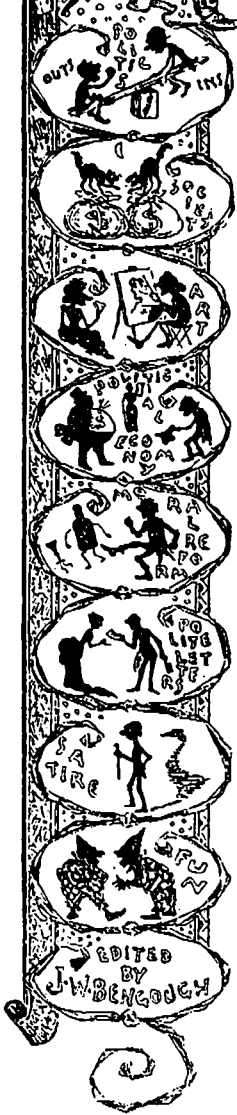


THE GRIP

FOUNDED 1847

INDEPENDENT
JOURNAL
OF HUMOR
AND CARICATURE

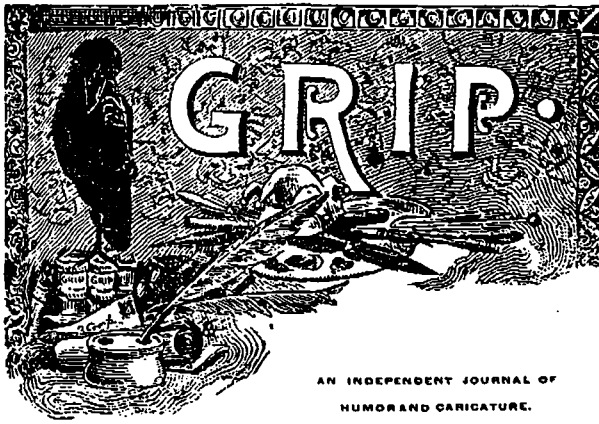


REVISED VERSION.

Mowat had a little "Lamb,"
Whose vote was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mowat went,
That "Lamb" was sure to go!

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Comments on the Cartoons.



THE ABSURDITY OF IT. — Sir Charles Tupper has been on another visit to Spain, "partly for pleasure," as he explains, and partly with a view of negotiating that long-talked-of commercial arrangement between that effete monarchy and Canada. If Sir Charles is so constituted as to be able to enjoy a snub, Spain seems to be a very nice place for him to go for an occasional holiday. The Spanish authorities are by no means consumed with anxiety to open up business relations with the Dominion, and even if

they were, the trade between the two countries would be worth comparatively little to either. The spectacle of our High Commissioner wearing out his shoe-leather on a ridiculous wild goose chase like this, while the offers of the great American Republic, with its sixty millions of inhabitants at our very door, to trade freely with us, are not merely ignored but apparently contemned, is, to our view, a very climax of absurdity. Such a spectacle is only possible in politics. Neither Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, nor any of their colleagues, are ever caught at

anything so idiotic outside of their official positions, because as private individuals they are guided presumably by common-sense and not by "party exigencies." Why doesn't the present Canadian Government calmly and earnestly consider the proposal of Reciprocity with the United States? Because—oh, because, don't you know, it would be so awfully disloyal to deal with those horrid Yankees! Such is the childish drivel the poor slave of the Empire is made to utter in reply to the question, and the answer is thought to be a sufficient one, because it is too silly to be replied to. Of course, it is strictly loyal to trade with Spain, or any other country too poor or too far away to be of any service to us! The fact is, as everybody must see clearly enough, that the incompetents at Ottawa are under the thumb of a Protected ring, in whose interest the present tariff was arranged and is kept up, and they dare not make a move in the interests of the people. These monopolists are perfectly willing that Sir Charles Tupper should go fiddling around the lobby of the Spanish Parliament, as no possible harm can come to them (and no possible good to the Canadian people) from such foolishness. But Free Trade with the United States is a very different thing. That would mean a tumble in monopoly prices and a rise in wages throughout the Dominion, and such a double calamity must be averted at all hazards. It cannot be averted for long, however!

REVISED VERSION.—Elsewhere in this number reference is made to the late election in West Lambton. While each of the contending parties—there were three of them—claims a "glorious victory," the practical political fact is that Lambton has proven faithful to Mowat, and has sent him a supporter in the person of Mr. Charles Mackenzie.

THE result of the West Lambton election seems to have brought the long-smouldering disaffection in the camp of the Provincial Opposition to a head. As all efforts to make Mowat "go" have so far proved futile, a large section of the party insist that Meredith must go—and it is asserted by those who claim to be in the know that the genial leader of the Opposition has for some time been willing and even anxious to retire from the position. But who is to fill his place? Ay, there's the rub! If Meredith is to be deposed GRIP's candidate for the succession is James L. Hughes. There would be more fun to be got out of a party headed by James than we have been able to extract from Canadian politics in a long time.

* * *

BUT, anyway, what is the sense of keeping up this farce of "Government" and "Opposition" in Provincial affairs any longer? The present time, when the Opposition appears utterly demoralized, offers an excellent opportunity to put an end to it. The common-sense way—if such a thing as common sense could get a hearing in politics—would be for the Opposition to formally dissolve and the individual members to support or oppose specific measures on their own merits without regard to partyism—and for future vacancies in the Ministry to be filled by the best men, irrespective of whether they were Grit or Tory in Ottawa politics. That was Sandfield Macdonald's idea, and the people of this Province never made a greater mistake than when they allowed the rabid partizanship of the *Globe* to introduce the cries of the Ottawa factions into Provincial affairs.

* * *

THERE is talk in Tory circles of an alliance between the Local Opposition and the Equal Righters in Provincial matters only. Such a move, could it be carried out, would be utterly fatal to the cause of Equal Rights. The members of that organization are hardly weaned from their former party predilections, and just as soon as such a scheme were mooted the cry of "To your tents, O Israel," would be raised, followed by a stampede of

half the strength of the body back to the Grit camp. The Tory leaders must be very desperate even to propose such a compromise.

* * *

THE nomination of Mayor Clendenan, of West Toronto Junction, as Opposition candidate for West York, is an attempt to catch the Third Party vote. Mr. Clendenan favored Mr. McCrae's candidature in West Lambton, and objected to Tory organizer Birmingham's opposition to the latter. But he now takes the field as a follower of Meredith. In addition to the straight Tory vote, he expects to rally the Third Party, the Equal Rights and the Orange vote, and is not without hopes of a share of Catholic support. If there are any other class "votes," exclusive, of course, of the straight-out Grits in his constituency worth conciliating, it will go hard if he does not try to secure them.

THE FLY KID

WRITES A CHRISTMAS STORY TO ENABLE "GRIP" TO BEAT THE "SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBERS."

DEARE MISTER GRIP—The Montreal *Star* and *Saturday Night* has been wantin' me to write storeys for theyre Cristmas numbers. But Ide sooner write for GRIP which has allways acitd square So I send you the inklosed an you will have the chance to publish it before the other papers git there editions out. Rush it in an head 'em off—Their aint much plot to it But then there never is to Cristmas story's—so long as you work in the Yule Log & the Wassale Bole & the waits an' Santer Claws that's all that is necessary. I think Ive got all the regular Cristmas fixins in.

THE FLY KID.

OLD PUDDICOMBE'S CRISTMAS.

It was Cristmas Eve. 1000's of Happy families was gathered around the Yule Log wile the Wassale Bowle sirculated sheddin its chearful influents & listenin too the waits wich waited outside. The Holly trees was covered with snow & the lays of the robin was herd no more. The kids was thinkin' of Santer Claws and wonderin how he coud git threw the stove-pipes an if he woud bring them a wrocking horse an sum candy. The chimies woked the silence of the nigt mingled with the stranes of a youth of 37 summers wich had been boling up & galy carolled 4th

Whare did you git that hat
Whare " " " " tile, etc.

In a suburban residence valued at 12000\$ sat a old man; his hed was boughed between his hands & he was panefully mediatin on the cruel manner in wich the Cort of Revishun had increased his assessment to 8100\$. He did not have no Yule Log nor Wassale Bole—he was a miser. Had the Cristmas spirit power to softin his cold and shelfish bosom?

Suddintly there come a wring at the dore—an the footman entered in his gorgous livery (let not the reader suppose that the old man kepted a Livery stable—joke) says he feller wants to see you sir.

Sho him in says the miser whose name was Puddicombe—I thought of this name myself.

There come in a young man with a inteligent feature But shabbyerly dresed says he This is the Merry Cristmas time when the hart should overflow with symperthy an so forth. Merry Cristmas to you.

Old Puddicombe replide with a Curse—becaws it allways makes a miser Mad to see other peple hapy.

Then says the young man Things was not allways thus 40 years ago you loved a winsome blew-eyed maiden says he. Dost not remember Elenore—she rests into the Silent tomb.

The old man thort reflectively. Yes says he—there was several. I was young & foolish. Elenor—eyes. I kind of remember her. But she became the bride of another.

She did she did said the youth, of several others I am her ofspring by her 4th husband.

An what is your'e Business with me & why dost recall the memeries of the dead Past? says Puddicombe.

Why replide the young feller. This is the Merry Cristmastide when mens feelins is softined by the flow of universal harmony an such—you are old an' childes. I come to be as it were a nephew to you. Let the blew-eyed Elenore be a link between us. Do you not respond to the yearnin' for a fuller symperthy with humanity in your lonesomeness? Recklect what the poet says—

An Cristmas gambles oft would cheer
The poor man's heart for 1/2 the year.

Let us gamble.

Did the old miser say yes I yield. Cristmas an' the memeries of the past are too much for me & henceforth Ile quit bein a Miser & share my gold. Come an live with me.

On the contrary—says he Get out. I know you not. Then he wrings for the Footman says he John sho this person the dore an if you see a pleeceman tell him to keep a eye onto him.

The Cristmas racket didn't work the old bloke worth a cent says the young man as he Dug out.



IN ST. DAVID'S WARD.

EMMA—"I've got such a cold Ma thought I'd better not go to school to-day. Was you there?"

JANE—"Yes."

EMMA—"Is there anything new?"

JANE—"Oh, yes. We've all had papers given us asking us to get our fathers to vote for Ephraim P. Roden as school trustee."



PARTY GOVERNMENT.

SHE—"Ottawa is likely to be very gay during the winter. Some delightful parties are on the tapis."

HE—"Yes, it's a good thing. The greater prominence of the social element at the Capital tends to mitigate the asperities of political warfare."

SHE—"Just so. But I thought you didn't believe in government by party." (And the professor cannot for the life of him tell whether she meant it as a joke or not.)

THE FAKIR'S LATEST RACKET.

"YES, I did think of going to Paris for the winter," said the Fakir, "but I changed my mind. Shall stay in Toronto. I have got a new idea. Money in it? Why, I should say so. It's a wonder that nobody has ever hit on it before now."

"Well, what is it this time?" enquired the assistant editor, jerking his hat away from the vacant chair just in time to save it from being crushed by the Fakir sitting on it.

"It's something unique—entirely unprecedented. It's a Society Directory, in which only the names of those belonging to the *elite* will appear. The idea was suggested by the well-known statement of Ward McAllister, of New York, that the real aristocracy of that city numbered only four hundred persons. But Ward never attempted to classify them—to say just who belong to the exclusive set and who don't. That's where my scheme is an improvement on his. He is a mere idealist, as it were—gives his theory to the world simply as a beautiful abstraction; I am the practical man who comes along and works it for what it is worth—reduces it to actual practice. Now, I propose not merely to show that Toronto has an aristocracy very exclusive and limited in numbers, but to draw the line and tell the public who are the members of this exclusive set, the *creme de la creme* of

the *beau monde*. Excuse my use of the French language. It may be excluded from the schools, but it is absolutely necessary in Society."

"But how will it be possible to draw the line and say just who are entitled to rank among the First Families? What test do you apply?" asked the editor of the Mule and Goat department.

"Ah," said the Fakir triumphantly, "that's the stroke of genius upon which I specially pride myself. That's where the beauty and utility of my scheme come in. The crucial test which I propose to apply is that of willingness to subscribe for a copy of my Society Directory or Guide to the First Families at \$25. See? All the subscribers are, of course, down on the list. Won't that catch 'em, eh? Won't they be so tickled at the idea of being differentiated from the plain, ordinary citizens that they'll come down easy? I don't know whether I hadn't better put the figure up to \$50."

"But what is to prevent people whose parents have been butchers, and tavern-keepers, and tailors, from paying your \$25 and getting their names on?" asked the assistant editor.

"Prevent 'em! Why, who wants to prevent 'em? Those are just the kind of people that the scheme is specially intended to catch. Why, I rather expect that about nine-tenths of my subscribers will be folks who have just discovered that it isn't good form to put your knife to your mouth or pour your tea into the saucer. It's those who have just made a little money and have social aspirations that'll bite easiest. Those whose position dates back to the Family Compact won't care so much about it. They are all right, anyway. It's the *parvenus* that are always agitating and worrying about securing social recognition, and if that's what they want, why shouldn't they pay for it?"

"But if you put anyone on the list simply because they pay for it, I don't see that your book will have any value."

"Look here, now," replied the Fakir, "what kind of a sucker do you take me for, anyway? I ain't no philanthropist nor public benefactor. I run the thing to make money, and if it has not any value it's not me that'll get left. If a man is willing to pay for being called a member of the *elite*, wouldn't I be a blamed idiot if I didn't call him one? I should say so. Anybody on the staff want to figure among the aristocracy? I take newspaper men at half price, remember. No? Well, if you feel ready to kick yourselves when you see the book issued without your names, don't say I never gave you the chance. And now I guess I'll get over to the Albany Club. There's a lot of dudes there that I've got on the string."

IT INTERESTED HIM.

CANVASSER—"Now, my dear sir, I have something here which I wish you to consider. Lend me your attention. It is a matter of some interest."

GOSTENHOFFER—"Vy, auf gourse I lends id you if you bays interesd. How mooch per cent. you gif?"

IN CHICAGO.

MRS. FORTETUE—"I am fully convinced that marriage is a failure."

MRS. TWENTYTWO—"I am sorry to hear you say so. Now I am firmly of the opinion that it is a success."

MRS. FORTETUE—"That may be; but you will change your mind when you have tried it as often as I have."

DIARY OF OUR MAN 'ABROAD.



Oct-11 - Bowling along under full head of steam over the Dominion Section. Strains of music heard above roar of carwheels. Some ghostly orchestra of the mountains, perhaps connected with some weird, romantic Rip Van Winkle legend. Must enquire into it at once. Go forward and find we have a band of Indians aboard, accompanied by an Indian band. Siwash, they tell us, on the way to a grand demonstration of some sort at North Bend. Fine fellows, these Siwasches. Self-supporting, vigorous. No Government pay. Make big money, come over here, catching salmon for the Canneries. Arrive at North Bend about 8 p.m. and find place in charge of glory with Chinese lanterns, and alive with happy Indians and squares from all over the section. Can't find in charge, conclude a more or less



Oct-12-13 - Program over again. The different you and down this time without contempt for scenery like this!

Oct 14 - Calgary, at the unearthly hour of three a.m. Van Horn will have to fix it so that travellers can reach all these places at a reasonable time of day. This, however, is a task which will wrench his massive intellect. When day has fully dawned we find Calgary to be a bright and business-like town, typical of the West. It is the headquarters for all the lordly ranchers of the section, whose top-boots and wide-brimmed hats are familiar objects on the streets, which are further enlivened by the most picturesquely arrayed Indian dudes and dudines. Any Ontario families missing sons will probably find them by addressing Calgary, Assa. They're all there.

Oct-15 - At the same unbecomely hour of 3 we are off again. Van Horn must really see about this Coach, as usual, peopled with snoring beings in every possible and impossible attitude. It's worth all



it costs to get up there early, however, to see the sunrise on the prairie. "Breakfast ready in the dining car!" This happy announcement in due course, and at a comfortable interval there after we receive the signal to disembark in the brakeman's fine baritone shout of "Medicine Hat." What a name!

Oct 15 - As to hotels? we enquire. Right across the way, replies some courteous guide-possibly a CPR official, for they are all models of courtesy - You will find an old Toronto fellow - Bassett; sett & Keeble, over there - the this is a division. Men do here Dad Moley, the Nunchausen tourists are courts of roman which never this name. Med. much, too much! Let us have it in the original Indian, or something else altogether. As well call a town "Ruffed Grouse" and expect it to flourish. The member for the District, Mr. Tweed (no connection with the Boss of that name, we are sure you) ought to introduce a Bill to rectify this outrage.



Oct-16 - We run down to Dunmore Junction, and there, after a few hours of patient waiting we take our places in the elephantine pointed caboose Coal train, and Lethbridge. It now, Quale road, built freight that can stand riding. A few select pas. are taken, however at per mile. And the rule be "When taken to be well shaken". We get there, however, without any breakfast, after a jolly good time, in fact.

Oct 17 - Lethbridge: the centre of the N.W. Coal district. One of the prettiest, cleanest and most promising towns in the Territories. One of the coming cities, if we mistake not. It will be a pleasure to get on this train on any bull-train driver who comes forward as a sprinter



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SECOND THOUGHTS.

FRED—"Now, Maud, I'm going to kiss you."

MAUD—"If you do I'll scream! (Fred pauses.) But the piano in the next room makes such a row I'm afraid no one will hear me."

NOT MUCH LIBERTY TO BOAST OF.

EDITOR of "*Freedom's Bazaar*" writes: "A thrill of joy must have coursed through the bosom of every true-hearted and patriotic American on hearing the glad news that Brazil has joined the sisterhood of free American republics. The last vestige of monarchy has disappeared from the Continent, and glorious Liberty everywhere prevails. Let us rejoice that the noble example of our patriotic forefathers of these United States of America has inspired the peoples of the southern half of the Continent to throw off the galling yoke of despotism and stand erect in the full stature of republican manhood, owning no lord or master."

MANAGER (*entering*)—"Say, Hornblower, I want you to write a good, stiff editorial defending the Grand Amalgamated Grab-Everything Corporation in that matter of evicting a few hundred squatters on Starvation Flats. Case of disputed title, you remember. Corporation bought over old Judge Bewdler of the Supreme Court, and got judgment in their favor."

EDITOR—"But you know we showed the whole business up."

MANAGER—"Never mind! Do as I say. We shall have to back up the Grab Everything right along now, for they own most of the stock in this paper."

EDITOR—"All right. I'll attend to it."—(*continues writing*)—"No slave, black or white, now breathes the free air of America, where the spirit of the people would not tolerate for an hour the shameful corruptions and abuses under which down-trodden Europe groans."

AN ENTHUSIASTIC HEARER.

PREACHER—"At the time of which the text speaks, my brethren, spiritual gifts greatly abounded. For in those days there were mighty prophets in the land."

REAL ESTATE MAN (*waking suddenly*)—"Profits in the land? Where? Is Mimico booming again?"

RIVAL GOWNS.

I SAW her sneer as she turned about,
And a flash in her jubilant eye;
And I know she thought she "was cutting me out,"
As her silk gown rustled by.

But Kate may flaunt in the ball-room bright
Her flounces of moiré gay,
And think that she looks a "lovely sight"
As she waltzes across my way.

Though she may dance in her brocade frock,
And flirt her pompadour fan,
And laugh as out peeps a silken sock
That danced in the time of Queen Anne.

Perhaps she'll dream when the ball is o'er
That hob-goblins horrid surround her,
That under the sheets she may see a score,
And think that they want to drown her.

An ancient ghost with a glassy stare,
And attendant ghosts also,
May seize her hands as they pull her hair
To the tune of a minuet slow.

She'll cry for pardon as fast as she can
For wearing that ancient "vest,"
For unearthing that wonderful fragile fan
From out of its cedern chest.

"Worn once at court, by a maiden fair,"
The ghostess shall make reply;
"Don't I know that you thought you were laying a snare
For a young man's foolish eye."

"But you shall find that the ruse is vain,
And the gown of ancestral dame
Can't bring you the beaux that followed my train,
Or the sonnets they sang in my fame."

So rustle, dear Kate, your "moiré-antique,"
With scorn on my "cashmere" look down;
I shall wear it as proudly, I know it is "chic,"
If it isn't my grandmother's gown.

J. M. LOES.

THE INDIAN VOTE.

BINSCARTH—"I've been trying to think of the balance of the quotation which commences, 'Lo the poor Indian,' but I can't seem to get the hang of it. How does it go?"

KOLLTER—"Well, in my native Haldimand, it runs as thusly:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Will always go the Tory ticket blind."

OUR UNDEVELOPED RESOURCES.

COL. HOGABOOM—"Yes, sir, Canada is a mighty slow country—'way behind in everything as compared with the United States. Look at their mining interests, for instance. See how they are exploiting their mineral resources, while we, from want of enterprise, are allowing ours to remain undeveloped."

DINGLEBAT—"Yes—we are resting on our oars, so to speak."

EASILY EXPLAINED.

UPSON DOWNES—"What bright glances Miss Gibbons shoots at young Featherly to-night."

ROWND ABOUT—"They are quite noticeable, but not surprising considering the amount of powder she has on her face."

AFFINITY.



I.

SNIFFKINS dances first with Miss Jones, who wears a black dress.



II.

And this is the design his glove prints on Miss S.'s back for the rest of the evening.



III.

And then with Miss Smith, who wears a white one.

A VICTORY ALL ROUND.

GRAND TREBLE SONG AND DANCE ACT BY GRIT, TORY AND NEW PARTY MAN.

[Bulletin from West Lambton displaying election returns. Enter Grit, Tory and Third Party man. They read, and simultaneously break forth into a chorus of exultation.]

GRIT—"Hurrah! We've got 'em. I knew it all along—660 majority. Ha! ha!"

TORY—"Majority—you have not a majority! You're in a minority of 117. Mowat must go! Hoop-la!"

THIRD PARTY MAN—"Hallelujah! The Third Party holds the balance of power. We can run this country. Good enough."

ALL—"Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!! Tiger!"

EACH (to both the others)—"What in thunder are you yelling for? Don't you know you're beaten?"

GRIT (sings)—"Hurrah! hurrah! West Lambton's won!
Read, read the full returns displayed.
Mackenzie valiantly has done,
So Mowat needn't be afraid.
Six hundred sixty—good enough!
We've gained the day and shout with glee.
'Mowat must go' is empty bluff.
Hurrah! we've gained the victory!"

ALL—"Yes, 'tis a glorious victory!"

TORY—"Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis ours to shout!
Go read the writing on the wall.
The vote you fellows boast about
Is no majority at all!
Lo, here are votes which swamp the Grits,
Conservative and Third Party.
We've scared old Mowat into fits,
Hurrah, hurrah for victory!"

ALL—"Yes, 'tis a glorious victory!"

THIRD PARTY MAN—

"Hurrah, hurrah! 'tis fairly we
Who have the right to claim the day,
Displayed upon the boards you see

The votes we cast for bold McCrae.
We hold the balance, that is plain,
As Grit and Tory must agree.
It is an unexpected gain.

'Tis we who've won the victory."

ALL—"Yes, 'tis a glorious victory!"

ALL—"Though we may differ in our aims,
Grit, Tory and Third Party Man,
While holding to our separate claims,
Let's all be happy while we can,
The outlook's bright—let's all unite,
Upon this point we all agree.
With might and main let's cheer again
To celebrate our victory.

We're glorious, victorious.

It crowns our work laborious,

We've cause to be uproarious.

So let us swell the chor-i-us,

And celebrate with three times three
Our great West Lambton-victory."

GRIT—"Our victory!"

TORY—"Our victory!"

THIRD PARTY MAN—"Our victory!"

ALL—"Our great West Lambton victory!"

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

NEVER, under any circumstances, accept an invitation to a man's house when he promises to make you "one of the family."

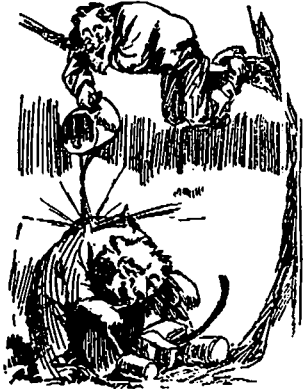
I'd rather be treated as a prodigal son any day.

Who wants to be made a member of someone else's family? One's own natural relations are about as many as an every-day fellow requires. It is hospitality of the cheapest, and, like a good many cheap things, not worth having. It means pot-luck for dinner, instead of the fatted calf. If you must go to a place, you'd better pay your board, than be under an everlasting compliment to the man who invites you to be his brother for a week or a fortnight (time always mentioned in such an invitation),

AN IGNOBLE WEAPON.



"Thet onery ole b'ar an' no gun! Jest my blamed luck."



"Hol' on! You don't git them groceries 'thout a rassel for 'em."



"How's that strike yer?"



"Now light out, darn yer!"

He has you at a disadvantage, for, while he regards you in a fraternal light, he never lets you forget he is your host. True, he won't think it necessary to take you to the theatre or any place of amusement, but he gives you to understand that you must conform to the household rules, and that late hours disturb his wife. If you are a social reformer, it may interest you to get into the inside track of another man's domestic life, but it is doubtful if any other person enjoys seeing the internal economical arrangements of a strange house, and no amount of friendship can make a man prefer hashed meat to roast turkey, nor is it of special interest to the masculine mind to discover the reason for having cold mutton on Mondays. If you have a strong affection for a man, you may be willing to share his joys, and under a strong pressure his sorrows, but no friendship is equal to the strain of sharing his family squabbles and bickerings. Whosoever side you take you come to the ground, and, if you remain neutral, both parties ever after regard you as a mean, poor-spirited creature; they may forget what they quarreled about, but each of them remembers distinctly that you weren't on their side.

Of course, there may be families who always get on together, and whose every-day meal is equal to a dinner-party, but people of that sort "ask you on a visit," they never, never invite you "to be one of their family." They've got too many relations already to take you in on a third or fourth-cousin footing. A week or two at a boarding-house or hotel may be a little lonely, but it's Eldorado in comparison to the crowded feeling of the man who is made "one of ourselves." We can't all boast of desirable family connections, but very few of us want to be made brothers to people no better than ourselves. Perhaps that doesn't sound noble or grand. I'm not trying to make out that, but it's human nature; and when you get an invitation of the sort, don't accept it. Stay at home, where you are accustomed to family inattention, and can fight for your rights when you feel you are neglected beyond bearing.

J. M. LOES.

A GOOD REASON FOR THE PRACTICE.

WROUNDER—"What a funny way B Jones has of pursing his lips all the time."

STOUNDER—"Yes, but he has so much gold filling in his teeth that he can't help it."

A FEEBLE DEFENCE.

RUTH—"You shouldn't be so hard on all dudes, dear."

MAUD—"Why not, pray?"

RUTH—"Because I know quite a number, and the most of the poor fellows use what brains they have to the best advantage."

MAUD—"That is no particular credit to them, considering the small amount of effort that is required."



HE MEANT WELL.

MISS JONES—"I'm glad you like my new photographs, Major Simpson."

MAJOR S.—"Oh, they're capital. But you know the man you ought to go to is Delesparre; he's got a wonderful knack of making quite a plain face look almost beautiful."



THE ABSURDITY OF IT!

Our Canadian "Statesmen" wasting good wind trying to get up a penny-ha-penny business with Spain, while they ignore Uncle Sam, their next door neighbor, who is willing to trade with them to any extent.

THE WORM TURNED.

MR. BULLY RAG—"Now, sir, you have stated, under oath, that this man had the appearance of a gentleman. Will you be good enough to tell the jury how a gentleman looks, in your estimation?"

DOWN-TRODDEN WITNESS—"Well, er—a gentleman looks—er—like—cr—"

MR. BULLY RAG—"I don't want any of your ers, sir; and remember that you are on oath. Can you see anybody in this court-room who looks like a gentleman?"

WITNESS (*with sudden asperity*)—"I can if you'll stand out of the way. You're not transparent."—Puck.

A SOCIAL CRIME.

PUNLEY (*walking down town with Bizley*)—"So your tailor is named Brown? You might call him Dun Brown, mightn't you, Bizley?"

BIZLEY (*icily*)—"I might, Punley; but the fact that I don't do that sort of thing makes it possible for my friends to walk down Broadway with me without feeling homicidal impulses. Good morning, Punley; I'm going to take the cars."—Puck.

COUNSEL ASSIGNED.

MR. RISING BRIEFLY—"How's that case of Bill Jenkins' getting along? I see you've taken charge of it."

MR. SNAP GAMMON—"Oh, first-rate; I just got fifty dollars out of him, and he's to give me another fifty in the morning."

MR. RISING BRIEFLY—"That's good; but where's Bill?"

MR. SNAP GAMMON—"Bill? Oh, he's all right. He's in jail."—Puck.

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

HE WANTED TO KNOW TOO MUCH.

JACK—"Say, Tom, were you christened that name?"

TOM—"Of course I was."

JACK—"Well, what do they call you Thom-as for on the pay-sheet?"

TOM—"Don't know; suppose for the same reason the boys call you Jack-ass."—*Rochester Budget*.

CARLYLE didn't write the "Answers to Correspondents" for a newspaper; so it must have been from pure power of genius that he discovered people were "mostly fools."—Puck.

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

TURF NOTE.—Financially speaking, it is more frequently the trot that kills than the pace.

It is comparatively easy for us of the nineteenth century to take pride in our ancestry. Colored shirts with white collars, cheap amateur photography, bob-tail dress coats, and the habit of calling trousers "pants," are all inventions of the present generation.—Puck.

If any one doubts the power of music, let him try to think while a small boy sings on the back fence and a piano is being tortured downstairs.—Puck.

It is hard to get at the naked truth of a bear story.

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

WORSE FATE THAN ERRORS.

TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again—The eternal years of God are hers.

But Mr. Veritas writes in vain—The Wandering Jew of newspapers! —Puck.

TRUTH FOR ONCE.

GILES—"I'm glad I let that fellow have the small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude, and said he could never repay me."

MERRITT—"That was strange. He told you the truth."

A SURPRISING RESULT.

EX-AGENT—"Yes, sir, I formerly handled a thousand lottery tickets every month."

BYERS—"They drew something, of course?"

"Well, yes. They drew the police."—*Boston Times*.

A TRIBUTE TO THE NEW TRAINING.

MISS ADBURNDALE—"Of course we have cooking lessons at Lasell, this year; that's no novelty. The most original feature is that they teach us the value and practical use of money."

MR. DORCHESTER—"The value and use of money, eh? When do you graduate?"

"Next June."

"Will you marry me in July?"—*Boston Times*.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

PATIENCE NO VIRTUE.

MISS SNAPPER—"Stop the car! I won't ride if I can't have a seat."

THE CONDUCTOR (*with an air of gentle reproach*)—"I have to stand up all day, ma'am."

"Yes, but you don't have to pay five cents a trip for it."—*Boston Times*.

THE PACE THAT CURES.

MISS MANHATTAN—"I suppose Chicago business men are very enterprising?"

MR. STOCKER—"Enterprising? Yes, indeed! When a Chicago man has the slow fever he has it so fast that it's all over in a week."—*Boston Times*.

CONFESSION.

I GRANT we wandered off alone,
And stayed until the falling dew;
But, dear, I only went because
I fancied that she looked like you.

I grant my arm around her waist
Unwisely strayed. What could I do?
I had to draw her close to see
If, in the dusk, she looked like you.

I grant upon her cheek I pressed
A single kiss—no more? well—two.
You never were content with one,
And she—she looked so much like you!
—Puck.

THE DISCIPLINE IS THE SAME, TOO.

(In South Carolina.)

FIRST TRAMP—"There's a school-house, Bill. Let's sneak up to the entry an' see if we can't ketch on to a lunch basket."

SECOND TRAMP—"Don't you do nothin' rash! Down in this country they build the school-houses an' jails to look purty near alike."—*Boston Times*.

ADA—"Were you not afraid during that thunder and lightning storm?"

ELSIE—"No; I was with Mike, who was lately discharged from the Third Avenue railroad, and you know that the electric fluid never strikes a non-conductor."

ALL's fair in love and Chicago.—Puck.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

THE EUROPEAN TITLE—"Beg pardon, but I think I've met you before. Don't you belong to our set?"

THE AMERICAN DOLLAR—"No. Your set belongs to me."—*Boston Times*.

SHIFTING THE FLAME.

MR. BAIRD—"Barber, that razor of yours pulls awfully!"

PROF. LATHERS—"Impossible, sir. It must be your beard."

LIFE—BY A PESSIMIST.

MAN's life is as a sleeper's

Waking, who says "Alas!"

Blinks with his drowsy peepers,

And then—blows out the gas.

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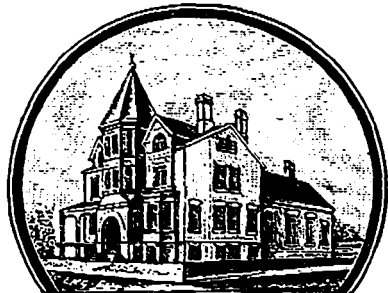
Which alone is Well Worth the
Price of the Book.

As a sample, read the following, for
March:—

- Sat. 1—Piano organs first appear in Toronto, 1888.
- Sun. 2—Wesley, old-fashioned Methodist, d., 1791.
- Mon. 3—Russian serfs made free (in a horn), 1861.
- Tue. 4—Washington's boom gets him second term, 1793.
- Wed. 5—Piano organs highly popular, 1888.
- Th. 6—Sir A. P. Caron, great Canadian general, born 1844.
- Fri. 7—Fish diet invented, 1273.
- Sat. 8—William II., anti-Jesuit agitator, d., 1702.
- Sun. 9—Sunday street cars not started in Toronto, 1889.
- Mon. 10—Prince of Wales spliced, 1853.
- Tue. 11—Pi no organs declared public nuisance, 1888.
- Wed. 12—Dudes first discovered, 1837.
- Th. 13—Ember Day, Cranmer burned, 1536.
- Fri. 14—Admiral Byng hanged, 1757.
- Sat. 15—Maltine mash first appeared, 1433.
- Sun. 16—Gun introduced in church choirs, 1530.
- Mon. 17—Great boom in Irish whiskey, yearly.
- Tue. 18—Protection became a blessing, 999.
- Wed. 19—Sir R. Peel invented income tax fraud, 1842.
- Th. 20—Sir I. Newton, scientific coon, died, 1727.
- Fri. 21—Canadian literature born, 1879.
- Sat. 22—Saturday nig't shopping invented, 1404.
- Sun. 23—Shakespeare, bo-s poet, born, 1564.
- Mon. 24—Queen Bess died, fine old maid, 1603.
- Tue. 25—Sig. Gusippe Bacchi began peanut business, 1839.
- Wed. 26—Duke of Cambridge's umbrella built, 1819.
- Th. 27—Pop corn first manufa tured, 1802.
- Fri. 28—Life insurance agents invented, 1799.
- Sat. 29—Toronto streets finally fixed, 1906.
- S. n. 30—A'naska "sealed" to U.S., 1867.
- Mon. 31—Hayd', musical moke, born, 1732.

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Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

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(See page 350.)



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We do not ask you to give us a contract to supply you with light beforehand. We want you to see for yourselves what it is. Therefore we say

Make No Contracts

for any kind of light until it is in operation, and you can see it and judge of its advantages.

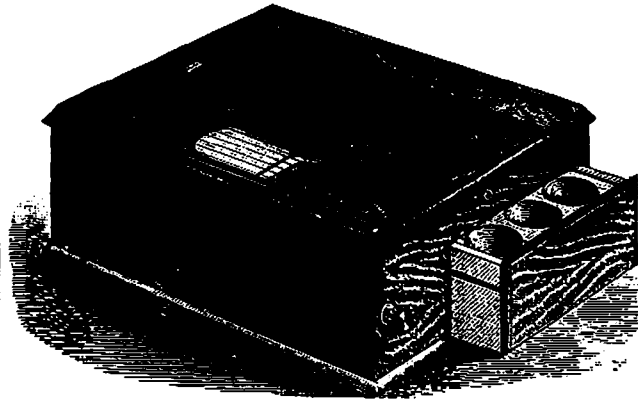
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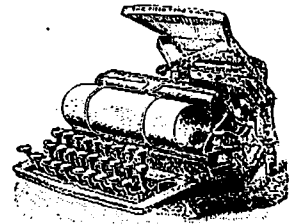
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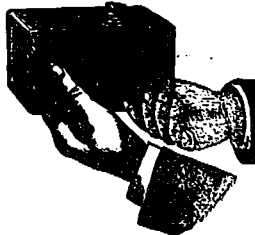


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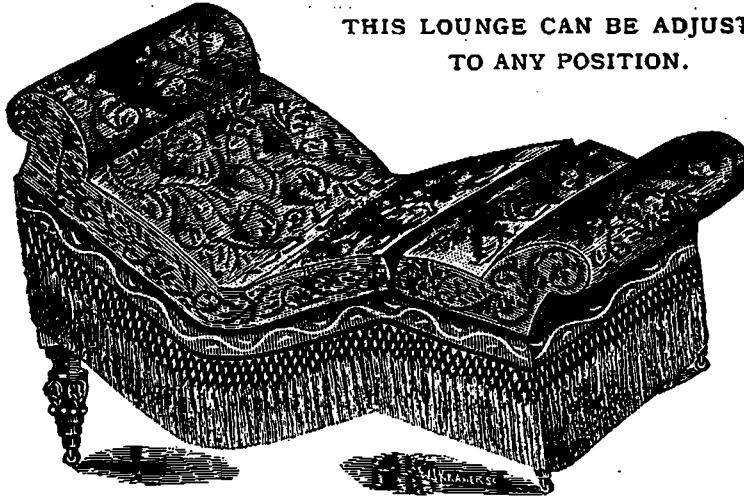
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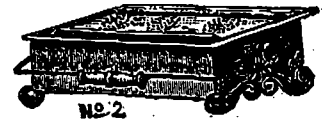
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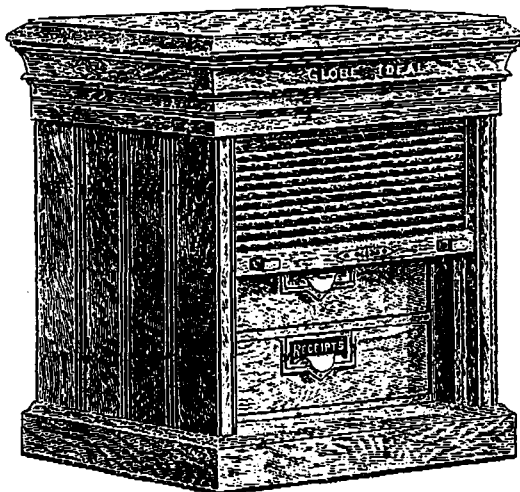
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