



GRIP



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DISMISSED.

ERIN—Begone, sir; your friendship is a luxury I cannot afford!

GRIP

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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUR.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments ON THE Cartoons.

BLUSTER, BRAG AND BOUNCE.—Interest has been revived in the Behring sea controversy by the submission to Congress of further correspondence between Secretary Blaine and the Imperial Government. Blaine has refused, on reconsideration, to have the question settled by arbitration, and now takes a course which points in the direction of an open rupture with Great Britain. It seems to be generally understood, however, that it is not the intention of the brilliant man from Maine to let it go quite the length of firing guns. His purpose will be entirely served if he can excite the admiration of the anti-British vote in the United States without actual bloodshed. In other words, he is just playing a political game, with his off eye fixed on the presidency. The little man with the misfit hat, who now occupies a section of the presidential chair, is figuring for a second term and is so aiding and abetting Mr. Blaine in the foolish and dangerous business. If it were not for the Irish vote this seal question would have been settled long ago. The American authorities must be quite conscious of the preposterous absurdity of the claim they are making to exclusive ownership of Behring's sea and all that it contains. If Great Britain should weakly assent to this claim and permit her subjects to be driven out of the seal fisheries, other nations would continue to dispute the rights arrogated by the United States. But Lord Salisbury does not propose to do any such thing, and the sooner Mr. Blaine gives up an untenable position which he is holding as a mere matter of practical politics, the better it will be for all concerned.

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P.S.—Since our cartoon was drawn and the above note written the following despatch has been published:

NEW YORK, Jan. 7th.—The Washington correspondent of the *Herald* says: The President has surrendered to public opinion on the Behring Sea question. He has made it impossible for Secretary Windom to permit revenue cutters to seize British vessels in Behring Sea next summer without gross violation of our plainly implied public faith. He has committed the United States irrevocably to an arbitration of the whole question, just as Lord Salisbury proposed, simply covering his adoption of Lord Salisbury's proposal by formulating his arguments into topics for arbitration where Lord Salisbury formulated only the issue.

DISMISSED.—The Parnell case is not quite settled yet, as to details, but the voice of Kilkenny is regarded as the voice of Erin. It was given of late with no uncertain sound. Parnell, as the leader of the Irish cause, must go. His private character is no longer his own private affair, and Ireland cannot afford to have him as her recognized leader, great as his past services may have been.

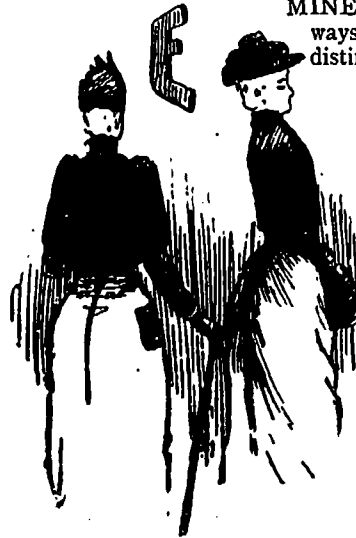
WITH a few simple changes of names, the following item from the *Hamilton Herald* would fit our own case:

Ald. Stevenson walked slowly around the James Street market this morning gazing at the meagre supply of produce. He was in a reflective mood, and began talking of the City Council as he walked. The sun shone brightly, the air was crisp and fresh; all things seemed bright and cheerful—except Ald. Stevenson. There was a tone of sadness in his voice, and a sparrow on a telegraph pole wiped a tear from its eye with its tail as these words he spoke:

"I'm not much pleased with the new Council. The Council last year was bad enough, but this one is worse. I don't know what we are coming to. I like the old way best. Let the people seek the candidate, not the candidate the people. I am glad Mr. Tilden was elected just for that reason. It shows the old way is still good. He is about the only good new man in the Council. Of course, there is John Kenrick. John is a good man, but—"

And the old vereran alderman heaved a sigh and walked along.

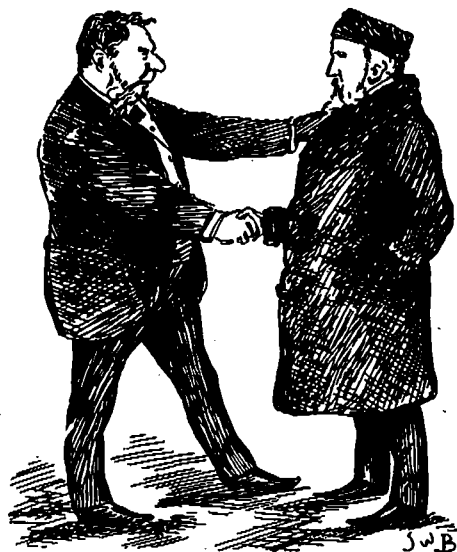
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MINENT ladies are not always logical. There is the distinguished wife of the great African explorer, for example, who was interviewed when in town the other day by the *Mail's* enterprising Kit. The chief subject up for discussion was the emigration of London slum children, a work which enlists the especial interest of Mrs. Stanley, especially as carried on by Miss Rye, who is her particular friend. "Speaking very earnestly with a bright look in her full eyes,"

says the ornate Kitty, "Mrs. Stanley said, 'When I think that that woman has given up everything—youth, health, wealth, her whole life—to the training and care of those little children, I am amazed that people should try to prove that the children are not fit to come over here.' " But they may really be unfit, notwithstanding Miss Rye's well-meant efforts; while, on the other hand, if the facts are in their favor, it can do no great harm for people to try to prove the contrary.

MR. F. W. L. MOORE, Barrister-at-law, of Charlotte-town, P.E.I., sends us, "with the author's compliments," a copy of his pamphlet, "Strong Drink: Its Use and Abuse." Purposing an exhaustive review of the



JAS. BACKAGAIN BOUSTEAD.

ALD. SHAW—"Ha! my dear old partner—delighted to see you with us again. But, how is this, I thought you'd left for good?"

ALD. BOUSTEAD—"Well, you see, I expected 'em to coax me to come back, and they didn't, so I coaxed myself."

work, we opened at the preface, where we read the first sentence as follows:

"In laying this tract before the public, the author begs all good Christians who may overlook it, to do so in a spirit of charity befitting this joyful season.

This appeal touched us, and we decided at once to overlook the tract, which we do with the utmost charity.

SOME brilliant fellow-countryman of ours has suggested the settlement of the Behring Sea difficulty by having Canada purchase Alaska from the United States. Good idea. No disagreeable gore or anything of that kind about it; just a comfortable business transaction, conducted in a pleasant, commercial way. We don't see why it wouldn't be feasible to carry out the proposition at once—if Uncle Sam has no objection to accepting our I.O.U. for the amount of the purchase money.

WHY NOT?

IT is understood that at an early meeting of the new City Council the following communications will be presented:

To His Worship the Mayor:

SIR,—Having observed that the privilege of collecting market fees in the Western Cattle Market was sold a few days ago for the sum of \$15,000 to a private individual, I beg leave to offer a similar sum for the privilege of managing the Fire Department. I will guarantee to perform the work as well as it is now performed, and will be content to look for remuneration to a tariff which I will arrange for the services of the firemen, supplemented by such gratuities as may be handed in by grateful citizens.

Yours, etc.

TORONTO, Jan. 1, '91.

J. BRIGHT IDEE.

To the Mayor and Council:

GENTS,—It having occurred to me that the work of the Assessment Department could be done quite as well by a private individual as by the present staff of civic employees, I desire to submit an offer for the privilege of running that Department. I will promise to make it pay the city as much as it does at present, and you need have no apprehensions about my not making a decent livelihood by

what I can get out of it over and above that sum. Awaiting an early reply, I remain,
Respectfully yours,
TORONTO, Jan 2, '91.

A. SHARPUN.

Mr. Mayor:

DEER SIR,—As you are goin to sel the stret raleway to a privit pursin and has sold the markit fees to a nuther wats the mater with selin the pleece cort to me. i can do the job jest as well as the Kernel and baxter an will give you anuly as much as you git now and i think i can make a good thing out of it for the Boy by a skeme i have to work it if i get a show. Wd like to here from you by return of male.

Yrs truly,

J. B. FAKIR!

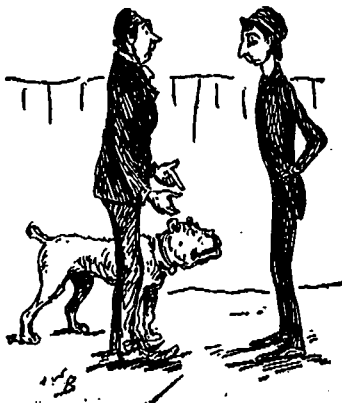
ODE TO A CAT'S TAIL.

THOU wondrous caudal pendent
From horizontal spine
Of Thomas cat or Tabby sleek
Or otherwise; how fine
The silky hair lies closely
Upon thy surface smooth,
While purring round me gently
Thy owner's notes me soothe.
Let come some canine stranger
Within her feline scent,
Her vertebra she humpeth
Like bow of vengeance bent.
Then, mighty tail uprisest,
Inflated sudden swell'st,
By hidden power affected
A tale defiant tell'st.
Thou stand'st like mast denuded
Of all its sails and spars,
While shoot sparks electric
Like evanescent stars!

SEQUEL.

By the great cats of Kilkenny,
Suspended by their tails,
Each other lashing furiously
Like animated flails,
I've solved the greatest problem
That ever puzzled pate—
Perpetual motion I have found!
Eureka! sure as fate!
Let's catch of cats a million
(They can be easily spared)—
Of dogs an equal number,
And let them all be paired.
The tails of all the felines
Attached to vast machine,
When dogs in turn attack them,
Shall power supply I ween,
To run it everlasting
While cats and dogs abound.
At last is solved the problem—
Perpetual motion's found!—!

REUB. RIXBY.



JUST TO OBLIGE!

CRUMMELS—"Oh—er—Jinks, would you mind pretending to pick a quarrel with me and just give me a push, you know? I want to test the pluck of this dog of mine."



A BORN BARGAINER.

MR. COON—"What would you charge, boss, to make a picture of me?"

ARTIST—"To do one in black-and-white—ten dollars."

MR. COON—"Sho! you mought do it cheaper'n dat fo' me; you wouldn't have to use no white, see?"

BARREN FIG TREES.

IN that forest, horror haunted, where trod Stanley the undaunted,
Leagues on leagues of lofty dryads intercept the light of day,
Underneath whose branches flourish naught that human life can
nourish,

And death in thousand venomous forms holds undisputed sway.

But the sunless gloom is deeper, and pale death a busier reaper,

Where another hero traversed lower regions of despair,

And humanity is undone most in depths of darkest London,

Under giant growths of feudal wrong which quench the daylight
there.

Fight the fungi and the vermin with the food depôt and sermon,

But to thoroughly exterminate let bolder blows resound,

Hurl from baleful elevation landed lords of every station,

Whose proud presence blights the nation, fruitless cumberers of
the ground!

WILLIAM MCGILL.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. AND MRS. STANLEY.



BEING determined to keep up the reputation of GRIP as an enterprising journal, we found it absolutely necessary to secure an interview with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley for these pages. Taking a hint from our highly-esteemed contemporary, the *Mail*, we allotted the job to the Giddy Young Gairl of our staff, and the following account duly came to us on daintily scented note paper. It had to be transcribed, however, by the office boy, as the printers declared they couldn't stand the aroma of violet and white lilac that enveloped the "copy" as in a cloud of perfume.

As I passed into the Ladies' Entrance of the Queen's Hotel I met my talented fellow-journalist "Kit," of the *Mail*, on her way out. "Sorry to work the scoopograph on you, dear," said she, in a cheerful voice, as she stepped

into the street. I am almost sure, however, I heard a little horrid, mocking laugh accompanying the words. I sent up my card to the distinguished party, and was appropriately guided to the suite of rooms by a native of Africa in a swallow-tail coat. I found the charming wife of the great explorer busily engaged at a table. Stepping behind her, and looking over her shoulder, I saw that she was printing words in large, coarse letters with a paint brush and a pot of lampblack. "This is part of this evening's lecture," said she, with an arch smile. "My husband cannot read writing; he is a man of letters, you know. Just trot away and talk to mamma until I get through, dear." I did as directed, and was soon engaged in an animated dialogue with Mrs. Tennant, who, strange as it may seem, speaks with an English accent. Of course, as she was born in England and lived there all her life, this is really not to be so much wondered at when you come to think, but I mention it *en passant*, as it were. "Well, dear," I said, "how do you like it as far as you've gone?"

"It is so delightful," replied Mrs. Tennant, "to travel all over in this way."

"Yes," said I, "one sees changes when one is constantly changing scenes."

Mrs. Tennant relapsed into deep thought.

"I quite agree with you there," said pretty Dorothy Stanley, raising her full, expressive eyes from her task and bestowing a nice smile upon me. And then she dipped her brush into the lampblack again and stooped over her printing steadily for some minutes.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tennant, "we are greatly interested in the Canadians. They are so very Canadian, aren't they?"

"Especially those dear little things Miss Rye brings out from London," put in sweet Dorothy Stanley, putting her brush behind her ear and leaning back in a musing attitude. "It's too bad of people to say they're not fit to be brought out; why, I have put some of them into my pictures."

"Had you any notion of ordering up any grub?" I enquired. "I'm feeling a trifle hungry."

Just then a waiter entered with tea, eggs, etc., on a silver tray.

"Hennery is so fond of eggs," said Mrs. Tennant.

"That's better than anything in last week's *Punch*," said I, laughing uproariously.

"What's all the row?" demanded a deep, stern voice, and, looking up, I saw the world-renowned explorer coming in. He is a most unassuming man, and came in just as if he had never gazed upon Rowenzori or discovered Lake Victoria Nyanza in his life.

Then he tackled an egg. When the top was removed, a dear little chick was disclosed. "As we do it in Ugarrowa's country," remarked the great traveller, taking down the entire outfit at one gulp.

"Aren't you tired of this lecture trip?" I asked.

"Yes," said he, "it is a deuced bore having to collect a thousand dollars a night, but, after all, the Canadians speak better English, in my opinion, than the Yankees."

"But how do you manage to amuse yourselves here in the winter?" enquired Mrs. Stanley.

"Oh," said I, "we write letters to the papers, shovel snow, and go fishing. Some of us write novels."

"Oh, do tell me of a good Canadian novel!" urged Mrs. Stanley, enthusiastically. "I'm so anxious to read one."

I recommended her to get a copy of Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," which she said she would.

By this time the meal had entirely disappeared, and I accordingly said farewell to the distinguished visitors and lighted out.



NINETEENTH CENTURY.

OLD GENT—"Well, my little man, and did you get some pretty things in your stockings on Christmas?"
 YOUNG CANADA—"Did you?"

WANTED—TO KNOW THE REASON WHY.

A FIFTY-DOLLAR prize was the other day awarded by the *Week* to a story founded on a stale plot, served up in colloquial style, and garnished with vulgar expressions, bad grammar and atrocious composition; composition which a school-girl would blush to see uncorrected. This is quite a new departure from the established order of literary things, and in the interest of Canadian *belles lettres* we hereby call upon the *Week* to rise and explain the true inwardness of such a long step down and away from its usual high standard.

A "FREEMAN" INDEED!

EDITORIAL IN "CANADIAN FREEMAN."
 (Say Dec. 20th.)

EDUCATION is a good thing. Without it people are in ignorance, and ignorance is a source of crime and misery. It is the function of the Church to look after the spiritual interests of men, but the Church should not interfere to prevent their intellectual development. When the Church seeks to keep people in ignorance, so that it may extort a blind and unreasoning obedience to authority, it is going too far. The Catholics of Canada have a right to use all the educational advantages they are blessed with in this country; they are mentally endowed as richly as their neighbors, and there is no reason why they should occupy, on the whole, any humbler position, educationally, than Protestants. The Church ought to treat them as reasonable creatures, and endeavor to assist instead of to retard their intellectual growth.

LETTER FROM HIS GRACE
 (Say Dec. 21st.)

The Archbishop presents his compliments to the writer of the editorial article of yesterday, and calls upon him to take it back on pain of hell fire. Further punishment is reserved until next week.

ARTICLE BY THE WRITER.
 (Say Dec. 27th.)

With reference to my article on Education published in last issue of this journal, I beg most humbly to say that it is from first to last a vile, lying and idiotic production, full of error and all ungodliness. I do not understand how such deadly errors slipped from my pen, for to the best of my recollection I was perfectly sober when I wrote it, and by a strange hallucination of the devil it then seemed to me to be the utterance of common sense. I crawl in the dust and lick the boots of Authority, and if His Grace will kindly wale me with a cat-o'-nine-tails I will esteem it a divine compassion. I retract and explicitly condemn that article in its entirety, and pray that it be regarded as abhorrent to my mind, which of course it is, since it has been condemned by the Church. I now declare that education is a curse to any people, and that the Church is right in keeping the people in ignorance if she sees fit to do so. If there is any other

depth of grovelling degradation to which I may descend in my desire to make this apology perfectly abject, I will be most happy to go down to it.

ARTICLE BY THE PUBLISHER.
 (Say Dec. 27th.)

Elsewhere we print an apology by the writer of the wicked article which, we deeply regret, appeared in this journal last week. We can find no terms sufficiently vile to describe our conduct in thus having admitted such horrible expressions of common sense into these columns, and we earnestly beg and pray that His Grace the Archbishop will mercifully refrain from sending us to hell for our error.

THE LIEUT. GOVERNOR'S SPEECH

AT THE OPENING OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.
 (As it might just as well be.)

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN,
 Mr. Mowat has asked me to call you together again, as under our constitution it is necessary to have the Legislature vote the supplies. It would be awkward if the Government found themselves too short of funds to pay salaries and carry on the public business—so, as the circus clowns in the old days used to observe, "here we are again."

There is really nothing else except the passing of the estimates that the Government care particularly about—nothing at all urgent in the way of legislation, but, of course, you want some reasonable excuse for protracting the session over thirty days so as to enable you to draw full sessional allowance, so the Government has faked up a programme for the session of measures it pretends to regard as of considerable importance. You understand, of course, that it is necessary to keep up a show of doing business, otherwise the public might begin to question your usefulness. Mine too, perhaps.

Important amendments to the Municipal and Assessment Acts will be laid before you. This is a never-failing stand-by, and I really don't know what the Government would have done without the chance of tinkering these Acts every year. By the way, some of you might take a hack at them yourselves by introducing bills of your own. They won't pass, of course, but everything helps to swell the volume of business.

It is also proposed to amend the Education Act so as to enable the municipalities to supply school children with free text-books. The Government realizes that the idea is popular, and by way of taking the first step towards it will introduce a bill to that effect. It ought to furnish you with a subject to talk about. We don't intend to pass it this session, of course. Subjects for legislation are so scarce that we can't waste them in this reckless fashion. Eventually it will pass, but there's no hurry about it for a year or two.

Anything else? Oh, yes. The Province is to be congratulated on the extraordinary richness of the nickel mines at Sudbury. After the greater part of these natural treasures had become the prey of speculators, the Government wisely bethought itself of the time-honored scheme of locking the stable door after the horse was stolen, which it proceeded to put in practice. As the policy previously pursued has made the nickel-mine owners immensely wealthy, and therefore persons entitled to special consideration, you will be asked to vote a heavy bonus to a projected railroad which will increase the value of their possessions. The propriety of spending money of the Province in augmenting the riches of those already wealthy is so thoroughly in accordance with precedent and the well-understood principles of political economy, that it is hardly conceivable that any objection will be offered to this reasonable proposal.

"IT'S AN ILL WIND, ETC."

WIFE—"Oh John, I saw Mrs. Raggle worth down town yesterday wearing such a lovely seal-skin sacque. I declare I felt quite ashamed of my old dolman. If you'd any proper pride about you you'd get me a seal-skin."

HUSBAND—"What! Get you a seal-skin sacque! Never! Do you think that I would plunge the country into the horrors of fratricidal warfare just to gratify your vanity? Don't you know that the Americans regard the killing of seals as a *casus belli*. Not upon any account would I help to further strain the relations between the two nations who are trembling on the brink of conflict. I don't mind the money, but I will not be responsible for bringing the horrors of war upon our beloved country."

WIFE—Oh, well, John, if things are as bad as that, never mind. I can make the old dolman do a while longer."

IRISH MEMO.

JUSTIN M'CARTHY had a very short tenure of office as the leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. He was Just-in a couple of weeks or so, but they deposed him the other day and so he is just out.

A CASE OF COMPOUND FRACTURE.

GROGAN—"Luk here, O'Houlihan, I'd have yez to know, sorr, that me family is descided from the ould ancient kings av Oireland."

O'HOULIHAN—"Be jabbers, it must have been a mighty long descent fur ye to get so low down, I'm thinking."

* * * *

MRS. MORIARTY—"Oh, wurra! wurra! Patsy, run till the corner beyant an' tilly-phone fur the ambulance."

A DIFFERENT VERSION.

BEE SWAX—"Yes, I assure you, sir, that when I found out that young scapegrace Bilkerton was making up to my daughter, my indignation knew no bounds."

PIGSNUFFLE—"Indeed, that's a little different from Bilkerton's account of the affair. He says you bounded after him like a Bengal tiger."

WITH THE ACCENT ON.

SLIMCASH—"Aw—here comes my tailaw. It will be politic for me to avoid meeting him; don't you think so?"

CHINKERS—"It will; with the accent on the *tic*."

[SOCIETY NOTE.

THE Canadian weather has gone to Europe to spend the winter.



SCENE FROM THE CIVIC TRAGEDY.

THE BOLD BARON OF CHESTER—"Ha, ha! he thinks he is safe, but here I have the fatal document which — no mat-tar! The time will come!! etc., etc."

A RARE CHANCE.

To the Projectors Proposed Summer Carnival, Hamilton:

GENTS,—Observing that it is proposed to get up a Summer Carnival in the Ambitious City during the coming season, I beg to say that my services are at your disposal for the general management of same. I may add that I have had experience in the line, having managed a Carnival in the City of Toronto last season, which was more talked about than any similar event outside of New Orleans ever was before. Being now relieved of my onerous duties in the City Council, I have the time at my disposal to perform a first-class job for you. For terms, etc., address

Yours truly,

DUDDS KING,
Toronto.

P.S.—I will see that all accounts are squared up within eighteen months after event, if I am engaged.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN had great opera-tune-ities for becoming rich.

A WORLD-RENOWNED NAME.

HOW few inventors of this age
The eminence approach
Which dignifies that noted sage,
The far-famed Dr. Koch.

To check disease and baffle death
He's ever on the watch,
And thousands owe their life and
breath
To studious Dr. Koch.

His lymph's a remedy that's sure,
As many will avouch,
Who from consumption owe their
cure
To nobody but Koch.

For long this malady's fell bane
The faculty could mock,
But science eased the sufferers' pain
By aid of Dr. Koch.

There are some pessimists, of course,
Who say the thing's all bosh,
And scout the knowledge and re-
search
Of learned Dr. Koch.

But still his fame rings round the
earth,
O'er ocean, lake and loch,
And every nation yet will sing
The praise of Dr. Koch!

His life and work will form the
theme
Of many a portly book,
And many a picture will show forth
The face of Dr. Koch.



HOOLIHAN IN THE SWIM.

MRS. H.—“Shure, Mrs. Finucane, the ould man's tuk advantage av the frost, an' got a day off, an' The Hoolihan bein' a clever man intoirely, has made an illigant sledge for the twins an' me out of his whalebarrer.”—*Funny Folks.*

OVER THE DISHES.

“YES, Molly, Tim axed me two days afore I left the missis, an' the priest married us at wance, so it's proud I am to wilcome yez in me own house, clanin' me own dishes, which I hope will soon be rale chaney. An' Tim promises to get me a sarvant girl besoides, purty soon, so I can be a rale lady an' do nothin' at all at all. For last wake the Faynians raised him to the rank of a ginerel, so he'll give up the swill-gatherin' an' sit in an affis the howl blissid day, loike a gintleman, kapin' his iley tongue a-waggin'. Faith, wasn't he the good han' to go round wid his swill cart and talk to the girls on ould Ireland, an' git their quarters an' tin-cint pieces? Sure an' many's the wan he's got out av mesilf, Molly, but now they'll be comin' back again, loike bread trun on the wathers.

“But, Molly ashore, I've wan thruble on me moind which I'll jist tell yez, for it's the throe friend yez are. Ye see, Tim has been such a spark wid the girls, it fairly frightens me that he'll be leppin' aff wid wan av thim some day. Such a carrispanance as he has, letthers fairly pourin' in ivery day. He says it's all on account av his bein' on the axecution c'mitty, but faith I don't loike the looks av it, Molly. There's a closhet upstairs, an' he tould me niver to look inside it, that it kep' all his affishal t'ings there that was niver to be teched at all at all. Think of that, Molly, to tell a new married woife! So this marnin', afore he wint away, I sez to meself, 'Faith, I'll have no such Blue Baird schemes in me own house,' an' I slips up an' whips the kay out av his vesht pocket, whoile he was dressin' for wan av his Faynian matin's. An' whin he was gone I unlocks the dure, an'

wurra! fwhat a soight I seen! Cutlashes, guns an' pistols, an' keggs av powther! An' among the rest, I found the natest little box yez iver seen, Molly, where he kapes the love letthers he gets from the girls, I'm thinkin', the desayvin', blarneyin' rogue! I've got it under the table, Molly, for I couldn't open it, so I brought it down to smash it wid the poker. But jist thin I saw yez comin', an' I thought I'd better get ye to rade the letthers for me, for I've had no schoolin'. Here it is, Molly, (*producing infernal machine*) and' I'll jist tap it wid the poker, an' begorra, we'll soon foind out who the Ginerel is sparkin' bad cess to him. Now, thin, here goes wan for Biddy. Whack!!!” (*Exeunt omnes in a shower of crockery.*)

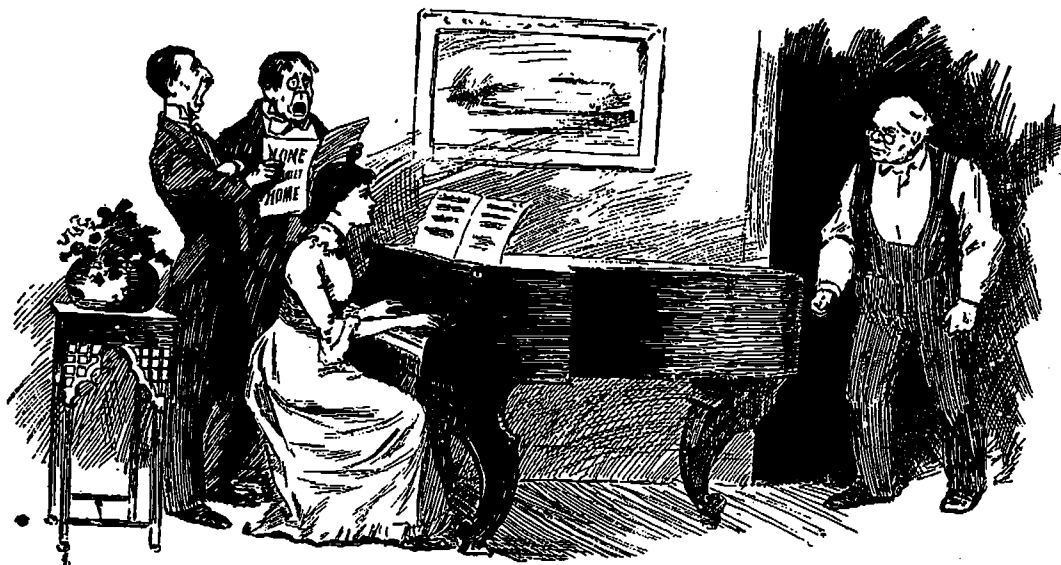
WILLIAM MCGILL.

MASHED ON THE DUDE.

THE dude at the rink was essaying to skate
And while he was cutting a figure of eight,
Before he accomplished his clever device
Came down with a thud on the treacherous ice.
Next a feminine skater thus stayed in her course
Fell over the dude with a good deal of force,
As a third tumbled on them unable to stop
And hard on the lady fell suddenly flop!
The band commenced playing—now wasn't it rude?
“Oh, say did you ever get mashed on a dude?”

NOTE FROM STANDING ROCK AGENCY:

THE International League of Baseball Players have, we understand, sent a protest against the irregularity of Two Strike going out, as contrary to the rules. It requires three strikes.



UNAPPRECIATED VOCALISTS.

OLD GRIGGS—"What is all that noise, Clara?"

CLARA—"Nothing, papa—only these two gentlemen are singing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

OLD GRIGGS—"Well, they had better finish it on the way there."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

FINANCIAL STRAITS.

SCENE—*Finance Department, Ottawa. Minister Foster discovered tying a wet towel over his massive brow. Enter Sir John.*

SIR JOHN—"Hello, what's up, old man?"

FOSTER (*groaning*)—"I'm resorting to an old household expedient, with the hope of preventing my head from bursting. You ask what's up? I might reply accurately enough, the sponge."

SIR JOHN—"No, don't say it's quite so bad as that."

FOSTER—"I've got a tremendous deficit for the half year, which has just transpired."

SIR JOHN—"Tut, man, cheer up. Don't let public affairs annoy you. I never do."

FOSTER—"No; but unfortunately I'm not built that way. If you could tell me where to scrape up a little money, I think it would make my head feel easier."

SIR JOHN—"Pshaw, that's simple enough. What's the matter with pulling out that snug little special deposit we have in the Bank of Montreal. Let's see—it amounts if I remember to some \$3,700,000 or more."

FOSTER—"Can't do it, Sir John, I'm sorry to say."

SIR JOHN—"Pooh! Why not?"

FOSTER—"Because I did it some time ago, you know."

SIR JOHN—"Ah, that puts a different face on it. But—er—let's see. What about those New Brunswick bonds? Wouldn't your native province stand by you to that extent?"

FOSTER—"They only amount to \$17,033."

SIR JOHN—"Well, every cent counts. Realize on them, my boy. I would, in your present fix."

FOSTER—"No, I don't think you would."

SIR JOHN—"Foster, you're altogether too squeamish. I wouldn't hesitate a moment to —"

FOSTER—"To do something you'd already done?"

SIR JOHN—"You don't say! Dear me, this looks blueish. But you haven't used up those Cobourg debentures, some \$44,000. Why not do that?"

FOSTER—"Bang they went, I'm sorry to say, months ago; and besides all that I borrowed \$2,000,000 in London last June, and as much more since. It's all been gobbled up."

SIR JOHN—"Which means that you have got away with \$7,818,000 since the prorogation of the House."

FOSTER—"Pre—oh, my head!—cishly, Sir John."

SIR JOHN—"This is decidedly blue. Ultramarine, I may say."

FOSTER—"Of course, strictly speaking, the last \$2,000,000 doesn't appear in the last fiscal year's business, but it's a cold fact that our surplus of last year and nearly \$6,000,000 more has gone."

SIR JOHN—"And left an aching void which requires treatment with cold-water cloths."

FOSTER—"Not quite a void, I hope, but aching like thunder, Sir John."

SIR JOHN—(*with a sudden inspiration*)—"I have it! How much do you need?"

FOSTER—"Well, I would really appreciate say \$10,000,000 very much indeed."

SIR JOHN—"I think I know where it could be had."

FOSTER (*radiant, and dropping the cold-water cloth with nervous haste*)—"Where, Sir John; for goodness sake, where?"

SIR JOHN—"For goodness sake. That gentle expletive might be used as a motto for the scheme that has occurred to me. It is this. Why not let us start a movement among the Prohibitionists of the country to raise a cash testimonial of \$10,000,000 to be presented to you in recognition of the distinguished services you have rendered the good cause as a member of the Cabinet. Then you could lend yourself the amount. See?"

FOSTER—"Do you think it would work?"

SIR JOHN—"It might. The Prohibs. are a remarkable lot of chumps."

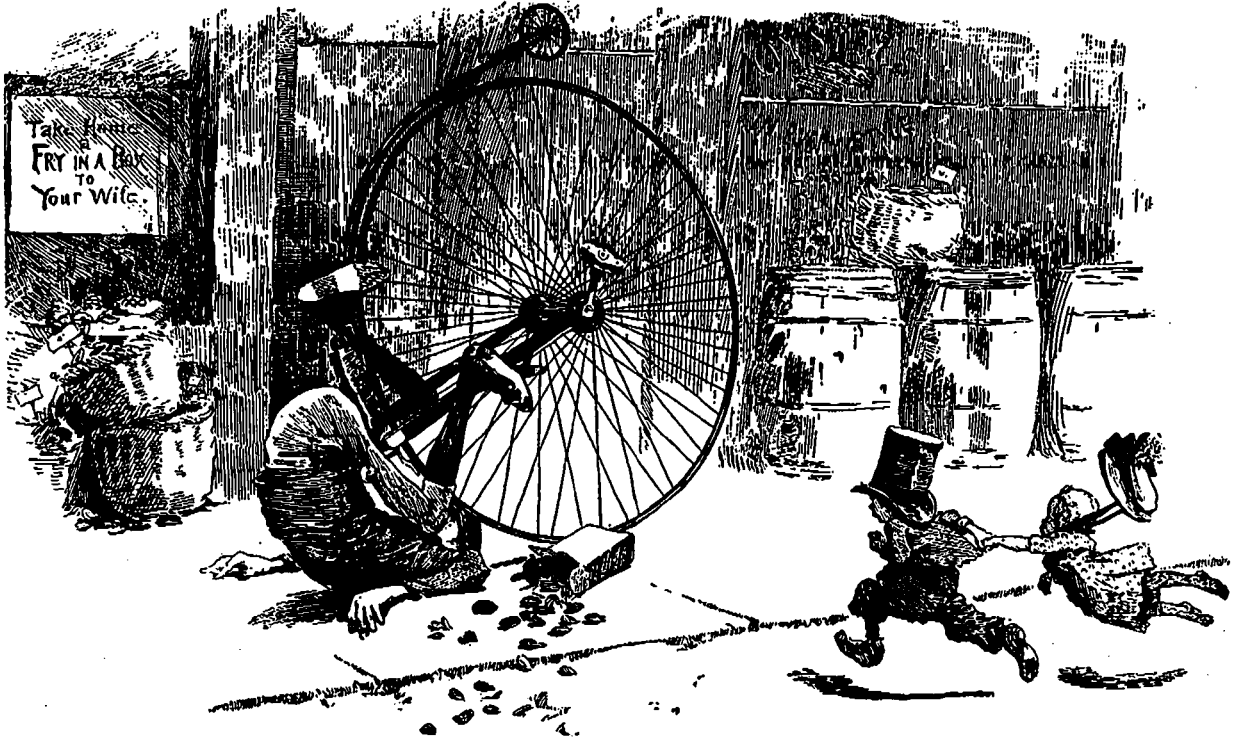
FOSTER—"I don't know. But my headache isn't a bit better. I think I'll go and lie down."

(*Scene closes.*)



BLUSTER, BRAG AND BOUNCE;

OR, BLAINE & CO. PLAYING TO THE IRISH GALLERY.



AN INVOLUNTARY PHILANTHROPIST.

"Hey, Jimmy, let's take in der free banquet fur homeless an' destertute kids."

SOME QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

SOME foolish people are talking about the necessity of parks and squares in Toronto, in the middle of the winter!

A whole six months before they can be used! The city in debt, too! We all know that debt is a hydra-headed monster that should never be incurred, except for public buildings, great moral shows, salaried officials and policemen. Every one is aware that while in the city fresh air is a positive luxury, it can be had for nothing in the country. Why deplete the public coffers for luxuries? Why not go to Muskoka or live on a steamboat?

Talk about the value of greensward and trees, the people can have too much green stuff! Remember the fate of the man in the French Revolution who told the people "to eat grass." Tell the poor to live in the suburbs. Demonstrate mathematically to them what a long time it takes five-cent car-tickets to run away with a day's wages. Why, too, pay for water? Does not the Queen City lie beside the great lake? Are not the microbic waters of the bay as good as those in leaden pipes? Are we not a solid people? Ought we to give our babies and little ones false ideas of the realities of life by providing them with playgrounds? Haven't we already spent money enough in schools?

Once a boy broke his leg playing ball at recess. If a parental government had not placed danger in his way, by leaving an open square round the school-house, it would never have happened.

Isn't it a pity to teach children that trees and flowers, by artificial aid, can be made to grow in the city, when they are indigenous to the woods and prairies, and to allow them to fancy that life consists of bats and balls instead of pot-hooks and hangers. Would it be quite

right to allow them to enjoy themselves while they are young, wouldn't they then expect to go and do so when they were grown up? Are we not living in an age of realistic tendencies and great philanthropic enterprises? Haven't we built hospitals for them when they fall ill? Are there not General Booths in Canada to gently lead them to rural joys, when they have become saturated with town life, and to make good farmers of them when they have become the riff-raff of society, and are about thirty or forty years old?

Why wrestle with the great sewer-gas problem? True, it is a powerful enemy to young men and women in the prime of life, but think of the friend it is to the little human mites that might otherwise grow up in an unlimited play-ground of close streets and dirty lanes.

By all means let us economize! Land is expensive within the city limits, without one can always get a lot six feet by two, it is a mere question of "when" to take possession. And in a country of untold thousands of acres of unoccupied land, isn't it an immense advertisement for us to build our cities as they do in the overcrowded Old World? Won't it make the emigrants from the slums feel very much at home, and enable them to conquer the feeling of loneliness and isolation that might otherwise tempt them to go elsewhere? But, of course, if Mr. Walker, the bank manager, says we must swop our Front Street lot for the piece of park land behind the University, why, that ends it!

WY CERT'NLY.

VISITOR AT PRISON (to convict)—"And what do you propose to do when you get out, my man?"

PRISONER—"What a question for an intelligent person to ask! Go on the stage, of course!"

ON Mr. O'Hara's retiring from the management of The Temperance and General Life Assurance Company, he associated his son with him in forming the firm of H. O'Hara & Co., who are located on the ground floor of the *Mail* Buildings, King street entrance. Since commencing business they have been singularly successful, having bought and sold a very large quantity of Municipal Bonds. Municipalities having debentures for sale will find them one of the best firms in the Dominion to negotiate with, while those requiring to make deposits with the government can be supplied at once with securities acceptable to the insurance department. During the month of November this enterprising firm loaned private and trust funds to an amount over \$40,000. Parties desiring to obtain such funds, which are always negotiated at a lower rate and with less trouble will find it to their interest to communicate with O'Hara & Co. With prospects of money becoming more plentiful and great public works being undertaken in our city, real estate which has been quiet for the past year, is likely to improve. If you have some desirable properties for sale we would recommend O'Hara & Co., as an excellent medium for such negotiations. This firm is also open to place in first-class Companies Fire Life, Accident and Plate Glass Insurance. In any business transaction they can be depended upon to do what is fair and just.



IT OFTEN HAPPENS.

CONDUCTOR OF YONGE ST. CAR—"Agnes!"

MISS AGNES OLDERLY—"How dare you address me in that familiar manner, sir! I shall report you to the manager."

CONDUCTOR—"I wasn't speakin' to you, mum; it's the street this gent wanted to get off at."

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, Asthama 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. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CATARRH.—We can radically cure chronic Catarrh in from 1 to 3 months. Our Medicated Air treatment can be used by a child. Send for a list of testimonials. Address, Medicated Inhalation Co., 286 Church Street, Toronto.

GRIP'S ALMANAC FOR '91.

SOME of our readers have not yet possessed themselves of copies of this, the latest issue of GRIP's celebrated annual. Thus they have up to date deprived themselves of a literary and artistic feast which would only cost them 10 cents apiece. The Almanac this year is, in the opinion of many, the best of the twelve issued. It is full of bright original fun and capital pictures. The double-page cartoon is a very amusing burlesque of Meissonier's celebrated painting 1807, in which are introduced caricatures of a great number of Canadian public men. The chronological tables are immensely funny, and in fact the entire contents are good. A few copies yet remain unsold, and we would advise our friends to send the price to the publishers without delay and secure copies before the supply is exhausted. Send now.

BEAUTIFUL hands rendered still more beautiful by using Dyer's Jelly of Cucumber and Roses. Try it. Druggists keep it. W. A. Dyer & Co., Montreal.

WATSON'S COUGH DROPS are the best in the world for the throat and chest, for the voiced unequalled. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop.

SOMETHING new in photos at the Perkins studio. See our window. J. J. Milliken, 293 Yonge street, successor to T. E. Perkins.

The *Dental Cosmos* for December, one of the recognized authorities on dentistry, contains a long account of an important convention of dental societies, held at Rochester last October, from which we gather that Dr. C. V. Snelgrove, of Toronto, took an important part in the clinics held at the convention. The *Cosmos* says: "Dr. C. V. Snelgrove, of Toronto, Canada, filled two approximal cavities in central and lateral incisors, using Dr. Barrett's nitrous-oxide apparatus for obtunding sensitive dentine. He started the filling with Williams' crystalloid gold, and continued the operation with Kearsing's foil, Nos. 4 and 6, using hand pressure and smooth points. He finished in the ordinary way with Howard strips." Dr. Snelgrove is widely known as a skillful and successful practitioner, conversant with all the latest inventions of dental science.

A ROYAL QUILT.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by *The Canadian Queen*. The lady making by handwork, the handsomest block one foot square, (to be of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand-painted according to the state of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be presented with a pony, cart, and harness, valued \$350.00. The Royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, valued \$40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of *The Queen*, containing full instructions as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, *The Canadian Queen* "Royal Quilt Competition," Toronto, Canada.

IN buying Diamonds and Fine Watches, this issue of GRIP invites its readers to call on the well-known firm of D. H. Cunningham, 77 Yonge Street, two doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

A ICE 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.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S OPERA HOUSE
Week of January 19th. Matinees Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Offer the ever popular Jas. H. Wallick and his justly celebrated Acting Horses in two exciting dramas. The Cattle King has been seen here before and always met with favor. The new play *The Mountain King*, has been a success in every city where it has been produced. This season the comedy element is strong. The play will be produced with all the original scenery of which there is a car load. This popular family theatre should be crowded during the week.

IN another column will be found the advertisement of Messrs. W. T. Baer & Co. The appliances manufactured by this company are said to be superior to anything in the same line in the market, and are meeting with gratifying success, as evidenced by the testimonials daily issued as to their efficiency and the cures effected. Those afflicted should give these electric appliances a trial; and it should be remembered that only by this company can "Actina," the great catarrh remedy and eye restorer, be supplied. Apply personally or by letter at their office, 171 Queen street west.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY.

Examinations, Oral or Written.

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The Mountain King
AND
Cattle King.

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are an honest medicine for which only honest, straightforward statements are made. See that you get the genuine Hoffman's. Insist on having them. They Cure ALL Headaches. They are not a Cathartic.



To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewards to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

THE REWARDS.

The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value \$125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value \$75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine Breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value \$40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value \$30.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value \$10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A. 1. Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value \$1.50 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

THE QUESTIONS.

The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scramble up the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the river, city and generals. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by \$1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young Peoples' Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted solely to entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.

Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value \$8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors can use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be sent in any time before April 10th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present. If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received over \$10,000 in prizes during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of \$25,000 during 1891.

Our National History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications concerning it, must be addressed

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A few thoughts concerning *asthma*

ASTHMA

Its Cause and Cure

Must interest every one afflicted with this terrible disease. To describe this disease to one that has suffered for years the untold agonies of suffocation and distress night after night and who (in many extreme cases) would only gladly welcome death in order to be relieved from such suffering with no prospects of ever being any better is not pleasant to contemplate. All the boasted remedies heretofore claimed to cure Asthma have failed or only given temporary relief. The smoking of leaves and barks, saturated paper and pastiles has been resorted to as the last means for only a temporary relief anything being considered a blessing that will release the grasp of the fingers of death (even for a short time), which seems to be tightening every moment more and more; the sufferer knows that this is Asthma. To-day suffocating, in a few days relieved, and no good reason can be given as to the cause of these sudden changes and return of suffering, only by the poisonous blood acting on the nerves producing the disease. In Asthma there is a

SPECIFIC POISON in the Blood that must be **DESTROYED**

before Asthma can be

CURED

This poison is oft-times inherited and passed through many generations, like Scrofula, never losing its power to produce Asthma and oft-times affecting the lungs and bringing the sufferer down to a Consumptive grave. Location, with surrounding causes will arouse and set to work this poison in the blood, so that in some sections of the country an Asthmatic cannot live, even in one part of a city their suffering is intense, move to another part and they are entirely free from Asthma. Thus you learn that there exists a certain poison in the system, that when certain influences are brought to bear that exist in the Atmosphere in many localities will develop this poison in an unusual degree thereby affecting the NERVES, producing spasms and difficult breathing, which every Asthmatic has had such sad experience with, suffering, and no hope of being cured; for having tried every known remedy, exhausted the skill of the physicians, have given up in despair.

After years of study and patient research and watching this disease in all its various phases under various circumstances we present a cure for Asthma known as **DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE**, which will entirely destroy this poison in the blood and restore the nerves to a healthy condition and when this is done the spasms will cease, the choking will subside, and the injury done to the lungs will begin at once to be repaired and the nerves restored to perfect health. **ASTHMALENE** is unlike all other so called Asthma cures, as it **CONTAINS NO** Opium, Morphine, Ipecac, Squills, Lobelia, Ether, Chloroform or any other Anodyne or Narcotics, but its combination is of such a nature that it will destroy every particle of this poison in the blood and eliminate it from the system, effect a cure and give a night's sweet sleep. We have received thousands of testimonials from every State in the Union of the marvelous cures from the use of the **ASTHMALENE**. We have never published them, for testimonials have been manufactured so extensively and sold so cheap that people have no confidence in them.

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We do not make out a long list of prying, personal and impertinent questions, nor do we resort to any clap trap or any nonsense of any kind in order to make monthly or permanent patients; we only ask any one suffering from Asthma to **TRY A FEW DOSES** of Asthmalene. We make **NO CHARGE FOR** a trial bottle to sufferers from this terrible malady. Send us your name on a postal card and we will mail

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enough of Dr. Taft's Asthmalene to show its power over the disease, stop the spasms and give a good night's rest, and **prove to you** (no matter how bad your case) that **ASTHMALENE CAN CURE ASTHMA**, and you need no longer neglect your business or sit in a chair all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. Send us your full name and post office address on a postal card. **THE DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

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(Specimen of humor from the latest Number of Punch.)

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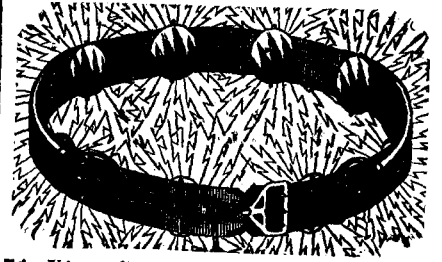
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