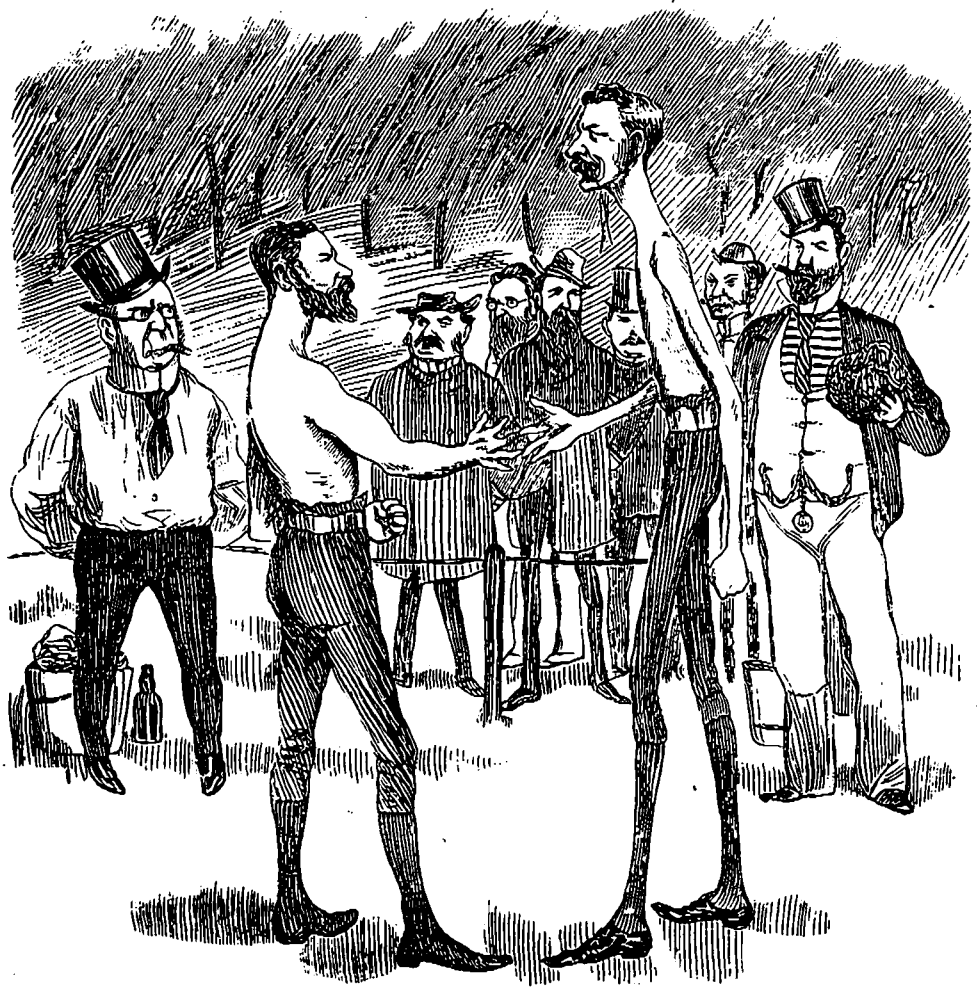


FOUNDED 1843

INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE

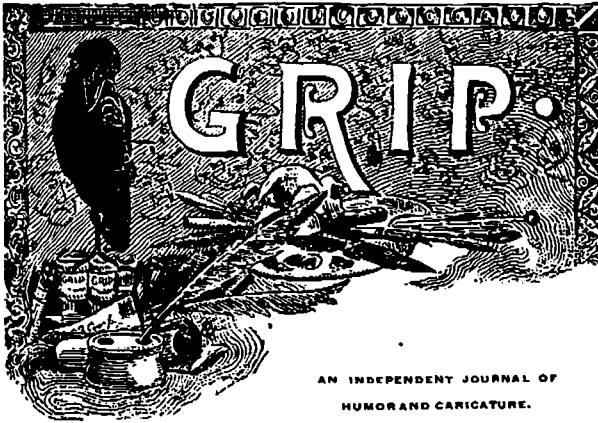


ANOTHER GREAT FIGHT ON.

AT WEST MIDDLESEX. BETWEEN JIMMY HUGHES, THE ORANGE CHICKEN, AND "FRENCHY" ROSS, HOLDER OF THE EDUCATIONAL BELT.

PRICE 5 CENTS PER COPY; \$2 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, By the GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., 26 and 28 Front St. West, Toronto.



AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF HUMOR AND CARICATURE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

BY THE

GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.

26 and 28 Front Street West, Toronto, Ont.

President	J. V. WRIGHT.
General Manager	T. G. WILSON.
Artist and Editor	J. W. BENGOUGH.
Manager Publishing Department	H. HOUGH.

Terms to Subscribers.

PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

To United States and Canada.

To Great Britain and Ireland.

One year, \$2.00; six months - \$1.00	One year - \$2.50
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Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date of the printed address-label.

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Comments on the Cartoons.



MERCIER'S DREAM.—The great demonstration at Quebec on St. Jean Baptiste's day was more than an ordinary holiday fête. It was the spectacular expression of the "great idea" which the orators at the subsequent banquet so eloquently elaborated—the idea of French-Canadian "nationality." By this term we are to understand something much grander than the preservation of French and Catholic institutions in the Province of Quebec, and the firm maintenance of cer-

tain rights and privileges claimed under treaty. The "idea" contemplates the removal of the Union Jack from the citadel flag-staff in due season, and the substitution thereof of the tricolor of France, or the Papal banner, or a new emblem combining the features of both. Nor is this all. The dream extends to the entire revision of the Dominion map, and the reorganization of all the Provinces upon the model of Quebec. When this work is accomplished the country from ocean to ocean will be just what it would have become if its original owners had not been defeated on the Plains of Abraham. There can be little doubt that this "idea" has found a lodgment in the French-Canadian breast, and is regarded as a perfectly practicable scheme which can be worked out all in good time if, in the words of M. Mercier, they

will "cease their fratricidal strifes, and be united." The British Canadian will, of course, consider it in the light of a joke—something too absurd even for a dream. At the same time he will be logical and reasonable enough to admit that the French have a perfect right to retake Canada if they are able. When they do take it, and make it over to their own liking, it will probably be a single nation with one flag and one official language. We will not hear so much talk then about the possibility of building up a stable nationality out of two distinct elements kept apart by force of law.

ANOTHER GREAT FIGHT ON.—Now that Sullivan and Kilrain have settled their little dispute as to the championship of the prize-ring, the eyes of the political sports turn to West Middlesex; where a fight to a finish is shortly to come off between Jimmy Hughes, the Orange chicken, and "Frenchy" Ross, the present holder of the Educational belt. Betting is altogether in favor of Ross, whose friends are in vain offering long odds against the Chicken. The latter has never before fought for stakes, his experience having been confined to sparring exhibitions on anti-Jesuit platforms, but he has shown himself to be good in the wind and possessed of excellent hitting power. His challenge to Ross in this case is supposed to be the result of personal feeling more than anything else, and nobody seems to consider his chances very good. Ross, on the other hand, is full of confidence, and declares himself anxious to meet the youngster and "do him up." He is not at the present moment in fighting trim, but expects before the date of the battle to get rid of the superfluous flesh he is now carrying in the shape of French schools and education law amendments.



ACINESS characterized the speeches at the Millers' Convention in this city last week. The delegates frequently used hot words, which was only natural, for they had a burning question to deal with, and besides this, the thermometer was uncomfortably high in the Board of Trade

chambers. All were agreed that the Government has for ten years acted in an outrageous and indefensible manner toward the milling industry, in persisting, contrary to the alleged spirit of the National Policy, in bonusing the American flour-makers at the expense of our own mills. This rank injustice is continued for purely political reasons—to retain certain Government seats in the Maritime Provinces. This was stated by one of the speakers to be the frank explanation he received from the lips of Mr. Tupper.

THE statistics of the case bring out the grievance in bold relief. Mr. John Brown, who had taken the trouble to secure the figures, presented the case as follows: "Ontario pays a duty of over \$600,000 on coal, while the Maritime Provinces only pay \$5,140 on breadstuffs; which shows that we pay 130 times as much to help them as they pay to help us. We pay 22 2/3 per cent. on coal, and they 14 2/3 on breadstuffs." This is the lop-sided result of the attempt to force trade out of its natural channels, but the millers have a right to demand that if the artificial system of Protection is to be continued the duties must be adjusted more fairly.

NOW, as Mr. Brown said, the only way to rectify such a wrong is through the ballot-box, and the constitutional method is to turn out Government after Govern-

ment until the required reform is effected. But when he seriously proposed that the millers should unite to vote as they talked, there was an instant scatteration. "Politics must not be introduced into our Association!" protested the delegates, who evidently love their parties better than they do their mills, after all. Mr. Goldie is reported as saying plainly that "he would not vote against the Government on any grounds," and the sentiment was apparently received with general favor. How Sir John must tremble at the threats of men who thus openly confess that they mean nothing beyond talk!

* * *

THE "over-production of flour" was dwelt upon in the discussion as amongst the chief causes of the depression in the milling business. This did not seem to excite any wonderment in the Convention, nor was it greeted with ironical laughter. But surely, if there is nothing radically wrong in our social system, the phrase must have been coined in jest. It is a notorious fact that if everybody who *wants* flour could get it—if every hungry mouth could be filled with bread—there would be no ground for grumbling about over-production. The real trouble is under-consumption. The warehouses are piled full of flour, and all over the country there are people who would be glad, oh, so glad to get more flour, and would be more than willing to pay for it, too, with the fruits of their labor. What is the barrier which forbids the exchange? Let the millers sit down and think out this paradox.

* * *

MR. SECRETARY-OF-STATE BLAINE is determined on making Behring's Sea a *mare clausam*. He can talk Latin all he wants to, but he will find that this *mare* is a horse of another color when the maritime powers have had their say all round. In fighting for exclusive possession of Behring sea, Mr. Blaine is simply working in the interests of the seal-fur monopolists, a close corporation of Yankee millionaires. This is, of course, reprehensible, but we see no grounds upon which the *Toronto World* can condemn it, while it approves of Governments protecting monopolies on land by tariffs.

* * *

THE citizens of Toronto—that is to say, the handful of them who thought it worth while to cast their votes on the 9th—have decided to build the new court house and city hall *sans* commission. This is a tribute to the honesty and ability of the Aldermanic Committee which is calculated to make the members thereof blush. It is saying, as plainly as ballots can say it, that Toronto believes the work can and will be done under the Committee's promiscuous superintendence as well, as expeditiously and as economically as it could possibly have been done under the supervision of three of the most competent and honest experts that could have been chosen. And done for nothing, too; not even any casual advantages so much as hoped for! Bravo, gentlemen; now see that you justify the compliment.

QUERY.

WHETHER the wooden battle-axes carried by certain lodges in the Orange procession were intended to symbolize the non-combatant character of the Order when it comes to voting against John A.?

UNSTABLE EQUILIBRIUM.

THE merchant lost his balance of cash,
And so the firm fell down with a crash.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

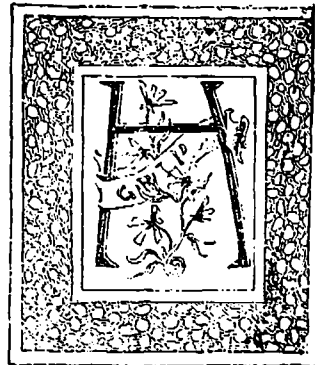
"SIR,—In common with many of your readers, I thought that the author of the first letter on corporal punishment was written by a man. But it now appears it was not, etc., etc."

This specimen of composition is from the *Mail's* correspondence column. We would like to know who wrote the author of it. He signs himself "Disciplinarian."

A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE.

THE sporting editor of the *Comet* now wears a black eye and a stern resolve. He recently wrote a note to his best girl, arranging to call for her on a certain evening. He also wrote to his doggie man, who keeps kennels, and said:—"Dear Tom,—I am going to take Flo out for a run to-morrow. I have got her for the season. She is in good form at present, and very keen.—Yours truly." In a heedless or reckless moment he placed the letters in the wrong envelopes, and the result has shown that his best girl cannot be trifled with.

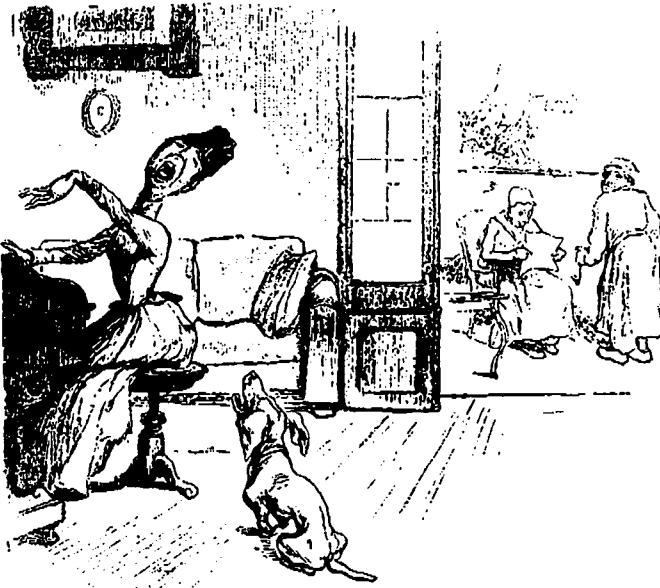
THE "MAIL" FOR PROHIBITION.



URRAH! Our distinguished contemporary, the *Mail*, has come out squarely against the Sparrow! An official investigation by the United States authorities has just been completed, and the verdict is an emphatic condemnation of the bird as "an enemy of mankind." The *Mail* accepts this deliverance, and calls for the suppression of the feathered

nuisance. We repeat that it gives us immense gratification to welcome this powerful journal to our ranks, for, as is well known, GRIP has from the first been a thorough-going anti-sparrow organ. Now we begin to hope that the day will soon dawn when this terrible scourge shall no longer desolate our fair land, and bloated faces and reeling footsteps be known no more. Too long have we stood idly by while the grain and fruits of our fertile soil have been destroyed by this insatiable pest, and what have we received in return for the destruction of these good things? Nothing but disease and death, crime poverty and loss. Women's hearts have been broken, children's lives have been made miserable, and young men, the blossom of our civilization, have been ruined, body and soul. And to think that we have not only permitted the nuisance, but actually licensed it! But our eyes are fairly opened at last. Let us go at the work in earnest. "Various methods of extermination are suggested," cries the *Mail*, "among them the formation of sparrow-shooting clubs like those in England, and the diligent destruction of nests wherever found. This may seem a cruel business, but the evil is apparently so great as to justify it fully. The sparrow is as much an enemy of man as the potato-bug, and he deserves as little consideration." To arms, oh, countrymen! Cruelty or no cruelty, this enemy of man, the sal—we mean, the sparrow—must go!

The oldest boy mentioned in the Bible? Beelzebub.



UNAPPRECIATIVE.

PATER (who has no ear for the vocal gems of Italian opera)—“Hi, there, Arabella, let up on that ‘singing.’ You’ll have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals down on you presently! See how poor Ponto is suffering.”

SQUARING THE ACCOUNT.

“GIMME a ticket to Winnipeg, second class,” said a rough but shrewd looking countryman to the C.P.R. ticket agent the other day, poking his sun-burnt face into the pigeon-hole. “How much is it?” “Thirty-one dollars, sir,” replied the agent as he pushed the ticket to the applicant.

The latter pocketed the pasteboard briskly, and started off.

“Hold up, there!” shouted the agent, “you haven’t paid for that ticket!”

“You bet I have,” responded the passenger. “I read in the *Mail* the other day that your railroad has received \$155,494,360 of public money, which is just about thirty one dollars per head by the population. You figger it up and see if this don’t jest about square up my share.”

And he disappeared.

“GRIP’S” CRONY CLUB.

FIFTH NIGHT.

THE brilliant company assembled in MR. GRIP’S palatial banquet chamber on the occasion of the fifth meeting of the Crony Club, embracing as it did the talent and accomplishment of the community, disproved very decidedly the current saying that “everybody is out of town.” MR. GRIP took the chair amid the customary applause. “Gentlemen,” said he, “I am privileged to introduce to you this evening a representative of the Dominion Senate, whose lot it has been to draw the blank ballot. The mem-



the common people, and the appearance of the venerable and distinguished gentleman will therefore be invested with a pleasing novelty. I beg to introduce the Hon. Mr. Noodle, who will entertain us with a song.”

The hon. Senator, a gentleman of some seventy-five summers, came forward with a feeble gait, and in a tremulous falsetto warbled as follows:

When the grave, sagacious fathers of the young Canadian nation
Sat down to frame the Act which made the great Confederation,
They put a very prudent and profound provision in it,
Whereby they formed an Upper House of Parliament—the Senate.

For twenty years this Upper House has filled its lofty mission,
Tho’ I regret to say it’s met with popular opposition;
And now-a-days it makes me grieve to hear the people naggin’
And callin’ it a nuisance and the fifth wheel to the waggon.

Instead of furnishin’ a check on hasty legislation,
And supervisin’ measures with a calm consideration,
They say this second chamber has become a humbug hoary,
And the abject tool and servant of John A. the wicked Tory.

They cry out, “What’s the good of it? it isn’t even funny,

But does a mighty lot of harm and costs a pile of money!
It’s proved a fraud and failure, with no redeemin’ feature,

So let us make an end of it, the moribund old creature!”

With all of which I disagree, as I need hardly mention,
And so would these wild radicals if they enjoyed the pension—
The thousand dollars yearly, which now so excites their loathing,
And this as long as life shall last—and all for doing nothing!”



MR. PAUL PRY:

“Not at all curious, but then he’d like to know, you know?”

WHETHER there is any foundation for the rumor that the University of Toronto, following up its new departure, proposes to confer the honorary degree of B.Sc. (Bachelor of Science), upon Mr. J. Lawrence Sullivan, of Boston?

WHETHER it wouldn’t be a good scheme to settle the racial question in Canada by arranging a hand-to-hand encounter between the valiant Col. Denison and the blood-thirsty Col. Amyot?

How much longer it will take to convince the Postmaster General that the two-cent drop-letter regulation is bound to be a financial failure.

WHETHER the Catholic pic-nic party at Peterboro’ on Dominion Day were aware that the British flag which decorated the grounds was suspended upside down?

WHY the Hamilton authorities don’t turn the hose on their Public Library Board so as to cool it down to a business temperature?

bers of our Upper House seldom come in contact with



A MINOR BLEMISH.

RISING ARTIST.—“Well, how do you like it?”

CRITIC.—“It is magnificent: the coloring is superb. Best thing you have yet done. There is only one fault to it.”

RISING ARTIST.—“Fault? Where?”

CRITIC.—“Er—nobody can tell what it is!”

CORRESPONDENT RAFFERTY.

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHAT ALL THESE RESOLUTIONS
MEAN.

I SAY, GRIP,—I'm a puzzled man, bedad. Be afther openin' a bit av a hole in me skull an' lettin' in a thrifle av gumption. It's on the Protestant Jisuite's matin's, I mane—no, begob, I don't mane that; what I raley do mane is the matin's the Jisuites are houldin'—. [Bad ciss to this murderin' pin I'm usin', for I know it's that same that's muddlin' me!] There, there, Denis, me boy! Don't get flustered. Thry an' explain it's *thin* matin's, anyway; *thin* mass matin's, where they do be movin' risolutions to condimn the Jisuites for slutherin' money out av the Guver'mint in Monthrebeck an' Queall.

Luk at the risolutions, will ye, an' till me what in the name av pace is mint be *thin*?

Whin I hear wan av me Orange neighbors declarin' that this country is bein' Frinchified and praste-riden, I turn to the risolutions. Divil a word av that do I find imbodied in any av *thin*. “The thaves av Catholics must be kipt down in this free land!” sez a follower av King William, down at the village tavern. I luk at the risolutions, but sorra a syllable av that sintimint do I see there. “Shure, they want us all to bow to the Pope in Canada,” exclaims another Boyne boy. Agin do I shquint at the risolutions widout findin' a blissid ha'porth av rirfrince to such an iday. “The Catholics are the

divil's own, an' av we give them a fut they'll take tin miles,” is what another Twelfth av July roysterer whispers. But, begorra, high up or low down nivir a hint av such an imprission in a single, solitary resolution!

Thin, in the name av all that's raysonable, sinsible, bowld an' brave, why, av these sintimints are held be min who attind these matin's an' pass these risolutions, don't they put *thin* on record.

But, oh, no! Thrust *thin*! They say in their risolutions, “We want aquil rights for all!” They form associations be the name av “Aquil Rights.” They jabber an' blather an' scather about “Aquil Rights.” That's the extint they'll go on paper. An' who—an' who—in— in—blazes, I was goin' to say, but I won't—who wants anything but Aquil Rights in this country? Are any av us such a parcel av fools as to clamor for *unaquil* rights? Do we think we cud get *thin* av we did? If Canada is praste ridden, frog-aitin', and undher the Pope's toe, as the disthressed gentilemin av the mass matin's declare, why not come out wid your risolutions on both fate an' SAY SO!

Ayther the Aquil Rights balderdash is a cowardly and contemptible evasion, or else there is nothin' aillin' us at all, at all.

DENIS RAFFERTY.

A BASE HENS-HEN-uation.

WHY is Spring like a chicken? Because its “lays” are good, bad and indifferent.



PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

MRS. BRAYNES—"You are still devoting your time to the study of disease germs, I suppose, Doctor?"

DR. JIMRACK—"Yes; been at it now steadily for ten years."

MRS. B.—"Have you found a remedy for any of them?"

DR. J.—"Er—no, not exactly; but I have succeeded in finding good long names for them all."

INCONSOLABLE.

"TRY to bear up, madam," said the parson. "You have good ground for hope, a good assurance—"

"Oh, sir," cried the widow, "that's just it. John didn't have no insurance. He never would look further than the toes of his number elevens."

WAILING WARBLERS.

THERE is wrath, and woe, and much tribulation among the fraternity of native Canadian poets. It seems that Mr. Lighthall, one of the most successful in the poet business, has published a compilation of characteristic Canadian warblements which, in the estimation of about two-thirds of his fellow-lyrists, is grossly incomplete and unrepresentative, because it does not contain any of their heart-stirring stanzas. The *irritabile genus* is, so to speak, on its ear. From among the numerous complaints of wrong and outrage which have lacerated the sensitive poet-soul, addressed to us, we cull the following:

A KICKER FROM 'WAY BACK.

SIR,—I trust I may rely on your influence as a friend of native Canadian literature to expose the gross favoritism and unfairness shown in the selection of so-called typical Canadian poems, by the compiler of "Songs of

the Great Dominion." He has, of course, included a number of his own very inferior efforts, and some sickly trash from the pens of his own personal friends, while such poems as my own spirited "Lines to the Maple Tree"—our own Canadian emblem—are actually omitted! Of course, you are familiar with the poem:

"Oh, Maple Tree! Oh, Maple Tree!
Thy grandly towering form we see;
How oft in childhood have we played
Beneath thy cool, refreshing shade,
Or marked beneath thy foliage browse
Jim Smither's herd of speckled cows.

"Oh, youthsome days, now past and gone,
The streamlet gently murmurs on;
Where are those boys, and where those cows
Which oncely 'neath thy shade did browse?
All gone, alas! excepting me,
Oh, Maple Tree! Oh, Maple Tree!

"Now, sir, where will you get a more truly Canadian poem, accurate and realistic in its word-painting, racy of the soil, and appealing to the tenderest emotions, than the above? And yet, sir, it is excluded, while the twad-

dle of Lighthall and his clique is scattered broadcast as the best that Canada can produce. It is simply scandalous.

"Yours, etc, "VIRGIL H. FERGUSON.
"MAPLE GROVE, June 29th."

THE IRISH ELEMENT IGNORED.

SIR,—Lighthall is a fraud. He don't give genuine Canadian talent a show. That crowd are no good, anyway. What will the people think of his book when it can't find room for a real spicy, rollicking description of Irish-Canadian life like my 'Fagan O'Toole.' I'll give ye the first three verses of it, so ye can judge for yourself.

"Och! Fagan O'Toole was a broth of a boy,
An' he coorted the Widdy Muldoon.
Sure divil a bit was she bashful or coy—
Sez she, 'Let the weddin' be soon.'

"'Acushla machree,' Fagan cries with delight,
'Mavourneen, sure, have your own way.
Then he ups to the widdy an' hugs her so tight,
Till she cries, 'Ye are bustin' me stays!'

"Thin Phelim McGuffy shteps in at the dure,
'Here's at ye, ye dirty spalpeen!'
An' he hit him a clout, sent him down to the flure,
Ere the widdy cud shtep in between.

"They battered away till the neighbors came in,
Begob! 'twas an illigant fight.
Thin Barny Mulcahy broke Lafferty's shin,
An' O'Leary knocked over the light.

"Next Judy McQuade tackled Molly McGann,
An' fractured her bewtiful nose;
Ye'd have laughed yerself sick at the way that
she ran.
Wid the blood streaming down an her
clothes.

"And just as big Jerry, to thry an' make pace,
Was latherin' round wid a flail,
Sure who but the peelers walked into the
place,
An' tuk the whole gang aff to jail.

"When native Irish-Canadian poetry
such as this is ignored, it is evident that
the compiler is actuated by sectional
bigotry, if not by the equally base mo-
tive of personal malignity.

"DENIS O'HOULAHAN,
"The Irish-Canadian Poet."
'BIDDULPH TOWNSHIP, July 6th."

A COLORED POETESS' WAIL.

"MISTAH GRIP,—Am de cullud ladies
an' gen'men ob dis kentry de equals ob
de white pussons, or am dey not, an' if
so wharfore? Dat's de question. As
de cullud poetess ob Canada I feel in-
sulted, 'kase dat man Litehall dun lef' all
my pieces outen dat book he printed in
London. Furdermo', I've been tole dat
dey ain't a single pome in dat ar work by
a cullud writer. Do you call dat liberty?
Dere's dat lubly piece wat I wrote fur
banjo accompaniment:

"Oh, de bull-frog croak in de ole canawl,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by,
An' de Thomas-cat squalling on de garden
wall,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.
Punkin pie an' possum, mighty good ter eat,
Golly! Mistah Johnsing got mighty big feet!
Wish I had some ice-cream—who's gwine ter
treat?
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.

Grasshopper a-singin' in de poplar tree,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by,
Ef yer want a high old time cum along wid me,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.
Yaller gal tryin' hard straighten out her wool,
Gits all de kinkyer de mo' she pull,
Doan' you go a-foolin' roun' de hind leg ob a
mule,
Goin' ter git dar by'n by.

"Dey am some mo' verses, but I guess desc heah will
be 'nuff to let you see de way we Canadians am bam-
foozled by dese people, wot talks all de time about
native Canadian poets, an' den wen dere am fust-class
pieces wrote, consigns dem to obscurascity. Yours,

"MELINDA SOPHONSIBA JACKSON.

"NORF ST., ST. CATHARINES, July 8th."

BLUE EYES AND BROWN—A MIXTURE.

AH! but those eyes—dreamy, pathetic and languid,
that seemed bent in tearful sympathy o'er me, plod-
ding cheerlessly over the ledger. No longer was I satis-
fied with the harmless beef-steak and seven-day nap-
kin, nor my pot of small beer. Now verily could I lunch
in æsthetic soul-lifting off the simple lily in a tumbler set
on the table. I would sit me down there my allotted
hour and twenty minutes, gazing at its simplicity, and
those eyes would seem to languish out of the petals and
gaze back into mine—into mine alone. All through the



BARNUM OUGHT TO SECURE THIS AMERICAN MAMMA.

FRENCH COUNT—"But surely, madam, you don't object to the match?
Your daughter loves me. Besides, I have rank and fortune, being a member of
one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the French nobility!"

AMERICAN MAMMA—"That's it, exactly! This business of American girls
marrying into the effete aristocracy of Yurrop is contrary to the sperrit of our
institutions, and I won't hear of it on any terms!"

[Shows him out summarily.]

night those eyes would watch over my restless slumbers
—a guardian angel. Ah! those eyes!—not of the
flaunting mashette, not of the piquante, not of the fan-
tastic soubrette; none of these, but of the contracted
pedler who stood leaning against the walls of King
street, blowing into a canary-whistle. H. A. L.

AN OLD PROVERB EXEMPLIFIED.

JONES, who was waylaid the other night, thinks he can
speak from experience, that "a fellow-feeling makes
us wondrous kind." He says that when a footpad feels
for your temple with the cold muzzle of a revolver, it
makes you hand over your "plunk" wondrous quick.

HIS FAME IS ASSURED.

POPULAR NOVELIST—"Do you think my writings
will be immortal?"

FRIEND—"Certainly I do. Oblivion cannot swal-
low them. They would turn the old fellow's stomach."



A DAUGHTER OF THE PERIOD.

"DID Mr. Ganderson—er—speak to you, papa?"

"Yes; he told me he had asked you to marry him, and you had consented; and then he wanted *my* permission."

"And what did you say, papa, dear? You consented, of course?"

"No. I told him if you had said 'yes' that settled it. Anything I might say or do wouldn't make the slightest difference."

TWO MINUTES BELOW STAIRS.

[SCENE—*The Kitchen. TIME—Early in the morning of 2nd July. Cook languidly lighting the fire. Enter Housemaid, yawning.*]

HOUSEMAID—"Good-morning, Cook."

COOK—"Good-morning, yourself!"

HOUSE—"Come, you ain't tired? if it was *me*, now."

COOK—"Tired? and is it only girls who leave their work and goes off galavanting that can be tired? *Me* not tired, a-wearing out my bones that you might have a holiday, indeed!"

HOUSE—"Now, Cookie, dear, don't be angry. I'm sure you were an angel to let me go, it not being my turn, ayther, and that same thing I said to missus the blessed minute I told her of it."

COOK—"Oh, well, hold your tongue; the fire can't light for your talking."

(*A few minutes' silence, during which both watch the fire.*)

COOK—"There, it's caught. (*She sits down and uses her apron as a fan.*) My, it's hot! Where was you yesterday?"

HOUSE—"Well, me and Kate Cooley and Mike Cooley and Pat Fagan wint first to see the percission. Mc and Mike was together, and I says to him, says I, 'It's myself wouldn't be here if it wasn't for that jewel of a cook.' 'Sure she's a dimint,' says he."

COOK—"Go along out o' that!"

HOUSE—"He said just that. 'Sure she's a dimint,' says he, 'and Barney will be a sad boy this day, thinking that barring a little indiscretion on his part he might have been with her.'"

COOK (*smiling*)—"Don't mention it. What was you saying about the percission?"

HOUSE—"Yes, we went first to the percission, and illigant it was. There was heaps av the boys there, and

ivery one wearing his bit av ribbon, and the school-boys wid their dear faces as red as could be, and their feet as dusty, marching wid their banners before thim, and the aldermen a-smiling away in their carriages. Says I, 'They wouldn't smile long that way,' says I, 'if they was walkin'.' But the darlints were the firemen, and if I don't know one illigant boy of them that smiled at me whin he rode past, my name's not Mary Carty. Och! his eyes wint clean through me heart."

[*Enter John, the footman.*]

JOHN—"Good-morning, ladies. What's the matter with your heart, Mary, my dear?"

HOUSE—"Nothing that you can mend, Mr. Dawkins."

COOK—"Sakes alive! it's most eight, and I hear missus coming down stairs!"

(*John disappears through one door, Mary by another. The Cook dives into the cellar after the breakfast, and leaves the kitchen empty, with the kettle singing on the stove.*)

PETER PENNY.

TO OBLIVION.

SEE here, now, Ob., it's deuced tough,
 I swear it is, by Jingo!
 That you should be so very rough
 On my poetic lingo;
 My muse has fashioned many things
 Erotic and satiric,
 But you devour whate'er she sings,
 Ode, epigram or lyric.

But hear me, pray, make one request,
 (Not that for which I've panted,
 But this) I swear I'll do my best,
 If you'll but deign to grant it.
 Just let me have a little fame
 My fleeting life to solace,
 Then swallow, when I die, my name
 And writings, holus-bolus.

P. Kus.

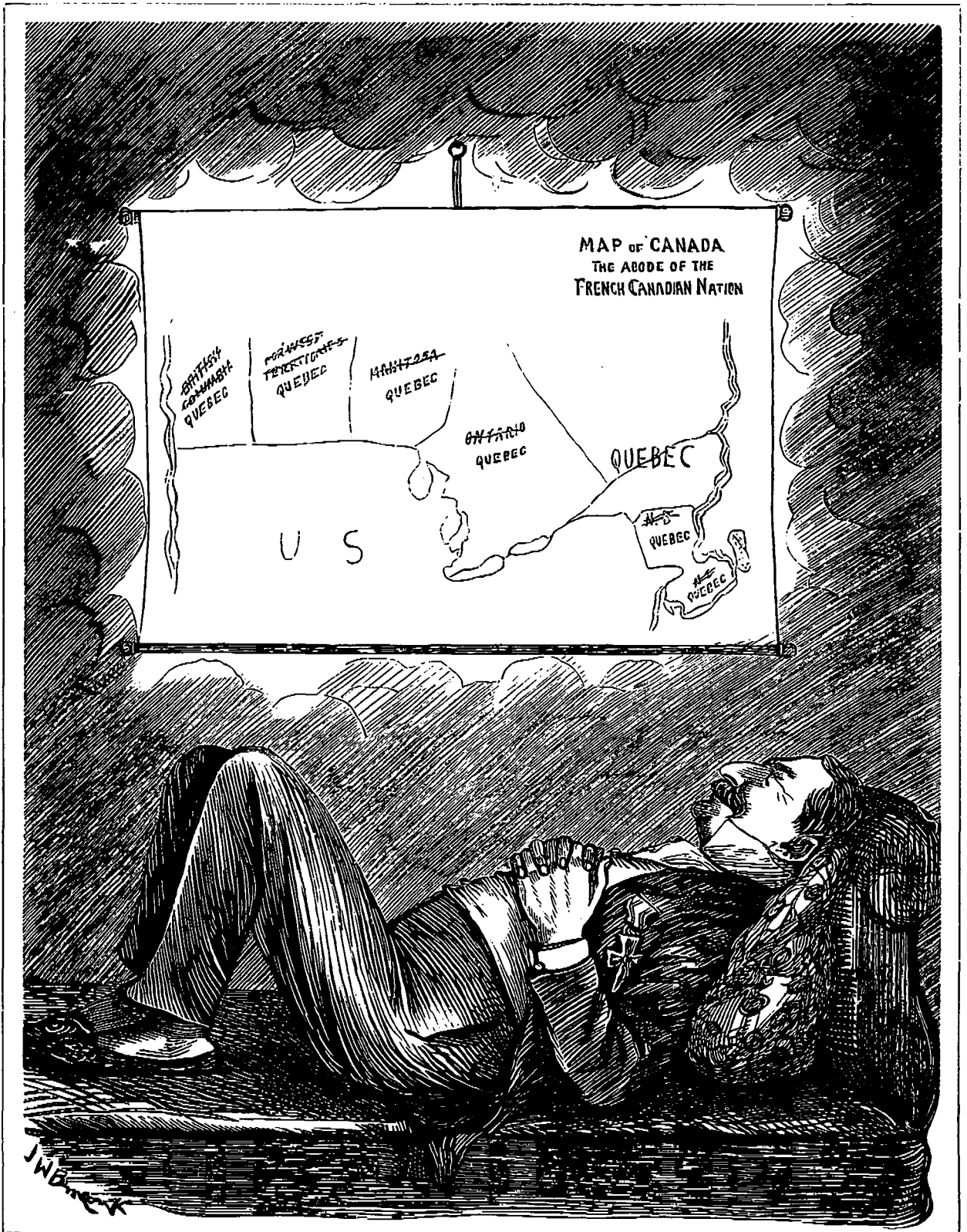
AFTER THE MILLERS' EXAMPLE.



IT is now in order for the lumbermen of the country to call a convention and take steps to save their business from the fatal hug of Protection; and as soon as they have resolved to

the satisfaction of all interested, conventions should be held by all the other industries which are being done to death by the glorious National Policy. Then, by way of giving the convention business an ornamental wind-up, a mass-meeting of the consumers of Canada might be assembled to protest against the system which, from their standpoint, is simply legalized robbery. As a counterblast to all this there could be no reasonable objection to a public demonstration of those to whom the tariff is a benefit and a blessing. This body would consist of about a dozen fat monopolists, but it would be, in the eyes of the Government at least, more important than all the others combined.

THE Orangemen scored a glorious victory in Toronto on the 12th. Their big procession broke up the business of the Street Railway Company for more than an hour, thus damaging the business of a Roman Catholic concern and humiliating the Church to that extent!



MERCIER'S DREAM
OF THE FUTURE MAP OF THE DOMINION.



DISCRIMINATION.

MRS. LEMONDE (*who has an artistic turn of mind*)—"See, John, are not these very like the originals?"

MR. LEM. (*who has been waiting for dessert while his wife was painting*).—"Yes; but I would rather taste the originals."

PURPOSELESS POEMS.

BY THE LYRICAL LUNATIC.

No. II.—THE LOGICAL LOVERS.

AMBROSIA McQUADE was the belle of the ball,
(See Ontario Statutes, Vol. 3)
'Twas her shortness prevented her being too tall,
And her feet were quite large—or perhaps they were small,
It really don't matter to me.

But Alonzo P. Cummins was pleased with her style—
Alonzo was easy to please,
His apt conversation would cause her to smile,
As he trotted beside her for many a mile,
Till his pants became worn at the knees.

One morning at sunset he happened to call,
It chanced that Ambrosia was out,
But she welcomed him in with her usual bawl,
Shoot the dude! Cheese it, cully! Oh, hire a ball!"
And O'Reilly re-echoed the shout.

"I never could see why a dude should be shot,"
Alonzo reprovingly said,
"Well, the case rests with you to show why he should not
Let us argue it out on the next vacant lot—
For your hair is provokingly red."

They sent circulars out to invite the elite—
Price one dollar—reserved seats half price—
And the neighboring policeman deserted his beat
And the *furor* extended to Temperance street,
Where they put up the figures on ice.

"Now a dude," said Alonzo commencing the fray,
"Is a *lusus naturæ*, that's clear."
"No, no," said Ambrosia, "he's not built that way."
Then the umpire cried "Time, let us live while we may,"
So an alderman furnished the beer.

But O'Reilly got left for he couldn't make it out
What a *lusus naturæ* might mean,
And his beer wouldn't freely run out of the spout,
"This is quite *ex cathedra*," he whispered in doubt,
And gyrated away from the scene.

"The Jesuit question we can't overlook,"
Said Alonzo resuming his part,
"For the Syllabus levels its sternest rebuke,
If you don't take my word I will lend you the book,
'Tis a triumph of logical art."

"On the contrary, no," said the umpire in haste,
"Much otherwise—stick to the text,"
"But the elephant's coming—we've no time to waste—
I move that the clauses should all be embraced,
Or the public will doubtless be vexed."

The reporters here left, so we cannot pursue
The theme to its logical close,
The detectives have promised to furnish a clue,
And certain it is that if ever they do
The secret we'll never disclose.

THE MOST DELICATE PROPOSAL YET.

[SCENE.—*Boot Department, Eaton's Store.*]

YOUNG LADY ATTENDANT (*bussing gentleman attendant*)—"I want something in boots."
HE—"For yourself? What would you like?"
She only sneezed, "It is—sh-you!"
Oh! woman, this gives you the cake once more.
Next!

THEN AND NOW.

WITH nimble feet, in careless joy,
He gathered daisies when a boy;
Through meadows green, with shouts of glee,
The more of them the merrier he.
He wove them into garlands fine,
To crown his sweetheart aged nine,
Likewise his sweetheart aged ten;
That's how he gathered daisies then.

All that was twenty years ago,
But now he takes his sharpened hoe,
With bitter oath and heavy frown,
To cut the rampant daisies down.
He views their numbers with a sigh,
And longs to see them lowly lie.
With aching back, perspiring brow,
The farmer gathers daisies now

DONE BROWN.

"I SAY, Jones, I wish you would settle up that little account. It's getting mossy from age. If I call to-morrow, can I—"

"Consider it done," rejoined the polite Jones, but Brown says it is now two years since, and he hasn't considered it done yet.

AS OUR CHILDREN WILL SING IT.

SING a song of Frenchmen—
A patriotic whoop—
One-and-seventy Jesuits
Cooking in the soup.

When the pot was opened
There was lots of fun—
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before Sir John?

Sir John was in the counting-house
Dishing out the money,
Tories in all offices
Were eating bread and honey.

The *Mail* in editorials
Was prophesying woes,
Out popped a Jesuit
And snapped off its nose.

MUSICAL taste is developing in the royal family.
Princess Louise married a bag-pipe, and now her niece
and namesake is about to wed a Fife.

"GEORGE, I called to see you this morning, and the maid said you were out."

"Yes, uncle, I am sorry that I was."

"But you were not, for I saw you sitting at the window as I came away."

"Yes; that's just it; the maid did not specify; she only knew that I was out. Sometimes I am staying out, sometimes walking out and sometimes looking out. She was stupid not to say which."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"All your patients are complaining of you, and I don't feel at all satisfied with you."

"Well, I advise you to consult a veterinary surgeon. None of his patients complain of him."

HAMFAT: "Hello, Buskin, have you returned? I thought you were starring in Shakespearian roles."

BUSKIN: "Yes, I have been; but the legitimate drama got a black eye, and I came in to get some new improvements."

HAMFAT: "Got some novelties, have you?"

BUSKIN: "Yes; we are going to make Hamlet a specialty. I am going to have the piece fixed up. Ophelia will drown herself in a tank of real water, and we will introduce a real fire-engine in the last act."—*America*.

MILLIONAIRE (*showing his grand house*): "How do you like my new dining-room? Observe the frescoed ceiling, the pictured walls, the sideboards made to order, the costly chandelier, the massive high-backed chairs, the magnificent silver and glass dishes, gold spoons. How do you like it?"

FAT GUEST: "That depends entirely on what there is to eat."

GUEST: "How much do I owe?"

WAITER: "Altogether it comes to a dollar and a half."

GUEST: "I think you are mistaken. I make it only a dollar and a quarter."

WAITER: "Ah, excuse me, sir; this time I am the stupid one."

PHYSICIAN—"You see your son is feverish, madam. Notice the coating on his tongue."

MRS. ANXIOUS—"I don't see any coating on his tongue; but I see an ulcer in his throat and his pants are dreadful short."—*Epoch*.

MRS. GASSAWAY—"I tell you, Doctor, that I am sick, and you say all that I need is rest, and you haven't even looked at my tongue."

DOCTOR—"I know that needs a rest, without having to look at it."—*Texas Siftings*.

BARBER (*with a sneer*)—"Who cut your hair last, sir?"

CUSTOMER—"You did."

BARBER (*with a ghost of a smile*)—"Ah yes, so I did. And an excellent job it was too."—*N. Y. Morning Journal*.

YOUNG LADY—"Mamma, I feel so sorry for that old beggar we just passed."

MOTHER—"Did you give him something?"

YOUNG LADY—"Certainly—a friendly look."

PFEIFFER—"How's business with you this summer?"

HOEFFER—"Oh, it's quite a fizzle."

PFEIFFER—"Sorry to hear it. What are you engaged in?"

HOEFFER—"I am running a soda fountain."

SMALL BOB (*on the sidewalk*): "Ma, ma! look out of the window!"

MA (*putting her head out of the window*): "What is it?"

BOB (*pointing to his playmate*): "Mike didn't believe you were so cross-eyed."

"MAKE way here, gentlemen," said the officious policeman, clubbing the crowd right and left. "We've got to have more room. There is an Englishman coming with a pair of new spring trousers on."—*Chicago Tribune*.

WIFE—"Heavens, Abraham! little Isaac is choking. He has swallowed the coin you gave him."

ABRAHAM (*calmly*)—"My love, be quiet. It is no loss. It was only a counterfeit piece!"

SHE—"When I think about my first ball it seems like only yesterday."

HE—"What a marvelous memory you must have." (*Cannot understand what makes her seem annoyed about something.*)

A CHARITY BALL (*defined by a Parisian*): A crowd where you show your heart and your shoulders at the same time, and where you undress to dress the poor.—*To-day*.

"THE Doctor is not at home."

"I am very sorry. I wanted to pay a little bill."

"Oh, then—then I will look again!"

MRS. LANGTRY now wants to attack "Henry VIII." She will certainly fail if she does, for Henry always did get ahead of the women.—*Baltimore American*.

SYDNEY SMITH used to say that a certain lawyer he knew reminded him of necessity; not that he was the mother of invention, but because he knew no law.

A MAN knows all about the "all-gone" feeling the patent medicine advertisements speak of just after he has lost all his money at poker.—*Boston Courier*.

JINKS—"How did you come to lose so much money on the races?"

WINKS—"Got too many tips before I started."—*N. Y. Weekly*.

MOTHER (*to her wayward boy*)—"Oh, Max, very often I get no sleep the whole night when you come home so late."

MAX—"I don't either."

BJONES said he never knew he was a conundrum until the doctors gave him up.—*Somerville Journal*.

BASHFUL BEAU—"I don't know if you are like myself, Miss Annie, but I find that a walk with a companion is not so solitary."

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TO ALL AMUSEMENTS
and shopping centres, with over 2,000 horse cars passing daily and near to elevated, is the Sturtevant House, Broadway, cor. 29th street, N.Y. One of the most popular N.Y. hotels.—*Mail and Express*.

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DRS. R. & E. W. HUNTER (of Chicago and New York), the well-known specialists in throat and lung diseases, have opened a branch office for Canada at 73 Bay St., Toronto. Dr. Robert Hunter is here in person, and during his stay can be consulted on consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. Their treatment is by medicated air applied directly to the tubes and cells of the lungs. A pamphlet, giving all particulars, will be sent on application.

THE PREMIUM PLATE.—A very large number of old subscribers are sending for the "Horse Fair." This picture, as is universally the case with premiums, was intended to stimulate new subscriptions. We have, however, arranged to accommodate present subscribers by giving the picture to all who pay to the end of 1889, and enclose 25 cents for expenses. This will give to all the average footing of new subscribers. But many send the 25 cents and forget the other part of the condition. Be kind enough to read our offer at the foot of the advertisement.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle.

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THE great dry-goods house of John Macdonald & Co.—one of Toronto's points of pride—has entered upon its forty-first year, with everything to indicate that its splendid success of the past is to be eclipsed in the future. Rare business talent, combined with Scottish energy and perseverance, and above all, sterling principle, are the elements which have placed this house in the front rank of business, and we are not surprised to learn that a spirit of generous emulation characterizes its entire staff, from the worthy senator at the head to the humble carter at the back door of the warehouse. In these days of slippery commercial methods it is something to have the name of John Macdonald & Co. to point to as a rebuke to the cynical philosophy which teaches that business cannot be carried on successfully by honest men.

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(REG'D.)

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Crown Perfumery Co.
New Bond Street, London, Eng.



PHOTOS.

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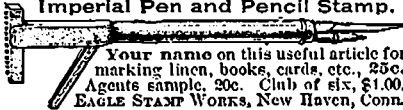
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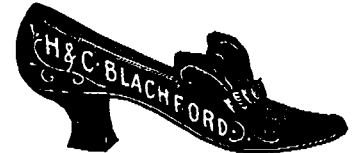
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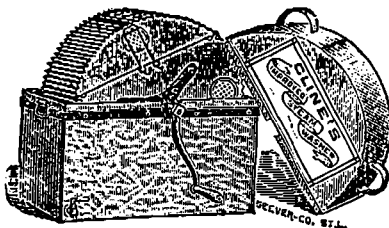
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