

GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH

GRIP ENG

LUTHER - ATURE
 MUSIC
 DRAMA
 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE
 TERMS
 12 MONTHS
 THE GRAVEST BEAST IS THE ASS.
 THE GRAVEST BIRD IS THE OWL.
 THE GRAVEST FISH IS THE OYSTER.
 THE GRAVEST MAN IS THE FOOL.



J. W. Bengough

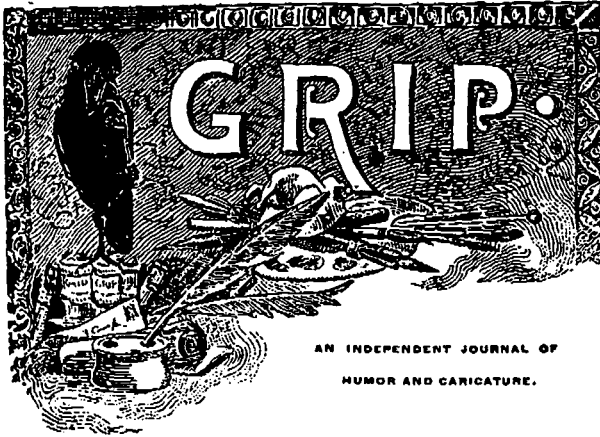
POLITENESS—AND POLITICS.

WHILE MR. PETER RYAN KINDLY SHIELDS THE PROTESTANT GIRL FROM THE ATTACK OF BISHOP CLEARY, MR. REFORM-SECRETARY PRESTON COURTEOUSLY DEFENDS THE ROMAN CATHOLIC LADY FROM THE ASSAULTS OF FULTON.

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President JAMES L. MORRISON.
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Comments on the Cartoon.



SCRUNCHED!!—For more than a fortnight Sir Richard Cartwright's resolution—expressing the opinion that Unrestricted Reciprocity with the United States would be a good thing for Canada, and that therefore it would be worth while for our government to approach the Washington authorities on the subject—was debated with great skill in the Chamber at Ottawa. The speeches on both sides were without exception creditable to their authors, while those of the more prominent members of the House were decidedly superior to the average of parliamentary orations; and the efforts of the select few, Laurier, Chapleau, Cartwright, and Davies were as fine as anything ever heard in any of the great deliberative assemblies of the world. Aside

from oratorical embellishment, the facts of the case were simple, and easily understood. The first clause of the resolution was readily established, for it was shown that the authors of the National Policy had introduced that measure for the express purpose of bringing about a renewal of free-trade with the United States. The utility to Canada of Unrestricted Reciprocity was not, indeed, seriously questioned, but the "disloyalty" of such a proceeding was denounced with uncommon vigor. Before the debate closed the Government were obliged, in accordance with the terms of the "standing offer," in the N.P. Act, to place certain natural products on the free list, the corresponding articles having been made free by the American authorities, and this gave a twist to the logic of the super-loyalists. It was thereafter contended that disloyalty pertained only to unrestricted reciprocity in manufactured articles, and as the debate proceeded it became pretty clear that the treason denounced was not disloyalty against the Crown of Victoria, but against the Throne and Dignity of our protected manufacturers. This

childish stuff was all very laughable, and of course it convinced those who were going to vote against the resolution anyway. Sir John and Sir Charles took good care not to speak at all, but that will not help them when the matter comes before the people in the near future. The resolution was defeated by a majority of fifty-seven, which, to any one who knows the Canadian House of Commons, is sufficient evidence that Cartwright's motion was in accordance with the mind and will of the general public.

POLITENESS AND POLITICS.—Mr. Preston, the active and energetic secretary of the Reform Association of Ontario, protests that his recent letter denouncing Dr. Fulton's Anti-Rome lectures was written in his capacity as a Methodist, and that while he was writing it he was *not* squinting toward the Catholic vote. The genial Peter Ryan also claims that when he wrote to the public press a while ago to protest against the unseemly attack of Bishop Cleary upon the "screaming and screeching Protestant girls," he did so without any political motive whatever. GRIP need hardly say that he accepts the statements of both these excellent gentlemen fully, and he wants it distinctly understood that the accompanying picture is intended to illustrate the beauty of Christian liberality and *not* the deviousness of Reform Politics.

THE women of Canada were represented at the International Convention, at Washington, by a bright particular Starr, whose other names are Bessie and Keefer. This handsome and talented young lady did her country honor, though she may have made a mistake in saying that Canadian womanhood sits at the feet of Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony. We hope, in view of her great success otherwise, the Canadian woman will not ruffle Mrs. Keefer's bangs too much for this little error.

SENATOR GADFLY ALEXANDER should confine his venerable attention to his original fable of "The Fox and the Shark," and the burning question of the destruction by fire of the books of the old Bank of Upper Canada. He is at home on that topic, and decidedly at sea when he undertakes to talk about the morality of Toronto, and to cast aspersions on our present Mayor. From the fact that he thought well to have his speech cut out of the official report, it looks as though he was really aware that Mayor Clarke has proved, up to date, one of the squarest and ablest mayors this city has ever had. This conviction must be tremendously strong, indeed, as we didn't suppose there could be any consideration on earth that would induce Senator Alexander to consent to the excision of one of *his own* printed speeches.

PARAPHRASE of a leading article in the *World*:—"Unrestricted Reciprocity is no longer an open question. The action of Sir Richard Cartwright has placed it before the country with Liberals *for*, and Conservatives *against*. It is therefore the duty now of every Conservative, however much he may believe in Reciprocity, to vote against it. As we calculate that the Dominion as a whole is Conservative, we rejoice at the prospect of the ultimate defeat of Reciprocity and the consequent triumphs of our friends, the monopolists. All hail, Partyism, thou savor of our monopoly bacon!"

OUR esteemed and gifted friend Gillam, who does the chief cartoon for N.Y. *Judge*, was rather unfortunate in his late picture wherein he represented the Republican leadership as a gigantic suit of mediæval armor, marked "Protection," and, in view of the declension of Blaine, asked the question—"Who can wear it?" No doubt this was meant as a compliment to Blaine, but for a Protectionist organ to set forth the system of High Tarriff as a suit of antiquated armor looked refreshingly candid.

The drawing would have been more at home in the pages of *Free Trade Puck*. Must be careful, Bernhard.

* * *

THIS is from the *Hamilton Times*; we have examined it carefully with our eye-glass to be sure that we fully grasp the meaning of it:—

“The advocates of unrestricted reciprocity welcome the finance minister to their ranks, and trust that he will before long force the government to accept his views on that question as well as others.”

This appears to mean that the truly good and pure Reform party are willing to associate with the “high-priest of corruption,” the most venal, audacious, hardened, and—but for further description of character see back files of the *Hamilton Times* and other Reform journals!

* * *

THE *Whitby Chronicle* reports that “Wm. Flay got sixty days with hard labor for threshing his wife.” Well, well! so they do this sort of thing by machinery now down there! Sixty days only! Why, he should have been Flayed.

* * *

MIGHT we respectfully suggest to the Montreal people that the hundred thousand dollars they intend to spend on the building of a goddess might be more sensibly appropriated to the cleaning of the streets. If this kindly pointer is not acted upon, we hope that at least, when the statue is built and placed on the top of the mountain, the pedestal will bear the inscription in large letters, “Here I’m safe out of the mud.”

ON FAIT MIEUX SES CHOSES LA EN FRANCE.

In the land of Cathay, so travellers tell,
All people together in amity dwell;
And the Jews that are there wash their feet every day,
For all men are clean in the land of Cathay.

There poets find far nobler subjects than Soap:
Nobody bows blindly to worship the P—,
And the Methodist people all live as they pray,—
Which isn’t thought strange in the land of Cathay.

In winter the aged can walk
For the streets are kept clean by the active police,
Who, when they are wanted, do not hide away,
And there seldom are rows in the land of Cathay.

Bank managers there on their salaries thrive,
And cashiers know nothing of “line forty-five,”
Nor study the time-table much, (for they say)
There’s no “forty-five” in the land of Cathay.

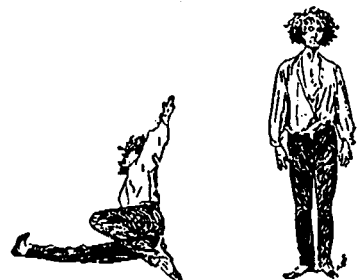
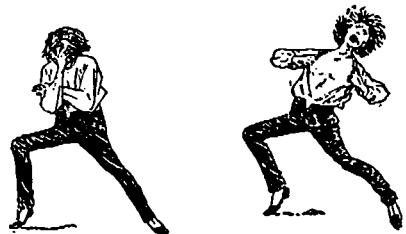
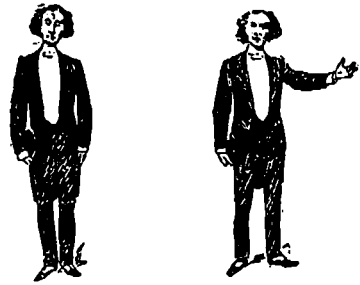
There flesh is exempt from its numerous ills,
And nobody vends those infallible pills
Which carry both ailment and patient away,
For no one is sick in the land of Cathay.

No Parties gain pow’r through fanatical mobs,
And railways aren’t built as political jobs;
It’s considered an honour, how strange! you will say,
To be an M.P. in the land of Cathay.

No “combines” exist there in sugar and oil,
And success always follows industrious toil,
The working men all are content with their pay,
And liberty thrives in the land of Cathay.

Bright landscapes and villages gladden the eye;
The people don’t tremble and fear when they die,
For their souls are transferred to new houses of clay
And started afresh in the land of Cathay.

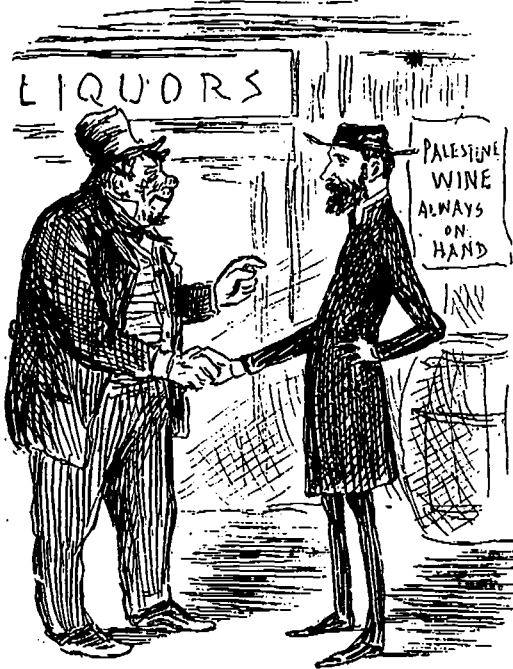
EDWARD JOHN BAKER.



THE TALENTED ELOCUTIONIST

IN A SPIRITED SELECTION.

GENERAL WARNET has superseded General Boulanger.
Every man has a chance once in a life.



BACCHUS AND ST. ANDREW.

Whiskey-seller.—You're right, friend Macdonnell, "there should be no thought of Prohibition until people have become perfectly indifferent about drink." That's the sort of doctrine I like to hear. Now you go on preaching that and I'll see to it that the appetite for grog is kept alive. We can work together splendidly, you see.

GODFREYE ;

OR, THE TRIUMPH OF A WALKING-STICK.

GODFREYE DE SINCLAIRE was a young swell of good English pedigree. His mother peddled muffins in the great metropolis, and his father was intimately acquainted with the architecture of the interior of "gloomy Pentonville." Godfreye was shipped with a large batch of the same material to Ottawa, to receive a Government appointment, and was made a clerk in the Civil Service, at a salary of a paltry \$600 per year, on the understanding that he was to do nothing whatever. This agreement Godfreye promised faithfully to observe, and how heroically he kept his promise the little clerk in the office, who did all the work there was to do and got a dollar a day, can well testify.

One afternoon in February, about 3 o'clock, Godfreye was in his office—it's a fact—smoking a cigarette. Having nothing to do, and in an idle moment, he began to think; and immediately upon so doing became very *fatigue*, doncher know, and yawned; whereupon the cigarette slipped down his throat, and Godfreye was nearly strangled.

However, Godfreye began to think a second time, and the cigarette, becoming curious as to what the thought might amount to, came up, and Godfreye was saved; much to the disgust of the young clerk, I might observe, who, ingenuous youth, said he really thought Godfreye was an idle fellow. The simple boy! as if he didn't know!

"I think I will have a skate," said Godfreye, and having so made up his mind, he arrayed himself behind the office screen and set out for the Rideau Canal, which was one beautiful sheet of clay-colored ice; such ice as you see in your lemonade in the summer time.

Godfreye wore a little cap and a coat with a cape, which reached to his heels, and was composed of three large checks, and his small, well-proportioned head was prevented from falling into his vest pocket by a tall collar, the whole thing having the effect of a section of white-washed sugar-cane with a dwarfed turnip rampant on top of it. He carried a small cane with a celluloid top. This cane was the pride of G. de S., who said that it had belonged to his grandfather, who had fought under Wellington at *Cressy*. Though, in reality, Godfreye had purchased it for ten cents from a Frenchman, who used to kill flies upon the wall with its celluloid head.

So Godfreye put on his skates at the canal bank and glided serenely up the cut, away from the city, away from his tailor, his washerwoman, from his office; from care of every kind—and was happy.

People wondered, as they drove along the bank towards the city, what that queer figure was, capering so madly in the centre of the broad canal; now waving its arms, now in a kneeling attitude upon the ice, with its head bent as if striving to see the bottom of the canal or a glimpse of the antipodes.

The small boys who skated, watched the weird figure, and, filled with curiosity, came near, and saw that it was a man twirling unceasingly round and round and round a small, circular hole in the ice. The figure was hatless, and wore a long cloak with a cape. Now and then it would pause in its circumvolutions, and, dropping beside the cavity, would gaze intently into it. Then it would rise and again whirl round and round, with its head earnestly bent and its eyes fixed upon the spot where it had just knelt.

Evening came, and the boys skated away. And the night passed, and so did the next day. Godfreye de Sinclair was missing from his office—which was nothing unusual—all that day. But Godfreye had not attended the Government House ball the evening before, and his friends became alarmed.

Out on the ice that silent figure was still eddying about in a circle, every short while pausing to drop upon its knees and peer, with a pitiable earnestness, into the water hole.

That night was one of the coldest experienced by the fair capital within the last two hundred years. The thermometer at the main entrance to the eastern block of the Government Departmental Buildings registered 75° in the shade, while that of Mr. Devlin, the famous hatter, Sparks street, registered the temperature as being sixty degrees below zero.

In the grey morning light a party of men and boys armed with lanterns, clubs, guns, bottles of whiskey, blankets, and a copy of GRIP'S Almanac, came gliding up the Rideau Canal under the silent stars.

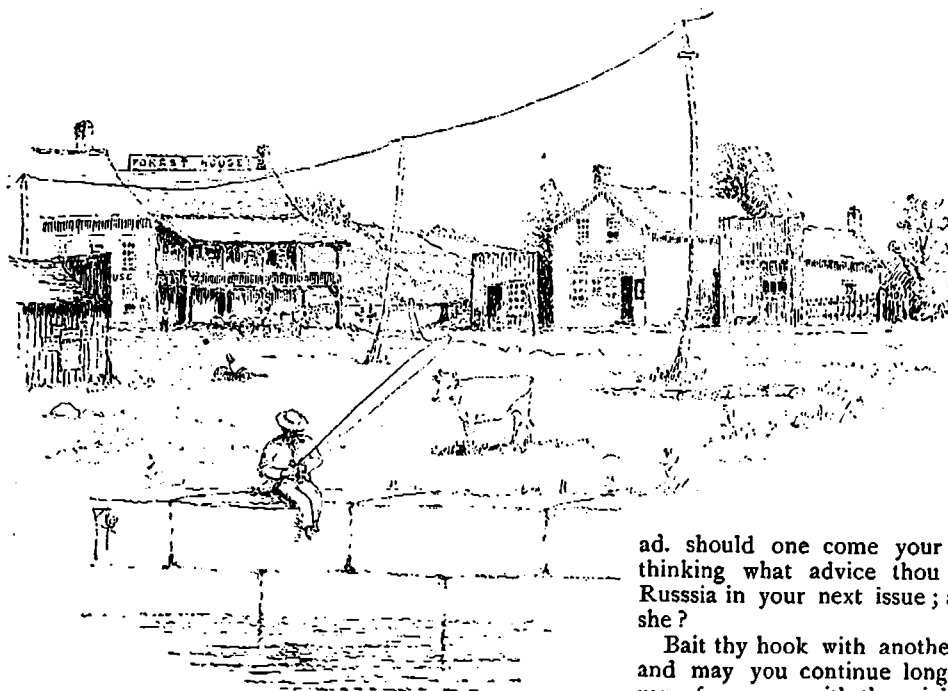
(The conclusion of this thrilling narrative next week.)

INGRATITUDE.



WHAT an ungrateful set literary men are! A number of them have been writing about "books which have helped me," and not one of the lot has had a good word to say for the Encyclopedia. And yet how many owe their renown for painstaking research and comprehensive grasp of their subjects to the information gathered from its pages. Why not manfully acknowledge the debt?

THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE.



HUMAN interest ever yearns to have the actualities which surround great men put into form, so that the mind, whenever it dwells on the subject, may have something to hang itself on to. This is the reason millions of Mohamedan mortals make for Mecca. This is the reason we give the above illustration of the Home of the Journal of the Good, the True and the Beautiful. Here we see the birth-place of those great thoughts which will—some day—in the sweet come and come—revolutionize Bobcaygeon, and possibly Coboconk. The claims of Boston to be the Hub of this planet are now treated with ridicule. Bobcaygeon leads by five lengths. While there are many Bostons there is only one Bobcaygeon, thousands of Journals, but only one Bob Ind.; tens of thousands of editors, but only one Ed. Bob Ind.; hundreds of thousands of leading article writers, but only one Adolphe Smiff, Esq. This, then, is the local habitation of Canada's unique uniqueness, situated in the great square of the world's future metropolis. Notice how the telegraph wire sags with the weight of the news it has to carry to the staff. See the Bulletin Board. With a most powerful microscope you might read this notification, "Persons desirous of paying subscriptions will find the Business Manager on the Canal Bank—after Bass. Due or even over due bills can be left in the slit of the door. Persons wishing to interview the editor regarding post mortem notices, big turnips, potatoes, corns, or libels, will find him on the Canal Bank—after Bass. Persons requiring leading articles on any subject—from the evil of giving credit to the disreputable, up to the C.P.R. monopoly, will find Adolphe Smiff, Esq., the gentleman who writes our leading articles, in the back parlor of the Forest House—after Bass,—bitter.

Observe the pile of subscription cordwood lying between the butcher's shop and the Temple of the Good and the etc.—it is getting low, as winter is just slipping off the lap of spring. No doubt eggs, uncracked, will now be accepted.

On the river—the Big Bob—a peep of which is had between the Forest House and the saddlery, peacefully glides the devil, also the compositor. In the distance are the uplands from whence come Bobcaygeon's monster pumpkins. Does not the whole scene bespeak that sweet calm, that tender repose, which has ever been the environment of genius? Hail! Charles the Gentle, thou basker in the pure Bobcaygeon sunshine, thou art Independent, but not too utterly independent to sit on the coping stone of a Government canal and catch a Government maskinonge

ad. should one come your way. Thou art evidently thinking what advice thou shalt give to the Czar of Russia in your next issue; and the calf, what thinketh she?

Bait thy hook with another worm—gentle Charles—and may you continue long to keep the earth in the van of progress with the mighty lever of the Bobcaygeon Independent.

THE ELIZABETHIAN STYLE.

MR. O'DONOHUE of the Knights of Labor complains of the impertinence of the Secretary of State to a recent deputation of the horny-handed. Perhaps Mr. O'D. is not aware that the present Government is built upon the Elizabethian style of architecture. Let him make a note of the following, which we clip from the fyle of the first paper ever published in Ottawa:

MEN OF COVENTRY'S ADDRESS TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.
ADDRESS.

We men of Coventry
Are very glad to see
Your Gracious Majesty.
Good Lord! how fair you be!

REPLY.

Her Gracious Majesty
Is very glad to see
Ye men of Coventry.
Good Lord! what fools you be!

BY THE "INTELLIGENT COMPOSITOR."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who has been interviewing General Boulanger describes him as having "a kindly, honest face of the bourgeois type." If this is the case an acute observer should be able to read him like a book. It is satisfactory to know that at all events he can never become a minion of despotism. Men of more sanctimonious dispositions have long primer faces, but Boulanger is not one of that kind. He has evidently succeeded in making a favorable impression. Now then come on with your stereotyped jokes about "forms," "chases," "pi" and all the rest.

A clammy feeling—bitten by a shell-fish.



ON THE AVENUE.

Jack (to young Callow).—That old gentleman we just passed seemed to know you, Charley.

Young Callow.—Ya's, he's my father.

Jack.—Why didn't you recognize him?

Young Callow.—To tell the truth, old boy, I never do in the street. He comes of a rawther poor family, y' know.—*Epoch.*

IN FOR THE BIG PRIZE.

(SEE "GRIP'S GREAT COMPETITION" IN LAST ISSUE.)

WIDDENS DAY, April 11th, 1888.

MISTHER GRIP:—

SURE its not aften that a poor man gets a chance loike the wan yer goin to give us nixt Sathurday whin GRIP comes out, wid yer ilegant proizes for answerin thim aisy quistions. Oi've made up me moind, Oi have, that Moike Doolan is the man fur the twinty million place down be Albany, an be the powers its long enough he's bin wurkin widout sich luck. It koind o' puzzled me, loike, Misther GRIP, whin Oi found that it was yersilf—that's always bin poundin' it into thim mono-polists—that's the biggest monopolist av us all. But Oi won't say nothin about that, at all, at all, for betwane you an me, Misther GRIP, its only other people's monopolization, that we're inclined, loike, to object to, and Oi'll till ye in proivate, Sorr, Oi've bin thinkin that av I get the Albany Coort-House, Oi'll be afther lavin the Lague, mesilf. But av Oi'm to resave it, Oi'll have to be sthirrin, or some sphalpeen av a landlord 'll be gettin afore me.

Sure, Oi don't have to go fur to get a mintion av the Manitoba throubles, fur it's yerself that's afther tellin us, we can foind it in GRIP av March 24th. An as fur Sir John an Cartwright, ye can foind thim anywhere ye have a moind to luk, an Oi naden't bother me head to tell you where, that knows as well as I do meself.

As ye'll persave, Misther Editor, this leather will rache ye before Sathurday nixt. An as Oi'm sindin it, be the

same token, in the wake (the siven days, Oi mane) before Oi heard av yer koindness at all, at all. An av ye don't belave me, jist luk, Mr. Editor, at the date of me leather, an at the date av GRIP.

Oi've bin bothered a bit to foind thim two dollars fur GRIP next year. Wid the Lague fees an the elictions, an the Crofter concert, its sorra a bit av money I have left, worse luck. So ye'll just have to kape it out the twinty millions, sorr, an' sind me the balance av noineteen millions, noine hoonderd and noinety-noine thousand, noine hoonderd an' noinety-eight dollars to

MOIKE DOOLAN,
Rare av 19½ Finnegan Strate,
Toronto.

P.S.—Oi have to thank Misther Alderman Poiper fer doin the sum.

P.S. number 2.—Oi forgot to wish ye the blissins av Heaven on yer skame. Sure ye'll knock the shpots out av the *Thruth*, an not fur the furst toime, be no manner ov manes.
MOIKE DOOLAN.

THE LATEST "TRUST."

"PLEASE give me two cents," said the boy with the broom
As he held out his hand in appeal;
"I've worked all the morning and not earned my salt
And 'taint often I git a square meal."

I search through my pockets to find some loose change,
'Twas the day after paying my rent,
And after a good deal of fumbling around
I managed to fish up a cent.

"Only one! I cant take it—it ain't half enough
For removing the mud and the dust.
Two cents is the least that us fellers take now,
For we've started the Street Sweepers' Trust."

FARMERS! how long shell you endure the galling yolk of the egg-combine? Rise *en masse* and lay the tyrant low!



OUR MANLY MAYOR.

Howland.—Edward, my boy, if you keep on like this there won't be the slightest necessity of my ever going bac to the City H Everybody's going to vote for you next year.



ADAPTATION.

Uncle.—Wbar you git dem pants, Silus?

Silus.—Oh, got two paws from a thin gen'lman, an my wife, she fixed 'em up for me.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN,

THE poor strong-minded women who get so little fun out of life seem for once to be having a good time with their conventions, etc., in the States. Eliza Pencherman isn't the woman to grudge the superfluous or unhappy a little jollification once in a way; so I've nothing to say against their plans (if any of them know what they are). Live and let live, is my motto. But I feel I must reassure the man who feels alarmed at these signs of emancipation of women. The papers say that a strengthening of the feminine brain means weakening of man's. Quite a topsy turvy look-out. Now I can prove from personal experience that that is a mistake. Intellectual acumen in a woman tends to harden a man's mind (particularly when it's made up), and makes his will hard as nails. There's Lucius, who holds his own better than he did the first three months we were married, though perhaps you'd hardly believe it had you heard him trying to compliment a lady of advanced ideas, the other day.

"How delightful it must be," he said, "Madam, for you to feel yourself so intelligent and superior."

"I suppose you think you are trying to suit your conversation to her opinion," I whispered when I got a chance. "She'd a great deal rather you said she was charming."

"A strict regard for truth" (which seems to be growing on Lucius this last session at Ottawa) he told me prevented him saying so. Yes, poor little men who are afraid of strong-minded women, take heart of grace by the example of L. Pencherman, Esq., blessed with a wife of superior intelligence. I've known points on which,

despite all the argumentative discussions I could think of, he held on to his own way like adamantine rock *till I began to coax him.* Don't you know that the women who look soft and sweet and innocent are far cleverer than the ones who having missed those desirable gifts, think they'll go in for the consolation stakes of "Woman's Rights?" If the pretty ones *wanted to vote*, how long do you think it would be before they would be allowed? I don't suppose if they got the idea *en masse* it would be more difficult to accomplish or require more effort than it does for the idol of your heart to get a new sealskin jacket at present. She prefers new jackets to voting, that's all. ELIZA.

RESURGAM.

The following specimen of Bostonese is from a sale catalogue just issued by a noted book auctioneer in the "Hub":—

"714. Pocket-Book and Needle Case. Taken from the body of a Union Colonel killed at the battle of Gain's Mills in the seven days fight around Richmond, and used by the owner during the remainder of the war.

The "Union Colonel" referred to was a little ahead of the lamented Witherington mentioned in the battle of Chevy Chase, of whom it is said:—

"Alas, alas! poor Witherington was all in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off, he fought upon the stumps."

The "Union Colonel" continued to use his pocket-book and needle case after he was killed, but how or where, we are not informed. It surely cannot be that the gallant colonel had to pay for any "hot-stuff" with the former?

OUR "LOYAL" MONOPOLISTS.

"COMMERCIAL Union! pshaw! pooh, pooh! Why, that's a thing that will never do; 'Tis a fad, 'tis a fake, 'tis a traitorous scheme 'Tis a most nonsensical, foolish dream; 'Twould flood the country with Yankee wares, And sow our wheat-fields with foreign tares; 'Tis flat rebellion against the crown, And would cut our exorbitant profits down; No Yankee imports—no Yankee rag! Hurrah, hurrah for the good old flag!"

So the bloated Manufacturers shout And the Loyalists echo, "C. U. knocked out! No annexation—that's the talk!

And we are the fellows that game to balk; We're Britons true in our inmost souls— And will be as long as the planet rolls; Instead of your Yankee annexation, We'll give you Imperial Federation. Let's knit the Empire with closer ties, In that direction our interest lies. No hostile tariff should bar the way To trade 'mongst the nations beneath her sway. Throughout the world Britons all should be A happy, united family."

The Manufacturer muttered a curse, "Why, this is getting from bad to worse, Free Trade with England! never a doubt The scheme will ruin us out and out; If we dread the Yankee, our pushing neighbor, Just think of competing with pauper labor! Of cheap made goods from where spindles whirr In Birmingham and Manchester! The 'good old flag'—all rubbish and rot, For England's interest who cares a jot? From C. U. frying-pan who'd desire To jump into English free-trade fire?"



NOT CONVINCING.

Scratchly.—Yaas, I'm worked nearly to death since I became an author.

Mallis.—Er— what, have you become an author?

Scratchly.—Why— I sent you a copy of my book, didn't I?

Mallis.—Oh, yes. I got the book, but I didn't know you'd become an author.

FACTS FUNNIER THAN FICTION.

IN A TORONTO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TEACHER (*taking up class collection; reprovingly*)—Why, Johnny, how is this? No collection again to-day?

JOHNNY (*sulkily*)—Huh, don't see wot you got to grumble at. I put in ten the last two Sundays.

TEACHER (*amazedly*)—Ten cents!

JOHNNY (*convincingly*)—Yaas, ten. I put in the one last Sunday an' the nothin' to-day!

IN A TORONTO DRAWING-ROOM; BEFORE THE LANCERS.

MISS VINAIGRE (*fat, forty, and somewhat ascidulous; to her partner*)—Oh, Mr. De Boubie, what a shame! Miss Bellaire isn't dancing. Poor girl! She seems quite neglected.

DE BOUBIE—Ah, Miss Bellaire doesn't wish to dwance, ye know. I've just awsked her meself, don't ye know!

IN ANOTHER TORONTO SUNDAY SCHOOL.

TEACHER: Now boys *will* you not stop talking and listen to me. Come, Tommy, dear, see if you can tell me who Solomon was.

TOMMY (*suddenly attentive; eagerly*)—Solomon? Why he's the coon that fought with Mitchell, ain't he, Jim?

AT A RELIGIOUS MEETING IN TORONTO.

BROTHER SIMKINS is called on to lead in prayer. He complies in earnest and lengthy fashion, each moment adding to the vigor of his vociferation. At length in his excitement he forgets that the total seating capacity of the hall is less than three hundred, and ejaculates an earnest desire that "thousands may be saved in this place this very night." Mathematical sinners make the calculation, and the effect of Brother Simkins peroration is lost.

THIS TOO, IN TORONTO.

MR. DOGOOD, having hired Doc. Johnsing, a coloured quack to chop his wood, thinks it his duty to enquire into his worldly affairs.

"Well, sah,!" says the Doctor, "I'd git erlong fust-rate, sah, if it wa'nt fer Doctah Blank (naming one of Toronto's foremost physicians.) Doctah Blank pussekutes me, sah."

"Dr. Blank!" exclaims the kindly Dogood, "and why should Dr. Blank persecute you?"

The doc. scratched his head. "Well, you see, sah, I think, sah, et's er kind of perfessional jealousy he's got agin me!"

IN A TORONTO CHARITABLE INSTITUTION.

YOUNG Dr. Sawyer, who takes his turn with other medical men in attending to the inmates, has been on duty during the month of August 188—. The intense heat of the season has been particularly hard on the aged inmates and many of them have died. Imagine, then, the doctor's feelings when this occurs:

DR. SAWYER (*approaching the bedside of an old woman; cheerily*)—Good day, Mrs. Malone. Here I am again, you see!

MRS. MALONE (*locking up*)—Again, is it? Faix, yes, an' ye're doin' well. Kape it up docthur, kape it up! If yez kape on, yez'll have the whole place claned out!

CARET.

VOX POP-ULI, VOX DE (N) I (SON).

"What Upper Canada demands is Rep. by Pop."—*Hon. Geo. Brown.*

"What is wanted is that the supply of pop bottles shall be returned."—*Our Member.*

IN connection with the foregoing pop-ular quotations, our hired spring poet, owing to the delay of his inspiring season, has just popped in and left upon our table these wretched lines. He heads them—

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

In spite of all that we can do or say

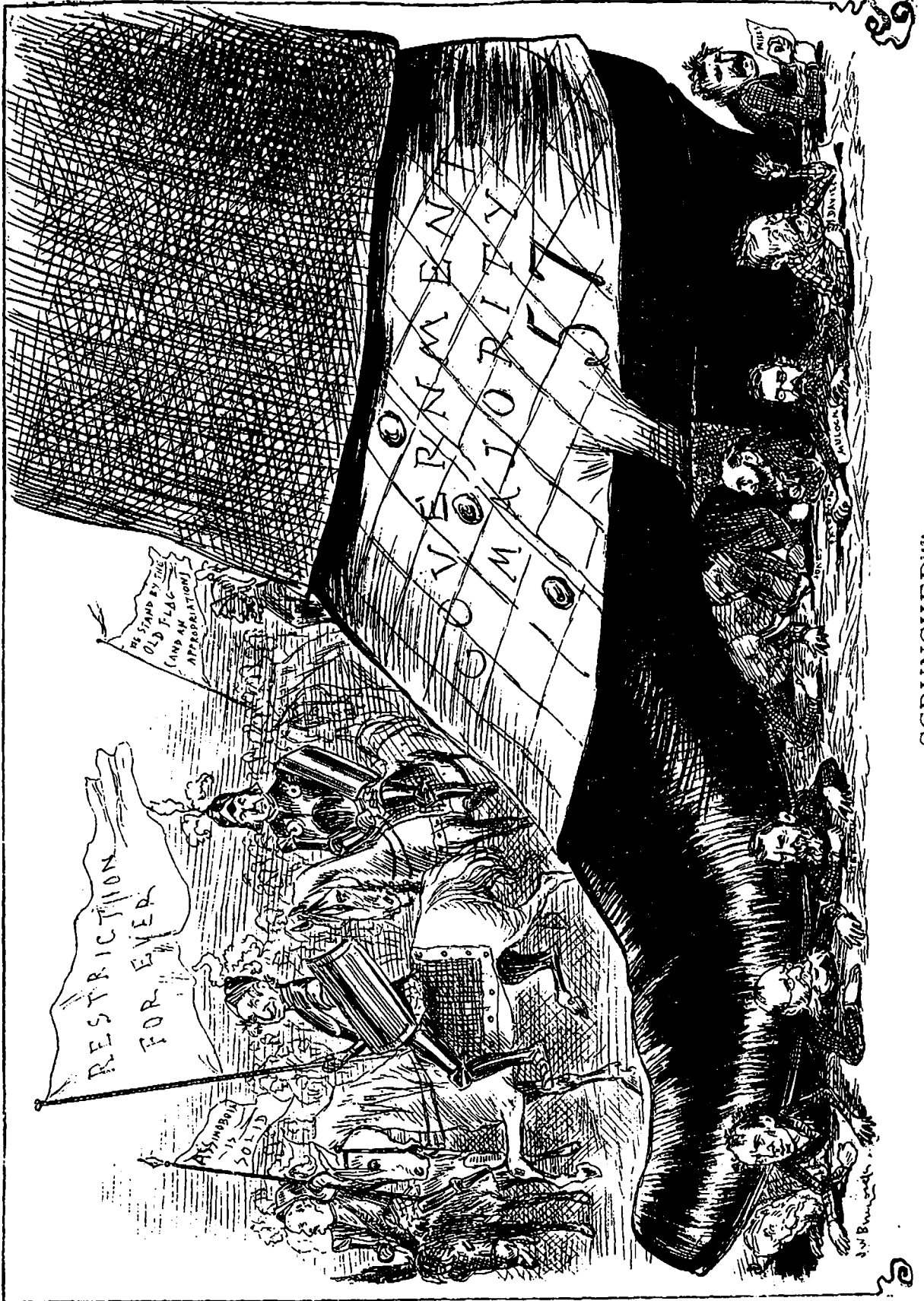
Old deeds, plans, thoughts and fancies *will* outcrop

Our bleeding country is once more convulsed—to-day

The Denisonian question's one of *Pop.*

Our S. P. might have done much better—it is in him—we know it. He might have headed his effusion "Leap Year Legislation," or "Popping the Question, *versus* A Question of Pop," and then he could have gone on to draw a parallel between the maiden's prerogative during leap year, and the maiden speech of the "gallant colonel," showing how intimately effervescence was connected with both the maiden's bill about a time of that sort, and the bill of the member on the occasion specified.

If we had undertaken the task ourselves we would have worked in "Pop goes the Weasel" and a large number of other classical allusions.



SCRUNCHED!

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

JACOBS AND SHAW'S OPERA HOUSE.

"Under the Gaslight" was produced at the Toronto last night to a big house. This popular play was never given with greater care and attention than in its present production. The scenery and mechanical effects were elaborate and the production is in every way a success. Matinees are announced for Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

Brown: Well, Charlie, old fellow, how do you like your new typewriter? Charley: Oh! it works like a charm, and I am never tired of using it. Brown: Does it turn out good work? Charlie: Oh, yes, the most perfect I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. Brown: What kind of a typewriter was it, old boy, so I can get one? Charlie: One of those famous Hammond typewriters, which you can get at 65 & 67 Yonge Street.

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.

CATARRH.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER—
A NEW TREATMENT.

SUFFERERS are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this fact, and it is now made easy to cure this curse of our country in one or two simple applications made once in two weeks by the patient at home. Send stamp for circulars describing this new treatment to A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

SMALL BOY (pointing to a snake gliding away in the grass): "Oh, mamma, see, there goes nothing with a tail to it."

OLD GENTLEMAN: "What do I want for dinner? An appetite, something to eat, good company and a napkin."

A WIFE'S ANXIETY.—Husband (impatiently): "If the fool-killer should strike this town he would find plenty of work to do."

Wife: "Is there such a person, dear?"

Husband: "Of course there is."

Wife (greatly alarmed): "Well, I do hope, John, that you will be very careful."

ONTARIO TO THE FRONT.

A Matter of Vital Importance.

The following unsolicited opinions from your friends and neighbors, men and women whom you know and respect, ought to carry conviction to any doubting mind. These words of gratitude are from those who have been afflicted but are now well, and the persons giving them are naturally solicitous that others, troubled as were they, may know the means of cure. There is no reason why you should be longer ill from kidney, liver or stomach troubles. You can be cured as well as others. Do not longer delay treatment, but to-day obtain that which will restore you to permanent health and strength:

296 McNab St. North, HAMILTON, Can., Nov. 2, 1886.—I had been suffering for over twenty years from a pain in the back and one side of the head, and indigestion. I could eat scarcely anything, and everything I ate disagreed with me. I was attended by physicians who examined me and stated that I had enlargement of the liver, and that it was impossible to cure me. They also stated that I was suffering from heart disease, inflammation of the bladder, kidney disease, bronchitis and catarrh, and that it was impossible for me to live. They attended me for three weeks without making any improvement in my condition. I commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," acting strictly up to directions as to diet, and took thirty-six bottles, and have had the best of health ever since. My regular weight used to be 180 lbs. When I commenced "Warner's Safe Cure" I only weighed 140 lbs. I now weigh 210 lbs.

Wm. S. L. Lunge

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., Jan. 24th, 1887.—About six years ago I was a great sufferer from kidney disease, and was in misery all the while. I hardly had strength enough to walk straight and was ashamed to go on the street. The pains across my back were almost unbearable, and I was unable to find relief, even temporarily. I began the use of "Warner's Safe Cure," and inside of one week I found relief, and after taking eight bottles, I was completely cured.

Wm. E. Ludwig

Manager for American Express Co.

TORONTO (18 Division Street), Sept. 17, 1887.—Three years ago last August my daughter was taken ill with Bright's disease of the kidneys. The best medical skill in the city was tasked to the utmost, but to no purpose. She was racked with convulsions for forty-eight hours. Our doctor did his best, and went away saying the case was hopeless. After she came out of the convulsions, she was very weak and all her hair fell out. The doctor had left us about a month, when I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and after having taken six bottles, along with several bottles of "Warner's Safe Pills," I saw a decided change for the better in her condition. After taking twenty-five bottles there was a complete cure. My daughter has now a splendid head of

hair and weighs more than she ever did before.

Wm. J. Burns

CHATHAM, Ont., Mar. 6, 1888.—In 1884 I was completely run down. I suffered most severe pains in my back and kidneys, so severe that at times I would almost be prostrated. A loss of ambition, a great desire to urinate, without the ability of so doing, coming from me as it were in drops. The urine was of a peculiar color, and contained considerable foreign matter. I became satisfied that my kidneys were in a congested state and that I was running down rapidly. Finally I concluded to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and in forty-eight hours after I had taken the remedy I voided urine that was as black as ink, containing quantities of mucus, pus and gravel. I continued, and it was not many hours before my urine was of a natural straw color, although it contained considerable sediment. The pains in my kidneys subsided as I continued the use of the remedy, and it was but a short time before I was completely relieved. My urine was normal, and I can truthfully say that I was cured.

J. Wood

GALT, Ont., Jan. 27, 1887.—For about five years previous to two years ago last October, I was troubled with kidney and liver trouble, and finally I was confined to my bed and suffered the most excruciating pain, and for two week's time I did not know whether I was dead or alive. My physicians said I had enlargement of the liver, though they gave me only temporary relief. Hearing of the wonderful cures of "Warner's Safe Cure," I began its use, and after I had taken two bottles I noticed a change for the better. The pains disappeared, and my whole system seemed to feel the benefit of the remedy. I have continued taking "Warner's Safe Cure" and no other medicine since. I consider the remedy a great boon, and if I ever feel out of sorts "Warner's Safe Cure" fixes me all right. I weigh twenty pounds heavier now than ever before.

John Greaves

Inventor of the Maple Leaf Lance-Tooth
Cross-cut Saw.

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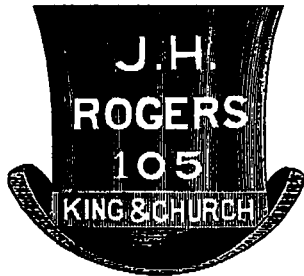
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DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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(Signed) **JOHN R. ROBERTSON, Editor.**
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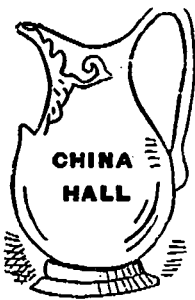
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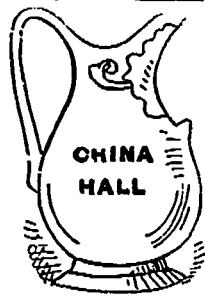
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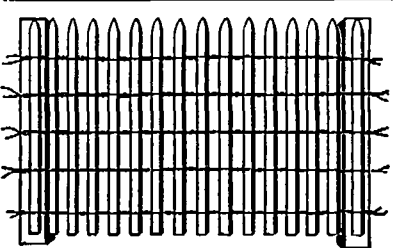
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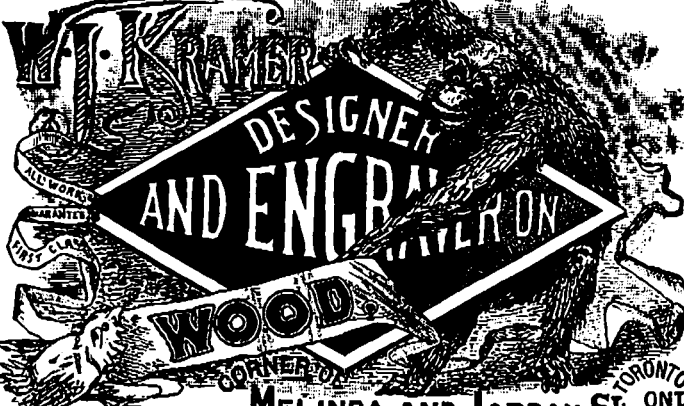
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