

* GRIP *

VOL. XXXIV.

TORONTO, MAY 17, 1890.

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THE EQUAL RIGHTS ASSOCIATION IS CHARGED BY THE PARTY ORGANS AND POLITICIANS WITH HATING FRENCH CANADIANS, AND TRYING TO EXCITE A RACIAL WAR. IN THE RECENT DEBATE IN THE DOMINION HOUSE EVERY PARTY SPEAKER, FROM SIR JOHN MACDONALD AND MR. BLAKE DOWNWARD, DEPRECATED THIS MOVEMENT. THE FRENCH CANADIAN PEOPLE ARE THE OBJECTS, NOT OF OUR HATRED, BUT OF OUR SYMPATHY. WE SEE THEM DEPRIVED OF THE DEAREST RIGHTS OF CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP. WE SEE THEM IMPOVERISHED BODY, MIND AND SOUL - VICIOUSLY IMPOVERISHED - IN ORDER THAT THEY MAY REMAIN BLIND AND DEVOTED INSTRUMENTS FOR THE FURTHERANCE OF THE DARK AND AMBITIOUS AIMS OF POLITICAL TRICKSTERS, AND CLERICAL INTRIGUANTS AND JESUIT CONSPIRATORS. OUR ANTAGONISM IS AGAINST THEIR OPPRESSORS; AGAINST THE MEDIAEVALISM WHICH GRINDS THEM INTO THE GROUND - WHICH CRIPPLES THEIR PROGRESS AND STIFLES THEIR NATURAL CANADIAN ASPIRATIONS. OUR HOSTILITY IS AGAINST THAT UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE WHICH ALONE RENDERS POSSIBLE THE EXISTENCE IN OUR DOMINION OF A CLERICAL TYRANNY WHICH * * IS AN INTOLERABLE BURDEN TO THEM, AND A NATIONAL DISGRACE TO US.

GRACCHUS,

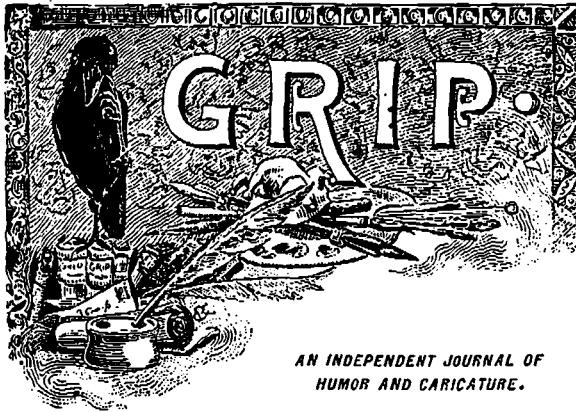
mail, May 6th



J. W. Benjamin

PLAIN ENGLISH.

OUR FRENCH-CANADIAN FELLOW-CITIZEN — "Messieurs, vill' you 'ave' de kiness jews to read dat so I compre'end 'eem. It is dat in Quebec I 'ave not learn to read."



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Artist and Editor
Associate Editor

J. W. BENGOUGH.
PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

NOTICE.

Readers of GRIP will be pleased at the announcement that this paper is hereafter to have the benefit of Mr. Phillips Thompson's services as Associate Editor. Mr. Thompson's reputation as a humorous writer is established throughout the Dominion and beyond its borders, and nothing further need be said here in his praise.

Comments on the Cartoons.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION.—Mr. Meredith, who has himself repudiated the Ottawa connection—though in a manner too mild to suit the *Mail*—declares that he has the solid support of the Ontario Opposition in the position he has taken in the present campaign, viz., a bold stand upon the platform of "Equal Rights." His first lieutenant, however, is Mr. Creighton, of the *Empire*, a gentleman who, no doubt, clings with the fondest affection and loyalty to his local leader, but whose nether limb is at the same time unquestionably shackled to the Chieftain, and the Chieftain has taken his stand squarely upon the policy of "unequal privileges." The *Empire* is, in fact, plainly attempting to serve two antagonistic masters without loving the one and hating the other, or clinging to the one and despising the other,

and we have it on the highest authority that this cannot be successfully done. It is with Mr. Creighton rather than with Mr.

Meredith that the fate of the Conservative Party in Ontario will be decided, and the outlook for those candidates whose dependence is upon the *Empire* is far from reassuring. The Government's position cannot be said to be much more certain. The Attorney-General is figuratively walking a wobbling wire between the two flags, with a balancing pole that has lost the power of balancing. Meanwhile, the appearance the Equal Rights Association's manifesto—a document in which the movement is sharply dissevered from the interests of both parties—increases the prospect that, as an outcome of the contest, a body of independent members, numerous enough to hold the balance of power, will be found in the next Legislative Assembly of this Province.

PLAIN ENGLISH.—The letters signed "Gracchus," which have of late been appearing in the *Mail*, are excellently written, and well worthy of a wide reading. Our first page cartoon contains a somewhat lengthy extract from one of them, which Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Edward Blake will hardly be able to read without a feeling of self-condemnation. Both these leaders, and many of their respective followers, have characterized the Equal Rights movement as something inimical to the French Canadian people and to the Roman Catholic faith, and have indulged in specious deprecation of the raising of "religious animosities," "racial wars," etc. These appeals in favor of mutual forbearance and national unity have an appearance of statesmanship about them, but when it is discovered (as these eminent individuals no doubt knew quite well all along) that there is neither race hatred nor religious prejudice in the Equal Rights programme, what looked like statesmanship is seen to be nothing but the mouthing of pettifogging politicians.

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

TO CONCLUDE MAY 24TH.



ELSEWHERE in this number will be found a printed ballot. It will appear in the six issues following, that is, up to May 24th. During these seven weeks we hope to have a lively voting competition on the question:

"Is the Mowat Government worthy of a Renewal of Public Confidence?"

The ballots are to be cut out and forwarded to the personal care of Mr. J. W. Bengough, who will keep them safely until the 27th of May, when they will be delivered to a committee representing both political parties to be officially counted, the result to be published in the number of GRIP for May 31st.

The date of the election having been fixed for June 5th, we have shortened this contest by one week, so that the result of the voting will be made known, as above stated, in the issue of GRIP dated May 31st.

Ballots may be sent in open envelopes under 1 cent postage.

\$50 IN CASH

will be awarded to the person who most nearly guesses the total number of ballots that will be sent in before May 24th.



CABLEGRAM announces that the British Government intends to disallow the Copyright Act recently passed at Ottawa. No doubt there will be the usual whining complaints about injustice to Canada from some of our contemporaries. But what else can we expect as long as we remain a British colony? Of course the British Government are acting in this matter, as in everything else in which they intermeddle, in the interest of England and against those of Canada. Well, and why not? Do you expect England to have all the trouble and responsibility arising from Canada's connection with her for nothing?

The Canadian people by a large majority say they do not want to sever the colonial tie. Then they ought to bear its disadvantages patiently. To boast our "loyalty"



ON THE SWOOP!

GRIP has taken the liberty to amend the above excellent cartoon of Mr. Punch's by the introduction of Mr. Bull's figure, the latter having made at least as great a record as an African "Swooper" as the German Eagle, or any other bird of prey.

and unalterable affection to England and then squeal every time that John Bull takes us at our word and sacrifices our interests to his is neither dignified nor manly.

* * *

THE Toronto *Telegram*, in view of the approaching Summer Carnival, protests against an undue display of the Stars and Stripes. It is kind enough to consent to a few being shown here and there, as a recognition of our American visitors.—but as a general thing would like the obnoxious bunting kept in the background. There is a large class of professed loyalists and crack-brained Yankee-phobists to whom the American national flag is as a red rag to a bull—and probably the *Telegram* editor is a crank of this sort. But while he was about it why didn't he set some definite limit to the number of U.S. flags that in his opinion should be allowed? Is the proportion to other flags to be one in a thousand or one in ten? How is the misguided citizen, who wants to fly the Stars and Stripes, to know whether his particular bunting is an infringement on true loyalty or not unless some rule of this sort is adopted? We see nothing for it but the appointment of a Flag Commissioner to regulate the matter. Or why shouldn't the License Commissioners undertake the double duty?

THE name of "Equal Rights" has been a good deal abused during the Campaign, many political aspirants devoid of principles being always ready to catch up a popular cry to advance themselves. But the Equal Rights Association, GRIP is glad to see, is determined to keep itself free from all partizan entanglements. The recently issued manifesto shows that the movement will not be permitted to become a stalking-horse to help any set of scheming partizans into office, if the Association can possibly help it. As soon as a movement of this character is captured by the politicians and made subservient to any party its usefulness is gone.

THERE are very few events, whether grave or gay, occurring during a Campaign which the enterprising party journalist cannot turn to political account. But surely the *World* is going rather far to make the terrible Longue Pointe Asylum fire do duty as an argument against the Ontario Government on the ground that such a fire might have happened in Ontario, and that if it had Mowat would have been to blame. If we are to make issues, not only of the actual or supposed sins of Governments but of all possible evils which might occur and be in any way traceable to them, there is obviously no limit to political charges other than that assigned to the imaginations of party scribes—and that has never yet been ascertained.

FROM THE "PIRATES."

WHEN the po-li-ti-cal heeler isn't heeling,
Isn't heeling,
When the hustler isn't hustling round for votes,
Round for votes,
You may see them from the party clubs a-reeling,
Clubs a-reeling,
With the whiskey they've been pouring down their throats,
Down their throats.

When the spouter isn't making an oration,
An oration,
He loves to tap the festive demijohn,
Demijohn;
Taking all things into due consideration,
'Sideration,
The Premier's life is not a happy one,
Happy one.



A HOD-FELLOW.

MRS. FINUCANE (looking in at the door)—"Shure, Mrs. Gannon, what's all the shtampin' up here? We can't get anny rest down beneath."

MRS. GANNON—"Don't throuble yersilf, ma'am; 'tis only me ould man walkin' the baby to shlope."—*Funny Folks.*

THE CIVIC CIRCUS.

No. VI.



THERE was no meeting of the City Council on Monday the 5th inst., but the main purpose of such gatherings—that of furnishing amusement for the populace and the numerous readers of GRIP—was fully as well served by the Carnival Committee, which assembled in the executive chamber. This body is an organization composed of aldermen, prominent citizens and citizens who would like to be prominent, delegates from various bodies, and others who only represent themselves, and the chairman thereof, and King of the Carnival is, of course, Mr. E. King Dodds. Promptly to the call of "Time" he toed the mark and opened the proceedings in an eloquent speech. He was so cordial, so expansive, so suave, so fairly beaming and radiating with good nature and geniality and Carnival enthusiasm, that the sternest opponent of the C.P.R. must have felt like saying, "Shake old man! you're not such a bad fellow after all," and taking a drink with him on the spot—that is had there been any to take.

"Gentlemen," said the King of the Carnival, "the hour has come —"

"No politics," said Mr. Hugh Miller.

"The hour—not *his* hour—" said the speaker, "when the citizens of Toronto should rise to the occasion and prepare to give the world the grandest, the most magnificent, the most elaborate, the most gorgeous, resplendent and brilliant festival ever known in the history of nations! Be it ours to rival, and far to surpass the classic glories, the proud and sumptuous pageants of ancient Greece and Rome, of mediæval Venice and Florence and Constantinople and Hypochondria—and—a long list of places which I could mention if it wouldn't too much occupy your time. It is for you, gentlemen, to exceed the pomp and magnificence and spectacular profusion—the limitless and barbaric Oriental opulence and ostentation of Semiramis and Sennacherib and Heptameron and Xerxes—those mighty monarchs whose glory is emblazoned onto imperishable brass and whose remains are now scattered amid the dust of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, or crumbling in the catacombs of Egypt. Aye, I say, to surpass them; for what in her palmiest days of pride was Rome to Toronto? (Applause.) Had she a Don improvement or a Bellwoods Park—a base ball club or a lacrosse team? Tell us of the glories of her Coliseum—what, I ask, what was that alongside of the Horticultural Pavilion or the new Court House? Talk about the queenly beauty of ancient Venice, the bride of the Adriatic. Did Venice ever have a boom? She had a magnificent water front I believe, but was it covered with railroad tracks and switches and ornamented with coal sheds like our Esplanade? No, gentlemen, the pageants of the past and the classic and historic splendors embalmed by the song of the poet and the scroll of the historian shall all be far eclipsed by our demonstration—which shall be the wonder and the glory of coming ages. (Applause.)



H. K. COCKIN—"Yes, let me write the poem of the Carnival and I care not who foots the bills. By the way, I have just dashed off a few verses which—"

ALD. McMULLEN—"I move that they be taken as read."

THE KING—"No, let us hear them. Music hath charms. We must encourage native Canadian poetry, even if we have to get Englishmen to write it."

Mr. Cockin then proceeded to read in a clear voice the following :

CARNIVAL ODE.

Oh! the Carnival is here!
Let us hail it with a cheer.
Sound the trumpet, beat the drum and let us all rejoice,
Let the earth beneath us tremble
As the multitudes assemble
And shake the lofty heavens with a mighty voice,
As for Paris, Rome or Venice
Why those classic names are Dennis
When you talk about a carnival as it should be,
As a brawling streamlet's splurges
To the mighty ocean surges
When compared with the immenseness of our jamboree,
Chorus—

Shout, shout the chorus,
And we'll carry all before us,
The welkin shall re-echo to our carnivalic glee,
The Beaver he will beave,
Nor will ask the Eagle's leave,
As he perches on the summit of the Maple Tree.

Many a soldierly battalion
To the centre will be rallyin'
To join the grand procession on that festal day,
And in picturesque variety
Each uniformed society
Will fall into their places clad in bright array.
The athletic clubs will gather,
And the orators will blather.
(Excuse the word, it's got to go to make the rhyme come right).
Every steamer, yacht and boat
On the Bay will be afloat,
And the Island will be blazing with a glare of light.

Chorus—
Shout, shout the chorus, etc.
The school children will sing,
And their happy voices ring,
And melody will mingle with the glad acclaim
Of the surging, seething throng,
As they glibly glide along,
Recalling recollections of Toronto's fame.
The descriptive pen will fail
To set forth the glowing tale
Of the great Toronto Carnival in prose or rhyme,
Nor can the painter's art
Pourtray the twentieth part
Of the grandeur and the gorgeour of that glorious time.

Chorus—
Shout, shout the chorus,
And we'll carry all before us,
The welkin shall re-echo to our carnivalic glee,
The Beaver he will beave,
Nor will he ask the Eagle's leave,
As he perches on the summit of the Maple Tree.

"The Beaver will—*what?*?" said the Carnival King, as the poet took his seat amid enthusiastic plaudits.

"Beave," replied the poet—"b-e-a-v-e."



"And what on earth do you mean by that? There's no such word."

"I know that—I made it to suit. You must bring in the Beaver in a Canadian national ode, and you must make him do something. The Beaver, as you being an orator no doubt know, is a very difficult emblem to handle. There's the Lion, for instance. You can make him roar or rage or ramp or spring. The Eagle again is always screaming or soaring or swooping on his prey. But the Beaver is such a futile inert sort of a creature—no poetry of motion, no majestic dignity about him. I rather think I struck a new idea when I made him beave—he ought at least be able to do that much, if there's anything in a name."

"That's all right," said ex-Ald. Piper. "That goes. The only fault I have to find with the poem is that it doesn't say anything about Howard Lake and the Zoo. That's a bad omission."

"No; and it entirely omits all mention of the Canadian Legion!" said E. E. Sheppard.

"And I suppose," replied the Bard, "that some people think I ought to have worked in something about the Salvation Army and the Single Tax Club. I didn't start out to write a rhyming directory; but such as it is if you think my poem will help to enthuse the public and work 'em up to the subscribing point you are welcome to it."

Then they got down to business and appointed nearly everybody present and a good many who were absent upon sub-committees: listened to another spirited address from the Carnival King, and adjourned full of enthusiasm and hope for the success of the grand Carnival—which, by the way, GRIP proposes to honor with a special number issued on the 28th of June.



QUOTATION.

FIRST MASHER (trying to introduce himself)—"May I have the pleasure of learning your name?"

SAUCY YOUNG THING (without stopping)—"Pearl."

SECOND MASHER—"Are you the pearl of great price?"

SAUCY YOUNG THING—"No. I am the pearl before swine. Good-bye."—Pick-me-up.

ARCHBISHOP CLEARY—"The dirty omadhaun! Anathema maranatha! Sceleratissime!" and other remarks from the dead languages, which I will work into my next pastoral."

MAYOR CLARKE—"May I be essentially jiggered if I see how I'm to stand on that platform and keep solid with my Catholic friends, for whom I shall have use later on. I wish he'd drawn it milder."

MEREDITH—"Well, the die is cast. It's a bold stroke, but I may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. The Catholic vote was gone anyway beyond recall, and the best thing left for me is to work the Equal Rights racket for all it's worth. If it don't go we can only try something else."

MEREDITH'S PAVILION SPEECH FROM VARIOUS STANDPOINTS.

SIR JOHN—"Repudiates Ottawa dictation, does he? Good! That lets me out with Langevin and Chapleau. I've no responsibility for the Ontario campaign—see? All the same, if Meredith captures Ontario it will be a big lift for us."

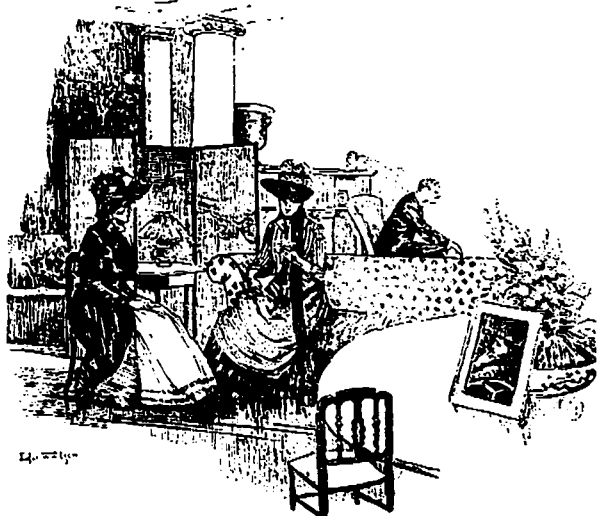
PREMIER MOWAT—"Who would have thought that he'd develop so much backbone? That speech will lose us thousands of votes. Of course it makes the Catholics more solid than ever, but we shall get that vote anyway. I wish he'd weakened."

FRASER—"——— * * * —— ! ? —— * * * ! ! ! !"

KING WILLIAM BELL—"That settles my hash. Nobody can want any stronger Equal Rights doctrine than that."

REV. DR. SUTHERLAND—"If he had only come out as strong on Prohibition as he has on Equal Rights, the occupation of our Third Party would be gone."

MR. CREIGHTON—"So the Empire is hereafter to be ultra-Protestant in Ontario's politics and pro-Jesuit in Dominion affairs. I've a mighty hard row to hoe. However, it's all right as long as we get there."



PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE.

EVA (to Ella, just engaged)—"I suppose, of course, that Jack got on his knee to propose?"

ELLA—"No; he couldn't."

EVA—"And why couldn't he, pray?"

ELLA—"Er—because I was on it."—Pick-me-up.



IS THIS THE IDEA ?

[The Ministerial Association Committee on Observation of the Sabbath presented a report at the last meeting in which among other things it is recommended " (2) That sermons on the subject should be preached in all the churches, instructing parents and others as to their duty in the matter; also, that books read by families on the Sabbath day should be inspected, so that literature of a religious character could be more effectively studied."

Who's to do the inspecting?—his Reverence?

WHITEWASHING MIDDLETON.

MR. G. MERCER ADAM has undertaken the contract to whitewash Gen. Middleton. From a letter over this talented kalsominer's signature, published in the *Mail* of the 3rd inst., we gather that it is quite impossible that Gen. Middleton could have appropriated Bremner's furs, for the following weighty reasons:

1. Mr. G. Mercer Adam, as "an historian of the Rebellion," had occasion to speak highly of his services and admire his military record.

2. The General is an English officer of great experience and tried courage.

3. He put restraint upon himself "to repress the exuberant enthusiasms that would have led the troops into danger." Ha! ha!

4. He shared their triumph with "honest pride," likewise with "thankful joy."

5. On the return of the troops to Toronto the "populace greeted the bluff old soldier with shouts of acclaim." [There was then no shout of a-claim from Bremner.]

6. He published a manifesto proclaiming pardon to be half-breeds who surrendered.

7. The General "has now no recollection of the affair."

8. Canada is a British colony.

If this logical chain of reasoning does not convince Mr. Bremner, of Bresaylor, that he is laboring under a hallucination in fancying that his furs were looted by Gen. Middleton, then he must be entirely impervious to argument. The ability with which Mr. Adam has presented the case will go far to convince the public of the value and accuracy of the "authorized" school histories which bear that gentleman's name. He is evidently qualified to take high rank in a department of historical research much cultivated of late years, that of deodorizing the unfragrant memories of departed miscreants, whose names have been a synonym for the depth of moral depravity. So brilliant and gifted a wielder of the literary whitewash brush should hardly waste his abilities on the conqueror of a handful of ragged and starving half-breeds, when he might gain fame and wealth by renovating the besmirched reputations of such eminent victims of popular prejudice as Nero, Caligula, Lucretia Borgia and Judas Iscariot—not to speak of Guiteau, Charlie Rykert or Big Push Wilkinson.



IN THE (Mc) GRAVY!

BILLY McLEAN.

Air—"Widow McCree."

BILLY McLEAN, so you're going to run,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 Are you looking for plunder or glory or fun?
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 On the stump you may spout
 And cry, "Turn Mowat out!"
 But I very much doubt if your object you'll gain,
 His hour may be come and your time not begun,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!

Billy McLean I admire your gall,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 You were quite "Independent" all winter and fall,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 The song you now sing
 Is a different thing,
 To the Tories you cling, when there comes a campaign.
 There is no independence about you at all,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!

Billy McLean you've no ghost of a show,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 As the Tories of Wentworth they very well know,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!
 As the county is Grit
 And no chance of a split.
 Local men had the wit to come out of the rain
 And let you foot the bills and encounter the foe,
 Och hone! Billy McLean!

UNSYMPATHETIC INTEREST.

THIS is a cold world. The intensity of the struggle for existence makes men thoughtless of the interests of their neighbors. How little sympathy there is for mortals in distress! And things are growing steadily worse in this respect. Here is Mr. George Iles, who, in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, remarks that "while the rate of interest on Government bonds and city and railroad debentures has been steadily falling within the past two decades, the rates payable on real estate mortgages have declined in sympathy." Most people who have had any experience in the matter will be puzzled to imagine how such a thing can be possible. The rate payable on mortgages has always been about one of the most unsympathetic things in creation, and if it keeps on declining in sympathy what do they propose to do with an unfortunate debtor, anyhow? Is his life as well as his property to be at the mercy of his creditor, as under the old Roman law? Surely Mr. Iles is mistaken.

"Don't you know enough to go in when it rains?" called out a neighbor to Mr. Henpeck, as the latter gentleman was discovered standing outside in a severe thunder storm lately. "This ain't nothing," responded Mr. H. drearily, "you just ought to see my wife storm." L.B.



MALICIOUS.

HE (*highly imaginative poet*)—"Think of my horror, Madame, when I found yesterday that my three year old Frank had torn in pieces my recently written poem!"

LADY (*significantly*)—"Indeed! Can the little one read already?"

ALEX. F. PIRIE AS A PARTY HEELER.

WHEN Mr. Alex. F. Pirie, formerly of the *Toronto Telegram*, acquired the *Dundas True Banner*, he also became the possessor of a set of political principles ready-made, iron-clad, warranted to stand any climate, and not rip, tear or ravel. Previously he never had any use for political principles, but as he was assured that they were an essential part of the outfit of the *Banner*, and would be thrown in without extra charge, he accepted them with a very good grace, and became *ex officio* a bright and shining light of Gritism in the County of Wentworth. Considering his antecedents he has been remarkably successful as a political heeler, but is occasionally a trifle handicapped by his old habit of looking on all sides of a question, and trying to preserve his mental balance by the use of "however" and "nevertheless."

Brother Pirie was asked to make a speech the other day, on the occasion of the nomination of Dr. McMahon, by the North Wentworth Grit Convention. He got along very well at first, and worked off successfully a few gags that had oft times set the dinner-table in a roar during his Toronto days. As he wound up, however, he proceeded as follows:—"Yes, gentlemen, we stand here to-day assured of victory. Confident in the justice of our cause we proudly anticipate the triumphant return of Mr. Mowat. (Applause.) On the other hand, however, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Meredith is an able and honest leader, and that in many quarters he is developing unexpected strength. Nevertheless, he can hardly succeed in overcoming the overwhelming and repeatedly

manifested sentiment of the people—the intelligent people of Ontario in supporting the Liberal Government (applause)—unless indeed circumstances should show that a very considerable change of opinion has been brought about. But why, sir, should this be the case? Mr. Mowat has been true to his convictions, and given the country an honest and capable administration. (Applause.) And yet it cannot be denied that, in some respects, it may be, the policy of the Government is not in accord with those professed principles which should actuate upright and consistent men. There are those who assert that Mr. Mowat has betrayed the people of this Province. Now, if any considerable number of the electors hold to this opinion—and unless it can be shown that they are wrong, I am inclined to believe that it may be capable of proof, and yet, on the other hand—" (Hisses, groans and cries of "Order!" "Shame!" "Sit down!" etc.)

MR. PIRIE (*recalled to himself*)—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I really beg your pardon. I thought, for the moment, I was back in Toronto again writing *Telegram* editorials. Of course Mr. Mowat has not betrayed his country. No man was ever more true to his trust. He will win. Victory will perch on our *Banner*. (Applause.)

Nevertheless, the Opposition, it is possible, might—but no, perish the thought! Our triumph is secure beyond a doubt. (Applause.)

MR. PIRIE (*aside*)—"Now I'm all right. Guess I'll sit right down, or I'll be switching off on a 'nevertheless' again."

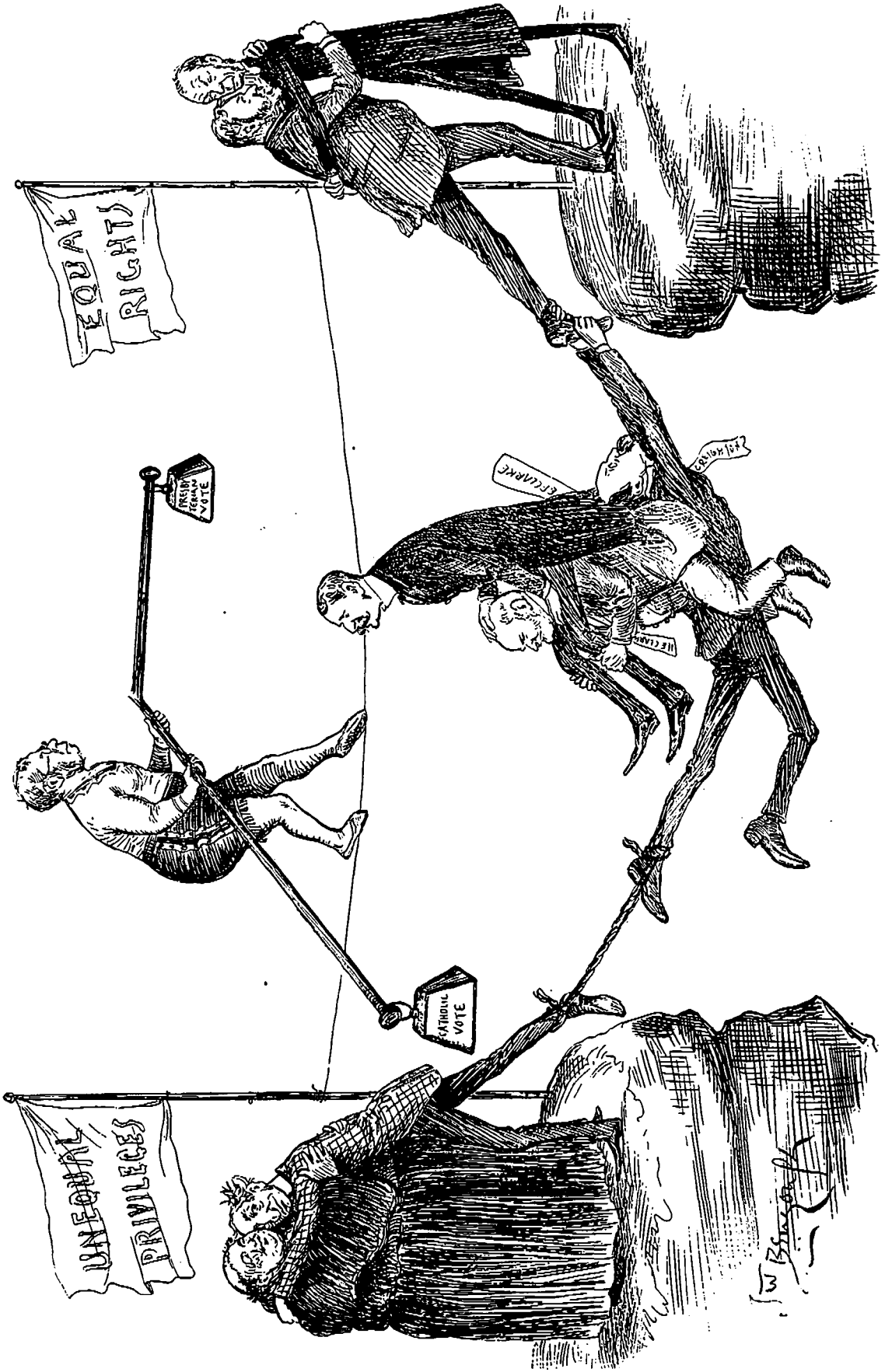
BUSINESS MAN (*impatiently to tramp who has just asked for a dime*)—"Why don't you go to work? If I spent as much time in idleness as you do I'd be poor too."

TRAMP (*with his hands in his empty pockets*)—"You forget, sir, that I have nothing else to spend." L.B.



IN THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.

(Scene in King Arthur's Court before the introduction of Soap by Mark Twain's Yankee.)—Pick-me-up.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE POLITICAL SITUATION.



MOST HARSH TREATMENT.

"Many gentlemen now wear at home a wire contrivance for training the moustache."—*Court Journal*.

THE NEW SERVANT—"Not me, mum; I won't take hany breakfast hin to hany hindividual wot's got highdryphoby. Jest look at 'is muzzle!"—*Funny Folks*.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

"THERE seems to have been a movement of French and Catholic voters to the ministerial candidate."—*Globe on Ottawa election*.

Morant soliloquizes:

WHAT! French and Catholics desert
Me in my hour of greatest need!
They must have known how it would hurt
Our cause did Macintosh succeed.
Now all the rest I could have stood,
Nor would misfortune much appal,
But oh! what black ingratitude;
This is the unkindest cut of all!

I can't believe it! those for whom
I've made such sacrifice of late,
They to accelerate my doom
And aid fanatic Orange hate.
It seems that vain are all my schemes,
To please the priests and win the Church,
I never in my gloomiest dreams
Supposed they'd leave me in the lurch.

For them I've broken with my friends
Who say I've turned my Liberal coat,
And changed the laws to suit their ends,
In hope to gain their solid vote—
When rose the cry of "Equal Rights,"
And captured many a weak-kneed Grit,
Who stood by me in former fights,
I never thought that that vote would split.

Was it for this that I withheld
The ballot from the Separate schools?
That kickers in the ranks I quelled.
The ignorant unreasoning fools!
A Tory trickster to elect
Just as we opened our campaign,
I ne'er will look for or expect
The gratitude of men again.

Alas! Alack! Can such things be?
I ask as I the papers scan,
And Fraser answers gloomily,
"I'm very much afraid they can."
Has our time come? Some claim to see
The handwriting upon the wall;
When Catholics go back on me
It is the unkindest cut of all!

BLUSHED TO FIND IT FAME.

ALL Sir John A. Macdonald's administrations will incur the odium of posterity for the cold shoulder they have always turned to our native literature. Even Mr. Huntingdon's novel fell dead born, owing to its writer being a Canadian instead of one of those foreign scribblers whose lack-a-daisical twaddle is republished by Seaside Munro, and which, it is well known, forms, with the *Empire*, the Premier's only reading. It is, however, a proud feather in Canada's cap that one of the present Cabinet is a novelist of no mean distinction. Persons conversant with the current range of thought need not be reminded that H. Rider Haggard, the present talented Postmaster-General, is the distinguished author of many prose-poems of wild life. "She" (whoever she was), "King Solomon's Mines," "Maiwa's Revenge," etc., etc., with graphic romances founded on diamond holes, gas wells and other results of geological surveys, are among the best productions of his leisure. Such a prolific fancy must be a great strain on his fine brain. This may partly account for the impossibility of getting a reply from him about country post-offices. Perhaps, however, it is not the same Mr. Haggart.

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE.

SIR John Thompson's amendment of the Criminal Law proposes to allow jurors fire, light and reasonable refreshment. That is all right. Now specify the bill of fare. Give us details. Is tobacco a reasonable refreshment? Some jurors cannot eat eggs. Others abominate pickled mackerel. Yea, there are some so God-forsaken as to prefer a B. and S. to tea and coffee slop. Few will scunner at a broiled beefsteak, but, of course, with Sir John T.'s views, no animal food will be provided on Fridays. Senator Scott would shiver at an allowance of cigars. Foster, if he is at all consistent, ought to fall into a dead faint at an Apollinaris with a stick in it, while Carling would be only too pleased to see a consumption of double X. All these anomalies will have to be provided for in the Act. Then the question arises, who is to pay for the feed? If not chargeable to the public, the Twelve will be no better off than they are now, for every intelligent juror knows enough to fill his overcoat pouches with ham sandwiches, and to insert in his pistol pocket a flask in shape like a Greek lachrymatory containing a fluid that cheers but not inebriates.



"PAT!"

"Faix! now—look at that; jist like my luck. Av innny one ilse had found that cint it would been a dollar, shure."

Our Critical Column.



EVERY musician in Ontario, and, in fact, every citizen in or out of the musical ranks, will be interested in the special article to be published in GRIP of next week under the title of "Musical Toronto," which is to be illustrated with portraits of all the leading singers, instrumentalists and musical instructors of the Queen City.

Newsdealers throughout the country are advised to order their supplies early, as we anticipate an unusually great sale for this attractive number.

The return of the Kendals to the Grand Opera House for the last three nights of this week is an event which will be hailed with pleasure by all the lovers of true dramatic art. From Reilly to Kendal may be called a stride from end to end of the stage world, and a testimony that Manager Shepard does his best to meet and satisfy every possible variety of taste.

It is not generally known that Mr. Denman Thompson wields the pen of a dramatist, though he was the originator and joint-author of "The Old Homestead." In collaboration with Mr. Geo. Ryder, who helped him with the play just named, he has produced a piece called "The Two Sisters," which is being played at the Academy this week. It is a very interesting work, containing a great variety of characters drawn from actual every-day life. The moral it teaches is for the special benefit of girls who are given to flirting, and the tale is told in a manner calculated to leave a lasting impression.

MR. GEORGE KENNAN delivers three lectures this week at the Pavilion, in which he will hammer some more nails into the coffin of the Siberian prison system of Russia. Every lover of human liberty should go and hear this brave American. The dates are, 15th, 16th and 17th.

Those who heard Master Kavanagh and those who failed to do so will be equally delighted to learn that another opportunity is to be afforded, by a return visit of the wonderful little artist this week. He will sing at the Metropolitan church on Thursday and Friday evenings, when that edifice will be more densely packed, if possible, than on his first appearance in this city. The wise man will buy his tickets in advance.

"The World Against Her," Kate Claxton's celebrated play, is the attraction this week at Jacobs & Sparrow's. The leading role is filled by Miss Madge Carleton, an emotional actress of exceptionally great powers, who is supported by a fine company.

MRS. OMENS.—"Do you believe in signs, Mr. D'Auber?"

MR. D'AUBER.—"Yes, indeed. I paint 'em."—Puck.

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, 2 doors north of King. Manufacturing to order, and a large stock of unset diamonds.

MOTHER.—"Bobby, dear, come here and give me a kiss."

LITTLE BOB.—"Well, I'll do it, ma, but what have you to say first?"

MOTHER.—"Why! What do you want me to say?"

BOB.—"Well, what pa generally says to our chambermaid: 'Don't be so cruel.'"

N. MURRAY, Book, News and Advertising Agent; agent for GRIP Publishing Co., Toronto. Publisher of the *Illustrated Guide to Montreal*, price 15 cents. 118 Windsor Street, Montreal, P.O. box 713.

CUSTOMER (to young Israelite).—"Are these gloves elastic?"

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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MR. SPENCER.—"And so, George, you have become a benedict at last. But how is this—rumor says you married for money. I have always heard you say that when you married it would be for love."

GEORGE.—"I married both for love and wealth."

MR. SPENCER.—"How so?"

GEORGE.—"My wife has a heart of gold and a silvery voice."—S. F. *Wasp*.

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DURING strikes workingmen have but little money and need to make that little go a good ways. We shall distribute the coming week a new catalogue and list of the prices of our goods and hope it will be generally read. We quote from it as many of the prices as we have space here.

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Dr. Talmage's "Around the Tea Table," his great work, sold by subscription for \$2.50, our price for these 59c. each. "Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald," and "History of Canada," \$3 subscription books, finely bound, about 650 pages, our price 59c. Major Bolton's "Reminiscences of the Northwest Rebellion," a well-bound book, 24c., worth \$1.

In our Wooden Department we have received this week Invalid's Tables \$2.48, worth \$5. See them, Towel Rolls 10c., less than wholesale prices. Ironing Stands and Boards \$1.83, worth \$3.50. Folding Work Tables \$1.24, worth \$2.50, and \$1.48 worth \$3.00. Handsome Towel Racks 87c., worth \$1.50. Our beautiful Peeled White Willow Clothes and other Baskets sell at our popular prices; medium size 59c., large 79c., an extra large one 98c. Come and see us.

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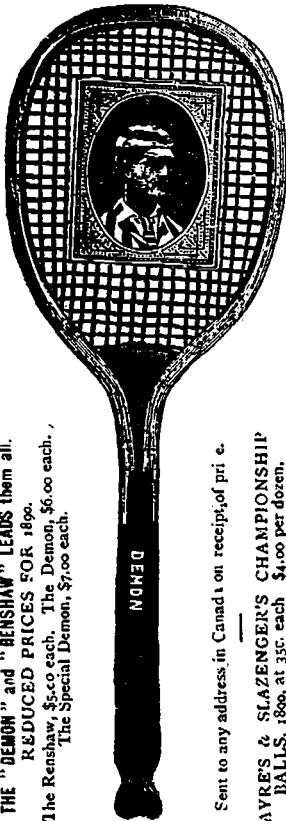
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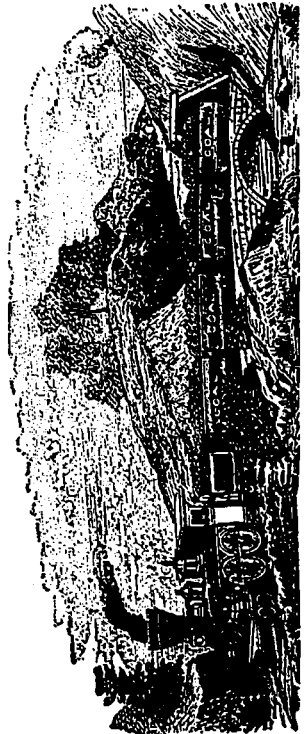
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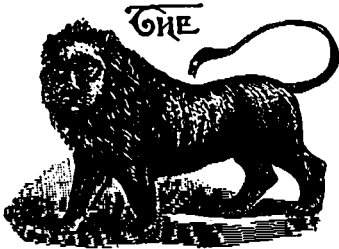
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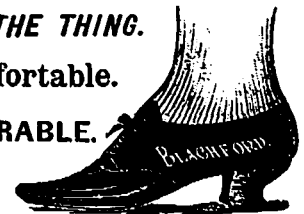
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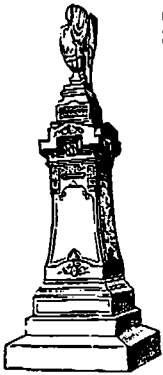
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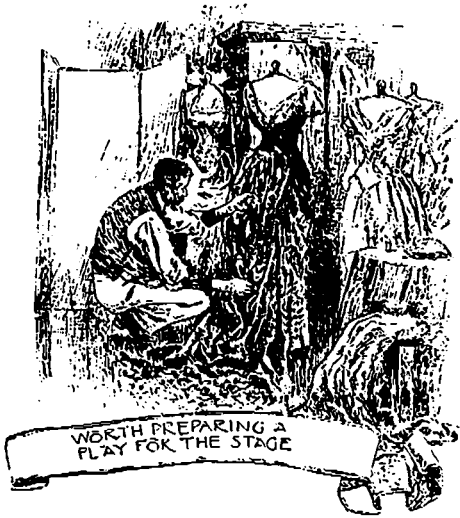
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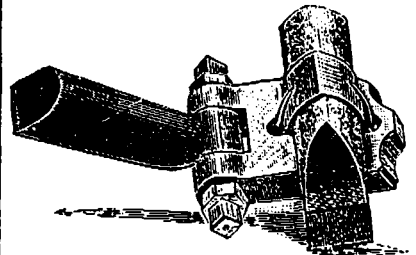
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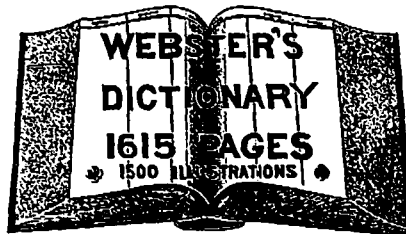
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