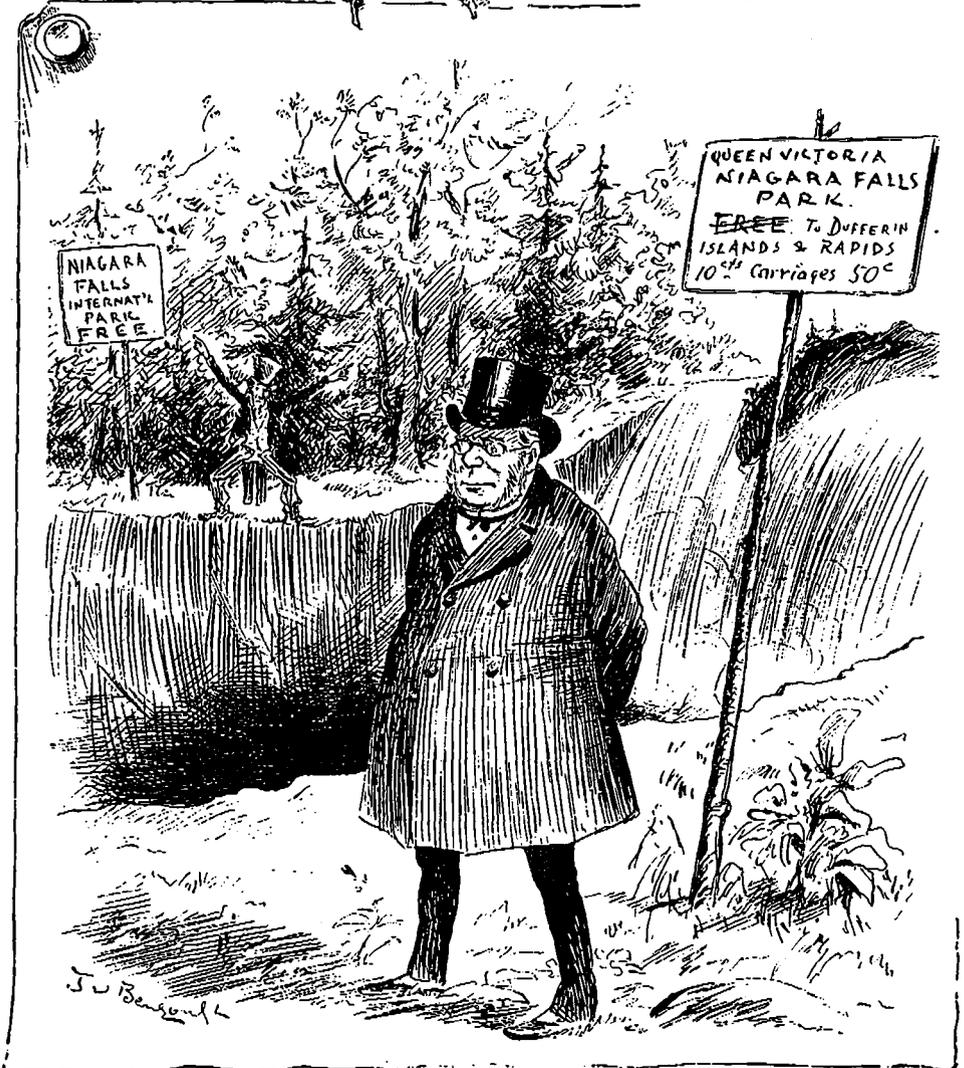


# GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BANGOUR

GRIP ENG



### "THRIFT" vs. HONOR.

Uncle Sam.—How's this, Canada? The understanding was this park was to be free on both sides!

Thrifty Oliver (confused).—What can I say? it's a breach of faith I know, but I hate to lose the coppers!

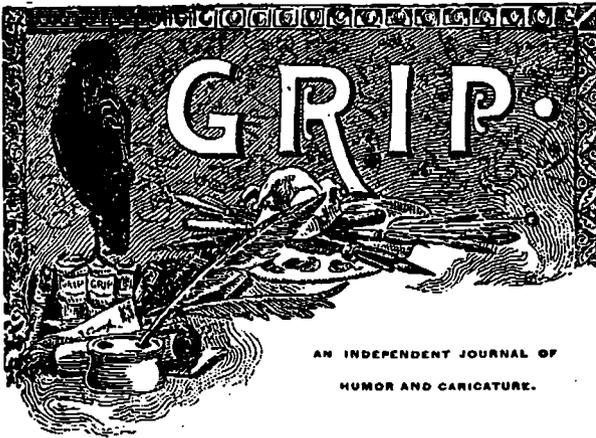
The gravest beast is the Ass.  
 The gravest bird is the Owl.  
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.  
 The gravest man is the fool.

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### Comments on the Customs.



**THE RESTRICTIONIST HORRIFIED.**—The Dominion Government is "doing what in it lies" to open up trade with Spain and the Argentine Republic, by special commission and correspondence, and as it is also giving financial aid to the St. Clair tunnel scheme, the presumption is that it also favors better commercial facilities between this country and the United States. Whereat, if consistency had any place in the protective system, our Restrictionist friends should be up in arms and denouncing this Cabinet as a parcel of disloyal scoundrels. And the members of the Cabinet should be helping them to do the denouncing, for are they not themselves the leaders of Restrictionist "thought," and indeed the authors of the profound moral dictum; that true Canadian loyalty to the throne

and crown of Victoria requires non-intercourse in trade with foreigners—combined with high duties on British goods? But, fortunately, the rudiments of common sense survive in man, and such a thing as consistency is unknown to Protectionists. Just think for a moment of the ridiculous position our so-called statesmen are occupying. While the theory of the N.P. teaches that every community ought to be sufficient unto itself; that a high tariff wall, by excluding foreign goods, preserves an ample home market to the manufacturer, who in turn pays high wages to labor, and at the same time both enjoy cheap living—what does the practice of these believers in the N.P. teach? That no community can hope to prosper unless it enjoys access—and the freer the bet-

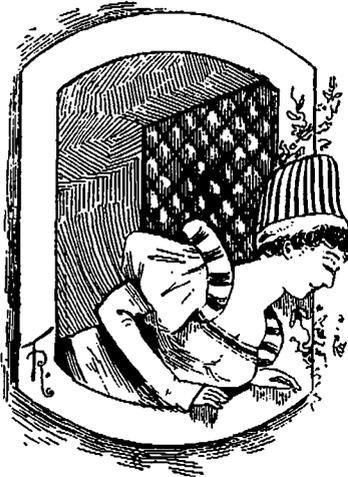
ter—to the markets of the world; that the home market is nothing compared with those of Spain and the Argentine Republic if we can by any means get them! And this St. Clair tunnel; according to the N.P. doctrine, it is a public calamity, for, in the first place, it is quite unnecessary to the well-being of Canada, and secondly, it will assuredly undermine the loyalty of our citizens; and yet they so far approve of it as to aid its construction with public money! Are these Cabinet ministers knaves, and the people who believe their N.P. teachings fools? We don't know, but it looks a little that way. One thing, however, we can pretty confidently assure them, that they will never obtain trade relations with Spain or any other country while they tax the goods sent here, and make profitable return cargoes impossible. How much longer are the wage workers and consumers of Canada going to put up with this pitiful nonsense?

**"THRIFT" vs. HONOR.**—A great and entirely justifiable storm of indignation has arisen on the discovery that the Niagara Falls Queen Victoria Park, declared to be free with so much pomp and ceremony, is really not free. Fees are being charged for access to certain islands and rapids, and as a consequence the Canadian side of the park is being avoided by visitors. This is a small business for the Ontario Government, but nothing seems to be too infinitesimal for that body to do if only a few coppers can be scraped out of it. The usual sordid desire to "make something" is no doubt the motive for this miserable arrangement, as we can conceive of no other; but Mr. Mowat is mistaken if he thinks the people will support him in a disgraceful breach of faith with our American neighbors for the sake of the paltry amount he is able to squeeze out of tourists by these charges. The clear understanding was that the parks on both sides, together with all points of interest accessible on foot or in carriages, should be free. They are free on the American side, and they must be made so on the Canadian.

**THE Police Magistrate** is being severely criticised for his action in fining Rev. Mr. Wilson \$1 and costs, but the critics have allowed maudlin sentimentality to run away with their judgment. GRIP stands by the colonel. We must see to it that the police are fully protected in the discharge of their foul language. It would never do to permit clergymen or others to attempt, as Rev. Mr. Wilson did, to choke off a volley of oaths by expostulating with the officer who was in the act of delivering the same, as it is well known that expletives are as dangerous as explosives if forcibly bottled up. Moreover, Mr. Wilson, by his clean-shaven face and roundabout collar, led this good Orange policeman to believe he was a Catholic priest, and thereby aggravated the piety of the officer to the fighting pitch. That, notwithstanding this aggressive insult, the policeman refrained from using his baton and revolver, is highly to the credit of the force. The Police Magistrate only erred, we think, in not awarding damages to the cop for his lacerated feelings.

\* \* \*

**WE** are pleased to note that there is a vigorous kick going on in the Conservative party over the proposed Dewdney appointment, and trust it may be kept up with such force as to compel the Government to select a better man for Minister of the Interior. It is about time that Conservatives of decent instincts made it unmistakably clear that they do not approve of giving political rewards to those who have proved themselves unworthy of them. Dewdney and his methods have simply blighted the North-West Territories. His name is held in abhorrence by the poor famished Indians, who have a keen memory of his heartlessness and duplicity, and his reputation amongst the whites is not much better. But for some reason or other this man is apparently all-powerful with Sir John A. Macdonald. It must be his fascinating ways at parties where the ladies are present.



NE of our most highly-esteemed and most intelligent exchanges, the Sidney, Australia, *Bulletin*, to wit, comes to us regularly with the address slip reading, "Toronto, Canada, U.S.A." This from our "fellow-colonists," too! Now, what was the use of our whipping the Yankees on two distinct occasions, if we are not to get credit for it? And why have we struggled and toiled for twenty years

to build up a great commonwealth under the British flag if nobody in the outside world knows that we are a separate nationality. It's dreadfully discouraging, so it is. "Toronto, Canada, U.S.A.!" Just think of that, brother *Empire!* It's worse than Commercial Union or Reciprocity.

\* \* \*

EMPEROR FREDERICK, the noble and high-minded, is at rest, and the destinies of the great German Fatherland are committed to the care of his son, now William II. The world has of late been looking upon this young man with a certain want of confidence, due to his apparent lack of filial affection, and his manifest weakness for swords and drums. The well-wishers of Germany will be gratified to learn from the new ruler's address to the army and navy that he deeply loved his father—notwithstanding outward appearances—and it will be but fair to give him a chance now to show how worthy he is to succeed that splendid Christian gentleman. Meanwhile, Germany ought to have that scrap of paper on which the late Emperor wrote, "I hate war more now than ever I did," framed and hung up where it could always be seen from the throne.

\* \* \*

SOMETHING has got to be done about this Liquor Traffic business, and the country is holding its ear toward Montreal to learn what that something is. The convention which meets in that city on the 3rd of July promises to be a large and lively one, and the question it has to decide seems to be whether the industry of drunkard-making shall go on in this country with the Government as a partner, or whether it shall be declared outlawed. This question is easy and simple, and could be answered right away, only that the country is afflicted with stuttering.

THE Trades Union to the employers, "Throw up your Hands!"

OUR Grand Old Highlandman, Evan McColl, has just issued a new and complete edition of his poems, bearing the imprint of genius and also of the Kingston *Whig* printing establishment. No Canadian library is complete without McColl and McLachlan.

OUR HUMOROUS VOCALIST.

NO. I.

*"It's slipped my memory, I declare."*

We all have our defects, they say,  
And none can stand severe inspection,  
My little weakness is, I think,  
A want of perfect recollection;  
And yet I can recall the time  
When I loved Julia, sweet and fair  
Her other name was—hang it all,  
Its slipped my memory, I declare.

CHORUS.—Now isn't it very annoying  
To have things slip away?  
And yet with me, as you can see,  
It happens every day!

I'm married now; my little wife  
Is what they call a perfect brick;  
Domestic bliss inspires my life,  
I've not the slightest cause to kick.  
Of children, bouncing boys and girls,  
I've got a fairly average share;  
How many? well there's—let me see—  
Its slipped my memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—



THE EMIGRANT'S JACK-O-LANTERN.

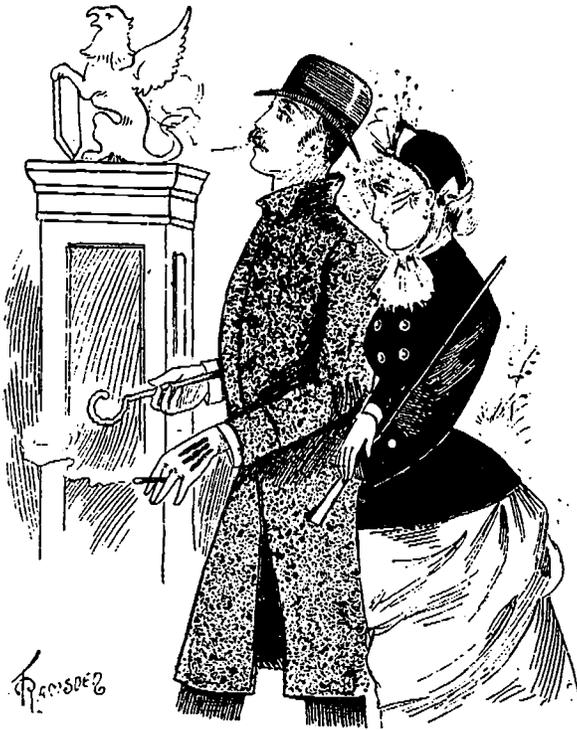
I live in very tony style  
Upon a fashionable street,  
In friendly way I raise my tile  
To every lofty swell I meet.  
I failed in business, don't you know,  
That's how I managed to "get there"—  
How many times? ha, let me think—  
Its slipped my memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—

L'ENVOI.

You're very kind to call me back,  
Extremely kind, I'm bound to say,  
But—you can see I'm quite confused—  
I'm looking for the big bouquet.  
Where is that floral offering gone?  
I do not see it anywhere—  
It cannot be and yet, alas,  
Its slipped your memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—



### A CRUSHER.

*Mr. Deudsome.*—Aw, Miss Maud, you flatter me!

*Miss Maud.*—Impossible. I couldn't make you any flatter than you are.

### FRAUDS ON FARMERS.

BEING SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE CANADIAN YEOMAN.

I, as a soulful philanthropist, whose only aim in life is to ameliorate suffering, at so much a mill, wish to place on record, for the benefit of succeeding ages, my hearty approbation of the way the Parliamentary Committee has gone about to discover who beats the farmers and how much they manage to make out of their miraculous work.

I am one of those persons who never yet got the better of a well-regulated farmer. Try as hard as I might, there was always something in my way—sometimes the farmer, occasionally the farmer's wife, and not infrequently the hired man, or a mistake, which latter singularly proved providentially to be in favor of the farmer.

I wonder how any man can be mean or successful enough to defraud the honest, simple yeoman.

How often does the good farmer come to town with his turkeys, at so much per pound, phenomenally stuffed with old gate hinges, cobble-stones and other weighty feed which the predatory birds have ruthlessly devoured in the quiet gloaming preceding the killing morn. In his unsuspecting mien you see patent proof that the farmer doesn't know of his loss of property, and you, the proud purchaser of a fowl, haven't the heart to come back to him and confront him with the evidences of it, feeling that the man has enough to bear as it is!

Where is the cheese factory whose able-bodied lactometer has not foully misrepresented the standard of the deacon's milk, when the real trouble was due to the cows feeding upon water-cresses?

Point me to a load of wood in which it was not the designing hired man who made the holes count for dimensions, and assured his kind employer that he laid the sticks simply so as to admit a healthful circulation of air!

Is there an agriculturist in this great seven-o'clock-closing land who ever fetched a load of wheat to the merchant mill that the boys out to home—not the honest father himself—hadn't mixed up a few bags of poor stuff with, which were dumped into the hopper when the miller was looking another way?

Will some indulgent friend please cite an authenticated case of a farmer who would not, in his simplicity and profound ignorance of the profitable rules of trade, willingly take cash on delivery for his wheat, and allow the miller to charge up a return load of chopped stuff, or accept a twelve-months' note for that old account?

Give me opportunity, will you, to learn of any isolated case of a Canadian farmer whom you could not easily inveigle into taking a young Englishman into the bosom of his family to learn agriculture at a premium of £100 a year and no wages?

Is it any wonder then that, when the hay-fork fiend, the seed-wheat seducer, the sewing-machine sorcerer, the piano parasite and the lightning-rod rascal, work their nefarious wiles on the noble, the artless, the generous, the self-sacrificing, the—the—the—good and true and worthy tillers of the soil, we all rise up and, metaphorically speaking, send for the ambulance?

The Frauds Investigating Committee have only got through one-half of their job, when you come to think of it.

Let us go on investigating the farmers' frauds—that is to say, the frauds on farmers. A great cry goes up for protection and revenge!

T. T.

### ROME-ING

OAMING round one morning,  
In the bright and balmy May,  
Up to'rds the groves of Rosedale  
I somehow found my way;  
The air was just like ether,  
I longed for wings to fly,  
I felt an exaltation—  
I felt extremely high.

Just then in solemn cadence  
Out rang the silvery bells,  
And past me slowly ambled  
A lot of girls and swells;  
The fellows all wore glasses  
Made for a single eye,  
And the girls wore patent bustles  
That stood extremely high.

They're on their way to worship,  
Thinks I, and no mistake,  
For meek and lowly Christians  
Wear clothes of just that make;  
And I will join and follow—  
St. Simon's church is nigh,  
The service there, I understand,  
Is always nice and high.

I went, and with all dudedom,  
Mid dim and ghastly light,  
I worshipped the intoning  
And the choristers in white;  
And now on sunny mornings  
I leave my lowly home,  
And go to high St. Simon's  
When I want a little Rome.



**MUSTER TOUGALL MACCRUISHCAN 'ULL  
PE GOIN' TO TA PĒEKNEC.**

An' it 'ull pe you again, Tonull? She'll no seen her for two weeks alearly, she'll pe so pizzy wees ta peeknec of ta Happy Heilanmans. Tey'll pe goin' to ta Park of Lorne, an' all ta mans an' all ta weemens 'ull gone an' her nainsel she'll gone, too. If her nainsel 'ull not gone, Tonull, tey'll no could haf ta peeknec whateffer, for all ta young weemens 'ull be cracy apout her. When she'll gif a spoke in a ta Gaelic tey'll neffer pe so glat pefore, and she'll spoke ta Enklish as goot as ta Gaelic, moreofer. An' she'll no pe so many yearss of oldt, Tonull, but she'll tance ta Hielan' Fling as goot ass any off them an' twice ass pesser.

Ye'll pe goin' to ta peeknec, surely, Tonull? Ay, ay, she'll pe fery glat ta hard that. Tere'll no pe a pesser timess, Tonull, in all ta Canata tan ta peeknec. All ta mans 'ull wore ta kilts an' all ta young weemens 'ull haf ta tartans, an' it'll be like ta tay of ta fair at Inferness. She'll haf on! ta kilts her nainsel, an' she'll look twenta yearss ass young ass effer. Some of ta people 'ull no like ta pare legs, but she'll no pe carin'. If tey'll no like ta pare legs, tey'll no pe Hielanmans, an' if tey'll no pe Hielanmans, she'll not care if tey'll like it or no.

She'll gone to ta peeknec for ten yearss, an' more, too. She'll gone to ta Caletonian games when ta Marquiss of Lorne 'ull pe here. She'll no wiss likin' ta Marquiss of Lorne when her'll wiss in Scotland, but when her'll pe here, Tonull, her'll pe a Hielanman, no matter! An' she'll gone to ta peeknec ta last year at ta Fictoria Park. My! Tonull, but tere'll pe ta goot times! Tey'll tance on ta poat, an' tey'll tance at ta park, an' when tey'll came pack tey'll tance all ta way from ta park to ta ceety.

When tey'll got to ta park, tey'll had ta raccess. Tey'll haf raccess for ta poys an' girls, an' tey'll haf raccess for ta mans an' for ta weemens. Her nainsel 'ull pe in ta race for ta fat mans an' Musthress MacCruishcan, she'll pe in ta race for ta weemens. My, Tonull, ye'll neffer saw such a race once aletty. Ta weemens 'ull run faster, Tonull, tan all ta mañs in ta Canata. An' Musthress MacCruishcan! she'll run like ta wint, Tonull, an' ta tust 'ull fly, and she'll lost her ponnet, an' all ta togs 'ull pe at her heels, an' tey'll park an' tey'll howl, an' tey'll no pe aple ta kept up weess her, Tonull, she'll gone so fast. Tey'll no pe Hielan' togs, and tey'll neffer see ta weemens run ass fast pefore. Musthress MacCruishcan, she'll came in feerst, an' she'll got a tress, Tonull, tat 'ull came all ta way from Scoteland, so it wull!

An' ta tug o' war, Tonull! Tey'll pull an' tey'll pull, an' all ta faces 'ull pe red an' tere'll pe no more plood in all ta podies. But she'll no thunk, Tonull, tat ta cleemat of ta Canata 'ull pe goot for ta teviloapment of ta armss. She'll saw ta tay, Tonull, when tey'll pull an' tey'll pull, an' ta rope 'ull proke an' all ta mans 'ull fall ofer ta usser mans. An' ta Lowlanmans 'ull no pull ta Hielanmans ofer neffer once.

Ay, Tonull, it 'ull pe ta gran' timess tat she'll had at ta park! When she'll saw ta water, an' when she'll no could see ta shore on ta usser side, it 'ull gone so far, an' when she'll saw ta hills at ta pack an' all ta treess, an' when she'll hard ta piper plowin' ta pipes an' playin' all ta tuness tat she'll hard when she'll wiss a poy, an' all ta peoples spokin' ta Gaelic,—my! Tonull, she'll thunk tat she'll pe pack in Skye weess her fasser an' musser an' all ta usser peoples. An' she'll pe so sorry, Tonull, when it

O' WAD some poo'er the giftie gie us,  
To see oursels as ithers see us!—Burns.



"FASHION."

*Maud.*—See that old lady, Adolphus!  
*Adolph.*—Yaas—her impwoover is wawther high, but won't it be immense for her when that becomes the exactly pwopaw capaw?

'ull no pe true! She'll saw Musthress MacCruishcan weess ta handkerchief, an' her nainsel she'll got up an' tance ta Hielan' Fling, for she'll no want all ta mans ta see her. Ay, Tonull, it 'ull pe a goot place, ta Canata, weess all ta treess an' ta hillss an' ta lakess, but it 'ull no pe like Scoteland whateffer. Ye'll know what ta poet 'ull said apout tere'll pe nopody weess her soul so tead, Tonull, tat her'll no say to her nainsel, thus'll pe her own croft! Ta poet wiss a Lowlanman, but if she'll say that she'll pe proud off her, Tonull, if she'll be a Hielanman or no.

An' ye'll be goin, then, Tonull? Ay, ay, she'll be glat ta hear that. Her nainsel 'ull see her there, an' she'll take a trink off ta Ela whuska weess her, Tonull. ta mind her of ta lant off ta hesser.

CEILIDH.

**COLLEGE-BRED.**

OFT I note with grief and sorrow  
That the lady graduate  
Fresh from college, learned and lovely,  
Knows not often how to bake.

In our garden is an arbor,  
And the floor is quite ornate,  
Unimpaired by years of usage  
Friends have paused to speculate.

This fair bower is paved with iron?  
Or perchance it's steel or lead?  
No, 'tis only slices cut from  
Jess, B.A.'s first batch of bread!

E. A. C.

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### Progress.

DESPITE the evils under which  
Society doth groan,  
In this age of the printed page  
Our march is ever on !  
The world is getting rid at last  
Of spiritual blindness,  
'Twill be redeemed despite the past  
By love and human kindness.

Sectarianism's dying fast,  
Too long she did enslave us !  
And we begin to learn at last  
That love alone can save us ;  
And have we not in this our day  
A clearer intuition,  
More faith in poor humanity,  
More love, and less suspicion ?

And ours the high heroic deeds  
Done in the vanished ages—  
And flowers divided from the weeds,  
The wisdom of the sages ;  
The jewels bought by blood and tears ;  
As heirlooms dear we keep,  
With songs, yea, of a thousand years  
We lull our babes to sleep.

And if at times we retrograde,  
Behind we won't abide ;  
'Tis but the backward ripple made  
By the advancing tide ;  
The very failures of the past  
Are angels watching o'er us,  
Amid the rocks, they shout, " Avast !"  
And point the way before us.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

### IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS AND SCIENTIFIC TRIUMPHS.

SIR,—Seeing in the newspapers an account of the transplanting of rabbit nerve to the human frame, I beg to acquaint you with a few experiments made by myself in this direction, with their results. Hitherto I have refrained through modesty from making public these private experiments, undertaken solely on scientific grounds.

All my experiments have been made upon members of my own family, my paternal authority giving me the privilege of using them *pro bono publico*.

I. In the spring of 1876, my eldest boy, aged six years, fell down stairs,—not an uncommon accident with children, I believe, fracturing his nose. I determined to try grafting. Having carefully removed the lacerated parts on either side of the nasal bone, and entirely taken away the flesh beneath, I secured a small portion of healthy probosis from a young elephant, which was under chloroform, and after securing with sealing wax, bandaged tightly. At the end of three months the bandage fell off and the parts were perfectly annealed. After six months the nose commenced to grow rapidly, and only stopped in December 1885, when it attained its maximum growth of three feet two and a half inches. The boy is able to use this probosis for many purposes. It is useful at meals, and also enables him to hold a book whilst doing his evening lessons. By a simple contrivance he is able to supply the parlor-organ with air, whilst his sister practices. He is also useful in watering the garden and fanning the room.

II. Three years ago my daughter, Jane Emily, contracted diphtheria and cancer in the throat, with a little bronchitis and asthma. An operation was performed, and much of the larynx removed. Unknown to the doctors, one night, I transplanted the throats of fifteen

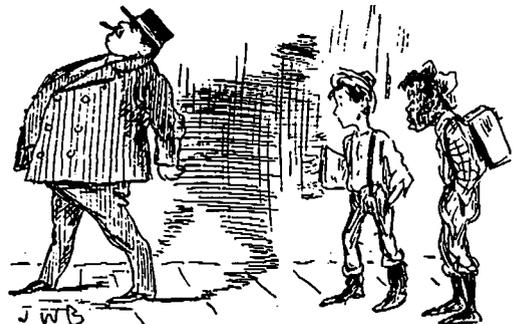
birds, mostly singers, carefully placing them around the windpipe orifice. The girl lay in a trance for fifteen weeks, during which she neither ate nor drank. On the morning of Christmas Day, 1885, my wife woke me up and requested me to listen to the waits. The music was of a novel and utterly unknown character. Whilst listening to its wonderful beauty my daughter Emily Jane came hopping into the room on one leg and continued to sing loudly, making as much melody as the contents of a bird-fancier's shop. My experiment had been entirely successful. The girl now eats nothing but canary seed and groundsel, and when she wishes to drink, draws her water from the garden well by her mouth. This was a trick of one of the birds whose throat I transplanted.

III. The baby, Epithalamium John, two years ago, suffered paralysis of the lower limbs, consequent upon teething too rapidly, which drew all the strength out of its dear little legs. Both extremities withered from the knees and finally dropped off. By way of experiment, I transplanted the meta-tarsal nerves of a pet monkey which I removed from the animal whilst under the influence of the Scott Act. Within two months the legs proceeded to grow and are now fully developed and covered with thick black hair. The boy now insists upon living upon coconuts and pine-apples, and climbs upon every piece of furniture. His favorite position whilst in the house is to hang by his hind hands from the curtain pole of the front window. We make him useful by attaching a basket of flowers around his neck. He sleeps in the top branches of the apple tree in our back garden.

IV. Six months ago my wife became suddenly bald. Whilst combing her hair one morning, the entire scalp fell off, as if it had been a wig. We sold it for five dollars and it is now to be seen in my barber's front window. Seeing an opportunity for the furtherance of science, I cut off a square inch from the coat of our large Newfoundland dog and grafted it on the pate of my unsuspecting spouse whilst she was reading one of those beautiful imitations of poetry by Afflatus (Mrs. X. Y. Z. Duplex, 1452 Milk-and-Water Street, Stultiville.) Her head is now entirely covered with wool, black and curly. It is awkward, but remarkable, that she has developed a passion for picking bones, investigating ash-barrels, running after carts in the street, and jumping into the river on the slightest notice.

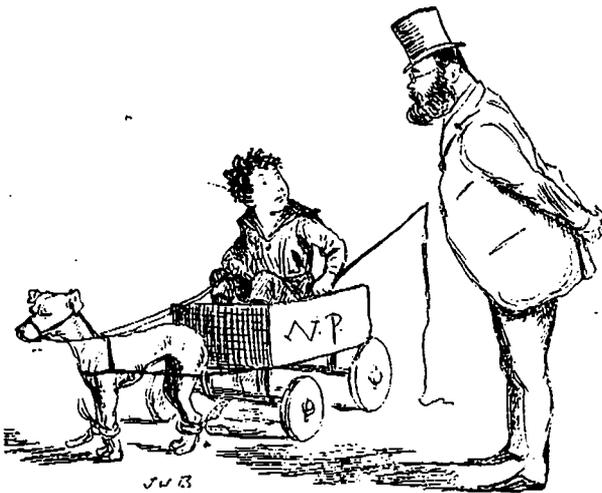
I must now conclude, as I have just ten minutes to catch the train. Barnum has engaged the family at a large salary for the coming season.

HORATIO VAN RUMPUS.



### MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

*First Gamin*.—Cricky, Jim, there goes the new Guvnor-General !  
*Second Gamin*.—Naw ! Guv'nor-General nothing ! That's the captain of the new *Cibola* !



**AN OBJECT LESSON.**

*Astonished Parent (Anti-Reciprocity M.P.)*—Why, my son, what do you mean by tying up Fido's legs that way?  
*Smart Boy*.—Why, Pa, I've heard you say that Restriction makes thinks go better, and I thought I'd try it on a dog!

**NEMESIS.**

He was young, he was fair,  
 And he parted his hair  
 With elaborate care  
 In the middle.

He was youthful and gay,  
 But it grieves us to say,  
 He thought he could play  
 On the fiddle.

He played every night  
 Till the neighbors, mad quite,  
 Rose up in their might  
 With a club.

And with one awful yell  
 They jumped at him and—well!  
 Will he die? ah! can't tell;  
 There's the rub!

E. A. C.

**JEDEDIAH JOGGINS, ESQUIRE,**

FAVORS HIS SON, MR. JOGGINS THE YOUNGER, WITH HIS ENLIGHTENED VIEWS ON A PROHIBITORY MEASURE.

WELL, John, it looks to me this way,—  
 This Scott Act's all very fine;  
 Ye may talk of the starvin' women,  
 And the harm that's done by wine,—  
 But I tell ye what it is, John,  
 This 'ere's a question o' cash;  
 An' the Act that touches my pocket,  
 Is an Act that'll go to smash!

Just look at me fur a minute,  
 An' tell me what ye think,—  
 Now, where'd I bin to-day, John,  
 Ef it hedn't bin fer drink?  
 When other folks hez bin drinkin',  
 I've stuck straight along to the plow,  
 And that's the reason, I reckon,  
 I'm counted a rich man now.

It don't sound nice, John, don't it?  
 Dang nice! is what I say.  
 If I hedn't looked out fer that, John,  
 I'd bin a poor man to-day.  
 It's the sins and the sorrows of others  
 Thet helps a man along,  
 An' a feller gits right himself, John,  
 Through sesin' others git wrong.

Pity them? So I do, John!  
 But pity won't make them mend;  
 When a man gits goin' that way,  
 Folks all know where he'll end.

An' when he's goin' down, John,  
 An' don't know where to stop,  
 You've got to make the best on't  
 By crawlin' out on top!

An' then there's another bizness,—  
 Ther's all the barley I grow;  
 Where's that all got to go to?  
 Thet's what I'd like to know!  
 If there ain't no beer a-brewin',—  
 It's plain as A B C,—  
 There ain't no barley sold, John,  
 An' there ain't no cash fer me!

Selfish? Why no, I ain't, John,  
 There ain't no man can say  
 I don't do right by the church, John,  
 If it's ever a question o' pay.  
 An' I've been as kind to the poor, John,  
 As a man's expected to be;  
 But, how kin I look out for them, John,  
 If I don't look out fer me?

An Elder? Yes, I am, John,  
 An' it often makes me sad  
 To see so many young fellers  
 A-goin' straight to the bad.  
 But, I don't make them drink, John,  
 An' ez far ez I can see,  
 It's the devil they've got to blame, John,  
 Fer, dang it! they can't blame me!

An' sittin' in church last Sunday,  
 I seen Widder Smith come in;—  
 Ye know'd old Zebedee Smith, John,  
 He used to drink like sin.  
 He went from bad to worse, John,  
 Ez all the folks could see,  
 An' at last he got in debt, John,  
 An' mortgaged the farm to me.

An' I felt,—well, kinder queer, John,  
 When I seen her shabby clothes,  
 All mended an' worn an' faded,  
 From her bonnet down to her toes.  
 It sorter giv me a turn, John,  
 When I seen her,—thet's gospel true!—  
 But I couldn't give her the farm back,  
 So what could a feller do?

Now, to hev things happen like that, John,  
 Is what I mortally hate,  
 An', if 'twarn't a barley country,  
 I'd vote the Scott Act straight.  
 Or if it paid to feed stock  
 My barley I'd use up well,  
 I'd quit a sellin' to brewers,  
 I'd raise more hogs 'n less hell.

But I tell ye what it is, John,  
 This 'ere's a question of cash,  
 An' the Act thet'll touch my pocket,  
 Is an Act thet'll go to smash!

CARET.

**FAST YOUTHS.**



IS Saturday morning,  
 I always can tell  
 By the reckless  
 young butcher-boys  
 Driving pell-mell.

Round every corner  
 They furiously sweep  
 In a fashion that  
 makes my  
 Very flesh creep.

But the little wee chaps  
 They don't seem to care,  
 They let the nags rip,  
 And whisper, "Get there!"

## LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING.

DEVILS IN COUNCIL.



As the city clock struck the hour of midnight, one night last week, the aerial hall in the Queen's Park was opened and the various members of the "Society for the Organized Propagation of Evil" were then seen in council assembled. I say the hall for want of a better word, but in reality it was a vast dark cloud blown inward, forming a cavity which was illuminated by gigantic letters of fire, which, reaching from one misty arch to another, burned luridly during the session. These horrible letters which seemed to jig

and grin and move with some diabolical meaning, as the cloud walls rose and fell like the curtain of a tent, constituted this remarkable sentence "*Evil be thou my good*;" and I observed that on entering the hall the members bowed in the direction of the letters and uttered some untranslatable word equivalent to our "Amen." I could fill the whole of GRIP with descriptions of the *personel* of the members, but being no monopolist, I will simply content myself by saying that they were all there, "black spirits and white spirits, red spirits and gray," and all as hideous as the worship and practice of evil could make them, His Royal Highness, the Arch-Tempter, himself being in the chair.

The question before the meeting to-night was the ever burning liquor question. Of course they would all be aware of the coming effort which was to be made with the intention of striking another blow at this their greatest destructive agent. This effort they must resolutely and by every possible means counteract. There was no use in shutting their eyes to the fact, that the deadliest, most crushing blow to their beloved liquor interest, was the introduction of "*Temperance in conjunction with Hygiene*" into the public schools. With an ingenuity which he had not thought the race was capable of, they had wrested from and turned against them one of the four chief weapons—to wit: *self-interest*. The young people were being scientifically instructed in such a way that they were growing up positively afraid to touch what they know will harm them so much. It was disgusting in the extreme.

After referring to the late lamentable conversion of Sir John Macdonald, who he said had fulfilled the threat uttered by a Scotch poet nearly half a century ago, to wit:

"But faith he'll turn a corner jinkin'  
An' cheat ye yet."

he proceeded to say that this educational business was so far-reaching in its results that he was more than ever impressed with the necessity of bringing all their resources to bear upon the present. The rising generation would be largely lost to them unless they could manage to handicap them with the curse of inherited desire. For this aim and to this end they must make the best use of the present opportunities. Every effort must be made to counteract any movement tending towards the diminution of the sale of liquor. No pains must be spared to

keep open all drink-selling places, of whatever name or kind, public or private; and all kinds of pressure must be brought to bear upon those who have the granting of licenses, in order that new licenses may be easily got for enterprising agents in new districts. He was glad to see that a new license had been granted on Manning avenue, a new district in the northwest end of the city, where rents were cheap; and material, largely in the form of emigrants, was abundant. A great deal of misery in families had already been the result, and though as yet no murder had been reported, that he hoped would come in good time. They could afford to be content with the murder of souls in the meantime. The opening of a whiskey selling mart in this new quarter had been a great source of satisfaction to him, and he hopefully looked forward to many more as the city opened up. He also was delighted to inform them that their allies and agents among the clergy were studying up the writings of St. Paul, with the view of giving the liquor sellers another boost similar to that they received last year when the closing by-law was defeated. He was not aware whether the large wholesale liquor firms had sent in their princely donation to the cause of missions yet, but whether or no the Church knew it was there for them all right so long as the doctrine that "a man may be a good man, aye! and a Christian, and yet sell drink," was preached as fearlessly as it had been last year. Of course, liberty, personal liberty, was the grand keynote of these sermons. Here the Arch-Fiend could not repress a grin, and the whole assembly broke out into eldritch laughter.

"He had little fear for the safety of the traffic so long as Brother Mammon on his right here, held his power over the minds of the people. Love of money and love of sensual indulgence always went hand in hand for evil. With these agents he would undertake to undermine the whole temperance world.

They owed a debt of gratitude to these young doctors who in struggling to establish a practice, truckled to the weakness and debased appetites of their patients, especially nursing mothers, and against their own clearer knowledge and better judgment prescribed alcoholic drinks as milk producers for babes. They owed these young fellows much, more even than they owed the liberal minded clergymen, and he trusted Brother Mammon would not fail to reward them as indeed he generally does. As for Brother Belial he need not despair. Of course, this free education of the young is discouraging, but as he said before

"Act, act, in the living present  
Heart within and —"

Here a long red ray of light from the east shot like the spear of Ithuriel athwart the cave, a spasm of mortal agony passed over the face of the speaker as he fell writhing back and disappeared in the receding wall of cloud—the letters ran zig-zag together like chain lightning and vanished, an awful silence fell upon the place, and all that was to be seen of the sinister assembly was a gray mist dissolving gradually among the trees in the Park.

## OLLA PODRIDA.

Her Majesty's birthday has passed with its rout,  
And titles to many were granted;  
But Canada's honor'd by being left out—  
Not a Cannuck in Snobdom is wanted.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream,  
For the girl's a fool that slumbers  
Whilst her sister eats icc cream.



### THE RESTRICTIONIST HORRIFIED.

"WHAT I GOING TO LOOK FOR FOREIGN TRADE? OH, MERCIFUL POWERS, AND I ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU TO BE LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC!"

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WE call the attention of our subscribers to the dates printed with their names upon the address labels. These will intimate, in every case, the date to which the subscriber has paid; and a great many will find that they have fallen behind. We wish it understood that subscriptions in arrear are to be paid at once. We are doing our best to make the paper all that it professes to be; and while it gives manifest pleasure to its thousands of readers, we want them to bear in mind the commercial side of the arrangement, and to pay up all arrearages without obliging us to undertake anything to jeopardize the pleasant relationships which bind us even to our tarest friends. Please do not mistake this as one of the humorisms of the paper,—it is the production solely of the business department.

## CATARRH.

## CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—A NEW TREATMENT.

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WHEN you see a boy and girl at a cane-grinding dip hot syrup with one piece of cane peeling and each take turns licking it, you may infer that their fate is sealed, or ought to be.—*Fort Gaines Advertiser*.

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To detach coupons properly, use a revenue cutter.—*Puck*.

THE red flag is a useful and noble institution—when wielded by a switch tender.—*Tribune*.

A MORNING paper announces that Herr Most "eats his own words." He must have a strong stomach.—*Ex*.

THE Delaware peach crop has a few failures left over with which too start business next season.—*Lowell Citizen*.

NEVER disturb a contemplative man. It is not safe to get near a train of thought when it is in motion.—*Lowell Citizen*.

"TOOK long steps, my child," said Solomon Isaacs; "you won't wear out your shoes nearly so quick."—*Detroit Free Press*.

In the Volapuk language the word for dollar is "doab." But it will be just as hard as ever to borrow one.—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

"ART is long, and time is fleeting," remarked the young portrait painter, as he introduced his watch to the pawnbroker.—*Puck*.

"WHY do I live?" is the title of a recent poem. A perusal compels us to give up the problem as unanswerable.—*Burlington Free Press*.

CORN may not be very palatable in its native state, but in the distiller's hands it becomes a luscious fruit.—*Chicago Merchant Traveller*.

RASPBERRY jam is now made of stewed tomatoes and hay seed. Give them a little time and they will make white clover honey out of bone phosphate.—*Danville Breeze*.

ISSACHAR—"Here's another case of reckless driving. A brewer's wagon ran over an Anarchist yesterday."

FERDINAND—"Kill him?"  
ISSY—"No! Said he could stand a heavier load o' beer than that."—*Puck*.

THE Rev. Rowland Hill it was, who said, in the early part of this century, that he saw "no reason why the devil should have all the best tunes." He would feel that accounts were pretty nearly squared if he had lived to know that Wagner never wrote anything for the church.—*Puck*.

BOBBY had wickedly eaten part of the preserves on the shelf, and so his mother shut him in the closet. On letting him out she discovered that he had eaten the rest of the preserves. Mightily displeased, she asked him why he had done so. "Because, ma," Bobby replied, "I heard pa tell one of his clients that a person couldn't be punished twice for the same offence."—*Epoch*.

MRS. ENTRY NEWS (appearing at nursery door)—Why, Adele, what in the world have you got on?

ADELE (aged eighteen)—You wouldn't let me go to the "La Tosca" matinee, you know, mamma, and as I positively had to do something to pass the time, I have abbreviated my skirts, resurrected a doll, and am having a regular howling spree of it.—*Tid Bits*.

"WAITER, take away this beer; it's muddy." The waiter (without stirring)—"You are deceived, sir. It is the glass which is dirty; the beer is excellent. Taste it."—*Judge*.

OLD LADY (in grocery store)—"What do you sell codfish for, young man?"

YOUNG MAN (who is not altogether satisfied with the business)—"'Cause I can't get nothin' else to do, ma'am."—*The Epoch*.

"HE takes lots of exercise, that young feller over there. I never knew a man with a steadier hand than he's got." "Chop wood?" "Naw; but he's well acquainted with chips."—*New Haven News*.

"Why do you drink so much?" said a clergyman to a hopeless drunkard. "To drown my troubles." "And do you succeed in drowning them?" "No, hang 'em! they can swim."—*Chicago Herald*.

MISTRESS (arranging for dinner)—"Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's, Bridget?"

BRIDGET—"Yes, mum, but oi sint it back. Every wan av thim slims was impty."—*New York Sun*.

HIS older relatives never realize what a yearning there is in the heart of the boy who has a new pair of boots for the first time in his life, to wear them to church with his trousers legs tucked in the tops.—*Somerville Journal*.

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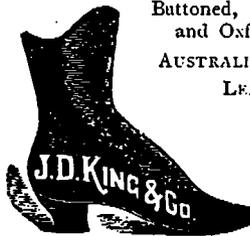
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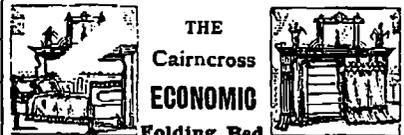


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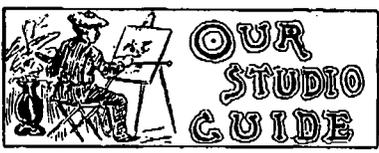
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