’ not ‘ Kiss me two.’ ”

ECHOES FROM OTTAWA.

BY OUR OWN SWEET REPORTER.

INTERESTING LEGISLATION AHEAD—GOSSIPING NOTES IN AND OUT OF PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, *March 18th.*

MY DEAR OLD GRIP,—What do you think? Yesterday was my—my—my — birthday! No, you naughty fellow! Emphatically no! I *shan't* tell you either. The “either” means, of course, that some one else is worrying to find out which birthday it was. But I mean to keep you both delightfully in the dark, for—oh, ever so long I guess it will be easy in your case; but I am afraid Owen will bother it out of me yet, he is *so* persistent. “Miss Anna,” he solemnly declares, “when I get my clutch out I’m clay mud. You can’t find your burrow with me on this age hunt. I’m after you with moccasins on and the best dog in Ottawa district!”



The horrid man! Positively, he frightens me with his mysterious threats couched in such unintelligible language. But I shouldn’t be such a goose, should I GRIP? Owen is *so* good to me. Never a bit cross—always ready to help me with my correspondence—very, very seldom laughs so as to provoke me—and, generally speaking, does everything I ask him in a—a—a—well, you know what I mean—patient, dignified, brotherly sort of way, that one would be really heartless not to appreciate.

WORK OF THE SESSION.

Yesterday, Owen handed me the “subjoined summary of prospective session work not, as yet, outlined on the Order menu.” Giving this news in advance of the other papers would, he said, certainly raise my reputation for veracity and repertorial *finesse*, and at the same time largely increase GRIP’s circulation and salutary influence. I trust it will do—will do—all he says for me; because you know, GRIP, dear, I am only a girl just past nin—, or rather, I should say, I am just a young woman almost all by myself down here, working hard, and having to compete with so many others, and finding it an awful job, dear, and I get so lonely and miserable and homesick often and often, and wish, oh, *so* much, that Geor—I mean that papa would come and take me home, and I’d never, never, NEVER —! There! If I wasn’t just letting myself go right off into the dolful dumps! I verily believe I’d have spoiled this page with big tear blots, only that Owen’s sister has come in and shaken the glum clean out of me.

Here, then, is Owen’s nice news:—

IN THE COMMONS.

BILL—“To Give the Young Man a Chance.”—*Hon. C. H. Tupper.*

MOTION—“For more correspondence calculated to give me a crack at others of my mortal foes.”—*Sir Rich. Cartwright.*

MOTION—“That it is advisable to have the official printing in the North-West done at the Regina *Leader* office, where the motto is: Big type and jobs done while you wait. The big type is in the interest of the many deaf persons in the Territories.”—*Mr. Davin.*

BILL—“To facilitate Government Land Grant procedure, and provide for satisfactory and safe remuneration to sisters and cousins and aunts of members disinterestedly associated therewith.”—*Mr. Rykert.*

MOTION—“To require from the Opposition whip full returns of all members who, during this and previous sessions, have ‘Jumped Jim Trow,’ as it were; and where such members are at this moment, politically speaking and otherwise, with a view to calculate on a new leadership.”—*Mr. Paterson.*

BILL—“To declare me the Own and Only Duly Authorized Third Party of this House, with power to add to my number.”—*Hon. Peter Mitchell.*

BILL (*Government measure*)—“To define Ministerial conversations and promises, which are not necessarily for publication.”—*Hon. Mr. Bowell.*

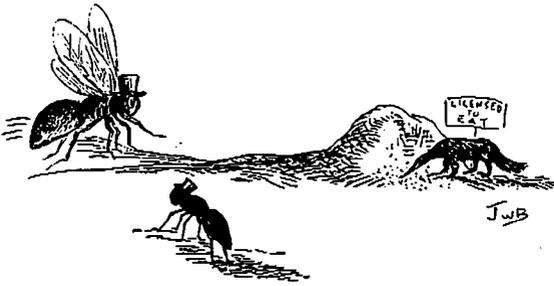
BILL—“To promote C.P.R. litigation.”—*Hon. E. Blake.*

BILL—“To amend the North-West Fur regulations, and further, for the relief of Frederick Middleton, *et al.*”—*Sir John Macdonald.*

BILL—“To prohibit petitions for Executive Clemency.”—*Sir John Thompson.*

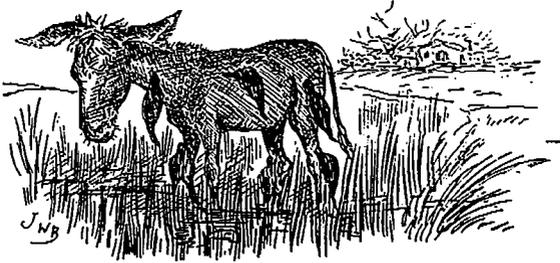
A COUPLE OF FABLES.

AFROPOS OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY CONVENTION.



THE BEE AND THE ANTS.

As a Bee was one day Flying over a Meadow, she observed a great commotion going on at an adjacent Ant-Hill. On drawing nearer, She observed an Ant-Eater, feeding upon the Inhabitants of the Ant-Hill. Accosting an Ant who was escaping from the common doom, she expressed sympathy for the Unhappy Plight of his relations and friends. "I do not know what you Refer to, Madam," replied the Ant. "Then are you Not seeking safety yourself in Flight?" asked the Bee. "I am getting away from the Commotion caused by the Discussion of the Official Language and Cab Hire questions, which bore me, that is all," said the Ant. "But the Ant-Eater—?" responded the Bee in Amazement. "Oh, He is not the cause of the commotion at all. He is one of our Institutions, and is always with us. We found it Hard to drive him away, so have Licensed him to stay and Feed on us."



THE ASS AND THE LEECHES.

An Ass who Lived in a Marshy Meadow was much Harassed by Leeches, who Fastened themselves upon Him and would not be Shaken Off. At last he conceived a Happy Thought. "Since I cannot induce them to Forego sucking my blood, I will License them to suck it on condition of their sharing it with me." And so he did. It was, indeed, a Happy Thought and worthy of—an Ass.

BILL—"To amend the S. O. Act by declaring it unlawful to lic in bed late on Sunday."—*Mr. Charlton.*

MOTION—"For a select committee to enquire into the prevalent practice of young men courting more than one girl at a time, with a view to determine the relation of such practice to the marriage laws of this country."—*[Several Members.]*

LITTLE BITS OF LESSER CAPITAL GOSSIP.

Having thus given you a whole lot of the sober, solid and, to me and Norah, terribly dry and uninteresting news of the Capital, I think I, or rather the two of us, will just finish out this letter with what we regard as *comme il faut* in correspondent gossip; and I am, that is, we both are, quite sure it will be read with the very liveliest interest. The little, short, jerky pieces (I put titles to them) are Norah's; the longer and more deliberately written are your own Anna's:—

Wanted an opportunity.—I hate writing letters. But I'd like awful well to do Ottawa letters just one session.

Wouldn't I make fur fly! My, oh, my! I'd like to die Lots of fun there'd be. Any paper wants me, write to Anna. I mean business, mind.

My dressmaker, Miss De Fitte, begged me as a special favor to notice her elegant establishment favorably. I half promised, but since I got home my last dress, I could not truthfully speak a word in praise of the woman or her shop. The whole thing was simply a fright. The velvet garniture was of the poorest quality, and displayed no taste whatever in its arrangement on the grosgrain skirt; while bodice drapery, not even excepting the passementeries, the Directoire reverses, or the girdle, was a perfect show. As to polonaise, waist-coat, and capote, there was even more to complain about. I was so disgusted I gave "the whole business," as Owen would call it, to the cook. You can't imagine what a state of mind this disappointment put me in.

"Ah, there, uncle!—What's that about a certain rotund widower M.P. and a certain buxom widow? Ah, there, uncle." Better write up home to the grown gals before going too far! My eye is dead on you!

I have received a note, written on highly embossed and delightfully scented paper, requesting permission for the publication of a poem inscribed to me! Think of that, GRIP, and say whether your Anna is not attracting notice! I sent back word to the writer to first furnish me with his photo., a lock of his hair, and a few words about himself. These supplied me, I shall tell you more about the episode, which may possibly prove of much interest.

Can this be true? There is a lady in town who has a nowhat remote connection with vice-regal circles. She has a glass eye. She wears four different shades of wig. She can ride bare-back, masculine style. Likewise she is left-handed, likes wine and billiards and talks slang. O, most wondrous woman! O, most accomplished dame. How would you like me to give your name?

One of my most particular M.P. friends has made me a present of a beautiful little pug-dog, with the most astonishingly ugly face you ever set eyes on. You'd just take a fit if you saw the comical look he puts on when you reproach him for chewing up your rubbers or mussing your dress with his muddy paws. He puts me in mind of one of the members—I won't mention names—both in pug looks and pugnacity. Owen told me the Governor General wanted to buy my dog. I'll see the Governor General in Halifax, first!

Personal.—Departmental Dudes, Duffers, Dandies and Donothings, Nemesis is on your track! That's me! I'm going to write you all up, *Cave canem*, too! "Canem" means just plain "cane." Wait till I get my regular commission as correspondent! I have it in for a batch of you! There! [I put "personal" to this, because I couldn't really think of a strictly *apropos* heading. Norah writes peculiarly!]

Is this original?—Why are so many Senators prompt and regular during progress of certain Bills? *Ans.*—For divorce reasons.

Col. O'Brien, you know, comes from Shanty Bay. Owen tells me that the doors of society here have been closed against him, on the supposition that he lives in a shanty when at home. Of course such is a mean falsehood, for the Col. lives down near the Bay, in quite a large castle, with cannons poking out of all the windows ready at any moment to rep. the dread invader of his loved country. The shanties are where all his soldiers and retainers live. How very romantic, is it not, dear?

But you'll have to excuse me now, for I'm nearly due at the photographer's. Truly,
ANNA NVAS

DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

A DRAMA IN EIGHT SCENES.



1.



5.



2.



6.



3.



7.



4.



8.



THE CONSCIENTIOUS HYPOCRITE.

(A LENTEN PASTORAL.)

MRS. SASSIETY (*greatly shocked*)—"Horror! Is it possible, Miss De Style, that I find you positively committing idolatry?"

MISS DE STYLE—"Call it what you please. I am a frivolous creature of fashion, and I wouldn't dare to mock a true God with Lenten formalities. I *must* keep Lent to be in the swim, so I prefer to have a god that will not scorn the hollow hypocrisy of the thing!"

THE TERRACOTTAVILLE BROWNING CLUB.

OF all the gosh-blamed foolishness I've heerd of this long while Among stuck-up, conceity folks which sling on high-toned style,

About the wust I reckon, though there might be worser still, Is the Browning Club they've organized in Terracottaville.

'Twas a young school-teacher feller wich fust put 'em on the fake, A long-legged, red-headed galoot we once called "Sandy Jake," When he worked as Simpson's hired man afore he went away, But sence he got thro' college he's "J. Chauncey Banks, B.A."

Well, this here feller, Chauncey Banks, wich runs the village school,

Has all the indications of a nateral-born fool, An' the lot of extra foolishness wich college trainin' gives Made him jest about the fooliest fool of any man that lives.

He allowed he had a mission "to the public to impart Some knowledge of the rudiments of culture an' of art, Wich would raise 'em from the grovelments in which they blindly grope,

By givin' 'em true insight an' imaginative scope."

The reason why I'm able to give these remarks so plain Is by copyin' the notes was took by our Mirandy Jane, Wich attended at his lectur wen he opened up his plan, An' I kinder think Mirandy's gittin mashed on that young man.

He said the poet Browning was by cultured folks allowed To be jest about the king bee of the high-artistic crowd, That he knocked the spots off Tennyson an' Arnold an' the rest, An' Swinburne wasn't in it, though he done his level best.

This bein' so he reckoned it would be the proper caper If he on "Browning's Life and Works" should read to 'em a paper, An' after wich all them wich would chip in an' foot the bill, Might help to start the Browning Club of Terracottaville,

Mirandy Jane would have it that ³²²her ma and me must go, Mirandy has big-feelin' ways and high-toned airs, you know; "I wish, papa," says she one day, "that you was cultured more, You spit so much tobacco-juice around the parlor floor."

Well, there we sot wile Chauncey Banks unloaded all his guff, In all your blessed life I swear you never heard sech stuff; About the "introspectiveness and clear resonant note, Pregnant with soul-suggestive ness" of what this feller wrote.

It seems that this Browning man —I understand he's dead— Sot out to write so common folks would not know what he said, An' it takes sech ducks as Chauncey Banks an' others in that line To pick the meanin' outen it an' git the thing down fine.

He slung some chunks of poetry: begosh, it knocked me cold, "Who will," one piece began, "may hear Sordeller's story told,"

I heern it told—an' all I know is that there was a feller Wich lived somewheres in furrin parts an' called himself Sordeller.

Well, at the close I riz right up to move a vote of thanks, "This speech," I says, "does credit to our young friend, Mr. Banks;

I've knowed him sence he was knee-high—he means well, I've no doubt, But durn my skin ef I kin tell what it's been all about.

"Oh, no, Mirandy Jane! ye need not yank at my coat tail! I ain't a-goin' to keep my seat wile sech ideas prevail: I'm goin' to give my song an' dance an' free my mind awhile, An' them is welcome to retire wich doesn't like my style.

"I don't go back on poetry—it does me good, sometimes, To steal awhile away an' read the good old-fashioned rhymes; But this here Browning racket doesn't catch me worth a cent, What's more, I don't think two men here knowed what the speaker meant.

"Yer want to study poetry? Well, that's all right enough! But give me somethin' straight and plain an' not this mixed-up stuff; What's the matter with Will Carleton? he's a good one as they make, 'Tis all blamed rot to tell us that this Browning takes the cake.

"Or seein' we're Canadians an' patriots, yer know, I think that native talent oughter have some kind of show; 'Twould be fur more to the purpose nor this senseless Browning plan, To start a club fur studyin' the poems of The Khan."

There was loud expostulations in the most excited tones, There was cries of "Shame!" an' "Order!"—there was hisses, hoots an' groans; Mirandy Jane fell faintin' in hysterics to the floor, As I seized my hat an' overcoat an' moseyed fur the door.

"They air jined unto their idols," as the Scriptor book has said, An' the Browning Club is boomin', an' there's weekly essays read; But if Chauncey Banks comes sneakin' round to spark Mirandy Jane, I've got a different kind of club to make my meanin' plain.



THE QUEEN CITY JOURNALISTIC ORCHESTRA.

CONDUCTOR GRIP.—"NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, LET US GET INTO PERFECT HARMONY, AND PLAY THIS SELECTION IN UNISON!"



A MORNING CALL.

SCAPEGRACE SON—"Mornin', father, 'low me to introduce (*hic*) frien' of mine. (*To his friend, whose vision multiplies.*) What the deuce are you up to (*hic*) now, Jack, eh?"

JACK—"I'm (*hic*) endeavorin' (*hic*) to select your (*hic*) father, old boy."—*Pick-me-up.*

THE GREAT DUEL (LANGUAGE).

BY OUR OWN SHAKESPEARE.

ACT I.—(SCENE—HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

McCarthy—It must not be in these new lands of ours—
Bought with our money from th' Adventurers—
Bought with exchange of cattle and of corn
From savage hosts, and from Metis with Scrip—
Now peopled with our English race—that we
Should place dissension, which in time shall grow
A curse to them and us.

Lariviere—The gentleman
Grows in conceit. What business is't of his?

Sir John—These weighty questions we had best consider—
To-morrow.

Chapleau—And yet I do not like that word
A "Curse."

Laurier—"T was no necessity for him
Such words to use. And yet the Premier
Is wise—I do confess that he is wise
In all he does. We will consider of
This thing at date that may be named hereafter.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT II.

McCarthy—I ask again that in the Farthest West
Our Eastern differences may not planted be
By us.

Davin—And I, for that, would ask in turn,
That they should settle this thing for themselves.
For why should we search trouble out that comes
Too oft without our searching? And, besides,
The gentleman that asks this thing of us
Is not well read, or understandeth not
That which he reads;—therefore, should we not grant
This his request. And for that he is but
A lawyer, too, is reason we should not
Grant to him this unreasonable thing.
And for that he is known to all of us
To be a busy man, and much engaged
In divers other matters of great weight;—
Therefore should we not grant this his request.
Besides he is an ignorant man;
He has not studied the Regina Leader;
Like birds, he gathers up his food upon
The wing. He is a hero in his own
Conceit,—a very sorry hero he;—
Therefore should we not grant this his request.

O'Brien—The reasons just recited by my friend,
Who now sat down, I leave to his own kind
To feed their minds upon. They are not food
For men. But briefly this I do assert,—
That all the West, and all the Western Press
Do back McCarthy up,—reason, I think,
That I should favor this thing that he asks.

White—Not I! And these my reasons,—musty tomes
A century old; and which hereafter will
Be printed in the Montreal Gazette.

Beausoliel—*Chers Messieurs, j'ai l'honneur de proposer
Que tout cela a été établi
Seulement dans l'intérêt bien entendu
Du Nord-Ouest. N'est-ce pas? Cela va sans dire.
Vive l'harmonie, mes Messieurs; Vive Québec.*

Denison—Vive nothing; or if anything must "Vive,"
Why, I say, let it be our noble Queen,
Her Majesty, God bless her! In the West
I've traveled, and have never heard a word
Of French there spoken. If I had, I do
Confess, I should have understood it not.
They do not want it there. Besides, I guess
McCarthy knows full well what he's about;—
Therefore should be supported.

Mulock—In ancient days Ahasuerus, king,
To six score seven of his provinces,
Did seven and six score royal letters send,
In six score seven different lingoes writ.
It is an ancient good example for us.

Dawson—Hear! Hear!

Langevin—We'll have our language; let who will say nay.
Fanatics all, I dare you!

Mills—If there be
Of forces, as there needs must be, a number,
Which at a given time, upon a body
Act,—there can be not a doubt, I think,
That forward would such body be impelled
In the direction, as you all must see,
Of the resultant of those forces. So
I cannot now support McCarthy's motion.

Charlton—From where Atlantic beats, unto the shores
Of far Pacific; and from Panama
To where the midnight sun looks down upon
The changeless fields of ice on Arctic coasts,—
The Anglo-Saxon still extends his sway.
Purpose divine this destiny has given,
That he must ever stretch his journey on.
The continent is his; a fairer world
God hath not given to man, nor shall not give.
Let him take up the trust—it is no cross—
And taking fear not.

Blake—No; 'tis I that fear,
And therefore I propose the following:—



A BUSINESS CHANGE.

RAGTAG—"What, yer don't mean to say yer goin' to quit work
when it's on'y half-past two!"

BOYTALE—"Naw! I'm jest changin' this ont'er the other leg.
Yer don't suppose I would wear it all day on the same leg, do
yer?"

(Reads.) *Whereas*, this House has now bowed the knee to Baal for some years, and it is evident that great trouble will arise if we try to break the yoke;—and both parties are undoubtedly united in this feeling;

And *whereas*, the North-West must learn that this House intends to let it know who runs it;

Therefore be it *resolved*: That we will make no change in existing institutions in the North-West until the Greek Kalends.

McNeill— A noble Roman truly; such indeed—
Nor more nor less than—he has always been.

Sutherland—And noble certainly I conceive he is.

Laurier— This whole thing is another Tory job,
Put up by the Arch-Sorcerer himself.
And this McCarthy—in intolerance
Rivalled by none—protests himself to be
A follower of his ancient chieftain still.
And this is but precursor to the dawn
Of such a day as means black night to us.
But I do dare that honorable man—
If he to honor still pretends a claim—
To say within the hearing of his peers
What he to hinds on his own dunghill said.

Sir John—In this you do me wrong—great wrong—nor me
Alone, but to my friends, who have been friends
To thee and to thy friends these many years.
And, lo! in history wilt thou find it writ,
And in the days that are, alas, no more.
But one thing pleases me; it is that Blake,
Whom I these many, many years have loved,
Has now proposed a most judicious course,
A resolution that for statesmanship
Proves him a nonpareil. And I suggest
That would he kindly modify some words
Of that which he has writ, and so not make
The meaning quite so very, very plain,
And I, or Thompson, might confer with him,
We might solve this at length.

Blake— I will, dear heart.

Sir John—Much thanks.

Cockburn—Sirs, I have traveled much abroad
In Switzerland, with knapsack, schnapps and guides,
And I do hope this question solved will be.

Sproule— I do support McCarthy.

Wright— Not so I.

Laundry— Leave not this question to the West to settle.

McCarthy—Well said.

Laundry— Nor let us settle it ourselves.

Weldon— Certain provisions in the Constitution,
Which ancient days have handed down to us;
Certain enactments, guarantees and gages,
Which we in good faith entered into once,—
Preclude from any right consideration
Certain of matters touched upon. The rest
I do concede. These let us grant.

Dessaint— *Monsieur*

*Quichotte cherchait toujours à protéger
Les faibles et les opprimés; Monsieur
McCarthy cherche à les persécuter
Quelle différence!*

Chapleau— Great difference truly. In
My native province never did I see
Minorities oppressed. There demagogues
Have neither sway nor audience. Not so here.
But these attempts shall cease. Our ancient tongue
We shall preserve and cherish.

Cartwright— Snakes may change
Their skins, and certain animals their spots;
But shall a hoary sinner turn his way?
My pious friend who sits across the floor
Is at his ancient wily tricks again.
And even I must give reluctantly—
Timeo Danaos—him my support.

McCarthy—You scowl at me. On every side I see
Glances of rage and hate. Well, not the fiends
From hell unloosed shall turn me from my course.
Come, I defy you all. Answer me this:
Who first imposed upon a virgin soil
A monster birth? And who by trickery foul
Deceived this House and his own countrymen?
You! Sage of Bothwell.

Mills— I! You dare not say—

McCarthy—Dare! I repeat, repeat a thousand times.

Mills— You cannot prove your words.

McCarthy—Here is the proof!



HEAD-GEAR A LA MODE.

BAGLEY—"What a queer looking hat that girl has on."
DUMLEY—"She doesn't seem to have it on very much."

Chapleau— Tut! What is that?

McCarthy— The proof.
And now I'll prove another thing upon you:
The West repudiates your course.

Several Members—Proof! Proof!

McCarthy—Here! Here! Letters and telegrams;
Petitions; Resolutions without end;
And, here concluding, let me tell you all:
The business not concluded is, nor shall be
Till from the West the curse removed is.

Davin— And dunce the second follows dunce the first.

ACT III.

Thompson—I do announce, that with the high approval
Of our liege lord, Sir John, I have amended
The resolution of our brother, Blake.

Members—Hear! Hear!

Thompson—Concluding that the word which there occurs,
"Baal," need not occur, I've left it out.

Members (rising en masse)—Carried! Carried!

McCarthy—Blind! Blind!

Mr. Speaker—I declare it carried.

[Curtain drops.]
W.

A POTENT REASON.



NE day as Jorkins down the
street
Was walking with your
humble servant,
A pretty girl we chanced to
meet,
Says Jorkins, "You're a
man observant.

You saw that girl who just
went by—
A satchel in her hand she
carried—
Well, to my laundryman,
Wo Fec,
That fine Canadian girl
is married."

"Married a Chinaman? Of course

"'Twas love of gold caused that disaster?"

"Oh no, a flower did the trick."

"A flower?" "Why yes, *A Chinese ast-cr.*" JONES

TEETH like pearls is a common expression. The way to obtain is to use Dyer's Arnicated Tooth Paste. Fragrant and delicious. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

SNODGRASS—"I think I'll have to pawn my watch. I'm short of cash."

SNIVELY—"There's no necessity for that. Time itself is money, you know."—*Judge*.

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.

"WHAT is mist?" asks an exchange. From our experience with humanity, we should say that it is generally an umbrella.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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YOUNG WRITER—"I'll be hanged if I know how to describe this scene."

VETERAN—"Oh, just say it begged description."—*Time*.

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"ARE you going to accept the duke?"

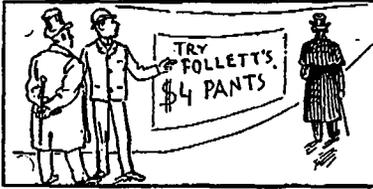
"I don't know yet. We have sixty days to search his title."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

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FLEECY—"How many people seem to be going insane nowadays."

DOWNY—"Yes; it's a popular craze."—*Judge*.

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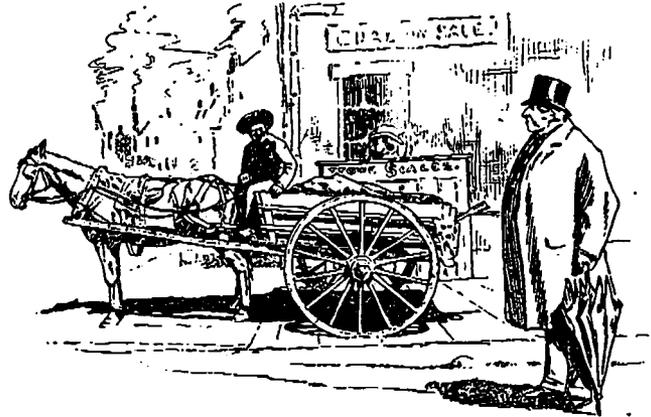
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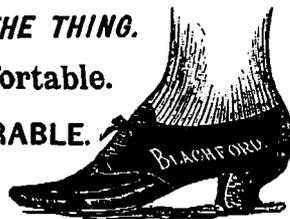
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