

# THE GRIP

FOUNDED 1877

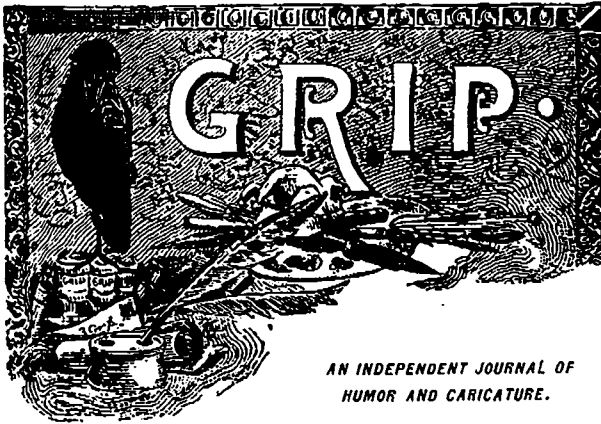
AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE



### EDDIE TAKES THE PUDDING.

OUR OWN LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY.—“Did you think I couldn't stand three helpings, Dearest?”

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AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

and it was, so far as we know, satisfactory to everybody. Why it was ever changed (when the change, according to Mr. Mowat, was not an alteration) is one of the political mysteries into which it is useless to enquire. This might have been done long ago, and the expense of the reference to the Court saved, but for some reason (also a profound mystery) the Government have persisted in keeping up an unnecessary muddle. We begin to suspect, with the *Mail*, that the hierarchy has something to do with it.

**EDDIE TAKES THE PUDDING.**—Mrs. Toronto, like the indulgent ma she is, gave in to the clamors of her fair-haired boy, Eddie Clarke, and let him have a third helping of the Mayoralty pudding. The peculiarity of this pudding is that it cannot be divided round, and as a consequence Johnnie McMillan had to go without, which is much to be regretted, as he has been a good boy and done excellent service for years. Aside from this consideration, GRIP has no fault to find with the decision. He hopes Master Ed. may thoroughly enjoy the pudding, and not suffer, in the slightest degree, from civic dyspepsia when he has finished it; and when Mrs. Toronto makes another for next year may she take Johnnie's measure for it.

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**Comments on the Cartoons.**



**A HEAVY LEGAL FOG.**—The reference to the Divisional Court of Chancery of the questions concerning the Ontario School law, has resulted in making the matter as clear as mud to the comprehension of the average layman. The "Answers" themselves have now been referred to the Superior Court of the Public Press, and the presiding justices are at sixes and sevens over them—some contending that they sustain the contention of the Government as to the meaning of the Amendments to the

law, and others as positively declaring that they entirely upset the case of the Cabinet. Before he can tell the Catholic ratepayer just where he stands now, Mr. Mowat will have to take the whole subject into his consideration *de novo*. We took the liberty of remarking at the time of the reference that that proceeding was farcical, but we hardly supposed it would turn out to be quite so much of a farce. Seeing that the best efforts of the judges have not made the point any plainer than it was before, there remains one last resource for the Government, and that is to rescind the Amendment and re-enact the law as it originally stood. There was no possibility of misunderstanding that law,



IN the *Globe* on Tuesday, 7th, there appeared a "Startling Disclosure" to the effect that Mr. Ed. Farrer, the editor of the *Mail*, was at Washington, using his influence to prevent the Hitt resolution and the Butterworth Bill from being favorably reported to Congress—and thus endeavoring to prevent any offer of Reciprocity from taking official shape.

To this end, the information said, Mr. Farrer was supplying the Hoar committee with evidence that if Reciprocity is held off, the people of Canada will shortly be in a humor for Annexation—a consummation, Senator Hoar thinks, devoutly to be wished.

WE opened our *Mail* on Wednesday with unusual interest, and looked confidently for an adequate reply to what we thought a libel. We were sadly disappointed. The *Mail* considers it a sufficient answer to this serious charge to state that Mr. Farrer is visiting the United States by his doctor's orders, and that nobody outside of a lunatic asylum will credit the story published in the *Globe*. This is so very weak that it goes a long way to prove the story well founded, and to substantiate the *Globe's* oft-reiterated belief, that the *Mail* is really playing a part in the interest of the Ottawa Government. Is Mr. Farrer too ill to hold conferences with Senator Hoar? Has he ever held any? Let the *Mail* answer these questions squarely.

IT would also be a satisfaction to those who are anxious to retain their faith in the honesty of the *Mail* to hear some reasonable explanation of its sudden face-about on the subject of Continental Free Trade. A series of able articles pointing out the advantages of Reciprocity with the United States was abruptly stopped, with the lame apology that, as the American Government were unwilling to consider the matter (an altogether gratuitous assumption), there was no use in keeping at it. This sounded "thin" at the time. In the face of the *Globe's* "startling disclosure," it now has a decidedly sinister look.

A FRIEND sends us a suggestion for a joke on the Q.C. Question, but as the rival Governments have managed to make the degree itself an enormous jest, we have ruled it out of available subjects. Nothing we

could possibly produce in the way of airy persiflage, could be funnier than a simple reading of the lists lately published of those who have been admitted within the bar.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Young Liberals of London have organized a minstrel troupe, which has performed with great success at the Asylum in that city. If the end-men of the organization are in need of some fine old chestnuts for the first part, they should apply to Mr. T. W. R. Preston, of the Reform Club here, for an outfit of his campaign documents. The joke, for instance, that the party is for temperance, would be sure to bring down the house.

\* \* \*

**T**HE following startling intelligence appeared in the *Mail* on Thursday, 9th :

NEW YORK HERALD BUREAU.  
*Nicc. Jan. 8, '90.*

Miss Mary Anderson gives an absolute denial to the report that she is engaged to be married.

Let not the gentle reader be too much perturbed at this. It only means that Mary is about to reappear on the stage. She has been doing this sort of thing regularly for a good many years, and will no doubt keep it up as long as she is marriageable—which won't be much longer, fortunately. If it wouldn't be considered rude we *might* ask, who the dickens cares whether the report is true or not?

\* \* \*

**I**T was in Chester village  
That out spake bold E. A.,  
"Let's have incorporation,  
And have it right away!"  
"No, no!" cried John F. Taylor,  
"Twill make our taxes high:  
If you dare pass that by-law,  
I'll knock it into pi!"

They duly passed the By-law,  
And John F. entered suit  
To quash the same instanter  
Beneath the Judge's boot;  
"The case comes up for hearing  
The seventh day of Jan."  
So spake his lordship gravely,  
And thus the suit began."

But meanwhile, the election  
For reeve and council, too,  
Upon the 6th was coming,  
And there was great ado,  
John F. 'gainst Mac. was pitted,  
And hotly they did fight,  
And Mac. was badly beaten  
Upon that fateful night!

"Ha! beaten but not vanquished,"  
He hissed, with clenched teeth,  
"I've yet a weapon left me  
Within the legal sheath."  
So down he goes next morning  
To where the judges sat—  
"Quash it," said he, "your lordships,  
We don't object to *that*!"

"Our judgment is for Taylor—  
We rule the by-law out."  
So spake their reverend lordships,  
And E. A. gave a shout;  
And John F. and his council  
Their teeth do vainly grit,  
Tho' regularly elected  
They have no place to sit!

**ECHOES FROM CAMELOT.**

BY P. M'ARTHUR.

ANTIQUÉ GALLANTRY.

**E**LAINÉ—"What thinkest thou, my I launcelot, of the saying that we who are provincial born are over-proud, or, as Dagonet, the fool, phrases it, 'suffer from swelled head.'"

**LAUNCELOT** (*tenderly drawing her head over until it rested on his shoulder*)—"Heed them not, queen of my heart: I will help thee to carry it."

QUOTING SHAKESPEARE BEFORE HIS TIME.

**SIR GAWAIN**—"I marvel much, wizard, that thou art not a director of the Consumers' Gas Company of Camelot."

**MERLIN**—"Why admirest thou, Sir Knight?"

**SIR GAWAIN**—"Verily, because thou art a bard, and they are all men of the same kidney."

**Merlin**—"How provest thou that, with all thy wit?"

**SIR GAWAIN**—"Truly, their occupation is to 'give an airy nothing a local habitation and a name.'"



**DURING A NEW YEAR'S CALL.—A FACT.**

**MISS HARDCASH**—"Oh, Mr. Hightone, it's awfully hard having no older brother to take one to parties and concerts, and all that sort of thing."

**MR. HIGHTONE**—"Could not *I* be your brother, Miss Hardcash?"

**MASTER HARDCASH**—"Don't you, unless you want to get left. She's loads of brothers in the summer time!"

**"THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH."**

**H**E was an inveterate punster. He was also a bold but inexperienced yachtsman, and had come to grief in a squall.

They rescued him, and managed to bring him around to a knowledge of existence and an appreciation of the strength of brandy.

"How did it happen?" some one unguardedly asked.

Whereupon the half-drowned yachtsman opened his eyes slowly, gazed at the inquirer dreamily, and, as a faint smile flickered over his wan face, softly said:—

"The sail came between the wind and my no ability."

Then, as the crowd fell back in horror, the subject of our sketch fainted away in an interesting manner.

Names are withheld, out of consideration for the feelings of surviving relatives and other persons.



### AT THE COOKING SCHOOL.

TEACHER—"Now, be very careful not to over-season it. How much salt does it require?"

PUPIL—"The book says a handful; I suppose —"

TEACHER—"Oh, that means half-a handful, in this case."

### CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

BY F. M'ARTHUR.

#### A PANG'S RELAXATION.

EDITH.—"Mr. Dudekin says he has a headache to-day."

MAUD.—"Well, well, I suppose even a pain must have a holiday occasionally."

#### FULL DRESS AT THE THEATRE.

FINNICK.—"Ah, there is Clara Soanso in a box."

SYNNIC.—"Yes, and it is a good thing she is in one. She doesn't seem to be in much else."

#### AND YET THEY DO NOT.

DETROW.—"Isn't it strange that military stations should be such unprogressive places?"

SALLOW.—"It is, indeed, when you consider that there are so many cannons in them. They should boom."

#### HE PROBABLY DIDN'T NOTICE IT.

BRAINSHORT.—"I'm glad I'm not so absent-minded as poor Dudely."

GIBBONS.—"Why, what has happened to him?"

BRAINSHORT.—"He went into a babah shop yesterday to get shaved, and befoah he noticed the beastly babah had shaved off his moustache. Six weeks' growth, too."

#### IN SOCIETY.

CLARA.—"What nonsense you always talk when you call to sec me."

HARRY.—"That is because I believe that when in Rome I should do as Romans do."

#### HIBERNIAN.

DETROW.—"Have you heard of the latest Irish bull?"

DONNOW.—"No, what is it?"

DETROW.—"Why, the Clan-na-Gael refers to its inner circle as a triangle."

#### THE PAINED EXPRESSION WAS ACQUIRED.

PARQUET.—"Have you ever noticed the tortured look that artists invariably put on the faces in the frescoes on the walls of theatres?"

BOXEAU.—"Yes, but it is not probable that the artists

painted them like that. You must consider the great amount of bad acting those faces must have seen."

#### HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

FARMER (to man who is stringing wires).—"An' you say them's the telephone wires that carry what a man says from one place to another."

WORKMAN.—"Yes."

FARMER.—"By gum! an' they ain't even hollow!"

#### HE WOULD NOT BE HELD GUILTLSS.

MISS PERT.—"If you say that to him I shall hold you responsible for his going crazy."

MR. LERT.—"Ah, indeed, whom do you hold responsible at present?"

### THE EDITORIAL CONFERENCE.

THE Ontario Press Association held its annual meeting in this city on the 10th inst. We understand that the following, amongst other important papers, were held over for want of time:

"Does it pay to get the labor organizations down on you?" by the editor of the *World*.

"When a party organ finds itself growing unpopular with its own party, what can the matter be?" By the editor of the *Globe*.

"On the advantages of writing letters to oneself." By the editor of the *Mail*.

"Is party organ grinding a profession or a trade?" By the editor of the *Empire*.

"On the common mistake of supposing that readers want anything but advertisements." By Mr. J. Ross Robertson of the *Evening Telegram*.

"On the irresistible tendency of radical journals to support Tory Governments." By the editor of the *Evening News*.

"An enquiry into the exact meaning of Shakespeare's line, 'What fools these mortals be'—with special reference to Orange journalism." By Mr. E. F. Clarke.

"Are cordwood and garden truck legal tender?" By the editor of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*.

"Is journalism a business or an amusement?" By Mr. Goldwin Smith.

"On the identity of 'Constant Reader.'" By the editor of the *London Advertiser*.

"The desirability of courtesy in party warfare—with examples from my own paper." By the editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*.

### NO INCONSISTENCY.

AT Sarnia, just before the election, Mr. Mowat claimed that "Truth and Righteousness" was a plank of the Liberal platform. Just after the election a Lambton Liberal wrote to a friend—"We have knocked Truth and Righteousness into a cocked hat."

This is from *The Canadian Nation*, the New Party organ. A feeling of compassion for the much-tormented Government of Ontario prompts us to explain that there is really no inconsistency here. The "cocked hat" into which the Lambton Grits knocked "Truth and Righteousness" is, of course, the one worn officially by the Lieut.-Governor, as the nominal head of the Cabinet. In other words, Mr. Mowat's supporters would claim that the Government has a monopoly of the T. and R. business.

It is respectfully suggested that the Toronto Public School Board be published as an appendix to the famous work on "English as she is Spoke."



## SPITEFUL.

MISS PUFFY—"Did you hang up your stocking on Christmas, as you said you were going to?"

MISS THYNNE—"Yes, and I got such a beautiful pencil case in it."

MISS PUFFY—"Didn't it crowd the stocking a good deal?"

## HE KNEW ANOTHER PLACE.

WHEN the photographer's assistant called "next!" a six foot, sun-tanned man, uncomfortably clad in a ready-made suit, and carrying a sombrero about the size of a last century umbrella, strode into the operating gallery and said, in a subdued bellow:—

"Pard, I'm just in from the mines. Fourteen years from home makes me a stranger. Will ye do a stranger a favor, and very much obleege, yours truly, me?"

The artist assured the gentleman that he had only to name it, and it was granted *non con*.

"I'm a goin' back to th'ole folks an' my gal, with a small pile, an' an eye out for a ranche to settle down on. But I'm full o' fun, an' I want to give 'em a supprise. Ye sec I'm in tol'ble shape, an' feel as hearty ez a young steer. What I want you to do is to take my picter, so ez to hev me look all snarled an' broke up. Make my mug 'pear like an Apache Injin's, hump my back, twist my nigh leg, an' knock my hull anatomy out o' kilter. I'll send the likeness by post, so ez to gin th'old people an' the gal a scare. Next day I'll loom up jest ez ye see me here, undo the gag, an' have the laugh on 'em. Ain't that a fly racket, Colonel? Catch?"

"But, my dear sir," explained the photographer, "the camera produces an exact counterpart of yourself"

"What! Won't it take a feller emmy way he wants?"

"No; it will take you precisely as you are."

"That ain't the play, uncle. Can't you fool the machine somehow?"

"No, sir."

"Nor doctor up the likeness after?"

"Not as you want it."

"Well, I'm stuck! Say, paint me, will you?"

"It is not in our line."

"Gimme a pointer, then. Whar'll I sidle for the job?"

A happy idea suddenly struck the photographer.

"My friend, I have just thought how I can fix it for you! You say you want the worst looking and most impossible picture taken of you?"

"Score! The tougher the better."

"So that no one alive would recognize you by it?"

"I go you on the raise!"

"Well, see here. Go down to King street. Find the *Globe* office. Enquire for the editor who has charge of the pictorial department in the Saturday edition. If he will get an engraving of you as close to the original as the recent dog-pictures were true to life, you will be perfectly suited. No thanks! Good-day, good-day!"

## THE LOVING AND INDULGENT HUSBAND.

"HOW much was it I paid for the mug of baby's we bought a year ago?" he asked.

"Four dollars," she replied.

"Then I guess it really is silver, although it looks mighty dull and dirty just now." And he picked up the little goblet and examined it critically.

"Sometimes I think myself it is silver," the wife remarked, "and still, at other times, I really fancy it is some kind of metal."

"Well—and I suppose silver ain't any kind of metal! Surely, Maria, you ought to —."

"Now, Charles," interrupted the little woman, protestingly, "you know I didn't mean —."

"Oh, of course, of course!" he broke in with a hoarse laugh, "Don't apologize, my dear. I quite understand. You said what you meant, but you didn't mean what you said. You women are all models of conciseness, consistency, veracity, thoughtfulness and common sense. Ta-ta! I'm off down town!"

And the loving and indulgent husband strode away, humming:

"Would I were with thee;  
Every day and hour."

## LA GRIPPE.

THE new and popular epidemic is called after this journal because it is so influenzial and widely circulated.



## HINT TO THE PROFESSION.

FARMER JUMBLES (*in quest of a legal adviser*)—"Here's a lawyer's office. I wonder if this fellow's pretty good?"

HIS NEIGHBOR—"Yes; I guess he's a distinguished barrister. I see by the sign that he's not a Q.C. Let's try him." [*And they do.*]



### "THE ASSYRIANS CAME DOWN!"

THIS is not a suspect with the detectives after him; it is only poor old Jobbleson, who happened to mention to a friend that he had some notion of getting his life insured.

### TRUE SYMPATHY.

(SCENE—*Real Estate Dealer's Office. Enter Humane Person.*)

**HUMANE PERSON**—"You put this advertisement in the paper, didn't you?" (*Hands clipping to Real Estate Dealer.*)

**DEALER** (*reads*)—"Fifty feet—must be sold—owner leaving the city.' Yes: that's right. Want to buy?"

**HUMANE P.**—"No: can't say I *want* to buy, but let me ask, has the owner really made up his mind to leave Toronto?"

**DEALER**—"He has, positively."

**HUMANE P.**—"Is it a matter of choice or whim with him, or—?"

**DEALER**—"No, sir; he's obliged to go."

**HUMANE P.**—"Then I guess I'll take the property. If the man has actually got to go, it's too bad that a little thing like this should stand in his way. You can put me down as purchaser and get the papers ready as soon as possible. I suppose he wants to get away shortly?"

**DEALER**—"Yes: at the earliest moment. Thanks. The papers will be ready by to-morrow."

**HUMANE P.**—"All right: I'll call. Good-day."

[*Exit.*]

**DEALER**—"Now, that's what I call a decent sort of—"

[*Re-enter Humane Person.*]

**HUMANE P.**—"Excuse me, but where is this land, and what's the price of it?"

**DEALER**—"Oh, it's all right, You'll find it a good bargain."

**HUMANE P.**—"Very well. Excuse my troubling you. I'll be in to-morrow to sign the papers. Good day."

### HER PROPER PRIDE.

**MISS DOLLY BANGS**, who has graduated at the school of cookery, and is in quest of a situation, declined a very good offer the other day because the party advertised for a "good plain cook." She says she will starve before she will admit that she is plain—which she really isn't, you know.

### BALLADE OF CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

**L**OYAL Britons were the band  
Exiled from their native shore,  
Who first in this forest land  
Found a mighty nation's store  
Wrought in shape they knew before,  
Ship of State, but not the kind  
Which defy old Neptune's roar,  
Boldly breast the wave and wind.

Westward moved this conquering band  
Farther empires to explore;  
Eastward still their fancy spanned  
Ocean wastes and awkward bore  
Household gods they would adore,  
Figure-heads to chain the mind,  
Ne'er could such encumbered prone  
Boldly breast the wave and wind.

Thus they failed to understand  
Features which the future wore,  
While from British oak they planned  
All repairs, though fungous spore  
Filled planks rotten to the core,  
To their own resources blind,  
Could the hulk they would restore  
Boldly breast the wave and wind?

ENVOY.

Canada, fair bark, no more  
Drift like scow craft towed behind,  
Slip the cable, ship the oar,  
boldly breasts the wave and wind.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

### TO OUR GRAND OLD MAN.

**T**HE following lines, just written by James Russell Lowell, apropos of the recent banquet to ex-Pres. Cleveland, might form an excellent inscription in honor of our own Alexander Mackenzie:—

Let who has felt compute the strain  
Of struggle with abuses strong,  
The doubtful course, the helpless pain  
Of seeing best intents go wrong;  
We, who look on with critic eyes,  
Exempt from action's crucial test,  
Human ourselves, at least are wise  
In honoring one who did his best.

A CHAMPION short-stop—at the railway lunch counter.



"A CANADIAN WINTER."

SKATING SCENE IN TORONTO ON NEW YEAR'S DAY—A FACT.



## EXPLAINED.

IRATE FATHER—"I wonder what makes my razor so thundering dull!"

ANGEL CHILD—"Dull, papa? Why, it was beautiful and sharp when I made my boat with it yesterday."

## JOHN CALDER'S EXPERIENCES.

MAN, GRIP,—But I'm a prood man the day! Whan I cam hame yestreen frae a vesit up tae Hamilton, whaur mair nor twa or three o' the inhawbitants are geyin' deep i' my books for Sabbath claes, an' funeral claes, an' holiday claes, an' claes o' ae kin' an' anither that naebody can mak' sae weel as I can mysel', Mrs. Calder handit me a weel-buikit parcel that had cam' through the post, direckit

"JOHN CALDER, ESQ.,  
"FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILOR,  
"KING STREET, TORONTO."

On the back o' the envelope there was a coat o' arms, consistin' o' a croon, an' a helmet, an' a daiggar, an' a bit floer o' some kin', an' some Lettin words that I could make neither heid nor tail oot o'.

Weel, I sune rippit the thing open, I mean the parcel, ye ken, an' no the coat o' arms, an' whan I perceived whaur the letter was frae, it gart my hairt dir' against the bane.

I ken enouch aboot State secrets an' sic like tae haud my tongue, an' on this accoot I maun na say wha I got the letter frae, but gin I'm no sairly mista'en, jidgin' by the contents o' that letter, we'll see some collieshaugies at nixt meetin' o' the Paurliments, baith here an' at Ottawa. I may quote jist ae sentence here. It reads, "Do your best on these garments, as I may require them at the funeral, not of one only, but of many political friends: in fact, I shall probably wear them at my own." Nae doobt, this means political funerals, an' there'll be a great wheen o' sic this year o' grace 1890, or my name's no' John Calder, Esq., merchant tailor.

I foregaithered wi' the new registrar the ither day, an' says I, "Peter, my man, I'm thinkin' you're weel oot o' politics the noo." Man, gin you had seen the een o' him. They lichtit up like onything, an' says he, "You bet." Says I, "Will Mowat gang back, think you?" "He ought to," says Peter, "ain't his equal out of jail." I thoct this was a queer thing to say, but then Peter's a queer man. Says I till him, "Afore you gang, I want to speer a wec for information on a pint." "Oh, I'm a teetotaler," says Peter. "Wha was wantin' you to

drink?" says I. "Why," says he, "didn't you suggest giving me some information over a pint?" "Hoots," says I, "you're haiverin', a' I want is to speer a quastin." "To what a what?" "To speer a quastin," says I, an' wi' that he leaned back, steckit his e'en, an' said, "Go ahead, but I hope it won't be very painful." "What?" says I. "The spearing," says he, an' then he laughed, for you ken he's only an Irishman, an' has nae sense o' decorum or propriety in the praisance o' a man that might be his faither.

"Weel," says I, "this is my quastin. I had a crack no' lang syne wi' an unco prominent member o' oor Provincial Legislature, anent a'e thing an' anither, an' he made use o' an expression that I can mak' nae sense o' ava, an' I was wonnerin' gin you could gie me ony insight intill't. Says he, 'Mr. Calder, merchant tailor, you keep a sharp look-out when the Parliaments meet, and if you don't see a blamed sight more rattin' than you ever saw in your life, then my name isn't Smith.'"

"What was Smith's other name?" says Peter. "His name wasna Smith," says I, "but I'll no tell you his richt name,—what I want to get at," says I, "is the meanin' o' rattin'."

"Oh, you want to know what 'rattin' means," says he. "Well, now, Mr. Calder, did you ever hear of rats saying good-bye to a sinking ship?"

"Nae doobt I hae," says I, "but what has that to-dae wi' politics?"

"Nothing," says Peter, "but I guess your friend's cranium is horizontal, and probably he meant you to understand, that in his judgment, a large number of Liberal-Conservatives, as they call themselves, will find their way into the Mowat camp when they discover that the people of this country are coming to their senses—see?"

"Ahey," says I, "I see fine, an' I'm thinkin' baith you an' my frien' Smith are no faur wrang."

"Of course we ain't," says Peter, "and when the elections come off in Ju—pshaw! I almost let that go, didn't I?" says he. "You'll see who's right. Ta-ta, Mr. Calder, merchant tailor, I must hurry to see a man," an' awa Peter gaed, lea'in' me in a condeetion o' amazement at the glib tongue o' the chiel, an' at his defineetion o' rattin'.

I'm thinkin' he's no faur wrang, hoosomewer, an' I think I'll jist sit doon an' write a bit screed to my frien' the Honorable Oliver Mowat to stiffen him up a wec wi' the gran' prospeck that's aheid o' us in the comin' contest.

Gin he fin's time to write back, I'll let you ken hoo he regards the signs o' the times. JOHN CALDER.

P.S.—I'll hae the buttons shoo'd on till your troosers the morn's nixt gin you can fin' time to ca' for them, but I canna get a meenute to men' the exter o' your coat for a day or twa. J. C.

## A SEVERE ATTACK.

HOOLIGUSE—"Phwat's the matther wid yez that yer hav yer arrum in a sling, Dooligan?"

DOOLIGAN—"Sure I've just had an attack of 'La Grippe.' I've just been shakin' hands wid Muldoon, the wrasler."

LIGHT-HEADED—a match.

"I WONDER how they like a little killing themselves," remarked the bull, as the Plaza came tumbling down the other day, burying hundreds of the "first citizens" of Mexico in its ruins.



### ABSENT-MINDED.

BROWN (at the telephone)—“Hello! who's speaking?”  
VOICE—“Don't you recognize me?”

BROWN—“Well, er—I know your face, but I don't quite recall your voice at the moment.”

### HARDLY CONSISTENT.

THE SQUIGGLECHUNK INDICATOR MAN ACCEPTS PARTY DOCTRINES AS HE FINDS THEM.

“JOHN,” said the venerable editor of the Squigglechunk *Indicator*, “le'mme chew of tobacco. Thankee, I guess I've got to hustle like thunder for the next couple of days to try and get in enough money to pay the paper bill, so you'll have to jerk enough editorial slush to fill a column and a half or so.”

“All right, boss. What'll I give 'em? Shall I razoo old Mowat on the Separate School business?”

“I think not, John,” said the editor thoughtfully, “I want to strike Mulcahy for a big grocery ad. this week, and O'Reilly has just given us a grist of job printing that'll come to about \$15. No, I don't think we need say anything more about Separate Schools just yet. Anyway, I'm against raising these sectarian issues which arouse hatred and ill feeling—and you must remember that we have quite a list of Catholic subscribers. Stick to the N.P., John; that's always safe. Give 'em a good screed. You can enlarge on the prosperity of all classes in the United States under Protection—manufacturers flourishing, farmers wealthy, mechanics and laborers drawing better wages than anywhere else in the world, contrasted with the poverty and wretchedness that prevails in England, on account of Free Trade.”

“I catch on, boss. Just the regular style of thing. But that will hardly be enough.”

“No, it would look a leetle slim; you might write another article pitching into the Grits on this Unrestricted Reciprocity scheme. Show that Canada has no use for Free Trade with the States. It wouldn't be any advantage, because d'ye see the American farmers themselves have a hard struggle to make ends meet and are giving up their farms by thousands. The country is full of people out of employment, and the workingmen are discontented and raising trouble all around. What would be the use of getting admission to the markets of the States when their own people can hardly make a living?”

“Hold on, boss, I get the idea, but somehow it don't seem quite consistent with the pointers you give me for the other editorial.”

“Well, now, neither it does, John, come to think of it. I swear it never struck me in that light before. Any-

how, it's just what the *Empire* and the *Hamilton Spec.* have been giving their readers right along, and if they can stand it, why I reckon ours can. It's good party doctrine at any rate, and I don't know as it's just the *Indicator's* business to straighten out the kinks. So let her go, John! Here's half a dollar; it'll have to do you till Saturday, and then if I have a couple of dollars or so left after squaring the paper bill you can have 'em.”

### THE CONDENSED “BYSTANDER” FOR FEBRUARY.

(OR ANY OTHER MONTH.)

PARTYISM is what is ruining this country. The Grit and Tory machines are always trucking to Rome.

The N.P. is a fraud. What Canada wants is Commercial Union.

Gladstone is a bold bad man, who is intriguing with the Irish to overthrow the British Empire.

Beaconsfield was a contemptible trickster and adventurer. He couldn't help it because he was a Jew. Jews are no good, anyhow.

Irish and French Canadians are also a bad lot. Their principal aim in life is to drink whiskey, raise big families, re-establish the Spanish Inquisition and sell their votes to the highest bidder.

Women ought not to have votes because they can't fight.

A social revolution is impending. Theories of confiscation are in the air. Henry George would like to start the guillotine and cut off the heads of all landlords and capitalists.

Prohibition is an impossibility, and if you were to stop liquor-drinking it would demoralize the people. All Prohibitionists are either fools or rascals—some of them are both.

On the whole the country is in a very bad way because the people will not be guided by the *Bystander*.



### PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.

NEWCOMBE—“I wonder why the ladies persist in wearing their dresses so very décolleté.”

STAYER—“They want it to be known, that they're 'in the swim,' doncherknow.”





A HEAVY LEGAL FOG.

CATHOLIC RATEPAPER.—" And where do I stand *now*, according to the school law ? "

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.—" Er—well, really, I'll have to take that question into my consideration! "



## Our Critical Column.

THE dusky Indian actress, Go-Won-Go Mohawk—the only aboriginal American on the stage—is displaying her histrionic powers (also her horse and her bowie-knife), at the Toronto this week. The play is called "The Indian Mail Carrier," and was written by Miss Go-Won-Go Mohawk herself, when she was a sweet girl undergraduate of an Ohio seminary. Of course, she plays a male character in it. You ought to go and see her, by all means. Next week, Ireland will hold the boards at this house, in the person of Mr. Edwin Arden (no relation to Enoch of that ilk), who will present his drama called "Barred Out." We wish to state distinctly that this has no reference to ex-Ald. John McMillan.

THE Lyceum Company, from New York, are doing their successful piece, "Our Flat," at the Academy this week. Toronto has no flats (in the residence line—plenty of the other kind, however), nor are we likely to have any until land values get a trifle higher. This is fortunate. If you want to get an idea of the tribulations to which flats can give rise, you cannot do better than drop in and see the Lyceum people showing up the subject.

THAT darling of the ladies, "Little Lord Fautleroy," ran his short course with tremendous *clat* at the Grand last week. And now we have another choice selection from the dramatic peagerie, "Lord Chumley," impersonated to the life by Mr. E. H. Sothern. It is a common saying that a clever father generally has a fool-son. Young Sothern is a brilliant exception to this rule, as he bids fair even to eclipse his world-famous progenitor as a comedian. Mr. Sothern departs Wednesday night, and the week will be finished by Marie Hubert Frohman, in "King Rene's Daughter," in which she personates a sweet and chivalry-inspiring maiden of the middle ages.

It is not greatly to the credit of this intellectual centre that the splendid exhibition of really high-class paintings, by French, American and Canadian artists, now open at the Toronto Art Gallery, has lacked a great patronage. The gallery adjoins the Academy of Music, on King street, and the admission is but twenty-five cents. Picture-lovers who miss this treat will have reason to regret it. The exhibition remains open but one week longer.

His family and friends were there,  
His uncles, cousins, aunts;  
And all were sure that for the prize  
Their Johnny had best chance.

'Twas Johnny's turn to speak his piece;  
He said, with outstretched hands:  
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree  
The village chestnut stands!"

—T. J., in Puck.

BRIGGS—"Are you going to hang up your stocking for Christmas?"  
GRIGGS—"I don't know. I may have to hang up a whole suit."

A CHILD of sorrow—The son-in-law.

BRO. WANAMAKER—"Our hearts should be large enough to take in the whole human family."

THE PRESIDENT—"Yes; but if there were offices enough to take in the whole Harrison family, I should be satisfied."—Puck.

THE business or professional man who now-a-days goes through the laborious work of writing his own letters, deserves a place in the museum of curiosities. He is certainly not a practical believer in the maxim that "time is money." The man who appreciates the value of the passing moments leaves all this mechanical work to a mechanical contrivance, where it properly belongs. He uses a type-writer, and if he is wise, he uses the best, which is always the cheapest, and that is the Remington Standard. Mr. George Bengough, of 47 King street east, controls the general agency for them excellent machines, and will be pleased to have all who are interested call and see them in operation or send to those at a distance illustrated catalogues, giving all necessary particulars about them. Call upon or write to him.

MR. MANDERSON (at luncheon).—"What's this?"

WAITER—"Dat's a harm-san'wich, boss."

"I ordered one here yesterday, and you brought me four large slices of bread and more ham than I could eat."

"Well, yo' see, boss, we only opened d' restorator yistahday, an' dat wuz a decoy."—Judge.

PAT—"Say, Mike, could yez till me who this man Meeginty is, what they're all a-talkin' about?"

MIKE—"Shure an' I niver heerd av him till lately; but I think that maybe he's a professional diver, for I've heerd him say that he wint to the bottom av the say."

CHOICE Christmas Cards, latest designs, carefully selected by an artist, will be found at the Golden Easel, 316 Yonge Street. Also a fine selection of pictures and novelties, suitable for Christmas trade. Pictures framed.

"Why do you have such a complicated lock on your front-door? A burglar can get in just as easily with that as he could with a simpler contrivance."

"That's very true. Any burglar can get in, but woe be unto him when he tries to get out. Why, it takes me four minutes to unlatch that door from the inside."—New York Sun.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

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

SURURBAN RESIDENT—"Yes, I want a useful man about my country place. Can you milk?"

APPLICANT—"Yis, sor."

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Wull, sir, Oi niver milked but wun cow, an' she waz a kicker, sor; an' bedad, a good dale av the toime Oi was on both soids av her, sor."

PATERFAMILIAS (from the head of the stairs at 2 a.m.)—"Fanny, will you ask that young man to step into the hall a moment?"

YOUNG MAN (timidly)—"W-well, sir?"

PATERFAMILIAS—"I just wanted to ask you where you wanted your trunk put when it comes."—Lawrence American.

CHAIRMAN ADAMS (of Reception Committee)—"Ladies and gentlemen, the great explorer, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, will now sing to you one of the songs of the natives of the Nile, accompanied by an African orchestra."

MR. STANLEY—"Down went McGinty to the bottom of—"

But the audience flees.—New York Sun.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER must use some such preparation as Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses, to make her hands look so beautiful. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co. Montreal.

PARROTT—"Can anything beat this? Here's a house advertises twenty-five dollars' worth of clothing for ten dollars!"

WIGGINS—"Why, yes; you can get a ten-dollar Confederate bill for five cents."

Oh, those New Year resolutions that we made with holy awe,  
How they melted like the snow banks in a January thaw!

How the man who broke his meerschaum and vowed to smoke no more,  
Now smokes an old two-cent clay pipe behind the cellar door.

YELLOWLY—"It seems strange to me, Brownly, that Whitely always enjoys the most perfect health and yet takes no exercise."

BROWNLY—"Nothing strange about it at all. Whitely is too lazy to catch any disease."—Boston Courier.

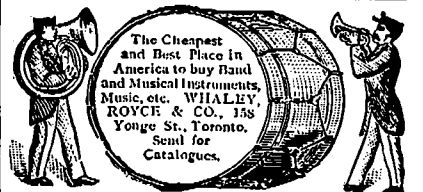
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Which alone is Well Worth the  
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As a sample, read the following, for April:—

- Tue. 1—All Protectionists' Day.  
Wed. 2—Mary's little lamb born, 1784.  
Th. 3—Sausage mystery solved, 2612.  
Fri. 4—First dude seen in Lindsay, Ont., 1878.  
Sat. 5—Hogg's Hollow founded, 1822.  
Sun. 6—Pharise, "dull thud" invented, 825.  
Mon. 7—Boy stood on the burning deck, 1843.  
Tue. 8—Dog-fight in Hamilton, 1867.  
Wed. 9—First organ grinder landed in Canada, 1827.  
Th. 10—Old Man Snyder's barn-raising, Nottawa-  
5824, 1856.  
Fri. 11—Eli Perkin's told his first lie, 1853.  
Sat. 12—W. Patterson struck by unknown person.  
1504.  
Sun. 13—Spring poetry invented, 1081.  
Mon. 14—Mowat doesn't go.  
Tue. 15—Thistles imported by patriotic Scotchman,  
1837.  
Wed. 16—Conundrums invented by the Sphinx, 2407  
B.C.  
Th. 17—Boiler plate pants for book agents invented,  
1906.  
Fri. 18—Harry Piper started the Zoo, 1881.  
Sat. 19—Mercer Adam discovered Canadian Liter-  
ature, 1875.  
Sun. 20—French made official language, Ont., 1925.  
Mon. 21—The Khan wrote his first poem, 1874.  
Tue. 22—Haldimand held a pure election, 2003.  
Wed. 23—St. George's Day, Britons never, etc.  
Th. 24—Whiskey cocktails invented, 1776.  
Fri. 25—Hamilton discovered by expedition from  
Toronto, 1828.  
Sat. 26—Ald. Baxter attained 200 lbs., 1857.  
Sun. 27—Goat and oyster can joke invented, 16 B.C.  
Mon. 28—Sam Johnson, champion liver eater, born  
1842.  
Tue. 29—"Shoot the hat" first used, 1868.  
Wed. 30—Last day for oyster stew.

32 Pages. The Old Price, 10c.

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RESULT:  
**I take My Meals,  
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AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING **FLESH ON MY BONES** AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. Scott's Emulsion is put up only in Salmon color wrappers. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00.

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(See page 46.)



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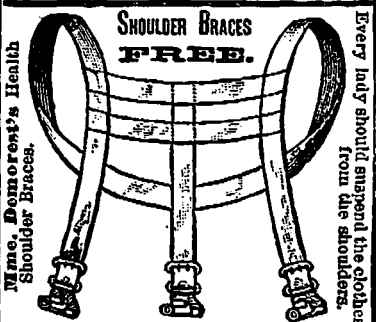
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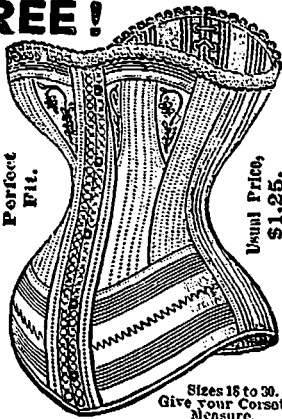
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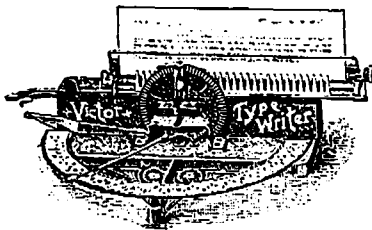


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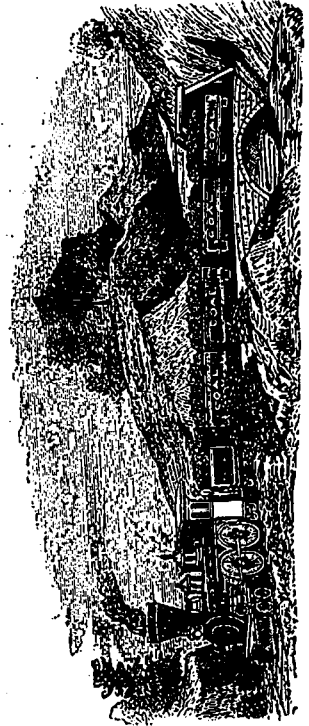
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