

E. B. HARPER, President

\$1,492,050.00

Paid in Death Claims since January 1, 1891 to September 1, 1891

A Grand Total of \$11,234,000.00 paid by the

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND

LIFE ASSOCIATION

TO THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS AND BENEFICIARIES OF ITS DECEASED MEMBERS

APPLICATIONS FOR INSURANCE AMOUNTING TO

\$31,684,475.00

Have been received from January 2, to August 31, 1891

AN EXCESS OF

\$7,177,985.00

Over the corresponding period of 1890

The Reserve Fund now Amounts to \$3,012,668.67

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association furnishes Life Insurance at about one-half the usual rates charged by the old system Companies.



WARRING KENNEDY
(Samson, Kennedy & Co., Wholesale Dry Goods, Toronto),
Chairman Canadian Board and Member Executive Council Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

\$3,387,470.00

Of insurance has been received during August 1891, showing an increase over the amount received during August, 1890, of

\$595,020.00

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Agents Wanted in all Unrepresented Districts

W. J. McMURTRY, Manager for Ontario
MAIL BUILDING - TORONTO

See the Spicy Contents of this Number.

“Grip” is One of the Very Best Comic Papers in the World. — Review of Reviews.

Oh! Just Watch Out for Our Next.

GRIP

LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

BY HIS NEPHEW

Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Macpherson, M.A., A.D.C.

The Only Authentic Record of the Career of Canada's Greatest Premier

From THE EMPIRE, July 6, 1891.

THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.

A LIFE OF

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

General interest will be taken in the announcement, made in a letter appearing in another column, that a life of Sir John Macdonald has been in course of preparation during several years, and may be expected soon to be given to the public. Nor will this interest diminish when it is known that the author is Lieut.-Col. J. Pennington Macpherson, of Ottawa, the late Premier's near relative, who had carefully collected the materials for such a work, who gives the necessary time, talent and appreciation of the subject to the accomplishment of the task, and who has had the advantage of close and intimate association with the great man whose career is to be unfolded. Colonel Macpherson promises a Life of Sir John Macdonald which shall not be a mere eulogy nor one unacceptable to the general reader. This announcement is opportune because it comes almost simultaneously with the appearance in the press of copious extracts from what purports to be a revised and amended edition of a book written some years ago by Mr. Collins, and entitled the "Life and Times of Sir John Macdonald." This book was not favorably regarded, it seems, by Sir John himself, and the extracts which have been published from the revised edition will do nothing to commend it to Conservatives at any rate, for we read in one extract from what professes to be an "estimate" of the late statesman and his work that the National Policy is ended or nearly so, that party government of this country "other than corrupt and truckling" is almost impossible, and a number of other comments which seems to be a little more than a wishy-washy re-echo of Professor Goldwin Smith's discredited views. Other extracts, also, show decided hostility to the whole Conservative commercial policy, and a marked partiality for the doctrine of commercial union with the States. To preface a sketch of Sir John Macdonald with a tacit endorsement of the very policy he fought so strongly and successfully against, hardly seems to us a very fair or proper procedure, and one which certainly forces us to an unfavorable opinion of the revised book.

To the Editor of THE EMPIRE.

SIR,—Many years ago I proposed to Sir John Macdonald that I should write the story of his life. He concurred, and I have since devoted a great deal of time and labor to the collection of the necessary material. In 1883 Mr. J. E. Collins published a book entitled The Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald. As soon as this came to my knowledge I wrote to Sir John, who was then at Riviere du Loup, to ascertain to what degree, if any, it had been authorized by him, and what opinion he had formed of it. His reply was: "I don't think it amounts to much; I declined giving him any information, as I did not want to make myself in any way responsible for the book." It has recently been announced in your columns that Mr. Mercer Adam proposes re-issuing this work, with the addition of such new matter as will bring it down to date. The connection of the name of Mr. Mercer Adam with that of Sir John Macdonald strikes every one as a startling incongruity. What could be more inappropriate than that the life of the father of the National Policy should be written by the Secretary of the Commercial Union Club? Sir John's many friends in all parts of the Dominion fully realize this, and I have been frequently and strongly urged to at once publish my book. I have experienced great reluctance to appear on the scene so soon after the late sad occurrences, for I have felt that what might be regarded as commendable enterprise on the part of a stranger would become indecent haste in the case of a relative, but the weight of opinion is so strongly against further delay that I am impelled to follow the views of my friends and present to the public the result of twelve years' labour and research. As his near connection, it will not only be conceded that my heart has been in the work as no stranger's could be expected to be, but that I have knowledge which outsiders could not possibly have. Having a sincere belief in the wisdom of his policy and the purity of his motives, I have striven to make these clear, without at the same time hurting the feelings of any of those who may have disagreed with him. I do not think it is illiberal for me to add that I find it impossible to credit Mr. Adam with a profound belief in his own doctrines and at the same time the ability and desire to treat of Sir John Macdonald's policy, acts and motive with fairness and impartiality, and that his additions to a book which Sir John considered "did not amount to much" will fall far short of doing justice to his subject.

Yours, etc.,

J. PENNINGTON MACPHERSON

OTTAWA, July 2, 1891.

Hugh John Macdonald, M.P., Winnipeg, says that the introduction cannot be improved, and in other respects he can honestly congratulate the author on the success of his work.

"Grip" Enjoys Popularity from Atlantic to Pacific.

George Johnston, Dominion Statistician, says that it is well executed both as to matter and manner. Authorized by Sir John himself. Written by his nephew Lieut.-Colonel Macpherson.

Earle Publishing House

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Sole Publishers for the Dominion

Grip Printing & Publishing Co.

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Agents for Ontario.

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Agents wanted in all unrepresented districts.
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WILLIAM McCABE, - Man. Director

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The Pad is different from all others. It closes Hernia as if your extended hand was drawn together and one finger pointed in the centre. Rupture is held positive day and night with the slightest pressure, and healed same as a broken leg. You will be allowed three exchanges during the 40 days. There is no duty to pay when received or returned, which many Canadians found more expensive than the truss. It is the easiest, most durable, and cheap Truss. Sent by mail. Send stamp for illustrated book. CHAS. CLUTHE, Surgical Machinist, 134 King St. W., Toronto.

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St. Leon Water SAFE AS MILK



And must be used freely for a spell, especially in chronic cases, as no good can result until the vital obstructions, putrid waste and blood poisons are removed.
Drink, drink, drink, from early morn till night, especially on retiring; dose, one cup or goblet every hour or at proper intervals, to regulate.
Try St. Leon cold, hot or mixed with milk; also take some warm injections of this water; are highly beneficial.

The St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd.) TORONTO.

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SALE OF PINE TIMBER

A QUANTITY of standing pine timber upon unsold and unlicensed lands of the Crown, west of Sudbury, in the neighborhood of the Canadian Pacific Railway, estimated as follows:

Spanish River.....	13,500,000 feet B.M.
Onaping Lake, north of.....	18,000,000 " "
Onaping Lake, south of.....	11,000,000 " "
Cat Lake (Ramsay Station).....	5,000,000 " "
Township of Moncrieff.....	2,000,000 " "
Township of Hess.....	1,500,000 " "
Total.....	51,000,000 feet B.M.

Having been damaged by fire during the past summer the undersigned hereby calls for tenders for the right to cut the damaged timber. There is also some green pine estimated at 2,000,000 feet in the vicinity south of Onaping Lake, for which tenders are also invited. Tenders will be received up to and including the 15th day of October next and may be for any parcel or for the whole, and must state the amount per thousand feet board measure the tenderer is willing to pay for the burnt and green timber separately in addition to the regular Crown dues of one dollar per thousand feet board measure. For conditions and further particulars application should be made to the Crown Lands Department.

Mr. John Regan, forest ranger under the Department, will be at Cartier Station on an after the 15th September to give information to parties desirous of examining the timber.
The above figures represent only the Department's estimate, and intending purchasers must satisfy themselves as to quantities, etc.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the highest or any tender.

A. S. HARDY,
Commissioner Crown Lands
September 1, 1891.
No unauthorized advertisement of the above will be paid for.

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(Signed), J. ALFRED WANKLYN.

JAMES LOBB, Lloyd's Agent
 Wholesale Agent, Toronto

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← 1891 →
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 The Pelee Island Wine and Vineyards Co.'s wines are the best in the market. Ask your grocer for them. **J. S. HAMILTON & Co., Brantford.** Sole agents for Canada.

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SPECIAL INVITATION TO VISITORS
EXHIBITION OF MACHINERY
 The whole building thrown open to the public from September 7th to 19th.
H. W. PETRIE, 141-145 Front St. W. TORONTO.

EMPEROR HOTEL.
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GRIP



VOL. XXXVII.

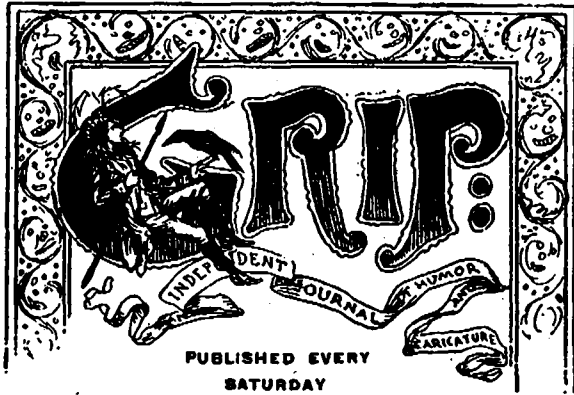
TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

No. 12.
Whole No. 953.



EXIT "HAMLET."

CHAPLEAU—"Go on—I'll follow thee!"



Grip Printing and Publishing Co.
26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President
Manager

J. V. WRIGHT.
T. G. WILSON.

Terms to Subscribers.

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One year, \$2.00; six months \$1.00 One year \$2.50

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NOTICE

As many people, either thoughtlessly or carelessly, take papers from the Post Office regularly for some time, and then notify the publishers that they do not wish to take them, thus subjecting the publishers to considerable loss, inasmuch as the papers are sent regularly to the addresses in good faith, on the supposition that those removing them from the Post Office wish to receive them regularly, it is right that we should state what is the LAW in the matter.

1. Any person who regularly removes from the Post Office a periodical publication addressed to him, by so doing makes himself in law a subscriber to the paper, and is responsible to the publisher for its price until such time as all arrears are paid.

2. Refusing to take the paper from the Post Office, or requesting the Postmaster to return it, or notifying the publishers to discontinue sending it, does not stop the liability of the person who has been regularly receiving it, but this liability continues until all arrears are paid.

Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

COMMENTS ON THE CARTOONS.

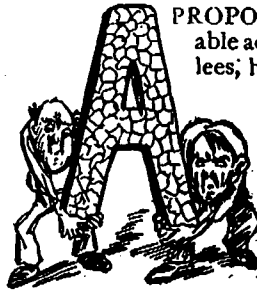


ALL THE FAULT OF THE LOOK-OUT MAN.—It is being set forth with apparent seriousness by some of the Government orators and organs, that the exodus of citizens from Canada (which can no longer be denied, in the face of the census returns), is caused by the "blue-ruin" speeches of Sir Richard Cartwright and other Grits, and that the sad state of things in general at Ottawa is in some way the result of the unpatriotic conduct of the Opposition party. Candor not being fashionable in high political circles, it would be unreasonable to expect the party in office to acknowledge that their policy has been a mistaken one, and that incompetency or something worse has diti-

guished the heads of several of the Departments. Something must be said on the matter, however, and this placing of the blame on the Grits is perhaps as good as anything that could be thought of on the spur of the moment. But it is very silly, as everybody can see. Even if Cartwright and his fellow-conspirators did make it their business in season and out of season to "run down the country" by uttering falsehoods, no sane man believes that they could do any permanent harm. It would be a very simple and easy thing to demolish them with the truth. But it so happens that the utter-

ances of these men are on record, and the people of Canada can judge for themselves how far the statements made were injurious slanders and how far they were well-founded predictions. Sir Richard Cartwright has the reputation of putting things pretty strongly, but in view of what is known to him and everybody else now, he may well stand astonished at his own moderation in the severest speeches he has ever made. The idea that the man on the look-out, who gives warning of rocks ahead, should be blamed for a disaster instead of the man at the helm or the responsible captain of the boat, is one which is worthy of the attention of Mr. Gilbert, for his next topsy-turvy opera.

EXIT "HAMLET."—If there is no palpable failure of justice, Mr. Chapeau will follow Sir Hector Langevin into the seclusion of private life. The evidence in the Printing Bureau case has made it abundantly manifest that the Secretary of State is no better in any respect than the late Minister of Public Works. He ought to go, and that without standing on the order of his going. There is no room for him in a Cabinet that proposes from this time forth to be decent and respectable.



PROPOS of the *Globe's* most commendable advice that the boodlers and boodlees; high and low, be forthwith sent to the right about, it will of course become the painful duty of that consistent journal to see that Mr. John Y. Reid vacates his seat on the *Globe* Board of Management, that gentlemen, through his firm's Mr. Morgan, having been guilty of Senecalism. True, Morgan displayed unusual financial skill, and got off with 7½ instead of 10 per cent—but that extenuation cannot be accepted as sufficient. Reid must go. Turn the rascals out!

* * *

THE Consumer's Gas Co. of this city is a bloated monopoly, rejoicing in a finely equipped office and an extensive retinue of clerks. The latter presumably understand their duties, but there is apparently something loose about the business methods in vogue in the establishment. A case recently came under our notice, in which an account for a small amount was rendered to a customer for the first time, accompanied by a printed slip threatening court proceedings if same was not immediately paid. The customer, being an unusually conscientious man, settled the matter the very next day and got a receipt. About two months thereafter the same account was rendered a second time, accompanied on this occasion by a peremptory letter from the Gas Co.'s lawyers. This sort of thing might be excusable in the case of a one-horse grocery, but for such a pretentious concern as the Gas monopoly, it is queer, to say the least.

* * *

IN the new State of Wyoming they have extended the electoral suffrage to women, and (probably as a consequence), a law has just been passed, imposing a tax of \$2 per year on all bachelors over thirty, as a means of compelling them to get married. This new law is being hotly denounced as unjust, because there are not enough single women in the State to provide wives for all the bachelors over thirty, even if the fellows were both willing and anxious to go before the parson. Here we seem to descry a fine business opening for some enterprising Canadian. Why not go into the exportation of maiden ladies. We have a good surplus of them in this country, and the McKinley Bill doesn't impose any tax on such "live stock."

HE (Langevin) was one of the few men in Canada who could grasp all the details of a department so extensive as that of the Public Works, and as an all-round politician he stood in the front rank.—*London Free Press.*

As a politician he now sits in the rear rank, because he failed, while in the line of grasping details, to grasp de-tails of the boodlers who swarmed in the Department, and pull them out of the public treasury. *Sic semper boodleris!* Turn the rascals out!

* * *

THE London *Advertiser* has been publishing the opinions of representative clergymen on the causes and cure of governmental corruption. Rev. John Kay, of Dundas, sums up in this way:

I believe that the root of the difficulty lies largely, if not wholly, in the extreme partisan feelings which are dominant in this country. There is no guarantee that if any other party were in power, under the same conditions as to time, majority, the moral character of the men, and their circumstances, that there would be any less corruption of the same kind.

This is a perfectly safe deliverance, at all events. It is tolerably certain that a Grit Government, made up of men of the same moral character and under the same circumstances, would have done just as these Tories have. We scarcely see how even the most rabid of Grits could dissent from that proposition!

* * *

AMONG the suggestions elicited for the cure of the disease from which Canada is now suffering, there are many excellent ideas put forth. One of these is that the independence of the press, as well as of Parliament, should be rigidly provided for. This can never be effected so long as the present system of subsidizing newspapers under the form of advertisements is continued. All government advertisements should be exclusively published in an *Official Gazette*, and no newspaper establishment should be allowed to perform any Government printing contracts. There are plenty of job offices in the country if the Printing Bureau is not able to do the work.

* * *

NEARLY two years ago, charges of crookedness were made against the Registrar of Waterloo county. An investigation revealed a shortage of some six thousand dollars, but the official was continued in office, he having given security for the payment of the deficit. This attitude of the Ontario Government towards a defaulter gave rise to strong protests, but these were unheeded. Only a few days ago, the Registrar received his walking-ticket—an indirect effect of the Ottawa agitation, no doubt. The *Oshawa Vindicator* very aptly says:

The Waterloo Registrar should have been dismissed at once, upon the deficit and neglect being proved, and its being done now is either a gross wrong to that official, or else it proves that Mr. Mowat has overlooked wrong-doing until he thinks the country is too much aroused to endure it longer.

It does look that way.

* * *

WHO says that Canada has no Native Poet? Whoever says so can be no constant reader of the *Berlin News*, the medium through which the Sweet Singer of Ontario distils his divine afflatus. Where, in all the region round about Parnassus, will you find anything better than this, from Peter X.'s newest poem on "The Tongue."

Guard the tongue and guide it well,
Then golden treasure shall it prove;
Better far than gold I tell
Thee, keep it in its proper groove.

KNOW IT WAS FRUIT OF SOME KIND.

HE entered ——'s* book-store with an uncertain and hesitating air, and after turning over some of the latest novels on the counter, enquired nervously of the clerk:

"Have you got the—the *Raisin Magazine*?"

"Never heard of it," said the clerk. "There's no such publication."

"Ain't, eh? Well; perhaps I didn't get it just right. 'Twa'nt magazine, neither. But it was Raisin something or other Lit—lit——"

"Try again," said the clerk. "Are you sure about the Raisin part of it?"

"Well, I think so. Hold on a minute. Perhaps it wa'n't raisins. But it was some kind of fruit, I'm dead sure of that."

"Raspberries? Peaches? Strawberries? Plums?" enquired the clerk, and the customer shook his head.

"Currants?"

"Yes, yes! That's it. You've got her. Currant—Currant—what in thunder——"

"*Current Literature*, perhaps?"

"You're right. That's the book. I knowed it was some of them fruits."

* Name to be inserted if our able-bodied advertising man can make a deal.

BULLIGAN WAS IN IT.

RAFFERTY—"Bedad, it's gettin' into the social shwim we are at a great rate. Only yisterdav we had a call from Ex-Alderman Bolliver just as frindly as ye please."

MOONEY—"Sure yez needn't be as proud as a paycock along av that. Didn't I meet Mистер Boodler, ex-M.P.P., lasht week, an' have a couple av dhrinks wid him?"

BULLIGAN—"Och, battershin! Hould yer whisht. Fwhat's the matter wid Tim Bulligan? Av yez talk av exes I'm in it wid anny av thim. Be jabbers, I'm an ex cavator mesilf!"

SAGE—"Man's greatest troubles come from within rather than from without."

PEPSING—"Yes! Take indigestion and dyspepsia for instance."



A STARTLER.—I.

GAMIN (to Exhibition Visitor)—"Look out for it, Mister! look out!! Look out!!!"

VISITOR—"What? Where? When? Which?"



A STARTLER—II.

VISITOR (relieved)—“Oh, that’s it, hey?”

HERALDRY FOR THE (M)ASSES.

WE have indubitable authority for the statement that but for the prolonging of the present session—a session which in all human probability will always be known to fame, posterity and everybody else as “The Boodling Session”—a measure would have been introduced, having for its object the establishment of a Heraldry Court at Ottawa. It is *the* crying want of this country—a country which can claim a full-blown peer, a genuine count, and about a baker’s dozen of knights, not to mention hundreds of persons who have *manufactured* themselves into wealth, with all its concomitants of estate, mansion, coachman, flunkey, butler, and so on.

Hitherto these distinguished individuals have been compelled to apply to some fellow in London for pedigrees and armorial bearings, but surely to goodness we are able to run this sort of thing for ourselves. And, anyhow, up to the present time, after a Canadian aristocrat did procure his coat-of-arms from the Old Country, he had to get somebody to tell him the meaning of the old-fashioned balderdash about gules, or, argent, chevrons, dexter, sinister, and hundreds of other terms. Now, this is all nonsense. We are able to *invest* any one with as good a *coat* as the loftiest ambition *pants* after, and, what is more, we are going to do it up to the *close* of the present year gratis, just to prove that we mean what we say.

The study and cultivation of heraldry are full of merit—in fact they may be regarded as highly meretricious. Just in passing we may mention that her-aldry is so-called because it was at first, and for many centuries, the favorite pursuit of old ladies, but in our day there seems to be no good reason why it should not be known as his-aldry, or him-aldry.* Every one of note (especially of big bank-note), should have his pedigree and his armorial bearings. How else will future generations know that their progenitors were not of the same stock as some other fellow of the same name who were only working mechanics or farm laborers. Perish the thought! This exclamatory remark has been used by some one before, but it seems to fit in here first rate. Yes, perish the thought! When Mrs. Mangold-Wurtzel insisted that her husband, Elkanah, who had made his pile off a farm, should hunt up a coat-of-arms for the door of the “Kerridge,” old Elk suggested as a proper device, a cock roosting on

the top of a fork stuck in a dung-heap. It is needless to say that Mrs. M.-W. rejected the suggestion with disdain, but it embodies exactly our idea of what this sort of thing should be, and contains the very essence of truthful heraldry.

In old times the thing in the middle of a coat-of-arms was called the shield, because owners used the shield in war, and the critters at the sides, known as supporters, were griffins, or unicorns, or mermaids, but these are played out, and what we want is something modern—something twenty-centuryish—so that while it may be convenient to employ such names from the ancient terminology, they must always be regarded as having a totally different signification.

We are confident that we can work this thing out to a demonstration, and we feel in our bones that there’s money in it. For the purpose of testing our theory we shall make a few experiments giving from time to time what we consider suitable devices for certain living, distinguished men without naming them, and if the majority of our readers are enabled to guess the persons to whom they apply, we shall conclude that we are on the right track, and prepare to go into business on a large scale. We will make a commencement next week, if all is well.

THE OFFICIAL VIEW OF THE CENSUS.

FROM a diligent perusal of the Ministerial organs, GRIP has gleaned the following information in regard to the late lamented census, viz:—

That the census is altogether misleading, is inaccurate, some hundreds of thousands of people having been carelessly omitted.

That the melancholy shortcoming as regards the anticipated increase of population is entirely due to malicious and wicked Grits, whose predictions of ruin and decay have scared away the people, and prevented others from coming.¹

That it isn’t well for a country to grow too rapidly anyhow, and that we may congratulate ourselves upon having escaped the flood of undesirable immigration which swells the figures of the American census.

That Canada’s population has increased at a greater rate than that of Great Britain and some sections of the States.

That on the whole the census presents a sufficiently satisfactory showing.

A REMINISCENCE OF “CHILDREN’S DAY.”

“WHAT do they mean,” said Freddie, “when they say that anything looks like a scene from fairy land?”

“Why,” replied his elder sister, Ethel, “you ought to know that, Freddie. It means like the things we seen at the Fair, of course.”

REMARKABLE.

THE most remarkable thing we have read in a long time is the following statement which occurs in an account of a tragedy in the Illustrated Foreign Boiler Plate Murder Page of our esteemed contemporary, the Kingston *Weekly Whig*, viz:

Ida (the victim) was well reared and of a good family, but was not strikingly beautiful.

This is probably the only case on record in which a murdered girl was so described. The readers of the *Whig* ought to protest against such a rash innovation on the time honored penny-dreadful style of thing.

*The studdie hath bene knownen for longe tyme as *Her-ald-rie*, because, for sooth, our Grandammes didde recyte ye one to ye autre, all ye Genealogues of oure Ancestorie.” From “Ane Prick to ye Conscience, or, ye Kinge, His Hiewaye to Glorie,” by Simon de Bourg, Antwerp, 1512, pp. xiii.



"OUR ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARY."

THE SICK CHILDREN'S BENEFACTOR.

"Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, just prior to our assembling for this little ceremony, in company with my hon. friend, the chairman, Prof. Goldwin Smith, and the other guests, we strolled through the various wards of the Lakeside Home, where we spent a pleasant half an hour with our little sick friends. One of our little patients, with whom we had a lively chat, was in a particularly merry mood, and was greatly delighted with an enormous bouquet which had just been presented to him. From the cluster of flowers he plucked one and fastened it in the button-hole on the lapel of my coat, and as he did it I came to the conclusion that silence is the only language that a full heart knows." (Applause).—*Speech of J. Ross Robertson on presenting the Lakeside Home for Sick Children to the City of Toronto.*

NOT THE FRÖBEL STYLE.



HERE was a youngish chit,
Whose name was Sara Martin,
Who got a pleasant sit
To teach a Kindergarten.

She looked extremely mild,
Her eyes were soft and pure,
And every little child
Instinctively took to her.

She'd 'range them all around
A little square low
table,
And give instruction,
sound,
As well as she was
able.

With Fröbel's pretty
gifts
And varying occupa-
tions,
(Those scientific lifts
To infant indications).

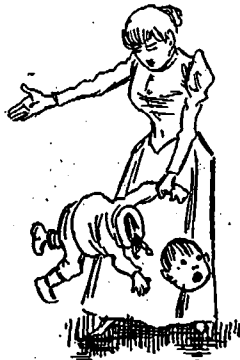
If any little child
Allowed its mind to wander,
It hurt this maiden mild,
And seemed to raise her dander.

Without a moment's thought
She'd knock that youngster's head off,
'T was strange, but she could not
This curious way get rid of.

And so it came to pass
(What she had often dreaded),
Her interesting class
Was totally beheaded.

And then the trustee Board,
(A notion seemed to strike it),
This couldn't be ignored,
The parents wouldn't like it.

And so they said good bye
To this Miss Sara Martin.
They thought her rather fly
To teach a Kindergarten.



THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

SEVERAL ONLY TRUE AND AUTHENTIC VERSIONS OF HIS TRAGIC END.

LONDON, Sept. 5th.—The account of the death of Prince Rudolph which has lately obtained currency is entirely misleading, and was evidently inspired by the Imperial family to conceal the true facts of the case which are as follows. The late Crown Prince fell desperately in love with a ballet dancer, whose graceful evolutions had turned the heads of the *jeunesse dorée* of the Austrian capital, and besought her to grant him an interview. After much solicitation she consented. While pouring out his heart to her in fervid protestations of undying devotion, he, in a moment of transport, thoughtlessly raised her veil and disclosed the features of a haggard, wrinkled old female of seventy or thereabouts. Overcome by feelings of remorse the Prince drew his revolver, but, instead of hitting the ballet dancer as he intended, the bullet accidentally shot Marie Vetsera who just at that moment happened in to make a friendly call. Horror stricken at the unexpected consequences of his unseemly rashness he took his own life. The ballet-dancer subsequently eloped with a Russian nobleman of vast wealth.

LONDON, Sept. 7th.—The secret of the supposed sui-

cide of the Crown Prince of Austria, so long concealed for family and diplomatic reasons has at length been disclosed by means of a valet of the late Prince Rudolph, who was actually an eye-witness of the transaction, and has since been immured in a loathsome dungeon, from which he escaped last week. Prince Rudolph is not dead but is travelling in Central Africa disguised as an explorer. He killed Marie Vetsera in a fit of jealousy, and attempted his own life, but the pistol was wrenched from his vice like grasp by his faithful valet. In order to give color to the suicide story a corpse was procured from a neighboring hospital and hastily dressed in the Prince's clothing before the alarm was given. Prince Rudolph was then got out of the way as above stated, and the valet thrown into prison. The publication of the story has resulted in diplomatic complications which it is feared may destroy the *entente cordiale*. So far, however, the *modus vivendi* remains intact.

LONDON, Sept. 7th.—The real facts as to the deaths of Prince Rudolph and the Baroness Marie Vetsera have at length been given to the world by the Imperial family in a secret circular addressed to the Crowned Heads of Europe, in order to silence the many absurd statements which have been published. A copy of this circular was shown as a great favor by the Prince of Wales to the wife of a prominent American millionaire, a well-known member of the Prince's set. It seems that Rudolph and Marie Vetsera were looking at the revolver when he playfully threatened to shoot her, and the weapon exploded with fatal results. On seeing Marie fall the Prince raised the revolver to his own head and completed the tragedy. His last words were, "I didn't know it was loaded." The court was plunged in the deepest melancholy, and emissaries were employed to spread false rumors and conceal the real facts. "I'd rather," said the aged emperor, "have my son remembered as a profligate and an assassin, than have his name go down to posterity as a didn't-know-it-was-loaded idiot."

LORD STANLEY'S REPORT.

GRIP'S Very Special Ottawa Correspondent, sends the following:

I am gratified by being able to send you, for exclusive publication in GRIP, a copy of a report just sent to the Imperial Authorities by His Excellency the Governor-General, on the revelations of corruption at Ottawa. This important state paper will be a sufficient reply to the *Globe's* allegations that Lord Stanley has, during the whole session, frittered away his time salmon fishing.

To the Right Hon. The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., Etc., Premier, Downing St., London.

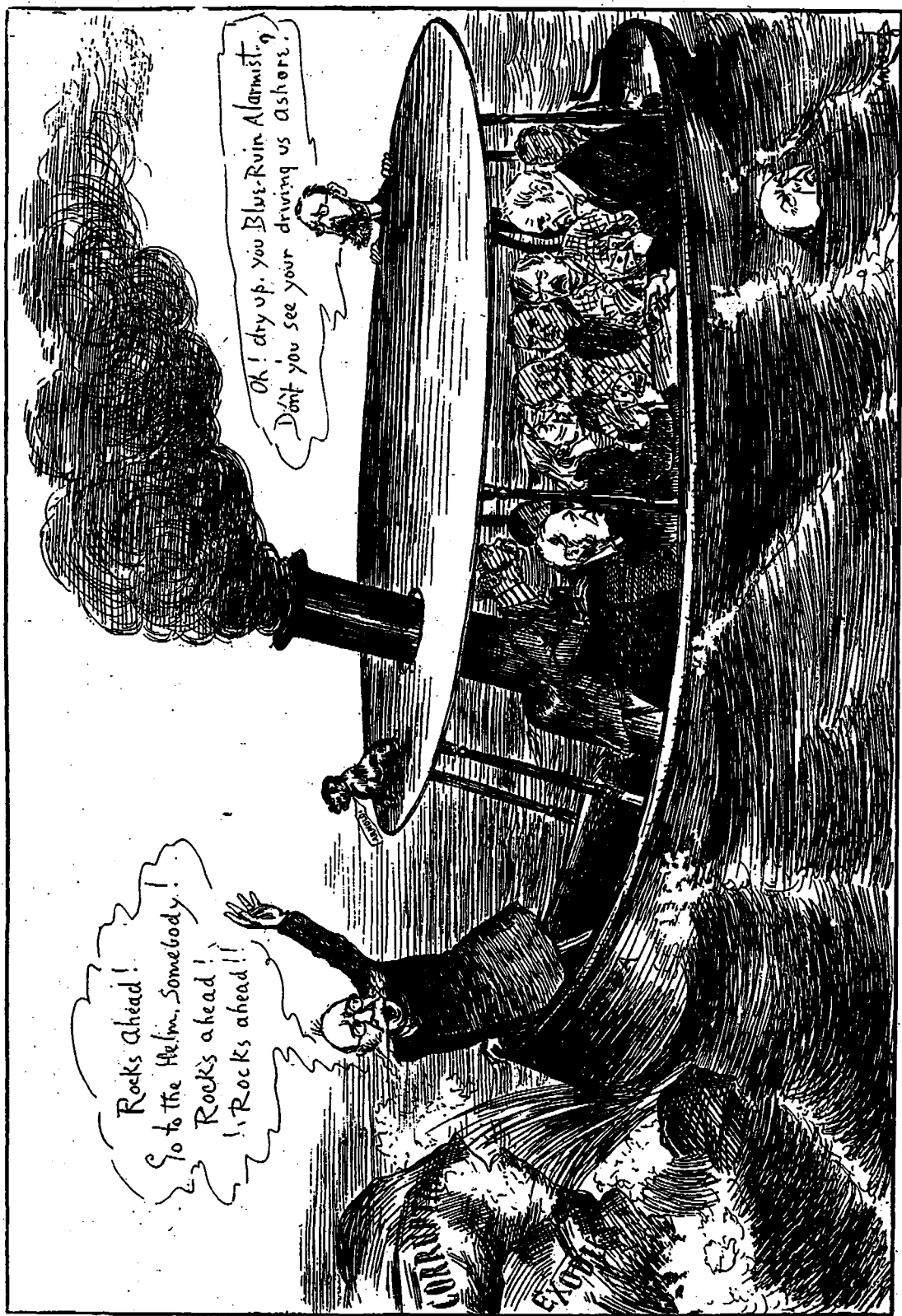
MY LORD:

I have the honor to report, for the information of Her Majesty's Government, that the Committees of the Canadian House of Commons have, for some time past, been engaged in the investigation of certain alleged irregularities in the River Restigouche. The fish were at first very shy, but we did not lose our patience, and at length we were rewarded. I had the honor to pull out one very fine boddler, who, however, made his escape to the United States, there to remain until the trouble has blown over. The evidence has gone to show that the fishing grounds are as good as ever, and a regular business seems to have been carried on in the collection of commissions upon contracts. The Public Accounts Committee, which has also been busy with rod and reel, has tramped for hours through dense bush and marsh, and returned to camp every evening quite tuckered out. But the sport, it need hardly be said, has been well worth the effort, and for my part I have enjoyed it heartily.

I have the honor, etc.

STANLEY.

THE man who despises pride usually feels proud that he is able to do so.



IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE LOOKOUT MAN.



THE SLIPPERY BOODLERS.

PREMIER ABBOTT'S NET IS RATHER LARGE IN THE MESH.

MRS. JIMPSECUTE AT THE EXHIBITION.

"WELL," said Mrs. Jimpsecute, "I said last year that I never, never would go to the Exhibition again but, after all, I did like a fool, but what are you to do with the children all worrying you to go, and Uncle Reuben and Aunt Hannah, which I hadn't seen for five years, coming in from Chinguacousy just to see the Fair and of course they'd be offended if I didn't go with them and Henry couldn't leave his business so I had to, though I did say nothing would ever induce me to do it again. What with the crowding and the pushing and the number of people there was there, I never was so tired all my life and as to seeing anything, except a lot of cattle and pigs and sheep that Uncle Reuben was bound to make us look at, though why anybody that sees nothing else every day of his life would want to go poking about the old stables and sheds I don't know, but farmers are so peculiar, it was quite impossible, for the crowd and the noise and getting pushed about here and there and having cards and handbills poked into your hand every minute.

"I declare, my head is all in a whirl and I believe my dress is just about ruined by the dust besides getting torn somehow, and I really couldn't see a thing that was going on in the ring without paying extra for a seat in the grand stand, which I never will do because I think it's an imposition, Mrs. Dewsbury, when you've paid once for admission, but we could get near the fence for the crowd was so thick, and I didn't want to be shoved and jammed about, and perhaps get my pockets picked, for I heard there was quite a number of pickpockets about, and left all my money at home except enough to pay car fare and buy us a lunch—but Uncle Reuben said he wouldn't hear of my paying a cent. Dear me, the noise of the

machinery was something frightful and we did get a chance to see the machines but they all look alike to me and I was in a tremble all the time for fear some accident would happen, for children are so careless and the machines might go wrong any time and draw you in among the knives and wheels and pulleys, just the way that Uncle Reuben's son, Ben, lost his thumb in a thrashing machine last fall, and if it hadn't been stopped he would have been killed—just a miracle that he escaped. I don't see why on earth they go on making these machines which are always killing and wounding people and if I was a man nothing would induce me to work on a machine, and I'm sure times were far better before they had any of them.

"And the children kept me in a perfect agitation all the time running about collecting cards and fans and cakes of soap and all kinds of things that they give you, I was so afraid that they'd get lost in the crowd and its a mercy they didn't, for we saw a little boy who was lost and couldn't tell his name, nor where his folks lived and what they did with him or whether they ever found who he belonged to I don't know, but I must look in the paper to-morrow and see, for the poor little fellow was crying bitterly and it ought to be a warning to children, the way they act, and its really a wonder, as I often say, that more accidents don't happen. Well, thank goodness, it's all over for this year and I'm almost fit to drop with weariness and worry. No more exhibitions for me. I really believe, Mrs. Dewsbury, that they get up these exhibitions just for nothing else in the world but to make money by it. I've said so all along."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

THE defeat of Sir Henry Parkes' measure for the enfranchisement of women in New South Wales has been offset by the passage of a bill in the New Zealand legislature, which not only admits women to the franchise, but makes them eligible for legislative positions. Thus women are gradually securing recognition of their claims for seats—in Parliamentary bodies as well as in dry goods stores, and the *standing* reproach to civilization, involved in a denial of that right, is in a fair way of being wiped out. GRIP is somewhat tired of asking the question how or why it is that Canada, and this continent in general, are so very far behind the progressive young peoples of the Antipodes in political advancement, but it is a query that must force itself upon the mind of anyone who compares the enlightened legislation of New Zealand and Australia and the forward condition of the reform movements generally in that region, with the apathy of Canadians to everything except partyism and a chance at the boodle. As Bro. Samjones will probably observe on the first opportunity: Let us hope that the action of the New Zealand legislature will infuse new zeal and energy into the efforts of Canadian social reformers.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

GLAGGERTY—"They say there are four pirated editions of Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan's 'American Girl in London' on the market."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Too bad, isn't it? The book is a credit to Canadian literature. It's a shame that any Canadian should help to rob her of her rights in that way. By the way, do you know who's selling them in town?"

GLAGGERTY—"Yes, Bilks & Co. have them."

PIGSNUFFLE—"I must call and buy one. I've been waiting till a cheap edition came out to read that book."



THE AUGEAN STABLE.

LAURIER—"GIVE ME THE JOB TO CLEAN IT OUT, MA'AM. I'M THE VERY BOY TO DO IT."

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

ETHEL—"I am so glad you have come. I'm just dying to tell you something."

AMY—"O, a secret! How nice! Come tell me, quick, quick, quick!"

ETHEL—"But you must promise never to tell anyone."

AMY—"I promise."

ETHEL—"But you must promise real honest."

AMY—"I do. May I be thought as false as Mde De Portment's black hair if I ever, ever tell. That's just as binding on me now as it used to be in College."

ETHEL—"Ha! Ha! I had almost forgotten our old oath; but still I don't—I don't know that I ought to tell you."

AMY—"Do tell me, that is a dear."

ETHEL—"But perhaps you will laugh at me."

AMY—"O, no I won't. Honest I won't. I'll be as demure and serious as if I were talking to my chaperone."

ETHEL—"Well—wait a minute (*she opens all the doors and peers out cautiously to see if any one is near. Then she comes up close to Amy*). Sh-h-well,—now don't laugh—I'm writing a novel."

AMY (*screams prettily*)—"How delightful! You must let me see it."

ETHEL—"There, I knew you would begin to poke fun at me."

AMY—"O, no, I'm not poking fun. I'm in real hard earnest. Do show it to me. Is it printed yet?"

ETHEL—"Printed! No. It isn't written yet. You

see I'm having a lot of trouble with the first chapter. I can't make up my mind whether to open with a thunder-storm or with a traveller getting lost on a lonely road."

AMY—"Well, why don't you begin with the last chapter first?"

ETHEL—"There, you are making fun of me. I think you are simply horrid."

AMY—"I'm not making fun. Do tell me all about it."

ETHEL—"If you'll not laugh I will. You know how much papa is opposed to my engagement with Jack—the dear fellow is so poor. Well, I saw in a paper that a novelist made \$50,000 out of one of his novels and I thought how nice it would be for me to make money like that and then Jack and I can get married and be happy and well-off."

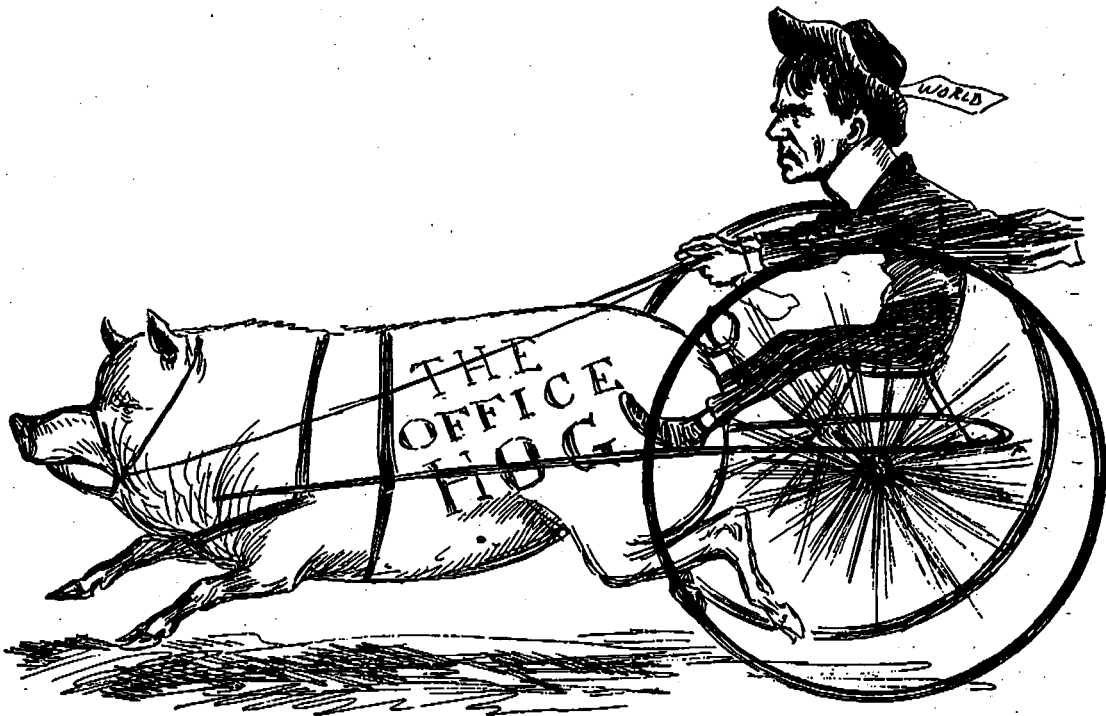
AMY—"How clever of you to think of such a thing, but are you sure you can sell your novel?"

ETHEL—"Why of course. The people who write novels always do."

AMY—"But have you ever inquired of anyone who ought to know about such things?"

ETHEL—"No, not exactly. I once asked papa if it required much genius to write a book. But he was in a very grumpy humor at the time and said 'No, but it requires an awful lot of genius to sell one.' Do you think that Jack and I would be happier in a nice suburban cottage or in a city brown stone front?"

AMY—"I would prefer a cottage. You could furnish it so beautifully for \$50,000. Do you know I am sorry



BILLY McLEAN'S PRIZE WINNER.

A STANDING CHALLENGE TO THE HOG AT THE EXHIBITION OR ANY OTHER ANIMAL OF THE SPECIES.

that I'm not engaged to someone papa objects to, then I would write a novel too. I believe I'll write one and have it ready in case I become engaged."

ETHEL—"O, you mustn't do that and rival me. I'll tell you what to do. Write a play!"

AMY—"With lots of Worth dresses in it! That's a splendid idea. I'll go home right now and commence at it. Won't our folks be surprised when they find out how clever we are."

ETHEL—"Won't they! Well, if you are going, good-bye!"

AMY—"Good bye."

BOTH—"Good bye," (*kisses*). "Good-bye," (*kisses*). "I'll go over to see how you are getting along with your play soon," (*kisses*). "You must show me each chapter of your novel as you complete it." (*Kisses*). Good-bye. (*Curtain.*)

KIPLING CRITICIZED.

BEESWAX—"How do you like Rudyard Kipling?"

JIGGERSNOOT—"Pretty well—but isn't there a good deal of similarity between his stories?"

BEESWAX—"Well, yes, they are somewhat Simla."

THE DEACON'S JOKE.

BEESWAX—"Hello Deacon! Back from the Toronto Exhibition, eh? How did you find things?"

DEACON RODGERS—"Oh, so-so! The show was good enough but the city was so crowded, there was no getting any decent accommodation. Had to sleep two nights on a cot-bed in the hallway of a hotel. I never realized so much the meanin' of that beautiful and touchin' hymn:

"I would not live 'alway, I ask not to stay."

A SEASONABLE ODE.

ELSEWHERE mention is made of our Canadian Poet, Peter X. We find the following fine example of his style in the last issue of the Berlin *Weekly News*, and give it place as being eminently in season just now:—

FAIR TIMES.

A country fair—
Ain't it fun,
At Bobcaygeon
Or at Hamilton!

Charming country girls,
Though not in style,
With eyes that kill
At half a mile.

Rosy cheeks,
Splendid form,
Always the same,
In calm and storm.

Country swain,
With grit and sand,
Walks with ducky,
Hand in hand.

Cocoanut and candy,
Half watermelon each,
Ice cream follows.
Then a pear or peach.

In searching fun
Every one's intent,
Everybody's happy,
Enjoyment innocent.

Home once more
In parlor there,
Big hearted swain,
And maiden fair.

We mustn't wait
To see it through,
Act the same myself,
Wouldn't you?

VERY MUCH SO ALREADY.

PLUGWINCH—"I should like to see Lord Stanley try and get more in touch with the Canadian people."

BEESWAX—"Would you, though? Seems to me he's pretty well in touch with them already. He touches 'em for fifty thousand a year and expenses."

"WHY do they call it a traction engine?" "Don't know—unless it's because it shuns the track."

ALMOST anyone will rise to the emergency, when it takes the form of a bent pin on the chair.

POE'S OMISSION.

HEAR the bovines with their bells—
 Rusty bells—
 What a flood of memories their clamor harsh compels!
 How they rattle, rattle, rattle,
 In the forest's echoing shades!
 One might think 'twas armored battle,
 Not a herd of peaceful cattle,
 Waked such tumult in the glades.
 Once upon a time, time,
 How their unmelodious chime,
 Far away,
 Wafted on the evening breeze
 Through the close, impeding trees
 Led the searching, youthful cowboy a mile or two astray!
 How it tells
 Of the yells
 That alarmed the dusky dells
 With "Cow Boss";
 Or, alas! so much the worse,
 Of the deeply-volumed curse.
 When the dewy fields across,
 In the slumbrous hours of morn
 Came the clang,
 As it rang
 Telling that the breechy cow had jumped into the corn.
 Thus its clamor, as it swells,
 Brings the memories of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Of the rusty, iron-throated, old cowbells.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACT NOUNS.

To Landlordism:

SIR,—As you seem at present to be very much talked about all over the world—or that large portion of it which is blessed with newspapers and debaters—I deem it a fitting opportunity to address you. There are a few things I would like to say to you directly, which I have frequently said in other ways. I understand that you are beginning to feel somewhat nervous as to your future outlook, and I am glad to hear it, though I do not really believe you have any cause to apprehend immediate disaster. Reforms move slowly, but I am certainly of opinion that no grander reform can be accomplished in human society than your extinction, sir. Does this sound impolite? If so, please consider that truth requires just such rude language when the subject of it is an unmitigated curse that has for centuries afflicted the world. Ever since Henry George wrote his great book, an ever-widening circle of the common people have recognized you for what you are—a parasite pure and simple. You still have friends and defenders, however, though you cannot be congratulated upon their mental quality. Those of them who are not merely selfish are stupid. The one class come to your defence, because it is by you they have their unearned increment; the other class simply don't understand you at all. They persist in identifying you with Land Occupancy, who, as a matter of fact, is not at all like you. It is no doubt your own consciousness that you are a fraud, that gives you the quaking sensation you are now enjoying. You must know perfectly well that your existence is an affront to justice. For what does it imply? That this planet was made for a privileged few, who are endowed with the right to charge their fellow-mortals, the majority, for permission to live upon its surface. Now, if this principle is sound, it would be in accordance with justice if that privileged few were reduced to one individual, for it is surely as *right* to own a planet as an acre, and as right for the one landlord to eject the whole human race from his estate, as it is for a landlord to do th ejection act on a smaller scale. See how absurd you appear when carried to your

logical conclusion? Your final condemnation may be written in one word—the reply to the question—Was this world created for the use of mankind or for the personal benefit of a few? Henry George has earned his title to your fear and hatred, by pointing out the easy, natural and practicable method by which you can—and will—be abolished—the concentration of all taxation on one simple object, to wit: the value which is given to land by the presence of population, and thus the taking for public uses of the vast fund which now goes into your gorged and thievish pocket. Yours truly,

JUNIUS, JR.

CHATTER.

ETHEL—"The holiday season is over now."
 MAUD—"Yes. We'll have to try to get a few weeks of rest before the winter season begins."
 * * *
 HEELER—"This paper didn't report my speech exactly as I delivered it."
 WHEELER—"Aren't you glad?"
 * * *
 SHE—"I always wear furs in the winter time."
 HE—"To keep yourself warm?"
 SHE—"No. To make my lady friends feel cold."
 * * *
 SANSO—"Brown has very broad views."
 RODD—"Yes. I am told he frequently turns somersaults in them."
 * * *
 A WOMAN who puts carmine on her lips may be said to have a taste for painting.
 * * *
 SANSO—"Artificial flowers grow."
 RODD—"Nonsense!"
 SANSO—"Not at all. I have seen them wax."
 * * *
 SANSO—"All the world's a stage."
 RODD—"Yes. And many home-returning actors are now treading it."
 * * *
 "WHAT an appropriate name for a joker Joe Miller had."
 "I don't see it."
 "Why, he was always grinding out jokes, you know."
 * * *
 PROPRIETOR—"Give me synonyms for 'dear,' 'esteemed,' 'valued.'"
 HEAD CLERK—"What's up? Writing a love letter?"
 PROPRIETOR—"No. I'm writing to my chief creditors."
 * * *
 SHE—"Can you let me have some money to-day?"
 HE—"What on earth do you need money for? I thought you were going shopping to-day?"
 * * *
 PERKINS—"What fools those fellows are to do a lot of hard work carrying torches in the procession for the scheming politicians."
 JINKS—"Hard work? Why, it's obvious that their burdens are light."
 * * *
 SANSO—"I can't understand her style of dancing at all."
 RODD—"That is but natural. It is Spanish, you know, and you are not a linguist."

VISITORS to the Exhibition should not fail to see R. H. Lear & Co.'s display of gas and electric fixtures, first gallery, Main Building. This firm makes a speciality of these goods. Their show-rooms are at 19 and 21 Richmond Street West, Toronto.

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

It is one of Grothe & Co.'s Plug Hat Cigars. Cannot be beat. Try one. L. O. GROTHE & Co., Montreal.

GODES-BERGER, the favorite mineral water of our beloved Queen Victoria, may with perfect justice be called the queen of healthful beverages. But, apart from the Royal preference for this sparkling, delicious, refreshing and healthful potable, which is, of course, founded on the expert opinion of the court physicians—Godes-Berger is by no means a water of to-day. Its fame and its virtues were a tradition long before the dawn of the thirteenth century. Near the old castle of Godesburg, by the seven mountains of the Rhine, this pure, beneficent spring has flowed, bringing refreshment and renewing to millions of wearied and stricken men—while history has written some of her most tragic and eventful pages, and science has revolutionized the world, while the arts and letters have triumphantly advanced, and progress has become, more than ever, the watchword of mankind. There are some things which increase in utility and value with the lapse of time. One of these priceless heritages of the past is Godes-Berger, of which Dr. Redwood, Ph.D., F.I.C., F.C.S., one of the greatest of living chemists, has said: "It is superior to any other table water at present known to me."

THE "DIAMOND DYE" COMPETITION.

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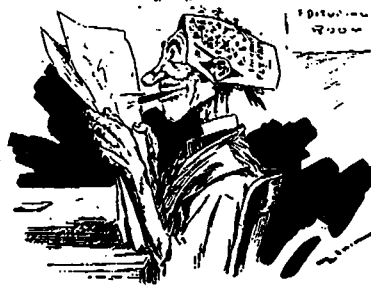
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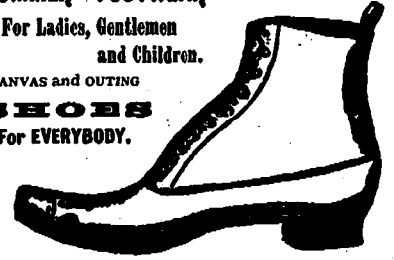
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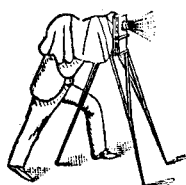
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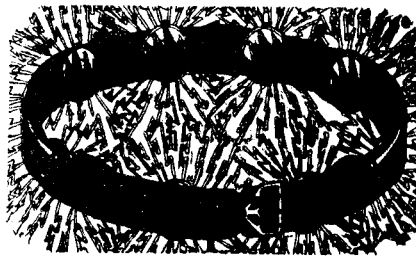
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